THE MORNING CALL

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Editorials

Unexampled Vandalism

Until you yourself have experienced the indignation resultant upon wanton destruction of your property and, in all likelihood, have been compelled to foot the bill for its repair you may easily dismiss the story in yesterday's Morning Call in which a boy of 15 told how he smashed a restaurant, causing damage estimated at $10,000. "Boys will have their fun," some may say, and then forget all about it. A variety of other smug explanations will be ventured. If the incident ever be recalled by report of punishment of the offense, the likelihood will be that many will rather pity the victim of the punishment than the victim of the offense.

There is a classic local story told by our newsmen concerning a local judge who, in the rather early days of motoring, generally looked with compassion upon youths and young men who were brought before him on charges of theft of motor cars and abandonment of them when they had run dry or had been wrecked. Then, one day, the kindly judge's own car was stolen. When it was found, much the worse for wear, and the miscreant had been caught, the judge's temper was radically changed. Thenceforth it was a sad day for anyone who thought to depend upon his mercy and natural kindness after a car had been stolen.

This most recent story of outrageous vandalism, which the police say has been admitted completely, suggests that the huge, hulking youth deserves examination and treatment by a psychiatrist. If a psychiatrist be not needed then there should be physical punishment such as appears to be about the only thing comprehensible by the type of mentality which he appears to exhibit.

In any event, restoration of the loss to the owners of the restaurant which was demolished is only reasonable. Just as the restaurant was torn apart for "the fun" of the thing, so its rebuilding now is reasonable, if only for "the fun" that can be gotten by the powerful young fellow out of the thousands of work-hours that will be required.

$10,000 worth of work hours is a long, long time. But punishment, to be effective, should fit the offense.

Best Wishes to Mayor Hock

Our esteemed and popular Mayor Donald V. Hock is observing his 47th birthday anniversary today and all who have it within their ability will strive to make it a day that shall be memorable for him by reason of the general public goodwill that will be evidenced to him.

Altho a native of Catasauqua, Allentown has furnished the field and opportunities for the exhibition of many talents enjoyed by him in large measure. In turn, he has done much to assure Allentown of that very sweet and desirable asset for any community, namely, splendid reputation and esteem wherever the name of this city is known and referred to whether in print or in the chit-chat of business and society.

If the office of the Mayor were that of a mere figure head, then Allentown would have in Donald Hock the most impressive figurehead in our city's history. From coast to coast he has made this community known thru powers of oratory and eloquence such as few men in public life possess. Those same arts have served to do much in uniting the community in the understanding of itself and its work, thru his interpretations and analyses.

But the big test for any and all public officials, as for persons in every activity of life, is the quality of performance. How well is he doing the work for which he was chosen?

A big part of the answer to this question was afforded indirectly but convincingly by the Sunday Call - Chronicle special edition of December 30. While readers were going over the stories in that edition listing local achievements during the past year, they could not help but identify a host of innovations and improvements either directly attributable to Mayor Hock or heartily encouraged and supported by him with his wide knowledge of municipal affairs and the prestige of his office.

There is no question in any one's mind that here is a truly eloquent man who is an adornment to the community in which he has flowered and one who has brought it highest repute. But on the practical side, which the marketplace does not forget, Mr. Hock is proving himself likewise.

Mayor Hock is right out in the forefront of the community in its onward march. He is young, vigorous, foresighted. He is especially ambitious for the advancement of his city. He can be depended upon to initiate and advance new ideas in the community interest. He can be relied upon to fight just as hard for the good ideas of others as for his own.

Allentown, on this his birthday anniversary, wishes him many happy returns of the day.

Business Aid for Education

In the rapid dwindling of many of the great personal fortunes, there has been a drying up of the sources from which private educational institutions have received their endowments and much of their operating costs in the past.

American big business now is stepping into the huge breach that was yawning for education. In recent years it has been steadily increasing its contributions to higher education. During last year the amount of such help was $80 million. This is, however, small in light of an estimate that our privately endowed colleges and universities need about $350 million more in operating income a year than they now are receiving, if they are to keep in fairly good working order and pay salaries to their faculties which are adequate and decent.

An editorial in current McGraw-Hill publications notes that business is showing much ingenuity in devising different ways of making contributions.

Some companies match the employe's contribution to his alma mater. Others contribute through state and regional money-raising associations of colleges and universities.

Imposing as the contribution is, however, what business has done so far is little more than a good start. Only a tiny fraction of the total number of business firms in the country are giving direct financial help to colleges and universities, and this fraction includes fewer than half of the hundred largest corporations in the country.

For the next ten years, privately supported colleges and universities must have an average of about $400 million a year above what they can be expected to collect from tuition fees and income from endowment funds. This figure does not include money needed for new buildings and equipment.

But do business firms have the capacity to fill the gap without putting excessive financial burdens on themselves? For those who have studied the problem, the answer is clearly yes. If, of profits before taxes — last year an estimated $43 billion — business were to devote one per cent to helping privately endowed colleges, it would take care of the present operating needs of about $350 million a year. The balance of $80 million would be a big step in meeting needs for new buildings and equipment.

Relatively, it is a very small price to pay (1) to insure a continuing supply of competently trained young men and women and (2) to buttress our freedoms by assuring the successful survival of the privately supported sector of our system of higher education.

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.

A "Voice in Wilderness" Speaks

Mr. Editor—

Mr. Harold Henry has done a good job of rationalizing the nativity scene at Parkland by pointing out, as one example, that a negro setting to some would be upsetting, quite without reason. God and Christ are as we visualize them and a Christian of any other color would hardly visualize God as white any more than a resident of Judea would have 2,000 years ago.

Mr. Henry also rather bravely admits twin authorship of the nativity with parts admittedly extracted from both. What is not mentioned is that both biographers wrote later than either St. Mark or St. Paul who made no mention of the nativity, and evidently drew upon whom

Continued on Page 8, Column 1

Horoscope

Your own intuitions should enable you to extricate yourself from any awkward situations that may arise during the months ahead. A friend will aid you if necessary. Today's child may be of a romantic turn of mind and not too ambitious.

The (Long) Green Door



Filibuster Fight

By WALTER LIPPMANN

Although a group of northern senators is attempting to limit the right to filibuster — the right, that is to say, of unlimited debate in order to prevent a vote on a bill — it would be a spectacular surprise if the Senate voted to amend its own rules. The amendment would require not only a big majority of the senators. The senators would have to be in a mood to fight for the amendment to the bitter end and at the risk of stalling all the other business of the Senate. For Rule XXII, which allows the filibuster, is in effect a veto, held by the southern states, on federal legislation dealing with the relations of Negroes and whites.

It is interesting to note the history of the filibuster. As summarized by Irving Brant, the biographer of President Monroe, the right to filibuster did not exist in the early days of the Republic. From 1789 until 1806 debate could be ended at any time by a vote of the majority of the senators present.



Lippmann

From 1806 until 1917, there was no limitation on debate. In 1917, on the eve of our entrance into the first World War, the filibuster was used to block war-like measures which the Wilson administration was proposing. It was then that a cloture rule was adopted, providing that a debate could be ended by a vote of two - thirds of the senators who were present and voting. As Brant points out, under this rule, supposing there were 20 senators absent, debate could be ended by a vote of 51 to 25 — that is to say, by a very few more than a majority of all the Senators.

The interesting and significant fact is that in 1949 the Senate amended its rules in favor of the filibuster, and to make it virtually impossible to limit debate. It adopted the famous Rule XXII, which some of the northern senators are now trying to amend. Rule XXII does two things. Debate can be ended only if 64 senators are present and vote affirmatively to end it. Thus if 63 senators voted to end debate, while only 13 voted not to end debate, the 13 would prevail and the debate could not be ended. Then, to protect this right of filibuster, Rule XXII provides that there is an unlimited right to filibuster against an attempt to amend Rule XXII itself.

What happened in 1949? What happened was the Truman administration, with its determination to pass federal laws dealing with race relations. Although there was unlimited debate in the Senate for more than a century and until the first World War, the right to filibuster was never entrenched as it has been since 1949. The proof is that in 1917 the Senate did adopt a rule for closing debate. It was not until 1949 that Rule XXII virtually deprived the Senate of the right to amend Rule XXII. It is plain enough that Rule XXII was designed to establish what is tantamount to a southern veto on the problems which may be subject to federal legislation.

The real issue in the argument about Rule XXII is whether Congress may legislate in the field of race relations. It is because Truman and then Eisenhower have wanted to legislate in this field that Rule XXII will almost certainly be kept in force.

The movement in this century towards desegregation and against legal and economic discrimination is one of the most impressive phenomena of our era. But it is highly unlikely that federal legislation will be allowed to play much of a part in this movement. The movement will proceed mainly by local actions that reflect extraordinary change of public opinion in almost all sections of the country.

Another interesting question about the powers of Congress is posed by the President's request for authority to use force in the Middle East. The theory of the Constitution is supposed to be that when the President tells Congress that a state of war exists or that a state of war should be declared, Congress then has the power to legalize the waging of war.

In a case where the President is convinced before Congress is convinced that war is inevitable or that it is necessary — as for example President Roosevelt before Pearl Harbor — the legal authority of Congress has acted as a powerful check upon the President's pre-war actions.

The Eisenhower procedure is to ask Congress to underwrite in advance, even if it means war, the moves the President may decide to take. In the nature of things it is impossible for the President to be specific or clear as to what moves he may feel impelled or compelled to make. Therefore, a congressional vote of the kind President Eisenhower is asking is in effect a vote of confidence and a congressional commitment to support him in what follows.

Not every President would ask or could hope to get authority of this kind from Congress. If President Eisenhower asks for it, he will get it. But he will be incurring an obligation to keep Congress fully informed and closely advised not only as to what he does, but as to why he does it.

(Copyright, 1957)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 2:44-51

When Joseph and Mary came to realize that the boy Jesus was not in the caravan returning from Jerusalem to Nazareth, they returned to Jerusalem, hoping to find Him there. They searched for Him for three days, when they found Him in the Temple, sitting in the midst of the men learned in the Scriptures, both hearing them and asking them questions. Perhaps it took them so long because they were seeking Him all over the city, hardly realizing that a 12-year-old boy would be found in a "church building" — meaning the Temple. But it may be that the lad was beginning to realize Who He was and what His mission in the world was to be. He would therefore find many passages in the Hebrew Bible relating to Himself. So all that heard Him were astonished at His understanding and answers, v. 47. His mother chided Him for having neglected to accompany them, v. 48, to which He answered by asking whether they did not know that He would naturally be at home on His Father's premises (the Temple) because He was interested in His Father's business, the reason why He had come into the world. They hardly understood the meaning of this. He then went home with them to Nazareth.

The practice of dyeing finger nails began some 5,000 years ago.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

AE KUPCHIE WENNICHER:

'S wor sei lava nix os 'm Shteep Bollinger fon Strohla Dahl hinnich 'm barrich, sei fraw Lottie aryer uf 'm shtrich kotta hut, os wie fer alla gabut an shtick g'shar ferbracha. Ae mohl huts ols 'n daller gakosh'd, noh 'n shissel, kupchie odder taeblett'l. Immer hut die kich fol shticker ferbocha g'shar galaiga, un der dish wor g'shteld mit g'shar os net tzomma gaboss'd hut.

Shun fer 'n longie tzeit hut die Lottie ferlonga hut — un wie aw fiel onnerra weibsleit shun kotta hen — fer g'shar os net ferbracha dade. Doh im summer hut sie noh ous g'funna fon ebbes fon ma "plastic" waisa g'shar, os net ferbracha hut solla, un die Lottie is mit longa shrit gonga fer sich 'n set kaufa. Sie huts griega kenna in unnershittlicha farva, ow'r die weil os sie 'n bauers fraw is, un fiel shoft un da felder mit 'm tractor, un gleich'd fer sehna won die felder grawsa gree sin, hut sich sich 'n hel greenie set rous galaisa. Der Shteep hut aw wunners gamaint wie shae os es g'shar wear, ferol os es 'm wenich kayose fohr kumma is im awfong, fer so leicht g'shar howwa — sis bol so leicht wie fedderra.

Doh weil tzurick hens Shteeps p'such kot — der Harvey Hottenstein — der alt relickmon fon Bedlahame un sei Verna worra darta tzum essa. Wie die eems feriwwer wor, is der Harvey mit 'm Shteep nous noch da shire, un die Verna hut helfa 's g'shar wesha. So im gablauder hut die Verna noh ebbes g'sawt waeich dem neia g'shar os die Lottie het—grawd wos die Lottie gaglicha hut tzu hoerra.

Noh huts 'n heftich gablauder gewwa waeich darra neia orta g'shar, un wie m'r net 'n gonsie tzeit in ongsht sei breich'd 's dade ferbracha. Wie die Verna g'sawt hut so ebbes het sie noch net g'sehna, hut die Lottie 'n shissel ganumma fer die kich nous shmeissa. Yusht eb sie ow'r g'shmissa hut, hut sie sich rum p'sunna un 'n kupchie g'shmissa inshtadts fon da shissel. Ow'r in blotz fon bleiva wos es wor un sei het solla — 'n kupchie ol in aim, is es in fier shticker ferfloga, un wil wetta won m'r grawd on da tzeit 'n bild nemma het kenna fon da Lottie, os m'r wenich shunshd sehna dade wie auga un moul. Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wil die Lottie die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os es yoh net rous kumt darrich uns wie sie 'n shtick fon ihr'm unferbrachlicha g'shar ferbrocha hut.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Die weil os m'r noch net gons drous rum kessla kenna wie immer unser gabrouch wor, dada m'r arrick gleicha tzu hoerra bei mail fon unserra Fegelcher — shicka wos n'r hen tzu uns, care Morning Call.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

RESOLUTIONS

Man never wrote a finer set
To print for all to read.
They taught the noble life, and met
The Toiler's every need.
They clearly marked the upward way
With gifted, rounded phrase.
Once reading them, a man would say
They should exist for days.

The punctuation marks were clear,
The words correctly spelled.
Advice to serve throughout the year
For young and old they held.
If they were only kept intact
According to the plan,
They'd foster every worthy act
And build the better man.

They had been fashioned to admire
And all men's praise deserve,
But human beings quickly tire
And from the right way swerve.
And now in shattered heaps they lie.
Restore them no one could—
Which happens as the days go by
To resolutions good.

(Copyright, 1957)



THE AMISH SUGARCREEK BUDGET

by William I. Schreiber

WEEK after week the SUGARCREEK BUDGET, the Amish newspaper, shatters conventional journalistic ideas. It has, for instance, no headlines, no front page news, neither national nor international. It has no political analysts, no columnists. It has no editorial page and no back page illustrated with pictures, no sport page, neither does it have comics or cartoons of any kind. Yet it is a standard size 8 to 14-page newspaper.

The BUDGET appears on Thursday of every week in Sugarcreek, Tuscarawas County, Ohio. Its first issue was on May 15, 1890, as a small 4-page venture with three columns to the page. Its first owner and editor, John C. Miller, a local business man, started with a circulation of 430, which rose slowly. Today it goes to 300 postoffices in 32 different states and six foreign countries. The bulk of its circulation is Amish outside of Sugarcreek although many local residents and other conservative Mennonites subscribe to this weekly now. Sugarcreek is a small town in one of the agriculturally richest sections of Ohio, close to the counties of Holmes, Stark and Wayne, which are known for their large settlements of Mennonites and Amish.

"Budget John," as the oldtimers called the founder, developed an idea which laid the foundation for the unusual character of the BUDGET. More and more Amish were coming to the neighborhood of Sugarcreek Ohio and since their religious beliefs did not permit them to publish a newspaper, there was very little opportunity for them to keep in touch with other Amish folks and activities. Miller decided to ask them to send in letters with their own particular news in the manner of regular country correspondents. That started a practice which has continued to this day and developed the BUDGET into a national clearing house. Its present editor, George R. Smith, not a Mennonite, makes it his regular business to widen the number of readers and contributors and also to become acquainted personally with every one of his correspondents.

The BUDGET has gone through many hands, locations, types and formats, but its readers and correspondents have clung rather steadfastly to the "Old Order" of beliefs and ways of doing things. It is a great accomplishment for the past editors that they have been able to convince the Amish to write in and also subscribe to this venture. In their dispersion throughout America, in their search for land, it is the BUDGET that keeps the strong family ties and consciousness of kinship alive throughout the whole year by its weekly reports of ordinary events and of the special occurrences that are important to every member of the group. A publication like the BUDGET is the best, most regular, and most economical means of keeping them together and informed of each others' activities. The rest of the world may get but a little glimpse of the retired, quiet and humble nature of these people.

The Amish people long ago have come to agree with "Budget John" that it is more convenient, surer and more "newsy" to have one "scribe," man or woman, often a semi-invalid, in a district as a regular reporter instead of each family having to relate of its own doings to the great "Verwandteschaft and Freindschaft," relatives and friends. Without the BUDGET many families, it seems, would feel themselves totally isolated and lost from the group.

The family kinship is kept alive no matter where its members may be. From inspecting its columns one finds but a limited number of names with variations in spelling, such as; Miller, Hochstettler, Hershberger, Weaver, Yoder, Troyer, Beachy, Raber, Schlabach, Nisely, Helmuth, Eash, Kaufman, Petersheim, Mullet, Kinsinger, Stolzfuss, Schwartzentruber, Beiler, Brennemann, King, Kemp, Coblentz, Gingerich, Mast, Lapp, Glick, Schrock, Wagler, Keim, Chupp, Detweiler, Bontrager, and Yutzi. Certain names are more prevalent in certain localities. (A brief note and sometimes detailed account to the BUDGET is the quickest way to let everyone know at home and along the way whom the travelers have seen, who has driven them, where they have stayed, with whom they have eaten, how long they have or are staying with some particular family, and what the future moves will be. Naturally the travelers inform all their past hosts of their safe arrival and do not fail to thank them and to invite them in return).

Because of the paucity of family names the Budget is careful to record the middle initials which every Amish man and woman has adopted from the first letter of the father's Christian name. Some times the grandfather's name is added to distinguish descendents in large families like the Millers, Yoders, or Troyers. Draftboard 1 of Millersburg, Ohio, it must be recalled, had 412 Millers, 167 Yoders, 104 Troyers, 68 Masts, 64 Rabers, 62 Schlabachs, 52 Weavers, etc. on its lists. When the middle initial is omitted some scribe will surely complain because it "kept one guessing as to the person referred to." One can learn from the BUDGET that the good old biblical names are still common with the Amish, but are in competition with modern or euphoneous ones. Names strange to modern ears may be: Asa, Cephas, Caiphas, Elam, Ezra, Gideon, Kore, Mahlon, Manas, Omer, (Homer?), Rufus, Shem, Seth, Pius, Titus, Tobias, Tobie, Ura and Uriah. Among the women such names as these prevail: Arie, Mahala, Mamie, Rhoda, Saloma, and Vesta. American names like Monroe, Wallace, Bill, Jeff, Perry, etc. are appearing here and there. The names of the children of larger families are often a study in contrasts. In one family there are: Benjamin, Samuel, Isac, Stephen, John Israel, Christ, Barbara, Mary, Hannah, Annie, Mattie, and Lizzie. Another family named its children: Sarah, Lizzie, Samuel, Benjamin, John, Annie, Marie, Daniel, David, Enos, Sylvia and Malinda. One family has gone almost completely modern with Glenn, Arlene, Jonas, Lyle, Raymond, Verba, Laura, Freda, and Mary. Poetry seems to have dictated, Hosanna, Sue or Ada Marie. Three sisters in one family are Eldora, Elnora, and Donna. There are these sets of sisters: Verna, Minerva, and Ida: or Idella and Clarette. Three Amish brothers are called: Isaac, Levi, and Elmer. One wonders what Vesta, Delila, Dena, Saloma, Drusilla, or Verba, or boys' names like Junie or Aquilla have to do with good Christian families? A recent checkup in Wayne County, Ohio, found the Amish with 8 2-3 children per family.

No Amish family or community, no matter how removed it may be, needs feel itself forgotten as long as the US mail service can reach it. The BUDGET is delivered to such diverse places as: Calico Rock, Arkansas; Milverton and Wellesly, Ontario, Canada; Denver, Manitou Springs, Colorado; Greenwood, Delaware; Sarasota, Florida; Berne, Nappanee, Goshen, Fair Oaks, Portland, Topeka, Kokomo, Middlebury, Shipshewana, Montgomery, Indiana; Arthur, Illinois; Fairbanks, Hasleton, Iowa City, Kolona, Independent, Iowa; Garnett, Haven, Hutchinson, Kansas; Oakland, Maryland; Centerville, Jerome, Midland, Sturgis, Michigan; Aberdeen, Mississippi; Bowling Green, Missouri; Cattarangus, Conewango Valley, New York; Applecreek, Baltic, Berlin, Beach City, Charm, Fresno, Burton, Fredericksburg, Hartville, Garrets-Trail, Tilmot, Ohio; Thomas, Mazie, Oklahoma; Amity, Harrisburg, McMinnville, Oregon; Atlantic, Bareville, Belleville, Cochranton, Christiana, Davisville, Elverson, Enon Valley, Gap, Gordonville, Kinsey, Leola, Mercer, New Holland, Selinsgrove, Meyersdale, New Wilmington, Springs, Lancaster, Pennsylvania; Hohenwald, Restview, Tennessee; Dayton, Deep Creek, Lynnhaven, Stuarts Draft, Virginia; and a few others. Many of these places which the general reader would be unable to find on a map are isolated rural communities or simply post office locations.

Consciously, and more often unconsciously, much of Amish life is revealed which without the BUDGET would never come to the fore. Somehow the author cannot disagree with one Amish subscriber who was frank to remark that the BUDGET is his weekly comic book, fascinating and humorous even without pictures. However in their genuineness and sincerity the reports do give a faithful representation of these people. What concerns them most, what is uppermost in their hearts and minds, what is going on within their own limited surroundings; these things one finds revealed in their own peculiar manner. Therefore the announcements about the weather, what the men and women are doing, who preached in "North East Lower Pequa," where the service was held in "Upper Middle Pequea Northside," (and indeed "Eli, Christ and Mary . . . came to dinner"), who is not well, in the hospital, who had an accident, who was born or died, who was married, attended, as "witnesses or hostlers," who joined the church. All this and more one finds in the weekly reports. One calendar year, 1949, was chosen for the present analysis. The names of individuals, apart from first names, are omitted. Otherwise items selected are given as found in the original. Only the Amish obituaries are treated in a separate study.

The cycle of the seasons and the accompanying work in houses and field are of greatest importance to rural people. There is no end to announcements in the Amish characteristic manner: "We were having more winter weather with some real cold blustery days." "Some people scoff at almanac signs. To observation, whenever a Hershel occurs, there is generally a cold 'snap.' One had been again this time." "After a spell of rather chilly weather, it has again moderated." "Every day was nice and sunshiny." "It snowed fast all afternoon." "Had only what we called skiffs of snow all winter." "Today first day of Spring was nice and ideal wash day." "The men are sowing oats, and women are planting gardens and truck patches." "Nice weather and people are making good use of it too. Sowing oats is in full swing. Some are done. Plowing for corn is on the go too. Some gardens are plowed, and women are busy at planting and cleaning house." "Was quite wet, which stopped some plowing through here." "Strawberry pickers have started picking up." "Hope the old German saying will become true: En druckener Marz, nasser Abril und en kuehler Mai bringt fiel frucht and hei.' " "Memorial day . . . much money foolishly spent." "Today is uneasily warm." "Corn looks real good for this time of the year, so do the weeds." "Apples and peaches are plentiful and the Schwartz cider mill made its first run August 11th." Women are busy canning peaches, corn, and tomatoes and getting the school clothes ready." "The hum of silo filling can be heard in many directions these days." "Farmers are busy cutting corn, filling silos, sowing wheat, digging potatoes, and what not." "Equinox brought us no unpleasant conditions."

"Corn ripening up fast. Soon will hear the ears contacting the bump boards again." "Two early birds are done husking corn—Joe Hylers and Jesse Peachys." "The men are cutting corn and hunting squirrels." "Weather was still very summerish." "It is quite dry and if it should winter up under such conditions wells and streams will suffer. Early sowing is nice, as well as barley." "This year the dahlias are in full bloom yet, but how long?" "We already had a real rabbit snow." "We've had our first snow on the 27th. Some say this means we are due for 27 snows this winter." "Farmers are butchering and attending sales and weddings." "Quite a few a-butchering this week. Hence not so many weddings a-going." "Butchers at Brady Creek had a mighty busy week." "Rather unusual weather for the wedding season. Five were held on Tuesday. Many more on Thursday — some said ten, but personally I doubt if there were that many. If there were that many it would be a record number for a single day." "Had mud instead of snow on Christmas Day." "The men are rounding up the deer trails and crossings with high fever." "All nature is confirming the truthfulness of the Holy Word that while the earth remains, summer and winter and heat and cold shall not cease."

To be Concluded

An Amish Newspaper

In the annals of American journalism the SUGARCREEK BUDGET of Tuscarawas Councty, Ohio, occupies a unique place. Imagine a newspaper without headlines, without an editorial page, with no columnists, with no sport page, no comics and cartoons — a newspaper which has appeared through the past 66 years and continues to fill a need today. For the interesting story of this Amish newspaper, appearing in the ECK for today, we are indebted to William I. Schreiber, Professor of German, The College of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio.—ED.

SARRIG NET

Datt uffem mantel an der Wand
Im Schtunneglaas laaft schtark der Sand;
So duh was heitich iss zu duh—
Gschwind genunk kummscht Owed zu.

Nemm doch ken acht was marye kummt,
Schunscht geht dir alles heit verlumpt;
Es helft gaar net, schtatts dutt's em leed,
Druwwele fer Sach, wu oft net gscheht.

's kann net meeglich sei mir sarye,
Was kennt uns befalle marye;
Iss net genunk die Acht fer heit?
Ee Ding, nur eens, an eener Zeit!

Nemm dann Sache wie sie kumme—
Saagt die Schrift net vun de Blumme:
"Sie schaffen net, schpinn' net meh,
Doch Solomon guckt net so schee."

Bleibt mer weck vun Druwwel weit,
Kummt alles hie zu gute Zeit;
's gebt Vergniegenheit denewe,
Un meh Daag zu unserm Lewe.

Schick dich so, wann Yaahr schwer leie,
Brauchscht dich iwwer gaar nix reie;
Ass guter Mut un Sunneschein
Macht letschte Daagge siess un rein.

Im September 1934 RALPH S. FUNK

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Editorials

Save Rabbits From Cruelty

Popular thinking about cruelties to animals concerned itself half a century ago with sympathy and protection chiefly for the horse. As Dobbin passed out of the American picture this sympathy and protection centered upon cats and dogs, particularly the latter. This public concern is expressed in the laws of our state which guarantee not only protection for these animals against cruelty but give dogs a status as personal property and place the responsibility for their behavior upon their owners.

In practice, laws for protection of animals concern and are applied to other living things. Accordingly our humane organizations, dedicated to kindness to animals, consider problems developed by society's treatment of such other animals.

For example, our local society recently was importuned to do something about alleged cruelties to the humble rabbit for which traps generally are set by game authorities in the outlying wards of this city. The cottontails flourish in the fields and smaller open areas within the city limits. They seem to know that here alone is haven from the pursuing hunter and his deadly gun. They can at times be destructive pests, but they also become little short of pets for many householders who, especially in the winter season, place food for them in such tempting array as to encourage their frequent visits.

Current complaint is against the wholesale trapping of these animals and then the dumping of them in strictly rural areas. Thus men and women, especially women, are robbed of these pleasing pets. In addition forced removal of the little animals to an entirely new and unknown environment is a cruel act.

In their established environment in the city limits they have food supplies and protective cover against the rigors of the weather. In new environment search for these necessities may take a long time to achieve results. In fact, snow and ice may cover and conceal the food they need and starvation or death from exposure to the elements may result.

At the right time such trapping and removal of these game animals can be harmless. At the height of the winter season it is looked upon as cruel and should be halted.

All of this becomes the sportsmen's concern in light of the fact that their local organizations, which have spent large sums annually to import rabbits from Kansas, now find the doors to their exportation closed. Only one state in the union now permits such exportation.

All effort therefore should be made to protect local breeding stock if there is to be a good hunting season this coming autumn. Trap and move the rabbits out of the city when adaptation to a new environment will be easy and will not interfere with the multiplication of the species.

Unusual Talents Well Used

The death early yesterday of Oliver D. Havard removed one of this city's most useful citizens during a period of more than forty years of his residenceship here.

Here was a man possessed of some of the less showy talents but they were the talents of the tough, sturdy kind that made for the survival of the vigorous pioneer stock that conquered America's frontiers and prepared the material foundations for a great people's culture.

Just as O. D. Havard contributed so much to establishing material foundations for every local enterprise in which he engaged, so he strove to promote culture which is, or should be, a love of perfection.

He was a perfectionist in the shaping and conduct of such material things as the manufacture of cement, in which he was engaged for more than thirty years; in the operation of a railway system, in which he spent seven years, and in the orderliness of great warehouses in which he spent his early post-college years. Into all of these activities he brought the benefit of his constructive ideas in the field of mechanical improvements and a passion for punctilious attention to orderliness in every activity in which he was engaged.

Institutions to which he brought this thoroness of attention to details included the Brookside Country Club which weathered the great depression largely because of his qualities and his unceasing devotion of them to the interests of that organization.

These qualities were just the ones needed in the earliest days for the organization and advancement of the various local art activities beginning with the litttle school of art founded here by the late Dr. Walter Emerson Baum, for whom Mr. Havard was a strong right arm. This expanded into the local Circulating Picture Club, the largest institution of its kind in the country and which Mr. Havard promoted with his characteristic, persistent drive despite all the early handicaps that faced the organization. All the art activities growing out of Mr. Baum's marvelous personality in turn enjoyed the influence of Mr. Havard's steady hand.

Mr. Havard's keen admiration went out to the brilliant minds, to those whose showier talents took them to goals with the speed of seven-league-boots. But it was observed by his fellows that steadily and doggedly, like the tortoise in its race with the hare, Mr. Havard was right there also at the finish line.

Always he could be counted upon in any activity—business, social or organizational — to do any job which was committed to him with completeness. Little did he speak but big were the jobs that he performed, especially those in the public interest.

He is mourned by every associate with whom he worked in any wise over the years. His were some of man's finest talents and none of them did he hide under a napkin, but rather employed them so unselfishly that it can be said of him that he was "a good and faithful servant," and that now he has entered into his reward.

Opening Bridge Bottleneck

It is commendable that Councilman Grammes, acting for the City, is taking time by the forelock and, in anticipation of the freeing of the 8th St. Bridge in May is going to widen the northern approach at Union St.

It was an absurdity when the bridge was built some forty years ago that a narrow entrance to it was provided at Union St. At the southern end prophetic foresight of the bridge's future importance was shown in a wide and entirely adequate entrance. This situation continued to be an absurdity during the years. Mr. Grammes properly is planning well ahead of any other developments to change it.

Certainly with the very first hour of the closing of the tollgate on this bridge there will be a flood of traffic such as never has used this structure. Somewhat unfavorable location of the bridge, together with the toll charge, has held traffic to a minimum during the years. The northern bottleneck entrance to the bridge would do much to retard traffic when the bridge is freed and traffic increases in volume.

Mr. Grammes proposes to remove the bottleneck before the flood of traffic tries to pour thru it.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

EQUALITY

Some seek the golden road of fame,
And some for money toil,
Some want the plaudits of their game,
And some would till the soil.
Thus, differently are lives expressed.
Some service each must give,
And who can say which way is best
If each shall nobly live?

The king is not a greater man
Than he who sows the seed;
If each one does the best he can
Each serves a human need.
If selfishness the monarch sways,
The man of low estate
Who works to better human ways
Deserves the title, great.

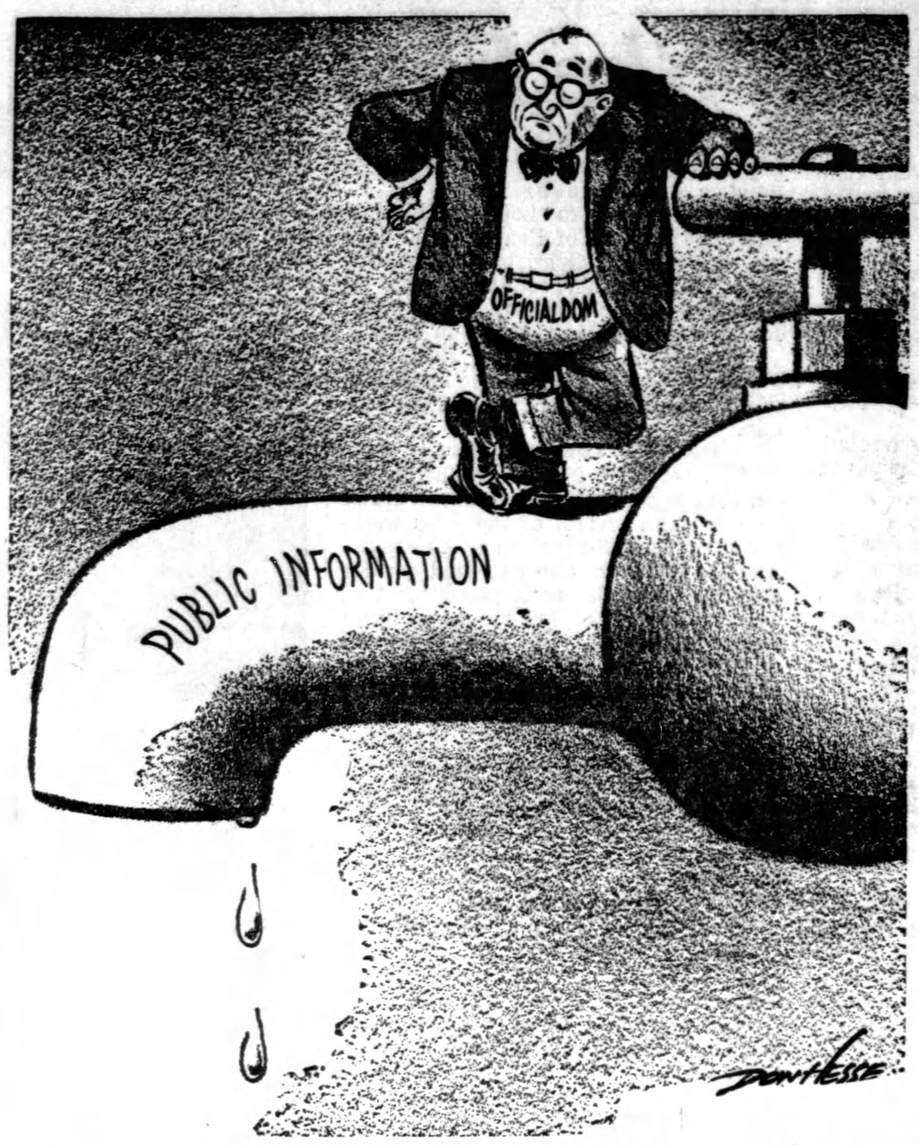
'Tis not the place we seek that counts,
'Tis not the garb we wear,
The kind of work to naught amounts;
It's how we do our share.
And by the toil we choose to do
Our lives shall be expressed,
And none shall greater be than you
If you have done your best.

(Copyright, 1957)

Horoscope

This is a most auspicious anniversary. Your business should progress rapidly and some special good fortune may be yours. An energetic, ingenious personality with a great desire for knowledge may be noted in a child born under these influences.

Keeping It At a Trickle



Eden's Retirement

By WALTER LIPPMANN

As Anthony Eden goes into retirement, he can take with him the knowledge that his friends are a multitude on both sides of the ocean. For them, the end will not wipe out what went before, those valiant years of the world war era. For them, too, the last word has not been spoken to explain the disaster at Suez, and the time has not yet come for a final judgment. His friends will wish him a good recovery and a quiet mind.

It was Eden's fate to have to do what Churchill once vowed he would never do, to preside over the liquidation of the British imperial position in the Middle East. Had everyone concerned been much wiser and more reasonable than he was, there might have been a happy transition from empire to a new order of things between East and West. It was not to be. There has not been the wisdom in the West, that is to say in London, Paris and Washington, to use what remained of their declining power to propose a new order to replace the old. In the East there has been violence and hatred, resentment and fanaticism, to discourage and to frustrate statesmanship.



Eden

The intervention of the Suez Canal seems to have been a last desperate gamble to recover a power and an influence that had in fact already been very nearly lost. What little of power and influence remained was wagered and was lost in the disaster.

There is no denying the fact that the Anglo - American partnership in world affairs has been affected. This partnership really began with Churchill and Roosevelt in the second World War. Its essence has been consultation and agreement of the highest levels of the two governments in advance of any great decision in foreign affairs. There has always been, certainly for more than a century, the British - American connection. This has meant that in case of war the interests of the two countries would cause them to be on the same side. But the partnership which Churchill and Roosevelt established is a comparatively new thing in British-American relations.

This partnership has been, if not dissolved, then at the very least suspended in the Suez affair. The American complaint is that we were not consulted before the British government began its momentous military action in Egypt. The British complaint is that since the Suez intervention, the American government has refused to consult it about any of its big policies.

Trust Fades

The official American view has been that it could never again trust Eden after his failure to consult in October. The corresponding view in England has been that after its experience in negotiating with him over Suez, it could never again trust Dulles. So Washington is relieved that Eden has retired, and London will be relieved when Dulles retires.

The old partnership in its full sense is not, however, a matter of personalities. The partnership is at bottom dependent on common interests and something like parity of power. Thus, even during the World War the Churchill-Roosevelt partnership did not really control the war in the Pacific. Since the World War, except perhaps at certain critical points in the Korean war, there has been no partnership in East Asia.

It now appears that the partnership is dissolved in the Middle East, what with the collapse of British power and the so-called Eisenhower doctrine.

In Europe, however, there is a deep need of the partnership. And, so I venture to think, it is in the working out of a European policy that the partnership, which is now suspended, will be restored. We must suppose that after the disasters abroad, Britain will draw closer to Western Europe. We can be sure that there will be great peril to Europe and to the world unless Western Europe can come to some kind of settlement with Eastern Europe.

In these great and difficult things, London and Washington cannot go their separate ways.

(Copyright, 1957)

Pumpernickle Bill

WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DIEFA GADONKA: Won 'm Porra Robert Urffer fon nagshd on Schnecksville sei breddich doh weil tzurick Sundawg moryets so hard halt ganumma hut on seinra gamae, os wie der Porra die breddich im sinn kotta hut, don glawwa m'r net os sellie breddich sei lava fergessa gait. Wos der text wor wissa m'r net, un wissa aw net ae wert os der Porra g'sawt hut in da gonsa breddich — allas os m'r wissa is, wos g'shaina wor uf 'm waig noch da kerrich.

Mohl fers aller airsht hut 'm Porra sei fraw die Marion ebbes fon ra ruhmadis bloke, un der Porra mus ra helfer fer sich aw duh won sie fon hame gaina. Hofta tzu hanka, un so glaina kneb tzu gnibba wie die weibsleit gawainlich hen on ihrra glaider sin unghandich — un fer wie wohret tzu sawga, der Porra kon sich aw net tzu gute helfa mit g'shefta wie sel. Gawainlich won er helfa mus die Marion uf soddla fer fert gae, kumma sie shopte fon hame — un grawd so wors sella gawissna morya. In blotz fon so on da fartel bis nina ferlossa fer drowwa on da Friedens kerrich sei bis fartel noch da nina, sin sie net dahame fert kumma bis nine uhr un die kerrich hut awg'fonga om halver tzaea.

Sis wenich graws gawoxa unnich 'm Porra seinra hamet bis nuf noch Friedens, un allas wor ol recht bis sie noch da kerrich kumma sin. Der Porra hut ol da waig nuf on sei breddich gadenk'd, un allas wor ol recht bis er die mashine gapark'd hut kot, un sie worra ready fer runner gae — mit noch blenty tzeit iwerich bis es tzeit wear fer die kerrich awfonga. Ow'r eb sie fon da mashine sin hut der Porra g'sawt, "Sawg Marion, ich hob yoh my brill fergessa, un kon mohl shure net duh mit ous — ich mus hame gae die brill hola."

Die Marion hut noh gawunnert eb er net ferleicht ae mohl duh kent mit ous da brill, ow'r er wor shure er kent net, un hut g'sawt sie sot in die kerrich gae da forhshtair sawga wos fer lieder uf die nummerra board hanka er gang'd hame fer sei brill. Mit sel'm is die Marion fon da mashine un nei in die kerrich, un der Porra is tzurick nunner hame so shtarrick os es ewwa erlawbt is fer fohrra.

Beim Dewey Lentz on da garage hut der Porra gamaint 's dade ebbes so kayose fiela owwa uf seinra naus, un wie er hee galong'd hut, ferhoftich sei won er sei brill net ol die weil uf kotta hut un huts net gawist.

In blotz fon nava on der waig fohrra un weil worta — bout so long os es ganumma het fer nunner hame un widder tzurick nuf fohrra, is er ains gongs rum gadray'd, un tzurick nuf noch da kerrich. Nadierlich hen sie net fershtae kenna on da kerrich wie in da welt os er so shnell hame gae het kenna — un er hut na ol g'sawt wos g'shaina wear — het ol die weil die brill uf kotta uns net gawist.

Der Porra wor noch in tzeit fer die lieder nummerra uf duh, ow'r der fohrshtair Martin Deibert hut net fershtae kenna wos die maining wear mit 'm ledshda lied—un wie der Porra mohl recht gaguck'd hut, ferhoftich sei won er net ae lied uf aim board kotta hut, un 'n gons onners uf 'm onnerra. Noh wor er net so shure eb er net doch ferleicht sei brill uf het. Die Edgar Stahley'sn hut gamiant sel wear net so shli mow'r sie dade glawwa os sei Marion ferleicht 'n brill howwa sot weil sie net g'sehna het os er sei brill uf kotta hut im airshda blotz.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Die shnae wos m'r so weit kotta hen worra yusht dreck shnae — 'n foos shnae un noch may mit hocha wind dabei — sel wor wos ols der winder gamocht hut.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

London dinner table conversation relayed by Frederico Babcock: "Being a publisher must be a very pleasant job." "Yes." "You must meet such interesting people." "Yes." "And what thrills you must get!" "Yes." "I mean, when you discover a brand-new writer. It must be terribly exciting." "Yes." "I suppose it's largely a matter of luck, but flair comes into it, doesn't it?" "Yes." "I dare-say you have to read plenty of rubbish." "Yes." "Boring for you." "Yes." "But you wouldn't change your job, would you?" "Yes." "Well, I mustn't waste any more of your time, must I?" "No."

A wild-eyed gent had the U.S. Patent Office in a dither not long ago demanding protection on what he termed "the greatest invention of the decade." It turned out to be a cake of soap ten feet long. "You couldn't even lift a thing like that to lather yourself," scoffed a clerk.

"You don't have to," replied the great inventor triumphantly. "You just climb on top of it and slither up and down!"

Note of caution from Arthur Godfrey: "It is not only illegal to park near a fire hydrant, but when there's a dog show in town, it's downright stupid."

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Matthew 6:33 and 7:7

The Sunday school lessons up to April 21 will be based upon Matthew's Gospel. We might ask, "Why are there four Gospels?" The first three have much in common, for which reason they are called the Synoptic Gospels, meaning "viewing together," although there are differences. John is essentially different from them, although all give major emphasis to the crucifixion and resurrection of Jesus. Matthew, we may say, is the Gospel of the King. Zecharias 9:9 calls our attention to this in these words: "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; behold they King cometh unto thee. He is just, and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, even upon a colt, the foal of an ass" (John 12:15). Associated with a King, there must be a kingdom. We may consider the Sermon on the Mount the charter of the Kingdom (chs. 5-7), showing the character, the rights, and the privileges of the members of the Kingdom. Particularly stressed is the right to petition the throne, that is, the privilege of prayer (7:7). The tragedy of the ages is that the people placed a crown of throns upon the head of their King, and thus bowed Him out with tragic results for them (27:29).



THE AMISH SUGARCREEK BUDGET

by William I. Schreiber

Conclusion

AFTER the weather, nothing seems of such importance to these men of the soil as health, and especially so because they rely on physical labor rather than machinery for their farming success. The Lord makes the weather, but the Amish man must keep his health to be successful. Sickness and accidents are the greatest barriers from his standpoint and the well-being of his co-religionists everywhere is his intimate concern. Many contributors to the BUDGET also ask for information about other communities, and it is eagerly supplied: "I hope the Editor and the BUDGET readers will excuse me for not writing so long, as my husband had a bad heart condition and is still in bed most of the time. The writer also has a very bad cough." "We trust the above named writer will submit a complete account of the baby's illness and death."

Many of these write-ins are extremely detailed. One can read, for instance, that the Amish are afflicted not only with whooping cough, mumps, measles and chicken pox, rheumatic heart, rheumatic fever, colds, upset stomachs, summer complaint and bowel trouble, nerves, flu, pets or felon on fingers, skin rash, boils, proud flesh, poison on foot or arm, lung fever, pneumonia, epileptic spells, "pus on the kidneys," but also that "Mrs. . . . had 28 teeth extracted;" "Mrs. . . . wants to have teeth pulled tomorrow;" ". . .spits blood that drains from the head;" "Mrs. . . . has a swelling of the knee. She had pleurisy that later settled in her knee;" ". . .was kicked in the stomach by a horse and has not been so well for a few days;" ". . .goes to the hospital for a course of intravenous feeding." The language of these reports is always plain. ". . .is kept under dope a good bit of the time." One scribe concludes his news: "I am affected with a bad cough and my wife has the grippe again."

There are many exact accounts of particular afflictions or unusual happenings. One correspondent begins: "The reason I am writing is because so many friends and relatives are wondering how we got dog fleas in the house and how we found out." After an explicit narration about treatments with various doctors and specialists he concludes: "I am thanking each and every one who tried to help us in any way, and those who visited us during those long restless hours." One long account relates the discovery of tuberculosis: "On Saturday evening, May 7, I had a bad hemorrhage. It started from a light cough." The discussion of the fate of a Kansas housewife who came into the house one cold morning from milking the cows and tried to "pep up" with kerosene a fire of green cottonwood protracted through many editions of the BUDGET. The women in the homes seem to have such regular accidents as, spilling boiling water over their feet, falling down the cellar steps, fracturing or breaking skulls, bones, and receiving general hurts, or just breaking their glasses. There are detailed descriptions, e.g., of a girl who gets epileptic fits, of a boy who had all the symptoms and treatments of diptheria, of appendectomies and operations for ruptured spleens. Some are so exact that neither hour and minutes nor number of stitches are omitted.

An ever present, although uneliminatible source of danger are the high spirited buggy horses. Kicks by horses are familiar BUDGET items. The catastrophies range from broken jaws to broken ribs, and one boy had to have silver plates put into the side of his head to replace the broken bones. The Amish buggy seems in no way safer than the modern automobile when it comes to accidents and all, young and old, male and female are affected.

Collisions between automobiles and horsedrawn vehicles seem to be increasing so much so that one older scribe considered it necessary to devote one whole column to precautions directed to his "horse and buggy" readers. Not only the horses and buggies are frequently demolished but the riders as well.

Then of course there are the ever recurring farm accidents like sawing off a thumb, catching a hand or finger in a meat grinder or breaking bones in falls off a wagon or out of the hay mow or out of the barn door. Worse are sawmill or silage shredders' accidents, or when someone is gored by a bull in the field. Tragedy often seems to visit the Amish community and especially its children.

The Amish farmers, while they are not opposed, in principle, to the treatment by doctors, hospitals and modern drugs, they seem, however, very much inclined to believe in patent medicines and devious cures. Although they are regarded very highly, doctors are often called only as a last resort. This is shown by the solicitude of the Amish farmer whose place was flooded and who had to row the doctor across his land. For the doctor's comfort he put his best rocking chair into the rowboat. On the other hand the Amish women have also come to like the convenience of the modern hospital care especially in confinement cases. However, the nurses of a local hospital had considerable trouble with one husband who insisted on sleeping with his wife, irrespective of other patients in the room, because he had never slept without her. It took practically the whole hospital staff to persuade the man of a different course. On the other hand it is nothing unusual to read: "My wife is not so well lately. I expected to take her to a chiropractor this afternoon."

Two rare glimpses into Amish life mention "rheumatic health rings," and the apparently good effect they have upon rheumatic heart patients. These "rings" are "magnetic" steel bands, worn on one finger which supposedly draw impurities out of the blood. To all appearances they look like wedding rings, but they are not, because these are not allowed. When an Amish man was questioned by the author about the efficacy of his magnetic ring, he pointed to the discoloring of the finger around the ring as convincing proof of the poison extracted from his system. Incidentally, his wife wore a ring as a precaution against rheumatism. For opposite reasons the Amish do not smoke cigarettes. The frequent discoloration on the fingers of those indulging is sufficient proof of their poisonous nature. However, cigars, like stoogies or the small variety "Between the Acts," show no such obvious evil.

The great number of advertisements of cure-alls and panaceas would indicate that they find ready purchase by the Amish. The BUDGET carries a never ending array of oils, salves, minerals, compounds, herbs, lotions, health foods, and other medicines, as well as the customary advice by "specialists" from many parts of the nation. Many of these conostrums are for humans, but just as many are for live-stock, and some seem efficacious for either. Patent medicines which seem to cure most anything and all inclusively as for instance, arthritis, neuritis, rheumatism, blood pressure, spring fever, and every conceivable ailment including cancer receive wide notice. Ruptures and piles need no special mention, but they do have the largest advertisements. The true confessions of a scribe who fell for some line of "advice" shows a quiet sense of humor. "Someone," she writes, "gave the advice to use a mixture of salt and corn meal, half of each, for a dry shampoo. Rub well into the hair, then brush out. I tried it, being curious, of course, as to what the result would be and now I consider "mush flour" in the mouth better than in the hair, although it may be ideal for men." A well known and often applied home remedy is the dung poultice. One can imagine the horror of the modern medical man who was called to an Amish home and found the woman of the house completely wrapped in fresh cow dung poultice after a miscarriage. Nothing but certain death was his prediction. And yet how surprised the man was when a week later he saw the same woman happily rocking herself on the sunny porch.

The BUDGET brings explicit accounts and testimonies by witnesses of instantaneous healings due to annointments. One such write-up reads in part: "We could not let any more people in on account of my heart. The anointing service began at two-thirty. We had scripture reading, prayer, and singing. We also confessed our faults one to another, although no one had any secret sins to confess. After another season of prayer, in which all present were asked to take part, Brother . . . annointed me in the name of Jesus Christ. They had prayer again. I felt that I was healed immediately. However, I still debated whether I should arise while my company was still present or wait until they went home. They were still singing, and I asked them to sing the doxology, which became my praise song. While they were singing, I asked for my shoes, sat up and put them on, and walked over and sat on a dining room chair — something I had been unable to do for nine or ten months. I was completely healed!"

In connection with illnesses of the flock one notices the many generous announcements of "dime or dollar or whatever anyone wishes to send" showers. The announcements may read in part like these: ". . .to Mrs. . . . She was in the hospital for a serious operation Sept. 1948, and was in the hospital again March 1949, when their baby was born, and maybe she will have to go again. I know it is badly needed. They have 8 children and she can't work any. . ." ". . .has a large family. He has been deaf since childhood. His daughter is undergoing treatment away from home, and his third son was kicked by a horse several years ago and has lost the sight of one eye and his face is disfigured that they have to operate. It will be a serious operation but must be done to save the boy future trouble. . ."

Announcements of these showers are not ignored to judge from the cards of thanks which usually follow. The boy mentioned in the preceding paragraph who needed the facial operation received "162 get-well cards and $136 in money, and many nice gifts from other people. The Green School and the Sandhill School each made up a sunshine box for him. He took great pleasure in opening these boxes."

Comments on preachers and sermons are rare and only occasionally is there a notice complimenting the good sermon of visiting preachers, that "the two ministering brethren brought us Spirit-filled messages." It is here to be remembered that Mennonites and all Amish believe not only in the verbal inspiration of the Bible but also believe in the guidance of the Holy Spirit in their leaders. Therefore, their preachers do not need a special education beyond the ability to read the Bible. One Amish contributor, indeed, writes a long article against the modernization that is slowly creeping into the Amish church and how it is following the "popular trends of modern religion." He maintains: "We can see it and hear it everywhere, yes, even in the columns of the BUDGET, much as we regret to admit it." Among the many points of complaint he lists the "educated ministry trained in worldy wisdom, philosophy, sociology, public speaking, etc." These things are for him the "serpent trying to deceive us even as he deceived Eve."

As an unusual item appearing in the BUDGET may be mentioned the brief biography of a member of their sect. "He was a preacher for 75 years; during all this time he never accepted one cent for his labor. He performed 3,000 marriages, baptized 5,000 persons and preached 5,000 funeral sermons. He never was on a railroad train. He made his living off his little farm. He left 12 children, 50 grandchildren, 50 great-grandchildren, and 5 great-great-grandchildren. He was born on a Thursday, was married three times on a Thursday, was converted on Thursday, and died on a Thursday."

The announcement of the birth of a "baby girl at the 11th minute of the 11th hour, or the 11th day of November, 1949" certainly was meant for those interested in horoscopes.

The BUDGET often discusses in its column the scarcity of land which is plaguing the Amish more and more so that they must disperse to formerly unknown parts of the nation. However, from sporadic references to life in the past as some of the older members of the sect remember it, one sees that the Amish are more abreast with the times than is generally acknowledged. While one scribe bemoans the "almost fathomless invitations" of the present day which put us "in a period the same as that of the 120 years in Noah's time;" no contributor to the BUDGET would be found who would have wanted to revert to that age when the modern "innovations" were not available. In fact one correspondent refers to the time when there were no railroads, no telegraph, no electricity, no coal oil, or glass lamps, no drills, no hay rakes, no washing machines, no mowers, no reapers, no threshing machines, but when everything had to be done by hand and sickels, by spinning wheel and hand needle, and when travel was either on foot or on horseback. But all the writer can do about it is to remind his readers that the forefathers did live a harder life and one with "more cross - bearing." Slowly but surely the Amish farmers are following modern trends, except of course that they are not yet ready to adopt the automobile and tractor as a private possession and purchase their outer wearing apparel in current fashions. Ripples of undercover struggles trying to upset the accustomed pattern of life make their way across the printed pages often in guarded but just as often in happy outbursts. Be it only a "belling," boys involved in a stolen car, older youths avenging their parents by defacing and destroying a bishop's property, or just a joyous announcement extolling the advantages of a new busline. All may indicate that peace is hard to come by and that living in this world and not being of this world and sharing in its advancements puts the Christian to the constant test.

In conclusion may it be reaffirmed that politics and international affairs are of no concern to the other-worldly readers and contributors to the BUDGET. No "informed" Amishman, however, can do without his weekly paper if he wants to know what is happening within his own family relationship and his sectarian fold. This weekly publication has come to mean to him as much as the metropolitan newspaper means to the citizens of this world. Unwittingly the BUDGET reveals the ever increasing strain exerted upon them by the impact which a larger and more successful economic society puts upon a secluded smaller group. Therefore this unique weekly reveals a people in its own peculiar setting, in the give and take and refusal, in the ever questing temptations both succumbing and rebelling, in the slow accommodation to patterns which are not of its own making. All of which deserve watching.

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Editorials

A Flag With Special Symbolism

Many flags will fly in and over Washington on Inauguration Day but the one that the tourists and other visitors to the Capital City will almost certainly seek out will be the faded 45-star banner that a Greek-American has proudly displayed during every Inauguration Day period for the past fifty years. This year, for the first time, the banner experienced difficulties with a meticulous committee that ruled it out of the display because of its bedraggled condition.

But there was a higher power than a committee made up of men "dressed in a little brief authority." The story of the ban on the flag came to the attention of President Eisenhower. Not a minute was lost in his arriving at the decision to fly the flag from the Capitol itself if it were barred from the parade route.

The President's decision was sound. He learned that the flag had been recovered by the father of the present owner from a sinking ship; that it had been passed on to the son who became a Washington businessman. It had been treasured by him for more than half a century as the symbol of the freedom and equalities of opportunity that had come to its new owners in the land of their adoption.

All the flags, from the great banner with 48 stars that will fly from the mast of the Capitol, are symbols. They mean many things to many men. The President recognized in this one flag a special symbolism not alone to its individual owner but to all the millions of people who streamed out of Europe during the past century in their search for new lives under the aegis of world freedom—the Stars and Stripes.

There is general meaning in the thousands of 48-starred flags that will wave in the January winds in Washington on Inauguration Day. There is special meaning in the banner that K. G. Kavadias again will fling to the gales for perhaps the fourteenth occasion when a President takes office.

Add Those Two New Stars

Because the platforms of the two political parties during the last national election campaign pronounced their favor for according statehood to Hawaii and Alaska, legislation to effect this end well may take prominent place in the business of Congress, now in session.

President Eisenhower again has recommended adoption into the Union, as States, of the two territories. He and many others believe that there is plenty of room on the American flag for two more stars.

The people of both territories long have pressed their claims to such recognition. There is no question as to their ability for responsible government in the political status of sovereign states. They have long served an apprenticeship in preparation for a grant of increased stature.

All too long they have been denied the attainment of the worthy ambition to be completely and adequately represented in the councils of government in Washington.

Probe Rackets Thoroly

Ammunition is being given for the request of Senator John McClellan that his Investigations Committee be given an additional $250,000 to probe suspected racketeering in labor organizations in the results of current inquiry into some suspicious going-ons in the Allied Industrial Workers and the large and powerful Teamsters' Union.

In yesterday's papers it was reported that a former office worker for the AIW was fearful of testifying to Senator McClellan's committee because "something might happen." The woman was questioned sufficiently to bring the senators to the belief that there are things which she could tell but which she fears to tell for its effect upon people with whom she formerly worked. Since she seems to have some information that may tie in with the heinous attack upon labor columnist Victor Riesel, it is certain that the Senate committee is going to press hard for a revelation of anything and everything that she may know and that may furnish some additional leads to this still mysterious crime.

Then there was the conclusion apparently reached by the senators that a fairly thoro understanding has been reached among the officials of the Teamsters' Union to take refuge behind the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution and thus balk the investigators.

As Mr. Riesel has been telling readers of the Morning Call for years, the bulging treasuries of the big unions are a temptation to racketeers to move into the unions and by force to gain control over the vast millions of dollars that have been accumulated thru dues and payments into welfare funds.

Senator McClellan feels that his committee now is on the trail of high crime and misdemeanors in organizations whose every dollar should be devoted to the welfare of its members, the toilers in our industries. Like others, he has discovered already that the men who would fatten themselves at the expense of the workers are resourceful and powerful. Above all they are unscrupulous in the attainment and the retention of control in any union into which they have been able to wiggle their way.

Senator McCarthy, likewise a member of this Senate committee, is taking active part in the probe. The nation knows full well how he feels and acts when "Fifth Amendment" witnesses balk the progress of any congressional investigations. Enough of these already have shown up before the committee in Washington to rouse both McClellan and McCarthy to a high pitch of indignation.

A Truly National Hero

January 19 is the 150th anniversary of the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee. And the city of Alexandria, Virginia, which with considerable reason considers itself General Lee's "home town," is celebrating the event with a Lee Birthday Tour.

This celebration could hardly have come at a better time. For Robert E. Lee has long since ceased to belong only to Virginia or to the South. He is beloved and revered by the nation.

His fellow Virginian, Woodrow Wilson, once spoke of the happy pertinency of a cyclopedia's listing: "A celebrated American general in the Confederate service."

North (and West) and South alike can profit by thoughtfully considering the character of this truly great and good man. To the Southerner it can be a mirror in which he can see his own best self. To the Northerner it can be a lens through which he can better understand the good that is in his southern brother.

Robert E. Lee's attitude toward the Negro was like that of Abraham Lincoln: kindly, and qualified by the conditions of his day. Both saw a Negro scarce removed from the jungle and engaged only in menial tasks.

General Lee opposed secession — saw "no necessity" in it. Yet, having resolved the agonizing conflict of loyalties within him, no one served what he must have known was a lost cause more loyally, bravely, and brilliantly (something that explains other Southerners' attitudes).

After the war he counseled the South: "We must accept the situation . . . It is the part of candor to recognize the fact and the part of wisdom to acquiesce in the result."

Superlatively, General Lee in defeat, as did President Lincoln in victory, exemplified magnanimity. — Christian Science Monitor.

How About the Ones Behind?



Federal Spending

By WALTER LIPPMANN

Looking at the big budget which the President has just submitted to Congress, the obvious question is why with Mr. Eisenhower in the White House, with a stalwart like George Humphrey in the treasury, federal spending has risen so much. There can be no doubt about what Eisenhower meant to do when he took office four years ago. He promised then that in two years he would reduce the last Truman budget, which reflected the Korean war and rearmament down to 60 billions, a reduction of some 14 billions, and he certainly hopes that the reduction would "steadily continue."

In his first two years he did reduce expenditures by some 10 billions, mainly by savings on national defense. But since then he has felt he had to ask for more and more money. The new estimates are not much below the high Truman budget of 1953 and, if expenditures for Federal highways are included, they are higher by nine billions than the first Eisenhower budget. The bulk of the increase is for defense. But there is no insignificant increase of three billions in what are called "civil benefits," a term which covers the veterans, agriculture, housing and natural resources.

All this has happened under Eisenhower and Humphrey, and in the face of an Eisenhower land slide, which removes any need to bid for votes. Humphrey makes no bones about his personal unhappiness at the size of the expenditure. What, ruled by the President, would he have done to reduce the budget?



Lippmann

He has not said plainly what he would have done. But reading between the lines, it appears that he would have altered our present military policy on the one hand, and on the other, he would have resisted sternly the various demands for federal aid. In the military establishment he would it appears, have concentrated on the new big strategic armaments, and he would then have made substantial economies in the conventional sea and ground forces. This would mean an establishment designed to deal only with overt Russian aggression, but unprepared to do much about local and limited disorders.

In the field of "civil benefits," he would have fought off the advance of the welfare state.

In other words, the substantial reduction in the Eisenhower budget, which Humphrey regards as so necessary to our economic health, could not be made without fundamental changes in policy. It would mean a change in the Eisenhower foreign policy, which is one of containment on a global scale, and requires the support of conventional forces. It would mean an abandonment of the Eisenhower domestic policy, at least that part of it which is called the new Republicanism.

For the new budget is big because of the big policies to which the President has committed himself.

Population

Yet, apart from the various items which of course need to be scrutinized by Congress, is it fair to measure the over-all size of the 1958 budget by the smaller size of pervious budgets? Since the Eisenhower administration came to power in 1953 the population of the United States has increased by 10 million persons. This country is, in fact, having an explosive expansion of its population. The labor force has increased by about 5 million. The total national production is larger by more than 50 billion dollars. Surely, the President is right in saying in his message that "the budget must also reflect the general responsibilities of a government which will be serving 172 million persons in the fiscal year 1958."

Compared not with other budgets but with the growth of the nation and of the economy, the present expenditures have not increased even proportionately. Short of a miracle, that is to say a peace settlement of the cold war, it is vain to expect expenditures to be drastically reduced. These big expenditures reflect the two basic facts — that the population is growing prodigiously, and that there is a race of armaments proceeding at a rapid rate.

The prospects are that the growth of the American population will require increased government spending. For when the population grows and becomes concentrated in the great metropolitan centers, the need for public expenditure is bound to rise. Masses of people living in cities and in suburbs need all manner of public works and facilities which are not necessary when they live in country villages.

We speak of the American way of life. In a material sense we have a rapidly expanding population with a way of life which is new in our generation. This great human change is reflected in all the government budgets, Federal, State and local throughout the land.

(Copyright 1957)

Pumpernickle Bill

WILLIAM S. TROXELL

AWENICH HINNA DRAW: Darrich die lumberrei os m'r doh kotta hen fer noch 'm hosital gae, sin m'r gore mechdich hinna draw kumma mit g'shpichta un barichda os die Fegelcher uns awgadrawga hen. Ow'r so sin ewwa die socha, un sin numma tzu froh fer widder tzurick hinnich da schreib mashine hucka, un dawg fer dawg fertzaila wos sella waig aw gait — odder wos aw gonga is die weil os m'r im hospital worra.

In da Dunnershdawgs tzeiting hen m'r g'sehna woh 'n schreiver fon Barricks kounty g'sawt hut wie froh os er wear os m'r widder "Somshdawgs" tzurick in da tzeiting weara. Wos selar schreiver duh sot, is der Call griega dawg fer dawg — m'r schreiva 6 dawg die woch un hen alsa mohl fon da arrickshda socha tzu fertzaila os yusht grawd ous sei kenna. Aenicha waig, sawga m'r gross donk fer on uns denka.

DER GEORGE UN SEI SHWARTZER BALL: Won sei lebdawg ebber shtoltz wor mit ebbes, don is es der George Kerschner fon New Tripoli mit 'm shwartza balla woh der shquire Alton Snyder, un der Ralph Fister 'm shpote yohr gewwa hen fer 'n awdenka die weil os es gross balla game om gae wor in Nei Yarrick. Der George wie fiel wissa, is da Freely Henritzy ihra barkipper, un wor 'n aryer Nei Yarrick mon. Die Dodgers worra farna draw, ebbes os der George shier net shlucka hut kenna. Der aintsich'd gross failer os er ow'r finna hut kenna mit selra fuhr wor, sie hetta tzu fiel shwartza shpieler.

Der Alton un der Ralph hen die socha noh mohl iwwer g'shwetzt, un ous gamocht fer 'n George 'n 1956 aw denka griega — 'n balla os die Dodger fuhr gayus'd het. Un sie hen 'm George aw 'n balla gewwa — eb er nadierlich fon da Dodgers kumma is wotta m'r net sawga. Aenicha waig der balla wor kessel shwartz — ebbes os der George net fershtae hut kenna. Wie sie 'm ow'r g'sawt hen 's wear 'n Dodger ball, hut der George grawd gamoodmos'd wos g'shaina wear — 's wear 'n balla os der Dodger fonger Campanella oft g'fonga het, un sei hand hetta ob g'farab'd.

Socha worra ow'r net gons so shlim wie ol sel — wos der George ferleicht alla weil noch net wase is, os der Alton der balla dart drowwa aryads grick'd hut, un der Ralph hut 'n ol ferwick'ld mit shwartz bobbich bond (tape). 'M George sei grosser winsch wor, os der Pumpernickle yoh nix dafon ous finna maich'd, un besser sawga don aw nix may weiter so os yoh nix dafon rous kumt darrich uns.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R M'r wolla gross donk sawga tzu ol os uns shun g'schriva hen ferpauga wie sie unser hospital erfohringa gleicha dada — yuhst aenie hut gaglawk — g'sawt m'r sotta mohl shwetza fon ebbes neias — allas os m'r so weit fertzailt hetta, het sie shun selwar darrich gamocht.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Chinese fable: A young man saw some beautiful objects in a window, carved from solid gold, and though the street was crowded with people, smashed the window and ran off with a couple of golden trinkets. Of course, he was apprehended almost immediately.

"How did you think you could get away with such an act in broad daylight and in full view of hundreds of people?" asked the magistrate.

"Alas," murmured the culprit, "when I performed the act, I could see only the gold, and none of the people."

In Mexico, Joseph Wood Krutch, saw a lady tourist reenter her hotel laden down with useless souvenirs and knick-knacks, heard her husband's oft-echoed observation: "Isn't it amazing how many things there are that women would rather have than money?"

Jim Costello reports that the last time he was in a certain very historic big city he plugged in his electric razor and all the streetcars stopped.

(Copyright 1957)

Horoscope

Provided you are circumspect in your dealings with elders, you should enjoy a year of much prosperity and domestic happiness. Intelligence coupled with an industrious nature may characterize today's child.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Matthew 5:13-20; 43-48

These verses constitute the text of to-morrow's Sunday School lesson, under the title "Gospel Righteousness," the word taken from verse 20. There are three words in this lesson text which should be emphasized — salt in v.13; light in v.14, and love in vs. 43-44. When Jesus used the word salt of Christians as "the salt of the earth," He no doubt, referred to people described by the beatitudes immediately preceding v.13. "Salt seasons food; preserves it from corruption; cleanses, sweetens, and gives wholesome flavor to food." There is undoubtedly a great difference between a genuinely Christian community (and all the first Christians were Hebrew Christians) and the pagan world. These early Christians exerted such a wholesome influence upon society. Jesus, Who said: "Ye are the light of the world," also said "I am the light of the world" (John 8:12), and the light describing the believer is but a reflection of Jesus' character, illuminating a morally dark world, even as the light of the moon is a reflection of the light of the sun in the dark night. Love is the primary virtue of the Christian, even as "God is love'" (1 John 4:8 and 11), Who revealed it by sending His Son to redeem us (John 3:16).

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

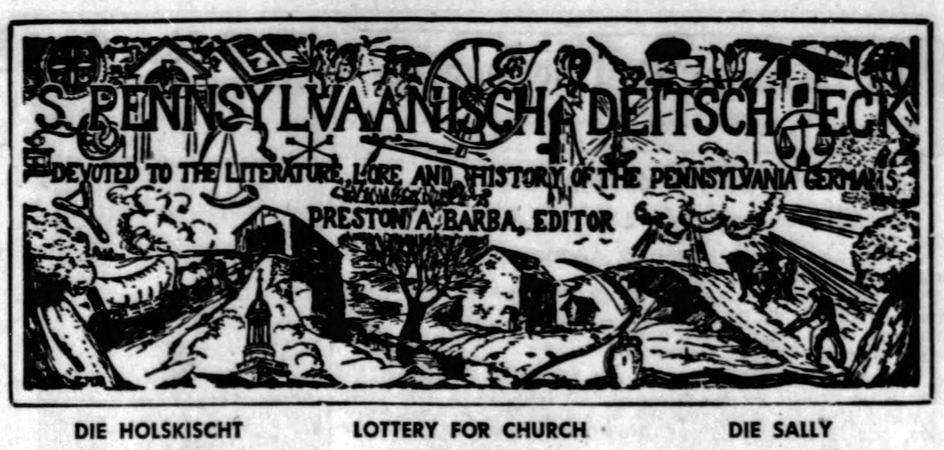
THE CALENDAR

Now the calendars are here,
Pretty pictures for the wall.
All the months in line appear,
There are always twelve in all.
From the first unto the last
Is recorded every date,
But they travel by so fast;
None of them has time to wait.

None so mightly, prince or king,
Who can longer bid them stay.
When the bells of midnight ring
They will promptly slip away.
Stay or speed it on none can,
For with all his mighty power
There is not a living man
Who can add to one an hour.

Time is all the days allow.
It is left for all to choose
What they'll do with it and how
Days and weeks and months they'll use.
Here's a year for good or ill;
Time to labor, start to close.
Do with it whate'er you will,
As you shape it, so it grows.

(Copyright, 1957)



DIE HOLSKISCHT

Datt hinnich em Offe
Deheem in der Kich,
Do waar'n alti Holskischt—
Im Lewe en Schtich.

In Leng so sex-fiessich,
In Breeding schier zwee,
An eem End waar Hols un
Am ann're waar Schpee.

Sie waar rot aag'schtriche,
En Schofhaut waar druff;
Der Deckel waahrhaftich,
Waar immer, scheint's, uff.

Es kummt vor zu Yunge
Sie alsfatt waer leer,
Un dutt mer Hols draagge,
Ken Boddem drin waer.

Uffkors in der Kindheit
Guckt Sach gross wie'n Gaul;
Mer iss ewwefiehlisch—
Un fleicht bissel faul.

So iss es mir gange—
Fleicht waar's so bei eich—
Mer winscht, schtatts gutguck-ich,
Mer waer grisslich reich.

Doch kann ich erinn're
'm Paepp sei Freed draa,
Denn nooch der Daags Aerwet
Schteckt er sei Peif aa

Un legt sich dann anne,
En Kisse verwischt,
Datt hinnich'm Offe
Uff selle alt Kischt.

Die Kischt un sei Grutze,
Die waar'n 'm Paepp lieb,
Doch winsch ich oft hazlich
Es keemt mol en Dieb

Un deet sie weckschtehle—
Ken ann're meh sei,
So waer ich dann ewich
Des Holsdraages frei.

Noh bin ich gewaxe
Un leg mich oft druff—
Doch hab immer gfunne
Die hatt Seit waar uff.

Ich kann's net ausrechle
Un's blogt mich noch heit,
Wie der Paepp so gut ruht
Wann er als druff leit.

"'s muss sei eier Gewarb,"
Hot er mol gemeent,
"Seit Ihr schlofen uff Schprings,
Sin board net gewehnt."

Ich denk des weech Lewe
Wie heitich es geht,
Macht Schwachheit im Kaerper-
's iss Alles verdreht.

Doch schteckt mir die Holskischt
Noch immer im Sinn,
Un bringt zrick Gedanke
Wann ich deheem bin.

1945 RALPH S. FUNK

KEN GSCHPASS AN DER LEICHT

En Bauer drowwe am Blooe Baerrig hot's gaar net gekennt mit seinere Schwiegger-mudder. Es waar alles eenich zwische ihm un seinere Fraa so lang ass sie leenich waare, awwer so gschwind ass ihre Mudder um der Weg waar iss es losgebroche. Es iss es letscht so schlimm warre, ass der Bauer sie gaar nimmi uff em Hof erlaabt hot.

Endlich iss em Bauer sei Fraa gschtarrewe. Der Daag vor der Leicht kummt der Leichtsaryer zum Bauer un saagt, "Well, John, marye iss die Leicht. Ich hab gedenkt, ich deet dir saagge, dass du mit deinere Schwiegger - mudder laafe sollscht noch em Kaerrichhof."

"Was!" ruft der Bauer aus. "Denkscht du ich deet mit ihre laafe? Net fer ken Geld!"

Der Leichtsaryer hot net gewisst was zu duh. Er hot gewisst, dass es net gucke deet fer der Bauer un sei Schwiegger - mudder hinnich nanner nooch zu laafe wie zwee Ende, un doch waar er aa sicher, dass der Mann zu schtarrkeppich waar fer mit ihre zu laafe. Endlich hot er der Parre gfrogt fer schwetze zum Bauer.

Der Parre hot en gross Gschpraech gemacht. Er hot em Bauer gsaat mer misst sei Schpeit vergesse an so Zeite un sich aafiehre wie en Grischt. "Denk mol," saagt der Parre, "was die Leit saagge, wann die alt Fraa do leenich hinnich dir nooch geloffe kummt!"

Der Bauer hot's weil iwwerdenkt. Endlich saagt er, schnell un kaz ab, "Well, ich laaf dann mit ihre, awwer es nemmt gewiss der Gschpass aus der ganse verdammte Leicht."

Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News

SEI BEI MIR

Sei bei mir uff meim Lewespaad
Un hiet mich ver de falsche Schritt;
Verloss mich net — ach, geh doch mit!
Noh hot's ken Gfaahr — noh laaf ich graad.

Sei bei mir wann mei Glaawe schwecht
Un Gottes Sache leppisch sin;
Wann ich uff letzi Weegge bin,
Saag mir wuhie un schtell mich recht.

Sei bei mir in der letschte Not,
Wann sich die Seel vum Kerper drennt;
Sei bei mir nooch em dunkle End,
Im ewiche Daag sei Maryerot.

1887 —Charles Calvin Ziegler 1854-1939

LOTTERY FOR CHURCH IMPROVEMENTS

Not only among the early Germans but also among other early settlers in Pennsylvania and elsewhere the lottery became a favorite method of raising money for laudable improvements.

In the **Pennsylvania Gazette** for October 22, 1767 we read:

"The Managers of the German Lutheran Church Lottery in Earl Township, Lancaster County are obliged to postpone the drawing till the 4th of January next. And as there are but few tickets on hand those who desire to become adventurers are requested to be speedy in applying for the same."

To show that lotteries in days past were perfectly legal and did not partake of the criminal nature which now brands them as public evils, we cite an act of assembly (see Vol. 7, Statutes at Large, p.133) authorizing the same. The circumstances justifying the resort to lottery are set forth in the act as follows:

"Whereas it hath been represented to the assembly of this province by the Church wardens and elders of the German Lutheran Church lately built in Earl Township (Lancaster County) that notwithstanding the subscriptions heretofore made towards raising a sum of money for the erecting and finishing of said church there yet remains a considerable sum of money due for the work already done, and a further sum besides what has been hitherto raised by contributions among themselves will be wanted to complete the same and to erect a school house near the said church for the education of youth; Therefore it is enacted, etc., that Edward Hughes, Michael Tiefenderfer, Philip Marsteller, John Shultz, Charles Miller, George Rine, George Stohley and Henry Rockey of Lancaster County shall be and are appointed managers and directors of the lottery hereby instituted and to be drawn and to attend to the drawing of the lots, etc., and they shall cause proper books to be prepared in which each leaf shall be divided in three columns, on the first column shall be printed 4444 tickets, numbered from 1 to 4444; on the middle column shall be printed 4444 tickets same as first column and likewise numbered; in the extreme column a third rank or series of tickets of the same number as those of the other two columns, which shall be joined with oblique lines and in addition to the date, each ticket shall have printed on it:

"This ticket entitles the holder to such prize as may be drawn against its number, if demanded in nine months after the drawing is finished subject to such deductions as is mentioned in the scheme."—

"And the managers are empowered to sell the tickets in the extreme or last column at 15 shillings each to be cut out through the oblique line or device indentwise and delivered so as to secure his interest in the ticket. When all the tickets of the column are sold the managers shall cause the tickets of the middle column to be rolled up and fastened with thread or silk the same being cut out of the books indentwise through the oblique lines and put them into a box marked with letter A and to be sealed, till the tickets are to be drawn; and the first column shall remain in the book to discover any mistake.

And another book of tickets in two columns of 4444 tickets in each column shall be prepared with oblique lines across; and 1519 of the tickets of the outer column shall be called fortunate tickets and on one shall be written 112 pounds 10 shillings — on two of them 37 pounds 10 shillings — on four of them 18 pounds 15 shillings — upon 10 of them 11 pounds and 5 shillings — on 20 of them 7 pounds 10 shillings — on 50 of them 3 pounds 15 shillings — on 100 of them 3 pounds — on 400 of them 2 pounds and 5 shillings — on 932 of them 1 pound 10 shillings, and a premium of 9 pounds 7 shillings additional to the first fortunate drawn ticket and the same to the last one makes 3333 pounds. Out of these prizes the managers are to deduct ratably 15 per cent amounting to 490 pounds and 19 shillings, the sum needed for the school and church. And the outside column of these tickets shall be rolled up and put in a box marked "B" and sealed, and the boxes shall be taken to a public place and the managers shall publicly cause the boxes to be unsealed and the tickets well shaken and mixed in each box. And a disinterested person shall draw out one by one the numbered tickets and another person draw out one by one tickets not numbered from the other box among which are the 1519 fortunate tickets, the other 2925 being blank. If the one drawn at same time a numbered one is drawn is a blank, they shall be put on one file; if a fortunate one a clerk shall record the number and amount drawn and so on till the 1519 fortunate ones are drawn."

The result was to be published in the **Pennsylvania Gazette** and a deduction of 15 per cent made and balance went as prizes. Then when the expense of the lottery was taken out of the 15 per cent or 490 pounds the balance went to the church and school house.

DIE SALLY

Die Sally waar mei Meedel
Wie sie yung waar un schee;
Yetz iss sie alt un hesslich,
Un maag sie niemand seh.

Ihr Haar waar schwaz un grollich,
Nau iss es weiss un dinn;
Ihr Haut wie Blut un Millich,
Hot nix meh Scheenes drin.

Sie hot sich gans verbuckert
In schaffe yuscht fer mich;
Yetz iss sie alt un krenklich
Un ich loss sie net im Schtich.

Ya, mir sin dicht verbunne
In Religion un Law,
Dann ich bin ihr alter Mann.
Un sie mei alte Fraa.

Ich weess ich bin viel wieschter
Un elter ass wie sie;
Wer sie net sehne will fer schur
Mich sehne will aa nie.

Doch 's iss ebbes in der Sally,
Das mer net bei Yaahre zehlt,
Un das manches in der Yugend
Oft yemmerlich verfehlt.

Un wann ihr Gsicht ufflodert
Wie in der alte Zeit,
Weess ich sie bleibt mei Sally
In alle Ewichkeit.

In iwwer fufzich Yaahre
Hen mir viel darchgemacht;
Darch Druwwel un darch Elend
Hen mir uns darchgelacht.

Mir waare aarm im Aafang,
Yetz lewe mir in Ruh;
All mei success im Reichtum
Schreib ich der Sally zu.

Die Sally iss die Mutter
Vun unsere Kinner vier;
Die Kinner sin im Himmel,
Un die Sally bleibt noch mir.

Ich hoff mer kenne traewwele
Minanner nooch der Zeit,
Un minanner drowwe lewe
In alle Ewichkeit.

—Louise A Weitzel (1862-1934)

EN KALB ISS EN KALB

Der Charl Kalb un sei Familye waare aus em Land in die Schtadt gezogge, in en Nochberschaft wu lauder englische Leit gewuhnt hen. Der Naame Kalb waar seine Maed zu Deitsch, so hen sie der Charl verschwetzt fer ihre Naame verennere losse. Noh hot's en hesslicher Dischbedaad gewwe. Die Maed hen ebbes bissel hochaardiches vun me Naame hawwe wolle, awwer der Charl hot gsaat, "Nix kumm raus! Kalb waar gut genunk fer uns in Maxatawny, ferwas sedde mir so weit eweck vun unserm alde Naame geh? Ich will eigewwe, wann unser Naame verenglischt watt, awwer zu nix schunscht."

So, vun sellere Zeit aa hen sie sich Calf gheesse. E paar Yaahr noochderhand iss mol der Pitt Sell vun Maxatawny noch der Schtadt un wie er sei Gschefte versarrigt ghatt hot, denkt er draa fer der Charl mol uffsuche. Die Nummer vum Haus waar ihm ausgfalle, doch hot er beinoh gewisst wu 's Kalbe wuhne. Wie er in die Nochberschaft kumme iss, hot er gfrogt in wellem Haus, dass der Charl wuhne daet. "Ich kenn all die Leit in daere Schtross un vun so re Familye weess ich nix," andwatt der Kall wu er gfrogt hot. "Weesscht net vun ebber wu zwee Yaahr zerick vum Land rei gezogge iss? Ich meen gewiss ich waer recht dass sie aeryets do wuhne," saagt der Pitt. "Yo, awwer die Leit heesse Calf," andwatt der Kall un weist em Pitt wu sie wuhne. Wie der Charl em Pitt die Dier uffgemacht hot, saagt der Pitt, "Zidder wann hen ihr eier Naame verennere losse?" — "Ach, glei wie mir do harre gezogge sin. Die Maed hen gemeent Kalb waer zu Deitsch in so re englische Nochberschaft," andwatt der Charl. "Well, ich wott yuscht so lieb en Kalb in Deitsch ass wie en Calf in Englisch gheesse sei," saagt der Pitt.

As told by Lloyd A. Moll (1879-1944)

What fun the German Lutheran brethren of Early Township (Lancaster County) had in drawing the lottery! One can see in the plan a provision to ease the conscience of the projectors and to salve the disappointment of those drawing the blanks — viz., that the lucky ones had to shave off 15 per cent of the prizes drawn to make up the amount to be raised. It was an attractive plan indeed — 4444 persons paid in the 3333 pounds, each one paying 15 shillings for his ticket or ¾ pound, and then 1519 persons falling into the luck of getting the 3333 pounds in prizes and each one giving up 15 per cent of the prize secured by him for the object intended and expenses. . .

This plan from another angle is interesting. The man who drew the 112½ pounds by paying ¾ pound cleared up all the money that 150 others paid in. 1519 luckey ones gathered in all the money that the 4444 put down. This operation affecting 4444 persons and involving 3333 pounds (about $15,000) had to be resorted to and employed to raise about 450 pounds or $2,200 for the laudable purpose desired. It is small wonder that the legality of the lottery has been struck down.

Of course what I have said is no condemnation of the people who held this particular lottery. All grades and nationalities and religions and sects as well as the public itself, employed the lottery.

Cited from H. Frank Eshleman: Historic Background and Annals of the Swiss and German Pioneer Settlers of Southeastern Pennsylvania, etc., 1917, Lancaster, Pa.

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Editorials

Glory Great Enough for All

In the discovery and arrest of New York's "Mad Bomber" early in the week the glory was great enough for all. Yet selfish struggle to monopolize this glory tarnished the name of the New York police department when it took a long time to get an admission from its detective bureau that a young woman clerk in the offices of the Consolidated Edison Co. really had followed a vital clue. She put the finger upon the mysterious criminal who had foiled all detective efforts for sixteen years.

It was petty business. In seeking all the credit for the catch the New York police abased themselves. At the same time they revealed the all too prevalent psychology of their kind. Because there is so much fictional treatment of detective work, both in literature, in the movies and upon the air, a lot of detectives dream of achievements by Sherlock Holmes and Arsene Lupin, the FBI and Scotland Yard, and seem to imagine themselves detectives of their heroes' caliber.

The really great detectives know that the public — in the Mad Bomber case, the Con Edison clerk — is the Argue-eyed detective who, when encouraged and courted can lead the professional detective to the suspected or known criminals. The smart detectives can and must do a lot of careful reasoning but the smartest of them know that they cannot suck the most important information out of their thumbs. They must rely upon the public which includes the family and the associates of criminals who have a knowledge of their movements and their whereabouts. Such informants may be "stool pigeons" who are encouraged to keep their eyes and ears open as they move around in the shadowy areas of the underworld. Most police who engage in detective work cultivate such a secret following.

It is not to be expected that following the solution of the crime such fellows, who are generally despised, shall be named and a degree of credit awarded to them. They have already secured their reward of sorts. But when some hitherto entirely unknown person like Miss Kelly, the electrical company's clerk, engages in some independent thinking and reasoning and thru peculiar opportunity and knowledge ferrets out the identify of a criminal who then is placed under arrest, fullest credit should have been accorded to her, immediately, gladly and willingly.

This the New York police failed to do. But there is a vigilant press in New York. Newspapermen saw what had happened. Then They virtually drove the police to their knees to make acknowledgment of the highly important role that a little lady had played in the discovery of the criminal who had baffled the police for sixteen years and had terrified the millions living in and moving around the great metropolis.

It was an embarrassing lesson that was taught New York's detectives. It is a lesson that the Sherlock Holmes profession well may take to heart.

6,000 'Lost' Electors

Because almost six thousand persons, whose names were on Lehigh County's permanent registration lists, failed to vote at any election, general, municipal or primary during the past two years, there will have to be extensive erasures in the county's books. Unless —

Unless these persons signify in due time to the Permanent Registration Bureau in the Courthouse that they continue to reside within the confines of Lehigh and that they wish to have their names retained on the voting list.

Many of these nearly six thousand persons undoubtedly have removed from these parts and have become residents either in other states or in other counties of Pennsylvania. America's population is so fluid and so mobile that this condition can be believed to be the cause of much failure to vote in our elections.

Then too there must be a considerable number of people who, because of illness, accident or other unpreventable happenings just could not get out to the polls during the past two years. Almost all of these can be expected to return the post cards that they will be receiving within a few days from the Permanent Registration Clerk.

The residue of the six thousand must consist of indifferent persons who were not stirred into voting action during the past two years. They may not even now believe that, when the Spring primaries come along and later when municipal elections are held in December, they will have a desire to take part in the democratic choice of office-holders.

Again, as on all such occasions, it is pertinent in the spirit of Americanism to urge upon all that they immediately fill in and return those post cards and thereby qualify for the precious privilege of voting in free, and untrammeled American elections.

Think of the millions of people in many parts of the world who envy you that privilege and would give their arms to be able to enjoy it.

Fight on Air Pollution Widens

Recently Northampton enacted an anti - air - pollution ordinance, closely following upon similar action in Nazareth. Both ordinances are to become effective on July 1.

This has served to renew interest in this big problem thruout the cement area from Fogelsville on the west to Martin's Creek on the Delaware. A preliminary meeting of four communities' officials on Thursday night explored plans for blanketing that entire area with local legislation designed to end air pollution from any and all sources.

Here is a problem of more than half a century's growth. It has been a problem not merely for the public which resides in that area and owns property therein. It is a problem with which industry has struggled and with which it continues to struggle. It concerns not merely cement but the manufacturing wastes of other types of industry.

Effort has been made to approach the problem upon friendly and understanding basis. Patience has been accorded.

Northampton and Nazareth now have served notice that satisfactory action is demanded. And it appears likely that relief will be sought by every municipality in the area. There is a feeling that only by complete cooperation can the desired results be attained for all the people in that 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.

Regret Plan to Scrap Bogert's Bridge

Jan. 24, 1957

Editor,
Dear Sir,

It was with deepest regret that we read of the proposed demolition of one of Lehigh County's revered landmarks. Why must the modernistic replace the antique? Why must everything done at the present time be geared to the current "break-neck" pace, making any landmark, such as this one, outdated, outmoded, and obsolete?

We doubt very much if the persons who undertook to restore Williamsburg, Virginia, or Farimont Park, Philadelphia were stifled by practicality. Their efforts were purely for the historical rather than the mercenary value. Sites like that are a pleasure to visit as well as an example of the type of life that has long since passed.

How can a modern concrete slab ever replace the picturesque handiwork of past generations? Something as cold and uneventful, as even a simplified span, can never take the place of the warmth and welcome of such a familiar sight to the thousands of families living in and around Allentown and Emmaus.

With all the undeveloped land in that vicinity, certainly modern engineers can devise some plan to preserve this historical landmark, and yet make our highways safe, for those who refuse to adapt their driving habits to the driving conditions.

We will venture to say it will not cost $150,000 to repair and preserve Bogert's Bridge, a landmark that has come to be loved in the hearts of Lehigh Valley residents, and by doing so, Bogerts Bridge will be preserved as something to be enjoyed by posterity.

(Three Cashiers)

Heave-ing and Ho-ing



Cold War Stepped Up

By WALTER LIPPMANN

The President was asked at his press conference by Robert J. Donovan, of the New York Herald Tribune, whether, as compared with the Geneva conference in 1955, there is a "marked hardening of relations between the United States and the Soviet Union, an intensification of the cold war." The President, quite evidently for diplomatic reasons, replied that he really could not say.

There is, however, no doubt at all that relations with the Soviet Union have taken a sharp turn for the worse. The turn has come since the autumn, and is directly traceable to the two crises which occurred almost simultaneously in October — the one in Eastern Europe and the other in the Middle East.

The spirit of Geneva rested at bottom on a mutual understanding not to alter the status quo by force. Each of the two crises of the autumn was an upheaval of the status quo. The one upheaval touched the vital interests of the Soviet Union, the other the vital interests of Western Europe and the Western world.

The East European upheaval, which reached a climax in the Hungarian rebellion, threatened the whole position of the Soviet Union in Europe. Seen from Moscow, it threatened to create, as the saying goes, a vacuum of power which would probably be filled by anti-Russian governments. In the face of this very real threat, the Soviet government, with its military chieftains setting the pace, reversed the liberating policy of anti-Stalinism. It crushed the Hungarian rebellion, and asserted its overriding authority in the whole area. A measure of its success is the Polish election last week where the defense of Poland against the Hungarian treatment was believed to depend upon proving to the Russians that Poland is both Communist and loyal to the Soviet Union.


Lippmann

In this East European crisis there was submerged, perhaps for some time to come, the hope of an accommodation between the Soviet Union and the West. For that hope rested on the possibility that Russia would accept generally all over Eastern Europe some variant of the neutralism which prevails in Austria, Finland and Yugoslavia. The Hungarian crisis seems to have convinced the Kremlin that if in Eastern Europe they relax their domination, they may lose all their influence.

We may say that, as a result, the Soviet union has filled the vacuum by reasserting its own domination. As this means that an East-West accommodation has become much more difficult, the cold war is intensified. But the Soviet Union has re-established its authority inside its orbit.

Looked at broadly, the Middle Eastern upheaval has meant the collapse of the British power, and this carries with it the threat that almost the whole region might turn against the West. The Eisenhower Doctrine is an effort to reassert, not Western authority which is gone, but a modicum of Western influence. Though Britain and France made a clumsy try, the West has not done in the Middle East what the Russians have done in Eastern Europe. The West has not reasserted its authority by force. The Eisenhower doctrine is merely an assertion of the American presence in the Middle East, and an attempt to do something with the Arab states by a mixture of prestige, persuasion and inducements.

Isolation

During the autumn crises the Soviet Union was able to isolate and insulate Eastern Europe against any form of outside intervention. The U. N. has been impotent, and its impotence has been advertised to the world by the noise of its many resounding resolutions. The Middle East, on the contrary, has not been isolated and insulated. The great fact about the Middle East is that Russia, with strong support in the United Nations, is able to move actively to counteract the efforts which the President means to make to maintain Western influence in the area.

There is no use under-estimat- the warning against allowing bases for nuclear weapons, which was issued in Moscow this week. This warning is addressed to the key countries in the great semi-circle which extends from Japan and Okinawa through Iran and Turkey to Western Europe. The warning consists of a reminder to these exposed countries that in case of war, unless they are military neutrals, they will be defenseless targets for Soviet missiles. This is a powerful argument for neutralism, and it is not easy to see how the Administration proposes to deal with that argument.

Yet it is no exaggeration to say that the issue of neutralism is the paramount issue in the whole world that lies close to the Soviet Union.

(Copyright 1957)

Pumpernickle Bill

WILLIAM S. TROXELL

OUS GABLAUDER'D: M'r wolla wetta os 'n gutie lang fergait bis der Kenneth Seidel fon Maxatawny, un sei shwar der Ralph Heintzelman fon New Tripoli, ihrra weiver widder mit nemma "jack rabbits" hunda. Un so weit os sel aw gait, glawwa m'r net os 'm Kenny sei Miriam — besser bakont ols die "Mim," un ihrra Mam aw ferleicht may mit gae wolla. Won sei lebdawg tzwae weibsleit — 'n dochter un ihrra Mam, sich ous gablauder'd hen kot, don wors uf selra trip noch Promised Land.

So weit os sel aw gait, die weibsleit hen gore net gatzailt kot fer yawga gae — ihrra maining wor, fer mit dart owwa nous gae, noh kenta die monsleit sie ob drubsa on friend ihrra hamet, un sie kenta uf p'such gae bis die monsleit tzurick kaimta fom hawsa hunda. Der blawn wor ol recht, ow'r wie sie noch da freind ihrra hamet kumma sin wor niemond dahame, uns ainstsich'd os die "Mim" un ihrra Mam duh hen kenna, wor, fer mit owwa nous noch da Pokonose gae, un uf da mashine hucka bleiva bis die yeager tzurick kaimta fom yawga.

Fer die socha noch so fiela shlimmer mocha, hen die weibsleit ken gums bei sich kot, un der shnae darta fer da Nei Yohr wie des g'shaina is, wor tzimlich dief. un die shtrossa worra glot mit ice. Die "Mim" het wol fohrra kenna un sie hetta gae kenna londschoft sehna wie der Kenny un der Ralph fert sin yawa, ow'r sie wor bong waeich 'm ice, un sin noh shae uf da mashine hucka gabliva un hen gablauder'd bis sie bol blitza bloe in da g'sichter worra, un ihrra tzunga worra so shteif wie sotz britcha.

'S sin all 'm noh wenich socha unnich da sun os die "Mim" un ihrra Mam net dafon gablauder'd hen in da fier shtun os sie bei nonner k'huck'd hen uf da mashine. Wons na ols keel werra is, hut die "Mim" die inshein g'shprang'd bis sie mashine warm wor — tzeit shure is longweilich rum gonga. Die "Mim" hut ow'r 'n lot socha ous g'funna os sie dafor net gawist hut —won m'r sella waig in da note is un wase net fon wos tzu blauderra, don blauder'd m'r ewwa fon aenich ebbes os em ei kumt —un sel is grawd wos ihra Mam gaduh hut.

Noh fer die socha noch so fiela ferdreaslicher mocha, hen die monsleit ken hawsa kot wie sie tzurick kumma sin. Der Kenny hut ainer sehna shpringa, ow'r wor net shure ebs 'n haws odder harsh wear, uns hartz net kot fer sheesa. Uf Nei Yohr wie er un der Ralph ow'r noh laenich gonga sin yawga, hut der Kenny ainer grick'd. Des da wenicher os die "Mim" un ihrra Mam hoerra fon gae fer "shnaeshoe" hawsa yawga, des da liever is es na.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Shwetza fon hawsa yawga in da Pokonose, kenna m'r net helfa os wie tzu denka ons harsh flaish woh der Ralph Solt fon Fogelsville darrich die fergonga harsha tzeit, 'm "Fritz" Fred Kressley fon Bullfrock gabrocht hut — wie 'm "Fritz" sei Eva 's flaish ous 'm bobier duh hut wolla, ferhoftich sei won der Ralph net 'n dut fol drauva gabrocht hut kot.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

And here's another interesting little comment about the advertising business:

"The trade of advertising is now so near to perfection that it is not easy to propose any improvement. But as every art ought to be exercised in due subordination to the public good, I cannot but propose it as a moral question, whether they do not sometimes play too wantonly with our passions."

The comment was made, incidentally, by the mighty Dr. Samuel Johnson, in 1759.

(Copyright, 1957)

Horoscope

Your life should proceed along the even tenor of its way in the months ahead. Today's child may be frank and sincere.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Matthew 9:1-13.

The Sunday school lesson for tomorrow, entitled "Needs That Jesus Meets," treats of three incidents: the first one, the healing of one sick of the palsy, v. 2-8, more fully described in Luke 5:18-26. While Jesus was in a house in Capernaum, teaching a large group of men, they were surprised to find a man let down on a mattress through the roof by four friends (the first Christian Endeavor Society!), because they could not reach Jesus on account of the crowd. As soon as Jesus saw the man, and recognizing their faith, He said: "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee." The scribes among the crowd wondered at these words, saying within themselves: "This man blasphemeth," for they correctly believed that God alone can forgive sins. To prove His deity and power, He asked them, which was easier to say: "Thy sins be forgiven thee, or to say to this man, Arise and walk?" They apparently gave no answer, thinking that both were impossible for a mere man. So Jesus said: "That ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins (He said to the sick man), Arise, take up thy bed, and go into thine house." And he did so, whereupon the multitude marvelled at the power of Jesus. Luke states that they said: "We have seen strange things today." The Greek word he uses is "paradoxes"—things beyond anything they thought possible.



ELBEDRITSCHE

Cold January nights may remind our older readers of a quaint custom now wellnigh forgotten among the young of today. Perhaps you have heard your grandfathers tell how, on cold winter nights they went hunting those mysterious creatures (whether bird or beast) known variously as **Elbedritsche, Elbedritschelcher,** or **Elfetritsche.** Hunting them, or **Elbedritsche-fange,** as it was commonly called, was the term for a practical joke on some naive or simple youth who was persuaded to hold an open bag at some lonely place in the landscape, while the rest of the gang left him there and they, as he was led to believe, went forth to beat the bushes and drive the **Elbedritsche** in his direction, while they quietly stole home and left the lad holding the bag.

It was a widely known tradition, existing to this day in the Palatinate, homeland of many of our ancestors, as well as in other parts of Germany, and possessing similarity with our own, as these lines in the Palatine or **Pfaelzer** dialect, indicate:

Elwedritsche, drollig, nett,
Wer devun gern eeni hett,
Geh mit oweds in de Wald
Wanns so newelich werd un kalt.
'S werd behaupt un werd so sinn
Dass se schlubbe nur eninn
In e uffgehallner Sack
So e dolles Lumbepack!
Mit Laterne un mit Schtecke
Duht die Dierche mer verschrecke,
Dief im Wald beginnt das Dreiwe,
Der mi'm Sack muss schtehe bleiwe
Bis die Diere eens, zwee, drei
Komme durch die Buesch ebei.

Our own Pennsylvania German poet, H. L. Fischer in his **'S Alt Marik-Haus Mittes in D'r Schtadt** (York, Pa., 1879) writes of this custom as follows:

Er hot emohl d'r Zwerg-sack g'howe
For Elfetritche fange;
Es war bei so 're kalte Nacht
Das alle Felse hen gekracht,
Sin mir so hunde gange;
D'r Dschek, der hot sei grosse Ohre,
Un Haend un Naas un Fuess ferfrore.

Der wu d'r Sack als gehowe hot,
Der isch allee gebliwwe;
Die Elfetritche sin net nei,
Sie ware als e wenig schei,
Un hen net gut getriwe;
Un die wu als hen treiwe solle,
Sin heem g'schniekt, noch meh Saeck zu hole.

Un dort isch der dumm Esel
Un hot d'r Sack als ghowe;
Die Elfetritche sin net nei,
Er hot als gwunnert wie's kann sei,
Un wu die annere Buwe—
Du kanscht dich awer druf verlosse,
'S war nix as lauter Narrebosse.

But the joke could at times take an unexpected turn, as related by Daniel Miller in his PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN (Reading, Pa., 1903):

Hoscht du schunn Elbedritsche gfange? Ich hab net. Was iss en Elbedritsch? Well, sell iss ebbes wu nix iss. Es iss yuscht en Trick, der geyust watt fer Leit zu fuhle, besonders so Leit wu arg gscheit sei wolle odder vun Natur en wennich dumm sin. Die Sach iss so. En paar Leit nemme so en Kall amme bitter kalte Owed naus ins Land un saagge sie wotte Elbedritsche fange. Der Kall muss en Sack mit nemme. Amme Busch-eck mache sie ihn hinschteh un der Sack uffhewe; dann gehne die Annere fatt un saagge sie wotte die Elbedritsche uffschtaerte un in der Sack nei yaagge. Awwer anschtatt sell, gehne sie schnurschtracks heem un losse der aarem Kall drauss am Buscheck schteh bis er schier dod gfrore iss. Dann geht er ab heem un weess nau was Elbedritsche fange iss. Nau watt er noch gedichtich ausgelacht un geblackgart bis er recht bees iss.

Alsemol tarnt des Elbedritsche - fange awwer annershter aus wie die Leit eckschpeckt hen. So iss es emoll in Lechaa County gange. Do waar en Mann gewest (mer wolle ihn Sam Jones heessee), der waar net gans so gscheit wie deel annere, un der Schumacher un en paar annere hen agriet, sie wotte ihn fuhle. Sie waare bei enanner im Schapp un do hen sie ausgemacht, sie wotte naus geh Elbedritsche fange, un der Sam Jones sott der Sack hewe. Er waar aa willich dezu. Es waar gaar farrichterlich kalt. Der Sam hot der Sack ghowe am Busch-eck un die annere sin fatt fer die Elbedritsche uffzuyaagge. Uffkors sin sie graad heem gange un hen der Sam schteh losse. Er hot gedenkt, die Elbedritsche misste sie gfresse hawwe. Wie er der Sack en halb Schtunn ghowe hot ghatt un schier schteif gfrore waar, macht er sich aa uff der Heemweg. Es waar zimmlich dunkel. Unnerwegs trefft er ebbes newe der Schtross aa, das gelebt hot. Der Sam denkt, des muss en Elbedritsch sei, macht schnell sei Sack uff un grickt des Ding werklich nei. Es hot dichtich gschtrawwelt un der Sam waar schur, dass er en Elbedritsch hett. Mit dem Sack uffem Buckel geht er mit lange Schritt zerick noch dem Schapp, wu die annere Kalls uff ihn gewaart hen. Wie er die Dier uffmacht, rufe sie: "Well, Sam, hoscht du en Elbedritsch gfange?" — Er saagt: "Ya, bei Gally, ich hab; do im Sack iss er." Iwwerdem leert er den Sack uff der Boddem im Schapp aus un es waar en Bisskatz! Der result kann mer sich denke. En Bisskatz iss alsfert en Bisskatz. Nau waar der Lach uff die annere Kalls, un der Schuhmacher hot en Zeitlang net in seim Schapp sei kenne. Sell waar die aerscht un die letscht Elbedritsche Yacht wu er mitgemacht hot. En Sprichwatt saagt: "Wer zuletzt lacht, lacht am besten."

THE BOOKS OF THE GERMAN IMMIGRANTS IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY

By KLAUS C. WUST

PEOPLE crossing the Atlantic after long and tedious journeys from the upper Rhine Valley to the coast could not carry much with them in the 18th century. Their baggage was limited to the absolute necessities. And yet, the German immigrants had brought with them from Germany and Switzerland to Pennsylvania and from Pennsylvania to Virginia what they considered absolute necessities: their great heavy Bibles, their hymn books, and their prayer books. They paid the heagy import duty laid upon books by the English government at the solicitation of the King's printers and placed proudly these cherished books in their new log homes on the mountain slopes in the Shenandoah Valley.

The family Bibles brought over from Europe have survived generations. Many of them are still today in the possession of the descendants. Others have found their way into the rare book collections of our libraries. The genealogical data contained in them is one of the most valuable sources of local and family history. Imprints of many European cities can be found among these Bibles. Most of them are the translation of the Scriptures by Martin Luther, but among the Dunkers the "Berleburg" Bible was quite frequent, while the "Zuerich" Bible could be found in Mennonite homes.

One of the earliest settlers of the Valley, Abraham Strickler, a Swiss who located around 1726 on the Massanutten tract, carried with him to Virginia the oldest of all Bibles, found among the German settlers, printed by Christoffel Froschauer in Zuerich, Switzerland in 1536. This Bible is still owned by his descendants.

A survey of these books brought directly from Europe shows that they are exclusively religious works as the only books read and owned by common people in Europe in those days were predominantly of a religious nature.

Those families who had sojourned in Pennsylvania for some time before they came to Virginia had acquired books from the famous German presses there. Chrostopher Saur of Germantown and the Ephrata Brethren had printed most of the literature demanded by the German farmers. Thus, the earliest of German books to be found in Virginia homes came either from the old country or from Pennsylvania.

Among the European imprints apart from the numerous Bibles are the Lutheran Hymnals printed at Marburg, **Evangelia und Episteln auf alle Sonntage** (J. H. Stocks, Marburg, 1745). Gottfried Arnold's **Wahre Abbildung der Ersten Christen** (C. H. Fuchs, Leipzig, 1740), and **Das Verborgene Leben mit Christo in Gott** (J. Schmitz, Solingen, 1747). In 1773 Peter Brillhardt, a German farmer, owned a 738 page book, the translation of St. Macarius' Monument of Early Christianity by Gottfried Arnold (**Denkmal von dem Alten Christenthum,** T. Fritschen, Frankfurt, 1702). Brillhardt sold this copious book to Henrich Spitzer for six shillings (All these books are in the collections of the Bridgewater College Library and the Rockingham County Hist. Soc., Harrisonburg, Va.) Of interest are two wills filed at a time when the book production in Pennsylvania had just begun and most of the volumes owned by the Germans in Virginia had been brought from across the sea.

In the inventory of Abraham Strickler's estate, filed on June 18, 1746, we find "Eight small Dutch books, a large Dutch Bible and some old books." Martin Kaufman's inventory of May 17, 1749, lists the following books: A prayer book, an old book, English and Latin dictionary, 3 great Bibles, 14 books with sermons, a great martyrsbook, 2 Testaments and 5 hymn books, small Bible, 3 psalm books, 10 small books, "Gueldene Aepfel in Silbern Schalen," sundry other small books.

Martin Kaufman, who died in 1749, was a Mennonite preacher at the Massanutten settlement. In this will we find the first books printed in Pennsylvania. **Gueldene Aepfel in Silbern Schalen,** a 519 page book that contained numerous testimonials, epistles, prayers, and hymns by Mennonite Martyrs was printed in 1745, and the "great martyrsbook," T. J. Van Braght's **Der Blutige Schauplatz oder Martyrer - Spiegel** had just come off the Ephrata press in 1748. This was the largest book printed in the American Colonies before the Revolution. The binding of this 1484 pages volume consists of heavy boards covered with home-tanned leather. Several copies were owned by families in the Shenandoah Valley.

After this time a constant flow of books came down from Pennsylvania. Most popular among the products of the German presses in Pennsylvania was the Saur Bible. The first edition came out in 1743. The demand was so great that several editions followed. Many homes in the Valley possessed Saur Bibles. Almost as important was the Saur Almanac. Hymn books were urgently needed for the many new congregations that had sprung up everywhere in the Valley. Few congregations in those days were supplied with hymn books as church property. It was the custom for members who were sufficiently interested, and felt they could afford them, to buy their own. The **Marburger Gesangbuch,** the standard Lutheran hymnal, was printed in Pennsylvania since 1759.

Among the other books which were widely circulated in the Shenandoah Valley during the early period are the following ones: **Die Wandlende Seel,** a Mennonite publication with many editions in Pennsylvania, by Johann Philip Schabalie; Gerhard Roosen, **Christliches Gemueths - Gespraech,** (Ephrata 1769, 1770); **Von der Historia des Apostolischen Kampffs** (Ephrata, 1764); J. Bunian's **Pilgrims — oder Christenreise** (Germantown, 1755); Tersteegen, **Geistliches Blumen - Gaertlein inniger Seelen** (Germantown, 1769); Joh. Habermann von Eger, Christliches Gebaet-Buch (Germantown, 1762).

Apart from religious books as the ones just listed only the annual almanac and occasionally newspapers were read. Some of the religious groups, principally the Dunkers and Mennonites, were opposed to worldly newspapers, although it was the Dunker Christopher Saur who had started the most successful German sheet of that time. His **Der Hoch - Deutsch Pennsylvanische Geschicht - Schreiber** which was begun in 1739 was read everywhere where Germans had settled. In 1751 it had 4,000 subscribers and circulated not only in Pennsylvania, but also in Virginia, Georgia and Carolina. Later on **Der Staatsbote,** published at Philadelphia, had many readers in Virginia. Heinrich Ringer, at Winchester, and Jacob Nicholas, at Peaked Mountain, were agents for the paper in the seventies of the 18th century.

Only during the later period we find agents for Pennsylvania newspapers and books. Usually the itinerant preachers or occasional visitors brought the new products from the Pennsylvania presses. There was much traveling back and forth between Pennsylvania and the Shenandoah Valley. Many families still had relatives and friends in the North and were in constant communication with the older settlements. Their churches were parts of northern organizations. Often members of a congregation entrusted their orders for books to one of their fellow members who would travel to Pennsylvania. Thus, we have some lists of books that were ordered by members of the Dunker Church in what is now Rockingham County.

Martin Gerber at one time ordered for his neighbors and fellow members of the Dunker Church the following books: 13 German New Testaments, 12 **Davidische Psalterspiel,** 1 **Losekaestle** (a little leather box with cards on which Bible quotations were printed, also called "The Pious Lottery," printed by Christopher Saur), 9 English Hymnals, 3 **Wandlende Seel** by J. P. Schabalie.

Great must have been the plight for books during the earliest days of settlement. The Germans at Germanna in 1720 had appealed to the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel" in London for spiritual aid. A committee of the Society reported that they could not send a missionary to the Germans but are of the opinion that twenty-five copies of the Common Prayer in the German language be given to them by the society. This was agreed to by the society. Sixty-three years later the Lutheran Pastor Adolph Nuessmann expressed another need which characterizes the progress of the German settlers in the South, particularly in Virginia. By 1783 they had developed their interest in literature, mainly of a religious nature of course, that the need for a print shop began to arise. In a letter he deplored the fact that there was no German press between Maryland and Georgia. After the turn of the century several German print shops were established in the Valley of Virginia, notably the first German newspaper press at Winchester by Bartgis, the famous Henkel press of New Market, John Wise and Jacob Dietrick at Staunton and Lawrence Wartmann at Harrisonburg — a tradition which was continued by the Kieffer-Ruebush Publishing Company which published the German "Philharmonia" as late as 1938 for the Old Order Mennonites.

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Editorials

King, President in Same Boat

Loyalty is not necessarily helpful to its object, as the wife of Secretary of Defense Wilson is probably going to learn to her considerable sorrow and humiliation. Taking up the controversy growing out of her husband's ill considered remarks about the National Guard and disavowal of those remarks by President Eisenhower, Mrs. Wilson turned savagely upon the President who, most American women seem to think can do no wrong.

It really would be something to laugh about if it did not transcend the simplest rules of good behavior and speech. But Americans demand the right to their opinions and especially the right to express them with complete freedom. So Mrs. Wilson has had her fling, even tho her target was the man in the White House.

Since this episode has occurred almost simultaneously with the exhibition of bad manners toward President Eisenhower's guest, the King of Saudi Arabia, the oriental absolute monarch and the President of the world's greatest democracy have a conversation piece with a common denominator. Neither King nor President can escape the "slings and arrows of outrageous" talk in this land of the free and the home of the brave. If the King of Saudi Arabia felt at all badly about the calculated snub and insults accorded to him in New York on his arrival and the many expressions of disfavor in the American press, he can solace himself with the thought that a woman — yes, of all outrages in oriental eyes, a woman — found fit to castigate the President of the United States and the American press saw fit to publish everything that she said.

It's the way things are done over here. In the King's country his women and the women of his ministers are locked up securely and are neither seen, nor heard. Nor does it seem that they get together to air their jealousies of other women's husbands and perhaps the preferment they are receiving. They do not rock and topple governments, as in the western world, nor wreck partnerships in business by foolish talk and senseless rivalries.

Oriental monarchs have a prerogative which our mild and indulgent President might have enjoyed having in recent days and which "Engine Charlie" well may exercise now and in the future.

Parked 'For the Duration'

It's the same old story and the same old song. Snow fell for hours yesterday and trucks and pleasure cars, most of them without chains, fouled up traffic all over this area and especially on the slopes of streets and highways.

Clamor for cinders from a thousand and one points could not be answered instantaneously by State and City highway crews. Sprawling tractor-trailer combinations presented problems that balked even the foresighted motorists who had early equipped their cars with chains.

For the ninety-and-ninth time at least the same sequence of events has occurred to delay traffic and bring heavy losses in various categories. Snow fell, cars without chains or special tires in desperate effort to keep moving skidded and got out of control and tied up traffic that was equipped to move without embarrassment to other cars. Profanity, irony, even abuse and insults raged amid the motoring groups, now no longer a fraternity.

There were some wild hours yesterday and happy were motorists when, their day ended, they were able to get back to their homes and stow their cars away "for the duration," as many of them regarded a weekend of uninterrupted home life, free from the cares and vicissitudes of winter driving.

For Television in Schools

Announcement by the Allentown School District that it is continuing to experience difficulties in securing enough teachers for its system may be considered in connection with the recommendation made on Thursday by Dr. Alexander J. Stoddard that public schools be equipped with closed-circuit television in order to improve the quality of instruction and to overcome critical teacher shortage.

Dr. Stoddard, who formerly headed Philadelphia's schools and then the schools of Los Angeles, was assigned by the Fund for the Advancement of Education to make a survey of the major problems of the nation's schools. For a year he conducted surveys that resulted in a report entitled "Schools for Tomorrow."

This report urges that no elementary, junior or senior high school be built henceforth without one or more television studios and closed - circuit apparatus to all parts of the building. He believes such systems will effect savings of teachers and, with widest adoption, savings of half a billion dollars a year in salaries.

The advantages which he lists in his report are:

1. Art, music, physical education, safety, library usage, modern languages, and many phases of regular subjects can be taught by specialists in these fields, through use of resource materials and time not usually available in the normal classroom organization.

2. The instruction in the so-called regular subject areas might be more efficient because of the smaller number of pupils with the teacher during an uninterrupted three hour period . . . By reducing the baffling number of subjects usually required of the regular teacher at the elementary school level program confusion may be avoided, and attention can be given to individual needs more efficiently.

3. "The impending teacher shortage might even be met because the plan would involve ten to twenty per cent fewer trained teachers than would be involved potentially in the traditional plan of organization.

4. "Enough money might be saved to raise teachers' salaries to a professional level and also to pay for an educational television service geared directly into the educational program.

5. "These fewer regular classrooms needed would make possible without added cost and probably at considerable savings the construction of various sized resource rooms for special subjects and also the provision of television facilities, either open or closed-circuit, or both. It might be that the serious impending shortage in classrooms the country over could be offset with this plan by more extensive and efficient use of the existing supply of classrooms.

Dr. Stoddard concludes "it is thrilling to contemplate what could be done to improve the profession of teaching, to raise the level of school efficiency, to provide badly needed augmented services for young people in the schools, with approximately $500,000,000 that would be involved in the absorbed positions at all school levels.

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.

'Lehigh Valley Callous Toward Dogs'

Dear Editor:

I have lived in several communities but nowhere have I found the callousness and contempt for dogs as in the Lehigh Valley.

In response to "Care for Man, then for Beast," which appeared in the January 28th issue, everywhere one turns there is charity galore for humans, as we are all well aware, often unwarranteed, when we see that many of these charity-seekers smoke, drink, buy television sets, attend ball games and bingoes, buy expensive hunting and fishing equipment, etc., and very often refuse (or discard) goods offered as not good enough even though the donor could proudly find years of further service from these rejected items.

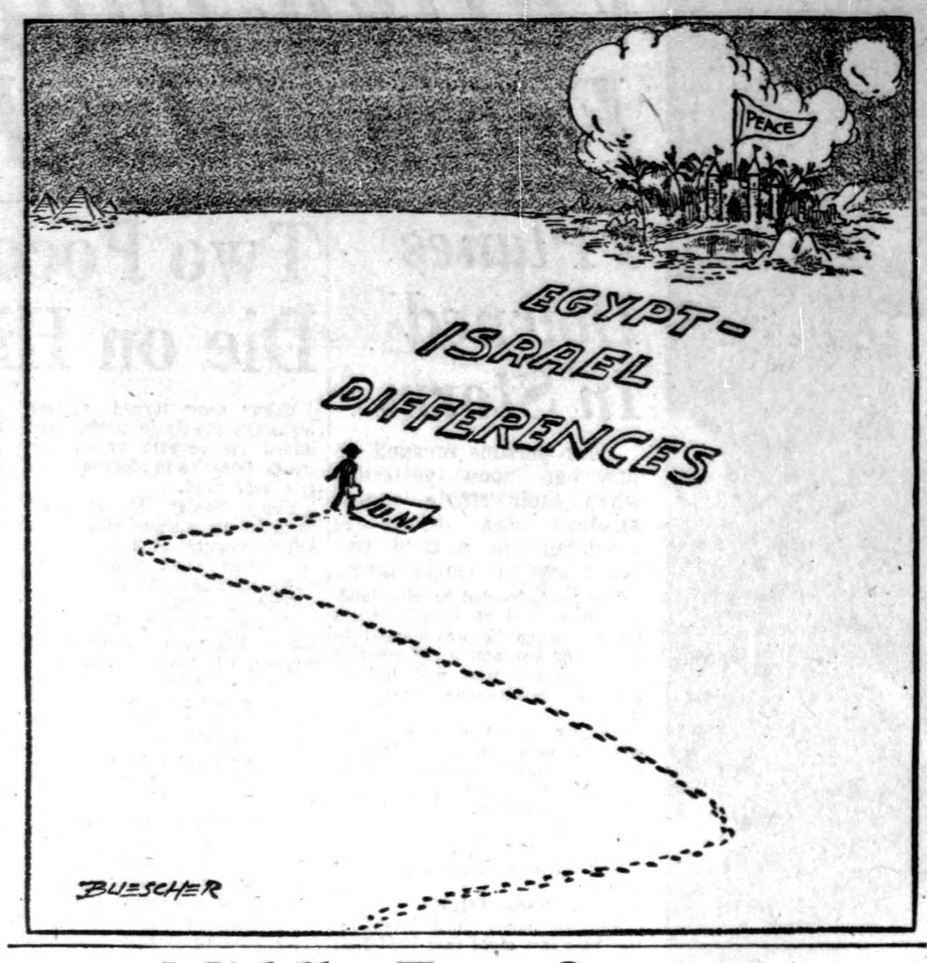
To the otherwise hard-hearted "Friend of the People" let him "brighten the corner" wherever he may be, and give a helping hand wherever he sees it is needed mostly, whether it be toward animal or human, and the Lord will love and bless him, for the same Lord has created both man and beast, and it grieves Him to see either suffer.

A dog deserves some kindness in this world, for it has but one life—and a short life—man is immortal—his hardships here may chasten him into eternal bliss in his resurrection.

Let's all show more mercy towards the dog, man's most enduring friend, and strive for a bigger and more adequate S. P. C. A. in keeping with the growth of the city of Allentown.

A Reader

Mirage?



Middle East Secrecy

By WALTER LIPPMANN

The House has approved the President's Middle Eastern resolution and there is no reasonable doubt that the Senate will follow suit. The Congress has no choice, given the fact that it has been told by the President that he needs extraordinary powers to save the Middle East from Soviet domination and from war. For this is an argument which is not in fact debatable.

The President has at his command the whole diplomatic, informa tional, and intelligence establishment of the government, and no one in Congress is in a position to c o n tradict him when he s a y s that there is great and imminent danger which he can avert if he can act without having to consult Congress.


Lippmann

We are seeing once again a demonstration of the familiar truth, that under our constitutional system on the issues of peace or war the President has the paramount power.

What is unfamiliar about the resolution is that it is being adopted in time of peace, and that it consists of a blanket approval in advance of whatever the President decides to do in the Middle East. There is no precedent for such an action by Congress, and the constitutional precedent which it establishes is troubling deeply some of the most conscientious and responsible members of the Senate.

They think that Congress seems to be voting away its right to hold the administration to account for the employment of the armed forces and for the expenditure of public money. Their constitutional qualms are entitled to a respectful hearing before the votes are cast. There should not be an attempt to silence them on the ground that it is somehow unpatriotic to debate the President's extraordinary proposal.

The real case for the resolution is that the President needs extraordinary and unprecedented powers because he is proposing to deal with what is by American experience an extraordinary and unprecedented situation. The President has accepted the responsibility of playing the leading part in dealing on behalf of the Western world with the Soviet Union and with the anti-Western Arab agitation.

To play this part requires more than arms and more than money, more than public declarations and votes in the United Nations. It requires secret diplomacy not only with the nominal heads of governments but with the great courtiers and with the factional leaders. The simplest way to describe the Middle Eastern resolution now before Congress is to say that it grants to the President a congressional license to practice secret diplomacy in the Middle East.

This does not mean that Mr. Dulles explained so little because he has secret plans which he does not dare to explain to Congress. It means that whatever plans or aims he may have would be frustrated in the Middle East if he expounded them publicly to Congress and to the American press. The political leaders of the Arab world, of whom King Saud is in some considerable measure representative, do not belong to the age or to the tradition of open diplomacy conducted by free-speaking democracies.

If the United States is, for example, to have a hand in the intricate and secret, but crucial, diplomatic game now being played by Nasser in Egypt, King Saud in Saudi-Arabia and Muri in Iraq, the United States has to indulge in the unAmerican practice of secret diplomacy.

We shall have to wait and see how our brand of secret diplomacy works. The art of secret diplomacy is a special art, and not one that can be learned easily or quickly. We do have, it is true, a considerable number of young men who have become experts in the inner politics of various Middle Eastern countries. But at the top of affairs the men who must make the decisions, beginning with the President and his Secretary of State, have only begun to acquire the kind of intricate knowledge of the Middle East which the successful practice of secret diplomacy requires. Secret diplomacy is the extreme opposite to diplomacy by broad public declarations.

All this leads me to think that when the resolution is adopted, we should continue to be vigilant. We should continue to realize that we are embarked on a kind of diplomacy which is outside the American tradition. If anything goes wrong with it, we should be prepared for an alternative — for some kind of open plan, negotiated among the great powers, for a truce and a standstill.

(Copyright 1957)

Pumpernickle Bill

WILLIAM S. TROXELL

SIS IMMER 'N WAIG: 'S wor yusht net dawert doh net long tzurick nochts wies Charlie Walters fon da Shpruce shtross Egypt ihrra boo Kieth so arrick k'hoosh'd hut, sei, mam die Margaret hut yusht net shlofa kenna. Ow'r sella waig sin ewwa die Mam's won da kinner ebbes fail'd, sie hen ken ruh bis die glaina linnering hen — un die Margaret hut aw ihrra beshdes gabroviert fer 'm Kieth sei hooshda settla. Wos fer medatzine os sie 'm gewwa hut kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r wie der glae 's ganumma hut kot is sie tzurick ins bed mit ra maining die hooshderrei wear feriwwer.

'S mocht ow'r nix ous wie gute os m'r maint os medatzine wear fer ebbes wie 'n hooshda shtoppa — in dem fol huts yusht net g'sheind wie won die socha halt aw gapock'd hetta — der Kieth hut fert k'hoosh'd grawd wie won er ken medatzine ganumma het. Die Margaret hut yusht net shlofa kenna un hut mohl weil gakunsider'd wos sie noch rum hetta os ferleicht gute sei maich'd fer 'm die hooshderrei shtoppa. Endlich hut sie on ebbes gadenk'd drunna in da kich — 'n medatzine os sie net drowwa uf 'm shpeichter kotta hut, un hut der Charlie gaweck'd, un g'sawt er mist nunner gae die medatzine nuf hola woh sie shure wear os 'm Kieth linnering gabit.

Der Charlie hut sich 's airsht awenich g'shteibert, ow'r endlich wie 'n guter mon sot, hut er ferwillich'd fer nunner gae nuf hola wos die Margaret shure wor os der druvel haila dade. 'S hut g'sheind wie won der Charlie 'n glaenie aewichkeit drunna in da kich wear, un endlich wie er nuf kumma is, in blotz fon kumma mit ma leffel un buddle, wos dada n'r denka oser kotta hut.

Yar, des dade all'm noh niemond draw denka tzu duh os wie 'n mon os shoft fer 'n inshurance kumpany so wie der Charlie dut. Er shoft fer die Hancock kumpany un mus all'm noh dawg fer dawg 'n lot glawgerrei tzu hoerich — aim kosh'd die inshurance tzu fiel, un der nagshd hut net rous gatzoga wos er gamaint hut os er howwa sot. Now eb der Charlie selwas dut wos m'r so halver maina os er duh maich'd, is mainer os m'r sawga kenna — doch won er net dade, wie in die welt nei het er draw gadenk'd fer da Margaret bauwol nuf nemma fer die ohra tzu shtoppa so os sie der Kieth net hoerra kent hooshda.

Un sel, so wie die Fegelcher gapifa hen, is wos der Charlie gaduh hut — yusht ferol os m'r wissa wil er die socha net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os yoh nix dafon rous kumt darrich uns.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Sis net g'sawt os es immer die widdering is won die luft bilder mashine net shoft — un wie der fol 'm Dunnershdawg owet wor on unser'm Fegelskoshda.

Die g'shicht hut yusht net g'shoft, uns wor net bis so uhrra tzaea 'n yunge mon fon da nochberschoft gaglubb'd hut on da dier, un gawunnert hut eb m'r wista os 'n TV drode nava om hous drowwa brenna dade.

Shure ganunk wie m'r nous sin gucka, darta wor 'n flom wie 'n gross wox licht, — ols haicher un haicher so wie die drode iwwertzieging ob gabrent is.

'N glaws wosser hut nix gabot fer die flom ous mocha, un so aw net fer die plugs tziega hinnich da set — 'n fire ous moch shpritzer os m'r immer im kaller hen hut die arwet gaduh, un hen net rufa breicha fer 'n fire inshein.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

EPHESIANS 2.

Yesterday we referred to the commission which Paul received to preach the Gospel to the Gentile world (Acts 9:15). This was the beginning of the fulfillment of God's promise to Abraham in Gen. 18:18, that all the nations (Gentiles) of the earth should be blessed in him. Paul, Peter, James, John, and the rest of the apostles were of the seed of Abraham. How Paul appreciated this honor, we learn from him in Ephesians 2. He had hated Christ, Christians, and the Christian religion, but the Lord called him after his conversion to preach Christ to the Gentiles. In E. h. 2:1 he is a prisoner of Jesus Christ in the city of Rome because of his faithfulness and obedience to his calling. That the Gentiles should be admitted into the Christian fellowship he calls a mystery, not made known unto the sons of men in former ages, but now revealed to the apostles, v. 5. Of this ministry he was made a minister, according to the gift of the grace of God given unto him, who was less than the least of all saints, v. 8, according to the eternal purpose which God had purposed in Christ. He asks in v. 13 that the Ephesians should not be discouraged at his tribulations, for they were all a part of God's program for him.

Horoscope

If your birthday is today, the stars in their courses favor you. Advancement, promotion and gain through other means are probable. Today's child should be inventive, enterprising and active.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

GROUND HOG DAY

This is it, the special day
The ground hog comes to look around,
And winter six weeks more will stay
If it is shadowed on the ground.

I do not know if this be true,
But I was told it years ago,
As if my lost ancestors knew
What ground hogs feel and know.
"If this should be a sunny day,
Prepare for many a wintry blast,"
My great-grandparents used to say,
"For six weeks more the cold would last."

They were a people weather wise,
With signs and omens much concerned,
But how they knew what ground hogs prize
Is something I have never learned.

Just why a ground hog flees to see
His little shadow in the sun,
To me is still a mystery
And will be till my life is done.

I do not know what ground hogs think
Or how the winter they prolong,
If from their shadows dark they slink;
Perhaps my ancestors were wrong.

(Copyright 1957)



FER ALTERS

A year ago, at the annual meeting of the Grundsau Lodge Nummer 4 an der Dohek, held at Quakertown on February 1, 1956, the late Dr. Harry Hess Reichard, known to many as an authority on the Pennsylvania German dialect and literature and to many more as the beloved Assabe of the "Assabe un Sabina" radio program, was the principal speaker. His subject was "The Olden Days." We are privileged to publish in part what he said on that occasion:

WIE ich en gleener Bu waar, hawwich uff der Portsch ghockt un hab geblaudert mit meinre Mammi, mit ihre Maem un ihrem Fadder, mei Grossfadder. Sei Geburtsdaag geht schier gaar zerick bis wu mer noch 1700 gschriwwe hot — sell waar aardlich weit in "Fer Alters"—gell! Wann waar "fer alters" ennihau? Uff eene Weeg kennt mer schier saagge eeniche Zeit vor heit. Mir dreiwe so schtarrick in unsere Lewe dass was geschter Mode waar, iss heit schunn veraltert. Geschter hen mer als Schule ghatt — ee Schtubb fer all die Schieler vun de yingschte zu de eltschte — wie viel finnscht heit? Geschter hen mer gebauert mit Geil — es hot nimmi viel vun selle meh. Am annere End kennt mer saagge "Fer Alters" hett aagfange wie es Schiff Concord in Philadelphia aagelandt iss im Oktower 1683 mit 13 Familie, nooch re Faahrt vun 64 Daagge vun England. Sie hette 's net viel schneller mache kenne, fer es waar en zimlich ruhige Faahrt. Es iss ewwe net so schtarrick gange sellemols. Es deet die Alde darremlich mache in ihrem Graab wann sie wisste wie schnell ass mer iwwer der See fliegge heit, net faahre. Sell meen ich waer der aerscht gross Unnerschied gschwische "Fer Alders" un heit — "Speed" deete mer saagge in Englisch.

Un fers Zwette deet ich draa gemaahne wie sie so langsam ihre Wartzel so dief in die Erd gsunke hen. Sie waare Bauere un Handwerks-leit, die aerschte Yaahre waare bsonders hart, awwer sie sin mit der Ax in die Bisch, in die Daeler, noh hen sie sich Blockheiser gebaut un Scheiere fers Vieh uffgschtellt, hen Kieh, Oxe un schpeeder en Gaul in en heemgschmitner Bluck gschpannt, un mit viel Geduld un grosser Mieh hen aafange es Fundament zu legge, vun was mit der Zeit es reichscht Bauersland in unserm gans Amerika warre iss — was der Dichter, der Arthur Graeff der Gaarde-Blacke vun der Welt heesst. Uff en mancher Berg, in viele Daeler, hen sie zu Gottes Ehr en Kerch gebaut un newe draa en Schul fer die Kinner. In de Haabtsache hen sie en solid Fundament gelegt.

Ee Ding ass 'ne im Aafang gholfe hot, waar dass ihre deitsche Schprooch sie abgschnitte hot vun Ansiedler vun annere Lenner. Sie hen gelernt uff sich selwert acht zu gewwe un in der Not mit ihre Nochbere zamme zu schaffe. Fer Alters waar mer viel neecher zu seine Nochbere un wann mer aa viel weiter ausnanner gewohnt hot ass wie nau. Wann en Scheier uffzuschtelle waar, sin die Nochbere kumme fer helfe un die Weibsleit fers Esse zu rischte.

Ihr misse schunn gemerkt hawwe wie uff schier alle Bauerei en Kallick-offe gschtanne hot ,wu gaar ken Kallickschtee in der Umgegend waare. Amme Daag wu die Aerwet net zu dick waar, iss en Frolick bschtellt warre un all die Blotzwegge in der Gegend sin kumme fer die Kallickschtee vum Schteebruch hole, un's hot yuscht en Fessel Brandewei gekoscht un der waar als wolfel "fer Alters."

Dernoh in der Hoyet hot's extra Leit genumme un abaddich in der Aern hot's mehner genumme, un Buwe un Maed fer nohreche un die Frucht mit S c h t r o h binne un die Scheeb zammedraagge un uff Schock schtelle. Wisst ihr noch wie gut es Nein-uhr-schtick als gschmackt hot un wie mer als widder schaffe hot kenne nooch sellere halb Schtunn.

M'r hot so viel dazu gelacht, Es hot die Aerwet leichter gemacht.

Bei deel Leit hot's aa als en 4-Uhr Schtick gewwe.

Un so aa fer Felse raus mache un weckzuschleefe wann mer am Neiland breche waar. Odder die Nochbere sin kumme fer Ebbel schnitze net yuscht weil en Familie Latwerg koche hot wolle. Ferleicht waar die Haabtsach es Esse, der Cider, die Schtories, es luschtiche Singe un zu gute Letscht der Dans un noochhaer die Meed heem nemme. An der Quilting waare dann die Weibsleit am Nummidaag allee fer Retsche un e bissel Naehe. Wann die Scheier-aerwet gschafft waar, sin die Mannsleit kumme fer en Owedvoll Gschpass. Vum Welschkarn-baschte kennt mer aa verzaehle, es aerscht uff em Feld un oweds uff em Dresch-floor beim Licht vun de Lutzere. Was waar's en Gschpass wann en roter Kolwe uffgedreht iss. Noh hot's awwer Bosse gewwe.

Im Winder, wann noh nix zu schaffe waar, hot mer Nochbere bsucht yuscht fer en Owet zuzubringe. Zu Fuss wann's die naechschte waar'n. Wann's weiter waar hen mer zwee Geil in der Schlitte gschpannt. Heit heert mer gnapps die Belle meh rapple. Mer hot sei Gschpass un

Der Grundsau Daag

Der Grundsau Daag, 's iss alsfert so,
Der zwette Hanning widder do;
Die grickt ihr Wisse vun der Sunn,
Der Winder iss nau halwer rum.

Die Grundsau iss gewiss ken Sau,
Sie guckt net wie en Gans;
Un hot ken Riesel wie en Sau,
Un aa ken Ring im Schwans.

Ich wunner eb die Grundsau sehnt,
Wann Lichtmess kummt un was es meent;
Der Brodschank weisst schunn was ich ess,
Lichtmess des meent half Fuder gfress.'

1956 —D. Geo. Knecht

Zeitvertreib selli Zeit net kaaft, mer hot sie selwert gemacht.

Drauss in York waar en alder deitscher Dichter der en gans Buch gschriwwe hot iwwer die alde Zeite un an eem Blatz laut's wie des:

Sel wora guta alta Zeita,
Ich wot's waer als noch so,
Die Leit sin nau so arrick refined,
Sie sin nau nimmi so inclined,
Fer Gschpass guckt's artlich blo.
Ich hab schun oft so schlecht gfiehlt,
Die alta Schpiela sin all ausgschpielt.
Er denkt an die Winder-owede wu die Buwe un die Meed so ihr Zammelaaf ghatte hen in de grosse alte Bauerheiser—
Nord hen mer als Blumsack schpielt—
Was hen mer als so herrlich gfiehlt.

Blinde Meisel hot er aa gegliche un er hot aa immer sei Mary fange kenne un wann aa sei zwee Aagge zugebunne waare. Es iss en gansi Lewes-laaf un hot mich an vieles gemaahnt as mer schwetze kennt defun: Nemme mich net letz; viel gutes stammt fun unsere Voreldre, mer kennt net eischtimme mit eem der schreibt wie des: in "Des Krittlers Klage:"

Es hot mich schun verdollt gekrenkt,
Wann ich die Welt so recht bedenkt;
Sie is en rechtes Narrehaus
Ich schmeis sie ball zum Fenschter naus.
Un aa net mit so eem:

En Klaglied

Wie hot sich die Welt verennert
In de letschte fufzig Johr!
Sich uf ehne Weg verschennert
Sel is wohr;
Awer's waer doch viele besser
Wann's noch waer as wie's als war.
Sis gewiss wann's net zu schlim is
Wie's als hergeht alleweil.
Wunnert's dann nau epper
Das ich schier gar heil
Wann ich drah denk
Wie es als war,
Un is zu dere Weil.
Der do browiert hart fer en Mittelschtross zu dreffe in

40 Yohr Zurueck

Wann ich als die Welt ahguck
Un sehn wie alles geht,
Un wann ich als daruewer denk,
Es duht mer als shier leed.

Die Schule sin wohl besser nau
Die Leit sin ah viel gscheiter
Fer allerlee von Sache mache
Do sin sie ah viel weiter.

Mer hen meh Kerche in dem Land
Un ah meh gute Parre
In alle Sache sotte nau
Die Leit viel besser warre.

Mer meehnt es kennt gewiss net sei
Un doch es is zu wohr,
In manche sin sie schlechter warre
Die letschte ferzig Johr.

Der viert, der Obadiah Grouthamel, geht ferleicht zu weit:

Die Guta Alta Zeita

Mer hoert so oft die Mensche glaga
Un oefters gar zu nanner sawga
Fun dem Wechsel in da Zeita.
Sheer alles Neies sute sie net;
Die alta Wayga war'n korreckt
In da guta alta Zeita.

Ya, die guta alta Zeita
Hen fer dehl Leit guta Seita.
'S mag sie sehna grad wer will,
Ich hab gaguckt bei Dawg un Nacht
Rum garubbered so war ich saag
Ich sehn sie net darch meina Brilla.

Awwer zu viel hen gschriwwe ass wann sie "bifocals" aa hette mit rosiche Glesser owwer drin fer weit absehne un schwarze unne drin fer naecher."

The speaker then made brief remarks about remembered customs and traditions: Elfedritsche-fange, Eckballe uff em Mischthof an der Vendu; En Seckli Deiwelsdreck um der Hals; gypsies alle Summer; Karn-schtroh unnich em Karrebet; die Grossmammi un ihre Gebetbicher; der alt-fashioned Gaarde.

From out of those olden days he reminded his audience of: Diefer Dreck; diefer Schtaab; lange Fracke un Unner-reck; Bewi - gleeder un Buwe in Fracke; Samschdaag O w e d Baad; en heesser Wacke mit ins Bett; Keschtebeem Schwinge; Ebbel un anner Sach eigraawe im Gaarde; die viele Kaschebeem; der gut Ebbel - geruch vum Keller — all bringing back nostalgic memories of the "long ago."

LICHTMESS

Candlemas

Today, on the 2nd of February, many Pennsylvania Germans will be talking about, and even watching, their little weather prophet, the groundhog, and in the next days we shall hear much about the activities of the popular **Grundsau Versammlinge.**

But Pennsylvania Germans, nearly 100 per cent Protestant, have long ago dissociated their minds of the religious significance of the day and few will remember it as **Lichtmess,** or Candlemas. The quaint lore that through the centuries attached itself to the rites of the church has in this instance survived among the Pennsylvania Germans while the original meaning has become obscured.

Lichtmess, or Candlemas, believed to have been instituted by the Emperior Justinian in 541 or 542, is an acclesiastical festival still observed by the Church of Rome on Feb. 2nd to commemorate the Purification of the Virgin Mary 40 days after Christmas, when she presented the infant Jesus in the Temple. In ancient Rome a feast of purification was held on Feb. 14, and it is believed by some that the Christian festival is an adaptation of the old Roman rite. According to Jewish ritual the mother of a male child went after 40 days to the temple for the ceremony of purification and since Feb. 2nd is 40 days after Christmas this offers a more reasonable explanation of the origin of the day.

On this day the candles to be used in church and home through the year are consecrated. These, according to common folk belief, protect against disease, sudden death, evil spirits and hail and lightning. In fact Candlemas became a day for weather prognostication. The simple folk associated Candlemas with the coming of spring. The days are longer. The indoor work during the short days and by lamplight is now set aside and preparation for work on the fields outdoors is begun. It is a widely spread tradition in Europe that clear weather on Candlemas indicates that winter weather will still prevail. In Scotland runs a rhyme:

If Candlemas is fair and clear
There'll be two winters in the year.

In the Palatinate, as elsewhere in Germany, the people looked upon the badger, or **Dachs** as a weather prophet, and if on Candlemas the badger came forth from his place of hibernation and saw his shadow he would return and winter would continue some weeks longer, the number of weeks varying according to the area. This tradition was continued here in Pennsylvania, but in the absence of the badger, the groundhog, with similar habits, took its place. This little Pennsylvania German rhyme speaks for itself:

Wann's am Lichtmess schtarmt un schneit,
Iss der Friehling nimmi weit;
Iss es awwer glaar un hell,
Kummt der Lenz wull net so schnell.
Seht die Grundsau ihren Schatten an diesem Tag,
So haben wir noch sechs Wochen Winter dernach.

Some years ago the late G. Gilbert Snyder showed the editor a letter written by Francis H. Zerbe, Bernville, Pa. with this very interesting rhyme:

Lichtmess
Schpinne vergess
Bei Daag zu Nacht gess'
Un's halb Fuder gfiedeft.

The writer of the letter then adds: Die Daagge warre lenger des Zeit vum Yohr. This old saying is hardly remembered today. It was circulated among our earlier Pennsylvania Germans in varied forms. There are probably few who would understand its significance. Perhaps it becomes a bit clearer when we compare one still found in Germany:

Lichtmess, spinn'n vergess,
Bei Tag zu Nacht ess;
'S Raedle hinter die Thuer
die Hacke herfuer.

In the days of our rural forefathers and before the days of modern machinery the spinning of flax and wool was the chief employment among the women folk. With the beginning of winter they began to spin vigorously, often spinning long before daylight and continuing by dim light into the night. The men folk had little to do but take care of the cattle and busy themselves with some indoor craft. But when Candlemas came spinning was put aside and the spinning wheel set behind the door. Winter is on the wane. Even though there may still be snow on the ground, the sun rises earlier. "When the sun begins to strengthen, the days begin to lengthen." The evening meal is taken by daylight (**bei Tag zu Nacht ess**). Hoes and other implements for tilling the soil are brought forth and readied for work in early spring.

But the uncertainties of the winter months are ever with the tiller of the soil and the husbandman. Will he have enough feed for his cattle? Custom and tradition require that he consume only half his supply by Candlemas, or **Lichtmess,** hence the last line of the rhyme in Mr. Zerbe's letter: **Un's halb Fuder gfiedert.** This also explains the last line of the poem at the head of this column: **Lichtmess des meent halb Fuder gfress,** in which Dr. **Knecht** echoes the same bit of old lore.

—P.A.B.

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Editorials

It's All for Your Benefit

The campaign for the raising of $1,750,000 to expand the facilities of the Allentown Hospital for all the people of this Lehigh Valley now is concentrated upon the general public — the people who are going to benefit personally from the blessings that a hospital confers upon the sick and the injured.

In due time just about every man, woman and child in our society and community can expect to be told by his or her physician that illnesses demanding the most skilled care can be and should be treated with greater advantage in a hospital then in the home. Not until then will some folks come to realize how important it is that hospitals have been made available for them by reason of the vision of men and women long since gone to their reward. Not until then will there be realization of the importance of working today to establish facilities for the patients in the hospital tomorrow and next year and in many years to come.

Great work has been done by the Allentown Hospital in its better than half a century of existence. Greater work must be performed in the future in the interest of a growing community which, in the ordinary course of events, will demand a larger number of beds than our population of a decade or so ago required. But in addition to the need for more beds there is the need in our day for facilities that could not be anticipated when the hospital was founded or at the times when additions were made to buildings, departments and equipment.

Years ago hospital care did not and could not look much beyond efforts to ease the pains and heal the ills of the disabled. Such care did not look ahead to the rehabilitation of people damaged by accident and disease and fitting them for re-entrance into society as self-supporting, useful citizens. Years ago there was little that could be done in general hospitals for the afflictions of the mind. Society was ashamed of the bedlams that it set up for its own protection, rather than for the cure of the victims of mental disease. Society was ashamed and tried to forget this blight upon itself.

So, until recent years, little has been done in the field of psychiatric diagnosis and treatment of the many victims of mental ailments that can have short-range duration, providing proper care be given in good time.

The Allentown Hospital, while struggling to keep up with population growth and public demand for hospitalization, has added new units and bed capacity from time to time. Now it must add more beds, as the public can understand. In addition to that the Allentown Hospital must meet the new needs of our people — needs such as rehabilitation of the handicapped and care of some mental ailments that will respond to early diagnosis and expert treatment.

A large sum of money is required to provide for these needs. They are the needs not of the hospital but rather they are the needs of our people, any one of whom may become a hospital patient this very day.

If and when it becomes your fate that life depends upon the Allentown Hospital and its facilities, then it is vitally important to you that a bed be ready for your comfort and that every facility for care and treatment that modern medical science has developed shall be at hand and give you every chance in the world to recover and be able to return to your home and society.

So the Allentown Hospital in this, the final phase of its fund-raising campaign, is appealing to every man, woman and child in the community to help in the achievement of its $1,750,000 goal.

The Ford Foundation gave a generous quarter million dollars in the first phase of the campaign. Industry and business in the Lehigh Valley came thru magnificently in the second phase.

Now it is up to the people—the grass-roots of our society and the sole reason why we must have hospitals. In planning for the people's happier future the Hospital must be enlarged. It is intelligent self - interest for all our people to assure that happier future thru support for the current campaign.

Phenomenon: A Tax Cut

Running contrary to other tax tides, the tax rate upon real estate in Upper Milford Township is being reduced this year by one mill, according to action taken by the township supervisors on Saturday.

While the rate last year was 10 mills, or $1 per $100 of assessed valuation, the rate this year is to be 9 mills, or 90 cents per $100. In other words a 10 per cent saving is promised for this year to a grateful body of property owners who must feel they are unique among taxpayers in this general area. All will hope that they can continue in that status for a considerable time to come.

The supervisors made the reduction in light of their good financial standing and a modest budget of expenditures for the coming year. They have had a good year in the handling of the township's affairs which principally concern roads and bridges. They are passing the advantages on to the taxpayers instead of trying to accumulate a surplus which officials easily could be tempted to do.

Local Eye-Bank Assured

Offer by the Sacred Heart Hospital during last week to set up an eye bank opens the way to the establishment of the facility which the Allentown Lions Club wishes to encourage.

Thus the necessary preliminary steps have been taken. The Lions, as an important part of their philanthropic work for the conservation of eyesight, are ready to support and, presumably to publicize and popularize the bequest of healthy eyes by persons anticipating death from causes that will not affect their sight.

The Hospital agrees to provide the facilities for the preservation of the healthy eyes until some patient stands in need of transplantation, naturally an indefinite time.

There have been local examples of people who willed their eyes to such good purpose. But they have to be removed speedily to an eye bank in some distant city because there were no facilities here for indefinite preservation. This gap the Hospital and the Lions Club now propose to fill.

He Just Keeps On Growing



Promoting Peace

By WALTER LIPPMANN

The United States is with good reason opposing the movement to have the United Nations intervene in the Algerian disorders. The good reason, which is, I hasten to say, not the avowed official reason, is that the situation in the General Assembly is such that public peace making by means of open resolutions is for all practical purposes impossible. The alignment of the blocs in the Assembly does not now permit the United Nations to exert an even-handed pressure where there is an issue between West and East.

If, therefore, the General Assembly were to take over the Algerian problem, the net effect would almost certainly be to encourage the Algerian Arabs to be irreconcilable and to refuse those compromises which will be necessary if there is to be a peaceable settlement. Far from promoting peace, the United Nations would almost certainly find itself promoting disorder.


Lippmann

In my recent article, I cited the voting strength of the various blocs among whom combinations must be made to produce the two-thirds majority which is needed for an important resolution. The basic situation may be summarized in this fashion: that it takes 52 votes to pass a resolution, that it takes 27 votes to veto a resolution, and that while neither the Easterners nor the Westerners command a majority, each has a veto.

Thus when there is a major issue, be it over Hungary, Suez, Gaza, Aqaba, Kashmir or, for that matter Algeria, the two vetoes are enough to stop the General Assembly from acting at all. This deadlock can be broken only if certain of the great powers — on the Western side the United States, on the Eastern side the Soviet Union or India, switch sides.

This is what happened in the Egyptian affair when the United States voted on the same side as did the Soviet Union and India. There was no stalemate and the U.N. took effective action to compel the withdrawal of Britain, France and Israel from Egypt. But there has been no corresponding switching of sides, as there needed to be, to apply equal pressure to Egypt. There has, of course, been no equal pressure about Hungary and none about Kashmir. If Algeria were taken up by the U.N., the whole pressure would be on France, and none on the Arab Nationalists.

The fact of the matter is that the veto is always applied one way and it is not always applied the other way. For that reason the General Assembly is proving itself to be incapable of carrying out the prime purpose of the United Nations, which is to promote the peaceable settlement of conflicts.

This situation is so bad, so provocative of disorder and so dangerous to the peace that it would be intolerable were nothing being done about it. Something has to be done about it, and what is being done is to try to work out in private understandings what could never be avowed or put to a vote in the General Assembly. This is illustrated by the Israeli-Egyptian deadlock over whether Israel shall or shall not right the wrongs she has committed without assurances that Egypt will right the wrongs that she has committed.

Pressure

The pressure on Israel to withdraw without any public assurances would make no sense, would indeed be grossly unjust, were it not accompanied by private assurances that Egypt will not in fact again blockade the Gulf of Aqaba and will not again use Gaza as a base for guerrilla war. If there were no good reason to believe that Egypt will in fact concede what she will not in principle concede, the President, Mr. Dulles, and Mr. Hammarskjold would in morals and in equity be in no position to apply pressure to Israel.

It is sometimes said that the action of the U.N. in Egypt is in fact directed to the restoration of the status quo ante, and that that was so bad that it must not be restored. That is not, as I understand it, a correct description of what is going on in New York.

What the Secretary General is trying to do is to restore not the status quo ante in fact. For both sides violated the armistice and he does not wish to restore the violations. What he is trying to restore is the status quo ante in law — that is to say the rules of the armistice.

A new agreement to observe the old armistice would, if it were respected, solve all the important points now at issue between Egypt and Israel. The old agreement has the peculiar merit that every party to the conflict has already signed it.

The question is whether this old vehicle can again be put on the road. The answer to that question is that this can conceivably be done — given a supreme exercise of private diplomacy, not only on the part of the heavily laden Mr. Hammarskjold, but also by the President, and not only in Cairo and Jerusalem and New York but also, it may be, in Moscow.

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Pumpernickle Bill

WILLIAM S. TROXELL

GRUNDSOW LODGE NUMMER NEINA: 'M Dunnershdawg owet wohrhoft worra m'r mohl widder on ra Grundsow lodge fersommling — die fiert fer die woch. Lodge nummer neina on da Diefa Runn hut ihrra drit yairlichie fersommling k'halta im Dublin Fire hous. Sie hen 'n 165 folshtandicha gleader, un woh mit 'm p'such un shwetzer 'n drup amocht hut fon shier tzwae hunnerd. Sie hetta blotz fer ols noch may nemma — hen aw der ruf fer tzettle, ow'r die weibsleit fon da fire kumpany wohs essa rishda sawga sie kenta net may feedra.

Die shprech ordnung wor gute ol darrich, un so aw der Willis Meyers un sei Boova woh widder g'shpielt un g'sunga hen. Ols 'n lodge wor der Franklin Lichtenwalter der fohr singa, un wot ihrra hetta 's hoerra kenna sholla wie sich ol nei galaig'd hen fer fom fershtarvna Henry Detweiler seina lieder singa. Wons sei kon os 'n mensch os fert is uase wos aw gait uf da ard, hut der Henry galocht fon ohr tzu ohr dawaig wie g'sunga is werra.

Der. Dr. Robert Taylor fon da Fildelfy lodge hut die yunga suckle grundsi ferbunna — Fildelfy shtyle, un der Elmer Laudenslgaer fom Rawd fon lodge nummer neina, hut die gons lodge ferbunna in da drit degree. Der Will Mill hut die wedder barichda gewwa, un g'sawt er wot wenich ochtsome sei wos er sawga dade — farm yohr hen sie sei gablauder uf bond gaduh, uns tzurick g'shpielt on ra fersommling beim Goldie, un woh ol die Rawds gleader ihrra weiver mit onna ganumma hen kot. Der Wil wor da onner owet arrick ochtsome wos er g'sawt hut — hut net howwa wolla os die fraw 'm widder in die wol kaimt fer dum shwetza.

Der Francis Mill is der schreiver fon da lodge, un hut shaina barichda galaisa fon da farm yairicha fersommling om sama blotz. Der Chester Mill wor habtmon fon da fohrshlock kommittee, un ol die alta ombtsleit un gleader fom Rawd sin nei g'shtim'd werra fer weiter diehna. Der eltsh'd on da fersommling wor der John Hoch dart fon Dublin — 91 yohr yung.

So weit os shwetzer aw gonga sin hen sie der Porra Franklin Slifer fon Topton, un der Porra Wilbur Trexler fon Langashter um der LeRoy Heffentrager fon Pennbarrick kot — un sie worra iwwerrous gute. Der Porra Slifer wor uf gabrocht in selra gagend — Dublin is hame tzu ihm, un der Porra Trexler hut fer yohrra in Perkasie gawohn'd un gabreddich'd in selra gag-g'shwetzt uf "Liever Gott im himmel drin, los uns Deitscha wos m'r sin," un der Porra Trexler hut "Der Alt Hickerniss Baum," kot fer sei text. Die luft is fol shweara, wichdicha shliverra gadonka g'floga mit yaderra rade, un dabei wor aw so fiel g'shpass os monicha shier fon da shteel g'falla sin fom locha.

Der Norman Gehman is habtmon fon da lodge, un hut allas shae in arder kot mit da hilf fon ol da Ombtsleit. Der fuder maishder Eli Myers is da gonsa owet rum g'shprunga — un wie ewwa aw 'n kunshtavler sot — blotz sucha on da dish, fer soicha os wenich shpote kumma sin. Der Harold Bishop, der bauerra g'shar koenich wor der ledshd fer kumma — denk er hut sich tzu long ferweil'd kot beim Adolph owwich Shelly — un sei wor die shuld os er shpote kumma is.

Mit rins flaish fer drump, kon ich eich sawga 's essa wor gute. Tzu sehna wie so kerl wie der Walter Cassel fon lodge nummer tzwae, der Jim Angstadt fon lodge nummer fierra, der Dr. Harry Stoudt fon lodge nummer drei, un der Dr. Bob Oplinger fon lodge nummer ains nei g'shloga hen — sel wor 'n paweiss os es essa iwwerrous gute wor.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R 'S wor 'n blessier tzu hoerra in Quakertown, Harleysville un Dublin, wie fiel leit os der Morning Call griega, un wie fiel dafon os unser g'shpichta dawg fer dawg laisa.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

From the philosophy department at Columbia University comes the tale of a righteous sage who departed this life at an advanced age and awoke before the pearly gates. He was welcomed with appropriate ceremonies. Some years later, a trusted disciple followed in his steps, and looked him up in paradise. He was found under a spreading cypress tree, with a gloriously beautiful damsel on his lap. "I am glad, revered teacher," said the disciple, "to see you have won your just reward."

"Reward nothing," grumbled the sage. "It's her punishment!"

A writer finally gained an audience with a hard-to-pin-down Hollywood studio head and was told he had exactly two minutes to outline the plot of his proposed screen play. The writer was disgruntled but game. He finished his synopsis in two minutes flat, scarcely pausing to take breath. The studio head snarled, "That's the lousiest story line I've heard in years! Get out!"

"Hold on," interrupted the writer. "That outline I gave you wasn't my story. It is that of Shakespeare's 'Hamlet.' I'll tell you my story when you've got more time!"

Ernest Cuneo, in his "Life with Fiorello," tells about the day a righteous New York alderman protested that ladies of the evening were being allowed to collect city relief funds. Mayor La Guardia thundered, "I thought this was a question settled 2000 years ago, but I see I was wrong. Sergeant-at-Arms, clear the room so this big bum can throw the first stone!"

Peter Windsor's dazzling dinner companion misplaced her fur wrap, moaned, "This will just about kill me." "You're not killed," contradicted Peter. "You're just dis-sabled." The same culprit suggests that nowadays musicians' children be boptized.

Horoscope

Your business should expand during the next year, but be cautious. Today's child may be original, ingenious and intellectual.

Edgar A. Guest

TRIUMPH

There are various kinds of wealth;
And the best, of course, is health.
Close contender for the second,
Friendship always must be reckoned.

There is willingness to work;
Success is oft denied the shirk.
To the youth goes highest pay
Who will readily obey.

Who shows willingness to learn
Will in time promotion earn.
Men will quickly seek him out
If he knows what he's about.

Though the upward way is hard,
Against skill it's never barred.
And the one who will not stop
By and by may reach the top.

It's by serving every need
Men eventually succeed.
But the weary, quick to rest,
Never seem to do their best.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Titus 2:1-16.

Another Gentile convert of Paul was Titus. That he was a Gentile we read in Galatians 2:3, where he is called a Greek. That he was one of Paul's converts we may infer from Titus 1:4, where he is called his son after the common faith. In 2 Cor. 2:13 Paul calls him his brother, another word indicating a family relationship, spiritually speaking. The name of Titus does not appear in the book of Acts, as did those of Sergius Paulus and Timothy, Paul's converts. He was certainly a trusted companion of Paul. We had been speaking of the Island of Cyprus in Acts 13. Here, in 1:5, another Mediterranean island, Crete, is mentioned. Jews from Crete were present in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, some of whom probably became Christians and formed the nucleus of a church in Crete. This may account for Paul's interest in them, for which reason he sent Titus to the island to establish the church there. To this end Titus was to appoint elders of good character and with proper qualifications (vs.8-9). Sound doctrine and good works were to be maintained.



THE HARNESS-MAKER — DER SADDELER

By Raymond E. Hollenbach

In 1836 there was printed an interesting little book called "The Panorama of Professions and Trades; or Every Man's Book" — a book of guidance for a young man starting out in life. Of the sixty-eight trades and professions listed many are now remembered by name only. One of these was the "Saddler and Harness-Maker, and the Trunk-maker" — an odd combination but one that survived and occupied some of the most prominent locations on Main Street down to the time of automobile sales rooms and accessory stores. Some of our readers may remember the life-size figure of a horse, all decked out in sparkling harness, in the display window of a luggage store just off Center Square in Allentown. If one looks through the newspapers of the 1880's you will find the advertisements of Wartman & Company, on Hamilton Street near Eighth, describing their stock as "a wilderness of saddles, collars, fly - nets, lap - robes, horse-clothing, whips . . . as well as trunks and satchels."

In colonial days when roads were few and poor, people travelled on horseback and transported goods by pack trains. The making of saddles, saddlebags and pack saddles therefore came before harness-making and in fact was so predominant in this business that in the Penna. German dialect the man who carried on this trade has always been called **der Saddeler**, and the dialect has never had a name just for a harness-maker. Today, in the latest Philadelphia classified directory, there are just seven saddleries, all probably catering to special trade and members of the fox hunt clubs, and, other than in Lancaster County among the "plain people," one has a hard time finding a saddler anywhere.

The heyday of the saddlery business came between 1850 and 1920. The steel spring for vehicles had just been invented and there was a large demand for medium-weight harnesses for spring wagons, and for lighter harnesses for phaetons, buggies, coaches and carriages of all kinds. Just before the coming of the automobile every well-to-do farmer's son had his rubber-tired buggy and a fine harness with patent leather and nickel-plated trimmings to go with it. An idea of the wide assortment found in this business can be gotten from an advertisement of a public sale by Thomas Leh & Son, of East Greenville, in the 1890's, which read:

Leh's Beruehmten Handgemachten Pferde Geschirren
50 Setts Pferdegeschirre

Schwehres Fuhr Geschirr; Eingauels Breeching; Expressgeschirr; springs-wagen Geschirr; Expressgeschirr, nickel und brass, neuer Style; Carriagegeschirr, Hames, Nickel und Imitation Rubber; folded Nickel und Imitation Rubber Buggy Geschirr; Single Strap Nickel und Gilt Traeck Geschirr; Halftern, Web-Halftern; Mueckennetze, Neck-Strops, Leinen, einfache und doppelte Baeckstraeps, Tucks und andere Artikel in unsere Linie.

In the 1880's, I. F. Smith of "die wohlbekannte Sattlerei in Zionsville" advertised his wares in the Pennsburg "Der Bauernfreund:"

Sattlerwaaren Von Aller Art

Man findet bei ihm schoene schwarze Geschirre zu $15 und aufwaerts. Nickelplattierte Geschirre $18 und aufwaerts. Ferner schwere vodere hintere Geschirre. Halftern und Blindhalftern. Buffalo Robes, Wolf Robes und Blankets . . . Striegel, Buersten, Gum-Stiefel, Gum Rollers, Wolf-Haeute so nieder wie $8 bis $14. Schlitten Bellen von aller Art von $1 bis $6, und ueberhapt alles wos zur Sattlerei g'hoert.

Most of the things mentioned are still familiar to many of us, but one may wonder what "gum rollers" were and also be surprised that Wolf-Haeute were still offered at this late date.

Today, if one attends a public sale on a farm, you may see rows of harnesses strung out on the barnyard fence, the brass rings green with corrosion, the leather stiff with neglect and gray with mold and dust, with the auctioneer begging for a bid. However, let us go back a century when this business was still in boom.

One of the most successful saddlers of a little more than a century ago was James K. Scheirer of Ironton. His early accounts run from 1834 to 1848, a period when the iron mines were operating, employing hundreds of one-horse carts, and with scores of teams hauling ore and limestone to distant forges and furnaces. His best customer, by far, was Stephen Balliet, Jr., with his varied industries, including Lehigh furnace near Slatedale and the Pennsville forge near Ashfield in Carbon County. These two industries were located near the source of supply of charcoal, but this in turn necessitated long hauls on poor roads of the ore, which meant many broken harnesses and constant business for the harness maker. At this time, too, the Dearborn wagon, a forerunner of the springwagon, was just becoming popular and Scheirer made scores of "Dearborn harnesses" at prices ranging from $14.00 to $26.00. Cart harnesses cost $4.50, but this was only for the front part of the harness; the rear part, which was called a **quiler**, cost another $4.50. There were innumerable straps to be made or mended and flynets at $2.50 were in great demand. To "strap a set of bells" cost $1.00 and cart whips were made at $1.25 each.

The making of trunks and leather bags was still an important part of the business. He made the portmanteaus for the members of the North Whitehall Cavalry Troop, a famous military organization which was organized for the War of 1812 and continued in existence for about fifty years. The Anniversary History of Lehigh County describes their uniform as "blue cloth trimmed with red, with white belts and leather helmets with red and white plumes." Be that as it may, the uniforms must have varied over the period of years because in the late 30's, and early 40's Scheirer was outfitting them with **bearskin caps** at $3.50 and $4.00 each, and sword belts at 25 to 50 cents. The pistol holsters too were trimmed with bearskin. We can therefore picture these stalwart sons of North Whitehall in heavy fur caps like a troop of Cossacks. For the benefit of North Whitehall historians and descendants, here are the names of 33 members of the troop as culled from these account books. Eli Scheirer, an apprentice, had 38 cents deducted from his pay in the saddlery in order that he could attend one-half day of drill and a full day at **die bedallye** in 1841.

North Whitehall Cavalry Troop

William Burkholder	Thomas Miller
Daniel Biery	Richman McKee
Stephen Balliet, Jr.	James Moyer
Thomas Frock	Thomas Ruch
Joseph Garis	David Rudy
Abraham Harmony	James Roth
Abraham Harmony, Jr.	Paul Roth
William Krauthser	Peter Ruch, Jr.
Solomon Krauthser	Nathan Reinert
Peter Kern	Charles Ringer
William Kohler	Joseph Steckel
Joseph Koch	John Straus
George Keck	Joseph Shearer
	Henry Schaad
	Solomon Steckel
	Eli Scheirer
	Daniel Troxel
	Peter Troxel
	John Woiring

Scheirer's business was so large that he required the help of several assistants and apprentices all the time. Apprentices were hired at $4.50 per month, although there were some that got even less. Abraham Moser "commenct to work on the 20th of March 1850 at one dollar a month, and mending his shoes and one pair of new shoes." The business too required the assistance of neighboring craftsmen of several trades. Andrew Hausman, a blacksmith, made 100 rings for $1.12½, 1 dozen bits for $1.80, a dozen buckles for 31 cents a dozen. Joseph Miller and Jonathan Meyer made halter rings, quiler rings, britching rings, trace plates, etc. The trace plates had to be put on in the blacksmith shop, and a receipt from Jonathan Meyer reads "1 par seiten bletter streng beschlagen $2.50." The bells for sleigh bells were shipped in from Connecticut.

The leather, which was used in large quantities, came from eight different tanners, the principal ones of whom were Benjamin Semmel of near Unionville, Stephen Graff of Ballietsville, Aaron Kichline and William Burkholder. The finest harness leather cost 25 cents a pound. Sheepskins, which were used for padding under saddles and collars, were bought for as low as 25 cents each. Included in other purchases were quantities of deer hair at 16 cents a pound, deer skins, bear skins, and an occasional buffalo hide. The latter were a drug on the market at $1.00 each. Among the Scheirer papers is the following interesting letter:

Allentown, October 24, 1849
Dear Cousin:

Having just returned from a visit to the Western Country it gives me pleasure to inform you that we arrived safely and in good health, and we have also brought 20 buffalo hides along with us from St. Louis, Missouri, which we would like to sell, as we have no sale for them here in town. The saddlers are all supplied. I thought perhaps we could sell you a few of the whole lot. We can sell them cheaper than you can buy them in Philadelphia. Come down and see them or send us word down, with Schaffer's Team if you would like to have some or not. No doubt we can get a bargain if you come down. I would like to come up and see you but I am too busy at work.

I remain your friend and Cousin
Charles M. Ruhe

Sadlles were still made in large numbers in the 1830's and 1840's and there were two general types — **riding** saddles, of which there were a number of kinds, and so-called **wagon** saddles. A wagon saddle was put on the horse on the left-hand side of a team and it was on this horse that the teamster rode. From this manner of driving we got the words **der saddel gaul** and **der neewe gaul.** A riding saddle was more elaborate than a wagon saddle and cost from $12.50 to $15.00 as compared to $6.00 to $7.00 for a wagon saddle. The frame of a saddle, called the saddle tree, **der saddel baum,** was made of a light close-grained wood, frequently beech, and was carved by a wood craftsman trained in that art.

Scheirer's accounts were kept in English, but the spelling often showed Pennsylvania German influence. Also, some of the names used were direct translations from Pennsylvania German, like "side plates" from **seide bletter** and "blindholder" from **blindhalfter.** For dialect names used in the trade I will therefore rely on sources of more recent years.

The saddler in our own community was Jerry Snyder, who, with his son-in-law Al Moppes, carried on the trade down to the automobile age. It was they who sewed the leather cover on the ball of yarn — the only kind of ball we knew in our school days. What it lacked in perfect roundness it made up in durability — and its sting in playing **eck balle** is more remembered than its lack of bounce. One of these balls, unless lost, lasted a whole season and the owner of it was "king" on the school ground and decided what game was to be played.

A visit to the blacksmith, the shoemaker, the saddler, or any other craftsman was always a delight to a younster, and there was much to be observed and learned. The saddler's art seemed to require a minimum of equipment. Of course, there was the saddler's bench or stool with its clamp at one end to hold the leather that was being sewed; but there was no machinery of any kind. The tools consisted of a number of knives, awls, punches, etc., and the thread used was of strong linen, reinforced by the use of **bech,** a compound of pitch and wax. Sometimes young visitors came away with a wad of **bech** as a substitute for chewing gum — what it lacked in flavor was made up in chewing qualities.

The following is a list of some of the Pennsylvania German names used for parts of a harness:

's kummed—horse collar
's bruschdkummed—a breast collar
die kummedschbee—the hames
der kummedschbeerieme—the hame strap
die kummeddeck—leather cover hung over collar
die bauchgard—girth or belly strap
der rieme—a strap
der schbrungrieme—a martingale
der schwanzrieme—the crupper
der kehirieme—throat band
der ziggel—overcheck rein
's gebiss—the bit
der zaam—a bridle
der halfter—a halter
der schdrickhalfter—a rope halter
der blindhalfter—a bridle with blinders
's schelledder—a blinder
die lein—the line
die zopplein—a check line
die britching—the breeching
der backschirap—a breeching strap
's seidebiast—trace of a heavy harness
der schdrang—a trace
der ketteschdrang—a chain trace
die brüschdkett—a breast chain

To put a harness on a horse is **uffgscherre,** and to take it off is **abgscherre.** Of course, there are probably a lot of other words used in various localities with which the writer is not familiar. The farm boys had an expression used to show their contempt of non-farm boys who did not know all about such things — "er iss so dumm er wees net der unnerschit zwischich 'n schwantzrieme un 'n gebiss." Being employed on a farm only occasionally I came on the borderline of being classed with the latter. There are some descriptive words like **der zurickhenkrieme,** and there are words like **des aftergschirr,** the quiler, which are now obsolete and almost forgotten. In another generation even farm boys will be in the class they formerly held in contempt.

Boyersford.
January 1957.

TO THE READER

Today we are privileged to publish another contribution from Raymond E. Hollenbach, one of our ablest antiquarian researchers. Mr. Hollenbach revels in old account books, auction sales lists, old advertisements, old imprints that have to do with farming and gardening, with seeds and fruits, with trades and crafts of former days. To the casual reader few labors would seem so unrewarding.

In his article "The Harness-maker" Mr. Hollenbach takes us back to the horse age, when harness-making was a lively trade. It is of special interest to the local historian and genealogist, as well as the philologist and lexicographer. He has studied the account books of a successful saddler, James K. Scheirer of nearby Ironton, covering the years from 1834 to 1848. He has culled from these account books the names of 33 members of the North Whitehall Cavalry Troop, a famous military organization organized for the War of 1812. Perhaps you will find an ancestor among that list. But don't be disturbed if your name is **Kratzer** and you find it listed as **Krauthser.** See what blacksmiths charged for their labor in those early days; what bearskin caps, sword belts and pistol holsters cost. For those interested in dialect words there is a list of names for the parts of the harness. And you will enjoy reading a letter found among the Scheirer papers, written by Charles M. Ruhe of Allentown in 1849 and offering his cousin 20 buffalo hides that he has brought with him from St. Louis, Missouri.

Mr. Hollenbach gets much pleasure out of his avocation and we are grateful gainers. Love's labours are not lost!

—ED.

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Editorials

For Compulsory Salk Shots

We can believe that if it were legal for children to enter the schools in the first grade without presenting a card showing that they had been vaccinated against smallpox many thousands never would receive this protection. Then many communities would experience epidemics from time to time. Excitement would be rife as public officials set up pest houses to care for victims and isolate them. Government would be berated and virtual panic would grip the people.

Every hospital and every doctor's office would be filled with people clamoring for the protection that vaccination can give them and to which they had given not the slightest thought until the moment of peril.

The world's knowledge of vaccination against smallpox goes back 170 years. The merits of the practice are above dispute. Yet there continue to be vast numbers of persons who are stubborn opponents of the practice and seek to evade it for themselves and for their children.

It took a century and more in many parts of the world for society to arrive at the conclusion that it would be able to protect itself against the stubborn ones only by stern laws. The pleas of the medical fraternity fell upon their deaf ears. Not until epidemic developed were many shocked into voluntary compliance. Then the stubborn ones probably were the loudest in their wails about conditions that made the epidemic possible and were first in the queues that sought vaccination.

Polio is in the position today that smallpox was many decades ago. The Salk vaccine has been developed for it, just as Dr. Jenner developed the vaccine against smallpox in 1798.

It was natural that in Jenner's day health authorities and the public did not take speedily to vaccination. Medical science still was in its infancy. Communications were limited. The people did not have the confidence in scientific research that modern science enjoys.

The situation today with respect to polio is more favorable. The American people were absolutely confident that if scientists were assigned the problem of learning the cause or causes of polio and then of developing a cure or a preventive, they would come up with the answers. The American people realized the scientific study was likely to be long and that it would cost a lot of money. They probably would not have been surprised if it had taken longer than it really did. But Dr. Salk, who was only one of many scientists who had been put to work on the problem and had contributed to the mass of findings, came up with a nontoxic vaccine — the Ultima Thule of scientists and physicians.

The medical world speedily acclaimed the vaccine. Modern communications informed the American people almost overnight. All up and down this land it became known that the foe that could prevent polio had been discovered and that mankind's fears could be relaxed.

Then came apathy, especially during last year when the effect of the vaccination of millions of school children and little children was revealed in greatly reduced incidence of polio in every part of the country where the mass vaccination programs had taken place. There was large falling off in the number of children who were being brought to private physicians for vaccinations. It seemed as tho parents thought all the danger was over and that nothing need be done by them.

More rapidly than was the case with smallpox it is now being realized that the maximum of protection against polio is going to be achieved only if society will enact laws requiring that children receive the treatment before they can enter school and associate with their fellows. While it is desirable that children be vaccinated years before they enter the first grade, law cannot make it compulsory until they enter school. There society, and the law, have a firm, unshakable grip. Just as children can be required to attend school, so also they can be required to be vaccinated.

So this community will be happy to note that the current General Assembly is likely to enact law to this effect and it is interesting to note that the co-author of the bill is our own Representative, Marian E. Markley.

If enacted in its present form it will provide that not a single child shall be permitted to enter any schools in Pennsylvania in September of this year unless he has been vaccinated.

As the president of the Lehigh County Medical Society has said of the measure: "It is about time that something is done to take this thing (Salk vaccination) out of the realm of confusion. Because of the indifference of many parents, many children who should receive Salk vaccine will never get it unless it becomes mandatory."

Curbing Crop Surpluses

Secretary Benson is courageously following through the logic of flexible price supports. Despite evidence that Republicans suffered in the last election in a dozen states because of their farm policies, he has just announced lower supports for eight farm commodities, including cotton. The cuts are not large and in several cases will have no immediate effect, for the crops are selling in the market for more than the government will pay.

Indeed, it is not clear just how many farmers may feel themselves hurt, for under the soil bank plan many can get federal payments for retiring unprofitable land. But already there are complaints. Now, if the flexible plan is to have any real test there should be no rush to lift crop price levels. For the only way in which that plan can reduce surpluses is by letting prices sink enough to discourage the production of larger and larger crops.

In the end this may be one of the best ways to get American agriculture on a sounder basis — with farmers selling to consumers instead of government. But no one should blink the fact that the first step lets prices dip. Mr. Benson seems ready to face this fact. But even a temporary drop in prices is so unpopular with producers that the downward flexing of supports will be resisted.

For this reason the soil bank is likely to prove more effective in reducing surpluses. — Christian Science Monitor.

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.

Abuse of Tax Collectors Decried

Gentlemen:

Since we of the Taxpayers Leagues have made certain disclosures concerning the compensation paid to our Tax Collectors, certain facts have been called to our attention that we desire to have clarified.

We have been informed that considerable abuse and condemnation has been directed at the Tax Collectors, which we feel is unjustified.

What concerns us most is the fact that people in their condemnation of the Tax Collectors, probably do not realize that the Tax Collectors are only receiving what they are permitted to receive as set by law.

We would personally ask the public to be patient as we are of the belief that measures will be taken to correct this situation and we would further plead with the public not to place the blame for the condition complained of on the Tax Collectors as the blame primarily and solely rests on the shoulders of the various school Boards and other political subdivisions who are the ones who set the rates of compensation to be paid to the Tax Collectors.

And we would further suggest to the public that they contact their School Boards and other political subdivisions and tell them in no uncertain terms that they should not be careless with the taxpayers money and that they desire these Boards to take appropriate action at once to correct this situation.

This statement we are making in fairness to the Tax Collectors and we implore and beseech the public not to take political reprisals against any of these Tax Collectors, as we are of the opinion that they themselves are merely the victim of circumstances beyond their control and which was not of their making and in all probability not of their choosing and we believe that as a body of public officials are as honorable and respected as any other group.

The underlying reason why these sums are being paid to our Tax Collectors is due primarily to the huge taxes being levied by our School Districts where tax levies up to 40 mills and Per Capita Taxes up to $15.00 per person are being levied. It is little wonder the Tax Collector reaps a harvest. Let us all remain calm and patient and await the verdict of these boards who alone have the power to correct the situation and provide the relief we have complained of.

Joseph R. Seller, President,
Emmaus Taxpayers League

Ridgway K. Johnston, Pres.,
U. Milford Taxpayers League

But What About Him?



Boner in Resolution

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Maybe the Senate Armed Services and Foreign Relations Committees pulled an unintentional boner. They wanted to "water down" the resolution about the use of troops in the Middle East. Instead, they not only strengthened it but probably went further on the road to war than has any resolution ever passed by Congress in advance of hostilities.

The resolution, as adopted recently by the House of Representatives, stated merely that the President is "authorized to undertake military assistance programs" in the Middle East and is "authorized to employ the armed forces of the United States as he deems necessary."

But the resolution adopted by a 20-to-8 vote of the two combined Senate committees says "the United States is prepared to use" its armed forces to assist any Middle East nations threatened by international communism "if the President deems it necessary."


Lawrence

The first phrasing — by the House of Representatives — is simply permissive. The resolution by the Senate committees is much more of a threat. It is an announcement of a decision by Congress declaring that the Executive can take such action as he deems necessary. It says "the United States is prepared to use" its armed forces. The words — "the United States" — mean both the Executive and Congress, acting together. It sounds more like an old-fashioned ultimatum.

The difference in the wording arose from a variety of motives. Some Democrats dislike the idea of being asked to delegate the power to use force. Others feel the Executive already has the power to act and Congress need only affirm in advance that he has it. Still others want to pass the buck — preferring to wait to see how it all comes out. If the use of force proves unpopular, they think they can shift the blame and say Congress didn't authorize it and that the President must take the responsibility. The Republicans voted for the resolution just to get it out of the committees and to expedite action. The wording of the resolution will have to be ironed out anyway in conference between the two houses, and one suspects that it is the Senate's resolution that will be "watered down" to square with the language of "authorization" granted by the House.

The proceedings of the Senate Armed Services and Foreign Relations Committees have been hectic and confusing. Plenty of partisan bitterness, which never should prevail in handling delicate matters of foreign policy, seems to have cropped up. One glaring example of it was the refusal of the committees to allow publication until now of the text of the answer made by Secretary of State Dulles before the committees in executive session more than two weeks ago when he replied to the charge that he was reflecting on British and French troops. The original comment by him occurred at a committee hearing on Jan. 25, when, in answering a question about Allied action, he said he thought it would be better not to have French and British troops alongside American troops "as things are today," but he added, "I hope they change."

Dulles View

This was widely misinterpreted in the press abroad as a reflection on the valor of the British and French troops. A press officer at the State Department promptly denied this, but the denial didn't catch up with the anti-American sentiment generated abroad by the false report. Mr. Dulles appeared on Jan. 28 before the joint committee and made a fuller statement, but it was not released until Feb. 14 — Thursday of this week. In the meantime, much damage was done to American prestige abroad. Mr. Dulles said in part:

"I spoke as I did precisely in relation to the present situation, particularly in Egypt, where due to the fact that the British and the French forces had been there as enemies fighting Arabs, and were being or had recently been withdrawn pursuant to the United Nations decision, anything indicating that they would be brought back under these present conditions would not be useful. The same reasoning led the United Nations itself, as you have pointed out, not to include British and French in the United Nations emergency force which is in Egypt at the present time. . .

"Certainly we hope very much that those conditions will rapidly change, and indeed they do not prevail throughout the whole of the area at the present time, I am glad to say. But there are parts of the area where at the moment, due to the fact that the British and French forces have been in there as hostile forces, their reintroduction at this time or the suggestion that they would be reintroduced would not promote the purposes of this resolution."

It will be interesting to see if those sections of the British press which printed the original misrepresentation will now print the official text of the Secretary of State's testimony just released.

(Copyright, 1957)

Pumpernickle Bill

WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'S HUT KEN BILDER GEWWA: Sawg, hen ihr sei lebdawg shun gabroviert fer blitz bilder nemma mit ma ob nemma koshda, un die blitz mashine hut net g'shoft? Wel won n'r net hen, un hetta gaglicha fer 'n shpeckdawgle sehna, don hetta n'r doh iwwer die Grishdawg dabei sei solla wie der Harold Reimert un sei Mary fon Palmerton 'n ob nemmer koshda ous gabroviert hen — 's airsht bei da Mary ihrra shwesher Evelyn — odder ewwa ons Johnny Oswalds on Oswalds Mealgrawd owwich Best Station, uns nagshd bei ra onnerra shweshter Ina, odder ewwa ons George Minka doh in da shtadt.


Pumpernickle

Die Evelyn wor yusht hame kumma fon hospital, un die Mabel hut yusht der obnemmer koshda grick'd kot fon ra shweshter Mabel in Florida. Mit ra maining 's wear shae fer farab bilder nemma, hut sie die Evelyn un ihrra Johnny — un ewwa die gons familia 'n dudsend waiga un noch may rum k'huck'd un g'shteld, ow'r die blitz mashine hut yusht net g'shoft. Ebbes wie sel koh ferdreaslich sei, uns nagshd os wor, hut die Mary die g'shicht ous gabroviert bei da shweshter Ina in Allentown, un gore ken besser glick hot.

Ebber hut 'm Harold mohl g'sawt kot m'r mist ufs hinnershd end fon da blitz bulbs shpoutsa — grawd wie glaina boova ols uf die warum shpoutsa iwwer 'm fisha fer die fish beissa mocha. Da maid ihrra elterra — der John un die Maggie Hunter fon Palmerton worra aw bei da Ina, uns wor gatxailt sie sotta aw uf die bilder kumma. Ken guta un ken baisa werta hen nix botta wolla — die Mary hut so gore mohl gamaint fer der obnemmer koshda tzum fenshter nous shmeissa, ow'r die onnerra hen ra ob garota. Aenicha waig, so 'n shainer Grishdbaum os der George un die Ina kotta hen, 's hut ken bilder gewwa, uns sis leicht tzu fershtae ferwos die Mary gawinsch'd hut sie hets bilder nemma sei lava net galarnt.

So wie fegelcher gapifa hen, wors ow'r net da Mary odder 'm ob nemmer koshda sei shuld os es ken bilder gewwa hut — die batteries worra dote on da blitz mashine, un die g'shicht het net shoffa kenna won sie gawolt het. Wos noch mainer is, da maid ihrra Mam, die Maggie is now uf galaig'd im Palmerton hospital, un die Mary mus worta bis sie widder tzurick uf da fees is fer bilder nemma — un woh m'r hoffa os gore nimmy long nembt.

Ferol os m'r wissa, wil die Mary die socha aw net rum gablauder'd howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os yoh nix dafon rous kumt darrich uns.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

In ontwert tzu da fiela os shun gawunnert hen won m'r unser farab bilder fon Mexico mohl weissa dada — sel g'shain'd Sundawg owets der 3d Martz im Laurys Grange hall, un woh ol hartzlich eigalawda sin fer dale fon da socha wos mier g'sehna hen 'm ledshda summer uf unserra 18 dawg trip dart unna nous by waig fon Roamer Tour.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The Montrealer tells about an advertising copy writer who said to a friend, "Say, did you hear that Consols are going to facsimile their whole line for the '57 models, and won't finalize radical changes until '58" The other replied, "Is that true? That completely obsoletes the information I have." Thereupon they quicked across the road and hungried into a restaurant.

Horoscope

You may have some slight difficulties during the first of the year, but better fortune will be yours later on, transforming the year. Today's child may be clever and generous to friends.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

HEBREWS 2:18

"For in that He (Jesus) Himself hath suffered, being tempted (tested or tried), He is able to succour them that are tempted." Yesterday we found the word "help" in Hebrews 4:16, help which we receive by coming to the throne of His grace. In today's verse we find the word "succour" which He is able to give those who call upon Him for help. The Greek word for both of these words, help and succour, is the same, consisting of two elements, one a noun, meaning a call or a cry for help and the verb meaning to run, as if to run to respond to such a cry for help. It is exactly the idea of an SOS, which is the maritime radio call of a ship in distress, calling for a neighboring vessel to come to its rescue. But long before there were radio transmitters and receivers, it had been possible for a human soul to send to its Creator calls for help, with the gladsome response, "Be no afraid, for I am with thee; I will help thee." The Psalmist put it this way: "I love the Lord, because He heath heard my voice and my supplication; because He hath inclined His ear unto me, therefore will I call upon Him as long as I live." Psalm 116:1-2.



BOOK NOTES

PRIVATE DEVOTIONS FOR HOME AND CHURCH. Translated and Compiled by John Joseph Stoudt, Philadelphia: The Christian Education Press, 1956. Pp. XVI, 168. $3.00).

At first sight this book would seem to be little related to the subject to which this column is devoted. However, on closer study of the contents of this book we find that the compiler has drawn so heavily upon the spiritual treasures of our Pennsylvania German pioneers that we feel it deserves to be brought to the attention of our readers. However, it should be pointed out that the compiler has also gathered devotional exercises from Dutch, Huguenot, Hungarian, English, Scotch and Swiss hymnals and prayerbooks, but the bulk of it has been rendered from the well-known devotional books of our German ancestors.

The purpose of this layman's prayerbook, if we may quote from Dr. Stoudt's Foreword, is to seek "to preserve the spirit of private devotion of the churches of Reformed tradition." The devotional books of our forefathers were rich in prayers for family life. These prayers, to quote again from the Foreword, "sought to give the common life a compelling sense of the divine presence, even in the simple acts of family living. At the table, at the cradle and bedside, in wedlock, for the orphan and the widow, in illness and bereavement — these prayers still are useful in an age when materialism and worldliness seem to dominate."

Most of the prayers and hymns in the collection are here offered in English, but were drawn from books that were once familiar household names among the Pennsylvania Germans. Some of these books were familiar to our ancestors before their departure for the New World. We mention here the **Marburger Gesangbuch,** a collection of hymns that came to be widely used in America; Johann Friedrich Stark's **Taegliches Handbuch in Guten und Boesen Tagen,** perhaps the most popular of family prayerbooks in Pennsylvania German families, also widely circulated in English since 1855; Johann Habermann's **Christliches Gebet - Buechlein,** also widely used; Johann Zollikoffer's **Vollstaendiges Gebaetbuch,** especially loved by Pennsylvania Germans of Swiss Reformed background; and Johann Arndt's **Paradies-Gaertlein,** competing in popularity with Stark's prayerbook.

Coming nearer home we mention the Reading prayerbook **Vollstaendiges Gebaet - Buch auf alle Zeiten, in allen Staenden, und bei allen Angelegenheiten,** and the Allentown prayerbook **Erbauliches Gebaet-buch und Unterhaltungen mit Gott,** etc., both widely distributed here in Pennsylvania, from both of which Dr. Stoudt has drawn.

It was a fine idea to render these once precious possessions of our forebears into English and thus make them accessible to those many who have today lost knowledge of the tongue of their forefathers. It was a task for which Dr. Stoudt is eminently fitted, for few, if any, are more widely acquainted with the religious literature in use among the Pennsylvania Germans during the 18th and the early decades of the 19th century. Of this fitness for the task Dr. Stoudt's recent Anthology of **Pennsylvania High German Poetry — 1685-1830,** published by the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society in 1955, would bear ample testimony.

We hardly agree with the editor when at the end of his Foreword he concludes that this is a book of words only, containing no spirit except that which the reader may bring to it. Ardent spontaneous prayer is one thing, and few have the gift: it is quite another thing to be lifted up by the exalted beauty of prayers that have sustained and comforted multitudes through generations.

IT ALL BEGAN WITH A BAYONET. By Alliene Saeger Dechant. Evangelical Press, Myerstown, Pa. — Pp. 95.— $2.00.

This book receives its playful title from an episode that occurred in the early life of the subject of this biographical narrative. It is the story of Pastor S. Neitz Dissinger and his long service in the Ministry of the Evangelical Congregational Church. Compared with the adventurous life of his cousin, Moses Dissinger, that fiery evangelist who has become a legend among the Pennsylvania Germans, it is admittedly less exciting. In fact it is a narrative that might have become rather wearisome and commonplace were it not for the light and chatty style that characterizes also the author's earlier books: **Of the Dutch I Sing** (1951) and **Down Oley Way** (1953), both from the Press of the Kutztown Publishing Company.

With an observing eye and love of minutiae the author tells us of the petty as well as the important experiences in the long ministry of 52 years from the time he was licensed to preach in 1895 at Schuylkill Haven to the time of his retirement at Emmaus in 1947, during which years he served 13 different parishes. For those who enjoy the ephemera that lend color and atmosphere to the age there are frequent allusions to life among the Pennsylvania Germans. We follow the pastor in his horse and buggy days; when he puts up for the night at farmhouses; having horses shod at the village blacksmith's (four new shoes cost $1.00); his frequent movings to another parish, as his church required of its pastors, and the "poundings" that followed, when folks held surprise parties for the new pastor, each bringing a pound donation; the summer camp meetings; the Christmas festivals; the preacher's share of the winter butchering; his family life and his struggles on a meager salary. Pastor Dissinger received for the first year of his ministry all of $320, but it should also be mentioned that his monthly rent was only $3.00.

This book records the labors of a much-loved clergyman devoted to his calling, but incidentally it also preserves a bit of the life of a bygone epoch.

Of some interest to genealogists and those families whom it may concern is **Amerika-Auswanderer des 18. Jahrhunderts aus Suedpfaelzischen Gemeinden,** compiled by two well-known Palatine genealogists, Dr. Fritz Braun and Dr. Friedrich Krebs, and published as pamphlet No. 2 in the **Schriften zur Wanderungsgschichte der Pfaelzer.** This list contains the names of Palatines that emigrated to America from the villages located in the southern part of the Palatinate.

The sources for these names and the data pertaining to them were mainly Lutheran and Reformed church records, supplemented in some instances by data found in the Strassburger-Hinke **Pennsylvania German Pioneers,** published by the Pennsylvania German Society in 1934.

The interdependence of genealogists in Germany and in Pennsylvania in tracing the roots of Pennsylvania German family trees is nicely illustrated in the instance of the Bauersachs (Bowersox) family. It was known that one Hans Nickel Bauersachs had arrived in Philadelphia, August 15, 1750, on the good ship Royal Union. But was he related to the Paul Bauersachs born in Weingarten in the Palatinate September 29, 1744, and who arrived in Philadelphia April 12, 1771 on the good ship Betsy, according to the ship lists in **Pennsylvania German Pioneers? In the** church records in the village of Weingarten there is no entry, neither of baptism nor of emigration for the said Hans Nickel Bauersachs. It was only when an entry made in the church book of the Old Goshenhoppen Church near Pennsburg, by the Lutheran patriarch, Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, was discovered that it was learned that Hans Nickel Bauersachs was born in Memelsdorf in lower Franconia and from there migrated to Niederlustadt near Weingarten in the Palatinate. From there on it was easily traced that the Bauersachs families in Weingarten and in Niederlustadt were related and the Bauersachs (Bowersox) families in America became aware of their cousins in the Palatinate.

DER ZWELFT HANNING

(Abe Lincoln)

Hanning der Zwelft iss der Abe Lincoln gebore,
Dem Land iss sei Lewe nix Besseres erfohre;
Wann es net gewest waer fer den gude Mann,
Waer des Land zu de Hund gange dann un wann.

Der Abe waar en hazsafticher Bu gewest,
Iss gans aarem rumgeloffe, un waar net gut gedresst;
Hot gschafft fer sei Lewe, gschtudiert noch derbei,
Un yung ausgemacht er schtellt die Nieger frei.

Die Yaahre gehn rum un der Abe iss ball alt,
Sei Lieb fer sei Land, des watt awwer net kalt;
Er dischpudiert mit em Douglas vun Schtadt zu Schtadt;
Doch watt er net Senator, es hot net viel gebatt.

Die Helft vun dem Land will Leit kaafe un verkaafe,
Die anner Helft saagge, "Mir welle ken Schklaafe."
Alle Sadde Druwwel fliegt nau mit em Wind,
Ebbes muss geduh sei un des verdollt gschwind.

In achtzeh un sechzich leegge sie en schtarrick Fundament,
Die Leit schtimme der Abe nei fer unser President;
Es Land reisst in zwee — es eent Schklaaf, 's anner frei.
Der Abe saagt, "sell iss letz, es muss ebbes geduh sei."

Es gebt en langer Krieg, 's Blut laaft iwwerall rum,
Die Soldaade halte Schtepp mit der Peif un der Drumm;
In wennich iwwer vier Yaahr iss der Krieg gans verbei,
Es Land bleibt bei nanner, die Nieger sin frei.

Un O, was en Hallichkeit! Im Land un in der Schtadt,
Die Leit singe un danse, awwer der Abe Lincoln geht fatt;
Er waar im Theater, es waar zimmlich schpod,
En Mann tschumpt geegge ihn un schiesst ihn noh dod.

Die Leit waare am Weine, iwwer Hiwwel un Daal,
Die Mensche waare am Drauwwere un des waar en groossi Zaahl;
Sei Leib watt fatt genumme, seinre Heemet zu,
Datt leegge sie der Abe in sei ewichi Ruh.

Er watt nie vergesse, so lang die Welt schteht,
Nau saagge Amerikaaner en ernschtlich Gebet:
Liewer Gott im Himmel drin, ach halt uns vun Gefaahr,
Mach yeders en Mensch wie der Abe eener waar."

Der Kaschpar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News

CLEANING TINWARE

In the long-ago days, as inevitable as Spring housecleaning, there was another major chore — cleaning the family tinware.

With the house spic and span and a new lot of soap made from the year's accumulation of cooking fats and butchering offal — a two-day process — the Pennsylvania Dutch housewife exclaimed, with a sigh of relief for the work already done, "Nau iss noch 's bleche Gscharr zu butze!" (Now the tinware still remains to be cleaned). And this was the time to do it.

Her frugal soul couldn't bear to see anything go to waste and here was an iron cauldronful of dark liquid from which the hard soap had been lifted. This had cleansing properties of its own and could be put to good use.

In the kitchen and about the house she rounded up tin cooking utensils and other wares — dishpans and wash basins, milk pails and water pails, coffee pots and strainers, cake tins, pie tins, and bread pans, dippers and funnels. O yes, she almost forgot the tin drinking cup ('s **blech**) hanging by a nail on the old wooden pump near the house. Only the cooky cutters were omitted, possibly because scouring them was difficult and risky considering the comparative fragility of these small articles.

The bride of today would stand dismayed before an array such as her great-grandmother gloried in. And, indeed, when new these wares were bright and shiny enough to delight any eye. But all too soon they became dull and lustreless and needed refurbishing.

Now all were plunged into the big cauldron to soak for a time in the strong lye bath.

From the village store she had brought a paper bagful of silver sand. This was none other than common shore sand the store-keeper bought by the barrel and sold by the pound. Lucky was the youngster who trotted along to the store and had the rare privilege of digging elbow-deep into the fascinating stuff and perhaps come up with a pretty round pebble or a piece of shiny shell from some mysterious sea creature. Of such things were woven dreams of that unknown, far-away place his story books called the sea.

But to mother it was merely an efficient cleansing agent. With a wet, wadded old dishcloth she dipped up all the sand it would hold and thoroughly scoured each piece of tinware, inside and out until all traces of tarnish and stain had disappeared. Then followed a bath of warm suds and a final rinsing in clear water.

When set about to dry with most of the original brightness restored, here was a sight which, to her mind, fully justified her efforts. Hers was the satisfaction of a good work well done.

It was of such as her that King Solomon of old, when lauding a woman of virtue, said, "She perceiveth that her merchandise is good."

—IDA V. HOLLENBACH

SCHNITZPEI

Die gude Weibsleit do deheem—
Ich kann sie net vergesse—
Die mache's bescht un's schenschte Sach,
Abaddich fer zu esse.
Ich bin drauss in der Welt rum gewest,
In viel Schtedt gross un fei;
Doch hawwich oft recht Heemweh grickt,
Fer yuscht en Schtick Schnitzpei.

Ich weess noch ass en kleener chap—
So'n rechter Wunnerfitz—
Die Memm backt shoo-fly Kuche, Brot.
Un's bescht — paar Pei vun Schnitz.
Nau macht sie's Offedor mol uff—
O so'n Geruch — juche!
Ich saag ken Lieg, ich hab getschumpt
Schur drei Fuss in die Heeh.

O, yuscht mol widder fer en Beiss—
Des waer gewiss en Glick—
Darch die brau Kruscht—hm, was 'n Gschmack!
Gschwind, schneid mir mol en Schtick
So wie die Memm gebacke hot,
Die sin mir yuscht all right;
En Pennsylvania - deitsch Schnitzpei,
Des iss mei favorite.

Ich weess en Meedel, gleicht mich gut;
Sie wohnt net weit eweck;
Sie iss aa hallich, schmaut un gut,
Un siess wie'n Zuckergschleck.
Doch meind! Eb sie mich heire dutt—
Es kann net annerscht sei—
Do muss sie backe kenne — heerscht?
En rechter guder Schnitzpei.

—EDGAR M. ESHELMAN

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Editorials

Warning to Malingerers

It has been a bad winter for people who suffer from respiratory tract ailments. Since not everybody can spend the winter in Arizona, or points south and southwest, many are the folks who truly have been incapacitated by colds and other difficulties.

However there seems to be some suspicion that more desks in City Hall have been missing their workers this winter than is justifiable or conforms with the truth. The suspicion appears to be that, since it is just about the easiest thing in the world to lift a phone and notify City Hall of sickness, all too much time is being taken off for very mild attacks or for no illness at all.

So Mayor Hock is proposing a checkup system upon a condition that has a lot of serious effects upon the conduct of the City's work both in City Hall and on outside jobs, such as the police force. Some sort of a system of checks has been conducted by the Health Department which certainly seems to be the logical force to examine into such a matter. But Mayor Hock is not satisfied with the system. As far as the police are concerned the sick ones will be the first to be checked. Other department personnel is likely to be affected if their heads also decide upon checkers.

It reminds us of the days when a host of local secret societies had attractive sickness and death benefits. It did not take the active members in the organizations very long to observe that a group of malingerers was springing up in their midst and that they were rapidly exhausting the funds in the lodges' treasuries.

It did not take long to establish a system to keep watch on the fakers. Sick committees were named. Since it was the personal interest of every lodge member to keep payments of funds at the lowest possible point, it was in the individual as well as the lodge's interest that malingerers be detected and their names removed from the sick lists, and quickly.

Since the malingerers were just as sly and resourceful as the committees, it was a nice cat-and-mouse game that was played when members of the committee arrived at the home of the supposed sick member at any hour of the day or night, at the front, side or rear door. It was not unusual for such committee members to "bust into" a home without ringing a bell or knocking or otherwise announcing their arrival. Peering thru windows to "catch" a sick man out of bed was nothing unusual.

If a lodge member became known as a repeater on the sick list he was subjected to carefully planned attack. There was little or infrequent assumption that the "sick man" was innocent until proven guilty. He was assumed to be a malingerer and his brethren in the lodge set out to prove it both for their own satisfaction and for the lodge.

There must be some suspicions about malingering in the police and other departments, altho the mayor has been quoted as saying that he knows of no abuses of sick leave nor have any been called to his attention. Whether a system of checks be set up widely or not, it is likely that the Mayor's action and its veiled threat already has created some caution if not alarm among malingerers, if there be any.

Reds' 80th Veto Hits Kashmir

Altho the United Nations long ago adopted a resolution favoring a plebiscite in Kashmir in order to determine whether this area shall be a part of India or of Pakistan, it has been constantly avoided by Prime Minister Nehru, who is so wont to adopt the holier-than-thou attitude in matters that concern the western democracies and their controversies inside the United Nations.

And who supports Nehru in this undemocratic position which India has taken in the Kashmir issue?

None other than Soviet Russia. Her ambassador, Sobolev, on Wednesday used the veto for the eightieth time that this weapon of frustration has been employed by his nation.

However on Thursday another resolution concerning Kashmir was presented to the Security Council and according to which the President of the Security Council, Gunnar V. Jarring of Sweden, is to visit Kashmir. Nothing was said about a plebiscite in this newest resolution. That matter can continue to drag along until long after the near-at-hand Indian elections.

What the entire matter serves to do is to reemphasize the hypocrisy of the man who inheritted the great Gandhi's mantle of humility and righteousness.

Still Awaiting Answers

Medical research in laboratories of the nation's hospitals, pharmaceutical companies and government institutions is being carried on today at what sometimes seems a breathless pace. The Salk polio vaccine, for example, only a few short years from the test tube, is now being produced by pharmaceutical companies in quantities sufficient to vaccinate all persons up to forty years of age.

Yet to the cancer patient or the arthritic, to whom medical science cannot yet offer an answer, progress seems slow indeed. It is unfortunate that some men capitalize on this anxiety.

Over the years thousands of cancer patients have been deceived by the false claims of the Hoxsey liquid medicines and pills. On November 15, a Federal Court at Pittsburgh declared once again that the Hoxsey medicines for internal cancer are worthless. The court action does not end the menace of this fake treatment for it merely means that half a million of the Hoxsey pills will now be destroyed. But anyone planning to try the Hoxsey treatment either at Dallas, Texas, or Portage, Pennsylvania, should first secure a copy of the Public Warning issued by the Food and Drug Administration, Washington, D. C.

A recent popular book "intended mainly for the person with little or no medical knowledge" purports to be a "guide toward an effective recovery" from arthritis. But Russell L. Cecil, medical director of the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation, has refuted paragraph for paragraph the book's claim that diet will cure arthritis.

The grave danger, according to Health News Institute, New York, lies in tranferring the reliance of the cancer patient or the arthritic from his doctor, or in deterring him from seeking competent medical treatment in the early stages of his condition. There is no simple answer to either disease as yet.

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.

Jerseyite Pleads for Bridge

Dear Editor:

I understand the Morning Call is "waging a strong battle" to save Bogert's covered bridge over the (Little) Lehigh River, which bridge was built in 1841.

Because we have only ONE covered bridge in our state, I am interested in seeing our sister state, Pennsylvania, preserve the many beautiful ones she has.

Naturally, we who are interested in saving oldtime landmarks for future generations don't want to interfere with true progress. But there is still a way to preserve the old while building the new.

Sincerely
(Mrs.) Edith M. Thomas
25 Stanford Place
Montclair, N. J.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

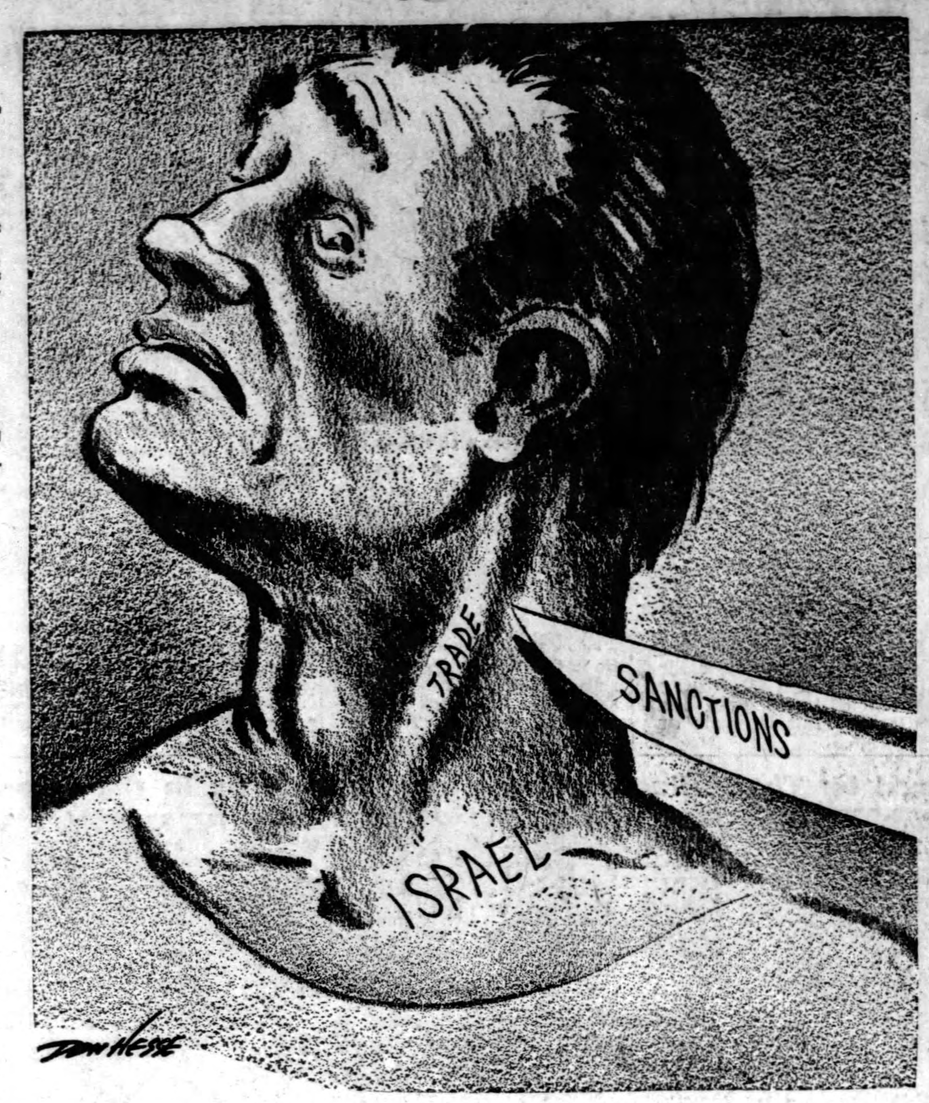
Teacher in a kindergarten class told her charges, "Anybody who has to leave the room should just hold up two fingers." From the rear of the class came a scornful, "How's that going to help?"

Heard about the most bowlegged man in Arizona? When he sat around the ranch, he sat around the ranch.

On a roadside near Pittsfield, Mass., Karl Tausig spotted a motel that boasted a big, neon sign reading "Blue Heaven." Directly beneath the sign was another which added "No Vacancies."

Whined a sneak-thief who had been caught in the act by an alert plain - clothesman, "I'm gonna go straight after this. I just can't take it any more."

Jugular Vein



Congress Passing Buck?

By DAVID LAWRENCE

These are strange times. A military man is president of the United States, but he's no swashbuckler. He's a man of peace.

Yet the Congress, which under the Constitution has the sole power to declare war, doesn't want to exercise that power. It wishes instead to concentrate in the President all responsibility for using the armed forces.


Lawrence

What is the reason for this paradox? Is it partisanship — an attempt to pass the buck by a Democratic Congress to a Republican President in a delicate period in world history?

There may be some partisanship here and there in the Senate but certainly when the speaker of the House of Representatives, Sam Rayburn, Democrat, votes in favor of a resolution to "authorize" the President to use the armed forces in the Middle East if he deems it necessary, there can hardly be good grounds for assuming that partisanship is a controlling factor.

The truth is there are many conscientious men in both parties in Congress who have not come to grips yet with the realistic situation in the world as it affects the Constitution of the United States. The powers in this great charter of government have long been used to deal with "hot wars" but never before has the challenge come in what is today termed a "cold war."

There are many instances throughout American history which reveal that presidents have acted without consulting Congress to protect the lives and property of American citizens in troubled areas of the world. There are precedents that reveal the Chief Executive as taking military action to repel attack, as President Roosevelt did in the case of Pearl Harbor in 1941, without first seeking authority from Congress. He did request a few days later a resolution ratifying a "state of war," just as President Wilson did in entering World War I in 1917 or as in 1914 when ordering the Port of Vera Cruz seized by American sailors in a dispute with Mexico.

It will always be debated whether President Truman handled the Korean episode correctly. It is true that he ordered sudden intervention by American forces to repel the aggression by the Communist armies even before the Security Council of the United Nations voted such action. But he failed to go to Congress to get ratification, and this is a sore point between Republicans and Democrats that crops up in political discussions.

Mr. Truman was right in intervening. He could not wait for authority from Congress, though he did consult some of the leaders. Nor is there any real difference of opinion today as to what the duty of a president should be when any attack occurs — he must order American forces to repel that attack, and go to Congress later for ratification of a "state of war" in order to legalize the step.

But what shall be said of the use of constitutional power to prevent a war — not necessarily to wait till an attack has come? This is the real issue, and it is a novel one. It involves what some members of Congress have mistakenly described as a delegation of power to a president by Congress.

Warning

Actually, it is advance notice to foreign nations of the readiness of Congress to authorize now and ratify later any action the President may take if war becomes necessary. This doesn't mean any advance delegation of power at all. The act of delegation never occurs because only Congress can declare war or ratify the existence of a "state of war."

The Constitution has many pointed provisions that give to Congress exclusively the right "to declare war" and regulate the use of the armed forces. Article I, Section 8, says Congress, "shall have power" not only "to declare war" but "to define and punish piracies and felonies committed on the high seas, and offences against the law of nations." This same article says Congress "shall have power to make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces."

But while there is no dispute about how the armed forces shall be directed to act when invasion or attack on American interests comes — as provided, for instance, in various treaties such as NATO — the new question is how Congress, acting along with the President, can serve notice of America's intention to use force if its interests are threatened.

It is the formal expression by Congress of its intention to ratify a "state of war" — if any nation or group of nations embarks on such a course against this country — which is all-important now. That's the fundamental fact in the Eisenhower doctrine resolution as passed by the House. It's a process of preventing war rather than a means of declaring war which Congress and the President would join in establishing. It's a constructive move toward the maintenance of peace in an atomic age.

(Copyright, 1957)

Factographs

King Henry VIII of England dressed his jockeys in colors as early as 1530.

The Wind River mountains are part of the Rockies forming the Continental Divide.

Rev. Augustus Toplady, English clergyman, wrote the famous hymn, Rock of Ages.

Horoscope

Average good fortune attends your natal day. Music and literature are likely to interest the child born today.

Sylvia Porter
On Page 19

The sixth installment of Sylvia Porter's series of articles on how to save on income taxes will be found on Page 19 of today's Morning Call.

Pumpernickle Bill

WILLIAM S. TROXELL

UNSER HOSPITAL ERFOHRINGA (26): 'S mocht nix ous wos fer erfohringa os 'n mensch kotta mawg howwa — onnerra hen shun die sama socha darrich gamocht. Fon alla waiga bei kumma brief, korta, un leit sawga uns aw wie arrick os sie unser hospital erfohringa gaglicha hen — yusht aenie so weit hut glawk ei gadray'd wie m'r mohl free'r g'sawt hen — hut g'sawt m'r sotta mohl shwetza fon socha os sie nix wist dafon — allas os m'r so weit fertzailt hetta, het sie aw shun darrich gamocht.

Ainer fon da fiela brief os m'r grick'd hen, is kumma fon ma Cementon eiwohner — secht er wear g'shwishich 15 un 18 yohr alt— un all'm noh noch leddich. Er hut uns wenich gabutta fer noch 'm hospital gae — is nei da airsht Ocktober, un rous der 20d, ow'r hut fon da sama E r f ohringa Kotta wie mier, bardich so mit da nodla. Bree medatzine un pilla heit tzu dawg ei nemma, is bol so hard ous shtyle imma hospital wie geil un wegga uf da shtross — die gross mehrtzahl fon da medatzine grick'd m'r bei waig fon nodla. Sis yusht won m'r tzeit weil farna har tzu ferdriva hut — ungfare wie mier ae woch fer da "Grand Opening" im hospital worra, un aw won sie 'n iwwerich beck odder so pilla uf hond hen — noh grick'd m'r die pilla bei da handfol.


Pumpernickle

Ow'r fer tzurick kumma tzu unser'm Cementon midleider, wos ihm 's allerbeshd aw g'shtonna hut worra die fiela shaina yunga nursa woh 'n gonsie tzeit rum worra fer 'm obworta. Farmie dawgs hut er gawainlich k'heierta nursa kot, dabei 'n Mrs. Trinkle un Mrs. Stewart, un alsa mohl aw 'n Miss Turner un 'n Miss Mary — ow'r nommy dawgs, darta hut er die shanshd 19 yairich — odder ebbes wie sel nurses mithelfer'n kotta os yusht graud ous tzu sehna wor. Der Ralph secht er het naryads besser uf ganumma kenna werra os wie im Allentown hospital, uns weara yusht die koshda gawest os 'n rous grick'd hetta.

Un sel gamohnt uns yusht draw, die weil os m'r in shtub 481 worra hen m'r fer etlicha dawg gamaint m'r dada bakonta g'sichter sehna der gonk nous gae — niver gaeich ma ward tzu. Noh ferhoftich sei is es rous kumma os der Louie Loch fon Ormrod darta drin wor, un sel Elsie, so wohl wie fon ihrra shweshterra un onnerra freind hen alla gabut die kep tzu unserra dier nei g'shtrack, un g'sawt der Louie kaimt gute aw. Yusht da onner dawg hen m'r 'm Louie sei shwover, Bobby Peters aw gadroffa, un woh uns g'sawt hut der Louie wear widder dahame in Ormrod, un dade so wenich rum shoffa.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

In ontwert tzu da fiela os shun gawunnert hen dawaiga, Somshdawgs der 3d Augusht is die tzeit fon unserra gawainlicha train un boat exkursion— des yohr shtoppa m'r ob omma neia blotz so weit os uns aw gait — Rockaway Beach.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

JAMES 2:1-9.

When Paul was speaking on Mars Hill in Athens nineteen hundred years ago (Acts 17:26), he said that "God had made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." From the time of Washington, liberty and freedom have been the watchwords of our land, meaning, of course, the liberty to do what is right, without dictation of tyrants. Lincoln in his day was confronted with a serious problem, that of slavery, an institution which could not continue in a country, if liberty and freedom had any real significance.

It is a pity that the matter of segregation is still a live issue in certain areas of our land. For the rich to despise the poor (James 2:6) is neither Christian nor "good American," and to "make a distinction" on the basis of a difference in the color of the pigment of skin is surely not pleasing to God. According to James 2:9, if we show partiality, we commit sin, and are convicted by the Law as transgressors — referring to the royal law of verse 8, which, according to the Scriptures, implies that we love our neighbors as ourselves, in which case James says that we do well.



THE OLD TANNERY

Die Alt Garwerei

By Raymond E. Hollenbach

OF THE MANY home crafts and local industries that once were so common in rural America the tanner was next in importance to the blacksmith and the miller. In this day of plastics, synthetics and miracle fibres it is hard to realize the importance leather held in every day life. We still wear leather shoes and carry leather bags and a few of us still remember when the blacksmith and the shoemaker wore leather aprons, but the time when all mechanics and tradesmen wore them is forgotten. We read about buckskin jackets and leggins of colonial times, but there was also a time when leather breeches — **lederne hosse** — were common. Watson, in his "Annals" tells us that all men and boys from the country wore leather breeches. Thousands of horses needed thousands of harnesses, bridles and halters, saddles and saddlebags, straps and reins, etc. Books were bound in leather, water was carried in leather buckets, and in every household there were scores of users for leather now entirely forgotten.

We can understand therefore why the tanner closely followed behind the first settlers. In fact the frontier man could not always wait for the tanner and frequently did his own tanning. No large equipment was necessary; it was more a matter of experience and know-how. Doddridge in his "Notes on the Settlement and Indian Wars of the Western Parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania" said "Every family taned their own leather; their vat was a large trough sunk in the ground; bark was shaved and pounded, ashes were used instead of lime for taking off the hair. Bear's and hog's lard and tallow answered the place of fish oil. The currying was done with a drawing knife; the blacking was made of soot and hog's lard."

For the successful operation of a tannery three things were necessary — first, a good supply of running water; second, a supply of bark containing tanin; and third, an ample supply of skins and hides. In all respects the country settled by our Pennsylvania German ancestors was ideal for the operation of tanneries, except that the local supply of hides was never quite sufficient. In colonial times, deer skin, bear skin and the skins of smaller wild animals helped considerably to supply the want.

The first tanneries in Pennsylvania were in the vicinity of Philadelphia. Watson mentions the early residents there complaining about the odors from these tanneries. In Germantown there were at least three tanners before 1750. One of the first tanners, in what we now consider Pennsylvania German territory, was Johannes Boehner (also called Beener and Benner) who was already established at Falckner Swamp in 1731. When he died in 1748 the inventory of his estate listed bark and skins valued at 18 pounds, 15 shillings and tan house equipment valued at 11 pounds — all of which was a considerable sum for those days. In 1749 his property was advertised for sale as "ein Gerb-Haus und Gerber-Platz welcher noch in Gebrauch ist, das Wasser hat noch nie gefehlt." The property was brought by Heinrich Lora (Lorah) who continued the business. Another early tanner was Daniel Hiester, who came to Pennsylvania in 1737, and established a tannery in Upper Salford Township, Montgomery County.

The number of tanners in the German townships of Montgomery County increased rapidly and by 1785 there were fourteen. In Berks County there were 5 tanners and 5 skinners or skindressers by 1767 and by 1780 this number had increased to 26 and 7 respectively. In the Lehigh Valley there is no record of tanners before the Revolution, except of course at Bethlehem where the Moravian economy had a tannery at an early date. In 1782 when Allentown had 59 houses, Barthel Huber and Thomas Neuhart were tanners and Richard Steer a skin dresser. Just what a "skinner" or "skin dresser" was in those days is not quite clear, but it seems that he was what in German is called "der Weissgerber." **Der Weissgerber** makes skins and hides into leather without tanning. After a preliminary treatment the skins are cured with a solution of salt and alum. This process is used in curing skins when the natural color of the fur or hair are to be retained and was the process used in making buckskin for jackets and soft leather for gloves. Leather made by **der Weissgerber** is called **Weissleder**, a word which one comes across frequently in inventories of colonial estates. The process in English is called **tawing.**

After the Revolution bark began to get scarce in southeastern Pennsylvania and the number of tanneries between the South and Blue Mountains increased rapidly. There was scarcely a township that did not have a tannery or two. In the Whitehall - North Whitehall area there were four. In Berks County, for which statistics are available, there were 51 tanneries in 1838. These employed 78 men and were therefore nearly all one-man establishments. They used 2170 cords of wood and tanned 38,000 hides a year. Since the animal population of Berks County at that time was only 13,600 cattle, 12,400 sheep, and 9,100 horses, it is evident that a considerable number of skins and hides had to be brought in from elsewhere.

In the days of poor roads, and no railroads, access to a suitable supply of bark was generally the factor that determined the location of these tanneries, since it was much easier to bring in a few hides to make up the deficiency than to transport a large quantity of bark. The ratio of bark used was about 6 to 7 pounds of bark per pound of hide.

Canals were used for transportation of hides and finished leather. In 1833 there passed through the canal at Easton 114,500 pounds of hides, and in the same year 79,178 pounds of finished leather were shipped down the canal. Considering the loss of weight in tanning, it would seem that the amount of finished leather that was shipped out was just about equal to the amount of hides that were shipped in.

The coming of the railroads, the decreased supply of bark from farm lots and from the Blue and Lehigh Mountains, the decrease in local demand for leather and other factors gradually caused the industry to move into northern and central Pennsylvania where large forests still existed and tremendous quantities of bark were available. In the 1880's Monroe, McKean, Potter, Center and Lycoming Counties were listed as leaders in the industry. Williamsport was an important center and the largest tannery there was a Pennsylvania German owned company— J. K. Mosser & Co., which in turn was a branch of Mosser and Keck of East Allentown, the largest in the Lehigh Valley. This company also operated a tannery at Tyrone. The East Allentown plant employed 50 men, used 700 cars of bark per year, and tanned more than 30,000 hides annually — in other words, almost as many as all the 51 tanneries in Berks County together in 1838. The quality of leather produced was of the highest quality and won medals at the Paris exhibition and at the Centennial at Philadelphia. In fact these tanneries took pride in the quality produced and it was the extra fine leather that enabled some of the smaller companies to operate long after the ordinary rules of competition would have forced them out of business. One of these was the Shirk tannery at Churchtown, Lancaster County, which won a medal at the Chicago World Fair in 1893. This tannery operated over one hundred years. The Faust tannery at Ambler, established in 1790, continued to operate until 1925 when the automobile and the consequent lack of demand for fine harness leather finally put it out of business. Another tannery at Pine Grove, Schuylkill County, continued until a few years ago.

It was in one of these smaller tanneries that survived the first casualty list, the Saegersville (Lehigh County) tannery, that the writer obtained some first-hand knowledge. From this and from information obtained in a personal interview with the late Sylvester Ebert, of Orefield, who was the last surviving workman of the Saegersville tannery, I will attempt to describe some of the process involved.

The tannery at Saegersville was established in 1805 by Henry Trumbauer and was in business exactly 100 years. Trumbauer had learned the trade in the vicinity of Quakertown. After seven years he sold out to Abraham Roeder. Two generations of the Roeder family carried on the business down to 1850. After a few short tenures by various owners the property came into the hands of Godfrey Peter in 1856. A little later the business was operated as Peter & Moser (Thomas K. Moser, son-in-law of Godfrey Peter) and finally as O. H. Peter & Son. The oldest ledger which is still in existence dates from June 6, 1856 and lists Godfrey Peter as the owner and his son Owen H. Peter, clerk.

The first tannery was a frame building. This was replaced by a two-story brick building in 1859-1860, with a hundred-foot brick stack. Later a two-story frame building, forming the base of a "T," was added in the rear to house all but a few of the tan vats. The second floor of the brick building was the currier shop and the second floor of the frame addition was the drying loft. The bricks for the building were of local manufacture, purchased from Edward and Joel Neff at $4.50 per thousand. The last of these brick walls were torn down just a little more than ten years ago.

Although the Saegersville tannery used imported hides, as will be told later, actually it was just a local business and never employed more than three or four men at one time. In those days tanners knew little or nothing of the actual chemical process involved and each one followed the customs and methods that his experience proved best. The reader may therefore note slight variations from the method of operation of other tanners.

The process was quite simple and the quality of leather turned out depended almost entirely upon the experience, care and skill of the tanner, plus a little upon the kind of bark used. Tannin — **garwersauer** in Pennsylvania German — the chemical which changes raw hides into leather is found in the bark of a number of trees. That of hemlock is considered among the best. In Lehigh County hemlock was rather scarce and the Saegersville tannery operated almost entirely on oak bark. Of the various oak barks, chestnut oak was considered the best and the bark of pin oak, when a sufficient quantity was available, was kept separate as this was considered of superior quality for making leather of a light color. Ebert told me pin oak was called **schpann eeche** in Pennsylvania German. The prices paid for bark varied a little over the years, but generally hemlock bark was worth $5.00 per hundred pounds, chestnut oak $6.00, and white oak $4.00. In pioneer days when individuals did their own tanning, sumach was sometimes used instead of bark, but this was probably not available in sufficient quantities to use in larger tanneries. The old sixteenth century herbals refer to sumach as **"Gerberbaum"** (tanner's tree). — "die Gerber brauchen von diesen die Bletter und Rinden das Leder damit zu gerben und dicht zu machen."

(In the next ECK Mr. Hollenbach will conclude his valuable article on tanning processes in this vicinity).

ZU ARRIG!

Deel Leit sin immer am Graunse,
Un klaage Daag fer Daag;
Sie sehne yuscht was schlecht iss,
Fers Gute hen sie kee Aag.

Sie gauze un sie schnarre,
Ass wie en beeser Hund;
Sie hen aa nix ass Elend,
Un sie sin nie gesund.

Es maag sie niemand sehne,
Die Leit gehne aus ihrm Weg;
Sie deete liewer falle
Iwwer en krummi Schteg.

'S iss schaad, dass sie net wisse,
Dass sie niemand leide kann;
Sie deete ebmols singe,
Un lache dann un wann.

— Louise A. Weltzel

DUWACK

Duwack iss mir uff kenner Weg leidlich. Es sin yuscht drei lewendiche Gediere ass Duwack gleiche: der Duwack-Warrem, en Schtee-gees vun Afrikaa un der Mensch.

Ich geb awwer gaar nix drum was annere Leit duhne mit em Duwack. Des baddert mich gaar net, awwer ich will selwer nix zu duh hawwe mit Duwack. Deel Leit griegge en grossi Blessier aus Duwack. Des macht mich an en englisch Schtick denke:

Tobacco is a dirty weed:
I like it.
It satisfies no normal need:
I like it.
It makes you thin,
It makes you lean,
It takes the hair right off your bean,
It's the worst stuff
I've ever seen:
I like it.

Nau loss uns des in Pennsylvania Deitsch drehe. Noh deet's denne Weg laude:

Der Duwack iss en dreckich Schtoft:
Ich gleich ihn.
Ich kau die ganse Zelt un oft:
Ich gleich ihn.
Er macht mich dinn,
Er macht mich darr,
Vum Kopp fresst er
Mir all mei Haar,
Doch kau ich fatt
In alle Gfaahr:
Ich gleich ihn.

Ya, es hot Leit ass net lang duh kenne unne Duwack. Des macht mich an en Erfaahring denke ass mir vorgfalle iss wie ich noch net gans ausgewaxe waar.

En Trupp vun uns waare uff em Blooe Barrig am Suche fer Hockelbiere. Es waar wunners heess. Mir hen gesse un gedrunke an re Schpring. Iwwerdem sin mir greislich daschtich warre. Sell iss en gaschtiche Blog. Eem sei Maul fiehlt wie Flannel. Wann mer schpautzt kummt nix ass Schtaab raus. Doch hen mir fatt Hockelbiere geroppt.

Noh iss en anner Elend losgebroche. Eener ass bei uns waar, hot sei Duwack verlore. Hot der awwer gelammediert! Mer hot gemeent er deet graad in groosse Schmaze verrecke. Mir hen vergesse wie daschtich ass mir waare un hen gelacht iwwer den Tschaa - duwacks Tschanny. Es waar ihm bang er kennt's nimmi ausschteh. Awwer er hot's erlebt bis mir deheem waare. Noh iss er gange fer der Duwack wie en Kalb geht fer der Schtriche.

Ya, Leit ass immer Duwack yuse, kenne nimmi gut drunner duh. Mer sett sich des net aagewehne, schunscht geht's eem wie em alde Hans. Er hot Duwack gekaut fer siwwezich Yaahr, noh hot er bums gschtoppt.

Sie hen ihn als gfrogt, "Hans, ferwas kauscht du ken Duwack meh?" Er hot noh geandwatt, "Ich hab fer siwwezich Yaahr Duwack gekaut. Noh hab ich des Ding gschtoppt. Es waar mir bang, ich kennt mir des Duwacks-kaue aagewehne."

Der Kaschpar Hufnagel
vun der Lebanon News

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Editorials

About the White House

President Eisenhower spoke for just about every American when he announced his clear cut opposition to proposals that would provide a new residence for the nation's chief executive and turn the historic White House into a museum.

More than any other American, he knows that the executive offices adjoining the White House proper are severely overcrowded, that both he and his staff are compelled to work under conditions that executives of even medium-sized business concerns would find intolerable.

He has seen closets and even toilet rooms converted into office accommodations for some of his most important aides and, on occasion, he has called for a trusted confidential advisor only to find that he had retired to a remote basement corner to gain the privacy necessary to work on a top-secret document.

He knows, too, as has every chief executive for generations, that in the White House the American President and his family live in the proverbial goldfish bowl, likely to bump into visitors, on the first floor at least, around almost any corner.

But he knows, too, that to just about every American of every age — from five-year-old Johnny to his 95-year-old great-grandmother — the White House is a symbol of what our country means, of the opportunities and challenges it offers. It is too much of a symbol, the President has firmly declared, to be abandoned as the official residence of the chief executive.

This does not mean, however, that the President of the United States must carry on all of his official business, an increasingly complex business that demands more and more experts, in his official residence. Certainly, the president of General Motors, the presidents of Muhlenberg College and Cedar Crest College, the Mayor of Allentown and the Governor of Pennsylvania have executive office space for themselves and their principal aides entirely separate from their homes.

The answer to the problem, quite clearly and quite simply, is new and adequate executive office facilities for the biggest business in the world, the business of directing the Government of the United States. Because the business of the President of the United States has no arbitrary office hours, the facilities must be convenient to his residence and there still must be facilities in his residence to expedite the kind of business that may demand his attention any hour of the day or night.

For the most part, however, the President and his aides can do their work — and do it most efficiently — if they have adequate and comfortable facilities convenient to each other.

The White House should remain as the official residence of the President. It seems high time, however, that the chief executive of the mightiest nation on earth gets adequate working space for himself and his key executive associates.

A Real Bargain

If the average individual gives any thought at all to the advances in medical care — other than the cost of that care—it is generally in terms of reducing pain and disability, of reducing the time of illness and convalescence, of preventing untimely death.

Too seldom is any thought given to the important contributions of doctors and hospitals and their allies in the broadening fields of medical science toward the happiness and the well-being of the American family.

A generation ago, according to the Health information Foundation, 16 per cent of all American children had lost one or more parents by death by the time they reached the age of 18. In 1955, however, less than five per cent suffered such a loss.

In actual numbers, there were 6.4 million children orphaned in 1920 against 2.7 million in 1955. This sharp decline is even more significant when the great increase in the number of children is considered — from 40 million in 1920 to 55.5 million in 1920.

One important result of this drop in mortality — a drop due to the marked advances that have come from laboratories and from the research doctors have done privately and in hospitals—is that hundreds of thousands of families are now supported by wage earners who would not be alive if the mortality rates of a generation ago still prevailed.

Other results are more difficult to calculate, particularly such imponderables as a happy home, loving parents and affectionate guidance.

Even more startling is the fact that, measured in terms of the nation's economy, the medical care that has saved uncounted billions in tax dollars and in earnings that, because of death or disability would have been lost, costs no more today than it did 20 or more years ago.

The same amount of health services that between 1930 and 1935 would have cost a week's pay, today take a half-week's pay, according to statistics produced by the United States Department of Commerce and Dr. Elmer Hess, immediate past president of the American Medical Association.

By both yardsticks — and by any other — the preservation of health, high as its cost in dollar sometimes may seem to be, is still one of America's biggest bargains.

What Others Say

(From the Rochester Times-Union)

FOOD SUPPLIES AND WINTER'S END

The Lenten season began Wednesday and many people for religious reasons will forego some item of food for personal indulgence for the next 40 days.

They will do so voluntarily. And because it is a voluntary act most of us will forget that for all except the last couple of centuries of man's tenure on earth he denied himself not by choice but by necessity.

Toward the end of winter food supplies ran low; to make them last there was no question about eating less. One had to. But mankind is fertile in making a virtue of necessity and when the Lenten observance developed people were conditioned to accept it as normal.

It is only since the industrial revolution and in those areas where it took place that winter-long supplies of food have been possible. Now there are not only no seasons of food shortages but there are also no seasonal foods. Fruits and vegetables are obtainable fresh the year round.

Self-denial requires an effort of will now and hence can be made more meaningful. It was not always so.

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.

Lauds Drive on Dogs Running at Large

Gentlemen,

We, of the Muhlenberg Parent Teachers Association Board, wish to commend the Police Department for their drive against those dog owners who allow their dogs to run at large.

We also want to commend the Call-Chronicle for the publicity given this matter in their newspapers so that people become fully aware of this drive.

It is our hope that, for the complete protection of children at all times, both on school grounds and on public play areas, careful consideration be given to the appointment of a special agent, selected by the Humane Society. He would operate under the S.S.C.A. regulations.

Sincerely,
Ruth C. Mertz,
Recording Secretary
Executive Board of the
Muhlenberg Parent
Teachers Assn.

Save on Taxes On Page 21

Bird Sanctuary



Warning to Communists

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The real significance of the Eisenhower Doctrine resolution, just passed by both Houses of Congress, may not be immediately apparent to the public in these days of swift-moving events, but the lesson will not be overlooked in Moscow.

For the truth is that, for all practical purposed, the United States now has declared war on international communism in every area of the world. America specifically has served warning that any attempt to impair or interfere with the national independence of any country in the Middle East, either by military threat or by internal subversion through economic means or otherwise, will meet with countermeasures which could involve the use of military force.



Lawrence

The final text of the resolution, which passed the Senate by a vote of 72 to 19 and the House by 350 to 60 — more than two-thirds in each case — is much stronger than when originally proposed by the President and Secretary of State. This is conceded in a formal report of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

The Eisenhower administration in some ways would have preferred the original version as approved by the House, but the broad language used by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee was deemed acceptable because the Senate committee report has interpreted its meaning so clearly.

Today, therefore, Communists in both Moscow and Peiping are on notice that, by an overwhelming vote of both Houses of Congress and of both political parties in America, the armed forces of the United States will be used in the Far East — in accordance with the Formosa Resolution of 1955 — and in the Middle East, in accordance with the Eisenhower Doctrine resolution. The Pan-American countries are protected by the Monroe Doctrine and the organization of American states.

As for Europe, the North Atlantic Treaty has set up an organization of 15 countries whose territorial integrity and political independence are guaranteed by the United States as well as other powers against Communist aggression. The Southeast Asia area is protected by special treaties known as "SEATO."

Even North Africa comes within the general scope of the Eisenhower Doctrine. Likewise, the area covered by the northern tier of states in the Middle East, under what is known as the Baghdad Pact, can be said to be protected now the resolution of authority just passed by Congress.

Thus, by United States aid, the whole world is fortified directly or indirectly against international communism.

This is a momentous step in American history and a milestone in world affairs. It means that, while, as stated in the new resolution, the United States plans to act in accordance with the provisions of the United Nations charter — complying with the orders of the security council and the resolutions of the General Assembly — this country will not be stopped from acting alone if the U.N. falls down.

This is probably the first instance in which any country has pledged itself alone under Article 51 to do what the U.N. may fail to do. But whatever action the United States takes under the new resolution must be as a consequence of the request of the nation or group of nations desiring military assistance.

Nobody can complain now that the United States didn't make its intentions clear, as was unfortunately the case prior to World War I and World War II. American military power will be put on the scales to produce a general balance of power against the Soviets and their allies and satellites.

The basic purpose, of course, is not to take military measures, but to deter the Communists. It is a move of prevention. It conceivably could mean no steps at all would ever be taken on the military side beyond the deploying of American forces in or near the areas that be threatened.

The Monroe Doctrine kept the aggressors of Europe out of the Western Hemisphere. The Truman Doctrine warned Communist aggressors to keep out of Greece and Turkey. Now the Eisenhower Doctrine warns Communist aggressors to keep out of the Middle East, just as a similar warning has gone out to the Soviet and Red China regimes to keep hands off Southeast Asia, Formosa and Japan. Meanwhile, economic aid will be used judiciously to bolster military strength anywhere that's necessary.

While the Eisenhower Doctrine pledges the United States to take certain action, it does not preclude America from joining collectively with Britain and France and any other nations in military steps, as permitted under Article 51 of the charter of the United Nations. It is a great advance and may prove the turning point in preventing World War III.

(Copyright, 1957)

Pumpernickle Bill

WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N SHARTZ FACKTORY: Sis doch now gross ordich dawaig wie leit ol iwwer om kunsiderra sin fer socha duh so nava bei — ains dut des, uns nagshd ebbes shunshd. Nem doh tzum bei shpiel 'm alemon Charlie Heilman sei fraw die Mary, fon da Sid Penn shtross doh in da shtadt — die wil so gore 's shartz facktory uf shtarta.

Die Mary wor shun fer weil om rum lauerra wos sie duh kent so nava bei tzu inrra hous arwet, un 'm Charlie sei bicher halta. Fer 'n longie tzeit hut sie helfa kocha, un om dish ob worta wies Jimmy Wenners noch om Ledder Eck Poshda wertshous worra — un sie wor 'n iwwer rousie gutie hilf. Fermuthlich dade sie ols noch shoffa fers Jimmies, uns Paul Helda on Jonas — yusht sis tzu weit fer uf un ob gae.



Pumpernickle

Wel aenicha waig, doh da onner dawg wie die Mary die shtadt drowwa wor, hut sie fom aller shanshda socha g'sehna — kadoon denk ich maich'd m'r 's haisa — aenicha waig, 's wor grawd die ort socha woh die Mary gamaint hut os shaina shartz gabit. Noh wie die Mary ewwa is, hut sie mohl awfonga rachla hinna im kup, un bis sie fartich wor, hut sie 'n gonser haufa so goods kauft kot, uns hame shicka lossa bei truck.

Der Charlie woh on da tzeit laenich dahame wor, hut net fershtae kenna wos doh om aw gae wear wie dio truck leit awfonga hen ob lawda, ow'r 's hut gore ken lang ganumma bis die Mary bei g'shtiv'ld is kumma un hut g'sawt sie gang'd now aw in bisnis — dade 'n shartz facktory uf shtarta.

Der Charlie huts airsht net fiel gadenk'd fon da Mary ihr'm blawn, ow'r hut sel glei fergressa wie er mohl die share sehna hut glansa uf 'm kicha dish nous, un die shticker sin g'floga wie sie awfonga hut shartz rous schneida. Un so hut noh aw glei die nay mashine gabrumm'd — aryer os sie shun fer yohra hut, die weil so die Mary die shartz tzomma ganay'd hut ainer noch 'm onnerra. Der Charlie hut sich aw — gabutta fer die gnublecher rous shneida os es nemma dade, ow'r die Mary hut 'm glei tzu fershtae gewwa os es ken gneb gabit on ihrra shartz — sie dade band'l draw mocha wie ihrra Mam un Grammam kotta hetta on ihrra shartz, wie sie 'n glae maid'l gawest wear.

On da ledshda barichda hut sie 's hous shun so fol shartz kot os sie bol nimmy wissa rum tzu kumma. Uf Fastnocht hut sie shier ken blotz kot fer die fastnocht kucha flechta woh sie immer gleich'd tzu mocha. Un noh is noch der telefone 'n gonsie tzeit gonga — freind 'en garufa fer shartz kaufa — ich kon eich sawga os die Mary froh wor wie selar dawg feriwwer wor.

Wel aenicha waig, won aenich ebber im marrick is fer shaina, guta, hame gamochta shartz kaufa — die Mary hut sie, odder kon sie mocha grawd wie ebber sie howwa wie.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Sis nix in da welt os m'r belsser gleicha tzu hoerra os wie leit recht gross shwetza — des da graiser os sie shwetza, des da wenicher harn wase m'r os sie hen, uns sis so fiela leichter fer na fergewwa.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 22:6

In this Psalm of the Cross, at v. 6, Jesus, speaking about Himself, says that "I am a worm, and no man." I cite this sentence because of a statement made by a Dutch (not German) theologian, who said that "It was necessary for the Son of God to become a worm, so that we worms of the dust might become sons of God." I was reminded of that comment by reading a sentence in the report of an address in the Call of Feb. 25, given at the ninth annual school of Religion for the Episcopal Churches of the Lower Lehigh District in Trinity Church, Bethlehem, by Rev. Wood B. Carper, professor of theology in the General Theological Seminary of New York City. His subject was "Something of Theology — Who We Are And Why." The sentence to which I refer is this, speaking of Jesus: "He became what we are that we might become what He is." The purpose of Christian teaching (which naturally involves Theology, the Queen of the sciences) is to bring men, who are willing to learn, into the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of Christ. Ephesians 4:13.

Factographs

An average of 66,000 babies are born in the United States each week.

Except for the dog, the goat is the most widely distributed of any domestic animal.

A person's chances of being killed by lightning is about one out of one million.

Horoscope

If you proceed cautiously some good fortune should be realized. Today's child may be intellectual and artistic.



THE SQUIRE

By Elsie Singmaster

THE Squire was a bachelor, and lived alone in his house; therefore he was able to use the parlor and dining-room for offices. The parlor contained only a pine desk, a map, hanging 'at' the wall, as Millerstown would have said, and a dozen or so plain pine chairs. The law was administered with scant ceremony in Millerstown.

The Squire sat now in the twilight in his 'back' office, which was furnished with another pine table, two chairs, and a large old-fashioned iron safe. He was clearly of a geographical turn of mind, for table, safe, and floor were littered with railroad maps and folders. The Squire was about sixty years old; he had all the grave beauty which the Gaumer men acquired. Their hair did not thin as it turned gray, their smooth-shaven faces did not wrinkle. They all looked stern, but their faces brightened readily at sight of a little child or an old friend, or with amusement over some untold thought.

The Squire's face glowed. He was going — his age, his inexperience, the certain disapproval of Millerstown notwithstanding — he was going round the world! He would start in a month, and thus far he had told no one but Edwin Seem, an adventurous young Millerstonian who was to leave that night for a ranch in Kansas, and whom the squire was to visit on his own journey. For thirty years he had kept Millerstown straight; there was no possible case for which his substitute would not find a precedent. Fortunately there were no trusts to be investigated and reproved, and no vote-buyers or bribers to be imprisoned or fined. There were disputes of all kinds, dozens of them. There was one waiting for the squire now in the outer office; he shook his head solemnly at thought of it, as he gathered up his maps and thrust them back into the safe, that precious old safe which held the money for his journey. He had been thirty years gathering the money together.

The law might be administered in Millerstown without formality, but it was not administered without the eager attention of the citizens. Every one in the village was on hand when simple - minded Venus Stuber was indicted for stealing, or when the various dramatic scenes of the Miller-Weitzel feud were enacted. This evening's case, Sula Myers vs. Adam Myers for non-support, might be considered part of the Miller-Weitzel feud, since the two real principals, Sula's mother and Adam's mother, had been respectively Sally Miller and Maria Weitzel.

The air was sultry, and rain threatened. The clouds seemed to rest on the tops of the maple trees; it was only because the Millerstonians knew the rough brick pavements as they knew the palms of their hands that there were no serious falls in the darkness. They laughed as they hurried to the hearing; it was seldom that a dispute promised so richly. There was almost no one in the village who could not have been subpoenaed as a witness, so thorough was every one's knowledge of the case.

Already the real principals faced each other, glaring, under the blinding light of the squire's hanging lamp. It made no difference that Millerstown listened and chuckled or that the Squire had taken his seat behind the pine desk.

"When it don't give any religion, it don't give any decent behaving. But God trieth the hearts of the righteous," said Mrs. Myers meaningly.

She was a large, commanding woman, who had been converted in middle life to the fervent sect of the new Mennonites, and young Adam had been brought up in that persuasion. Except for his marriage, young Adam had been thus far his mother's creature, body and soul.

Sula's mother, Mrs. Hill, was large also. She took off her sunbonnet, and folded her arms as tightly as possible across her broad bosom.

"There is sometimes too much religion," she said.

"Not in your family, Sally," rejoined Mrs. Myers, her glance including not only Mrs. Hill and Sula, but all their sympathizers, and even Caleb Stemmel, who was supposed to be neutral.

Caleb Stemmel belonged in the same generation with the Squire; his interest could be only general. Caleb did not see Mrs. Myers's scornful glance; he was watching pretty Sula, who sat close by her mother's side.

Sula looked at nobody, neither at her angry mother beside her, nor at her angry mother-in-law opposite, nor even at Adam her husband, sitting close by his mother. She wore her best clothes, her pretty summer hat, the white dress in which she had been married a year before. Even her wedding handkerchief was tucked into her belt.

Sula had been strangely excited when she dressed in the bedroom of her girlhood for the hearing. There was the prospect of getting even with her mother-in-law, with whom she had lived for a year and whom she hated; there was the prospect of seeing Adam's embarrassment; there was another reason, soothing to her pride, and as yet almost unacknowledged, even to herself.

Now, however, the glow had begun to fade, and she felt uncomfortable and distressed. She heard only dimly Mrs. Myers's attack and her mother's response. Immediately Mrs. Myers told Mrs. Hill to be quiet, and Mrs. Hill replied with equal elegance.

"You will both be quiet," said the Squire sternly. "The court will come to order. Now, Sula, you are the one that complains; you will tell us what you want."

Sula did not answer; she was tugging at her handkerchief. The handkerchief had been pinned fast, its loosening took time.

"It was this way," began Mrs. Myers and Mrs. Hill, together.

The Squire lifted his hand. "We will wait for Sula." He looked sternly at Mrs. Hill. "No whispering, Sally!"

Sula's complaint came out with a burst of tears.

"He won't support me. For three months already I didn't have a cent."

"All this time I supported her," said her mother.

"She had a good home and wouldn't stay in it," said Mrs. Myers.

The Squire commanded silence again.

"Sula, you were willing to live with Adam's mother when you were married. Why aren't you now?"

"She — she wouldn't give me no peace. She wouldn't let him take me for a wedding-trip, not even to the Fair." She repeated it as though it were the worst of all her grievances: "Not even a wedding-trip to the Fair would he dare to take."

Mrs. Hill burst forth again. She would have spoken if decapitation had followed.

"He gave all his money to his mom."

"He is yet under age," said Mrs. Myers.

Again Mrs. Hill burst forth:—"She wanted that Sula should convert herself to the Mennonites."

"I wanted to save her soul," declared Mrs. Myers.

"You needn't to worry yourself about her soul," answered Mrs. Hill. "When you behave as well as Sula when you're young, you needn't to worry yourself about other people's souls when you get old."

Mrs. Myers's youth had not been as strait-laced as her middle age; there was a depth of reminiscent innuendo in Mrs. Hill's remark. Millerstown laughed. It was one of the delights of these hearings that no allusion failed to be appreciated.

"Besides, I did give her money," Mrs. Myers hastened to say.

"Yes; five cents once in a while, and I had to ask for it every time," said Sula. "I might as well stayed at home with my mom as get married like that." Sula's eyes wandered about the room, and suddenly her face brightened. Her voice hardened as though some one had waved her an encouraging sign. "I want him to support me right. I must have four dollars a week. I can't live off my mom."

The Squire turned for the first time to the defendant.

"Well, Adam, what have you to say?"

Adam had not glanced toward his wife. He sat with bent head, staring at the floor, his face crimson. He was a slender fellow, he looked even younger than his nineteen years.

"I did my best," he said miserably.

"Can't you make a home for her alone, Adam?"

"No."

"How much do you earn?"

"About seven dollars a week. Sometimes ten."

"Other people in Millerstown live on that."

"But I have nothing to start, no furniture or anything."

"Your mother will surely give you something, and Sula's mother." The Squire looked commandingly at Mrs. Myers and Mrs. Hill. "It is better for young ones to begin alone."

"I have nothing to spare," said Mrs. Myers stiffly.

"I wouldn't take any of your things," blazed Sula. "I wouldn't use any of your things, or have any of your things."

"You knew how much he had when you married him," said Mrs. Myers calmly. "You need n't have run after him."

"Run after him!! cried Sula. It was the climax of sordid insult. They had been two irresponsible children mating as birds mate, with no thought for the future. It was not true that she had run after him. She burst into loud crying. "If you and your son begged me on your knees to come back, I would n't."

"Run after him!" echoed Sula's mother. "I had almost to take the broom to him at ten o'clock to get him to go home!

Adam looked up quickly. For the moment he was a man. He spoke as hotly as his mother; his warmth startled even his pretty wife.

"It is n't true, she never ran after me."

He looked down again; he could not quarrel, he had heard nothing but quarreling for months. It made no difference to him what happened. A plan was slowly forming in his mind. Edwin Seem was going West; he would go too, away from his mother and wife alike.

"She can come and live in the home I can give her or she can stay away," he said sullenly, knowing that Sula would never enter his mother's house.

To be concluded

To Our Readers

In the ECK today we offer our readers another of Elsie Singmaster's short stories, one of particular interest because the scene of the story is Macungie, known earlier as Millerstown. This story was first published in The Atlantic Monthly for September, 1910. It is reprinted here with the kind permission of both the author and the publishers. It will appear in two installments.

TSCHICK-A-DIE-DIE-DIE

En Gedicht zu unserm lieblischter Winter Voggel

Tschick-a-die-die-die-da-die - da-die,
Tschick-a-die-die-die - da- die!—
Wu kummscht Du Tritschel bei?
Do nemm mei Haerz un Hauch draahie,
Ken Drowwer-Not debei!

Tschick-Tschick-Tschick-a-die,
Waer hot dich so bekleed
Mit Melodie wann's schneet?—
Tschick - Tschick-Tschick-a-die,
Was macht uns so verleed,
Zu Dir iss yuscht en Freed!

Tschick - a-die-die-die-da-die-da-du,
Tschick-a-die-die-die-da-du!
Losscht Druwwel - wolke gaar ken Ruh—
Verschmelscht sie noch dezu!

Tschick - Tschick-Tschick-a-die,
Waer hot Dick so bekleed?
Bitte, vun wu dei Freed?
'S iss nix schunscht zu denke wie
Gott hot Dich in die Weed,
Zu lauter Gsang gedreht!

RALPH W. BERKY

DER SCHNITZELBAAM

Es gebt alsemol Zeite wu geizichе Leit sich selwer uffschneppo mit ihre Bscheisserei, so iss es gange in daere gleene Schtori.

Es waar der Sinn beim Schnitzelbaam,
Wu halt der Kreizweeg Schtor,
Fer aardlich geizich als zu sei—
Des iss bei Golly waahr.

Hot alsemol Gewicht verfehlt,
Oft bei en Vaddel Pund;
Ken Wunner waar's de Leit bekannt,
Ass Bissniss geht zu Grund.

Die Mammi Schmitt kaaft als deel Sach,
Un do waar mol debei
En Dutt mit Zucker, yuscht en Pund,
Sell ennihau soll's sei.

Sie brauch der Zucker net yuscht graad,
En in der Schank geduh
Graad wie er kummt vum Schnitzelbaam,
Un macht die Schnakdier zu.

Die Mammi hot so'n alte Kuh,
Macht Butter aa sogaar;
Sie brauch als deel — was iwwerich iss,
Den schwappt sie aus im Schtor.

Sie dutt ihr Butter immer uff
In Rolle schee un rund;
Un gebt partickler acht so dass
Sie wieggen graad en Pund.

Kummt dann die Mammi mol noch em Schtor,
Hot Schnitzelbaam geklaagt,
Sie hett bedroogge gaschtich wiescht,
Un des iss was er saagt:

"Dei Butter waar die letscht Woch kaz,
Vier Aunse im Gewicht
An allem Pund hoscht abgelaust,
Was iss mer des fer'n Gschicht?"—

Un waar die Mammi vleicht erschtaunt?
Was hot sie doch geguckt!
Un kann fer'n Zeit net schwetze meh,
Sie schluckt un schluckt un schluckt.

Doch iwwerweil kummt widder zu,
Es macht sie aardlich zaahm,
Bis sie Gedanke zamme hot
Un saagt zum Schnitzelbaam:

"Ei, ya, es fallt mir widder bei,
Ich hab mei Pund-Gewicht
Verleegt, bei Tscho, der anner Daag,
Un gsucht bei Daag un Licht

Un's nimmi finne kenne meh,
Un ken anners griegge,
So nemm ich dann dei Zucker Pund
Fer der Butter wiegge,

Ass ich do kazlich vun dir kaaf—
Was iss mer des fer'n Gschwetz?
Waar im Gewicht mei Butter schwach,
Was waar deim Zucker letz?

Der Schnitzelbaam waar arrig bang,
Es raus keemt unnich de Leit,
Ass ebber ihn mol gfange hett—
Er weess was des bedeit!

So grickt die Mammi Zucker nau,
So viel sie brauch fer nix,
Un Schnitzelbaam, der geizich Ding,
Iss aus re wieschte Fix.

Im Oktower 1934—RALPH S. FUNK

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Editorials

Some Momentous Decisions

Some of the most important decisions in the field of Allentown improvements will have to come out of meetings like that of City and County authorities in City Hall on Tuesday when matters pertaining to the proposed bridge over the Lehigh River at Hamilton St. will be discussed.

A very large segment of highly important Allentown business life is located in the general area of the western approach to the proposed bridge. All this business is deeply concerned with the location and the character of this western approach. These many important business concerns can be vitally harmed, or they can be benefitted according to the location and type of approach that will be decided upon.

There is no doubt that there will be radical departure from the present western approach to the bridge in the plans for the new structure. It is accepted that vast change will have to be made thruout the area westwardly from the bank of the Lehigh River and probably as far as Second St. Heavy expense is anticipated — costs perhaps nearly as great for the western approach or approaches to the bridge as the cost of the bridge itself.

It is obvious that since a very high price will have to be made for adequate, modern approach to the bridge, the area of the approach should be raised in value and usefulness instead of being depressed. That must be a prime objective of the engineers. That must be an idea never to be overlooked by the officials who will be the last word in the acceptance of plans and who will be responsible to the public for the costs of the bridge.

There is need for swift action. But while it is likely that construction of a bridge and approaches will take upwards of two years, this matter of the western approach is so important, and will be of such great importance thruout the life of the bridge, that it should be resolved only after the most thoro study has been given to it and its effect, now and in the future, upon the area in which the approaches will be constructed.

Battleships Passing Out

As is the case with the United States Navy, so Great Britain and her Admiralty sadly and regretfully are turning their backs upon their gigantic men-of-war — the dreadnaughts of another day — and are about ready to consign them to the junk yards or give them away to any nation that would like to have such expensive playthings.

It took both great navies a considerable time to come around to the conclusion that this type of capital ships would have to be replaced by aircraft carriers.

The vulnerability in modern warfare of the big battlewagons was demonstrated at the Dardanelles in World War I where some of England's finest ships were sunk and the fate of Winston Churchill as a statesman was almost sealed. Again at the opening of World War II, British battleships costing tens of millions were sunk by Japanese kamikaze flyers in comparatively cheap planes. Only a little later America's great fleet, including eight battleships, was attacked and wiped out at Pearl Harbor by a force of about a hundred Japanese planes and a few midget submarines.

Today Britain still has five battleships which are in mothballs. None is more than fifteen years old. Yet none is believed to be worth holding on to especially because the carriers proved their outstanding value in the Suez attack late last year.

Like the mammoth elephants and the mastodons and the dinosauri of earlier ages, the giant battleships that were the mainstay of navies at the turn of the century are passing on. There just does not seem to be any job for them that some other type of ship cannot do better and at a lower cost.

Many Ships May Be Needed

It is a grim thought but it must be faced that if the world or considerable parts of it become engaged in war again it will be vitally important that the United States have a vast merchant marine in operation ready for immediate global operations and vast shipbuilding facilities. These facilities will be required for replacement of the vast volume of shipping that an enemy nation, such as Russia, almost undoubtedly would destroy by submarine action in the early stages of such a war.

Invaluable as the merchant marine will be in the event of war, its peacetime value to the American economy likewise is important.

This nation's present fleet of sea-going ships and their subsidiary activities contribute an estimated $5.3 billion to the U.S. economy each year. This is reported in the bulletin "Maritime Affairs" by the Committee of American Steamship Lines whose 14 member lines operate nearly 300 cargo and passenger vessels over essential foreign trade routes to all major ports of the world.

Shipbuilding, seagoing and shoreside operations of all shipping lines in foreign and domestic ocean-going trades account for $2.8 billion. The remaining $2.5 billion is generated by ocean transportation each year in domestic transport and handling services of export and import apart from port activity.

Every nine minutes around the clock, a ship loaded with foreign trade cargo either entered or sailed from a United States port in 1955, the bulletin states. One out of every four of these ships flew the American flag.

The bulletin notes that at year's end 76 ships were under construction or on order in U.S. shipyards, the biggest peacetime shipbuilding program in the nation's history.

American steamship companies holding subsidy contracts with the government have virtually doubled the size of their fleets since 1939, thus serving the objective of strengthening the fleet set forth in the Merchant Marine Act of 1936. Since the war, the net cost to Uncle Sam of parity payments has been $499 million.

Offsetting this is $422 million in taxes, or 85 per cent of the amount paid out to keep American-flag shipping on the high seas.

The American merchant marine creates jobs for 225,000 workers. Of this number 70,000 are seagoing jobs; 90,000 are shoreside jobs, including longshore and dock; while another 65,000 jobs are in shipyards. Wages paid these workers total more than $1 billion each year.

U. S. - flag ocean - going ships are major customers for this country's farmers and manufacturers, spending in 1955 an estimated $500 million for American goods and services. That year, steamship lines in our foreign and coastal trades spent some $168 million on fuel oil, $99 million on maintenance and repairs, $72 million on insurance services, $47 million on food and $44 million on stores, supplies and equipment.

Referring to the evacuation of nearly 300 American men, women and children from war-torn Egypt in October, the committee points out that their safety is due to the fact that a ship of the American merchant marine was readily at hand and available to carry them out of the war zone

More important will it be in time of war that the American merchant marine be large and fast.

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.

Historical Society Happy

Call-Chronicle Newspapers—
Gentlemen—

My congratulations go out to you upon the success of our campaign to save Bogert's Bridge.

A very large share of the credit for our victory is due to you and the entire Call-Chronicle organization. I think special mention should be made of the splendid work of Russ Davis and the photographers. The fact, however, is that neither the newspapers nor the Historical Society could have prevailed if the public had not so enthusiastically and emphatically joined us in the effort.

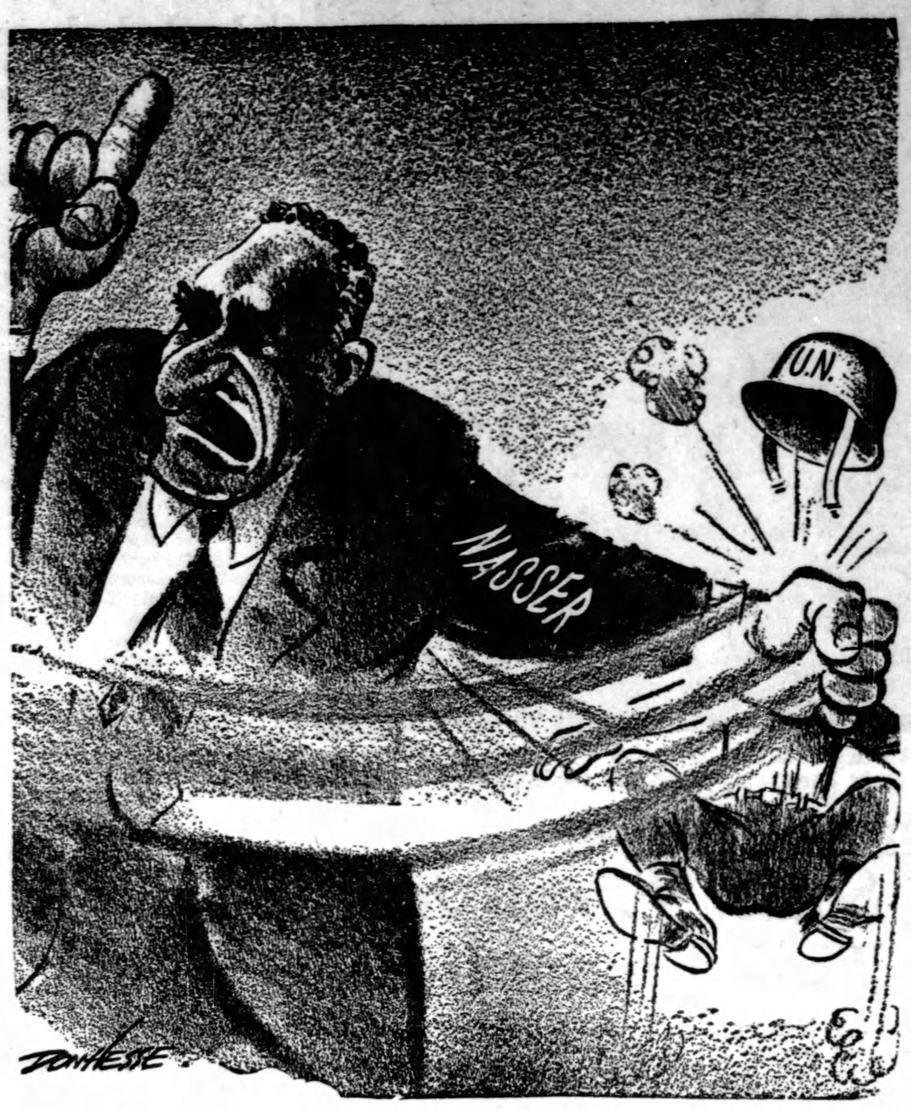
Mrs. Leh, Mr. Ronci, Mr. McHugh and many others did a splendid job with the petitions.

The support of Mayor Hock was also an important factor.

I wish you could, through the columns of the paper, express our thanks and congratulations to the entire community — as Governor Leader well said, it was "an excellent example of democracy in action."

Sincerely yours,
William J. Wilcox
Pres., Lehigh County Historical Society

'And Now-Fellow Egyptians!'



Is Foreign Aid Useful?

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Hans Christian Sonne, chairman of the National Planning Assn. which has made a study of foreign aid, has reported to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that:

"If your committee's review of the foreign aid program leads to the conclusion that it is useful for attaining our international objective, I believe the program should be continued at the present or an expanded rate, irrespective of the relatively minor effects of the domestic economy."


Sokolsky

Two questions arise out of this paragraph:

1. Has our foreign aid program been useful? What has it done for the United States? Precisely what political and economic benefits have accrued to the United States from it?

2. Is our present inflationary condition to be regarded as a "relatively minor effect on the domestic economy"? More paper money is being circulated now than during the period 1933-1952. The ratio of our gold stock to our non-gold money is the lowest of yearly ratios since 1932. Is this to be considered a "relatively minor effect on the domestic economy?"

The argument that foreign aid is only a small part of the total economy seems to me fatuous. The fact is that government expenditures of all kinds are now so high that the people are actually suffering from excessive taxation. The Hoover Commission believes that it can cut these expenditures by 4 to 5 billion dollars but nothing has been done about it thus far. When foreign aid was a dumping proposition to a great extent, it could be justified in a measure as a subsidy to industry, labor and agriculture while making some friends perhaps in Europe.

Today, the problem is economy, not the expansion of expenditures.

Sonne's report says:

"If the United States were to double the present size of the foreign aid program (to 8.2 billion dollars a year) by 1965, and assuming a gross national production level by then of 565 billion (in 1955 prices), there would be little additional impact on the United States economy."

The fallacy in this paragraph is the reference to 1955 prices which has nothing to do with the question. What does matter is what kind of dollars we are using, 50 cent dollars, or 35 cent dollars, or what. Sonne apparently disregards inflation altogether and pays no attention at all to the fact that individual debt has risen in this country to a point which all economists except the Keynesians regard as unwarranted and unsafe.

Raiders

These days there is much talk in money markets of the raiders who use European or Canadian money to take over American companies, particularly those engaged in war industries. The scale on which the raids are taking place is now being defined by two Senate committees, the SEC, and other government agencies, but thus far not enough data is available to establish any special reason for this activity, other than that money flows to a safe and profitable market.

Should not the investigations deal with the question of the drying up of the reservoirs of private capital in this country? If interest rates are lower in one country than another or if money is taxed less in one country than another, borrowers seek the most advantageous market for money.

It is possible that those who borrow in Switzerland or Venezuela or who get tax-free arrangements in Liberia or Nassau are pursuing the ordinary course of private enterprise. The peril is that the beneficial owner of the securities or the rightful owner of the anonymous money employed may be an alien enemy of the United States.

It is impossible to study the full effects upon our economy of foreign aid without analyzing this particular phenomenon, namely, to what extent is the American reservoir of capital drying up because of the increasing individual indebtedness of Americans and the enormous bite that taxes take out of the individual's earnings.

Sonne's report also states:

"If the countries in need of foreign aid had to increase their own exports sufficiently to pay for all the goods and services they urgently need, they would probably have resorted to forcing or subsidizing exports, with possible disruptive influences on world trade and on competitive conditions within United States industry."

Does this mean that foreign aid must last forever so that we can keep foreign subsidized goods out of our market? Why not use a high tariff?

(Copyright 1957)

Edgar A. Guest

THE GOOD MAN

They hired me when I was a boy,
He proudly told,
And I am one they still employ
Now I've grown old.

Here year by year I've come and gone,
Through good and bad.
Not once they've failed to keep me on
For tasks they had.

I've worked for what my strength could earn,
Wage high or low.
This business I have tried to learn;
Its needs I know.

They've prospered as the years went by
And shared with me.
They've often said, good man am I.
I've tried to be.

(Copyright, 1957)

Horoscope

If you are circumspect in all your dealings, your prospects are excellent. Today's child may achieve remarkable success.

Witch brooms are peculiar tufted shoots upon various trees, especially confers. They are produced by certain parasitic fungi.

Pumpernickle Bill

WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HUT LOUD GADENK'D :'S

sin wenich socha ferdreaslicher os wie won m'r mashine fohrra wil, un 'n tire wert holshtarrich, un haibt die luft nimmy. Nem doh tzum bei shpiel 'm Elmer Muthard fon Trexlershteddle sei erfohring net long tzurick. Moryets eb er ols shoffa gae hut kenna hut er der tire uf bumba missa, un owets widder fer hame gae. Won er ols moryets wenich huddlich wor fer fert gae, odder is owets wenich shpote hame kumma, hut sei fraw die Grace immer gawist wos die uhrsoch wor — der tire wor nidder in luft.

Tires wie sel sin fiel wies tzawwae — sis ken hoffing fer linnering bis m'r der tzaw rubb'd, odder lust 'n filla. Tires kenna aw g'fix'd werra, ow'r won sie mohl tzu long uf da flitch sin is nix bessers os wie fer gae neia kaufa — un sel is aw grawd wos der Elmer gaduh hut mit sel'm woh immer un aewich flat wor. Er is gonga un hut 'n funkle neier tube un tire kauft, un hut 'n aw shae ufs rawd mocha lossa.


Pumpernickle

Mit ma neia tire uf 'm rawd, hut der Elmer noh gamaint wear sei tire aeland feriwwer. Die barichda sin, er het da nagshda morya fers airsht mohl in ra longa tzeit gapifa wie er noch 'm mashina shub is fer noch da arwet gae. Ow'r 'm Elmer sei harlichkate hut net long aw k'halta — wor glei wie sie ols sawga fon da alta weiver dons — iwwer eb er recht aw g'fonga hut. So wohr os allas, wie er in der shub kumma is, darta hut sei mashine widder g'shtonna uf drei tires fol luft — un der nei woh er yusht druf mocha hut lossa wor so flat wie 'n ponna kucha — des is, er wor unna flat, owwa rum huts g'sheind wear er ol recht.

Un sel wor noh grawd die tzeit woh der Elmer awfonga hut loud denka. Fer die wohret tzu sawga 's wor fer 'n kartzie tzeit blitza bloe nevlich im mashina shub, un denk 's sin wenich socha os m'r so ebbes wie 'n flatter tire haisa kon, os der Elmer net draw gadenk'd hut fer sawga. In blotz fon noh denka fer der tire widder uf blosa, hut er 'n runner ganumma un der "spare" druf, un sei Dodge helter skelter noch 'm blotz g'shprang'd woh er der nei tire kauft hut kot. Darta huts noh nocha mohl ganev'ld, ow'r der kerl hut fershprocha fer gucka danoh, un 'm sei druvel fixa.

So nagshd os die Fegelcher uns sawg hen kenna, hen sie so gore nix letzes finna kenna onnerer nei, un der Elmer hut die tzeit nimmy loud denka breicha, un aw moryets ken tire may uf tzu bumba kot eb er noch da arwet gae hut kenna.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

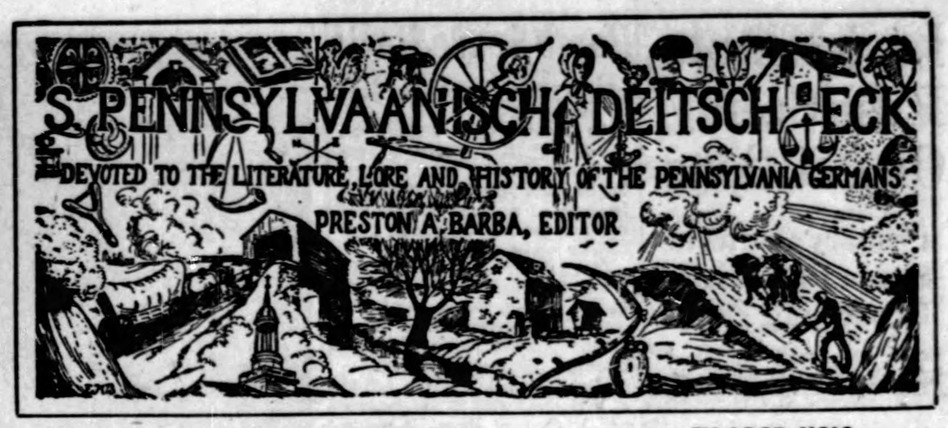
Tzum ledshda kon die Grundsow widder ous ihr'm loch shluppa — die sex wocha winder wedder sin heit feriwwer woh sie uns so shae gabrofatzeig'd hut der 2d Harning, un niemond kon sawga os sie des yohr letz wor — hut ihrra sex wocha winder wedder widder gadroffa uf der dubba.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

ISAIAH 5:5-7

Continuing yesterday's paragraph, we read: "And now I will tell you what I will do to my vineyard. I will remove its hedge, and it shall be devoured; I will break down its wall, and it shall be trampled down. I will make it a waste, and it shall not be pruned or hoed, and briers and thorns shall grow up; I will also command the clouds that they rain no rain upon it. For the vineyard of the Lord of hosts is the house of Israel, and the men of Judah are His pleasant planting; and He looked for justice, but behold, bloodshed; for righteousness, and behold, a cry!" It is, no doubt, because of this verse 7 that the chief priests and Pharisees, when they heard Jesus' parables, perceived that He was speaking of them, as Matthew 21:45 tells us. Even David in Psalm 80:8-19 (although it is called a Psalm of Asaph), probably long before the days of Isaiah, spoke of Israel in terms of a vine and a vineyard. This passage should be read in order to compare Isaiah 5:1-7 with it. Study v.17. Who is the man of Thy right hand? And who is the Son of man? Is it the Messiah Who will answer the prayer of v. 19 some glorious day for Israel?



THE SQUIRE

By Elsie Singmaster

Conclusion

Summary: For 30 years the Squire, an aging bachelor, had kept Millerstown straight. And for 30 years he had been saving his money for the long-planned trip around the world. In his office with its simple furnishings he had administered the law without formality and had settled many petty disputes among the citizens of Millerstown (present-day Macungie). But this evening's case of Sula Myers versus Adam Myers for non-support would prove more difficult of solution, indeed it threatened to end in divorce. In Millerstown (known to the natives as Millerstedtel) there had never been a divorce, and there would not be now if the Squire could help it. If this was the beginning of a new order of things in Millerstown, it was not going to begin on the eve of his departure for a trip around the world. He would thwart the plans of the conniving Caleb Stemmel, the wealthy wolf of Millerstown. How the Squire resolves the situation in his little office today's concluding installment will reveal.

THE Squire turned to Sula once more. He had been staring at the back of the room, where Caleb Stemmel's keen, selfish face moved now into the light, now back into the shadow. In it was a strange expression, a hungry gleam of the eyes, a tightening of the lips, an eager watching of the girlish figure in the white dress. The Squire knew all the gossip of Millerstown, and he knew many things which Millerstown did not know. He had known Caleb Stemmel for fifty years. But it was incredible that Caleb Stemmel with all his wickedness should have a hand in this.

The Squire bent forward.

"Sula, look at me. You are Adam's wife. You must live with him. Won't you go back?

Sula looked about the room once more. Sula would do nothing wrong — yet. It was with Caleb Stemmel that her mother advised, it was Caleb Stemmel who came evening after evening to sit on the porch. Caleb Stemmel was a rich man even if he was old enough to be her father, and it was many months since any one else had told Sula that her hat was pretty or her dress becoming.

Now, with Caleb's eyes upon her, she said the little speech which had been taught her, the speech which set Millerstown gasping, and sent the Squire leaping to his feet, furious anger on his face. Neither Millerstown nor the Squire, English as they had become, was yet entirely of the world.

"I will not go back," said Sula lightly. "If he wants to apply for a divorce, he can!

"Sula!" cried the Squire.

He looked about once more. On the faces of Sula's mother and Caleb Stemmel was complacency, on the face of Mrs. Myers astonished approval, on the faces of the citizens of Millerstown — except the very oldest — there was amazement, but no dismay. There had never been a divorce in Millerstown; persons quarreled, sometimes they separated, sometimes they lived in the same house without speaking to each other for months and years, but they were not divorced. Was this the beginning of a new order?

If there were to be a new order, it would not come during the two months before the Squire started on his long journey! He shook his fist, his eyes blazing.

"There is to be no such threatening in this court," he cried; "and no talking about divorce while I am here. Sula! Maria! Sally! Are you out of your heads?"

"There are higher courts," said Mrs. Hill.

Millerstown gasped visibly at her defiance. To its further amazement, the Squire made no direct reply. Instead he went toward the door of the back office.

"Adam," he commanded, "come here."

Adam rose without a word, to obey. He had some respect for the majesty of the law.

"Sula, you come, too."

For an instant Sula held back.

"Don't you do it, Sula," said her mother.

"Sula!" said the Squire; and Sula, too, rose.

"Don't you give up," commanded her mother. Then she got to her feet. "I am going in there too."

Again the Squire did not answer. He presented, instead the effectual response of a closed and locked door.

The back office was as dark as a pocket. The Squire took a match from the safe, and lit the lamp. Behind them the voices of Mrs. Myers and Mrs. Hill answered each other with antiphonal regularity. Adam stood by the window; Sula advanced no farther than the door. The Squire spoke sharply.

"Adam!"

Adam turned from the window.

"Sula!"

Sula looked up. She had always held the Squire in awe; now, without the support of her mother's elbow and Caleb Stemmel's eyes, she was badly frightened. Moreover, it seemed to her suddenly that the thing she had said was monstrous. The Squire frightened her no further. He was now gentleness itself.

"Sula," he said, "you didn't mean what you said in there, did you?"

Sula burst into tears, not of anger but of wretchedness.

"You'd say anything, too, if you had to stand the things I did."

"Sit down, both of you," commanded the Squire. "Now, Adam, what are you going to do?"

Adam hid his face in his hands. The other room had been a torture-chamber. "I don't know." Then, at the Squire's next question, he lifted his head suddenly. It seemed as if the Squire had read his soul.

"When is Edwin Seem going West?"

"To-night."

"How would you like to go with him?"

"He wanted me to. He could get me a place with good wages. But I couldn't save even the fare in half a year."

"Suppose" — the Squire hesitated, then stopped, then went on again — "suppose I should give you the money?"

"Give me the money!"

"Yes, lend it to you?"

A red glow came into Adam's face. "I would go to-night."

"And Sula?" said the Squire.

"I would—" The boy was young, too young to have learned despair from only one bitter experience. Besides, he had not seen Caleb Stemmel's eyes. "I would send for her when I could."

The Squire made a rapid reckoning. He did not dare to send the boy away with less than a hundred dollars, and it would take a long while to replace it. He could not, could not send Sula, too, no matter how much he hated divorce, no matter how much he feared Caleb Stemmel's influence over her, no matter how much he loved Millerstown and every man, woman, and child in it. If he sent Sula, it would mean that he might never start on his own journey. He looked down at her, as she sat drooping in her chair.

"What do you say, Sula?"

Sula looked up at him. It might have been the thought of parting which terrified her, or the recollection of Caleb Stemmel.

"Oh, I would try," she said faintly; "I would try to do what is right. But they are after me all the time — and — and —" Her voice failed, and she began to cry.

The Squire swung open the door of the old safe.

"You have ten minutes to catch the train," he said gruffly. "You must hurry."

Adam laid a shaking hand on the girl's shoulder. It was the first time he had been near her for weeks.

"Sula," he began wretchedly.

The Squire straightened up. He had pulled out from the safe a roll of bills. With it came a mass of brightly colored pamphlets which drifted about on the floor.

"Here," he said, "I mean both of you, of course."

"I am to go, too?" cried Sula.

"Of course," said the Squire. "Edwin will look after you."

"In this dress?" said Sula.

"Yes, now run."

For at least ten minutes more the eager company in the next room heard the Squire's voice go on angrily. Each mother was complacently certain that he was having no effect on her child.

"He is telling her she ought to be ashamed of herself," said Mrs. Myers.

"He is telling him he is such a mother - baby," responded Mrs. Hill. "She will not go back to him while the world stands."

"The righteous shall be justified, and the wicked shall be condemned," said Mrs. Myers.

Suddenly the Squire's monologue ended with a louder burst of oratory. The silence which followed frightened Mrs. Hill.

"Let me in!" she demanded, rapping on the door.

"This court shall be public, not private," cried Mrs. Myers.

She thrust Mrs. Hill aside and knocked more loudly, at which imperative summons the Squire appeared. He stood for an instant with his back to the door, the bright light shining on his handsome face. Seeing him appear alone, the two women stood still and stared.

"Where is he?" asked Mrs. Myers.

"Where is she?" demanded Mrs. Hill.

The Squire's voice shook.

"There is to be no divorcing in Millerstown yet awhile," he announced.

"Where is he?" cried Mrs. Myers.

"Where is she?" shrieked Mrs. Hill.

"The Squire smiled. The parting blast of the train whistle, screaming as if in triumph, echoed across the little town. They had had abundance of time to get aboard.

"He is with her, where he should be," he answered Mrs. Myers, "and she is with him, where she should be," he said to Mrs. Hill, "and both are together." This time it seemed that he was addressing all of Millerstown. In reality he was looking straight at Caleb Stemmel.

"You m-m-mean that — " stammered Mrs. Myers.

"What do you mean?" demanded Mrs. Hill.

"I mean," — and now the Squire was grinning broadly,— "I mean they are taking a wedding-trip."

EN LOOD HOLS

Fufzich Yaahr zerick hen en Latt Leit noch Hols gebrennt in ihre Effe, abaddich im Kochoffe in der Kich. Des hot Hols genumme ass aardlich kaz gsaegt waar un gschpalte so dass mer's zum Offeloch nei duh hot kenne. So Hols waar wunners aagenehm. Awwer Hols saegge un schpalte losse hot aardlich gekoscht.

Des gemaahnt mich an der Sammi. Er waar en guder Bu, awwer er hot net viel owwich de Ohre ghatt. Fer die Uhrsach hot er immer hatt schaffe misse fer en kleener Luh.

Naegscht Dier zum Sammi hot die Salli gewohnt. Sie waar en schee Meedel. Die zwee yunge Leit hen allegebott iwwer die Fens geblickt geegge nanner. Eb zu lang waare sie iwwer Kopp un Ohre in lieb mitnanner.

Was waar nau zu duh? Wei, sie hedde gegliche zu heiere. Awwer sie hen gfiehlt sie wedde em Parre ebbes gewwe fer sei Aerwet. Un der Sammi hot nie ken Geld zammegriegge kenne.

Well, die Lieb iss als greesser warre un sie sin schier verschmolse. Ee Daag saagt der Sammi, "Marye gehne mir nei ins Schteddel, wu der Parre deheem iss. Ich glaab ass er uns heiert."

Sie hen en Waggebax voll Hols gelese, noh hen die zwee Hunnichveggel sich uff der Schpringsitz ghockt un sin ins Schteddel. En Schkweer weck vum Parre seim Haus hen sie gschtoppt un der Sammi iss zum Parre geloffe.

Die Salli hot ihn sehne am Parre seim Haus nei geh. Glei kummt der Sammi widder raus un hot gegrische, "Salli, faahr ans Haus. Der Parre dutt's fer en Lood Hols."

Sie hen en Latt Kinner ghatt nochdem, un der Parre hot alle moll en Lood Hols grickt. Sell hot ihn immer froh gemacht.

Der Kaschber Hufnagel
vun der Lebanon News

ES GLICK SCHDICK

Drauss an de Reddin Fair letscht Yaahr
Dreff ich en Mann aa dart
Mit was "Glick Schdicker" gheesse sin—
Un Sach vun aller Sart.

"Des iss en Tiger Zaah," saagt er,
"Der kummt vun India bei;
Do henk 'n an dei Watschekett,
Der bringt dir Glick, soglei!"

En halwer Daaler waar der Preis—
'n kaaft far dreissich cent;
Doch wisst mer alles vanne naus,
Dann waer mei Geld net gschpennt.

Ich hab's gewisse zu de Fraa,
Sie lacht un schpott mich aus,
Saagt: "Du, en Vorschteher in de Karch—
Bring nix so do ins Haus!"

"Wann's dann nix batt, so schatt's aa nix,
Des finn mir aus eb lang."
Hab ich gezarrt mit meinre Fraa,
Doch waar's mir halwer bang.

Far bissel Narrheet waar's gemeent,
Do mit de Nochberleit;
Hab net gedenkt was kumme kennt
So graad an sellre Zeit.

Ich hab 'n in mei Geldsack gschdeckt—
Vargess des lausich Ding;
Doch net far lang, so wie du sehnscht—
Der Zaah hot gschafft, bei Tsching!

Mol erscht hot der Prins mich gschlagge,
En Kuh die Millich varschitt;
En Ebbelwarrem, waahrhaftdich, gschluckt,
Finn Meis in de Weezekischt.

Zwee Sei vun Cholera sin varreckt
En Rind iss fescht im Schwamm;
En Biskatz gfunne im Hinkelschdall,
En Gluck varsauft im Damm.

Ich hab gemeent 's waer all varbei,
Do kummt en Windschtarm rum,
Vardarbt mei Frucht, un Waggeschopp
Geblose schepp un krumm.

Ich kumm mol oweds heem vum Feld
(Leit sin doch hesslich schlecht!),
Do waerklich waar der Fraa ihr Maad
Darchgange mit em Knecht.

Des Unglick kummt mir aardlich schwer,
Es macht mich ungeduldich;
Noh denk ich an mei Tiger Zaah—
Mach aus der iss schuldich.

Un schmeiss 'n in die Sistern nei,
Der niemand findt, bei Heck!
Noh gebt's en Riss im Bodde drin
Un 's Wasser rinnt all weck!

Die Bauerei hab ich varkaaft—
Bin nau mei eegner Baass;
Un 's erscht wu "Glick Schdick" saagt zu mir,
Grickt eens mol uff die Naas!

23 Juli 1932 —RALPH S. FUNK

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Editorials

It's a Small World

Despite the expression in many quarters of fears about serious developments in international affairs while three of our top men in diplomacy were in rather far-away parts of the world, nothing apparently has happened that some one of the three — President Eisenhower, Vice-President Nixon and Secretary Dulles — was not able to handle by long - distance telephone.

Secretary Dulles has flown back from Australia. Vice President Nixon is home after an 18,000 mile trip to African and European nations. President Eisenhower, aboard an American warship during recent days and now ashore in Bermuda, was no farther away from Washington in effect than when out on the farthest reaches of a golf course. Telephonic communication was possible for him every minute and will continue to be until he returns to the White House. Messengers with important papers arrived on the wings of the wind as the Canberra sailed to Bermuda and then returned to Washington after their papers had been attended to by the President.

In other words, the shrinking that the world has undergone by reason of improvements in methods of communication favorably affects our leaders as well as our businessmen. These latter, whether in plane, train, ship or motor car constantly can keep in touch with their offices and business matters. The President and his assistants likewise can and do keep in touch with Washington no matter where they may be. And, if occasion were to arise in which their physical presence is demanded in Washington, planes speedily would be available to fly them home at rates of speed unbelievable only a few decades ago.

Big changes have come about since the early days of this nation when the surrender at Yorktown did not become known for weeks to the people of New England or those days when in early January of 1815 General Andrew Jackson attacked a British army of 16,000 men at New Orleans altho peace had been declared several weeks before.

Arab Aid for Arab Problem

Vice President Nixon appears, from earliest reports, to have come back from Africa with a conviction that settlement of the Arab refugee problem in the Near East is the issue most important for the establishment of enduring peace in that part of the world.

Just how it can be settled and who is to effect the settlement and especially who will pay the huge bill that the Arabs certainly will build up when they know they can do a lot of so-called "free loading" is not indicated. One can be pardoned for expressing some deep doubts about this entire business.

In the first place there has not been the slightest indication in nine years that other Arabs want the refugee problem of Palestine Arabs settled. In fact, there have been many indications that they want it to continue and even to grow worse because it has been their strongest talking point. Nor is it indicated that the estimated million refugees in Egypt, Jordan and Syria want to do anything to help themselves. During nine years they have been sitting around in squalid camps and have been kept alive thru the dole of a mere subsistence diet. There has been no effort to help themselves and little effort on the part of their alleged friends — the Arabs of Egypt, Syria and Jordan — to help them in practical fashion. About all the interest evinced for them has been in propaganda inciting them to hatred for the Jews and stirring them with hope that Israel is to be conquered in war and her land divided among the refugees.

If there had been desire to help the refugees it would have been shown in resettlement of these people upon the land. Certainly if Israel could welcome and absorb more than a million people from all parts of the world, Arab states with millions of acres of land could have resettled the people for whom they express such deep concern when they address the world. And if it were a matter merely of money which would be required to solve the problem, then the rich Arab oil lords could foot all the bills out of their royalties instead of permitting the United Nations to operate the bread lines for their blood brothers in the camps.

There is good reason also to believe that the refugee problem has been increased deliberately. Thus, nine years ago the estimates were that about 600,000 Arabs had left Palestine during the war and had gone into neighboring countries. (The Arabs say the Jews chased them out. The Jews say they fled of their own accord and in response to the command of the warring Arab nations.)

Today the figures that are given out invariably state that there are more than a million refugees in the camps. Even allowing for natural population increase it is hard to believe that 600,000 have grown to double that number in nine years. The Arabs probably are prolific, but not to that degree. The conclusion must be that many of the impecunious members of desert tribes and village families joined the refugees from Palestine because of the free meals that were being handed out.

The western world has not the slightest obligation to these refugees except that of sympathy for their plight, a plight brought upon themselves by themselves and their kinsmen. The great heart of the United States already has gone out to them in greater measure than any material aid from their neighbors and kinsmen.

The United States, perhaps upon Mr. Nixon's recommendations, will strive to do more especially for the children and other helpless groups among the refugees. The American people certainly will not wish to take part in a program that will continue an alleged million refugees as idlers and which will not open the way to a permanent settlement of the issue. And that settlement is not going to come about by returning an alleged million people to possession of Israel from which they fled.

The settlement of the issue must be a cooperative matter. Since it concerns Arab people, then generosity should likewise be shown to the refugees by other Arab nations. And because these neighbors are now among the most affluent people on earth, the aid from them should be most generous.

All's Well Again at Preserve

With spring near at hand there will be wide anticipation locally of the opening of the Trexler - Lehigh County Game Preserve.

This will be especially true because of the interest in the replenished herd of buffalo — the animal that always has been the central object of attention from visitors.

During last year a lot of our people were exceedingly glum because of the ravages of tuberculosis in the herd. These animals were the direct descendants of the foundation stock that was placed in the park half a century ago by the late General Harry Clay Trexler.

It was realized, especially by the Game Park Commission, that the park without a large number of buffalo would be much like "Hamlet" without Hamlet.

After the herd had been cut down to nine by slaughter or death of sick animals, 28 young animals were secured from the U.S. Wildlife Service. So, again, there is a splendid showing for young and old of America's largest native animal.

As against the sickly, mangy herd that breathed its almost last breath last year, there is a smart, sleek, lively young herd that will continue some of the most interesting traditons of the Preserve: the stampedes, the battles of bull buffalo, the sulking losers and the glowering victors in such battles, the mothers and their shy calves and all the story of buffalo life as it has been lived since Creation.

'Well—Maybe I Could Cut It a Little'



Patience, Caution Needed

By DAVID LAWRENCE

This might be described as the era of fretfulness and irritation in democratic countries. Whether it is Britain with her labor troubles and financial strain, or American with her public complaining about high taxes and big budgets, the picture would be pleasing to the Kremlin were it not for the fact that Soviet Russia is having her troubles, too.

A well-ordered existence, free from anxiety and sacrifices of the fruits of one's labor, would be welcome everywhere, but the facts of modern life—not always understood by peoples generally—point to the danger of a devastating world war. Because every day's efforts to prevent it are not spectacular nor easy to explain, too many people in the world go on blissfully thinking we can all get back to "normalcy" by merely wishing problems off the slate.


Lawrence

It is not, therefore, to solve in a few days the big thorny questions of the day but to explain each other's viewpoints on current matters that Prime Minister Macmillan of Great Britain and President Eisenhower have sat down together at Bermuda this week.

Immediate solutions of knotty problems that face Britain and America will not come out of such a conference, irrespective of how hopefully the official communiques may be worded. By personal contact, frank discussions are taking place that would require weeks of negotiation through ambassadors. The results will be apparent in the months ahead — for Britain and America will work together.

Britain is in deep trouble — financial, economic, military and political. An empire has dwindled as colonies have one by one obtained their independence. Manpower that can be summoned in wartime is available in smaller numbers than ever before. Britain is still a world power and the closest friend America has, but "leadership" in global affairs has passed to the United States, on the one hand, and the Soviet Union, on the other.

Many citizens of this country are totally unaware of and many are only superficially informed about the responsibility that has been thrust upon the United States by the events that have followed the ending of World War II. Talk is still heard about "all the money spent overseas being wasted," about trying to "buy allies" and about "meddling in foreign countries."

But the stark fact is that America has the choice of either letting the Soviet Union achieve a commanding position in Asia and Africa as well as in Europe and the Far East, and someday trying to fight alone a combination of Soviet satellites, or else preventing now the penetration of the Communists into the free world.

All this takes money for military purposes and for aid to allies, but it could take more money and the lives of millions of Americans as well if a world war breaks out.

It isn't a time, therefore, to indulge in carping criticism, as so many British newspapers have been doing lately. Some of their attacks on President Eisenhower personally have been below the belt. This seems like a strange way to "win friends and influence people."

Americans are sympathetic with the plight of Britain and are concerned over the recent decline of the European countries in terms of military potential. Unquestionably there is still a feeling in London that America let both the British and French down in the Suez affair. But the answer lies in waiting for the later acts to unfold rather than in trying to reach conclusions in the middle of the drama.

The United States is moving cautiously in the Middle East but, with the economic leverage possessed by this country, there are signs that the abuses of power by Nasser of Egypt can be curbed without involving America or Britain in a shooting war.

Britain needs money. Her military expenses have to be cut because her revenues from overseas trade are being curtailed Who will make up the deficit in manpower and weapons? Theoretically, it's the United States. But actually the American taxpayer will want to be assured that major responsibility for Europe's defense isn't being shifted to America without the manpower burden and costs being equitably shared abroad.

Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Eisenhower are old friends. They talk frankly to each other. But what is needed is some frank talk to the American people and to the British people, respectively, so that attitudes of complacency and demands for more and more benefits along the lines of the "welfare state" will not imperil the national budgets.

What's needed above all else today is a clear explanation of why nations that must have "guns" can't have all the "butter" they want, too. And the proper balance between "guns" and "butter" can come only when blind partisanship and petty feuding are abandoned in all democratic countries in the interest of true patriotism.

(Copyright, 1957)

Pumpernickle Bill

WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HUT SICH FERSEIM'D: 'S wor Nei Yohr morya in da grossa shtadt Lehighton, os 'n gawissnis familia ous g'funna hut os sie ous brode sin. Fer 'n longie tzeit dafor hen sie 'n becker kot os dawg fer dawg kumma is un hut na 's brode gabrocht os sie gabreich'd hen, hen batzawlt alla tzwae wocha. In selra tzeit nadierlich is es brode nuf galoffa — ebbes os der mon fom hous net gaglicha hut tzu sehna. Kartz fer da Nei Yohr hut er sei foos nunner, un g'sawt der becker mist ob g'shtopt sei, un sie dada ihra brode kaufa im shtore, uns grawd batzawla wie sies breichda — er wear des becker waisa grawd laedich.

Yar, 's wor Nei Yohr morya os die familia ous g'funna hot os sie ken grimmel brode im hous kotta hen — un die kinner hen galommadiert fer budder brode. Endlich hut der yung mon fom hous g'sawt, er gang'd noch 'm shtore un dade brode hola — un sel is aw grawd wos er gaduh hut. 'S hut net long ganumma fer tzwae labe brode kaufa un batzawla, ow'r uf 'm hame waig is es 'm ei kumma os es Nei Yohr wear, un hut ous gamocht fer omma wertshous nei shtoppa ains petza.


Pumpernickle

Now sel inna wertshous gae hut alsa mohl nausa — un grawd so wots doh. Glei wie er drin wor, is 'n guter friend kumma un hen nocha mohl 'n rounds gadrunka, un noh is der nagshd kumma, un so hen sie fert gamocht da gonsa dawg — sin fon aim blotz noch 'm nagshda, ow'r der yung mon hut alla mohl sei tzwae labe brode mit ganumma wohever os sie onna sin.

'S wor da nagshda morya so on da tzwae uhr rum os 'n ebber im Sanger Bund g'frok'd hut ferwos os er die tzwae labe brode 'n gonsie tzeit noh drawga dade. Noh fers airsht mohl is es 'm ei kumma os sei fraw un kinner dahame om worta weara fer ihrra freeshtick, (breakfast) un os er yoh so wohr os allas fergessa het fers brode hame nemma.

Sis leicht tzu denka os er noh nimmy fiela langer im Deitscha Sanger Bund gabliva is — er is hame so shtarrick os er gae hut kenna mit seina tzwae labe brode. Die fraw uf kours wor ols noch dahame bei da kinner om worta ufs brode woh er moryets dafor gonga wor hola.

Fer allas nunner schreiva wos die Violet tzu sawga hut kot dade 'n woch nemma, un 'n buch gewwa so dick wies Roebuckles katalogue. Un wos noch mainer is, 's weara so fiel hocha werta dabei os wenich leit ous mocha kenta wos sie weara — un won sie kenta, weara fiel dafon werta os net gute gucka dada in shwartz un weiss. So wie m'r fershtaina, hut selar shtross becker woh ae kustomer ferlorra hut kot, die familia widder tzurick, un des da wenicher os der "Junior" hoert fon gae brode hola uf Nei Yohr, des da liever is es 'm — hut sich in die welt nei tzu long ferseim'd bis er widder tzurick hame kumma is.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Won 'n monicher mon wist wos onnerra leit denka fom, dade er sich nimmy nagshd cibilda wos er so maint os er wear.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A tourist noted that a hill-billy youth paid nary a heed to a command from his father. "Didn't you hear him speaking to you?" asked the tourist. "Yeah," admitted the boy with a yawn, "but Maw and me don't pay no mind to anythin' Paw sez. And 'twixt us both, we jes about has the dawg so he don't, nuther."

(Copyright 1957)

Horoscope

If you conserve resources and maintain good relations with employer or associates, your year will go well. A fundamentally fine nature and exceptional intellect are indicated for today's child.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

John 14:9-18

We continue with the last line of verse 9: "What do you mean by saying, 'Let us see the Father?' Do you not believe that I am in the Father and the Father is in me? The words I speak to you I do not speak of my accord; it is the Father who remains ever in me, who is performing His own deeds. Believe me, I am in the Father and the Father is in me, or else believe because of the deeds themselves. Truly, truly I tell you, he who beleives in me will do the very deeds I do, and still greater deeds than these. For I am going to the Father, and I will do whatever you ask in my name, that the Father may be glorifisd in the Son; I will do whatever you ask me in my name. If you love me, you will keep my commands, and I will ask the Father to give you another Helper to be with you for ever, even the Spirit of truth. The world cannot receive him, because it neither sees nor knows him, but you know him, because he remains with you and will be within you. I will not leave you forlorn; I am coming to you."

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

QUATRAINS

MISER

The miser hoards
What he should spend,
But seldom tries
To keep a friend.

SUCCESS

Few words it takes
The rule to tell:
Success is doing
Something well.

MISTAKES

Of blunders never be afraid,
For now and then
The costliest mistakes are made
By clever men.

REST

He slips away
All night to rest
Who says: "Today
I did my best."

(Copyright, 1957)



PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN WIT AND HUMOR

By Leo Albert Bressler

Introduction

The popular conception of the Pennsylvania Germans, like many popular conceptions, has been based upon only the most obvious and oftentimes the most superficial evidence. There is a wide misconception of the dialectic and genealogical denotations of the term "Pennsylvania German." But even more inaccurate and unrepresentative are its connotations. To those who are not of this group and who have little contact with it, the term suggests the provincial, the unsophisticated, the backward, the intellectually retarded. It is popular to associate with the Pennsylvania Germans dark tales of witchcraft, mystic symbols, quaint customs, and fabulous gastronomic concoctions. True, an occasional magnanimous observer has commented upon the well-kept farms, the neat, cleanly houses, the industry, and the solidity of character, but generally in a tone that was only obliquely complimentary. All too frequently the implication has been that the Pennsylvania German considered the appearance of his barn more important than that of his living room; that he was a gourmand rather than a gourmet; that he was better fitted for physical than for mental labor; that he was dull - witted and hard-headed rather than principled. In short, there have arisen certain generalizations concerning the Pennsylvania Germans which, though they may have elements of truth in them, fail, like most generalizations, to tell the whole story. What is more, they have tended to preclude interest in and study of the historical, social, and literary significance of one of our oldest and largest ethnic groups.

There have, of course, been isolated studies of the dialect, customs, art, literature, and history of the Pennsylvania Germans. **The Pennsylvania German** Magazine, The Pennsylvania German Society, The Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, and the **American-German Review** have published articles on various aspects of these topics. There are a number of dictionaries and anthologies of writings in the dialect. Certain newspapers in eastern Pennsylvania, in sections of Ohio, and in Canada have carried, and are still carrying, columns devoted to Pennsylvania German writings and lore. Recently a revived interest in Pennsylvania German has given rise to a number of "Versammlingen," meetings held several times a year for the purpose of singing songs, listening to speeches, jokes, anecdotes, and other entertainment in the dialect. But most of these efforts have a limited interest and a circumscribed audience, being intended largely for consumption by Pennsylvania Germans. There have been few attempts at presentation and interpretation for the general public, or even for those with a scholarly interest. A distinguished group of men under the direction of Dr. Ralph Wood published a volume dealing with the history, agriculture, religion, literature, journalism, etc., of the Pennsylvania Germans (**The Pennsylvania Germans**, Princeton Press, 1942). But this work, since it covers such a wide field, is far from definitive and of necessity omits certain topics.

One subject that has been almost entirely neglected is that of wit and humor among the Pennsylvania Germans. Certain pieces of prose and poetry are of course familiar wherever the dialect is spoken. "Boonastiel" is well known throughout Pennsylvania Germandom (pseudonym used by Thomas Harter, publisher and writer of dialect newspaper letters). Any Pennsylvania German can recite a number of humorous verses, aphorisms, anecdotes, and jokes in his dialect. A casual examination of dialect columns in newspapers will reveal numerous attempts at wit and humor. However, there has been no serious attempt at analyzing, evaluating, or determining the extent of Pennsylvania German wit and humor.

Lack of interest in this subject as a field for study may possibly be attributed to the fact that the Pennsylvania German has often been regarded as the object rather than the author of humor. In American literature, when he has been mentioned at all, he has been presented as dull and commonplace, a stolid plodder and a thorough materialist. He is described as a country bumpkin, a typical hayseed with straw hat, beard and toothless grin. Who would expect a sense of the comic, a flash of wit, or risibility from such as he? At best he has been pictured as a crackerbox philosopher.

It is the opinion of the writer that such a portrayal is not representative, and that both the quality and the extensiveness of humorous elements in the Pennsylvania German make this a topic worthy of study. It is hoped that such a study will make for a more accurate appraisal and a greater appreciation of the Pennsylvania Germans and the part that humor plays in their life and literature.

The purpose of this thesis is, first, to determine the general character of Pennsylvania German wit and humor; second, to analyze and provide examples of certain dialect writings to show their nature and worth. The study consists of the following: an analysis of the nature and themes of Pensylvania German humor, a discussion of some of the better known newspaper writers, a survey of typical humorous verse, and an analysis of humorous devices. An appendix, to which reference is made for purposes of clarification and illustration, contains, in addition to published pieces, a number of unpublished jokes and anecdotes. These, in the opinion of the writer, have a value apart from their use in the present study and are worthy of preservation (These are to be published in later issues of the ECK parallel with the text of this thesis. —Ed.)

No attempt is made at broad comparisons with other literatures or national groups, or at proving any superior quality of Pennsylvania German humor. Both the scarcity of secondary material and the magnitude of the task forestall definitiveness in regard to the general problem or any of its various aspects. The only purpose, therefore, is to make observations regarding the characteristics of Pennsylvania German wit and humor, and an appraisal of certain typical productions.

Some of the material considered has appeared in book form, some in newspapers and magazines, and some, mainly anecdotes, have never been published. The writer does not pretend to exhaust the humorous material. Pennsylvania German almanacs, which contained a large portion of humor, are mentioned only briefly. No attention is given to plays or the cartoons which accompany certain newspaper letters. And not all the writings and writers are thoroughly investigated. The writer has been guided in his choice largely by the productiveness and popularity of writers as evidenced by the volume of their work and by the critical and biographical material in **The Pennsylvania German** magazine, the publications of the Pennsylvania German Society and the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, the **American-German Review,** and miscellaneous books.

The terms "wit" and "humor" are used rather loosely, with no effort being made at fine distinctions. When reference is made to wit, it is to indicate an incisive, intensive quality — a humor of ideas. Humor is being regarded as being more expansive, objective, dealing with incongruities of character and circumstance.

Nature and Themes of Pennsylvania German Humor

Before attempting to analyze Pennsylvania German humor, it might be well to consider briefly the Pennsylvania Germans themselves. Some knowledge of their history, way of life, outlook, etc., is necessary if one wishes to make a solid appraisal of their humor.

One definite characteristic of the Pennsylvania Germans that is to be observed from their first migration in 1683 is their love of the soil. They have been an agricultural people from the first, settling in certain sections of eastern Pennsylvania and remaining there to till the soil. Contrary to other immigrant groups, the Pennsylvania Germans did not readily succumb to the lure of new frontiers and other occupations. The land originally claimed became, for most, the sustenance, the home, and life for generations. Those who moved westward did so to take up and hold partly developed land left by the migrating Scotch-Irish or to claim virgin soil. And they prospered greatly. Even today many farms are owned by direct descendants of the men who cleared the soil, and the Pennsylvania German is still recognized for the excellence of his agriculture. Cornelius Weygandt says that the Pennsylvania Germans, as a whole, have remained more devoted to farming than any other group (**The Red Hills,** Phila., 1929, p. 12)

The Pennsylvania Germans' success with agriculture bespeaks other qualities: patience, industry, thrift, conservation, and solidity of character. These were intensified by piety and devotion to the church. Religious freedom was the great motive for their coming to America. And the church, since the Pennsylvania Germans lived in rural communities, became the center of their entire life. "What the New England town meeting was to the Yankee, the church was to the Pennsylvania German. The soil made him a farmer; the church made him a member of the community" (Wood, **The Penna. Germans,** p.87).

The religion of the Pennsylvania Germans was marked by a great faith. "The belief in a supernatural power, in God, was natural to him who felt that he could plow and plant, but only God made his work produce grain and fruit." (ibid.) This religion of faith was partly responsible for the Pennsylvania Germans' suspicious attitude toward educators. For a long time, therefore, education and the professions associated with it were distrusted.

Naturally, through contact and assimilation, concession after concession was made, and a great many of these attitudes became less positive. Today the average Pennsylvania German is like the average American. But certain characteristics may be observed readily through almost the entire two hundred odd years of Pennsylvania German history. These characteristics are naturally reflected in the dialect literature, both serious and humorous. As is to be expected, Pennsylvania German humor is largely a folk humor. There is nothing studied about it; there is no complexity and very little polish. One looks in vain for repartee; there is not much that will appeal to the very discriminating. Sometimes the humor is broad, lumbering, inartistic, and even indelicate.

This is not a refined humor; it is the humor of a folk living close to the soil. It has a pungency springing from the senses and thoughts of a plain folk living a plain life. Moreover, we sometimes find nothing but extremely long, rambling accounts of rather ordinary incidents, colored, exaggerated, and punctuated with questionable epithets for the sake of a rather low humor. Some of the news letters, as well as some of the poetry and other prose literature, are a poor grade of rough-and-tumble comedy. Certain writers use stock situations over and over, reworking and readapting materials of other writers, trying to squeeze a last drop of humor from them.

To be continued

TO OUR READERS

The Eck for today contains the first installment of "Pennsylvania German Wit and Humor," a thesis submitted in 1943 by Leo Albert Bressler in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts at Pennsylvania State University. This interesting study will continue through a number of weeks. It is published in the Eck with the kind permission of the author and of William L. Werner, Advisory Professor of English Literature. Mr. Bressler is now a member of the Department of English of Pennsylvania State University.—ED.

MER KENNE ALL LACHE

Mer kenne all lache
Wann alles gut geht,
Awwer Gschpass driwwer mache
Wann's siwwe Daag schneet,
Mit nein unnich zero
Un Kohle so raar,
Ass die Haase verfriere
Im Bett, wie des Yaahr—
Sell's en gans annri Sach,
Un nix ass en hero
Kummt rum mit me Lach
Mit em Wedder an zero.

Mer kenne all lache
Wann's Sunneschein iss,
Wann Schtrohhiet un so Sache
Wie sell fashion iss;
Awwer wann die Grundsau
Ihre Schadde erblickt,
Un sex Woche rau
Bidder Winder uns schickt—
Sell's net gans so fei.
Mit re Ausicht so schwaz,
Un doch Lache debei,
Nemmt schur en schtaut Haz.

'S iss hendich fer schmunsle,
Waer schee guckt im Gsicht,
Awwer wann mol die Runsle
Die Yuchend fernicht,
Wann die Gnie zamme falle
Un die Woll uff em Kopp
So raar iss, bei Gally,
Ass Haar uff re Grott—
Wann die Farreb uff de Backe
Verwelkt iss un fatt,
Die wu so Zeite lache
Sin en schdandhafti Satt.

Waer cash hot recht blendi
Un greenbacks im Schtrump,
In re jim-dandy Shendi,
Iss en glicklicher Hund;
Mit govverment Benner
Un allerhand Schtack,
Was wett mer dann schenner
Ass Wechsel im Sack!—
Sell's hendich, nau meind!
Awwer was mit em Mann
Unne cash odder Freind
Ass em milthelfe kann?

Mer kenne all lache
Wann nix wedderfaahrt,
Mer kenne Gschpass mache
Schier eenichi Aard,
Wann die Lewwer recht flappt
Un's Friehyaahr rum kummt,
Wann die Amschel rum dappt
Un's Biebli raustschumpt—
Awwer Gripp in de Gnoche
Un Leibweh im Haz,
Des schneit fer paar Woche
Die grooss Blessier kaz.

Wann die Felder sin grie
Un der Himmel iss bloo,
Tschumpt mer aus em Bett frieh
Mit me Lach un iss froh;
Awwer wann's owwe runner
Beim Barl giesst un schdritzt,
Un darrich's Gedunner
Es Blitz rumhaer schpritzt—
Sell's en gans annri Sach,
Un ich seh dann un wann,
Allemol ass es gracht
Watt's de Sinder schier bang.

Waer lacht mit em Kretz
Odder Wanse un Leis,
Rutscht iwwer hadde Bletz
Wie en Kuh uff em Eis;
Waer en carbuncle hot
Odder colic un Gripp,
Un lacht allegebott
Seeft em Dokter en trip—
Fer en Lach dutt em gut
Un koscht doch ken cent,
Un iss besser fer's Blut,
Ass en Gall liniment.

—SOLLY HULSBUCK
(Harvey Miller. 1871-1939)

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Editorials

Assessments and Schools

Lehigh University and its Bureau of Educational Services deserve commendation for the contribution it will make today to ultimate solution of the current problem on the inter-county reassessment ratios.

Indeed the University's sponsorship of a seven-county conference for school directors demonstrates the academic and professional stature of the South Mountain institution in rising above the Lehigh-Northampton county problem which has drawn so much interest and concern on the part of school directors, borough officials, and township supervisors.

The subject for discussion at the school board conference in Packard laboratory today at 1:30 is aptly phrased, "The Relationship of the Reassessment Program to Good Schools."

Here will be an objective, ethical airing of the problem without any pressures intended or applied on any county's Board of Commissioners, especially our Lehigh County men.

Chief assessors from three counties, Lebanon, Lehigh, and Northampton will participate freely and openly. The same will be true of school directors. No effort has been made to involve the reluctant Lehigh County Commissioners, although some of them may attend as auditors, at their own discretion.

Albert Boyer, President of the Northampton Commissioners, will be the only formal speaker. It is expected that he will pose the problem and chronologically review what our neighbors have actually done.

From that point forward the panelists have been charged with the duty of relating the problem to school needs.

Rules of the game, according to a university spokesman, will call for the presentation by panelists of facts on both sides of what, for the layman, appears to be a complex subject. No soap-box orations will be permitted from either the floor or the panel. Printed, factual summaries of the discussion are planned for distribution to the more than 35 school boards registered. Readers will be free to draw their own conclusions.

This is the kind of public presentation we have needed. There has been enough of sectional argument, political undercurrents and overtones, questionable petitions and pressure-type meetings on both sides, whether largely or slimly attended.

On Saturday we predict that all of us who are taxpayers on the properties either we or the banks own, as well as the "taxpayers" who sometimes forget about the rest of us, will have our local taxes balanced against the long-range, growing flood of school needs being produced by yesterday's children, suddenly become today's parents and taxpayers.

And if we know the discussion's moderator, a former newsman for this particular journal's columns, there will be a fair, open, and constructive set of ground rules to govern the operation of the entire discussion.

In discerning the public need for this conference, Dr. Martin Whitaker and his associates at Lehigh will have earned again the admiration and the gratitude of every citizen from every one of the seven counties which will be represented.

Beck Called to Account

It was an embarrassing and uncomfortable position in which President Dave Beck of the Teamsters' Union placed organized labor as a whole by revelations of his associates' dealings with racketeers and crooked politicians, as well as the careless and perhaps criminal handling of the union men's funds. This was reflected in yesterday's action by the executive council of the AFL-CIO which suspended Mr. Beck from this highest body and then, in addition ordered an inquiry into Mr. Beck's kingdom. A jury of his peers will now pass upon him.

So, while Mr. Beck has been excused from the Senate committee hearings, in which he made a very unfavorable showing, he now has to face the righteous indignation of his fellows in the proud and powerful organized labor movement.

Mr. Beck has been convicted of nothing for he has undergone no legal trial. He is a free and still, presumably, an innocent man in the eyes of the law. But in that great forum of American public opinion, which in recent weeks has had a chance to see and hear many witnesses, Mr. Beck stands as a defendant under the deepest suspicions. In fact it was Mr. Beck himself who, in taking a negative position in the Senate inquiry, was himself the most positive witness against himself.

It has not helped his cause that he has been shouting loud and lustily about unfairness to himself. The American people will judge that matter and they will judge it fairly. It also has not helped improve public opinion of Mr. Beck that he has announced the raising of a million-dollar fund (some wishful thinking, no doubt) to publicize "the truth."

Ever since Mr. Beck got home from Europe he has had a chance to tell "the truth," whatever he thinks the truth to be, and it would not have cost him a dime. Every newspaper and all other media of communication were ready to report his every word and do it free of charge. In fact they'd have gone down on their hands and knees to get "the truth" out of him.

He may be ready to spend a million for a publicity campaign. While he can buy a lot of billboard and other advertising space, neither he nor any army of high-powered press agents will be able to get the kind of space in the news columns that was his, gratis, during the past fortnight.

But, if he is willing to throw a million away, that is his business and the business of more than a million men in his union. It will cost them only a "buck a man" on the average to have their fun.

See the Game Preserve

The Trexler-Lehigh Game Preserve will be opened tomorrow for the first time this season and it can be expected, weather permitting, that a considerable caravan of motor cars will move thru the 1200-acre enclosure during the day.

Simple figures on attendance at the Preserve since it was opened indicate that there must be a considerable number of our Lehigh County folks who never have been inside the Preserve's gates. Yet it is their property and it is operated upon their behalf, for their enjoyment and welfare.

There may be many persons who "just never get around" to making the long-planned tour of the park with the entire family or with friends.

This is the year for them to qualify as citizens who are familiar with one of the most distinctive of Lehigh County's institutions and are happy to enjoy not one trip merely, but trips from time to time.

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.

POSTCARD COLLECTORS LIKE BRIDGE

DEAR SIR—

Being an ardent admirer of the old covered bridges and an avid collector of viewcards and articles concerning them, I am writing to you to ask that you do all in your power to see that the Bogert's Bridge on 24th Street, Lehigh Parkway, Allentown, Pa., be saved from destruction.

These covered bridges are of great historical interest to many people and there are thousands of interested persons who are members of the National Society for the Preservation of Covered Bridges, Inc. Other thousands of viewcard collectors include as part of their collections cards and other items concerning these old bridges.

The construction of the bridges themselves is a wonderful example of the type of work done by our forefathers and should be kept for posterity. Many an old covered bridge has outlasted modern structures and most of them are still fundamentally sound.

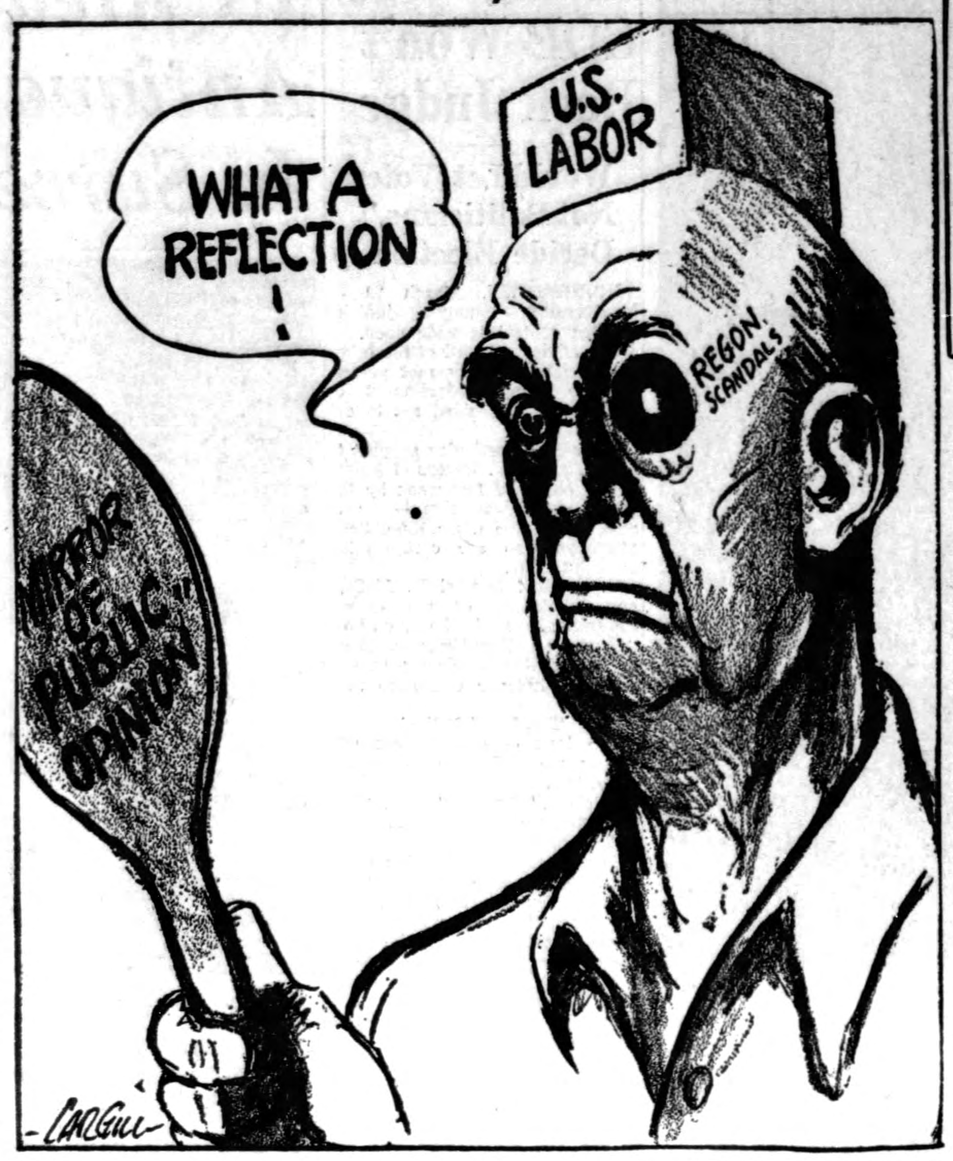
Perhaps if the bridge stands in the way of progress, it could be moved to another site but kept intact. I believe this has been done in several cases.

Let me paraphrase an old poem and say, "Mr. Editor, spare that bridge!"

Hoping that you will take immediate action in this matter, I am

Mrs. A. C. Riley, Sec.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Innocent Bystander



Buying Savings Bonds

By SYLVIA PORTER

Should you buy the new U. S. savings bonds now that the government is raising the rate and you can get 3¼ per cent on your bonds if you hold them to maturity of just under nine years?

Should you put any part of your precious nestegg into a security which really is the equivalent of dollars-plus-interest in view of the warnings from the government itself that inflation is the biggest threat to our nation and the informed belief that over the years, dollars will buy less and less in the marketplace?

You should if:

IF you believe that life insurance also has a place in your basic family financial program;

IF you approve of putting part of your pay in a savings account in the corner bank or nearby savings association and feel this savings account adds to your financial security;



Porter

IF you need and want to save automatically by having the money for your bonds deducted regularly from your paycheck — a discipline which keeps you from being tempted to fritter away the cash before you can ever get to a bank;

IF you're still in the process of building a nestegg to protect you in case of financial emergencies and aren't yet at the point where you should move into probably more profitable but also more risky forms of investment.

Some of the arguments being advanced in print and by word of mouth against buying savings bonds today are nothing short of vicious. And since each of the arguments has some truth, the propaganda is defiantly difficult to combat.

Millions of us own billions of dollars of U.S. savings bonds. Because cash-ins have been mounting rapidly during this cycle of rising interest rates, the Treasury is now sweetening the terms.

In brief, the Treasury is: Raising the maximum rate on any "E" bond bought since Feb. 1 to 3¼ per cent; cutting the maturity of the bond to eight years and eleven months; increasing the redemption value in the early years of the bond so that after a bond has been held three years, it returns 3 per cent; cutting the top amount you can buy each year to $10,000. It is similarly sweetening the "H" savings bond.

But the more attractive terms actually are of only relatively minor importance. The key question is: Should you buy the bond at all?

Let's put the propaganda on the table and eye it coldly.

Say the critics: Face up to the fact that any buyer of savings bonds in past years has lost out because the dollar's buying power has been slashed. . . .The bond you bought at $18.75 in 1947 is now redeemable at $25, but your $25 buys only a fraction of what it would have 10 years ago. . .

Say I: No doubt about it, the rise in prices since World War II has cut deeply into the dollar's value. But why single out savings bonds for condemnation? The same thing has happened to dollars put into the bank or into life insurance. Are savings accounts and insurance to be condemned too?

Say the critics: You can get a bigger interest return on dollars placed in many savings associations. . .The U. S. is being stingy. .

Say I: Sure, you can get a fatter return from lots of institutions, but over the next nine years, you also may get a much skimpier return if interest rates turn down. When you buy a savings bond, your return is guaranteed for the life of the bond — and don't forget the great advantage of being disciplined into regular, automatic saving.

Say the critics: Forget savings bonds and protect yourself against rising prices through stocks — which will give you more return and also a profit.

Say I? That's a half-truth — even though after you have a basic nestegg I'm all in favor of diversifying your investments. But as millions who have bought stocks since 1955 are well aware, stocks go down as well as up. You may have to sell at the worst time for you. Savings bonds are riskless.

The Treasury well may have a rough time answering its savings bond critics in dramatic terms. But you who have read this at least can see the picture in perspective, judge the bonds on their merits. And the U.S. savings bond has plenty of merits.

(Copyright 1957)

Edgar A. Guest

WISDOM DAYS

At twelve a growing boy knows much.
With everything he keeps in touch
And strange to him this thought appears:
Knowing as little as you do,
That you have labored all the years
And had some triumphs fall to you.

At table with you he may sneer,
Disputing everything you say,
And if you try to catch his ear
But slight attention he will pay.
He'll wonder how you've lived so long,
Your judgment always being wrong.

The proper ties you never buy,
Your choice of suits is out of date,
At meals he'll shake his head and sigh;
Your wisdom he will underrate.
He'll look at you in manner grave
And tell you that you need a shave.

Be patient through these wisdom days;
Be glad he thinks so much he knows.
Remember it is just a phase
That every youngster undergoes;
To manhood he will quickly grow
And know as little as you know.

(Copyright 1957)

Horoscope

Your year should bring you happiness and good fortune. Born on this date, a child will be good-natured and self-sacrificing.

The Lake of the Cherokees in northeastern Oklahoma is set in an area which boasts more varieties of wild flowers than any other similar section of the United States.

Pumpernickle Bill

WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HUNDER SHTORIES: Doh sin paar hunder shtories os uns fertzailt sin werra ow'r noch ken blotz dafor kotta hen, fer dem. Shtories wie des kon m'r ols gute wenich nous sheeva, un kumma arrick handich rei tzu tzeita wie des — tzeita woh m'r net ous 'm hous kon fer da lavendicha g'shichta noh gae. Nimmy long, bol hoffa m'r widder uf da yocht tzu sei.

HUT DER HARSH GRICK'D: 'N Yeager drowwa om Bloe Barrick wor drous harsh yawga. Er is ols galoffa un galoffa, un hut endlich 'n grosser alter buck sehna shtae nagshd om Bock Effel. Der Yeager hut 'n alt frankishie kugla flint kot, un hut aw galaig'd omma baum fer tziehla, so os er der harsh yoh net ferfaila dade.



Pumpernickle

Wie der Yeager ob gadrick'd hut is 'n grossie wolk shmoke farna tzum lawf rous kumma, ow'r net die kugle — sellie is im lawf shteck gabliva. Der Yeager hut gore ken tzeit ferlorra, er is der barrick nunner g'shprunga noch ma bauerra hous un hut g'frok'd fer an long shtick drode. Mit sel'm hut er die kugle lose g'shtart, is tzurick der barrick nuf un hut der harsh noch g'shossa mit, eb er wieter wie fuftsich foos fom blocka weck wor woh er wor wie ers airsht mohl g'shossa hut noch 'm.

HUT NET GONS IWWEL OUS GAMOCHT: 'N Yeager fon da Quakertown gagend wor mohl nous yawga on da Tohicken grick nunner. 'S wor 'n ordlicher hivel dart, un woh er tzwae grossa, alta fix sehna hut um 'n felsa kup rum kumma. Die fix hen ihn net g'sehna, un er hut gawort bis sie in ra grawda roy worra, un hut sie alla bait g'shussa mit 'm sama shuss.

Die fix dreffa wor ow'r net ol 's glick os der Yeager kotta hut. Die flint hut 'n bartzelbaum hinnershich in die grick gakick'd, un er is inna wosser loch g'falla os es wosser 'm iwwer der kup gonga is. Wie er ous 'm wosser kumma is hut er 'n grosser alter shnapper on da finger fon yaderra hond hanka kot; die gallasa gneb sin 'm fon da hussa g'floga, un hut tzwae doddle dauva darta mit gadroffa un woh runner g'falla sin mous rocka dote; un wos noch mainer wor, wie er gaguck'd hut, hut er die hussa sitz fol fish kot, un won sel net 'n guter shuss wor dada m'r gleicha tzu wissa wos wear.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Won aenich ebber im marrick is fer der grib, 's kon unserrer kowwa gons billich.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

John 18:1

When Jesus had ended his prayer, He entered upon His way home to His Father, as He had intimated to His disciples in His prayer. It led by way of the Garden of Gethsemane, the Cross, the Grave, and the Mount of Olives. It was truly a Via Dolorosa (a path of sorrow and of grief), but because of the joy that was set before Him, He was willing to endure the cross (Hebrews 12:2), so that by His atoning death He might bring to us everlasting life, and thus, in answer to His prayer, we might be with Him forever. Jesus had already given expression to the same thought in John 14:1-2, where He spoke of making ready a place for those who believed in Him, promising them that He was coming again in order to receive us unto Himself, so that where He is, we may be also. It was this promise, enlarged in Acts 1:11, which made the parting less grievous for His disciples. We remember that at His ascension, two heavenly visitors told them 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."



PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN WIT AND HUMOR

By Leo Albert Brossler

Introduction Continued

There is much buffoonery, and sometimes there is a coarseness in Pennsylvania German humor which is bovine, if not porcine. It is this tendency which has been largely responsible for the neglect and criticism of dialect writing. As early as 1899, J. Max Hark composed a severe indictment of Pennsylvania German literature: "If we except most of the poetry of Harbaugh, the one or two little poems Rondthaler wrote, and some of that of Lee Grumbine, with perhaps a few scattered verses by others, is it not true that all the metrical compositions thus far produced in the Pennsylvania German dialect have not been real poetry at all, but only attempts to arouse laughter at the expense either of the Pennsylvania German himself or of the strange-sounding dialect? Sometimes the attempts have been genuinely humorous; oftener than not they have been coarse and in questionable taste. The same is true of too much of the newspaper writing in the dialect. Nearly all that has been done in prose or verse has been broadly humorous, with no attempt at anything else, no higher ambition or aim than to make people laugh." ("En Hondfull Faersh," Penna. German Society's Proceedings, V. 10, p. 6).

The general truth of these statements cannot be denied, but we must make certain reservations. In the first place, a great deal of literature has been produced since the date of this writing, some possessing real merit. In the second place, the ambition to make people laugh is not necessarily a mean one. If the laughter is inducted by something truly comic, the effort is laudable. The writer feels that Dr. Hark may have been somewhat prejudiced by his own love for more noble, "elevating" themes. Finally, indelicacy and crudeness should not blind one completely to whatever merits writing may possess. The work of Robert Burns is by no means always savory or delicate, but it is delightful nevertheless; in fact, it is its flavor that gives it much of its value. The same is true of much of the humorous writing in Pennsylvania German. Earthiness is inseparable from a great deal of the humor, and when it is not too obtrusive, it provides a flavor that is distinctive and not unpalatable. Moreover, in judging humor, one should probably attach at least as much importance to the thought, the observations on the human comedy, as to the form and taste. This is especially true when dealing with a folk humor. At least one critic has said that Pennsylvania German literature is perhaps the equal of any existing folk literature (Lester W. Seifert, "The Pennsylvania German Dialect Literature," **American-German Review**, April, 1942). Even if we accept this opinion only with some reservations, we may infer that Pennsylvania German humor, since it makes up a large part of the literature, is by no means always in poor taste and has some genuine merit.

Indeed, as was revealed by an examination of a large number of dialect pieces, there is considerable humorous material that is neither unpolished, bold, nor trite. Sometimes, as from the pen of John Birmelin and Charles More, both the burden and the manner of the writing compare favorably with similar efforts in English. Occasionally there is wit, a recognition of comic situation or humorous idea that has a universal appeal. Dr. Ralph Wood makes the following observation: "Outsiders who are accustomed to thinking of Pennsylvania Germans as phlegmatic and reserved are surprised when they become aware of the lively spirit, artistic sense, satire, and frequent knowledge of characterization displayed by the better letter (newspaper) writers (in **The Pennsylvania Germans**, p. 160) And in verse, Birmelin's "Retscherei" makes fun of universal human frailty with a facility and sense of form that is highly commendable. Grumbine's characterization of a braggart ("Der Prahlhans") is keenly analytical and delightfully humorous. "Mei Arme Bee" exemplifies an adroit handling of a well-known topic, the writer restraining himself to avoid letting the moral crush the humor. Later mention will be made of other equally good examples of wit and humor. It is sufficient to say here that the amount of good material more than compensates for that which is unworthy of consideration.

A redeeming feature of Pennsylvania German humor is its essential kindliness or **Gemuethlichkeit**. We see reflected in it a genuine interest in and love of people. There are sometimes penetrating observations concerning people who get out of proportion, who are hypocritical, conceited or vain, but when there is irony or satire it is seldom rancorous or bitter. Edward Hermany (1832-1896) is the only writer who consistently turns out scathing satires. There is much poking of fun, mild satire, and didacticism, but vindictiveness is not common. The Pennsylvania German seems interested mainly in observing humanity, in noting its idiosyncracies, whims, and perversities, and in enjoying the inherent humor.

It is a very human humor. The reader is amused by verse and prose accounts of incidents taken directly from life. In them he recognizes characters and incidents he has known; he notes his own foibles, and he finds comic situations analagous to those in which he or people of his acquaintance have been involved. The Pennsylvania German writers rarely go far from home for their humor or construct it out of pure imagination. Generally the humor is real, not artificial. It is as much and as typically Pennsylvania German as well-kept farms. And one gets the impression that the Pennsylvania German thoroughly enjoys laughter.

It is to be noted, however, that many writings have a purpose beyond making people laugh. A moralizing, lesson-teaching spirit is often present. "Boonastiel," for instance, injects miscellaneous bits of advice into his humorous letters, sometimes pointedly stating a moral at the end. Some of the humorous stories of Daniel Miller are followed by his own comment upon the point contained therein. Lee and Ezra Grumbine, John Birmelin, David Brunner, Charles C. More, and most of the other better writers are concerned with more than just being funny. Harvey Miller, in his last book, **Gschbos un Arnscht**, frequently mingles "fun and earnestness" so that it is difficult to separate the two. Sometimes, especially in the earlier prose writings, a seriousness of purpose produces only heaviness where humor is intended. A satirico-didacticism is to be observed in many of the later writers.

Another noteworthy thing about Pennsylvania German humor is its democracy. All things are legal targets for the humorists. Humor is extracted out of every situation. In this respect it follows the general spirit of American humor (see S. S. Cox, "American Humor," **Harper's Monthly**, May, 1875). No subject is so sanctified as to claim exemption. The village preacher and the circuit lawyer are just as liable to be lampooned as the town drunk. Only one exception must be made. The writer has found no writing which makes fun of people's infirmities or handicaps; there is no stammering or stuttering; no game is made of the mentally defective (see Graeff's comment, **American - German Review**, p. 37).

One who is unacquainted with Pennsylvania German life, customs, and outlook may find some of the humor incomprehensible, even perverted, since motives for words and actions will not be understood. For example, there is the story of the man who protests vigorously when he is instructed to walk with his mother-in-law in the procession of his wife's funeral, his contention being that having to do this would take all the fun out of the occasion.

This appears to be no more than irreverence and hard-heartedness. It seems unlikely that any sane man would make such a statement, and hence there is no humor. However, when one realizes that a funeral was one of the few events that lent variety to the prosaic life of the rural Pennsylvania German communities and that attendance at a funeral offered a chance to talk with one's neighbors as well as to pay one's respects to the deceased (the latter being no less sincere because of the former), then the remark becomes plausible and one is able to detect the humor.

In similar vein is the following story: A woman tells her dying husband to make a last request, saying that he may have anything he desires. But when he asks for fried ham, she replies, "Oh, no! We need that for the funeral!" The woman's reply is understandable only when we know that it was, and still is, customary for Pennsylvania Germans to provide lavish feasts for the funeral guests, not for show, but in appreciation of sympathy shown for the bereaved family and respect for the dead, and that the woman is torn between two loyalties, love and hospitality. Mr. D. R. Shenton, discussing the story in the **Reading Times**, writes as follows: "To gratify her husband's last wish meant much to this good wife; but hospitality and **Freindschaft** are so strong in these people that duty to those who would show him respect in death meant even more than his living request. In short, had she gratified his wish, she would have shown disrespect in death, a blot on the escutcheon of both the deceased and his family."

The motives of the humorous stories about clergyman are also likely to be misunderstood. They do not come from irreverance or lack of respect for men of the cloth. The Pennsylvania German has a deeply rooted regard for the clery, for the church and its ministers have been the center of Pennsylvania German community life. Thus it is a shocked sense of propriety that produces laughter. There is no poking of fun at religion or at the person of the minister. But the Pennsylvania German gets a good deal of fun out of seeing the ordinarily dignified person in a ludicruous or absurd situation.

Similarly, if the humor in many other stories is to be understood and appreciated, account must be taken of the Pennsylvania German viewpoint. Their conservatism and utilitarianism must be remembered when fun is made of educational practices, city dwellers, etc., if the spirit of the humor is to be interpreted properly.

To be continued

DIE RETSCHEREI

"Oh geh!"—
"So waahr ass ich do schteh!"—
"Do will ich awwer sei!"—
"Un geb mich awwer yo net weck!"—
"Ei freilich net — mit so me Dreck—
Do kaemt mer in en scheener Druwwel nei!"

"Ya, mit so nidderdrechtich Gfrees—
Doch bischt du nau die aerscht die's weess."—

"Un waer hoscht gsaat ass hett's der gsaat?"—

"Des weess ich selwer nau net graad.
Doch waart emoll — nau loss mich denke—
O ya! Ich waar do yetz ans Schwenke;
Die Schwenks'n hot's woll vun der Moyern
Un die Moyern vun der Butz'n
Un die Butz'n vun der Boyern
Un die Boyern vun der Kutz'n-
Waer dann dernoh die annre waare?—
Do hawwich doch die Schpur verlore"—

"Un hot die Moyern des gewisst
Un mir nix gsaat?—Mer meent mer misst—"

"Die Moyern halt sich bissel haus,
Sie greischt net hendich ebber aus.—
O, dass ich saag, kumm helt verbei,
Do schtopp ich bei der Schmitts'n nei."—

"Was hot die Schmitts'n dann gemeent?"—

"Net viel zu meene!—Wie mer sehnt,
Do hot sie selwer 'n schlecht Gewisse.
Die hot yuscht's Maul so schepp verbisse;
Un secht mer sett's mol aerscht beweise,
Dann wear's noch Zeit fer Schtee zu schmeisse.—
Die Geidner'n hawwich aa mol bsucht,
Settscht heere wie sie dobt un flucht!"—

"Datt hawwich aa net meh erwaart;
's iss Schpeck un Schwaart vun eenre Aart!"—

"Ya, wann mer aa so Nochbere hett—
Ken Wunner ass mer ziegge daet!"—

"'s maag sei wie's will, doch bin ich bang,
Die hackt aa heit noch iwwer der Schtrang."—

"Ya, was die Leit doch vun re saagge;
Do weess mer ball net was zu glaawe.
Ken Wunner saagt sie, 'ei-bi-schur,
Des iss doch alles yuscht Nadur!' "—

"Ya, die Nadur — des sehnt mer ei—
Doch wott ich nau mol sie net sei;
Un saag, fer was sie schelde sott,
Wann sie nix raus zu gewwe hot!"—

"Ei freilich! — Mach sie aa net schlecht!
Doch sin so Sache mol net recht."—

"Bei Leiwe net! — Doch geb mol acht,
Wann unsereens en Fehler macht!
Die henke's an die grosse Glock,
Dann iss mer yuscht der Sindebock!"—

"O well! So iss es mit dem Gschwetz,
's iss immer aryets ebbes letz.—
Doch bischt du nau die aerscht die's weess—
Un gell, du bischt mer doch net bees?
Du weescht, verschtehscht yo wie ich's meen,
Nau muss ich awwer dabber heem!"

"Ya, ich muss aa, mei Mann kummt glei,
Un bin ich schpot, dann schlackt's noch ei!
Gud Bye!"—

"Ya well, Gud Bye!
's iss arrig mit der Retscherei!"—
Ich middel mich mol gaar net nei.—
Vergess mich net wann d' ebbes heerscht!"—

"Verloss dich druff, du bischt die aerscht!"
"Gud Bye!"
"Gud Bye!"

—JOHN BIRMELIN

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Editorials

War on Litterbugs

Motorists are generally familiar with those seemingly ubiquitous State police who suddenly may be "tailing" them or may pop out from the most unexpected places. These are facts that put punch into recent police announcement that they are going to pay particular attention to the litterbugs who despoil the highways and environs.

As motoring parties go merrily on their way many are the numbers who as they drink and chew gayly flip emptied containers and paper wrappings out of the windows without any apparent thought being given to the filthiness of their act.

More offensive is the behavior of those who sneakingly discard all kinds of trash and household wastes along the highways and byways. Garbage often is discarded even by individuals who reside in communities that have public garbage collection systems. These evidently go to more trouble to dispose of their rubbish surreptitiously and illegally than if they were to dispose of it in approved and legal manner.

Then there are those who illegally dispose of the mass of paper wastes that accumulate in every household. This is usually carried out during hours of darkness when the act and its perpetrators are unlikely to be seen.

Naturally complaints pour into the State Police offices from people residing in the areas where this uncitizenlike and improper behavior occurs. They protest the befouling of the countryside which is their own front yard in effect. Ruralites would not think for one moment of driving into a town or city and tossing their rubbish upon front lawns and into the gutters of the streets. They object to being made the victims of such behavior by urbanites.

The ruralites have all the law on their side. The State police are determined to enforce it even if it costs offenders a $25 fine or a ten-day jail sentence.

Recognition for a Big Man

It is a high compliment to Allentown as it also is to our Dr. John S. Cartwright that the American Public School Systems during this week at its meetings in New York chose him to be the organization's president for the coming year.

It is somewhat significant that Dr. Cartwright's immediate predecessor in this important national position is Dr. Alden Blankenship of Gary, Ind., for it was inspiration from the school system of that city which did a great deal three decades ago to influence and advance our own school system along a number of useful lines. That inspiration came from the celebrated educator, William Wirt, who put Gary upon the educational map of the United States, and was admired locally to the extent that some of his most important and useful ideas were adopted here.

The Call-Chronicle Newspapers feel particularly happy that this national recognition has come to Dr. Cartwright for it was the newspapers' enterprise which sent Dr. Cartwright out on an extensive tour of America's leading school system during the past year. Few educators, if any, have become more widely and more intimately known than Dr. Cartwright became in the course of a seldom, if ever, parallel experience.

The leading educators of the nation came to know Dr. Cartwright. They recognized him as a big man in his field. They put their stamp of approval upon him by choosing him for their highest honor and for the carrying out of their important work during the next year.

That Ugly Word – 'Censorship'

No matter how emphatic or numerous the denials be, the announcement from the County Commissioners concerning their business sessions and the "channeling" of news thereof to the newsmen thru just one official spells the ugly word "Censorship."

The public can see at a glance that the action is neither friendly nor frank. The people will immediately realize that they and not the newsmen are going to be its victims.

Since the Commissioners, like other municipal bodies, are engaged in public business, their actions are a matter which the people have the right to know about in all details.

All meetings should be as open and free as if they were being held in the stadium and with the stands crowded with interested citizens in much the manner of the earliest democracies.

Obviously such an arrangement would be impractical. It is of course unnecessary in our modern democratic society. The public does not want to sit in upon all the sessions of its governing bodies. It does not have the time. Nor is there adequate and satisfactory place. Public reliance is in the Press. The people look to the newsmen to represent them and to be their eyes and ears and then to bring them a true and unbiased report.

This our newsmen strive to do. None of them attend the sessions of municipal bodies out of pure individual curiosity. Rarely is their mood that of the "wunnerfitz," as the eloquent Pennsylvania Dutch word terms it.

Newsmen get and accept assignments to gather the news for the people, not for themselves. Then the papers present the information to the people thru the people's universal channel of information.

The newsmen do not need an official "channel" such as the commissioners propose. They and the public as well naturally develop suspicions when they cannot see and hear for themselves what is going on in what should be public meetings.

If the commissioners think that "handouts" of news, which presumably have been tailored to their benefit, are going to satisfy the people — who should be their deepest concern — they are deceiving only themselves.

Since all of them are old hands in public life and have had years of experience with Allentown newspaperdom, they must remember that the policy of secrecy about public affairs has never been accepted servilely by our newsmen. And as reasoning individuals they must know that the press is not going to accept the present policy of handouts. They will fight to maintain the "right of the public to know" what is going on in the handling of the millions of dollars which the people pay in taxes and in the exercise of authority which the people give, by their vote to public officials.

Any imposition of news censorship anywhere in America is a declaration of war. Our newsmen are well armed and resourceful. They recognize the throwing down of the gauntlet. They accept the challenge with complete confidence in a victory for the people's right to know.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

QUATRAINS

TRUE GOLFER

The proof of a golfer's self-control,
And none will doubt it,
Is one who can lose on the eighteenth hole
And smile about it.

SUCCESS

A man may have a good career
Who plays the friend when he is needed.
Who does a useful service here
Has in the fullest sense succeeded.

BOYS

Who fully boyhood understands,
Since one he knew them,
Knows smudgy cheeks and grimy hands
Are natural to them.

POOR PRAISE

Her eyes with anger used to flame
When I said that
I'm sure I'd love her just the same
In last year's hat.

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THE BRAVE FRAIL

They do so much — the crippled and the blind.
The broken bodies and the badly lamed.
They do so many gracious deeds and kind
That we, the well and strong, should feel ashamed.

They are so brave. They wave at all and smile.
They welcome every task their strength can do.
Still to be living seems to them worth while,
But some in health complain the whole day through.

Each of us knows one, brave and blithe and gay,
Shut off from all the well have strength to do,
Who still can smile and turn to us and say:
"The best of luck throughout the day to you."

(Copyright 1957)

Catnipping Again



Free Speech in Congress

By DAVID LAWRENCE

It must be the heat or else the political humidity. For one day someone in Congress says President Eisenhower doesn't have "brains," and another day some other member says the President is "a lousy liar." Not long ago another member said he didn't see much difference between Ike and Dave Beck.

All this comes under the head of "free speech," but whether it's good manners and courtesy and upholds the dignity of Congress is something else again.

It is true, of course, that the sniping is being done by the Democrats and that modern politics evidently knows no limits to the smear — it's all supposed to be within the rules of party warfare.

But fortunately the public doesn't regard party zeal as permitting anyone to transcend the rules of gentlemanly conduct, especially in governmental affairs — and it may be doubted whether the people back home are proud of those representatives who engage in name-calling.

Ir was the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt who once said that, as soon as name-calling starts, it is evident that the name - caller is devoid of persuasive arguments and has begun to lose the debate.



Lawrence

There is a curious kind of innuendo in all the smears. The attempt lately has been to build in the public mind the impression that the President lacks integrity as well as fidelity to his office. At the press conference this week someone brought up a published story about Mr. Eisenhower having made a million dollars. He laughed this off and said that he would be glad to sell all his estate for that figure any time and would reap a big profit. Actually, except for his salary, what money he had today is the result of the proceeds from the book he wrote about his war experiences which was published before he became President.

Intimation

Then there was the innuendo at the press conference — repeating a senator's question in a foreign relations committee hearing — that Mr. Eisenhower appoints ambassadors primarily because they have contributed to political campaign funds. This, of course, the President indignantly denied.

The fact is that all Presidents get recommendations for appointments, and, as a rule, the one thing nobody ventures to mention to a president is that a political campaign contribution should be rewarded. Undoubtedly among those active in politics there is considerable knowledge about who makes the campaign contributions, and it may influence some of those who send in letters of enthusiastic recommendation to a president. But it would be unrealistic to assume that t he Democrats have suddenly become virtuous in this respect and do not intend to let anyone hereafter get an ambassadorial or cabinet appointment who has made a sizable contribution to their party fund.

The list of nominees who have gone to foreign-service posts under Democratic administrations after making notable contributions to presidential campaign funds is very long indeed — to mention only Joe Davies, Joe Kennedy and Perle Mesta. It would be a grave mistake to imply, however, that none of them proved able, for most of them have, and so also have the Republican appointees. Business experience is an asset in diplomacy today.

Shy on Names

As for Maxwell H. Gluck, the new ambassador to Ceylon — who, when questioned by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, couldn't remember offhand how to pronounce the name of the prime minister of Ceylon (S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike) or the full name of the prime minister of India (Jawaharlal Nehru) — it is doubtful whether any test in pronunciation has ever before been required before approving the nomination of our ambassadors or ministers to posts abroad.

It could be, of course, that the Democrats are instituting a new reform and that after this they intend to be very meticulous about such things. One would naturally expect the test now to be applied to the chairmanship of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, if not indeed to membership itself on that august group. It might be the new rule that no senator may qualify who cannot offhand recite and correctly pronounce the names of all the members of the Politburo in Moscow. Also, it might be urged that nobody can be chairman who can't reel off quickly the names of the secretaries of the treasury of each government to which America has made financial grants in the last 10 years.

There are lots of things that could be added to such a quiz. It might be broadened to include some of the reporters who ask the President questions at the press conference. One wonders how many could spell Nehru's first name or give quickly the name of the prime minister of Ceylon. Surpising as it may seem, there are things that even the members of the press don't know — but then they are used to invectives to describe their shortcomings.

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The Prankster

By GEORGE DIXON

Thomas E. Stephens was Presient Eisenhower's appointment secretary, but he has been moved up to extremely high-level confidential work. He finds this so intense a strain, however; so toxic to the nerves that he has to have an antidote. The hush - shush man's outlet now is playing little pranks.

Stephens was pursuing his cabalistics, and a substitute was handling the President's appointments, the other day when Judge Juvenal Marchisio, of New York, president of the American committee on Italian migration, arrived to visit Mr. Eisenhower. Judge Marchisio was taken in hand by Maxwell M. Rabb, who doubles as secretary to the cabinet and White House liaison with minority groups.

The visitor confided to Mr. Rabb that he was very downhearted. He said he was terribly disappointed at the dearth of progress on legislation to liberalize the immigration laws. The present immigration picture, Judge Marchisio complained, was more disheartening than at any time in his memory.

This stung Mr. Rabb, who doesn't sting easily, having acquired what is known locally as a 1600 Pennsylvania Ave. hide. The cabinet secretary hauled out a soapbox he keeps under the cabinet conference table and proceeded to make a belated Fourth of July speech.

"Why," he thundered at his captive audience of one, "How can you say that this is the most disheartening period in the history of immigration? As far as progress toward liberalizing the immigration laws is concerned, these are the best of times."

Judge Marchisio stepped back to avoid being clipped in the judicial profile by Mr. Rabb's gesturing arms, as the distinguished orator continued:

"Yes, these are the very best of times! Cast your memory back to the dark days of the Walter-McCarran act! That was a time to be dispirited. But, less than two years after the passage of that barbarous act, President Eisenhower, in 1953, signed the bill that gave sanctuary to 100,000 of the world's most pitiful refugees.

"And," waved Mr. R a b b, working up to a smashing climax, "I have to keep the memory of that great event ever green, my most cherished possession — the very pen with which President Eisenhower signed the bill!" Pointing dramatically to a glass case on his desk in which reposed a pen on golden mountings, he crescendoed: "There it is!"

He peered proudly at the pen, which should have been a priceless trophy inscribed "Dwight D. Eisenhower." His eyes watered with strain and incredulity. The thing in the case was a ten-cent ballpoint, of the type which politicians give away in campaigns. It bore the sleazy stencil, "Thomas E. Stephens."

When the fuming R a b b tracked down Stephens, the White House's prankish mystery man explained airily:

"Oh, I just wanted to see how long it would be before you noticed the substitution."

(Copyright 1957)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Genesis 45:1-3

Those who have followed Judah's plea in behalf of Benjamin and his father Jacob readily understand that Joseph saw a great change in the attitude of the brethren toward their father. Therefore chapter 45 begins with "Then," for Joseph can now reveal himself to his brethren.

So he dismissed every man except his brethren from his presence, for the time has come to have a reckoning with them. Overcome with emotion, he weeps aloud, and the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard echoes of what was taking place. There was a time when Joseph was in the power of his brethren, and they did with him according to their pleasure.

But now the tables are turned, for they are now in the power of Joseph, who can take revenge. But does he? One single word is all that is needed to resolve a complicated situation and to strike terror to their hearts, for suddenly he exclaims, "I am Joseph," one of the most dramatic moments in history.

Each reader can try to feel what went through the minds of the brethren. Will they be put to death? Recalling the words of Jesus from the cross, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they are doing," we can understand the following verses.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

New York idyll: The scene: A rowboat on Central Park lake, with a full moon shining overhead. The characters: An eager young sailor and a red-headed girl.

Sailor: "Your eyes are the most beautiful in the world. I can see dew in them!"

Redhead: "Hold on there, lover boy. That isn't dew; that's DON'T!"

Horoscope

Your outlook is promising, and a happy year is foreseen for you and yours. Today's child should be a strong character and very gifted.



BOOK REVIEW

THE IRON COLLAR by Fedor Sommer. Translated from the German by Andrew S. Berky. Published by The Schwenkfelder Library, Pennsburg, Pa. 261pp.—$3.00.

Many today acquire their knowledge of history and biography vicariously. It is within the province of the literary artist to take bare facts and recreate for them the intellectual, spiritual and cultural aspects of the age in w h i c h they transpired. As long as the author adheres in a general way to the facts as revealed to him through his sources, the reader readily admits ficitious elements. In our own day we have witnessed such notable publications as Mika Waltari's **The Egyptian**, Lion Feuchtwanger's **This Is the Hour** (Goya), Thomas Costain's **The Silver Chalice** (early Christianity), I r v i n g Stone's **Lust for Life** (Goya); K e n n e t h Roberts' **Northwest Passage**; Sholem Asch's **The Apostle** (St. Paul). In these books history and biography are reborn to new life and reality.

The same can be said for the book that lies before us. Fedor Sommer's novel **The Iron Collar**, takes us back to the days of the Counter - Reformation in Lower Silesia, where we relive with the little group of Schwenkfelders their courageous struggle for religious freedom. But who are the Schwenkfelders? This may be an idle question for those of us who know that the Schwenkfelders live in the Perkiomen Valley and adjoining areas; that the Perkiomen S e m i n a r y is a Schwenkfelder school, and that the Schwenkfelder Library with its rare manuscripts and imprints, its publications and lectures, is an important cultural center.

But whence their name and their origin? The external facts are soon told. C a s p a r Schwenkfeld (1490-1561), a German theologian, was born in Ossig, in Lower Silesia. A contemporary of Martin Luther he dared to differ with him and with other reformers and came to be looked upon with suspicion. When Lutheranism became dominant in Silesia, he left Silesia, was driven from town to town and finally died at Ulm. His followers, never large in number, were persecuted in his lifetime and some emigrated to Holland and to England. Those who remained in Silesia continued to be persecuted and finally in 1733-34 they emigrated to Pennsylvania, where they still maintain congregations.

The action of the novel falls in these latter years preceding their emigration. Silesia was under the Hapsburgs. Charles the Sixth was on the throne. Throughout the German lands only three denominations were recognized, the Catholic, the Lutheran and the Reformed. All o t h e r forms of worship were outlawed and their followers placed in the same class with heretics and atheists. In protest to the rigid formalism which had crept into the Reformed and Lutheran churches various sects had sprung up. However they may have differed from each other they had this in common: they opposed rationalism and dogma and sought a greater "inwardness," a more direct communion with God. A religion of the heart was to supplant outward ritualism. The established churches looked upon them as dangerous fanatics.

When the young William Penn journeyed into Holland and up the Rhine in 1671 and 1677 his Quaker tenets fell upon the eager ears of the pietistic sectarians. Little wonder that they readily responded to Penn's offer to come to the sylvan lands across the sea recently granted him by the British Crown where they might enjoy religious and social freedom. Among the many that came in the course of the years, the Dunkards, the Mennonites, and the Amish, were also some hundreds of Schwenkfelders. Only a few historians take the trouble to trace their history in the Old and the New World. The religious problems with which they struggled, the persecutions and m a r t y r d o m s they suffered would seem to be of little concern to us today. But we need to be told and retold the cost of that freedom of conscience and that religious tolerance which today we take only too readily as a matter of course.

The Iron Collar is a stirring tale told with a deep understanding and sympathy for the s p i r i t u a l struggles of the Schwenkfelders. The s t o r y reaches its climax in the Thirties of the 18th century. We are witnesses to the persecutions the simple villagers of Lower Silesia have suffered at the hands of both Catholics and Lutherans. Marytred b e y o n d endurance and under the influence of that s t r a n g e character, the prophetess Susanna Fliegner, they conclude to go into exile. They abandon their farms, take their few personal belongings and follow their gentle leader, George Hauptmann to Saxony, where they find temporary refuge on the estates of the hospitable Count von Zinzendorf. The novel closes with their departure from their beloved Silesian land.

The reader here in Pennsylvania might wish this novel had an epilog, denoting briefly the life of the Schwenkfelders in their new homes along the Perkiomen and the blessed legacy of freedom of conscience and of worship and of prosperity they have left to their descendants.

We owe much to the German author, Fedor Sommer, for having vitalized in this novel a remote but significant period in the long upward struggle for religious tolerance and freedom of worship.

We owe much also to Andrew S. Berky, Director of the Schwenkfelder Library, for his efforts in bringing this engaging novel to us in English translation. Mr. Berky informs us that Fedor Sommer, while active as a teacher in a German school, came upon an account of the persecutions the Schwenkfelders suffered in the early decades of the 18th century. His novel first appeared as a serial in a Berlin newspaper. It appeared in book form in 1911 under the title of **Die Schwenkfelder**, and was reprinted in 1912 and again 1926. It has been used as collateral reading in a number of German schools.

Most of the characters in the story are historical although their names have b e e n changed. Interesting to note that many of the family names in the novel are still current among the descendants of the Schwenkfelders here in Pennsylvania: Y e a k e l, Meschter, Merkel, Krauss, Heebner, Kriebel, etc. Prominent is the name Hauptmann. It would be interesting to know whether the illustrious poet and dramatist, Gerhart Hauptmann (1862-1946), born in Silesia, was a blood relation. That he was influenced by German Pietism and Mysticism is indicated in his novelle, **Der Apostel** (1890) and his notable novel **Der Narr in Christo** (1910).

The pages of history are full of curious ironies. What if the Schwenkfelders had e n d u r e d their hardships a few years longer? In 1740 Charles the Sixth, Holy Roman Emperor died and was succeeded by his daughter Maria Theresa. In the same year Frederick, later k n o w n as Frederick the Great, became King of Prussia. He invaded the province of Silesia and forced Maria Theresa to yield. Upper and Lower Silesia became Prussian and Frederick issued his famous proclamation: "Religion must be tolerated in my states! Each person can be saved according to his own fashion." Would the Schwenkfelders have remained? And who would now be tilling the fertile farms along the Perkiomen and who would be inhabiting Palm, East Greenville and Pennsburg? Idle speculations!—P.A.B.

VUN WEEGGE DER HITZ

Die Hitz waar gross, die Leit hen all
Geguckt wie welke Blumme;
Un Alles hot gebrummt, gemault,
Die Graade un die Grumme.

Im Schatte waar es neinzich Graad,
Un in der Sunn viel driwwer;
Ich hab der Thermometer
Geschmisse in der Rewwer.

Es waar kee Feier naryets meh,
Kee Feier in em Offe;
Kee Hunger hot mer fascht meh ghatt,
Doch hot mer meh gesoffe.

Gebackene Oier Hinkel hen
Naus in die Schtross gedraagge,
Un sin vun selbscht gebrode
Eem in der Schooss geflogge.

Die Kieh, die hen gekochte Milch
Un ebmols Butter gewwe:
Gebrodene Haase in em Graas
Geleegge hen denewe.

Die Peefments waare all so heess,
Sie hen verbrennt die Sohle;
Die Mensche hen gedropst mit Schwitz
Un Fett ass wie die Oole.

Die fette Leit sin warre dinn,
Die Dinne noch viel dinner;
Ball Alles iss verschrumpelt fascht,
Verdrickelt wie der Schinner.

Die Keffer un Moschgieter hen
Ball Alles uffgefresse;
Un aa die gutmietichschte Leit
Hen ihr Manier vergesse.

Der Parre, der hot Wadde gebraucht,
Die kennt er net expleene;
Der Doktor hot sei Medizin
Verhuddelt, wie sie meene.

Der Schtorkipper hot Sals verkaaft
Schtatt Zucker — kannscht der's denke;
Die Kunschtaabler un Councilmen,
Die hen sich welle henke.

Die Automobils sin verblatzt,
Un all in Schmok nuffgange;
Der Schteet-polies waar net im Schtand
Die dummschte Dieb zu fange.

Die Bootleggers — verloss dich druff—
Die hen noch schaffe kenne,
Dann uff em Weeg wu sie hiegeh
Sin sie geyust zum Brenne.

Ya, ya, sell waar en scheeni Zeit!
En wunnervoller Summer;
Doch gleich ich Winter alleweil
Un Schnee macht mir kee Kummer.

—Louise A. Weitzel
1862 - 1934

HOSENSACK

The origins of place names are of perennial interest. History and lore are in many instances so entwined that the investigator finds himself baffled in his search for the truth. Such a name is **Hosensack**, a name given roughly to that area of Upper and Lower Milford Townships adjoining the easternmost part of Berks, namely Hereford Township.

The Hosensack Valley, known widely for its romantic beauty, extends from northeast to southwest through Lower Milford Township and down into the Perkiomen Valley. The name **Hosensack** is applied also to the encompassing hills and to the creek that flows through the valley.

When the name **Hosensack** was first used is not known, but we know that one Paul Ruetter (later, Ritter) took up a tract of 192 acres in this valley on Dec. 2, 1737. In the original purchasing contract, we read: "Said tract is situated on the Hosensack Creek in Upper Milty."

The word **Hosensack**, pronounced **Hossesack** in our Pennsylvania German dialect, m e a n s literally "pants or breeches pocket." It is interesting to speculate upon the possible origin of this unusual name.

To this writer the word **Hosensack** would seem to be synonymous with the French **cul de sac**, meaning literally the bottom of a bag, but which is now in general use for a passage with only one outlet, a street with no exit, a blind alley, but here applied, we believe, first to this valley, which in the early days must have seemed very remot and hemmed in, and later also for the area in general, for the hills and the creek.

In that valuable little book "Skizzen aus dem Lecha-Thale," published in Allentown, Pa. by the German paper, the **Friedens - Bote**, (1880-1886) Ben Trexler comments upon t h e origin of the word. We translate as follows:

"David Gehman, the late post-m a s t e r of Hosensack (now about 70 years ago.—ED.), a local authority, who was also responsible for the name given to the post office, stated that early surveyors gave the name to the valley because it was formed like a pocket; one had to leave it by the same route by which it was entered.

Another local legend attributes the origin of the name to a group of German wagoners who were forced to stay in the valley through one whole night because their wagons got stuck in the mud. In relating their adventure afterwards they claimed "Es war so dunkel wie in einem Hosensack."

"This Hosensack region is mentioned in the "Pennsylvania Archives" for 1784, at the time of the Indian unrest in the Wyoming Valley, when troops were called out to guard the borders of that region. In a letter written at Philadelphia on Oct. 1, 1784, the Secretary, John Armstrong Jr. informs the County Lieutenants of Bucks and of Berks that it is the order of Council that 50 men be drawn from their respective battlions, properly armed and brought under their officers to a meeting place in Lower Milford Township generally known as **Hosenhaason.**

"But what does the word **Hosenhaason** mean? It is apparent that Secretary Armstrong is struggling to render a German word in his English letter.

"The Rev. C. Z. WWeiser (1880) records that a very old settler of Lehigh has thrown some light upon the name by suggesting that it had to do with **Haasen mit Hosen**, or "rabbits with pants on," and in support of this an old native of Milford related the following interesting story: During the 18th century there were two settlers, Wendel and Yost Wieant by name, who were on good terms with the Indians who continued to linger in that region after the white people occupied the valley. These Indians were very fond of turtle soup. The redmen asked their friends, the Wieants, to help them capture turtles, suggesting that whenever they came upon the reptiles they should pick them up and place them in hollow stumps or lay them on their backs until such time when the Indians could collect them. When the Indians came back they were accustomed to greet their white friends with their poor German: Well, Yoscht — well, Wendel — hoscht widder Schillgrotte fange?" Then amid much chattering and laughter they took the turtles, which they called "rabbits with pants on," and threw them, head and shell and all, in a kettle with boiling water, and that was Indian turtle soup!

"Despite this explanation it would seem more likely that **Hosenhaason** was a printer's error and was probably meant to be **Hasenhausen** which would then coincide with a custom in Germany, where village names frequently end in "hausen." The name **Hasenhausen** would then simply suggest that it is a place where rabbits are plentiful, or if we wish to give credence to the Indian appellation for turtles, namely **Hasen mit Hosen.**"

The Editor of the ECK will be grateful to anyone who can shed further light upon the origin of the name **Hosensack.**

—P. A. B.

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Editorials

Dam-Building Race With Time

After two days of fairly steady and quite heavy rain in this section, rise in our local streams was to be expected. In good fortune, abatement in rainfall came about and the threat of damaging floods in the Lehigh Valley likewise has abated.

Always, however, the threat is one that is alarming to our people. Memory of floods, costly to life and property, is all too fresh in our minds while reliance upon flood control measures cannot yet be placed in the various projects in the upper areas of the Lehigh Valley because they have been little more than begun.

Flash floods, such as the one during the summer of 1955, can happen again. Not until the dam at Bear Creek and the two in the Honesdale area are constructed will this section of the state be able to breathe more freely when rain falls in torrents for considerable periods of time. Especially will this be true if there be such heavy fall at a time when some of the streams are ice-bound and their drainage areas are blanketed heavily with snow.

Hope will rise with every such threat averted by cessation of rainfall. Every week and month will bring the Lehigh and the Delaware Valleys closer to the day when the dams will have been completed and when they will be able to retard the speed and volume of water making its way toward the sea.

But the three projects are for all practical purposes little more than designs on drawing boards.

The big Bear Creek dam, near the headwaters of the Lehigh, is in a satisfactory stage of construction. However bids for one of the dams near Honesdale will not be opened until late this month and the other is not scheduled to be under contract until some time in May.

Despite the employment of earth - moving machinery and other equipment with titanic power, which constitute one of the blessings of our times, it not only takes vast amounts of money to build these huge engineering projects but also a great deal of time.

But, when the Bear Creek dam is built, it should provide the desired protection from floods which every community in the Lehigh Valley — Allenrown, Bethlehem and Easton particularly — deeply desires.

The Honesdale structures likewise are expected to help oftharrassed Honesdale but also all areas in the valleys of the Lehigh and Lackawaxen rivers.

These three projects are not expected to be the last word in flood control for this section of the state but they can be expected to do much toward that end.

Then, too, when these projects have been completed, they will provide large recreational areas for the people of Pennsylvania and their guests. With a knowledge of what Lake Wallenpaupack has done for our people, the addition of three more large artificial lakes can be expected to add to Pennsylvania's tourist and recreation business and also indirectly to our people's physical well-being.

A PAL to Dads Also

In campaigns of recent years to increase Sunday school attendance parents have been urged not so much to "send" their children but to "take them" to enjoy and profit from religious instruction which they may need as much, or more than their young people.

Somewhat similar is the thought that the local efforts of the Police Athletic League have elements of interest for parents, quite as much as for the youngsters whom PAL is seeking to benefit by providing wholesome outlets for youthful energies and emotions.

So the leaders in the PAL movement experienced an initial disappointment when on Thursday evening they provided a wonderful program for the "kids" and their families on Thursday evening. The turnout of the former was counted in excess of five hundred. Of the latter there was a mere handful.

Without a doubt every boy who left his home on Thursday evening for PAL's well-publicized and interesting program did so not merely with parental consent but approval.

Perhaps a lot of the fathers did not understand that they too were not only welcome but that their presence fervently was desired because of the good effect a Father-Son expediton for pleasure and excitement would have upon the boy and family life.

Some more PAL programs are promised. At the next ones, a big turnout of the "boys grown tall" should be assured. Parental interest in the organization's campaign against juvenile delinquency would be made manifest in this way.

Iran's Bandits and Villa

Iranian bandits who kidnapped and killed three Americans and then fled into the mountains of Baluchistan certainly have not received any sympathy from the government or people of Iran and all the measures taken to capture them have the ring of sincerity and earnestness. In fact, the government appears to have been so humiliated by the crime that the cabinet, or at least some important officials in it, is likely to resign. Some reports however indicate one or more of the bandits already have been killed in the course of hot pursuit.

In American thinking about this crime, it is good to recall an experience that our Pennsylvania National Guard units and other military forces had on the Mexican border in 1916.

In that year an unusually bold and resourceful bandit, Pancho Villa by name, put cattle-rustling and banditry upon a huge scale and harried American ranchers and villagers on the Mexican border. An inept and indifferent Mexican government did nothing about the loss of life and property.

President Wilson then decided to do something drastic about it and sent thousands of troops to capture Villa, since the Mexican government either could not or did not want to do anything about it.

Our troops went down there and took the Villa affair into their own hands. They got a lot of experience out of it which was of profit to them when World War I was declared in the following year but they were unable to catch the wily Villa.

Iran may be able to round up and bring her bandits to time. If she does so there will be satisfaction in this country. If she be unable to do so, Americans can remember Pancho Villa and his successful defiance of all law and authority, including a considerable army of Americans, back in 1916.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Harvey Breit's "The Writer Observed" contains some revealing comments by the authors interviewed. Truman Capote, for instance, confessed, "I'm about as high as a shotgun —and just as noisy. I think I have rather heated eyes."

Evelyn Waugh declared that no writer should be caught dead with a message. "A writer," he said, "has no right to be like Lawrence or Hemingway, thinking they're prophets."

Hemingway, himself said, "As a Nobel Prize winner I cannot but regret that the award never was given to Mark Twain nor Hetnry James."

Carl Sandburg reserved his barbs for TV. "I am disgusted." he fulminated, "with people who just watch indiscriminately for hours and hours. These machines are thieves of time, with not even a mechanical conscience about the hours they will waste in a day."

Vice-presidents in advertising agencies always seemed to fascinate the late Fred Allen. His most famous designation for these V. P.s was "molehill men."

"A molehill man," he went on to explain, "is a pseudo-busy executive who comes to work at 9 a.m. and finds a molehill on his desk. He has until 5 p.m. to make this molehill into a mountain. An accomplished molehill man will often have his mountain finished even before lunch."

The parents of a 150-pound, 10-year-old boy were surprised to learn that he had won the part of Cleopatra in a school play. "But why," asked his mother, "did they give such a part to the huskiest lad in the class?"

"They had to," explained the boy cheerfully. "It was my snake!"

Big-hearted salesman didn't forget his gal back in New York while he was gallivanting around Europe's capitals. "Run around to some smart shops," he counseled in a letter, "and pick up a few nice things for yourself. But don't get caught."

Heard about the Texas oil millionaire whose son was born with a silver derrick in his mouth?

(Copyright 1957)

Debtors' Prison



Texas Election

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The story of the Texas election is the story of what happens when Conservatives split—a so-called "Liberal" wins out.

It wasn't a clear-cut battle between Republicans and Democrats as such in the election for U.S. Senator just held in the Lone Star State. The Conservatives gave Representative Martin Dies, Democrat, more than 275,000 votes, and they gave Thad Hutcheson, Republican, more than 214,000 votes. This combined total of 489,000 Conservatives was far in excess of the 340,000 votes cast for Ralph Yarborough, the winner. Searcy Bracewell, Democrat, who supported Ike in the 1956 election, got 31,000 votes that would not have gone to Yarborough.

If it be assumed that some of the Republican votes might have been spread among the other 17 Democratic candidates, it still is true that the bulk of the Republican votes cast were from the ranks of Conservatives.


Yarborough

Had there been a "run-off" election permitted so that Martin Dies, on the one hand, and Ralph Yarborough on the other could have fought for the Democratic nomination, it seems likely that Yarborough would have lost out.

There was considerable agitation for a "run-off," in which only the two candidates receiving the highest number of votes in the first election among several candiates are pitted against one another in the second contest.

Texas voters are accustomed to "run-off" elections to determine the top two who fight it out for the nomination, and it is most unfortunate that the Democratic party didn't put through the State Legislature the bills introduced which sought to bring about that kind of election first, before challenging the Republican party at the polls in the final contest.

But one reason, of course, was that many of the supporters of Senator-elect Yarborough thought he had a better chance in an election that split up the Democratic votes, and isolated the Republican Conservatives behind their own candidate.

Mr. Yarborough has been up for elective office in Texas on a state-wide basis five times and lost four times. He ran once for attorney general and three times for governor. He is the standard bearer of the so-called "Loyalist" faction in Texas politics which is made up largely of the Truman-Stevenson wing of the party.

The Democrats in the north are, of course, crowing over "the great victory of the Democrats over the Republicans" in Texas. Also, the Republicans in the north are arguing that this election was an encouraging step toward a two-party line-up in the south.

A few more episodes of this kind and the Republican party will have succeeded in sending to the Senate and the House many exponents of radical philosophy and, in the end, the coalition in Congress of northern Republicans of the Conservative school and Conservative Democrats from the south will be broken down, if indeed it isn't largely wiped out.

Partisans naturally want to see their respective parties built up but, in the struggle over conflicting ideologies nowadays, it is far more important to the future economic welfare of the country for the conservatives to avoid schemes that break down the Conservative representation in Congress from the south.

Presidential elections can be fought on a two-party basis in the south, but, until there is a clearer definition between the Republican and Democratic parties on state issues, it is sheer folly for the National Republican organization to stimulate the selection of Republican nominees for the Senate and the House in the deep south.

There are a few districts in the south where the preponderance of conservatives is such that putting up a Republican nominee for the House of Representatives becomes a logical means of defeating a Democrat from the radical side.

This could also happen in some Senate races in the south but, unless there is a "run-off" primary to eliminate the many candidates who usually enter these contests, the risks to the Conservatives of such an election as Texas had this week are obvious. It was the conservatives who defeated themselves this time.

(Copyright, 1957)

Edgar A. Guest

SEASON'S PARADE

The sun began to dance about,
The daffodils at once came out,
The purple crocus felt it pass
And it came peeping through the grass;
And whereso'er I walked, I'll swear,
All things below had charms to spare.

Where there had been a silence deep
All living things began to leap.
The robins sang a carol gay
That wintertime was on its way;
Small shoots of green, as oft they will,
Jumped up to shout: "We're living still!"

Like newly regimented troops,
Some living things came out in groups
And plainly said: "With sun and rain
We'll soon begin to bloom again;
In time, if you will patient be,
We'll give you lovely things to see."

Oh, what a tumult's going on
Man's eyes may never look upon.
Beneath the ground, aroused from sleep,
The children tulips again leap.
Though linger long the winter may,
'Twill never see a summer day.

Man sees the seasons come and go
But summer, winter cannot know;
It has to pack and move away
And give its place to gentle May.
And May herself will give her room
So that the rose may bud and bloom.

In nature this is how it goes:
The tulips gay precede the rose
And when the summertime has gone
The autumn blossoms follow on.
From spring to fall, in sun or shade,
There is a constant gay parade.

(Copyright 1957)

Horoscope

Once again the best fortune coming to you will spring from your own intuitions, which should prove excellent guides to success. An especially clever and active brain and an excellent memory will be noted in today's child.

There are more than four million so-called "excessive" drinkers in the United States.

Pumpernickle Bill

WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DER DIVEL HUTS BESHD FOM EILIE GRICK'D: Der Til Eilenshpiegel un der Divel hen immer fiel tzu duh kot mit nonner — un gawainlich hut der Til 's beshd grick'd fom Divel. In dem fol ow'r hut der Divel 's beshd fom Til grick'd.

Der Til hut fer 'n longie tzeit die fegel in ocht ganumma — wie sie g'floga sin, so leicht wie 'n lewb blawd im wind. Noh hut er 'n noshion grick'd won er fegel, fliega kenta, so kent er won er fliegel het. Noh is er ons fliegel mocha gonga—hut mohl 'n paar gamocht, ow'r sie hen 'n net recht gaboss'd, un hut noh noch 'n paar gamocht. Yusht wie ers tzwet paar fliegel fartich kotta hut is der Divel dawaig kumma un hut gawunnert wos er om beshdla wear.


Pumpernickle

Der Til hut 'm noh fertzailt wie er die fegel shun weil om watcha wear, un wear shure allas os failа dade fer menscha aw fliega, weara die fliegel. Der Divel nadierlich hut gawunnert won er die fliegel mohl ous brovierra wot, un der Til hut g'sawt, "Grawd now won duh mit gaish'd, un helfsh'd sie ous brovierra."

Die weil os ken hivla rum worra, hen sie ous gamocht fer ufs hous doch groddla, un fon darta nunner uf der grund fliega. Der Til hut 'm Divel sei airsht paar fliegel gewwa, un woh er aw g'shnolt hut, un der Til huts ledshd paar ganumma. Sie hen ous gamocht ser mitnonner fom doch fliega — dada jumpa won der Til sawga dade "now."

Der Divel, g'shlifa wie er noch immer wor, hut sich on der sharnshtae g'shoft, un sei shwontz darta drum rum gawick'ld. Wie der Til g'sawt hut "now," sin sie tzu gleich fom doch gajump'd, ow'r yaderra hut fergessa tzu floppa. Der Til is kup un hols nunner uf der budda g'falla un wor fer tzwae dawg ummechdich, ow'r der Divel hut sich k'hova om sharnshtae mit seim shwontz, un is glicklich dafon kumma.

Der Divel hut galocht wie 'n g'shmutzter sees kucha un is ob fert noch seinra hell tzu, un der Til hut ol sei lebdawg nix may hoerra wolla fon fliega mit hame gamochta fliegel.

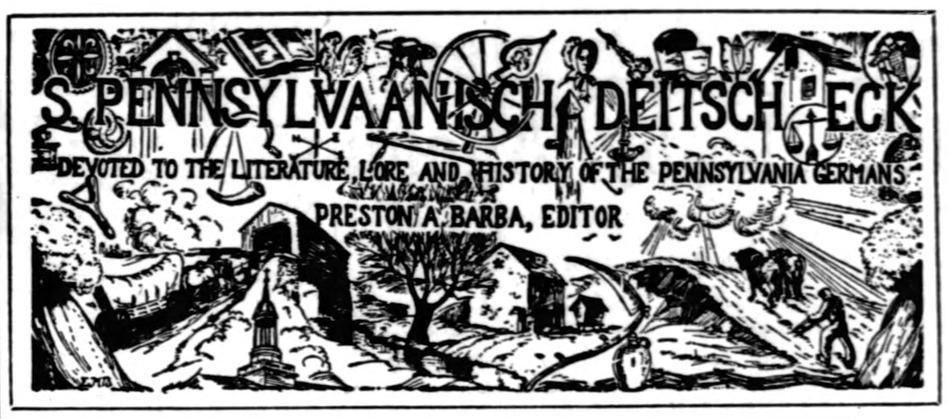
GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Des is unser ledshder brief fer die tzeit — hoffa fer yusht 'n gons kartzie tzeit — sin geshter widder noch 'm Allentown hospital brovierra fer der grib, odder wie sie now sawga, "Virous" wenich g'shwinder lose werra.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

John 18:26-27

After Peter had denied Jesus the second time, one of the servants of the High Priest, who was a relative of the man whose right ear Peter had cut off, said to Peter: "Did I not see thee in the garden with Him?" Peter then denied again, and immediately the cock crew. In connection with this incident we should read Matthew 26:31-35. "Then saith Jesus unto them, All ye shall be offended because of Me this night; for it is written, I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered abroad. But after I am risen again, I shall go before you into Galilee. Peter answered and said unto Him; "Though all men shall be offended because of Thee, yet will I never be offended!" Jesus said unto him: "Verily I say unto thee, that this night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny Me thrice." Peter said unto Him: "Though I should die with Thee, yet will I not deny Thee." Likewise also said all the disciples. How important the injuntion in 1 Cor. 10:12: 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."



PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN WIT AND HUMOR

By Leo Albert Bressler
Continued

Pennsylvania German Prose Humor: The Newspaper Writers

Most of the prose humor in the Pennsylvania German is in the form of newspaper letters, and this discussion will therefore be confined to writers of these letters or dialect columns. Certain writers published selected pieces in book form and in **The Pennsylvania German** magazine, but most of these appeared also in newspaper columns devoted to dialect literature. "Sim Schmalzgsicht's Own Magazine," which appeared in Allentown in 1913, was devoted exclusively to humor, but this ran for only four issues. Pennsylvania German almanacs have been discussed in an article by Arthur Graeff, in the **American - German Review**, June, 1939. Dr. Graeff states that the almanacs preserve some of the better elements of Pennsylvania German humor. He notes that there are many hyperbolic stories, tales of the antics of drunkards, stories dealing with domestic complications, ministers and lawyers, jokes dealing with death and burial (tombstone inscriptions of a humorous nature), and occasional references to the antics of Til Eulenspiegel. Figures of speech used with naivete constitute important humorous devices. He finds the forms of wit "conspicuous by their absence," repartee being practically nonexistent, and a tendency to make no distinction between good - natured bantering and downright insult. One creditable feature is that no capital is made of people's misfortune.

The first point to be noted in connection with the newspaper letters is their great popularity. In 1915 there were sixty-eight newspapers which were publishing or had published Pennsylvania German selections. "What Peregrine Pickle, Bob Burdette, Orpheus C. Kerr, Petroleum V. Naseby, Max Adeler, and others, who became national characters, were to the great metropolitan newspapers, this the Pennsylvania German dialect humorists were to the country weeklies, and the best of them became at least as widely influential as the dialect was known . . ." (Harry H. Reichard, "Pennsylvania German Dialect Writers and Their Writings," **Proceedings and Addresses, Pennsylvania German Society**, V. 26, 1918; further references to this work are made only by the author's name). Daniel Miller, for instance, ran his letters for forty years. Thomas Harter's (Boonastiel) letters appeared in at least twenty-five Pennsylvania and Ohio newspapers, and when they were published in book form, 10,000 copies were sold. Edward Rauch, Ezra Grumbine, Harvey Miller, Wm. S. Troxell, to mention only a few, are known wherever Pennsylvania German is spoken.

The writers of these letters are not all journalistic by profession. Clergymen, teachers, farmers, technicians, and ordinary workmen are represented. Their productions are often a combination of homely philosophy, criticism and humor. The democratic spirit shown in the choice of subject matter, the informality of tone, and the form and method are reminiscent of nineteenth - century American humorists. We may note the use of humorous pseudonyms, the tendency toward funmaking as an end in itself, irreverence, exaggeration, the use of queer vernacular expressions and similes (Cambridge History of American Literature, 1938, V. 3, p. 27). Thus American newspaper comedians have their counterparts among the Pennsylvania German newspaper letter writers, and what is Pennsylvania German humor is also often typical American humor.

The man who is generally credited with the first attempts at Pennsylvania German articles in newspapers is Edward Henry Rauch (1820-1902), whose humorous skits appeared about 1868 in Lancaster and Reading in the campaign sheet known as **Father Abraham.** His activity was continued in his **Pennsylvania Dutchman**, which he founded in 1873 and which had a very great influence in popularizing the dialect. However, it is the humorous newspaper letters published under the pseudonym "Campaign Briefe vum Pitt Schweffelbrenner" that gave Rauch his wide recognition. The following excerpt from an article appearing in the **Philadelphia Press**, January 1873, indicates the popularity of these letters: "His success has been complete, and the letters of Pitt Schweffelbrenner from Schliffeltown have created a sensation, if not as widespread, as intense as those from the Confederate Crossroads which is in the Stait of Kentucky." (Reichard, p. 77)

These letters found an imitator in the person of Thomas Harter (1854-1933), of Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, who in 1882 began publishing a series of letters under the heading "Briefe vum Hawsa Barrick" in the **Middleburg Post.** These letters he signed "Gottlieb Boonastiel" and addressed them to himself. They were an immediate success, and his fame soon spread throughout the German sections of Pennsylvania and into Ohio, where his letters also appeared in newspapers. Today "Boonastiel" is a familiar name wherever the dialect is spoken.

The letters were originally written for two purposes: to build up the circulation of his paper and to satisfy a desire for reform. Harter was eminently successful in accomplishing both purposes, and the reason is Harter's personality and journalistic techniques. He was "gifted with a sly humor, blessed with a keen insight into human nature, and strengthened by a steadfast honesty and a firm will to do what he conceived to be right." (Dorothy Musser, **The Life and Works of Thos. H. Harter**, A Pennsylvania State University thesis, 1932). These characteristics are reflected in his letters, which are a combination of "fun and philosophy" and aim at reform through mild ridicule and burlesque. Guarded by anonymity, he boldly attacks wrongs and corruption wherever he finds them. No institution is so sanctified and no place so high as to claim exemption from Boonastiel's critical pen.

For subject matter he samples almost the entire range of human experience. Marcus B. Lambert, in a letter to Harter says, "It (Harter's writing) touches more phases of life among Pennsylvania Germans than any other collection that I have seen" (see Reichard, p. 207). Originally he was concerned with politics, but he soon turned to other topics. Many letters deal with seasonal topics and special occasions; some tell of his own experiences, especially hunting and fishing, and occasionally he retells an old story, such as that of "The Country and the City Dog" or "Rip Van Winkle." Sometimes he criticizes institutions and customs, as in "The Women and Politics" and "The Unnecessary Fashions."

Two things especially mark Harter's humor and do him credit. The first is the fact that there is usually some point to what he writes. He doesn't merely play the fool or write simply to amuse. For this reason we find him employing satire, drawing morals, and injecting a great many aphorisms and homely sayings into his letters. The second characteristic is the propriety of his humor. In contradiction to the accusation that news letters in the dialect are vulgar and profane and cater to a depraved taste, Boonastiel maintains his respectability. Yet his writing has a distinct flavor. He is skillful in recording the true vernacular. He describes vividly and has a flare for alliteration and onomatopoeia. He shows inventiveness and imagination in his choice of "funny" names for people and places. There is often a delightfully dry humor, and there are frequent allusions to the universal foibles of humanity.

Altogether, the Boonastiel letters represent some of the best humor in the dialect. That they have had a great and continued popularity is evidenced by the fact that the original collection, with some additions and changes, has gone through five editions. The first four editions represent a total of ten thousand copies. A. Monroe Aurand's edition appeared in 1942 (The Aurand Press, Harrisburg, Pa.)

One of the most prolific writers of newspaper letters is Daniel Miller (1843-1913), who began publishing dialect verse and prose in 1869 in his **Republikaner von Berks** and continued to print dialect columns for many years in **The Reformed Church Record**, which he founded in 1877.

His letters appeared under the title "Humoristisch," but he took pains to differentiate his letters from the ordinary run of such compositions. His philosophy is comparable to that of Josh Billings: "Don't be a clown if you can help it; people don't respect anything much that they only laugh at." (Reichard, p. 159) He wrote, therefore, not for the mere sake of being funny, but to make critical observations on a variety of subjects. A satiric didacticism is characteristic of many of his pieces, but there is also plain fun.

Most of the subject matter is drawn from the life of the Pennsylvania Germans. Thus he writes about the life of a farmer, potato bugs, preachers, education, jury duty, city life versus country life, or housecleaning. Sometimes his topics embrace larger fields, as when he writes of the confusion and disunity existing throughout the world. The best humor is to be found in the short sketches and anecdotes which appeared both in newspapers and in his two volumes of Pennsylvania German prose and poetry. These are representative of a brand of humor that is popular among the Pennsylvania Germans and are of a better quality than most other similar pieces. Many of these are cleverly told and have the flavor of the anecdote; a large number, according to Miller, are founded on actual happening.

To be continued

DER GICKSER

Ich hab viel darrich gemacht sidder ass ich dir der letscht Brief gschriwwe hab. Ich hab en ghatt — der "Gickser" un ich waar gaar luders grank. Es iss iwwer mich kumme mit Friere, un's aerscht ass ich gewisst hab, sin die kalde chills mer der Buckel nuff gshprunge un abgeschtumpt an der Halsankel. Es naegscht hawwich aafange schiddele un es hot mich rumgschnarrt, ass die jacket Knepp abgflogge sin. Ich bin ins Bett un sie hen gschickt fer der Dokter. Er iss kumme, hot mei Puls gfiehlt, noch meiner Zung geguckt, mir zwee greide Pilferlin gewwe un mich zwee Daaler getschaertscht. Awwer ich bin net besser warre, un glei iss die Nochricht am Baerrig naus, ass der Boonastiel waer grank, un die Leit sin bei kumme, yeder alde Fraa hot en Handvoll Gegreider ghatt, ass es "bescht Ding in der Welt" sei hot solle. Glei hen sie es Bett umringt ghatt un aafange an mir doktere. Die Sam Shenkelmoyern hot gsaat es "bescht Ding in der Welt" fer der Gickser waer Meerreddich uff die Fiess binne. En anneri hot gsaat heesse Offedeckel uff die Brusch; en Essig-lumbe um der Kopp, un recht schwitze mache waer es "bescht Ding uff der Welt" fer es Friere, un so hen sie fattgemacht, bis sie mich geblanst hen ghatt. Ich hab mich nimmi verreegge kenne, ass ich mich net versenkt un verbrennt hab. Dernoh iss es Tee - mache aagange. Yeder ebber hot graad gewisst was es "bescht Ding in der Welt" iss fer die Granket, un sie sin ans Gegegreider-Koche. Ei du Liewer! Schofribbe, Alder Mann, Meederli, Raude, Salwei, Gwendel, Warmut, Darrichwax, Sassefrill Watzel, Olend Watzel, Schwaz Watzel, un alle annere Satt Tee, ass sie draa denke hen kenne, hen sie zugerischt beim Sei-kiwwel-voll un mir eigschitt. Nau, mind you, yeder vun denne Sache waar es "bescht Ding in der Welt" un ich hab alles geduldich eigenumme, weil ich mir net helfe hab kenne, un geegge es letscht, wann ich ebber Fremmes sehne hab in die Schtubb kumme, dann hawwich schunt es Maul uffgemacht wie en yungi Amschel, fer es letscht "bescht Ding in der Welt" der Hals nunner gschitt griegge. Ich hab wull gewisst was es "bescht Ding in der Welt" waer, awwer der Hullerheck hot's net gewisst, ass ich der Gickser hab un iss net graad kumme mit der schwaze Boddel. Ich hab awwer gschpiert, ass es net lang laeste kann. Die eenundreisich Satt Gegreider hen aafang nanner zarre in meim Maagge. Ich denk yeders hot's "bescht Ding in der Welt" sei welle fer der Gickser abdreiwe, un ich hab gschpiert, ass es schtarrick zum End geht. Glei hawwich nix vun der Welt gewisst un ich hab gedraamt, ich waer dod un uff em Weg noch em Himmel. Wie ich an die Dier kumme bin un hab geglobbt, hot's gheesse:

"Waer iss drauss?"

"Der Boonastiel."

"Wie bischt kumme?"

"Geloffe."

"Du kannscht net rei. Yuscht die Reiche un die Hoche wu Offis hawwe un kenne uff Geil un in carriages kumme, kenne do rei."

Ich bin rumgedreht mit me schwaere Haz fer zerick uff die Welt. Uff em Weg zerick hawwich der Bench Harrison aagedroffe un hab ihm gsaat, ass es kennt niemand nei unne er daet reide odder faahre.

"Nau Boonastiel," hot er gsaat, "gewwich dir en Blaan. Du loscht mich dich an die Dier reide, un selle Weg kenne mer alle zwee nei."

"Allrecht, graddel druff."

Er hot mich an die Dier geridde un geglobbt.

"Waer iss drauss?"

"Der Bench Harrison."

"Wie bischt kumme?"

"Uff me Gaul."

"All recht, bin dei Gaul drauss aa un kumm rei."

Es waar so nadierlich wie uff der Aerd, wu der office-seeker der aarem Mann on die Dier vun seinere Offis reit un binnt ihn dernoh ausse aa, ass ich graad gewisst hab, ass ich noch net dod bin. Die alde Welwer hen awwer all gemeent ich waer dod, un sie hen mir es Maul uffbreche welle fer mir noch meh Gegreider eischitte, awwer sie hen net kenne, un iwwerdem kummt der Billy Bixler nei un hot gsaat wann der Boonastiel noch net gans dod waer, dann kennt er ihn zum Lewe bringe. Er hot en Boddelvoll vum Hullerheck seinre beschte Kefferbrieh aus seim Sack un mir's an die Naas gbowe. Es not mich uffgedobbelt wie en alt Barlow Sackmesser un es hot mich uffghockt mit me lange "Ah-h," wie der Sam Stuck als saagt wann er recht daehdich iss. Ich bin widder uff de Fiess un du warrscht glei noch meh vun mir heere.

Dir Gottlieb Boonastiel.

Boonastiel (Thomas Hess Harter, 1854-1933), one of the most popular of dialect newspaper writers is mentioned in today's installment of Bressler's "Pennsylvania German Wit and Humor.

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Editorials

American People the Victim

Postmaster Summerfield may accomplish his aims by what amounts to browbeating Congress and the people of the United States but he will rue the day that he threatened to cut off vital postal service for millions of people today and to continue to do during every weekend until the Postal Department has been voted more money for its operations.

Business arrangements in the United States are based upon the handling of mails on Saturdays. It is predicated in the mailing departments of all business concerns that mail of all kinds, prepared on Friday or during Friday night, (as in the case of a thousand newspapers), is going to be distributed from every office by the regular force of postmen and rural letter carriers on Saturday morning.

In turn every American family and every American business expects that on Saturday morning some one can walk to their mail-boxes and receive first class mail, parcel post packages and their daily newspapers. This is the most important matter, and one to which Mr. Summerfield seems to have paid no thought, namely its direct, harmful effect upon all the American people.

Here then is a pattern of American business and social life that must not be disturbed ruthlessly or completely ruined by any official, no matter how high his standing; no matter if he be the head of the U. S. Postal Service. It cannot be disturbed or brought to an end with impunity. The American people will see to that. The head of such an offender is likely to roll under the guillotine of American public opinion.

The situation of course would be much different if American business and the American people were given time to make the many adjustments necessary to such an arbitrary change in their way of life during the last day of the week.

It is a dastardly act, typical of bureaucracy at its worst, to create the chaotic condition that discontinuance of mail service can bring about in many areas. If Mr. Summerfield sought to bring down the wrath of the people upon Congress for failure to provide the money for necessary service, then he made serious miscalculation. Instead of making Congress the target for public condemnation, he has made himself the villain in the drama.

Passports Mirror World

It has been noted in the Prothonotary's office that there is decided decrease this year in the number of passports applied for by our people, as compared with the numbers in recent years.

Passport applications generally reflect two conditions, the national economy and the international political situation.

When times are good, more persons find it possible to travel abroad. But their desire decreases if there be a sense of insecurity about affairs in the countries they would like to visit, or even if the political situation in general is menacing.

So it is that while most nations look to tourism as an important factor to encourage in the interest of their economy, they discourage its volume and growth when their political affairs get into an uproar or when their neighbors get into difficulties that make people hesitant about leaving the security of homes.

The Near East has seen the volume of its tourism shrink almost to the vanishing point by reason of the still unresolved difficulties in that part of the world.

When Nasser did more than his share to wreck the Suez Canal, he increased the time needed to clear it and lost much money which would have been earned by an operating canal. He also has thrown a scare into every American and European who might have had some thought of visiting the Pyramids, the Sphinx, Karnak and all the host of incomparable antiquities which travellers hope to see.

When the State Department affixes stamps to a passport and bans travel by Americans in what formerly were regarded safe areas for movement, doubts and fears develop even about travel into areas remote from those in which there may be trouble. Tourism suffers everywhere by reason of trouble in a few areas. Confidence is disturbed.

The State Department is showing its confidence in the continuance of peace, despite all the cap-pistol shooting in a few areas, by expanding the areas in which it encourages American travel. Nevertheless, passport applications up to the end of March numbered barely half as many as for the first quarter of the year 1956, a year that broke all records for such applications.

Biggest Steal in History

Only a few weeks ago the Spanish Government revealed at long last that the nation's stock of gold, about half a billion dollars worth, has never been returned by Russia, where it was placed for safe-keeping when the Nazis got so close to Spain that there was threat of their seizing the precious board.

The Russian answer to the plea of poverty-stricken Spain for return of her money got the equivalent of an icy stare, a declaration that it had all been withdrawn by the Spanish government and had been spent by its representatives.

There is some opinion that the explanation is a bold-faced lie; that the Communists really spent the money upon a lot of their grandiose schemes, the creation of their mighty armament and their costly mistakes in agricultural and other economic fields.

This thinking gets some support from the announcement a few days ago that $65 billions of the Russian people's savings, which were invested (under considerable duress) in Russian bonds, cannot be cashed in nor will they bear a cent of interest for the next 20 to 25 years.

There seems to be in this a confession of national financial bankruptcy, after all the loud and proud talk about the very healthy condition of every phase of the planned life of the Russian people and their economy.

If Russia cannot pay interest on her debts to the Russian people, who have lived a life of austerity for a decade in order to have a little nest egg for the future, how can Spain expect to get back her half billion in gold!

The bankruptcy of Russia has been evidenced in other lines. Thus the revolts in Poland, West Germany and Hungary gave the lie to the fallacies of "people's republics" in the satellite states. Failure of plans for agriculture and industrial development to achieve predictions and boasts have revealed weaknesses in the Soviet system.

Now, in the field of finance where communism has considered itself completely divorced from the western world and incalculably superior to it, there is admission of failure. The Russian people have been told very bluntly by Mr. Khrushchev that they will have to grin and bear it as noble and patriotic citizens and obedient sons of Mother Russia.

It remains to be seen how the Russian people will react to the realization that their precious savings are as valueless to them as if they were non-existent, which they probably are.

It looks as tho the Russian people were the victims of the biggest steal in history.

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.

Weekly Log Approved

To the Editor—

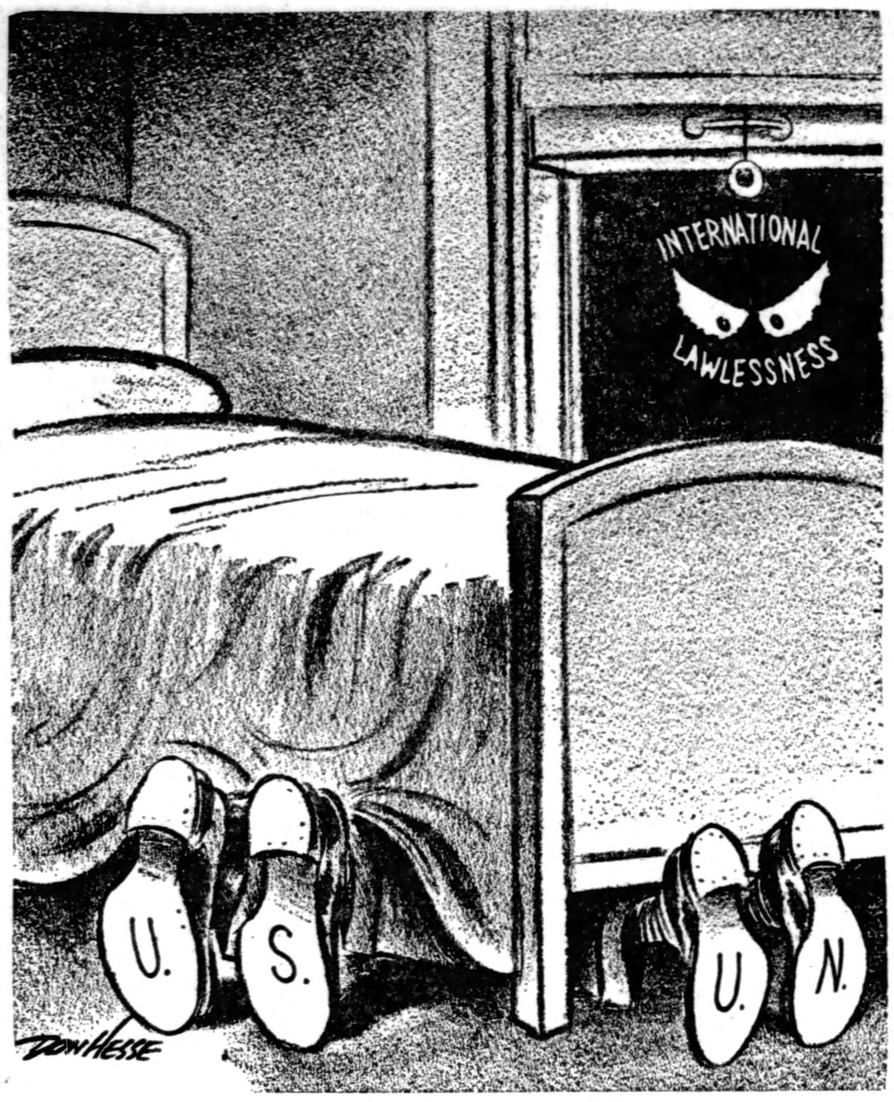
I would like to let you know how wonderful the new Call-Chronicle weekly television log is.

It surely is a great improvement; lots of interesting facts and it lets you know about the people of TV Land.

Keep up the good work. Everything in the Morning Call is just tops; new and interesting, too.

A Faithful Reader
Mrs. Earl W. Hoppes
Tamaqua R 3

'Maybe It Will Just Go Away'



American Heritage

By VICTOR RIESEL

Ex-Senator James Duff, private attorney for Teamster president Dave Beck who seldom has passed up a buck, is now passing the buck along the Potomac to a group of Virginia gentlemen by the names of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and James Madison. They were also presidents, but then their organization had only 4 million dollars left in the treasury. You see they had to spend some money for uniforms and they didn't know Nate Shefferman and couldn't get them wholesale.

Counselor Duff and I briefly discussed Beck and the ex-senator said:

"There's the great heritage of Washington, Jefferson and Madison, and every citizen, including Mr. Beck, is still entitled to what they left us in the Constitution."



Duff

Mr. Duff made the point that Beck was entitled to his civil rights and protection of the Fifth Amendmend. Apparently overlooked are the rights of 1,500,000 Teamsters under what's left of their union constitution.

Just what these are you can't quite tell. For on reading the Teamsters constitution, Section Two A, Article Six, you find that President Dave Beck, and he alone, has the right to interpret it. So it's understandable that the foundering father of the Teamsters is so dedicated to the proposition that his membership know more about the Constitution written by this nation's founding fathers than their own union's. On advice of counsel, no doubt.

President Beck has it all worked out if we gather it correctly from a scout or two who sat in on a very private session of Teamsters lawyers last Friday in Washington's Hotel Woodner. Beck spoke to them for 20 minutes, it was reported.

He told the union's attorneys to go back to their districts and make the rounds of the Teamster locals in their home territory. And he assigned them the task of making the U.S. Constitution really understood in his union halls.

Tell them, he said, that the Fifth Amendment is sacred. Tell them it is their precious heritage. Tell them that every citizen under our laws has the right to plead the Fifth Amendment without any insinuation of guilt. Tell them, too, that the Senate probe is really anti-labor and aimed at our freedoms.

There was another speaker, an erudite counselor from St. Louis by the name of Jack Wiley who has been observing the Senate hearings daily. He, too, said there was great harm being done to the Teamsters and to the entire labor movement.

It is significant that there were only 25 of the 100 or so Teamster lawyers present. Usually there are some 50 or 60 at these skull sessions. Our scouts assumed that these were the lawyers from areas loyal to Dave Beck — which leaves quite an opposition bloc. There are many powerful figures inside the Teamsters who are not quite passionate over the idea of Beck's running for president again — as he fully intends to do next September in Miami Beach.

Opposition

It is now certain, for example, that one battalion of Teamster chiefs is fighting for Chicago's Bill Lee, the union's seventh vice president. The measure of this man is the fact that he has been under constant bodyguard for several years — since some hoods stepped out of a doorway and told him they wanted to cut in. They didn't. Bill Lee would have the support of AFL - CIO president George Meany, whose autographed picture still hangs in Lee's office.

Among the close friends of the 61-year-old Lee is one Richard Daley, mayor of Chicago, who is one of the 3,000 members of Lee's Bakery, Cracker and Yeast Wagon Drivers Union. Mr. Lee is a busy man. He is president of the Chicago Federation of Labor. He helps direct a bank and he is the head of the City Civil Service Commission.

There are other candidates, but the most interesting campaign being waged is for St. Louis' lanky Teamster leader Harold Gibbons. Gibbons is head of the union's Warehouse Division. He is an intellectual, an idea man and is considered honest. His claim to strength is his devotion to Jim Hoffa. When the Detroiter was arrested in Washington by the FBI, Gibbons was prominent in the news photos of the quixotic moment in history.

Later Gibbons explained to his members:

"Many people here undoubtedly saw a picture of me beside Hoffa when he was under arrest. I don't make a practice of getting in pictures, but I very deliberately walked into this one because I wanted to show the membership, and the whole public for that matter, that I was 100 per cent for him. This case shows the lengths to which the foes of labor will go in an effort to destroy an honest and decent labor leader . . ."

Gibbons' campaign is being handled by a Washington publicist and lawyer, now working for Hoffa. Everybody seems to be in there deciding who will be the next Teamsters president—everybody but the 1,500,000 Teamster rank-and-filers. How about a referendum vote of these members just to prove that the heritage of Washington, Jefferson and Madison belongs to others beside Dave Beck and company.

(Copyright 1957)

Just a Little Peace

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

A dear friend, who is a concert violinist, had breakfast with me the other morning, while in the city between trains, and lamented the strenuous schedule of a concert tour.

"It's not the playing or the traveling," he said, "it's the socializing that takes so much time and energy. Why is it that people who want to be kind are often so thoughtlessly cruel?"

I knew what he meant, but I had no answer to the problem. I had just returned from a lecture tour, and had undergone the same rigors he spoke of.

A performer plays or lectures for an hour. But this is the least of his work. He must go to lunch or tea or dinner with the committee. He must shake a hundred hands. He must be "shown our fine new library." He must be taken to the club headquarters. He must be given a supper party after the talk. And he must be reduced to a basket-case when he takes the midnight train or plane back home.

I have always envied Marryin' Sam, the practical preacher in the Li'l Abner comic strip. Sam, you may remember, has rate-cards posted on his office wall, with graded charges for different ceremonies.

He charges a nickel for an ordinary marriage, but a dime if he has to kiss a bride who is over 40, and fifteen cents if he is forced to stay for the reception. What could be more sensible or fair?

In my own case, I should like to send out a rate-card listing my basic fee, with something like this for "extras":

For having to listen to a committee report. . .$5.
For having to listen to the treasurer's report. . .$10.
For spending an hour before the talk with the program chairman, hearing all about her parakeet. . .$25.
For being driven out to view the local monument. . .$15
For inspecting the beautiful new high school gym. . .$20
For having to sit through slides of somebody's tirp to Hawaii before my talk. . .$50
For having to partake of a hotel banquet meal. . .$10, plus all the bicarbonate of soda I can consume.

But this is just a witful dream. I shall never do anything of the sort. It would be cruel and cold and mercenary — and these people "mean well." But why can't they ever learn that all a performer wants is a little quiet before his act, a lot of applause afterwards, and then a speedy escape to a warm bath and a soft bed?

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Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Rumor from Italy had it that Conrad Hilton was negotiating to add the Leaning Tower of Pisa to his hotel chain. If true, the name may be changed, of course to the Tiltin' Hilton.

When a disastrous fire swept through a California restaurateur's establishment, he refused to lose heart. Surveying the wrecked premises, he posted this sign outside: "Charcoal Broiled Everything."

An enthusiastic film producer told a columnist, "My new picture has everything: scope, talent, scenery, ten big stars, and code violations!"

"Why is it," queries Mike Connolly, "that every year it takes less time to fly across the ocean and more time to drive to the office?"

(Copyright 1957)

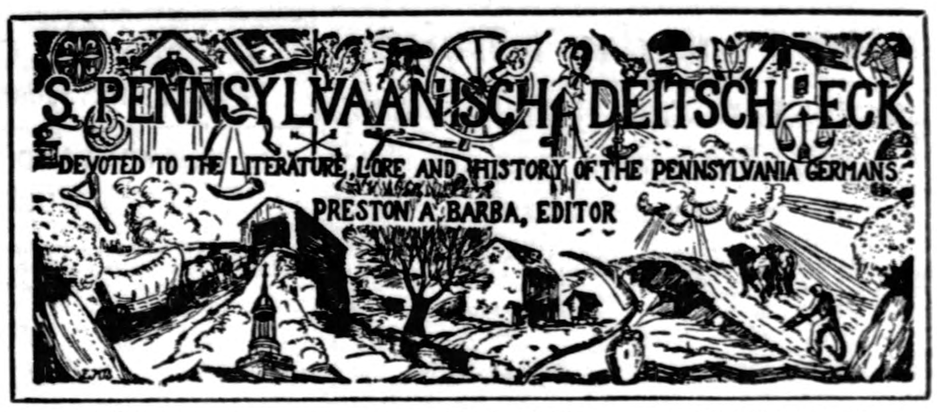
Horoscope

Your life should proceed on the even tenor of its way, property matters turning to your advantage. Today's child may be sensitive but energetic and ambitious.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

When Pilate heard the people exclaiming that to let Jesus go free was tantamount to treason against Caesar, he brought Jesus forth, and sat down in the judgment seat in a place called the Pavement, Gabbatha in Hebrew. And it was the preparation of the Passover, and about noon, and he saith unto the Jews: Behold your King! But they cried out, "Away with Him Him, away with Him; crucify Him!" Pilate saith unto them: "Shall I crucify your King?" In the Greek there is an emphasis which is lost in the English translation: "Your King" comes first in his question, as though he asked: Your King! Do you mean that I shall crucify Him? The chief priests then answered: "We have no King but Caesar." This was a strange answer, for the Jews were never happy under a Gentile ruler. But worse than that — it was the official rejection by the nation of their promised Messiah. So Pilate delivered Him therefore unto them to be crucified. And they took Jesus and led Him away. And He, bearing His cross, went forth into a place called "Skull;" Calvary in Latin; Golgotha in Hebrew.



PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN WIT AND HUMOR

By Leo Albert Bressler
Continued

Dr. Ezra Grumbine (1845-1923) is another writer of newspaper letters who combined humor with satire and criticism. His letters appeared in the **Lebanon Daily Report** and the **Lebanon Daily and Semi-Weekly News** over the signature "Hon. Wendell Kitzmiller." Grumbine was concerned with poking fun at the follies and foibles of his fellowmen.

There is a dry humor in most of his letters, and sometimes keen wit. He seems to have a special knack for driving home a point solidly, yet without a trace of guile. His discussions of religion are especially penetrating and playfully humorous.

Preachers were his particular target, one of his best pieces being the one in which he pokes fun at preachers trying to interpret difficult passages. He also criticized and made fun of education when it taught boys' heads and taught them to loaf, to be vain, and to be attracted by the superficial. Occasionally social conditions commanded his attention. Whatever the subject, Grumbine usually managed to amuse his readers with a mixture of homely philosophy, satire, humor and proverbs.

The next writer, Charles C. More (1851-1940), cannot be classified as a writer of humorous newspaper letters. Most of his prose consists of short stories in the technical sense. In fact More is disdainful of the general run of newspaper humor, as is indicated by the following statement: "Our dialect is deserving of a better fate than to be bandied about in buffoonish attempts at humor with an aimless motive and a doubtful tendency." (Wood, **The Pennsylvania Germans**, p. 198). He has, however, written humorous stories and a great many aphorisms, anecdotes, and plays on words, some of which have appeared in **The Pennsylvania German** magazine and others in the **Allentown Morning Call** under the caption "Gedanke Schliwwere." His humor has a quality that transcends the limits of folk humor. Astor C. Wuchter, well known writer and student of the dialect, said that Charles More is without doubt the best Pennsylvania German prose writer. Dr. Ralph Wood calls him "the best prose stylist of Pennsylvania German literature."

More's writing is notable for good description, apt use of figures, and a sustained excellence of dialect without recourse to English words. His writing is vivid and colorful. He philosophizes without moralizing and in general shows a sense of form that makes his work superior. His humor is restrained, almost subtle; his wit is penetrating and never forced (P. A. Barba, "In Memoriam, Charles C. More," **American-German Review**, Aug., 1940).

The following few excerpts from his aphorisms "Gedanke Schliwwere" will illustrate the nature and quality of More's humor:

"Der Mann ass eigebt wann er letz iss, iss gscheit; der Mann ass eigebt wann er recht iss, iss-gheiert."

"Yeder Hund hot sei Daag, awwer's nemmt en gscheiter Hund fer's zu wisse."

" 'S iss aa net gsaat ass en Katz die Musick arrig gleicht yuscht weil sie gern Canaryveggel fresst."

One of the best known and most productive of the recent writers of newspaper letters is Harvey Miller ("Solly Hulsbuck"), who achieved a wide reputation for both poetry and prose in the Pennsylvania German (see P. A. Barba's "Harvey M. Miller, 1871-1939," **Allentown Morning Call**, June 24, 1939). He was the author of four books of dialect writings, the first a collection of poems, and the other three combinations of prose selections and poems. His newspaper letters have appeared in over fifty newspapers in Pennsylvania, wherever the dialect is spoken.

Although he has written a considerable amount of serious material, a large share of Solly Hulsbuck's writing is professedly humorous. His own notice in an advertisement of his first book, which appeared in 1906, reads as follows: "If you have never laughed before, you'll be compelled to when you read Solly Hulsbuck's humor. . ." And an enthusiastic reviewer of the book replied as follows: "This is probably the reason he sent us only specimen pages for review, instead of the whole book. He feared we might laugh so much our health would suffer." This humorous purpose is especially evident in his later books and his newspaper letters.

The subjects discussed in the letters cover a wide range: vices and virtues, flying machines, woman's suffrage, politics, seasonal topics, local characters, and a variety of timely themes. Like most of the other writers mentioned here, Solly Hulsbuck is rarely content simply to amuse; he frequently has a criticism to make or a truth to point out. This he does with a mixture of humor, sarcasm, and ironic dryness. In the words of Dr. Harry Hess Reichard, ". . .he as a rule sends the truth straight home, making an appeal directly to his own people, who accept well-merited rebuke in good grace because it is administered by one of their own number and because the sarcastic comment is mingled with such playful humor that it is often difficult to tell whether he is in earnest or merely making game." This tendency to mix fun and seriousness is apparent also in his last book, **Gschbos un Arnsht.**

What possibly contributes most to the popularity of Solly Holsbuck's newspaper letters, as well as to his poetry, is the close observation and presentation of Pennsylvania Germandom. His characters and themes are instantly recognizable wherever the dialect is spoken. Copies of his books have found their way to points far distant from the Pennsylvania dialect region. A Harrisburg newspaper stated that his thoughts are not confined to those things with which the dialect writers ordinarily concern themselves, but have elements of universality in them (Reichard).

Among the later contributors of newspaper articles two names are particularly outstanding. They are Lloyd A. Moll (1879-1944) and Wm. S. Troxell. Moll, who wrote poems, songs and prose articles, achieved recognition for the facility with which he handled the dialect. His style is marked by simplicity, ease and a free-flowing colloquialism. He is perhaps best known for his sketches relating the events and conversations at a mythical old hotel, which appeared in P. A. Barba's "Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch Eck" in the **Allentown Morning Call** (see also Seifert, "Pennsylvania German Dialect Writers," American - German Review, June, 1942) under the title "Am Schwarze Baer." The "Schwarze Baer" stories cover such things as a New Year's celebration, a shooting match, butchering, an auction, a frolic, and a variety of other topics related to the Pennsylvania German scene. So realistic is the author's portrayal of these events and so convincing is his tone that he received a number of inquiries concerning the location of his hotel. The most outstanding characteristics of these sketches are their great detail and interminability. An account of a "butchering," for instance, runs to about three thousand words. There is a great deal of conversation in most pieces, and Moll relies upon the gossipy colloquial idiom, replete with favorite expletives, for much of his humor. Sometimes they are humorous situations or practical jokes. In these sketches may be found all the usual devices of the newspaper dialect writers: exaggeration, naivete, funny names, quaint expressions and figures, and familiarity of tone. Moll's humor often has an earthy pungency, but it escapes coarseness. The one respect in which these sketches differ most distinctly from the bulk of newspaper letters is that they contain very little satire or criticism.

At the time of his death Moll was engaged in writing a similar series of sketches with the scene being laid in a village store. The title of these pieces was of typical Moll coinage—"'S Gebabbel im Schtor," (Store Gabbling.) These appeared in his thrice-weekly column in **the Allentown Evening Chronicle.**

Mr. William S. Troxell (1893-), using the pseudonym "Pumpernickel Bill," writes not only the longest dialect column, but also the only one published daily. It appears in the **Allentown Morning Call.** A more important distinction is that he differs from the other dialect columnists in his approach, which is that of the professional reporter. He systematically gathers news from the Pennsylvania German countryside, coloring his material slightly and adding comment for humorous effect. His columns thus become a mixture of humor and discussion of local persons and incidents, sketches of well-known persons in comical or ridiculous circumstances being a favorite theme.

Using a familiar, naive conversational tone, he relates incidents succinctly and briefly. Contrary to the habits of some other dialect writers, he does not rely upon expansiveness and verbiage for humor. He does not linger over a point, trying to extract the last grain of humor. His humor is entirely clean and straightforward, stemming from skillful exaggeration or understatement of detail, a matter-of-fact tone, and a good eye for incongruities. There is no maliciousness and none of the didacticism so common in many newspaper letters. (see **Pennsylvania German Dialect Selections from Newspapers, February-June 1935,** edited by William Hastings; a Federal Emergency Relief Administration Project, The Pennsylvania State College, 1935). Occasionally he begins with a bit of homely philosophy or an observation on life (Is es net 'n kayosie welt?) and illustrates with a humorous incident. In the main, however, Pumpernickle Bill is a maker of good-natured fun.

In concluding this discussion of newspaper humor, mention should be made of P. A. Barba's previously noted "Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch Eck," which occasionally reprints humorous prose and poetry of older writers and of new writers. These pieces are usually of a superior quality. Arthur Graeff performs a similar service in his "Schola aus Pennsylvanisch Deitschland," a column which appears thrice-weekly in the Reading **Times.** In addition to publishing the humor of older as well as of new writers, Dr. Graeff occasionally contributes a humorous piece of his own.

To be Continued

ES KAERRICHE GEH

Es watt verkammen gsaat die Weibsleit hen die Mehrheit im Himmel, weil sie immer der Vorgang hen im Kaerrichegeh. Ich weess net wie sell iss, awwer 's iss mir glaablich ass die fashions ebbes mit ze duh hen. Ich hab schunn genotist ihre Krischtendum dreibt sie net naegscht so hatt, wann sie ken nele Fracke hen odder en uff-zu-deet Bonnet.

'S iss awwer en karyoser fact ass mer ken pikters seht vun mennliche Engel. Des maag sei weil en Engel mit whiskers net gans so schee gucke deet. Ich glaab ass die Menner yuscht so hatt browiere en paar Fliggel verdiene, un wann sie kennt griegge uff der annre Seit, dann warre sie zefridde sei die annere watsche.

Mir Menner misse uffeegne ufkors, die Weibsleit gehne fleissicher in die Kaerrich ass die Mannsleit. Ich wett net saagge ass des so iss weil die Weibsleit es notwennicher brauche. Alsemol wedderfaahrt ebbes, ass der Mann net reddi warre kann in Zeit.

Sunndaag Maryets dutt der Mann vum Haus emoll sei miede Bee schdrecke un guckt an die Marye-sunn. Saagt er: "Es iss awwer nau hoch Zeit rischde fer noch der Kaerrich." Die Fraa grext mit em Koppweh un saagt sie geht net. So legt er sich zerick uff der Bettriggel un schloft widder ei. Iwerwennich nemmt sie halt an seinre Woll un saagt sie gehne in die Kaerrich — "Grick dich gschwind reddi," saagt sie, "Wann mer aa ken rechter Eifer hen defor, mer misse unsre Nochber weise, mer sin ken Heide wie sie."

Paar Minutte dernooch geht's aa. "Adoline! Adoline!" Sie iss drunne in der Kich. "Ya, Ya, was witt?" Er danst uff em Schpeicher rum wie der wild Mann vun Borneo. "Hawwich noch en Hemm im Haus, odder hoscht sie all em Lumbemann verkaaft?"

Die Adoline gebt moll samzeit en Engel un andwatt in ere siesse, liebliche Schtimm: "Dei Hemmer sin all in der zwette Schubblaad vum Buro, wu sie noch immer waare," saagt sie. Datt hen sexe gelegge. Er hot die Schubblaad uff ghatt unne sie gsehne. We er's zwettmol geguckt hot, waar er en Minutt odder zwee ruhich. Awwer glei kreischt er widder: "Adoline, wu bischt — lebscht noch — was duscht?"

"Ya, Ya," frogt die Adoline, "Was iss nau letz?"

"Iss mei Sunndaags - suit drauss uff em Butzemann? Ich hab in alle Ecke rumgeguckt un hab ken sign vun der suit gfunne," saagt er. "Ach, yo," andwatt die Adoline, "sie henkt drowwe in der vedderschte Schtubb." Er macht die Dier uff un datt henke sei beschte Gleeder an der Wand. Er roppt sie runner, schmeist sie uff en Haufe in en Eck, un kreischt widder die Schteg nunner: "Adoline, sei so gut un schpring naus an der Geilschdall un bring mer en Kummet. Ich kann ken Kaller finne uff wiet un breed. Datt geht die Kaerriche-bell un ich warr net reddi bis naegscht Woch."

"Dei Kallers sin in der aerschte Schubblaad," saagt die Adoline. Un datt waare sie fer zwansich Yaahr un naryets schunscht. Wie sei Kaller aa waar, dann hot er gerufe fer Schtrimp. "Schtrimp, Schtrimp, Adoline! wu in der Welt sin mein Schtrimp? Ich hab schunn siwwe hunnert Duzend Paar Schtrimp kaaft, awwer 's iss ken Schtrump im Haus. Die Adoline schpringt die Dreppe nuff un macht en Schubblaad uff. "Do, du blinder Esel," saagt sie, "do sin zwansich paar vun deine Schtrimp. Ferwas guckscht net? Nau, ich denk du warscht gsucht hawwe defor im Seischdall odder im Schlappfass. Du musscht aa en neckie hawwe. Do sin sie."

Alles waar schdill paar Minutte. Er finnt sei Schuh unne en Detectif dinge, awwer wie er sie aaziegt, kreischt er madderlich: "Adoline, O Adoline, was meent des?" Dann hebt er paar Windle-schpelle, en Naggel, paar Schrauwe un edliche Karrepet-tacks in der Hand. "Alle Schtubb im Haus iss voll Schpellekisse un mer hen drei Schreiner - kischte im Waggeschopp. Ich hab Bletz gemacht fer alles hendich un in Adder halde, un was finn ich in meine Schuh? En Pund Neggel, fimf Pack Karrepet-tacks, drei Duzend Schrauwe, Schpelle — was net!"

Es nemmt die Adoline eh halb Schtunn fer ausleegge ass die Kinner die Sache yuscht in die Schuh gschteckt hen iwerm Schpiele. Bis sell verbei iss, schafft sei Kaller - knobb sich los un rollt unnichs Bett. In zwee Minutte hot er Rock, jacket un Hosse aus un dutt sei Alledaags-Gleeder aa. "Ich bin ken Hippokrit," saagt er, "Wann du in die Kaerrich witt, geh yuscht, awwer als fer mich, ich kann net aalosse wie dief ich ge-indresst bin in Krischtendum, wann ich am Kaller-Knepp suche bin." Fimf Minutte dernooch hot die Adoline en Parasol un en Hymnbuch in de Hend un geht noch der Kaerrich.

Un ihre Mann geht uff die Gnie vanne am Bett, deheem, un—sucht Kaller-Knepp.

—SOLLY HULSBUCK

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Editorials

Search for Gifted Children

The Lehigh Valley, thru its annual Spelling Bees and, more lately, its eleventh annual Science Fair, has been able to identify a very large number of exceptional children, not only those who were outstanding winners in the various contests but the many who did very good work even tho they were not the winners of the high and valuable honors.

The search for "gifted children" is one of the American educator's chief concerns. Educators realize as well as or better than any one else that our mass educational system must find room in its programs for providing better schooling for those of exceptional talent than the work which the run of the mill can perform.

At a recent Conference on the Gifted Child, held at Stanford University, educators were urged to begin "beating the bushes" for bright youngsters, especially those who may drop out of school before they have reached the educational level that is commensurate with their ability. When asked where these educators should make their search particularly, the specialists advised that they look for them on the farms and in the homes of day laborers.

Citing results of a recent study, Dr. Dael Wolfle, executive director of the National Assn. for the Advancement of Science, said these two "lower socio-economic groups" contain a "substantial reservoir" of intellectually gifted youngsters who are not entering college.

"Although these groups include proportionately fewer children of high I.Q. levels," Dr. Wolfle said, "because of their number they constitute the largest pool in which to fish for potentially high talent that is not now being fully developed."

Fortunately for the educational system and for the United States is the fact that educators already know very much about this matter of gifted children for a Stanford psychologist, the late Dr. Lewis M. Terman, for 36 years conducted research on the subject. One of his associates in the studies was able to report that nearly 90 per cent of those who had been studied during that 36-year period, had entered college and about 70 per cent graduated. About 40 per cent graduated with honors, and some two-thirds of the graduates took post graduate work.

But good as these records are, the fact remains that although all were potentially superior college material, more than 10 per cent never entered college and 30 per cent did not graduate.

"In a few cases college attendance was prevented by the necessity to support the family. In many cases the high schools either failed to recognize the gifted student's potentialities or failed to give the needed encouragement and intellectual stimulation."

The Terman work embraced 250,000 children. Of those still living, 98 per cent continue to cooperate in the study whose effort in part is to learn how these gifted children live and work and think long after their school days. In other words, what is their value to society in the long run? The investigators, in fact, report that they have lost track of only 30 of 1528 students with an I.Q. of 140, or better.

Today the average age of the students is nearly 45 years and they continue to be outstanding and valuable people in their respective communities and state of society.

The educators were agreed that educational opportunities appropriate to gifted children should be the rule, instead of the exception in school systems and that only when this practice becomes general will the nation be realizing the full potential of our intellectual resources. It was pointed out that, in the past, our intellectual resources have been much greater than our needs, steadily augmented by a flow of ambitious immigrants from other lands. We can no longer think in terms of making the fullest use of limited resources. And finally, it was urged that renewed efforts be made to assist more of the gifted children of lower income families to attend college.

Will Quiz Shows Last?

Are the big-money quiz shows on TV approaching extinction by reason of their increasing speed and Gargantuan growth? Some of the TV people seem to fear it especially because they think the programs are becoming too expensive to carry on indefinitely.

The question will almost certainly be answered by the American people. As long as they take vicarious delight in the winning of fabulous sums of money, by other people rather than in the subject matter of the quiz contests and their probable educational influences; as long as they tune in upon them religiously and the more excitedly as the prizes reach five and six figures, the shows are likely to continue. Auditor interest is what the shows seek. That is the only warrant for the continuance of this and other forms of entertainment.

It is a long road that has been travelled since the award for a happy contestant was only $64, a refrigerator or sweeper. One contestant presently appears likely to establish a new peak of winnings with quarter of a million dollars.

When millions no longer get any satisfaction out of hearing women and men and even boys answer complicated questions about history and politics, finances and sports and even reveal possession of much generally useless knowledge; when they no longer get a thrill out of other people winning tens of thousands of dollars and then get a jolt by figuring what their income tax is going to be, then the tell - tale ratings will go down. Then, and not until great decline in ratings takes place, are the quiz shows likely to peter out.

Wrong End of the Mule

(N. Y. World-Telegram)

President Eisenhower has given the country a lesson in how to whack the wrong end of a mule.

In his letter to the speaker of the House, he came up with some budget - cutting proposals which didn't touch the problem where it would do the most good. That's in the appalling amount of money federal agencies spend.

The President suggested Congress cut by $1.8 billion the amount of new "obligational authority" the agencies are given next year. This, he said, would reduce the impact of his big budget on the future without affecting any projects now in motion.

Gen. Eisenhower admitted his proposals wouldn't trim a great deal from the $71.8 billion his administration wants to spend. Instead they would mostly postpone voting money for some things the administration didn't plan to do next year anyhow.

Such maneuvers may take off some of the political heat being applied to the President by taxpayers who are tired of big government spending.

But they won't necessarily save the taxpayers a dime. The only way to do that — as any housewife could tell the President — is to quit spending so much right now.

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.

Summerfield's Right to "Walkout"

To the Editor—

I disagree very much with E. S. High and his article "Resents 'Slap in the Face'." I think Mr. Summerfield had every right to withhold Mail Service as he did.

If Union members all over the U. S. have the right to walk away from their jobs whenever they please for money they think they need, with never a thought of delayed services here and there, and never a thought of how much they lose by the walk out, or how long they stay away from their jobs, or, even how much their own families have to suffer through it, then I think Mr. Summerfield had every right to close down over the weekend in order to get the money he needs to keep the Mail Service going. I doubt whether it made too much difference to the people. Because most of the mail is a lot of trash anyway, which reaches the waste basket five minutes after it's opened.

Yours Sincerely,
A Reader
Bethlehem, Pa.

Easter Bunny



The Innocent Victims

By VICTOR RIESEL

So the muscle-man on the Senate witness chair says how he knew the other boys were as loaded as the dice. Every time they picked up the cubes after a snake-eyes or a natural, they had to bend over — and their holsters showed. Now this has a real guys and dolls touch, this stuff out of the Scranton, Pa., hearings, and may make a very funny movie — but a very grim picture it is.

The witness says that five or six of the boys came in from Jersey to placate some construction contractor. And there's little stir in the countryside, maybe because everybody is waiting for the return personal appearance of Dave Beck with big tales of big money. But Beck isn't the only story the Senate is trying to tell. The senators' work really begins with its digging in the hardcoal city of Scranton — for here is the real tract on terror in labor relations.


Riesel

As it all unfolds the Senate may want to ask members of its Small Businessmen's Committee to sit in — for the real victims are the thousands of families who unsophisticatedly believe in the "American tradition" and try to earn their bread and butter out of family stores, shops, gas stations, and the like.

There is such a Scranton family. They call themselves Schiavi, but their name is legion — truly an American legion of helpless people. The Schiavis ran a pizza bakeshop. They put the name Sonny Boy on the window. They operated it by themselves. The union said join. They said they couldn't afford to. Anyway, they had no outside employes.

The terror started. The husband and wife were kept awake all night by foulmouthed telephone calls. They couldn't eat out of sheer fright. They lost 35 pounds and 25 pounds each. Their bread was bitter with tears.

They had no one to whom they could turn though their place was stink-bombed and the bomb-tossers thought it all very funny.

The Senate committee files are jammed with 28,000 letters of "legitimate" complaints, many of them detailing similar tales of such terror of the night. One-man gas stations are approached by phoney union "business agents." The owner is told to pay his dues and initiation fees. Maybe he gets up the $25. But that's just the beginning. If he doesn't ante up again, his pump burns or a brick goes through his window.

Unlike bigger companies and contractors, the little fellow can't afford to take the payoff out of running expenses. He pays until he closes down.

Across the country there are one-man trucking "companies." The family goes into hock to buy a small truck and they pick up customers who want supplies of eggs, or produce, or soft drinks. Along comes a union and says, you join. These are not workers, they are small businessmen.

No Where to Turn

The union wants their dues and initiation fees. If the union just did a sales job, that would be its privilege. But it gets tough. There's gasoline poured on perishables. Bottles are broken. Tires are slashed. Sugar is poured into the gas tanks of trucks.

The small businessmen have no one to help them. They can't even afford lawyers. They are not under the National Labor Board's jurisdiction. They fear going to the police, lest they be spotted and hurt.

And when they're in the union and trying to make out, despite the added expense, they sometimes find themselves caught between two crowds, each claiming "jurisdiction." They arrive to open the store — or load their trucks — and there are pickets. They get a call telling them the pickets can be removed for a small sum. Only it's not so small to the small businessman. So he pays off rather than see his business dwindle even further.

Some of the Senate committee members are appalled by all this terror. They want immediate action from the AFL-CIO. With the lid-ripping of the Scranton stewpot, the Senators are beginning to question the value of the AFL-CIO codes.

Labor's position, as George Meany recently put it, is that there are more than 60,000 local unions. The AFL-CIO can't police them all, say the labor chiefs. If they can't, then there will be laws, say the senators. No less a friend of labor than former President Harry Truman believes the time has come to protect the people from characters who are not Damon Runyon-type guys — but who are really tough "troops."

The Scranton saga will stir more action than Beck's bankrolling.

(Copyright 1957)

Past Never Dies

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

One of the most monstrous and dangerous of phrases is that pat and familiar combination of words "dead past." The past is never dead; it is very much alive, for good and ill.

We are not, as a whole, a people with a vivid sense of history. We live in the present and in the future — and are proud of so doing. But without an acute sense of the past, the present is meaningless and the future is fraught with peril.

It is not so much the old cliche that "history repeats itself" as the fact that history anticipates itself. Today and tomorrow are prefigured in yesterday's patterns of events.

Hitler is dead; the spirit he generated is not dead, and will never die. Unless we learn what the spirit means, and how it acts under certain circumstances, we will not be able to cope with its return.

Ancient Greece is dead, but its problems remain: especially the one problem that great democracy could not solve — how to achieve both freedom and security at the same time. Learning why Greece failed may help us find some happier solution.

We know that, in an individual life, the past remains active and influential, even when we are most unconscious of it. The same is true of nations and epochs; the waves keep widening for centuries, and slowly change the contour of the shore we stand on.

The past often seems "dead" because it is presented in a deadly fashion. Good teachers of history are almost as rare as good teachers of mathematics: they know the dates, the capitals, the principal commodities, the dull details that can easily be found in any World Almanac.

To make the past come alive requires imagination as much as learning. The good history teacher must be more of a poet than a pedant; he must grasp the philosophy of historical events, or he has grasped nothing.

Unless we understand American history, for instance, we cannot effectively defend the Bill of Rights, or even know why it should be defended. If we lose any freedoms, it may be because we pay too much attention to the temporary needs of the present, and too little attention to the permanent foundations of the past.

People die; objects perish; but ideas persist forever. History shows us how ideas have changed men, and how men have changed ideas. Lacking this knowledge, we can only be blinded by false passions and betrayed by false hopes.

(Copyright)

Edgar A. Guest

PARENTAL PRIDE

I've watched the parents as they've smiled,
And wished the thrill could last,
When they have their clever child
Among the school play's cast.

I've seen their grins of pride grow wide
As in their chairs they've sat.
But heroes never win such pride
That truly equals that.

Men do great deeds deserving praise.
They serve some worthy cause,
But no grownup can ever raise
Such genuine applause.

Oh, there are prides of various kinds
That come to one and all,
And one's the pride a parent finds
Who watches children small.

If boy or girl of his is in
The school play's lengthy show,
That parent shows the proudest grin
That grownups ever know.

(Copyright, 1957)

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Mother was putting her 3-year-old daughter to bed on Easter Eve. "What," inquired Mama, "would you like the Easter bunny to bring you tomorrow?" Daughter clapped her hands gleefully and answered, "Santa Claus!"

Poem from Chuck Barris of NBC:

After I've spent
Two hours at sea
My passport picture
Looks like me.

(Copyright, 1957)

Horoscope

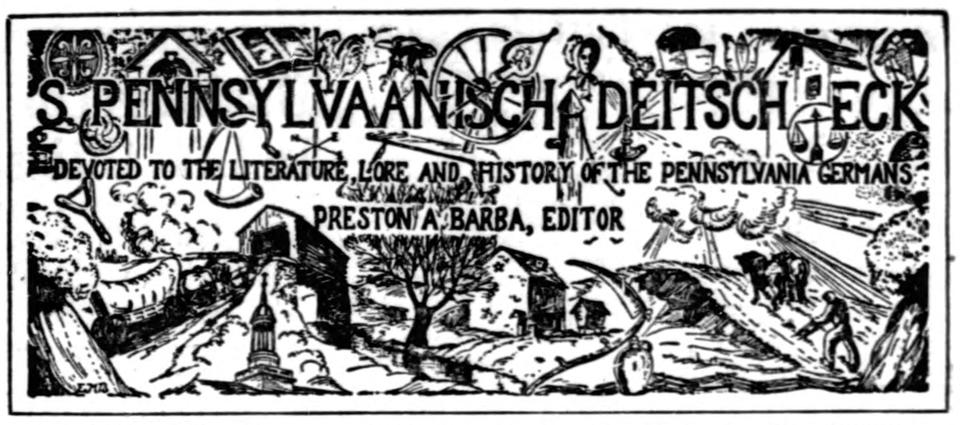
Your business and financial affairs should make rapid progress and register substantial gains. Today's child is likely to be very clever.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

PHILIPPIANS 2:5-11.

At the close of yesterday's meditation, we said that Jesus' burial was not the end of our story. I have often been impressed with the name of Joseph of Arimathea in connection with his part in the burial. Joseph is the Hebrew word for "addition" (see the verb to "add" in Gen. 30:24). There is something to be added to the story of Joseph's tomb containing the body of Jesus. Closed with a huge stone, and surrounded by a guard of Roman soldiers, Satan and the enemies of Jesus thought that He was "done for" permanently. But the events of chapter 20 must be added to those of John 19. Then the word, Arimathea, has its significance. It has the same meaning as the name of Ramah (a "high" place), the home of Samuel in the hills north of Jerusalem. In Isaiah 52:13, God is speaking of His Son as His servant, Who was to be exalted, and extolled, and very high, and in Philippians 2:5-11, Paul speaks of this same "servant," v. 7, as obedient even unto the death of a cross, wherefore God hath highly "exalted Him," and given Him a name which is above every name, to be confessed by all as Lord, to the glory of God the Father.



ICH WAAR JURYMANN

Waar Jurymann die Woch in der County Court,
Hab viel gelernt;
Kann denke wu wo viel Lawyer sin,
Sie hen geernt;
Un der Judge un der Schrief un all die Clerke,
Dass alles in grosse Bicher merke,
Ich waar recht unner de Hoche drin;
'S hot gewwe so Sache,
Mich denke mache:—
Was iss des doch en dunnerwettersi Court!"

Waar nie an der Court, un a kee Jurymann,
Bin schier zu dumm;
Dann bin ich mol gange die Baases sehne,
Mich b'frogt do drum;
Noh kummt mol ee Daag so'n Unnerschriefli,
Un lest mir do vor so'n Papier odder Briefli,
Misst kumme als Jurymann deet's meene;
Noh saag ich's der Fraa
"So macht's dann die Law;
Was bin ich en dunnerwetterser Jurymann!"

Uffem court-haus Turm, do schteht so'n Figur der Gericht—
Sie saagge sie's blind,
Ken Unnerschied seht zwische Aarm un Reich,
Unshuldich wie'n Kind,
Un ehrlich un tugendhaft, gans unparteiisch,
Wie Portia rechtschaffe, uffrichtich un keisch,
En Wog in der Hand, halt alle Leit gleich,
Un weesscht aa warum?
Sie's taub un sie's dumm,
Yuscht en Bild aus Hols—"Was en dunnerwetters Gericht!"

Datt drowwe, gans lee uff der Kansel sitzt der Judge;
Des iss aa en Kerl!
Was er net weess, iss net auszufunne,
Hot en Bauch wie en Barl!
Er seht mit em Aag was en Ann're net seht
Mit zwee odder drei, wann's vor ihm schteht;
Hot der Kopp so voll Law, er brauch sich net b'sinne.
Do sitzt er so stols
Un schteif wie'n Schtick Hols-
Denkt:—"Bin ich nau net en dunnerwetterser Judge!"

So stratze rum paar Dutzend so hungriche Lawyer,
Wisse weiters kee Law!
Sie lauere wie'n Katz uff en Meisli, fer en Brocke;
Sie g'maahne mich draa
Ass wann die Oos-veggel sich sammle beim Luder,
Mit Klooe un Schnawwel druff nei geh uffs Fuder;
Un die Leit mit uffgsperrte Meiler datt hocke,
Mit Wunner aagaffe
Die Dinge wie Affe
Un meene:—"Was sin des dunnerwetterse Lawyer!"

Dann fangt aa so'n dreckichi Lumpegschicht;
En Jury wird gerufe;
Un Zeigge seht mer kumme un geh die Sache zu prufe;
Die Jury-leit warre betracht schier wie'n Gaul
Vun de Lawyers (doch gucke sie net ins Maul!)
Sin sie uff der rechte Party?
Un aa fer der Quay?
'S kummt viel datt druff aa,
Wie's geht an der Law!
Iss es net en dunnerwettersi Lumpegschicht!

Noh heert mer ball en wetterlichs Gebrill,
Mer muss schier lache,
Wie der Kerl do in dem Courthaus brummt,
Sei Speechli mache,
Ass wann alles druff aakummt wie er kreischt,
Un uff der Tisch schlaggt mit de Feischt!
Wann die Waahret uffs Towe un Kreische aakummt,
Macht en Vendu-kroyer
En besserer Lawyer—
Was iss des doch en dunnerwetters Gebrill!

Dann endlich gebt der Judge die Gschicht zu der Jury,
Die Sach iwwerleegge,
Des Ding zu betrachte un driwwer b'sinne
Uff alle Weegge;
Die Law un's Zeigniss jetz alles verdreht,
Bis die Jury gaar nix vom Case verschteht!
Vun so dreckiche Baase
Rum gfiehrt an de Naase—
Was iss des doch en dunnerwettersi Jury!

Sin des awwer net gans unvergleichliche Sache
Was do aagehne!
Die Law iss en wunnerbaares Netz,
Fangt schier lauter so kleene,
Un die grosse Schpitzbuwe die gehn frei,
Sie hewe die Amter, un schperre noch ei
Die klennere Verbreeher dem Gesetz,
Un mache fatt schtehle
Anner Leit Geld verdeele—
"Sin unvergleichliche, dunnerwettersi Sache!

Was wird's mol gewwe en ausserschrecklichi Zeit
Am Yingschte Daag,
Wann die Gesetz-leit selwer misse vors Gericht,
Antworte der Klaag,
Das geegge sie schteht datt im grosse Buch,
Un heere ausschpreche der schreckliche Fluch,
Un ihr Iwwel-daate kumme ans Licht—
Links ab gehn die Geese,
Datt halt sie der Beese—
Am End erfaahre sie en dunnerwettersi Zeit!

—Lee Light Grumbine

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN WIT AND HUMOR

By Leo Albert Bressler
Continued

Pennsylvania German Humor in Verse

While it is beyond the scope of this thesis to make an exhaustive analysis of humorous pieces in the Pennsylvania German dialect, some of the better poems will be discussed so as to provide a general idea of their nature. Since the aim is to present a variety of material and writers, the choice of poems is somewhat arbitrary. The selections discussed by no means constitute all the verse humor that merits consideration, nor are they necessarily the best.

Most of the humorous material in Pennsylvania German is written in prose, but we find a considerable number of poems that are either wholly or partially humorous. Moreover, some of the best humor — that is, the most artistically presented — is to be found in verse. Here one finds less reliance upon epithet, slap-stick comedy, and the coarser laugh-provoking ideas. The humor is usually more dependent upon idea than upon situation, and there is a greater universality of appeal than is to be found in most of the prose humor. Character sketches comprise a good share of the humorous verse. A number of parodies, adaptations of English poems to Pennsylvania German locale, and several ballads possess real merit.

Three poems by Lee Light Grumbine (1858-1904) are well worth noting. They are "Ich war Juryman," "Mei aarme Bee," and "Elendig."

"Ich war Juryman," is a combination of humor, satire, and moralizing, and represents one of the best light poems in the dialect. It is based upon a true incident. A peaceful old man, after having led a quiet, uneventful life, is called for jury duty. The sense of dignity and importance which comes upon him is overpowering, and he proceeds to celebrate by indulging in one of his customary mild sprees. He struts about with great satisfaction before the admiring eyes of his wife, and gives vent to the contemplation of his sudden greatness in the oft-repeated exclamation, "Bin ich net en donnerwetterser Juryman!"

The poem records the man's experience in court, noting his naive opinions and descriptions of people and proceedings. Each stanza ends with a refrain that is a variation of the exclamation noted above: a donnerwettersi court, donnerwetters justice, a donnerwetterser lawyer, donnerwetters yelping, etc. Grumbine says that this refrain may be thought inelegant but excuses its use on the grounds of realism. Indeed, it is these final lines which sustain the naivete and clinch the idea or image in each stanza. Moreover, "donnerwetter" is no more profane than "dickens." The spirit of the word is perhaps best caught in the English colloquial use of "some" — some jury! Some juryman! some justice!

A few of the juryman's observations are worth noting. Seeing the figure of Justice on the courthouse dome, he soliloquizes on the impartiality, the fairness, the non-partisan character of Justice and then accounts for these characteristics by the following whimsical remark: "She is deaf and dumb, just a wooden figure. How can she help being impartial?" Of the lawyers' oratory he says, "If justice depends upon ranting and shouting, then an auctioneer would make a better lawyer than these." Finally, after he is through discussing the entire court procedure, judge, lawyers, jury, plaintiff, and accused, he ponders the problem of what will happen when the judges and lawyers will have to stand trial "on the Last Day." His conclusion is that they will experience a 'Donnerwettersi time."

The poem suffers sometimes by reason of being too didactic, the narrator turning from an impressed naive person to a satiric critic, but, on the whole, it is superior to most efforts of its kind.

"Mei aarme Bee" is a portrayal of a common character, the village toper. The poem is a curious mixture of humor and pathos. It is based upon the life of an actual drunkard who made every pretext for his indulgence, blamed everything and everyone but himself for his weakness, and who protests up until the day that he died of delirium tremens that he could "drink or leave it alone," but who never left it alone. The poem tells of his woes and of his attempts to get at the source of his trouble. His trouble is, of course, drinking, and his legs are the cause of the trouble. Seeking the advice of a doctor, he outlines his predicament: He is forced to drink to strengthen his legs. Even when he tries to pass by the saloon, his legs diabolically lead him to the bar. Finally he gets to the point where he has no command over his legs at all, and they lead him where they will, usually to the bar. In desperation he concludes that since the doctor's prescription seems to do no good, he may as well drink his fill.

Lee Grumbine observes another human characteristic in "Elendig," which is marked by an ironic humor. The poem illustrates the pathetic fact in life that when we are becoming physically infirm we speak of the infirmity to others with the hope of eliciting comfort and assurance that things are not so bad as we think. However, we don't like to have others make the first mention of our deterioration, and we resent it when they take us at our word.

The story of the poem is briefly as follows: An old widower is sickly and complains continually, but people pay no attention to him, since they know that he is exaggerating his infirmity and have become accustomed to his complaints. Then one day he meets a widow with "runde Backe un lechelnde Aagge" (round cheeks and laughing eyes), and stops to chat with her. The widow exclaims when she sees the old man's sickly look, saying that he appears more dead than alive. He takes this as an affront, angrily screaming, "Yes, and you too!" He is so shocked by having someone agree with him that he is ill, that he forgets all about his ailment and takes sufficient interest in the activities of normal men to marry again.

To Be Continued

MEI AARME BEE
(My Poor Legs)

Herr Dokter, saag mol was mir fehlt,
Wann ich mei Sache hab verzehlt;
Ich hab's so mechtich in de Bee,
Ich kann's waahrhaftich net verschteh.
Weess weiters net was letz maag sei,
'S iss aa kee Rhummadis debei;
Sie tun mir weiters aa net weh,
Doch hawwich's so in meine Bee.
Ich hab ebmoll geglaabt des Iwwel,
Des waer vielleicht in meine Schtiwwel;
Scheidt's doch net in de Schuh —ach nee!
'S iss nirgets wu ass in de Bee.
Der Watt der will mir efters saagge,
Die Ursach waere die Kraehaagge;
Er weess nix, 's iss net an de Zehe,
Bin's gewiss, 's iss yuscht in meim Bee.
Un noh, die Alt dutt immer klaagge—
So schpettisch schiebt sie's uff der Maagge—
Ich daet zu viel ans Wattshaus geh,
Sell waer der Druwwel mit de Bee.
Mer schweigt 's bescht bei so beese Leit,
Sunscht hot mer immer wieschter Schtreit;
Abaddich weil ich aa net meh
So gut un gschwind bin uff de Bee!
Sie saagt mei Geld waer all versoffe,
Un 's iss net waahr; hab's yuscht verloffe;
Des kann doch eenich ebber seh,
'S iss nix Schuld draa ass wie die Bee!
'S iss gaar net ass ich's Saufe treib,
So rum zu geh vun Kneip zu Kneip;
Ich kennt gut drunner duh, verschteh,
Wann's net waer fer die schlechte Bee!
Kann trinke odder bleiwe losse;
Bin awwer gwiss aa nie verdrosse
Eens zu nemme, odder zwee—
Zum schtaerke meine schwache Bee!
'S iss net ass ich's net schtoppe kann,
Kann's graad uffgewwe wie en Mann;
(Ich hab noch nie, des muss ich gschteh;
Wann sunscht nix fehlt, isch's in de Bee.)
Am Wattshaus bin ich schier verbei,
Noh reisst's mich ewwe widder nei;
Ich schpier en wetterlich Gedreh
In denne iwwerzwarriche Bee.
Eemoll hawwich's darchgezwunge;
Bin an der Dier verbeigeschprunge;
Noh denk ich, 's waer doch recht un schee
Zu blohne so schtandhafte Bee.
Sie hen's verdient; bin rei gekumme;
Ich hab mir glei paar Schnapps genumme;
Net lang geht's, bin ich schunn im Tee.
Wer iss die Schuld als blos die Bee!
Die Bee sin als mit mir gegange,
Wu ich sie gschickt nooch meim Verlange;
Yetz muss ich ewwe duldich geh,
Noochfolge meine aarme Bee!
So in Versuchung oft mich fiehre,
Tun sie ihre Weg verliere;
Kee Wunner kann ich nimmi schteh
Uff denne lotteriche Bee!
Doch des Getrenk iss fer der Bauch,
Der Herr macht alles zum Gebrauch;
Der liewe Vatter in der Heeh,
Der gebt mir yo die schlimme Bee!
Was macht mer, Dokter? Weh! O Ye!
Kann nimmi schteh! Kann nimmi geh!
Dei Mittel hot gaar nix gebatt,
Yetz halt ich aa un trink mich satt!

—Lee Light Grumbine

The above poems are considered in today's installment of Bressler's "Pennsylvania German Wit and Humor."

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Editorials

For Workers' Protection

On several previous occasions President Eisenhower has indicated to Congress that there is need for legislation to protect the gigantic funds which Labor unions are building up for the welfare and security of their members but which rapacious men inside those organizations are intent upon appropriating to their own advantage.

Again on Thursday, after a conference with Secretary of Labor Mitchell, the President called attention to what he termed "racketeering" with union money and declared that it is "an abomination which must be eliminated."

Inasmuch as politicians step lightly in any matters that may be interpreted as inimical to the unions and their leadership, nothing very positive has been done in this matter.

Revelations have been made concerning the misuse of Teamster unions funds in the Northwest. A story has been told of encouragement to violence and law-breaking in the Scranton area. Intimations from many other parts of the country are that criminal elements have found it profitable to move into and control various unions and, especially, their huge funds. The President's suggestions thus are given greater potency and Congress can hardly fail to adopt them.

Thus the President would have the unions provide complete data on their health and welfare funds. He suggests that while the Labor Department now gets information on dues collected, salaries of officials and complete statements as to their finances, the Department should be accorded the right to make these facts public so that the entire people, including union members, can know what is going on with funds that have been raised thru their dues and from other sources.

There isn't a labor union whose membership can wish to have such information withheld not only from itself but from the general public. In fact, it is principally in the interest of the rank and file workers that steps must be taken to protect their money from the sharks that have been seizing it or will try to seize it if they can work themselves into position of control over the treasuries of the unions.

Better Interchange Names

When it became known that the Pennsylvania Turnpike Commission had decided to name the interchange west of this city "Lehigh Valley," considerable public opinion in this community regarded the name as inadequate because it would be of little meaning to much of the motoring public.

Instead it was suggested that to name the interchange "Allentown - Bethlehem - Easton" would be meaningful and therefore helpful to motorists. Such title, it was contended, immediately would tell motorists that the interchange provided direct and speedy access to the three big cities whose names the interchange would bear. It was contended that the names of these three cities are conspicuous upon the maps that tourists carry and consult, whereas "Lehigh Valley" is that of a large area and one with which there cannot be as wide acquaintance as with the three cities and their names.

Now there is a bill before the General Assembly which would provide for such change in name, as well for a change from Mahoning Valley to Lehighton, which is also a more helpful title.

Both changes are favored by the legislators from our local area. All of them in good conscience and with abundance of reason can urge support for the measure upon legislators from all parts of the state, including many who do not completely understand the local geography and the relative importance of the place-names that are concerned.

Good in War, Good in Peace

That shortest day of the year — the last Sunday in April — begins with midnight of this day for, at the stroke of 2 a.m. clocks in vast areas of the country and especially in the most populous centers will be turned ahead by a hour. Thus the nation will again operate on Daylight Saving Time for a period of six months.

Originally this idea was adopted for the conservation of fuel. This was made possible thru the saving of one hour of daylight for domestic and industrial establishments.

But it was also learned that an extra hour of daylight (originally for only five months) was a boon to our people in general. It provided an additional hour each day for life and leisure in the open air. It was felt to be an advantage to the general health and happiness of our people.

Coal and electricity were conserved according to the original idea. A by-product — the health of our people in general — proved to be even more important.

So it has come about that, as the years have gone by, the original resistance to change has become more feeble. This year practically no such resistance has been made known. At least the resistance has not become vocal.

The idea proved to be a good war-time measure. It has been learned that it is likewise good in days of peace.

Brief Strike, Happy Ending

Workers yesterday returned to 14 dress manufacturing establishments in the local area and thereby ended a strike that happily was brief and not overly harmful to the individual and local economy.

For most of the plants the strike had a duration of but a day; for the others only two days. By Friday morning all the employes, about 1300, were back at their cutting and sewing machines, engaged in the succession of operations that convert cloth into finished garments.

The strike was called upon a statewide basis. Some other areas have not seen such rapid agreement to the workers' terms, but there is good ground for hope and belief that by Monday morning all the 6,000 workers who were concerned in the walkout will be back at work.

It was perhaps the briefest and most successful strike in local and state history.

Anything Can Happen Now

Christian Science Monitor

For years spectators at baseball games have wondered if it ever could happen. Now it has. By well authenticated account in the Houston Chronicle an unidentified fan at the opening games in that Texas League city fielded a foul ball in the stands and threw it back onto the playing field.

Harry Walker, the Houston manager, said he had never seen it happen before in 20 years of baseball. A supermarket manager could hardly be more surprised if a customer turned back her trading stamps. With minor league attendances what they are — or aren't — every baseball helps.

But just think what this could lead to. The year's most valuable player might give back the Cadillac convertible presented to him. Or a pitcher forget and fire that first ball back to the mayor. Or the sons of Old Siwash steal back at night to replace the goal posts they carried off. At any rate, the surprise of a manager at getting back a foul ball could only be exceeded by that of a bride who found her bouquet tossed back to her.

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.

A Parent's Appreciation

Dear Editor—

I attended the "Salute to Teachers" program on Wednesday evening and cannot let it go by without comment.

The color guard from the different schools, the concert band and the selections by the 6th grade pupils was a well-rounded example of the work that the teachers accomplish.

The selection: "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was the most beautiful arrangement for a group of amateur singers that I have ever heard.

Little more in the way of speeches was needed to convince parents what wonders our school system and its teachers are doing. Just seeing and hearing these children was complete proof.

An Appreciative Parent

Teen Age Crush



Acheson Sounds Off

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Dean Acheson — the man who was responsible primarily for previewing General MacArthur from bombing enemy bases in Manchuria — and thereby winning victory in the Korean War — now has begun to lecture President Eisenhower and to call him a "pacifist."

In a cynical and sarcastic denunciation of "moral force" and a broadside attack on the United Nations, the former secretary of state in the Truman administration has written a curious article for "Reporter" magazine which can do considerable damage to American policy abroad in these critical times.

Mr. Acheson today enjoys the doubtful distinction of being the first American secretary of state in history to accuse his own government of "selfish ambitions" in another part of the world. He says this, too, in the face of a record of many decades of unselfishness by the United States in world affairs. Mr. Acheson in commenting on the Middle Eastern situation wrote:


Lawrence

"President Eisenhower told us on Feb. 20 that 'the United States has no selfish ambitions or desires in this region.' I fear we must disagree. We have many."

If Mr. Acheson had said merely that the United States has a deep interest in the Middle East it would have been understandable, but to attribute "selfish ambitions" to the United States is to ascribe a mischievous motive to his own government. Undoubtedly the Communists will construe "ambitions" to mean territorial ambitions and will repeat it in their propaganda in the Middle East.

What Mr. Acheson said later on about the "desires" of the United States in the Middle East is much more tactful. He wrote:

"Perhaps our greatest interest and desire is that the Middle East shall remain in the political and economic system of a free world and shall not be engulfed by the closed Soviet-Communist system.

"We desire, too, that it remain in such relationship with the rest of the free world that the fuel and sea routes essential to that world shall not be ruinously expensive, uncertain or hazardous. Should this be done, Europe might have to make such terms as it could. These might well be most unfavorable to the United States."

But it is one thing for America to express broad "desires" for a peaceful world and quite another thing to harbor "selfish ambitions" as Mr. Acheson phrased it.

It is at the term "moral force," however, that the former secretary aims his shafts of ridicule and derision. Mr. Acheson says:

"Mr. Eisenhower at the outset of his political career sought for and found a satisfyingly firm stance in what he has continually referred to as 'moral and spiritual values.' . . . An ebullient optimism gives expression in what Mr. Eisenhower has called man's 'God-given ability to be master of his own destiny.' . . . This belief in the supremacy and sole validity of moral power is reinforced by the profoundly pacifist conclusions that President Eisenhower has drawn from the development of Russian capacity for nuclear warfare. Since the consequences of nuclear warfare might well be catastrophic beyond imagination, it is an easy step to the conclusion that all force is immoral and that its use can only be justified to meet a greater immorality — someone else's use of force against one's own country.

Nuclear Warfare

Now would be quite a valid conclusion that the deterrence of nuclear warfare is one of the highest objectives of policy. But we must never forget that between an opponent who is prepared to use force to gain his end and one who is not prepared to use force to defend his interests — the former is usually the winner."

One wonders by what stretch of the imagination Mr. Acheson can attribute pacifism to President Eisenhower who in 1955 sought and obtained from Congress authority to use force to defend Formosa and who in 1957 sought and obtained from Congress a resolution proclaiming that the United States is "prepared to use force" in the Middle East. There is certainly nothing in the record to indicate that the President "is not prepared to use military force" to defend American interests when necessary.

Mr. Acheson incidentally will offend some of his worshippers in Britain and France because he says they were absolutely wrong in their action in Suez last October. He berates them for an "ill planned" and "weakly mounted" intervention. What is surprising, however, is that Mr. Acheson never seems to have read that the President denounced the use of force by the Soviets in Hungary. He intimates that the President condoned the use of force there by the Soviets.

Not so long ago Mr. Acheson was condemning Secretary Dulles for using phrases that the former secretary interpreted as meaning liberation of satellite countries by force. Now he implies America should have favored a war with Russia over Hungary.

Mr. Acheson says, moreover, that he does not believe that "the purpose of American policy is to carry out a 'crusade' or 'mission' to bring about equal justice or to 'vindicate' international law." Many people will be surprised at this and many other comments by Mr. Acheson in the same article.

Americans have not forgotten that had Mr. Acheson been as meticulous in his adherence to military force in his historic speech of January 1950 when—as was charged in Senate debates so often — he "invited" the Communists to invade Korea, the whole war in the Far East in June 1950 might never have happened and the lives of many American boys would have been spared.

(Copyright, 1957)

Shadbush

By HAYDN S. PEARSON

The shadbush glows in dense, white bouquets on the hillsides, along country road and among the birches and alders that circle meadow mowings. He who follows the spring pageant of tree blossoms knows that certain species occupy the spotlight at successive intervals. In March, lengthening speckled alder catkins tell us winter is surrendering and soon the pussy willows confirm the alders' predictions.

The rich red of maples' blossoms tinge the greening landscape in April. When the fourth month has worked along toward its close, the glistening white racemes of shadbush take the leading role for a few days.

The shadbush is a humble shrub or small tree. The gray-green, smooth bark has a distinctive hue and the slender twigs are a deep glossy brown. Usually Amelchier canadensis forms a shrubby group of several stems but occasionally one finds a single-stem tree 15 or 20 feet high. The white flowers have five strap-like petals with pale, lemon-gold stamens and light, sand-brown stigmas on the pistils. The sepals are sharply reflexed. At month's end the shining, elliptical leaves will be fully opened on their inch-long ruddy stems. The reddish-purple core fruits mature in June.

Pioneers named the shrub and the shadbush because it blooms when the shad run up the rivers to spawn. Its hard, heavy, red-tinged wood has been used for tool handles, canes and fishing rods. Western explorers and mountain men dried and pressed the fruits for food. But these points are not important now that May is nearing.

The beauty of the white blossoms is etched against the pale green of starting leaves; it contrasts with the red fruits of the maples. Shadbush likes the uplands and dry fields. Its suddenly-opened, spicily - fragrant blossoms attract bees and insects. The white bouquets in the woods and by field's edge are a reminder that nature's color pageant is getting under way.

(Copyright 1957)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

John 20:30-31

In Eph. 4:11-12 Paul speaks of the "gifts" which Jesus, the head of the Church, has given to those who are true Christians. Some are to be apostles, some evangelists, some pastors and teachers, and all for the perfecting of saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ. In John 20:30-31 we learn of John as a writer, and who can ever estimate the blessings which have come to readers of the five New Testament books ascribed to him; his Gospel, three letters, and the book of the Revelation of Jesus Christ, as the first line of the last book of the Bible reads. The Gospel of John records a number of "signs" which Jesus had done in the course of His ministry, but there were many more which He did in the presence of His disciples not recorded in the fourth Gospel, but John says that those which are contained therein were written that those who read his book might believe that Jesus is the Christ (the Messiah), the Son of God, and that, believing, they might have life through his name. In 1 John 5:13 he says that he wrote to believers on the name of the Son of God that they might know that they have eternal life.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

If you think the present-day commuter has troubles, cast your eye over this selection spotted by John McCutcheon, Jr., in an 1865 issue of Popular Science Review:

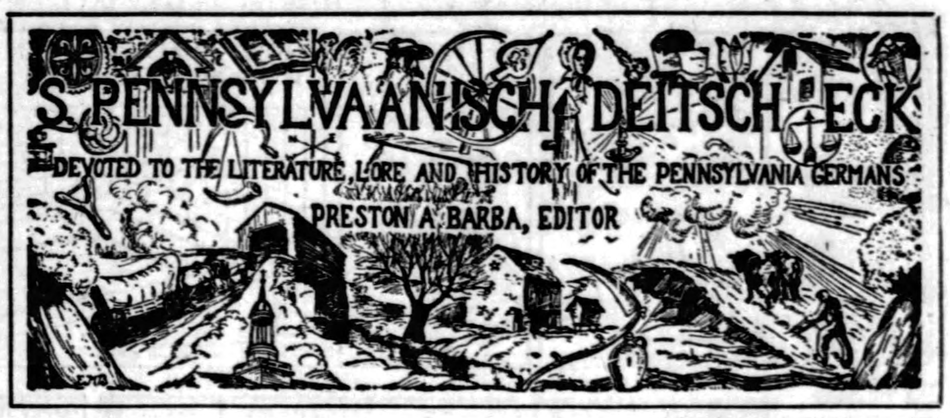
"It has sometimes happened to passengers to feel the floor of their carriage gradually crumbling away beneath their feet. They have no recourse but to await in a state of hopeless terror the moment when their last support shall be shattered asunder, hurling them bruised and maimed on the iron tramway, to be crushed and dismembered by the following carriages."

A typical smiling son of Texas, suh, was driven to the rim of Mt. Etna and permitted to peer into the mouth of the volcano. The seething, red-hot lava and the sulphuric clouds of smoke left him visibly unimpressed. "Shucks," he declared, "our Fort Worth fire department could put that thing out in twenty minutes!"

(Copyright 1957)

Horoscope

Further progress is indicated for you, and should enable you to bring a long standing project to a successful conclusion. Today's child may be ambitious and hardworking, likely to go far.



PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN WIT AND HUMOR

By Leo Albert Bressler
Continued

Pennsylvania German Humor in Verse

Charles C. More creates a diffent kind of humor on two accounts of childhood incidents. The first, "Unschuldig g'stroft," is an amusing, playful poem about a boy who asks his father numerous naive, unanswerable questions: Does the world run on wheels? Where does the wind blow and will it come back? Does star-dust make the stars sneeze? Does a worm fence have worms? Does the man in the moon have a hat, overcoat and shoes? The boy is finally silenced by being sent to bed without ceremony, and he is left with stiii another unanswered question: Why should one be punished when one has done no wrong?

"Der Tschellyschlecker" is a simple, clever little poem on a familiar theme — stealing mother's jam. Willie, who has often been reprimanded for stealing jam, once again goes to the attic and yields to temptation. His mother catches him red-handed with a number of open jars at his side and his face smeared "vun Ohr zu Ohr" (from ear to ear). In anger and despair she exclaims, "Such a mess makes me sick. I can't bear to look at it any more!" Willie, in wide-eyed innocence, makes the surprising remark, "Well, if you can't stand seeing it, why do you come to the attic when you know I am up here?" Willie's childish pronunciation makes his statement all the more amusing.

These two little poems, as well as several others by the same writer, have a greater universality of appeal than most dialect poems.

Three poems on widely differing themes by Dr. J. B. Rhoads (1837-1919) are worth noting. The first, "Wann kummt die gut Zeit," is a clever satire on the many reforms and changes which still separate us from an ideal society. The writer begins by making a prophecy to the effect that better times are sure to come in the near future. He then presents an overwhelming number of reforms that must precede the coming of that ideal time. After every evil mouth is silent, when the butcher and the baker no longer give short weight, when every innkeeper is polite, when the miller no longer mixes bad grain with the good, when card players no longer swear, when debts are paid promptly, when there is an end to crooked politics, when there are no more lies, and when about a dozen other evils have been wiped out, then good times will be at hand.

This poem is notable for its use of the eight-line stanza, a rather uncommon form in Pennsylvania German verse.

"Die Whiskey Buwe" is a realistic, somewhat satirical description of the characters who frequent the saloon. One after the other enters and makes some excuse for drinking. One has a touch of colic, another has a pain in his stomach, a third is cold, and a fourth is warm, and others are simply thirsty. So the process continues, as each tries to hide his desire for liquor behind some alibi. The most unpopular is the one whose need is not sufficient to make him buy drinks, but who simply waits for a treat. Extensive, heavy-handed moralizing somewhat spoils what starts out to be an amusing description.

"Der Bullfrog war versuffa" tells the story of two young fellows who discover what they think is a corpse lying in a spring deep in the forest. They rush to town to notify the coroner, and as the news spreads, there is great excitement among the entire populace. Thinking that the body is that of someone who has met foul play, probably a child, a large crowd accompanies the coroner and the two young men to the scene of the tragedy. After considerable difficulty, the body is finally removed from the water, and the "corpse," much to everyone's chagrin, turns out to be a large and very dead frog. Such is the trick played by the slight magnifying power of water coupled with the morbid imagination of the young men.

The next two poems, written by Professor D. B. Brunner (1835-1903) are adaptations of familiar stories. The first, "Der alt un der jung Krebs," is a humorous application of the fable of the young and the old crayfish. It illustrates how the young imitate their parents and invariably do the things they are most frequently warned not to do. The merit of this poem lies in its homely idiom, realism, and the naturalness of phrasing and smoothness of meter.

"Der Washington un sei Bile" is an account of the familiar "Washington and the Cherry Tree" story, with variations for humorous effect. Brunner parodies the original by a long account of the excellence of the fruit which the tree bears and of George's extreme virtue. The story is twisted somewhat for the sake of humor, but most of the amusement comes from the transfer of the story to the Pennsylvania German scene and dialect and the naive tone employed. Washington doesn't merely want to try out his new hatchet; he has a "grosser Hunger" (great hunger), and sets out deliberately to cut down the tree so he can get the cherries which have been out of his reach. When his father asks George why he cut down the tree with his hatchet, he replies with a rural joke — because he couldn't find the axe. The poem ends with a stanza that is half jest and half moral:

Der George hot net viel Tschense ghatt;
Ihr groosse Buwe hett.
Der George hot gaar net liegge kenne;
Ihr kennt, dutt awwer net.

The next selection by Brunner deals with one of the most popular themes of Pennsylvania German writers — the lot of the farmer. In keeping with the title, "Wann ich juscht en Bauer waer," the author lists, in seventeen four-line stanzas, the joys and advantages of a farmer's life, and expresses his desire for such an existence. Then, in the last stanza, he suddenly reveals that he has given us a satire, for the only part of farm life he really cares for is the bountiful meals it provides. Farming suits him fine except for the work it calls for.

Farming is also the theme of a satire by Ralph S. Funk (1889) entitled "Der Schtatt Bauer," in which, by exceedingly imaginative exaggeration he makes fun of the city dweller's idea of farming. The poem consists of a discourse by a city man who proposes to show up the farmer by suggesting some methods for improving farming and for getting farmers out of the rut in which they find themselves. The humor lies in the utter ridiculousness of his proposals, which range all the way from hitching horses to the rear of the wagon to prevent being kicked to feeding hickory nuts to the turkeys because he doesn't like chestnuts in his dressing. The travesty continues for twenty-four stanzas, at which point the writer ends it all by inquiring what strange malady could bring such thoughts to a man's mind.

One of the longest poems in the dialect, and also one of the best, is "On der Lumpa Party," by Astor C. Wuchter (1856-1933). The poem is a description of a rag party, and the fun lies in the profusion of gossip, which is in a natural idiom and is spiced with wit, pure nonsense, and jovial humor. The poem is noteworthy for the skill with which words are used; there is a great deal of variety in rhyme, and the writer creates an impression of great activity, much talk, and fun by the headlong procession of his lines. In addition to the humorous descriptions of the women as they work, talk, and eat, there is also humor in the author's asides. A notable feature of the poem is the frequent long successions of descriptive adjectives, concrete nouns, and verbs, which, by their sheer cumulative effect, are laugh-producing. Note the following:

"Flexa, wolla, bau-woll, seida,
Gut fer nix wie uff tz' schneida-
Alta, frische, langa, kortza,
Weisa, bloha, rohda, schwartza,
Dippel-duhnich, grie eckschtehnich,
Schtraifa grahd, un ivverbehnich,
Kiprich-gehl un walniss lachtich,
Kaes un latwerk darrichschlachtich—"

The writer is perhaps most successful in suggesting the confused, busy chatter of the women. He does this by throwing together a great many sentence fragments. The following, taken from the description of the ladies' departure after the party, is especially realistic, since we hear only unrelated words:

"Hensching — nohdl — Mittwoch — Leisi!
Schtrump un schtivl — schaer — mei weisi,
Geb nix drum — mei Schatz — schun finna,
Schtruvlich — peift'r — Bolli!.—rinna,
Geil unruhich — brill — ferrissa,
Denki — rubbers — schepll — fermissa,
Mittwoch — hals — gudbei — mohl nivver."

Of the humorous character sketches in the dialect, one stands out distinctly from the others. This is "Der Prahl-Hans —An Epic of 1812," by Ezra Grumbine. This ballad tells the story of a Prahl-Hans (a braggart), who boasts how he intends to go to Baltimore to defeat the British, even if he has to go alone. And thus we see him—

"Mit Bix un glensend Bonganett,
Soldaade Schtratz un bolder Schritt,—
Er draagt sei Bruscht wie'n battle-gaul,
Hot lauder Schtimm un grosses Maul!"

Finally the troop moves toward Baltimore, and the Prahl-Hans continues to boast and to promise dire consequences to the British. Then, while they are camping at "Little York," he visits the town and hears stories about the British — how formidable they are, the prodigious power of their cannon, and the size of their ships. These tales set him thinking, and the more he thinks, the less inclined he becomes to strut and boast. By the time he reaches camp he is completely subdued: "Er guckt ferschaicht aus seine Auga, das wann er gronk wer uff 'm Mawga."

The more he ponders these stories and retells them, the more frightened he becomes and the more he magnifies the formidableness of the enemy. Suddenly he exclaims absurdly, "Sie kennte yo by chucks em schiessa" and then he declares his intention to find a safer place — home. Thus the strutting parade-ground soldier turns into a coward.

The story is well handled. The reader is given a vivid picture of the strutting braggart — parading, sticking out his chest, cocking his cap on his ear. Then the first hint of his true nature is given when he exaggerates the stories of battle, and the irony is sustained by further manifestations of cowardice until he breaks down completely with the comically naive exclamation, "Het ich juscht net die Mommy ferlussa; do wert me, yo, by Henk, noch gschosse!"

Another type of character, universally recognized and always the source of humor, is described in "Der verlore Gaul," by E. M. Eshelman (1872-). This tells the amusing story of Jakey Schmitt, who is noted far and wide for his very poor memory. One day he finds his stable door open and immediately concludes that his favorite white horse has been stolen; consequently he mounts a horse and rides frantically over the countryside searching for the lost animal. His anxiety is finally ended when he stops to question the loafers at the village tavern, who point out that Jakey is riding the very horse he has been hunting.

(To be continued)

UNSCHULDICH GSCHTROFT

Meim Paep iss nix gebrode,
Ich maag mache was ich will.
Wann ich yuscht als en Bissel schwetz,
Do kreischt er giel: "Sei schtill."

Geschter Owed waar er mol deheem,
Mit eme laahme Bee;
Do hawwich en Sache gfrogt,
Ass ich net recht verschteh.

Ich hab en gfrogt, eb's waahr iss,
Ass die Welt uff Redder geht;
Ferwas mer saagt, die Schpring die laaft,
Wann sie doch immer schteht;

Un wu der Wind dann hieblost,
Un eb er widder kummt;
Eb der Mann im Mond als gscholte watt,
Wann's nachts so arrig brummt;

Un eb der Schtanneschnuppe
Die Schtanne niese macht;
Un was es iss ass dunnert,
Un eb's 's Knalle iss wu kracht;

Un eb der Schtarm dann heem muss,
Weil er so arg sich dummelt,
Un eb er net aa Kinner hot,
Weil er so mechtich brummelt;

Un eb die Fisch beim Schwimme
Net alsemol versaufe;
Eb Esel, wann sie ins Wasser falle,
Noh darch die Ohre schnaufe;

Eb en Warremfens dann Warrem hot,
Un alle sei en Ben;
Ferwas mer Biere roppe muss,
Ass doch ken Feddere hen;

Eb der Mann im Mond en Hut aahot,
Un Iwwerrock un Schuh.
Noh hot er mich ins Bett geyaagt,
Un ich hab doch nix geduh!

—Charles C. More

DER VERLORE GAUL
(En Waahre Gschicht)

Hoscht du schunn gheert vum Jaky Schmitt,
Vergesslich, bees un grobb?
"Wu iss mei Brill?" kreischt er, sucht rum
Un hot sie uffem Kopp!

Vielleicht hoscht aa die Schtori gheert
Vum Jake seim weisse Gaul.
Hoscht net? Dann harrich! Ich saag's der gern—
Leit wisse's iwwerall.

Der Jake hot mol die Notion grickt,
Sei Schimmelgaul waer fatt.
Er hot des Dier vergesse, scheint's,
Wie er heem iss vun der Schtadt.

Nau geht er in die Scheler gschwind
Un holt der weiss Gaul raus,
Tschumpt uff sei Buckel, kreischt "Giddaep!"
Dann yaagt er owwe naus.

Die Faule uff der Wattshaus Portsch,
Die hocke viel datt rum,
Un alles was der Weg geht datt,
Do schwetze sie devun.

"Was schtaabt datt drauss wie'n Cyclone? Guck!"—
"Wer kummt datt uffem Pike?"—
"'m Schmitt sei Schimmel, un der Jake
Der reit!" so saagt der Ike.

"Wo-o!" ruft der Jake. "Ich saag der, wo-o!"
So geht 'm Schmitt sei Maul:
"Hen ihr nix gsehne, Buwe, vun
Meim alte weisse Gaul?"

Yetzt hen sie glacht! Deel falle um
Un schtehne net graad uff.
Sie gehn schier dod — dann kreischt mol eens:
"Ei, Jake, du hocksche yo druff!"

—Edgar M. Eshelman

The above poems have been considered in today's installment of Leo A. Bressler's "Pennsylvania German Wit and Humor."

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Editorials

Sky-Gazers' Next Treat

Many local astronomers, lay and professional, during the early nights of this week experienced the thrill of seeing a comet in the north-western sky. While it was not a flashy show that this visitor from far off space put on, it was a satisfactory one for all who observed it.

These same persons may have another unusual experience early on Sunday evening when Mercury, the smallest of the planets in our solar system, will pass thru the ether between the earth and the sun.

Lucky however any persons in this latitude and longitude will be if they glimpse the tiny spot that Mercury will seem to be as it begins its passage for the precise moment that it will appear as a tiny black spot will be 7.56 p.m. Then, two minutes later, the sun will set. So the chances of seeing the spot, which is Mercury, are going to be small. The sun will be very low on the horizon. Foreign matter in the air may dim the view. But inasmuch as entry of the black spot will be in the upper right hand segment of the sun's orb it probably will be visible to those who have equipped themselves well in advance to look into the sun's blinding light.

Dark glasses and filters will not be entirely safe to use in looking for the spot that will be only about 1-150th the size of the sun's diameter. Astronomers say the best method is to use a telescope, and to focus the sun's image upon a piece of white cardboard held behind the eyepiece and shaded from the direct rays of the sun. Using any other method may be dangerous to one's eyes, the astronomers warn.

Since this is an astronomical experience that comes only a few times in a century, many will try to share and enjoy the brief phenomenon.

Siberia's Ice 'Leaves Us Cold'

Because no propositions issuing from the Kremlin ever are clear cut and so honest as to be understandable by those to whom they are addressed all their ideas when advanced as propaganda or their answers to proposals made by others have to be searched carefully for the "booby traps" that they almost invariably are concealing.

Two years ago at Geneva President Eisenhower surpirsed and pleased the world with a proposal that a "complete" exchange be made between the United States and Russia of the blueprints of their military establishments. Then to assure one another of the honesty of their agreements, each government would permit the other to make aerial surveys of the entire country.

In correspondence with Premier Bulganin, President Eisenhower said that the Soviet could make all the pictures they chose and then take them home for study. The President might have noted that such a privilege would save the Russians a lot of spying, but of course he did not. But he did insist that such privilege could be accorded only if our own aerial photographers were permitted to fly over all Russian territory and without molestation take aerial maps of the country.

Now after two years, the Russians have come up with a reply. It is a matter of no surprise that again there is nothing cleancut and patently honest about it. They do not want a cleanup job. They want only a patchwork job and they want to pick the patches that are to be surveyed aerially.

Thus they wish to photograph all of Western Europe and the areas of the United States, west of the Mississippi where, as all the world knows, just about all our atomic installations have been located. They also want their photographers to be permitted to cover all of Alaska.

In return, they say they will be willing to open a part of Siberia and some comparatively small area of Western Russia to aerial photography.

In a single sentence Jules Moch, the French delegate to the London Disarmament Conference, punctured any balloon of hope that peace can be attained by the adoption of the Russian idea. He observed, sarcastically, that the Russians "offer to show us the ice and snow of Siberia."

It is another hoax which the Russians probably expect will receive no serious attention but which they can use as propaganda. When it becomes threadbare, some other old rag of propaganda will be fished out of the international rag bag and will be paraded as some new, beautiful altruistic idea.

Russia long since worked herself into the position of the boy in one of Aesop's fables. His frequent false cires of "wolf, wolf," stamped him to be a congenital liar who could not be believed even when he finally did tell a truth.

New, Adequate Home for CLT

One of the city's finest cultural achievements in the course of three decades is that which has come from the Civic Little Theater which now is on the threshold of its greatest era of development and service to the community.

By and with the cooperation of the City of Allentown, whose officialdom and people always have thought well of this organization, a new home will become possible for the organization on the site of the oldtime Pastime Farm at 30th and Linden Sts.

Adaptation of the well-known large barn on that site to the Civic Little Theater's requirements can be achieved at a small fraction of the cost of erection of an entirely new building.

It is to raise the necessary sum that the membership of the organization and friends now are engaged in a city-wide campaign to achieve their ends. They confidently look to our people to make it possible for this cultural activity to advance and progress and keep in step with the "City on the March" which is Allentown.

Allentown is proud of its many splendid institutions. Hardly any one of them can be said to interest and serve the entire community. Each has its special field of service.

The Civic Little Theater has been such an institution that has served the community in the many phases of culture that center around the stage. It has served to make Allentown interesting and attractive. It can promise to do even better in the years to come when it is established in a permanent and adequate home.

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 METRIC SYSTEM

Dear Editor:—

According to T. J. S. George, Assistant Editor, Bombay Free-Press Journal, who is now visiting our country, India will soon change over to the Metric System of weights and measures.

Already 212 countries, comprising 82 per cent of the world's population, use the Metric System and with India's adoption of it, the percentage using this system will be over 90 per cent.

The only important countries still using the old English System of weights and measures are United States and England. Even in the United States and England the Metric System is used in scientific work. When will United States get in step with the rest of the world?

Sincerely,
J. J. Jones
Camp Hill, Pa.

CHALLENGES D.S.T.

To the Editor:—

Will you please publish 3 good reasons WHY we must have daylight saving from April 28 to last Saturday in October? To me—the set up is crazy. Do you know why?

In the first place, I work in a department store and we certainly don't benefit any of that lovely daylight hour. We close at 5:30 p.m. and will until the middle of June and also continue the Thursday night shopping all thru the summer. And now of all things because May 30th falls on a Thursday they want to add another night during that week. It seems the time is just for the rich executives who want the extra time to chase a silly little golf ball at the Country Club.

So, if you can name any good reason why daylight saving is so wonderful, Please do—And, if you can, why not organize some of the C. of C. officials and give the clerks who are the lowest paid, some consideration, especially during the summer season.

Maggie Renard
R. 2, Allentown

Another Air Supremacy Race



Tunisia and Egypt

By WALTER LIPPMANN

From Tunisia, which has been celebrating the first anniversary of its national independence, one could see the crisis in Jordan in an interesting and revealing perspective. Here, more clearly perhaps than anywhere else in the Arab world, there exists the will to work out the national future without enmity toward, indeed by accommodation with, Western Europe and the United States.

Under Habib Bourguiba, and his party which is called the Neo-Destour, the Tunisian nation is turned away from the road on which Nasser is attempting to take all the Arab peoples. If there is an alternative to the revolutionary movement which precipitated the crisis in Jordan, it is the kind of progressive nationalism, energetic but not fanatical, which the liberators of Tunisia represent.


Lippmann

The critical and dramatic question is whether the future of the community of Arab peoples lies with Nasser or with men like Bourguiba, with the supernationalists and the revolutionaries working out of Cairo, or with the nationalists and the reformers in the various countries. The answer to that question depends only in some measure on what the United States will contribute to the development of Tunisia. In much greater measure the answer depends on how far-sighted and generous is the French policy. In the final reckoning the answer may be determined by what happens next door in Algeria.

Of one general conclusion we can, I think, be certain. It is that foreign intervention, be it Soviet, French, British or American, is secondary to the internal conflict within the Arab countries. In all of them, though in differing degree, the issue is raised by two great conflicting tendencies.

The one, as exemplified by Bourguiba, is to maintain the existing political and social order of the national liberators, and in some degree to reform and improve it. The other tendency, which is propelled from Cairo, is revolutionary. It aims not only at the overthrow of the existing political order, as was attempted recently in Jordan, but also at the creation of a revolutionary imperialism which would make Nasser in Cairo the master of the Arab world.

In Tunisia the progressive nationalism of Bourguiba provides a genuine and promising alternative to the revolutionary movement which Nasser is leading. Where there is no such alternative, as for example in Jordan itself, there is not much left to do except to suppress the revolutionary forces by martial law, and to sit as long as possible on the lid of the cauldron.

U.S. Support

Both the Soviet Union and the United States are involved in the conflict between the revolutionary forces and the established order. Our policy is to support the established order against the revolutionary movements. Wherever we can, we encourage the existing rulers to be progressive and benevolent and to try to raise the standard of life among their people.

But when the ruling classes will not be progressive and benevolent, as for example in Saudi-Arabia, we support them nevertheless because they maintain the existing order as against the revolutionary and fanatically anti-Western popular forces which Nasser excites.

The Soviets, on the other hand, support the revolutionary forces wherever and whenever they can do so without committing themselves to military action or even to large financial contributions. They support Nasser's revolution not because he is a Communist. They support it because if Nasser succeeds, he will ruin irretrievably the Western European and American position in the whole Middle East.

It does not necessarily follow that the Soviet Union could take over what the Western nations would lose. Nasser's revolution, if he gains the momentum of success, would probably produce not a new social order but prolonged disorder and anarchy. But from the Soviet point of view this would mean that America and Europe were no longer in a strategic position to threaten the soft under-belly of the Soviet Union.

Soviet View

One of the questions we are bound to ask ourselves is whether we must accept this historical fatalism, as one of the unchangeable facts of life, this contest within the Arab community, with the Soviet Union on one side, with ourselves on the other. I must say that nothing has as yet come out of Moscow which suggests that this grim and dangerous contest can be moderated, much less ended.

The latest official Soviet statement this week treats as a plot against Arab independence our support of King Hussein against those who would overthrow him, and bring Jordan under the domination of Egypt and Syria.

But if nothing has come from Moscow which suggests that negotiations and arrangements are possible, nothing has come from the President and Mr. Dulles which suggests that they have any thought of negotiation and an accommodation which would recognize the indubitable national interest of Russia in the Middle East. Nothing has come from them which suggests that they have anything more constructive in mind than a policy of unconditional surrender.

I think well of what I understand we have done in Jordan. But martial law under a little king is not a durable order of things. We must look ahead, and our position for the long pull will be stronger, so it seems to me, if we make it known that the issues in the Middle East — about the canal, the oil, the bases — are not irreconcilable, and that we do not exclude absolutely and forever an accommodation with the national interest of Russia.

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Snowed Out

By GEORGE DIXON

Every United States senator or representative has sentenced himself to kitchen police. Each one of them sits spraddle-legged all day long paring the budget. Distinguished lawmakers, who wouldn't pare their own cuticle, slave happily from morn to night paring the substance from somebody else's apples.

There isn't one of them that doesn't want something cut, and the farther from home the better. But, conversely, there isn't one who isn't against some proposed cut for his district.

Every man has at least one charity-begins-at-home item he wants to salvage — and Sen. George W. Malone, of Nevada, one of the leading cut-that-Eisenhower-budget Republicans is no exception.

Senator Malone is a mining engineer. He loves mines, mining, and minerals. You would have thought he'd had his diploma amputated when the house cut off an item of 9 million dollars for the production of tungsten in Nevada.

He had planned to fly home to Reno for a few days, but when he heard about the unprincipled action of the lower House of Congress he arose on the Senate floor and demanded unlimited time. This he was granted automatically because, under rules which some hope to change, the only way you can stop a senator from talking is to smother him in his toga.

The golden - tungstened orator took an heroic posture and declaimed:

"The senator from Nevada (a quaint reference to himself) had a reservation on a 5:30 plane home, but has cancelled it. He is ready to stay here until the snow is about nine feet deep on Pennsylvania avenue."

No sooner had he conjured up this blizzardous picture than an unidentified colleague slipped from the chamber and raced to the small room containing the news ticker. He tore off a blank hunk of copy paper from the machine and squatted at a typewriter. Employing all the symbols and abbreviations used by the ticker service to make his effort look genuine, he typed out the following "Bulletin Flash":

"Washington — A freak snowstorm struck the nation's capital today, with drifts 10 feet high on Pennsylvania avenue."

The unidentified scalawag handed the fake bulletin to the Democratic senator from Nevada, Alan Bible. Bible strode into the chamber and slapped it dramatically on Malone's desk.

The latter read it, goggled, and came apart at the seams. From there on he kept breaking into laughter. But he finally managed to get untungstened in time to catch his plane without being forced to mush down Pennsylvania avenue behind a snow plow.

(Copyright 1957)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

JOHN 21:24-25

"This is the disciple (meaning John) which testified of these things, and wrote these things; and we know that his testimony is true. And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that not even the world itself could contain the books that should be written. Amen." John might have put it this way: "Though I finish my Gospel here, I have not told all the marvellous things that Jesus did while He was upon the earth. There are many other things which He did, and many other words which He spoke, which are not recorded in my Gospel, nor yet in the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke." References to the many detailed activities of Jesus can be read in Matthew 4:23,24 and 11:5. And one thing is certain, more books have been written about Jesus, His person, works, and words, than about any other person or subject. Commentaries on the Gospels (as well as on the Bible as a whole) in many languages will never lose their interest for those who delight in reading and thinking about those things which are of preeminent importance. And even in back of treatises on the sciences is the Lord as the Creator of all things.

Horoscope

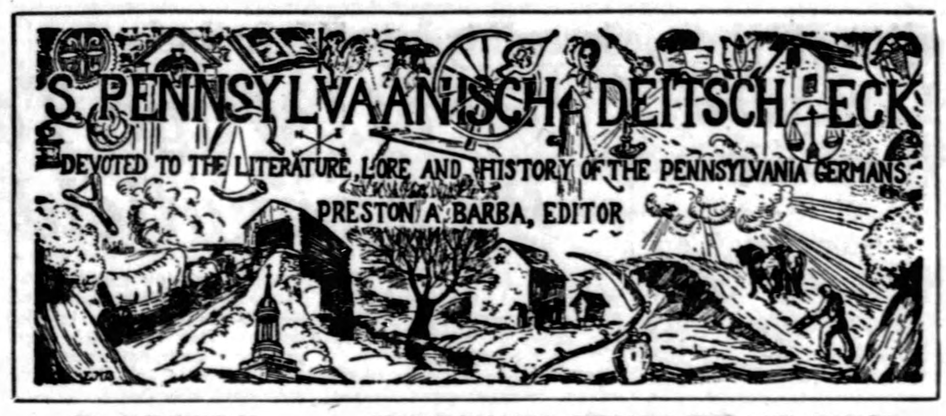
Your prospects are excellent with friends ready to give you good advice and aid. Look for a kind, gentle sensitive nature in the child born today.

Factographs

More than one-half of the service stations in the U. S. have part-time help.

Lake Michigan is the only one of the five Great Lakes wholly within the United States.

Most presidential annual messages to Congress since the founding of the Republic have not been spoken in person.



EN VERWICKELTE VERWANDTSCHAFT

Ich hab en liewi Witfraa gheiert,
Die hot en gewaxni Dochter;
Mei Vatter waar en Witmann gwest
Un heiert mei Schtiefdochter;
So waar mei Daed mei Dochtermann
Un ich sei Schwieggervatter;
Sei Fraa, die waar mei Dochter gwest,
Un allerdings mei Mutter.

Wie ich e Zeitlang gheiert waar,
Do grickt mei Fraa en Soh,
Der waar dann Schwogger zu meim Vatter,
Un ich waar sei Nephew;
Meim Daed sei Fraa grickt aa en Soh,
Der waar of course mei Bruder
Zu gleiche Zeit mei Enkelche,
Dann ich waar sei Grossvatter.
Mei Fraa, die waar mei Grenmaem gwest
Un ich waar ihre Enkel:
Ich waar mei eegner Grendaed 's letscht
Un dann waar's Zeit zu henke.

—Henry L. Fischer

DER BICHER AGENT

"Schwetz net so laut, ich bin net daab,
Un weess was bischt druff aus;
Ich will ken Bicher kaafe heit,
So mach dich bletzlich naus.
Datt iss die Dier, wann dei gross Maul
Net schtill iss mit sell'm Schpotter,
Nemm ich glei halt am Hossesitz
Un du fliegscht in der gutter."

"Was, mitt mei Buch net kaafe, nau
Sell kann gewiss net sei;
En Mann vun deine Schtending kaaft
Verkammen zwee un drei.
'S iss nix, uffkors, fer kammne Leit
Mit Hann wie'n Muli-kuh;
Die Bicher waare yuscht gedruckt
Fer gscheite Leit wie du.

"En diefer Mann wie du entschoit
So Bicher, wann er kaaft;
'S iss net wie mit so dolle Leit,
Wu's in der Welt voll laaft.
Ich gleich en gut gelannter Mann,
So geb mir mol dei Hand;
Ich bin so froh, mei liewer Freind,
Ass ich bin dich bekannt.

"Nau, all dei Nochber nemme's Buch,
Un yeders hot mir gsaaat,
Du bischt der "leading" Mann do rum,
Ich sett dich sehne graad.
Mer kann gut wisse waer hoch schteht,
Un ich will net do fatt,
Bis ich un du, wie gute Freind,
En kleener "talk" hen ghatt.

"Du hoscht en feini Heemet do
Un alles guckt so schee,
Ken Wunner saagge all die Leit,
Du bischt im "lead" allee.
Des weist was diefi Lanning dutt,
Mer seht uff allehand,
Wie du der recht Weg immer hoscht,
Es weist sich in deim Land.

"Sin sell dei Kinner? Grund der Welt!
Was liewe kleene Schpringer!
So Reichdum finnt mer net in Geld,
Un sin aa schmaerte Kinner.
Der Bu do guckt yo graad wie du,
Am Hund sei Ohre roppe.
So'n schee Kind hawwich nie devor,
E-niryends aagedroffe.

Mei Bissniss bringt mich viel drauss rum
Bei alle Sadde Leit,
Un so bin ich uffkors bekannt
Do rum fer Meile weit;
Awwer darrich all mei Traewwle schur,
Weess ich ken Mann ass geht,
Mit so me scharrefe Kopp wie du,
Un immer uff-zu-deet.
"Deel kaafe Bicher unne gschwetzt
Un leegge sie eweck;
Sie sin zu doll fer sie verschteh,
So leje sie im Dreck;
Awwer leit wie du — so dief im Hann,
Die schnappe Bicher uff;
Mer heert's aa gut an ihre Schproch,
Es weist, verloss dich druff.
"Was? O, du saagscht du witt en Buch?
Uffkors, du nemmscht es bescht,
Morocco binding, — sign yuscht do,
Sell macht der Barye fescht.
Ich bin so froh mer sin bekannt,
Fer all ass ich bin dumm,
Fer's dutt mer gut wann ich ebmols
So'n schmaerter Mann rum kumm."

—Solly Hulsbuck

DER RUMHOCKER

Do hock ich rum, do hock ich rum,
Ich hab ken rechter Mut;
Ass ich net an die Aerwet kumm,
Des Leit mir schunn im Blut
Un wann die Fraa mich doch ernaehrt,
Was will ich meener uff der Aerd?
Des Schaffe iss mer viel zu dumm,
Do hock ich liewer rum!
Ich hab en rechti schmaerti Fraa
Un die nemmt Wesches ei;
Geht's an der Disch, dann ess ich aa,
Ich muss der Daadi sei.
Die Kinner hawwich all verdingt;
Wann yedes bissel Geld mer bringt,
Dann lew ich gut, des weess ich schunn;
Noh hock ich liewer rum.

Ich hab die Aerwet schunn browiert,
Fer sehne wie's mer glickt:
Do hawwich mir die Hend verschmiert
Un glei der Leede grickt.
Ich schaff aa net zu gaern fer'n Baass,
Der schteht eem immer var der Naas;
Un saag, was hot mer dann devun?
Do hock ich liewer rum!

Zum Schuhschter hawwich mich verdingt,
Flick Absetz un die Sohle;
Doch wann en Schuh mol wennich schtinkt,
Dann soll's der Deiwel hole!
Ich waar mit Schwaerz un Bech verschmiert
Wer do net die Geduld verliert!
Der Schuhschter lacht — noh saag ich zum,
"Do hock ich liewer rum!"

Am Schneidre hawwich aa mol gschafft,
Gebiggelt un genaeht;
Ich hab fer sell aa kaum die Graft,
Ken Luschde un ken Freed.
Sell Biggeleise waar zu schwer
Un viel zu glee waar's Nodeleehr;
Noh hockt mer do so graddlich, grumm;
Do hock ich liewer rum.

Ich glaab ich bin viel besser ab
Wie Dokter, Lawyer, Parre;
Un wann ich aa ken Laerning hab,
Die halt ich all fer Narre.
Bedracht die Blumme uffem Feld!
Sie schaffe net, sie hen ken Geld,
Graad wie im Evangelium!
Do hock ich liewer rum.

So hock ich rum, so hock ich rum,
Bis an die Ewichkeet;
Un wann ich in der Himmel kumm,
Mir iss es net verleed;
Datt hawwich wull noch meener Glick;
Un wann ich dann mei Fliggel grick,
Dann flieg ich mit de Engel rum,
Noh hock ich nimmi rum.

—John Birmelin

The above poems are considered in today's installment of Leo A. Bressler's "Pennsylvania German Wit and Humor."

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN WIT AND HUMOR

Pennsylvania German Humor in Verse

By Leo Albert Bressler

Continued

Henry Lee Fischer (1822-1909), in a short piece entitled "En Verwickelte Verwandschaft," creates fun out of pure imagination. This relates the increasing entanglement of the relationship (die Freindschaft) that comes about between a man and his father as the result of a series of marriages. The man marries a widow whose grown daughter is later married by the man's father. The man thus becomes his father's father-in-law, and his father's wife becomes both his (the man's) daughter-in-law and his mother. The situation becomes even more complicated when both the man's wife and his father's wife give birth to sons. And the whole business finally ends in insane confusion when the man's wife becomes his grandmother and he becomes her nephew and eventually his own grandfather!

Solly Hulsbock is the author of a poem on a theme that has been the subject of much dialect writing and that is recognized universally: the village loafer, who maintains that he has never had any opportunities but never does anything about improving his state. Billy Bloseroar goes to the village store daily, crosses his legs, and sits there from morning till night, making a long face and declaring that life isn't worth living. He bemoans the fact that he has never had a chance and constantly points out other people's good fortune. In the meanwhile he just sits and sits and sits. When he complains that he has sat patiently for twenty years waiting for his "chance" and that sitting has made his back lame, a bystander finally gives him the plain-spoken advice he has needed for a long time:

Du husht ken show,
Du warsht success aw net bekannd,
Wann's Maul yuscht shafsht un net die hand.

The same universality is to be noted in the next poem, "Der Bicher Agent." Here, however, the humor is keener and more subtle. The poem describes the sales technique of a common figure, a book salesman. The prospective buyer greets the salesman by threatening to pitch him into the gutter, but the salesman is not to be so easily dismissed, and he employs all the applied psychology in his bag of sales tricks. He tells the man that he is surprised to find him unwilling to buy a book, since he knows him to be a man of good standing and intelligence, the kind of man for whom books are printed. Then he refers to the testimony of the man's neighbors—who, incidentally, bought books — concerning his distinguished position in the community. And as the salesman warms up to his business, he pays lavish compliments to the man on the beauty of his house, the intelligence, beauty, and lovableness of his children, and his own acumen and general superiority over other people. And this flattering finally bears fruit, as the now pacified man "signs on the dotted line" for the very best morocco-bound book. The salesman's farewell is a masterpiece of irony;

"Ich bin so fro mer sin bekand
Fer ol os ich bin dumm,
Fer's dut mer gut won ich ebmols
So'n schmart'r mon kum rum."

The third poem, "Em Jecky sei Droowel," tells of the trials of Jecky, who, after years of diligent courting, is still without a wife. He has pursued many girls but each had some fault that made her undesirable. Sally Bixler was pretty as a flower but was too fond of eating onions. Lucy Wetzel had a fine figure and a sweet voice, but when Jecky saw her eating corn on the cob, he was frightened off. Hannah Hinkel, in addition to eating prodigious quantities of ice cream, licked the plates clean. Jecky next courted Liddy Ledich, who had plenty of money, but her false teeth became enmeshed in Jecky's mustache. And then there was Tilly Bickel, who measured six feet, four inches "around the stump" and was six feet, five inches tall. Becky Kimmel was too short, her sister, Ann, too tall; Rachel Schnoke was too clumsy and her tongue was too loose; Malinda Grim used too much paint, and Jennie Schneider was too skinny. So Jecky is still looking for a suitable mate. The last stanza tells us that there may be another side to the matter:

"Ufkors, mer kent aw denke
Es is en Mick im Mehl—
Farleicht will kens der Jecky!
Sis meglich, meiner Seel!"

Among the later writers of Pennsylvania German verse, there is none who handles his materials better than John Birmelin (1873—1950). Many of his writings are noteworthy, but we shall confine ourselves to three pieces.

The first, "Heiraadsdruwwel," is an amusing dialogue in couplets between a young girl and her mother. The girl attempts to win her mother's consent to keep company with a young man by extolling his virtues. She notes the boy's handsomeness, his wealth, his intelligence, his magnanimity; the mother, in turn, dashes the girl's hopes by minimizing these qualities in epigrammatic replies. Finally, however, the girl says that if she can't have this boy she wants no one, and the mother, recalling her own experience with love, realizes its inevitability and relents.

This poem, like most of Birmelin's poetry, is noteworthy for the facile rhyme and even meter. One critic maintains that "None of our dialect poets have been more conscious of the demands of meter and rhyme." (Preston A. Barba, Introduction to Birmelin's "Gezwitscher, Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, .V 3, 1938). There is a quaint humor in the plaintive defenses of the girl and the sententious replies of her mother. One stanza from the poem will illustrate these qualities further:

"Ach Mutter, er iss doch so gscheit!
Der wees viel meh wie unser Leit!"—
"Un meenscht du wann er 'n Laerning hett,
As das ihn besser mache sett?
So wie du bischt, so nemmt er dich,
Verleicht bis marye schemmt er sich!"

One of Birmelin's best humorous pieces is "Die Retscherei." This is a satire on the universal evil of gossiping. It is in the form of a rapid-fire dialogue between two ladies. So realistic are the choice bits of gossip which are exchanged that one can visualize, without the aid of description, the principals as they hang over the backyard fence, their heads close together, earnestly masticating crumbs of gossip. The humor arises mainly from the fact that while the women are gossiping they make frequent remarks concerning the evils of gossip ('siss arrig mit der Retscherei), and resolve not to gossip. The poem is marked by natural dialogue, the use of commonplace sayings, and rapid movement.

The following account of how gossip travels is one of the highlights of the poem:

"Die Schwenks'n hot's wull vun der Moyer'n
Un die Moyer'n vun der Butz'n
Un die Butz'n vun der Boyer'n
Un die Boyer'n von der Kutz 'n
Wer dann denoh die annere wore?
Do hawwich doch die Schpur verlore."

In the third selection, "Der Rumhocker," a loafer tells of his dislike for work and of his preference for "sitting around." He has tried many occupations but found each one unpalatable. He hates dirty hands and working for a boss. He didn't last long as a cobbler because he couldn't stand the smell of shoes; the iron was too heavy and the eye of the needle too small to permit him to be a tailor. He reasons, therefore, that as long as his wife takes in washing, as long as his children are appreciative and bring in a little money now and then, it would be silly for him to work. Of course, we are told in the last stanza, when he gets to Heaven and is equipped with wings, he will fly around with the angels and there will be an end to "sitting around."

To Be Continued

THE MORNING CALL

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Editorials

Dedication to a Great Ideal

The eyes and ears of the musical world are focussed upon Bethlehem today and will be again during next weekend for the Bach Choir is conducting its 50th annual festival.

As The Morning Call's critic observed yesterday, the Bach Festival is a momentous occasion "for those who love great music, memorably performed."

Two hundred and more Lehigh Valley residents have been interpreting the works of the great master of music that brings "exaltation and spiritual comfort" during half a century. They and their illustrious conductors with a succession of leading vocalists and instrumentalists have served to make Bethlehem the Bach capital of the United States and perhaps of the world.

It is a rare distinction for a city to possess. It is one which its people constantly must cherish and promote. It is not enough that the community bears a beautiful name, and that it is famed for its industry. It is important that it be known for its educational and cultural institutions for it is just as true today as it was two thousand years ago that "man cannot live by bread alone."

In presenting the works of Johann Sebastian Bach, Bethlehem has done much to provide the spiritual bread that Bach took from Holy Writ and enbellished with some of the sublimest music that ever has been written.

Two full generations of Bethlehemites and their neighbors already have given much of their lives in consecration to a great musical ideal. A third generation is in process of growing up in this inspired organization.

Generation after generation of Bethlehemites must carry on the great ideals of their predecessors. No dimension of the community's growth can be more important to it than this devotion to a great cause.

Protection for Motherhood

Tomorrow is Mother's Day and again the American people will rejoice in carrying out the spirit which for years has prompted the observance of the second Sunday in May for the purpose of glorifying mothers collectively.

Certainly individual mothers will not want for attention and tokens of affection on this day. Gay posters will brighten the windows of stores whose shevles have been depleted of Mother's Day gifts. Postmen's packs will bulge with Mother's Day cards, and telephone circuits will be jammed by absent children calling home their Mother's Day greetings. On that one day, at least, mothers may justifiably glow in the halos set around them.

But what are the conditions under which the Mothers of 1957 must live all the other days of the year? This is a question upon which we may well reflect on Mother's Day. Thinking back over a generation it is a happy circumstance that a dramatic reduction has been made in the death-rate of women during childbirth. This fact was poignantly demonstrated during the past week when a death of this type shocked the staff of a local hospital which had not had such experience in years. It was such an unusual happening that it commanded front-page newspaper attention.

However a generation ago such a type of death was almost commonplace. Obstetricians calculated that one death would occur among 172 mothers during childbirth. If that rate had continued to prevail in the United States 24,000 mothers would have been lost on their beds of pain during last year. As it was, the number was under two thousand.

A generation ago the number of babies who died under one year of age was very high. Today the rate is the lowest ever recorded. Part of the decrease in maternal and infant death rates can be attributed to better standards of living, and to improved drugs and medical attention. Medical research has also removed much of the mother's fear of polio and other diseases which formerly killed or crippled older children. Much progress is also due to the maternal and child health programs provided by the Federal government under the Social Security Act of 1935. Through these grants-in-aid Uncle Sam has helped states to provide services to mothers and children who might otherwise have received no medical attention.

While on this Mother's Day there can be rejoicing over the greater chances that she has gained for continuance of life and of service to her progeny, there must not be complacency. The maternal death rate continues to be very high in some areas of our population. The number of non-white women who die in childbirth is still more than twice as high as that of white mothers. Fifty to seventy-five percent of all maternal deaths that occur could be prevented if the full benefit of modern medical knowledge were available to all mothers.

While the infant mortality rate has dropped sharply since 1935, deaths among babies in their early weeks of life have not been reduced to any appreciable extent. Prematurity is now the leading cause of infant deaths.

Mental retardation is another matter of grave concern to mothers because it is by far the most extensive crippling condition which affects our nation's children. Based on the current birth rate, it is estimated that 300 of the children born every day are destined to be mentally retarded. What are the causes? How can it be prevented? How can those retarded children be prepared to take care of themselves in our society? Only in the last two years has our Federal government begun to cope with such problems as these. Until we find answers, some two to three million mothers must continue to endure the painful frustrations of trying to care for their mentally retarded children without guidance or help.

If the present rising trend continues, an estimated 200,000 unmarried women will become mothers in 1957 and more than 40 percent of them will be under 20 years of age. The social and economic factors associated with illegitimate birth are almost always unfavorable. Our society has not yet faced adequately the problem of protecting the health of these mothers and helping them to work out a satisfactory future for themselves and their babies.

More than one in four mothers of children under 18 are working outside the home. Many mothers in families with 4 to 6 children must manage on incomes as low as $3,200 a year. These and the many other factors in our complex world of today bring frustration, stresses, strains and pressures to the mothers of 1957.

Let us this Mother's Day resolve that as a nation we will concern ourselves more deeply than ever about the health of mothers and the welfare of their children.

Public Opinion

The Morning Call welcomes opinions of its readers. Letters to the editor should be brief. They must be signed and include the writer's address. Signatures need not be published. The right to condense is reserved by the publishers.

Keep America Beautiful "Now"

Dear Mr. Editor —

My letter is directed mainly toward Mr. Douglas Kim and other students at Lehigh University. I am quoting the ending of his letter; "For the still, better, still more beautiful America, I assure you that Lehigh students will do their share in the years to come."

As a former native of Allentown who lived close by the Lehigh Parkway and enjoyed it immensely, may I remind this young man that we would all appreciate if the young Lehigh men would try to keep America beautiful NOW and not wait ten years to do it.

Please keep in mind too, that there are usually a number of grade school children in the park and college men should set some sort of example by not acting like overgrown "Litterbugs."

As for your tirade upon Mr. Joseph Gackenbach: personally I feel you fellows got off easy. The Dean should have asked the men responsible to come forward and they should have cleaned up the mess they made in the park. I feel lack of good manners is not necessarily the fault of Lehigh U. but of the type homes the boys come from and some have never done a FULL eight hours day work in their life.

I am acquainted with many Lehigh graduates who are brilliant in their various engineering fields in the theory and paper work end, but who cannot get out and do anything with their own two hands.

Oh yes, those park benches were heavy to throw into the water but think of the interesting experiment and the knowledge gained if those fellows would now replace them to their former positions!

Before I close this letter, my husband reminds me to tell you that I am writing this in his behalf too. He is a chemical engineer graduate of Lehigh University with the class of 1948.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Roebrt A. Nichols
R. D. No. 2
East Stroudsburg, Pa.

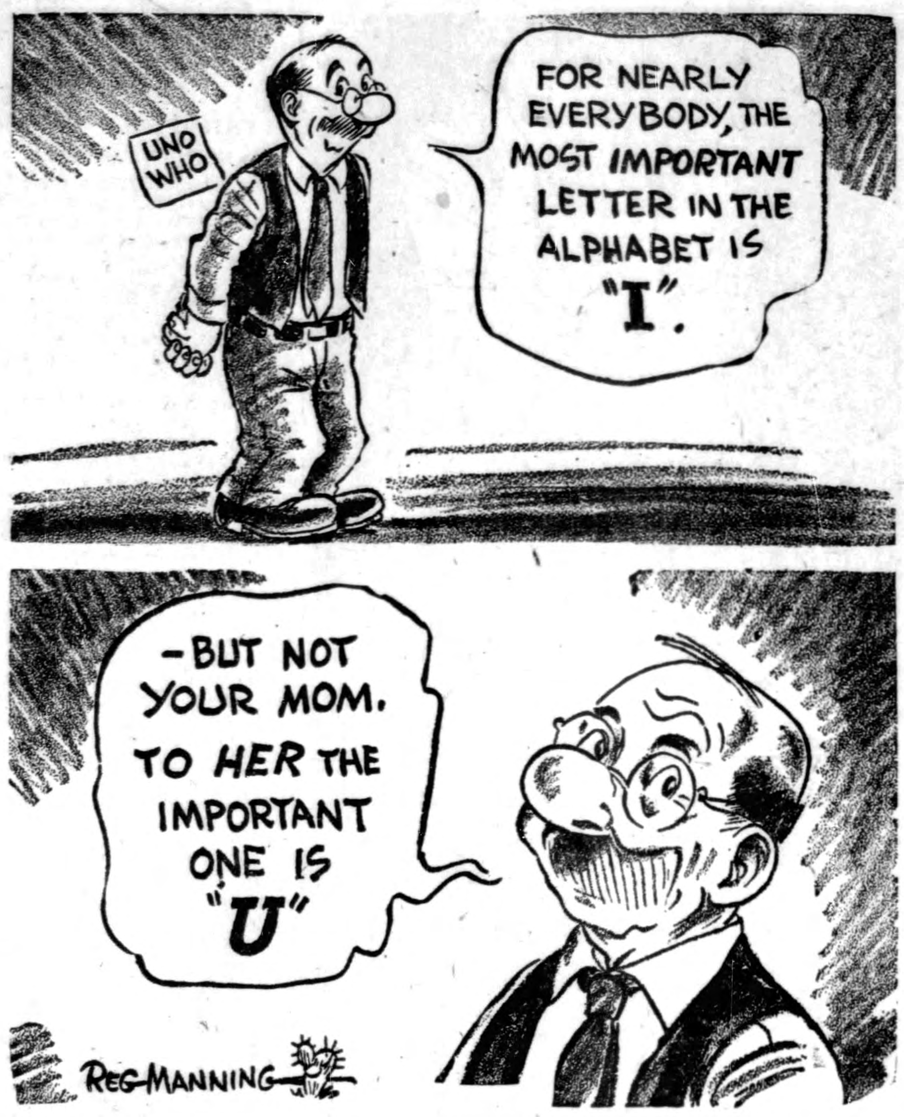
Missed the Point

To The Editor:

I cannot resist the urge to reply to the letter written by the gentleman from Lehigh University (Morning Call, Wednesday,

Continued on Page 11, Column 3

Mother's Letter



Senators in the Clear

By VICTOR RIESEL

The only lid Dave Beck can blow off is his own. The Teamsters chief has nothing on any senator. This is no tempest in a teapot dome, for there is no scandal here.

So Beck is keeping his mouth shut "on advice of counsel" — and the only mystery remaining is which of his 40 lawyers he's really heeding.

It is a measure of the deep trouble in which this strange and fabulously wealthy man finds himself that he has such a legal retinue, which must becosting him several hundred thousand dollars in fees.

This miniature bar association was revealed by Beck himself during the closed session of the AFL-CIO Ethical practices Committee last Monday when he heard his peers read charges against him. They had asked him for a reply to the charges and he answered with uncharacteristic politeness that he had to consult his 40 lawyers.



Dave Beck

They should have advised him earlier.

He first threatened to "blow the lid off the Senate" some weeks before he unloosed his public threat in Galveston.

Shortly after he attempted to sneak back from Europe, Beck met with the Teamsters high command in their heavily guarded national marble palace — the construction of which soon will be probed by the Senate committee. Somebody asked him what he had. Beck retorted, "You'll see."

Beck's insinuation, of course, was that some of the $320,000 worth of union dues which he used as personal petty cash was quietly doled out to senators. Some of us began checking the senators most likely to have gotten Teamster support.

The record will reveal that none of this money, nor any significant amounts from the national treasury itself, went to any senatorial campaign. We checked, for example, with the two Oregon senators. One of these, Dick Neuberger, told me:

"I have checked the list of contributions to my campaign. My campaign committee received no funds from the Teamsters Union. Some individual Teamsters — members and officials — made nominal contributions of from $1 to $50 or $75."

From the other senator, Wayne Morse, came virtually the same reply and the additional statement:

"I'm convinced that an investigation of labor racketeering is overdue and I think the final results of it will be to strengthen the position in our country of clean unions which are the overwhelming majority."

Those who know Beck know that he treasures the Teamsters money second only to his own — and sometimes he can't seem to tell the difference. His policy long has been to pile up a huge multi - million dollar central treasury and let his local and regional units pay the bill for some project he has announced and for which he has taken the credit.

There have been heavy Teamster contributions to candidates of both parties, not only in cash but in manpower and precinct workers. But these came from city and state councils in New York, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland in the Western states.

Only the uninformed would say that such funds have been limited to the law's restrictions. But that's politics. The point is that the money didn't come from Dave Beck.

Beck's blasts in private and public were intended to stir up a dust storm over the long path some labor men have trod from labor's early idealism. In Washington the other day some measured this distance by quoting from the constitution of the Knights of Labor.

Everyone was eligible for membership in the Knights "except lawyers, bankers, stock bookers, professional gamblers and anybody who had anything to do with the sale of intoxicating beverages . . . No person can become a member of the Knights of Labor whose wife sells liquor. He must either obtain a divorce from his wife or from this organization. The latter can be granted in the shape of an honorable withdrawal card. . . "

Were this in the constitution of today's Teamsters, it would wipe out scores of the union's officials who are in all sorts of businesses — from liquor to the building of skyscrapers.

The Senate committee has begun to unravel ties between Beck and Nate Shefferman, the wholesale man, and literally thousands of businessmen.

When, for example, Beck traveled through Europe back in 1953, a big truck corporation supplied him with a limousine so large that sometimes it could not get through the continent's narrow roads. The car had been shipped to Europe from the U. S. with chauffeur attached, for Beck's use.

It is no secret in labor circles that many Teamster officials have been called in by businessmen and told of new industrial projects in advance so they could buy huge quantities of stock. One such security was purchased in amounts up to 50,000 shares.

So Beck is silent lest he blow off his own lid.

(Copyright 1957)

'In My Opinion'

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

Purely Personal Prejudices:

Why is it that people who preface their remarks with "In my humble opinion" aren't humble enough not to offer their opinion?

It is one of the ironies of economics that the poor pay more for most things than the well-to-do, in proportion to the quality they receive. This is especially true of apartment rents.

People complain about bad service (as they should), but how many ever take the trouble to write to an employe's superior commending good service? The world seems worse than it is because we are all moved to action only when we are annoyed, not when we are satisfied.

Even more than actors and tennis stars, it is my impression that the most egotistical group is made up of professional bridge players at the high tournament level.

Whenever I see a book entitled "The Fabulous . ." I get the uneasy feeling that the author is shooting his wad in the title, and that the text will be a desperate attempt to live up to the advance billing.

Everybody has his own private idea of hades: mine is being condemned to live for eternity in Las Vegas.

A lecturer who starts off with a "funny" story and then switches to the "serious part" of his talk reveals that he has no basic sense of humor: for humor is an interweaving of form and substance, and not just a piece of decoration. (And this is why so many "funny" stories fall flat in an otherwise drab talk.)

Those new ribbon - straight superhighways without diversified landscaping make more dangerous driving than the old-fashioned road of curves and stops: the motorist now can literally be bored to death.

A social scientist is too often a man who gets a million dollar grant to question 10,000 persons in 1,000 towns and write a 100-page paper offering 10 possible explanations for one problem that his grandmother could have answered without moving from her rocker.

What did the chit-chat writers use before the slang verb "flipped" was coined?

Whenever I call someone and the phone is answered with the curt, "Brown speaking," I feel like replying, "Well, then, go ahead and say something."

(Copyright, 1957.)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 1:3

The third verse of Acts 1 tells us about the 40 days between Jesus' resurrection and ascension, during which period He showed Himself alive after His passion (suffering) by many infallible proofs, being seen of them 40 days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God. It is safe to say that no event in history is better attested than the resurrection of Jesus. If we wish to read of the various appearances of Jesus to His friends during those 40 days (and He evidently did not appear to anyone who was not one of His followers), we must read Matthew 28, Mark 16, Luke 24, John 20 and 21, not forgetting 1 Corinthians 15:5-8, where we read that He was seen of Cephas (that is, Peter), then of the Twelve; after that, He was seen of above 500 at once. of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep. After that, He was seen of James, then of all the Apostles, and last of all He was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time (Acts 9:5). This appearance to Paul was after His ascension, as in the case of Stephen (Acts 7:55 and 56), and of John in Revelation 1:13.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Ed Barrett, Columbia School of Journalism dean, tells of the rich trustee who called a college president and said, "Send somebody over to address our home-builders convention next week, Sam. But please don't send anybody lower than a dean." The prexy answered drily, "There is nobody lower than a dean!"

Barrett also tells of the philosophy prof who told an unruly class, "Silence please, while I cast some false pearls before real swine."

Paul Hume—music critic and collector of irate letters (from a peppery ex-President)—has a nifty title for a piece he plans about Julie Andrews, co-star of "My Fair Lady": "Lady Loverly's Chatter."

On Madison avenue, dentist Eddie Pullman discovered a cavity in the molar of a glamorous deb. "What," he brooded, "is a place like this doing in a girl like you?"

(Copyright 1957)

Horoscope

Your outlook is favorable in the main, but do not be too gullible. Today's child will have good comparative faculties. Success as an artist is suggested.

Factographs

The spinning jenny was an engine or machine for spinning wool or cotton by means of many spindles.

Texas is less than half the size of the Territory of Alaska.



PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN WIT AND HUMOR

By Leo Albert Bressler
Continued

HUMOROUS DEVICES AND DIALECTIC CHARACTERISTICS CONTRIBUTING TOWARD HUMOR

Attempts at thorough explanations of the mechanics of wit and humor are usually doomed to failure. The elements of humor are often so intangible that all humor seems to vanish when analysis is undertaken. We can, however, list certain conditions, devices, etc., which, in general, make for humor.

Pennsylvania German humor, since humor is in general the same everywhere, is characterized by the same qualities that are found in the humor of other languages and dialects. It will be noted that the devices mentioned here are to be found in American humor of the nineteenth century. A casual perusal of writings in the dialect will reveal incongruity, surprise, contrast, exaggeration, and almost all the usual accessories of wit and humor. However, certain elements are so consistently present as to warrant special mention.

First of all, the humorists employ a great many outlandish, ridiculous - sounding names. Often these names have no denotation, no foundation in common nouns. They are simply coinings, but somehow, their sound seems to make them a happy choice for indicating the persons to whom they are applied. Sometimes they are funny because of the incongruity of their denotations. Here are just a few, selected from well-known writers: Charley Liebschtickel, Billy Boombernickel, Mike Dubriggel, Billy Schnellkeffer (Wrigblebug), Jeck Hawnayarick, Stoffel Kitzmiller, Mary Weschbeiler (Washboiler), Mike Sendapetzer (Penny - pincher), Jim Daweschpeck (Pigeonfat), Ed Moschkiwler, Cy Laudernaas (All - nose), Mose Schlange - fens (Snakefence). Some of the writers, following the example of David Ross Locke and Henry W. Shaw, adopt absurd pseudonyms. The following, some of whom have been mentioned, are well known: Pitt Schweffelbrenner (Edward Rauch), Gottlieb Boonastiel (Thomas Harter), Solly Hulsbuck (Harvey Miller), Pumpernickle Bill (William S. Troxell), Joe Klotzkopp (John Rittinger), Der Gross Henner (H. K. Landis). Names of places are also frequently chosen with a flare for the humorously suggestive, as the following will illustrate: Eila Schteddle (Owl Town), Karrebsa Hiwwel (Pumpkin Hill), Gloppbart Shteddle (Paling Fence Town), Bisskatza Dahl (Skunk Hollow), Bosum Deich (Possum Valley).

A second characteristic is the use of proverbs. This term is used in its broader sense, and includes adages, aphorisms, and homely saws. These proverbs might be termed the **"Volksweisheit** in tabloid form." (Edwin M. Fogel, **Proverbs of the Pennsylvania Germans, Proceedings and Addresses, Pennsylvania German Society, .V36, p. 2).** While they are not always the direct source of humor, they do add a pithiness and conciseness. A good example in American literature of the effectiveness of aphorisms may be found in the work of "Josh Billings," whose humor and strength lay mainly in using them cleverly. Brander Matthews, in commenting upon the fact that men like Josh Billings have the mark of the superior humorist since they speak in absurdities that hide universal truths, says of aphorisms: "There is a homely directness about these homely apothegms which makes them far more palatable than the strained and sophisticated epigrams of the characters of Oscar Wilde's plays, who are ever striving to dazzle us with verbal pyrotechnics." (Brander Matthews, "American Aphorisms," **Harper's Monthly,** (Nov. 1915).

Some of the same characteristics and merit are to be found in Pennsylvania German sayings of the same type. Take the following, for example: "Es iss nichs iwwer en g'scheiter Mensch as die Haut, un die iss voll Lecher." (There is nothing over (superior to) a wise (possibly "clever" or "intelligent") man but his skin, and that is full of holes). This seems to defy analysis, and when translation is attempted, it becomes a curious combination of wit and nonsense, of perspicuity and incoherence. Yet, untranslated, it has a spice that is typically Pennsylvania German, and behind the seeming absurdity there is good sense.

There are many such expressions in the dialect literature, and they serve to point a story, anecdote, or poem, or to catch the essence of a sprawling narrative. Some writers employ a proverb to introduce their pieces; others, notably Harter, use it as a conclusion. At times the dialogue of a story will be sprinkled with homely bits of philosophy. Some of these sayings enliven the subject. The very absurdity of others makes the truth they convey all the more pointed. They furnish perhaps the best example of wit, adroitness and imaginativeness in the dialect.

Dr. Edwin M. Fogel made a collection of 1938 Pennsylvania German proverbs, aphorisms, and adages, as well as certain idiomatic expressions and similes. He states that one half of these are German in origin, one tenth British, one tenth German and British, and the remainder have no parallel in either language. However, owing to the unreliability and lack of exhaustiveness of his German and British sources, he warns against taking this ratio too literally. He concludes that the proverb plays an important role in Pennsylvania German speech and that Pennsylvania German sayings frequently defy imitation.

The succeeding list will illustrate further the statements made concerning the value of proverbs. Characteristic to be noted are homeliness and the use of balanced structure, rhyme, metaphor, irony and satire.

1.—Die dumme Leit sin noch net all dod: the stupid people are not all dead yet.

2. Der Voggel peift wie ihm der Schnawwel gewaxe iss: the bird sings as its beak is grown.

3. Darrich Heeresaagge liegt mer gaern: one is likely to lie through hearsay.

4. Will mer ebbes recht hawwe, macht mer's besser selwer: if one wishes to have something done properly, one had better do it himself.

5. Er hot die letz Sau am Ohr: he has the wrong pig by the ear.

6. Muss iss en harte Nuss: necessity is a hard nut.

7. Waer net kummt zu rechter Zeit, daer muss nemme was iwwerich bleibt: He who doesn't come at the proper time has to take what is left over.

8. Freehlich gelebt un seelich gschtarrewe, iss em Deiwel die Rechning verdarrewe: joyous living and holy dying spoil the devil's plan.

9. Waer lewe will vum Fische un Yaagge muss verrissene Gleeder draagge: he who wishes to live by hunting and fishing must wear torn clothes.

10. En Narr kann mehner froogge wie zehe gscheide Leit andwarte kenne: a fool can ask more questions than ten wise men can answer.

11. Es iss net dewaert dass ee Esel der anner "Langohr" heesst: there is no point in one ass calling another "longear."

12. Wu viel gschwetzt waert, waerd aa viel gelogge; where there is much talking there is also much lying.

12. 'S Oierleegge un's Gaxe sin zwee verschiedene Sache; laying eggs and cackling are two different things.

14. "En grooss Gegrisch awwer wennich Woll," hot der Deiwel gsaagt wie er en Sau gschore hot ghatt: "A big squeal but little wool," said the devil after he had sheared a pig.

15. Fer's Denke kann em niemand henke: one can't be hanged for thinking.

16. Karze Haar sin glei gebascht: short hair is soon brushed.

17. Waer lauert an der Wand, heert sei eeggene Schand: he who listens at the wall hears his own infamy.

18. Kummt mer iwwer der Hund, kummt mer iwwer der Schwans; if one gets by the dog, one will get by the tail.

19. En blinde Sau finnt aa alsemol en Eechel: a blind pig also finds an acorn sometimes.

(Numbers 1 to 14 are from the writings of Daniel Miller; those from 15 to 19 from the writings of Thomas Harter).

20. Yeder Zuwwer, grooss un glee, muss uff seim eeggene Boddem schteh: every tub, large and small, must stand on its own bottom. (D. H. Brunner).

21. Mer sett net kicke bis mer schur iss dass der weh Blatz am Fuss net im Weg iss: one shouldn't kick until one is certain that the sore spot on one's foot is out of the way.

22. Manche Maedel ihre Gsicht iss ihr Glick, awwer net wann sie zwee-gsichtich iss: many a girl's face is her fortune, but not if she is two-faced.

23. Wann yeder aerscht zweemol denke daet eb er schwetzt, daet wull arrig wennich gschwetzt warre: if everyone thought twice before he spoke, there would of course be very little talk.

24. En Fraa ass darrich em Mann sei Maagge geh muss fer sei Haerz zu reeche, hot en verdolter holbricher Weg zu draewwele: a woman who has to go through a man's stomach to reach his heart has a darned rough road to travel.

25. Mancher Schtammbaam, odder family tree kummt vum "root of all evil."

26. Der Hiwwel schickt em fer kammen die Niss wann mer ken Zaeh meh hot fer sie zu beise: heaven usually sends one nuts when one no longer has teeth with which to eat them.

(Numbers 21 to 26 are by Charles C. More).

27. Des Zwett-Mol-Heiere iss graad wie noochgeblanst Welschkann: this business of marrying a second time is just like replanting corn.

28. Wann mer die Helft vumme Warrem finnt iwwerm Abbel-esse, iss es yuscht halwer so arrig ass sei kennt: finding half a worm while eating an apple is just half as bad as it might be.

29. Lieb iss wie in en Molassich-fass tschumpe. Es iss arrig siess awwer mer bleibt so gaern schtecke: love is like jumping into a molasses barrel. It is very sweet but one is so likely to get stuck.

30. Wann der liewe Gott es aerscht en Weibsmensch gemacht hett, hett er heit noch kenn Mann mache kenne as basse daet: if God had made a woman first, He wouldn't have been able to this day to make a man to fit.

31. Wann em en Kaersch uff der Kopp fallt, sett mer immer froh sei dass der Baam ken Karrebse draagt: when a cherry falls on one's head one should always be glad that the tree doesn't bear pumpkins.

32. En ald Maedel iss wie der letscht Abbel uff em Baam — yuscht am Waarte fer ebber der Baam wennich zu schiddle: an old maid is like the last apple on the tree: — just waiting for someone to shake the tree a bit.

(Numbers 27 to 32 were furnished by the Rev. C. R. Rahn).

33. Zopp an deinere eegene Naas: pull at your own nose.

34. Wann mer der Esel nennt, kummt er gerennt: mention the ass and he comes running.

35. Es sin die groosse Narre, wu immer es Maul uffschbarre: it is the big fools who always open their mouths.

36. En bissel kammener Verschtand iss alsemol besser ass hochgelannt: a bit of common sense is sometimes better than a higher education.

37. Die groosse Dieb sin aus uff bail, die kleene Dieb sin in der jail: the big thieves are out on bail, the little ones are in jail.

38. En mannich Weibsmensch winscht sie wear en Mann, un en mancher Mann winscht aa sie waer: many a woman wishes she were a man and many a man wishes the same.

39. En mancher Schtich in Zeit halt en Gnopp aus der Kollecksbon Box: many a stitch in time keeps a button out of the collection plate.

40. Es hot Leit ass niemols denke an die Allmacht vun Gott bis Wedderleech ins Haus schlagt: there are many people who never think of God's allmighty power until lightening strikes the house.

(Numbers 33-40 are from Harvey Miller's **G'schbos un Arnsht).**

To Be Continued

GEDANKE SCHLIWWERE

vum Charles C. More

"Dokter, ich will dich mol ebbes froogge, mer kennen nanner nau schunn die viele Yaahre un du weesscht, ass mer sei Lewes net viel gfehlt hot, awwer do die letschte zwee Yaahr hawwich als so Druwwel mit meim linkse Bee. Was iss nau des? Ich hab mer doch net weh geduh un nix." — "Well, wann du der net weh geduh hoscht uff kenne Weg, dann kann's yuscht ee Ursach sei, un sell iss dei Elt, du weesscht, mer sin nimmy yung!" — "Elt! Hell! Mei recht Bee iss doch yuscht so alt un iss doch noch all recht!"

Der Gschweier Kidder secht schwarze Aagge deeten schtreitsichtiche Leit bedeite. Well, sell glaawich nau net. Ich hab schunn schwarze Aagge ghatt un hab net gschtritte. Mei Fraa hot mich mit em Warkelhols gedroffe — bei Accident of course. Sie hot Peideeg gerollt un's Hols iss ihr ausgschlippt.

"Du maagscht ewwe saagge was du witt, en Fraa kann ewwe kee secrets halte, un do iss es yuscht net dewaert." — "Net? huh! ich weess net, ich hab mei Elt en secret ghalte zitter ass ich 24 Yaahr alt bin!" — "Ya, awwer ee Daag vergesscht du dich un gebscht dich schee weck!" — "Ich duh, duh ich? Well ebber ass 20 Yaahr lang en secret halte kann, kann's wull aa noch lenger halte."

Do hen sie im Schtor ghockt un geblaudert vun de heesse Summere in vergangene Zeite un der Bill Wescht hot gsaat, ee Summer, waer's moll im Grebsdaal so heess gewest, ass es Welschkann uff em Feld gerooscht waer in de Kolwe, un 's hett nachts so laut gepappt, ass die Leit net schlofe hetten kenne.

Es waar do vergange eens vun denne Pikter painters do howwe un hot's Kleine Miehl mit em Deel vum Busch un den Schwamm un paar Kieh uff en Pikter gemolt, un der Davy Schlepp iss hiegschtanne fer zuzusehne. Wie der painter ihn gfrogt hot, eb dann die Nadur aa bei ihm ihre goldene un farrewiche Diere uffgemacht hett fer sehne, wie der Himmel bloo un weiss un rot un goldich un schwartzbrau gfleckt iss un wie die goldene Schtraahle des Himmelslicht darrich sie all tinselleete deet wie feieriche Schlange, do secht der Davy: "Well, nimmi zitter ass ich abgschwore hab!"

Die alt Geidnern sedht der Welti Moyer waer so misdrauisch, ass er als in en Eck gingt fer sei Finger zehle, wann er als hands g'scheekt hett mit ebber.

Der Parre Dreher hot der Joe Grimm uff em Feld am Grumbiere hacke aagedroffe un hot ihn gfrogt, was er griegge deet fer sie zu hacke. "Well," secht der Bu, "fer's Hacke grieg ich nix, awwer fer sie net hacke grieg ich Hell!"

Der Gschweier Kidder secht 's Government hett im Sinn vun selle Japanese persimmons in Washington zu blanse un die Congressleit devun esse zu mache, so ass sie net so viel schwetze kenne. Er secht, selli persimmon deete eem's Maul schier der Hals nunner ziegge.

THE MORNING CALL

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Editorials

A Victory for Our Diplomacy

To criticise American diplomacy unfavorably is a popular American indoor pastime. Over the cracker-barrel in the general store and over the bars in clubs and taverns any number of Americans, in exercising their right to free expression of opinion, evidence a greater assumed knowledge of world affairs and how to handle them than President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles. And this has been true with respect to their predecessors in the shaping and handling of foreign affairs. It has perhaps been always thus.

There is room however for recognition of some real achievement by our diplomats and their policy, as exemplified by a little man who now is visiting the United States.

By contrast with the days when, as a political refugee, Ngo Dinh Diem lived veritably in hiding in a little New Jersey community, the leader of the people of South Viet Nam has been received as a conquering hero in the course of his current visit. Facts stamp him as a victor over the Communists who sought to take over all of Indochina. He is the man who brought peace to the teeming population of his country and, with American aid, has brought them to standards of comfort that they have not enjoyed in generations.

Dr. Ngo (his surname, or last name according to our English order and pronounced "No") is an example of a triumph of American diplomacy. Our diplomats bet on the right horse in this case and the Communist infiltration of his country from China and from North Viet Nam was halted, altho a strong Red underground had been established.

This little man, a pious Roman Catholic, fooled just about all the diplomats. They believed that this shy intellectual, who keeps himself surrounded by religious advisers, could not measure up to the rough difficulties of the situation. But under his leadership Communist forces were defeated in battle two years ago, the nation's inept emperor was deposed and more than a million anti-Communist refugeees from North Viet Nam were admitted to the country. With American millions they were resettled and the national army was reorganized and re-equipped, also with American help.

For the time being at least he has saved his part of the world from Communism. He gave the Reds the most serious setback that they have experienced in Asia, except perhaps for the repulse that has been given to them more recently in the Near East by the alignment of Jordan with Saudi Arabia and Iraq. That too can be chalked up as an American diplomatic success.

In the case of Dr. Ngo it cost the United States about $200 million last year. That was cheap by comparison with the cost of American involvement in Korea where parallel conditions prevailed.

If Dr. Ngo's visit to the White House was in the interest of receiving continued American support then the warmth of welcome accorded him by President Eisenhower bodes well for him.

H-Bomb Test Pleases Britain

Despite all the protests of weel-meaning nations and their people against continuing tests of H-bombs, Great Britain on Wednesday conducted its first test of nuclear weapons near Christmas Island.

Altho this test signalized the entrance of Britain into the very small group of nations that have been developing such weapons — the United States and Russia are the only other ones — there was a lot of opposition in England to the test, both among the people and in the Houses of Parliament.

Now Prime Minister Macmillan asserts that this first test was not only entirely successful but that the much-feared "fall-out" of dangerous radio-active ash was "almost negligible."

Now much of Britain is singing another tune. There is high satisfaction that Britain has regained her independence from the status of "a nuclear satellite of the United States" to quote one newspaper. Another expressed pride in that Britain now has become a full nuclear power and has evidenced an ability "to uphold her place in the modern world."

As a result of all this, Britain almost certainly will continue her tests. Like President Eisenhower who repeatedly emphasizes that the United States best can bargain from a position of strength, so Mr. Macmillan has asserted that his nation is now in a better position for diplomatic bargaining. Even tho the Labor Party is demanding that no more tests be made, the Prime Minister is curtly rejecting such demands.

Not until Russia agrees to suspend nuclear tests or to give advance notice of her tests, their type and other important information, is it going to be safe for the western world to lower its guard. It is in the interest of all the western nations that the United States and Great Britain keep ahead of Russian developments if that be possible.

Hope Waxes for Family Farm

That the "family farm" is not on its way out in the United States was an interesting and encouraging declaration made at a recent meeting in Washington by Dr. O. B. Jesness of the University of Minnesota.

In his talk he attempted to demolish some frequently stated and quite widely accepted theories on agricultural matters, namely:

1. "Family farms" are growing larger, and are not being swallowed up into "corporation farms." The corporation farm is a rare exception. American farms are more entitled than ever to the designation of "family farms," because they depend more than formerly on family labor, hired help having been dropped in favor of machinery.

2. Farmers may overstress the advantages which those in other lines of endeavor may possess today, while others may be minimizing the disadvantages under which agriculture is laboring.

3. Prices are not the cause of the agricultural dilemma. The real cause lies in the factors which influence prices. Surpluses are the deadweight which force prices down.

4. The foreign market is not a bottomless pit which will take anything and everything. As it exports, it is not easy to give away or sell surpluses at cut prices with assurance that the products will not show up in the regular market channels of this or other countries. Other exporters have stocks for which they seek outlets.

5. While urging continued exploration of the industrial use of farm products, Mr. Jesness pointed out that prices attractive to industrial users of farm products often are not attractive to farmers. Industry is interested only in the most economical and reliable sources of raw material.

Public Opinion

Complaint About Trucks

To the Editor—

The Morning Call, in fairness to property owners on Sherman St. should print the following:

What will become of Sherman St.? One of our large trucking firms has found cement paved Sherman St. a fine street to reroute their large trucks, some flat bottoms loaded with steel girders, others heavily loaded, as many as 13 trucks in 15 minutes, following one another. Will the Street Committee of Allentown stand for anything like that? When our street is crumbled and has to be repaved, who is going to pay for it, the Trucking Co.? The City? Or the property owners? It will be "You Know Who!" who is so burdened with taxes now that they are blue in the face, especially the older people, Property Owners, who can not find work after 50 yrs. of age to meet the strains of taxes. Some time ago they raised our assessments almost double, why did they feel the homes were worth that much more? Simply because most of the property owners, have struggled through the years and put everything they could get together in their homes to keep them in nice condition, with in mind we would have a nice home when we get old. Now what do we have, doubled taxes and some more taxes. What can a man earn at 50 yrs. old? Who wants them? So you just keep drawing on the savings that we count on when we get old to meet our burdens. What do they expect the older people to have at 65 yrs. of age? What means more to old people from 45 to 65 yrs. of age than their home? How are they going to keep them? If compelled to sell, who will want them with box car trucks rumbling at the rate of 45 from 6 to 7 a.m. and have counted 13 in 15 min. following one another? Sherman St. will be just crumbles of cement in a very short while. ('I'm referring to Modern Transfer.) Why re-route east 4 blocks when there are streets leading direct from their business parking lots. That is where their trucks start from, and travel Sherman St. almost continually night & day. What about our children?

An Old Tax-Payer

Dump Truck?

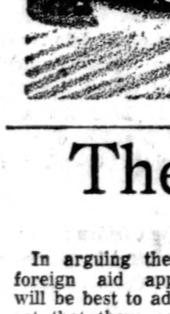


The Case for Foreign Aid

By WALTER LIPPMANN

In arguing the case for the foreign aid appropriation, it will be best to admit at the outset that there can be no such thing as an exact estimate of the amount that is necessary. Thus, between January when he submitted the budget and mid-April, when he wrote his letter to Speaker Rayburn, the President had reduced his own estimate by a half a billion dollars. Or by more than 10 per cent. The reduction is in military aid. Yet apart from the uproar all over the country about the size of the budget, had anything been happening in the outer world during those three months to explain such a big reduction in the military estimates?

Nothing had happened to make it more probable or less probable that either the old estimate or the new estimate is too big or too small. The old estimate was an educated guess, in the last analysis by the Pentagon, as to how much arms and how much subsidy are needed from us for NATO, for Korea, Formosa and South Vietnam, and for those other allies or clients with whom we have military pacts. The new and reduced estimate is simply a re-educated guess as to what our military allies can get along with. Between January and April, according to the President's letter of April 18 to Speaker Rayburn, it became possible to save 500 million dollars, mainly because of "new management techniques through which lead time financing has has been reduced."


Lippmann

All this goes a long way to explain why Congress is not profoundly impressed by one estimate rather than by another, or prepared to accept the view that the estimate in April is more final and authoritative than the estimate in January.

Having admitted the difficulty of making estimates, we must ask ourselves what we are trying to estimate. It is the cost of carrying what are, in fact, two related but essentially distinct policies. One is the policy of supporting and subsidizing our huge network of military alliances. At least three-quarters of all the money devoted to foreign aid is earmarked for this purpose.

Here there are two kinds of questions which Congress can ask. First, is it a vital American interest that we should maintain our various military alliances, which extend from NATO in Europe to Korea in Eastern Asia? Could we do without all or even without some of these alliances? And second, could we maintain them effectively at less cost? If so, on whose judgment as to how to do this should we rely?

On the whole, Congress supports overwhelmingly the alliances, and is not disposed to run the risks of any drastic reduction in military aid. It is the second of the two policies, that of earmarking money for civilian economic development, which needs to be explained and justified. This policy is addressed not so much to the problem of preventing or winning a war with the Soviet Union but to the epoch-making problem of the new relationship between the industrially developed countries of the West and the under-developed countries of Asia and of Africa.

New Nations

The argument which I find compelling, is — reduced to its element — as follows. There have come into existence since the end of World War II some 19 new nations in Asia and Africa. They contain about 700 million people, and there is among them a mounting demand that, having won their political independence, they shall proceed rapidly to raise their standard of life.

This cannot be done without the investment of capital in the basic productive capacity of each country — in roads, ports, transportation, machinery and the like. The under-developed countries have virtually no capital of their own. There are two main ways in which capital can be raised in an under-developed country. One is by loans on very easy terms from North America and from Western Europe. The other is by forced saving at home, which is the way that the Soviet Union developed its industrial economy.

It is often said that the capital should be provided by private investors. For a number of reasons they are not likely to provide enough capital in the places where it is most needed. Thus American private investment abroad has been averaging about 2 billion dollars a year during the past two years. But most of this money has gone to Canada, to Europe and to other "developed" areas. About 400 million has on the average gone to Latin America. Asia, Africa and the Middle East have averaged 200 million dollars a year. But of this the bulk has been invested in the countries of the Middle East where there is oil.

Failing adequate private investment in the under-developed countries, there are two ways left to them. One is to copy the Soviet Union, as China is doing, and to raise capital by extracting it forcibly from the people, particularly from the peasants. The other way is to provide a fund of public money in the Western world from which capital can be borrowed on terms that are politically acceptable, and are not too hard economically for countries that are very poor.

Such a fund is needed, and this country will have to be the main, though by no means the sole, supplier of capital. We cannot refuse to be concerned with the needs of these newly created nations. We cannot say that we do not care whether or how they meet the demand of their people for relief from their grinding poverty.

(Copyright 1957)

'Teacher' Bird

By HAYDN S. PEARSON

If you walk the woodlands in May, chances are good that the oven-bird will be calling his shrill, emphatic "Teacher-teacher-teacher!" It is a staccato-like, forceful song that in spite of its exuberance in a quiet woodland, expresses well the pulsing urgency of the fifth month. From Newfoundland to Alberta, and south to Georgia and southern Missouri, the oven-bird is an interesting summer visitor.

Somehow this bird reminds one of a little bantam hen as it walks on a woodland floor, steps along a fallen log, or scraches in the leaves. There is an orange-hued stripe in its crown; the back is a deep olive-green; the breast is creamy white with irregular streaks of black. If you will sit quietly in an open woodland of mixed hardwoods and evergreens, you are likely to see the bird come walking along, jerking its tail up and down as it walks.

Only a few know the beautiful melody of the oven-bird's song given at deep dusk when the night shadows are closing in the countryside. The bird rises into the air above surrounding trees and while in flight pours forth a melody that blends with the mystery of the night. John Burroughs was perhaps the first ornothologist to describe this evening song; Thoreau called the bird, which he did not identify, a 'night warbler.'

The male usually arrives a few days ahead of the female and fills the woods with his hearty calls for "Teacher." As soon as the ladies arrive, he begins to woo his mate. He dashes and darts about his lady; he poses and struts, flutters his wings, raises and lowers his tail, and takes short circling flights.

Often there is a brisk duel with a rival. Then when affairs are settled, the mated pair builds an arched nest on the ground. The nest is difficult to find but the eggs are often discovered by snakes, bluejays and foxes. Teacher bird isn't as spectacular as some; its song doesn't compare with that of the hermit thrush. But one knows it is May, these mellow, warming days when the clear calls sound from the woodland.

(Copyright 1957)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 8:28-40.

When Philip the evangelist overtook the Ethiopian on the road leading to Africa by way of Gaza, he found him sitting in his chariot, reading Isaiah the Prophet. Moved by the Spirit to do so, Philip engaged him in conversation. When he learned that he was reading the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, Philip asked him whether he understood who it was that was "led as a sheep to the slaughter, and like a lamb dumb before his shearers, so opened he not his mouth," v. 32. The Ethiopian frankly inquired as to who it was that the prophet was speaking about, whether of himself or of some other man. This gave Philip the opportunity to do that for which he had been sent, to witness to him, for we are told that "Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same Scripture, and preached unto him Jesus." The Ethiopian accepted Jesus as his Saviour and asked to be baptized, whereupon he went on his way rejoicing, for he had good company the rest of his way — Jesus in his heart. Philip returned to his home in Caesarea by way of Azotus (the town of Ashdod in 1 Samuel 5:1), preaching on the way.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

An absent - minded professor was attending a convention in San Francisco, and became so engrossed in a discussion he failed to notice that the hat-check girl had given him an overcoat about five sizes too large for him. He even continued talking when the coat trailed three feet behind him on the floor, and only returned to the world of reality when he tripped on it and fell flat on his face. Back he marched to the hat-check girl and complained, "There's a pair of gloves in the pocket of this coat that don't belong to me. You must have put them there by mistake!"

Inspirational message in the office of a Hollywood casting director: "Do It Tomorrow: You've Made Enough Mistakes Today."

"My secretary," grumbled Publisher Donald Klopfer, "has a one-track mind. I think it's called Monmouth Park."

(Copyright 1957)

Horoscope

Your business should prosper in the months ahead, that of some in one way, some in another. Born today, a child should be blessed with ample good nature and intelligence.



PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN WIT AND HUMOR

By Leo Albert Bressler
Continued

HUMOROUS DEVICES AND DIALECTIC CHARACTERISTICS CONTRIBUTING TOWARD HUMOR

Other elements that may be noticed in humorous writings are an assumed naivete or artlessness and a tendency to write from below the level of the reader. Boonastiel, for instance, claims license by virtue of being "net gans recht gscheit." This leaves him free to propound his doctrine of "fun and philosophy," to criticize, to tumble people about, to poke fun, to moralize, to make fair game of all people, things, and situations he chooses to consider. As a result the reader is more ready to accept his humor and criticism. There is, moreover, a pleasing irony in the situation of a fool turning wise man. No other writer resorts to such a ruse as this, but most writers do succeed in getting the good will of the reader by their unpretentiousness and simplicity. A conversational, informal tone and an air of geniality prevail in most of the prose humor, and some writers deliberately proclaim their own ignorance. Often the joke is on the writer. Daniel Miller tells of his embarrassment when, in his ignorance, he anticipated a hanging when only a parade was scheduled. (in his "Das Battalje," **Pennsylvania German, Reading, Pa., 1904, V.1, p. 231**) Boonastiel is constantly relating humorous incidents in which he is the victim. Lloyd Moll, in his "Schwarze Baer" stories, frequently becomes a participant in the slapstick scenes laid in and around his famous hotel.

This informality is directly related to, if not responsible for, the expansiveness of much humorous prose. Certain writers rely upon sheer long-windedness and gossipy elaboration to produce humor. Oftener than not this habit creates only dullness; but there are a few writers who have the knack of the true raconteur and manage, by clever delineation and the insertion of asides, to build up and sustain a humorous situation. Lloyd Moll and William Troxell are notable for this ability.

While it would be conjecture to say that the Pennsylvania German is inherently better adapted for humorous purposes than English or other dialects, the writer feels that the very sound and manner of the dialect sometimes stimulates laughter. The dialect has a tendency to employ concrete words and analogies and to use direct imagery instead of generalizations and abstractions. Preston A. Barba, in his introduction to John Birmelin's **Gezwitscher** (Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, V. III.) says that the dialect "casts about itself in figures and similes which may at times seem ridiculous to those who lack understanding," and that "the dialect often shows itself superior to the High German in humorous ways. . ." To illustrate his point he offers the following parallels: In High German: **Er hat mich verwundert angeschaut;** in Penna. German: **Er hot mich aageguckt wie en Kuh en neie Scheierdor;** in High German: **Er macht ein saures Gesicht;** in Penna. German: **Er guckt ass wann er Schpinne gfresse hett.**

While many of these figures are simply stock expressions, in English as well as in Pennsylvania German, the writer has found a considerable number of similes and metaphors that are both well contrived and effectively employed. It was noted, first of all, that the comparisons are seldom involved; they are usually simple and to the point, so that their justification becomes almost immediately apparent. Secondly, they frequently indicate a delightful imaginativeness and keenness of observation. A third characteristic is a tendency to make comparisons to concrete objects and familiar things, a habit which often leads to a certain "earthiness" and, when given free rein, to coarseness and vulgarity. When it is sufficiently restrained, however, it has an undeniable humorous value. Finally, there is the constant use of hyperbole, a natural concomitant of the simile and the metaphor and an ancient but still effective humorous device. Exaggeration for humorous effect seems to be the special forte of many writers.

All these characteristics may be observed on the following list of figures. Unfortunately most of their humorous value is lost when the words and expressions are removed from their context.

1. So hart ass en Glingelschtee: as hard as a clingstone.
2. Im Kiehschtall gebore: born in a cow stable, unmannered.
3. En Grotte-gickser: literally, a toad-stabber; a long sharp knife.
4. En rechte alte Grott: a regular old toad; a reticent, a saturnine person.
5. Ebbes rumhaer blose: to blow something about; to spread gossip.
6. Gwitterwagge; Thunder wagon (applied to an automobile).
7. Aus em Heisel: literally, out of the house; crazy.
8. Schlitzohrich: slit - eared, mischievous.
9. Kefferbrieh: bug juice, liquor.
10. So wusslich wie en Gensel: as "cuddly" or "snuggly" as a gosling (applied to a child or a girl).
11. So wiescht wie en Wedderhex: as ugly as a weather witch (found in old-fashioned barometers).
12. So fett wie en Drink Wasser: as fat as a drink of water.
13. So darr dass er rabbelt: so thin that he rattles.
14. So schnell wie en Wedderleech: as quick as lightning.
15. So scheckich wie en Guinea Hinkel: as spotted or freckled as a guinea fowl.
16. Druff nei wie en Bull uff en Hoischtock: hurried or attacked work like a bull charging a haystack.
17. Macht Aagge wie en Katz wann's dunnert: makes eyes like a cat during a thunderstorm.
18. So dreckich wie en Ewwer im Nescht: as dirty as a boar in his pen.

Another means of securing comic effect is the use of onomatopoetic words, especially verbs. Very often writers rely upon words and phrases which have no definite meaning and which cannot be translated but whose sound calls up an image or a sensation. Some of these are pure nonsense words and phrases. However, they have a definite connotation for the Pennsylvania German, who has long been familiar with them. In this same connection we may note the constant use of epithets and explosive exclamations for emphasis. This habit produces a robust, virile, brusque effect. One student of the dialect says that profane expressions are very numerous (Albert Buffington, "Pennsylvania German: Its Relation to Other German Dialects," **American Speech,** Dec., 1939). Many of these exclamations possibly do border on the profane, but, in reality, most of them are employed with no more blasphemous force than is usually attached to the use of such English expressions as "What the devil!" or "What in the blazes!" At any rate, they are inseparable from the dialect; without them it would lose much of its flavor. What direct contribution they make toward humorous effect lies in their "shock" value, and they do sometimes possess an awesome sonorousness.

The following list of words and expressions will illustrate, in some measure, the elements mentioned in the preceding paragraph. It is hardly necessary to point out that their effectiveness cannot be fully appreciated unless they are read in context.

Onomatopoetic Words

Pischpere: to whisper
Grummle: to grumble
Brumme: to hum, rumble
Greische: cry out, scream
Kitzle: to tickle
Glingele: jingle, tinkle
Blappere: gossip, gabble
Blatsche: clap the hands
Hippediglip: at a great rate of speed.

Epithets and Exclamations

Du Seihund: you swine-dog
Haaggelwedder: hail weather
Harry-yeh: corruption of **Herr Jesus**
Harry-yesses: corruption of **Herr Jesus**
Grick's Bedalye: get the battalion
Verflammt: a mild "damn it"
Dunner-un-gnall-eise: thunder and ringing iron
Verdolltsei: I'll be darned
So hol's der Deiwel: devil take it
Gaar bummeraalisch: a superlative
Verdeihenkert: darned
Du Zuschtand: what a situation.

The devices and characteristics mentioned on the preceding pages enable writers to achieve a rough-and-tumble picturesqueness and quaintness that abet the prose humor. The sheer sonorousness of the language, the cumulative effect of ponderous words and phrases makes the telling of simple incidents amusing. Much of the prose humor grows out of expression. Those writers who are most successful are those who are adroit enough to compound their dialect out of the choicest figures, idioms, and exclamations; those who write with an unmistakable flavor.

The following passages illustrate, to some extent, the use of figures, onomatopoeia and expletives, and the general tone of humorous Pennsylvania German prose:

"Wie ich neigebisse hab in ens devun, waare sie so voll Sand dass mei Zaeh gegnackert hen wie en Separator imme Schteebruch." (From Arthur D. Graeff's **Scholla,** Reading Times).

"Nau guckt sie yuscht mol aa, wie sie so auswennich aasehne. Sie hen Naase wie Pefferkepp, Ohre wie Fassnacht Kuche, Beich wie Fesser, un mache Gsichter wie Fixe wann sie Weschpe fresse; un bei all dem waerd als noch rotlos gsoffe, un sie schpringe nooch der Drammboddel wie en Bullfresch uff en roder Lumpe." (From Mose Dissinger's indictment of drunkards).

"Es Ding iss abgschtaert ass wie en Voggel. Ich hab vergesse zu drede un hab die Schparr net verschtanne. Iwwer ewennich iss es schunn schtarricker gange ass ich ge-yused bin far so Hiwwele nunner geh un endlich iss es gschprunge wie en drei-yaehrich Fill unne Zaahrn — iwwer Schtee un Felse un Graawe un Abweiser — eemol uff ee Seit un die naegscht Minutt uff der annere — gebumpt un geblotzt un gschnarrt ass es Feier gflogge iss (From "En Reit uff me Beisickel" by Thomas H. Harter).

To Be Concluded

A TALL TALE

Mr. Leo Albert Bressler, in the Appendix to his thesis "Pennsylvania German Wit and Humor" includes the following tale as illustrative of Pennsylvania German humor. In manner and invention it shows a close relation to the fantastic tales of the German Baron Muenchhausen, greatest of cheerful liars. This prize-winning "tall" story was related at the Berks County Versammling held in Reading, April 2, 1942, and came to Mr. Bressler by courtesy of Mr. Alvin F. Kemp.

Ich verzehl die Gschicht net gaun, un ich bin aa net gans gewiss vun de historische details. Unser Schreiwer — ich meen unser Pennsylvaanische Geschichte Schreiwer — sin oftmols e bissel bleed fer die deitsch Waahrheit an der Blatz zu bringe. Awwer nun geht's mol los.

Es waar im Yaahr 17 — un ich bin schur dass es der letscht Daag vun der Haase-schiess Zeit waar. Ihr hett schunn oft vum Daniel Boone un seiner Hunderei gelese. Well, die Gschicht iss eens vum Daniel seine Schpichte. Uff der benaamde Daag iss der Daniel frieh uffgschtanne — es waar an der Zeit wu die Versande-haahne aafange hen zu graehe, un die Daagge - helling iss yuscht iwwer die Holshacker-schtadt rei gericht — do nemmt der Daniel sei Kentucky Biggs in die Hand, en Schtick Lewwerwascht in die anner Hand, peift seim Hund, un dann glettert er es Daal unne naus.

Die Ursach ass er heit yaagge geh hot misse, waar, er hot noch ken fur ghatt fer die Ohrelabbe zu mache en seiner Winterkapp. Fer des nemmt es yuscht en guti groosse Eechhaase-haut. Der Daniel waar en guder Schportsmann, wie mer heit saagge deete. Er iss net yaagge gange fer so viel Fleesch, wie manche duhn, awwer weil er die Sache gebraucht hot — un fer e bissel Blessier. (Der Englisch saagt verleicht "excitement").

Well, der Daniel un der Wasser (sei Hund) sin Daal unne naus graad uff der Rasselschlangebarrig zu, noh niwwer an die Manadaani Grick. An Pine Forge uff der Eise Brick hot der Daniel en groosser doggie un en Parkerhouse roll aus seim Sack gezogge un hot ihn gesse, weil es waar schunn hoch Mittaag.

O ya, du sagscht vun der Yaaggerei. Well, so weit hot der Daniel noch ken Haut odder Haar gsehne. Die Yaaggerei waar himmelsblitzebloo. Es waar em Daniel verleed. Er kunsiddert was er duh soll. "Der letscht Schiessdaag un ich hab noch ken Ohrelabbe — un der Gansgnoche Mann hot gesaagt, es gaebt en hatter Winter."

Halbnachmittaag grickt der Daniel wie der Englisch saagt, en "idear." Er saagt: "Ich geh do darrich es Oley Daal nuff un drowwe beim Dan Darrick in seim picknick Busch — datt griegg ich en Eechhaas — sie sin so zimmlich fett beim Dan — ich denk er saagt nix."

Net gschwinder gedenkt, peifft er em Wasser un die Yaaggerei hot widder eigschtaert. Awwer es waar ken glicklicher Daag. Der Wasser hot nix uffgautze kenne. Un was denkt ihr — der Daniel hot vergesse weegge daere narrische daylight saving Zeit, wu sie die Sunn en Schtunn frieher heem hole. Well, wie er do an der Oliche Kaerrich ruff iss, hot er gsehne, dass er 's hardly mache kann.

Er denkt, es iss verschpielt, langt in der Sack, schteckt die sex Kuggele in die magazine vun der Biggs un flatscht e paar Grabbe demit. Sell waar 's End vun der Schiesserei. Die Kuggele waare all. Er schultert die Flint un schtaert ei mit so me Hundstroli uff der Heemweg. Net gschwinder sehnt er alle Aarte Gediere. Iss es meeglich dass der Daniel so Sache mache kann? All die Kuggele verschosse! Un er muss gewiss en Eechhaase - haut hawwer fer sei Winterkapp.

Es waar am Duschber warre wie er es Knabbe-daal darrich nunner iss. Do sehnt er en alter Kall vumme Eechhaas. Was kann er duh? Die Kuggele sin all verschosse. Er geht darrich sei Latzhosse-seck un waahrhaftich wann er net en eightpenny wire Naggel finnt. (Er hot daags devor die Glabbord Fens gfixt fer die Maria). Er denkt, "Net gschosse iss aa verfehlt." Dann steckt er der Naggel in der Laaf un drickt los. Was denkt ihr? Er hot der Eechhaas beim Schwans an der Baam genaggelt. Des waar about 12 Fuss am Schtamm drowwe. Was macht er nau un wie grickt er ihn? Well, ich hab eich gsaat, der Daniel hot niemols geyaagt fer Fleesch. Awwer Ohrelabbe muss mer hawwe. Liewe Leit, glaabt es odder net, des iss was der Daniel geduh hot. Er is nunner an die Schtee-fens un hot sich so en gleeni Gensgeeschelche vun re Welde-heck grickt un kummt zerick un fitzt der Eechhaas bis er aus der Haut gschprunge iss.

Es waar en hatter Winter un der Daniel waar bereit mit seine Ohrelabbe. Es letscht ass ich gsehne hab vum Wasser iss er dem nackiche Eechhaas noh an der Bungert-fens naus. Glaab die Gschicht un nemm es so leicht ass du kannscht. Ach, es iss eenihau gelogge!

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Editorials

Dope Rings Hard Nut to Crack

Perhaps the slyest criminals are those who are engaged in the narcotic drug trade. And in the pursuit of their illicit business they deal with and are protected by a group of customers who are equally sly and especially alert to and evasive of law enforcement officers.

This fact is best known to those specialists among law enforcement officers whose particular job it is to keep track of the dealers and their customers.

It is a fact which explains why it has taken more than a year to uncover the narcotic ring in Pottsville which was vaguely revealed in April of 1956 when two Allentonians got into a gun battle in that city with police and in which one man was killed and three injured.

The young Allentonians, who had long and unfavorable records, at that time travelled in a car in which heroin was found. The local police centered their interest in these young men who had planned a holdup, with a resultant murder. The U. S. Treasury men found deeper concern in that find of professionally packed narcotic drugs. While it led them to a big ring of dope peddlers and dope users, it was by a long and circuitous route. Not until more than a year elapsed were the Treasury men ready to strike and made a complete cleanup of the area and the evil establishments in which the nefarious trade was operating.

How the T-Men worked during the thirteen months following the murder of Erbor Worseck, and the wounding of his pal and of the police who tackled them, has not been made known. It had to be by following the dark and devious ways that slithering, slinking dope sellers and users pursue as they live their wretched, tortured lives in dives and the wretched shelter to which they have been debased.

This group, which lives in shadows and with little more than a singleness of purpose, is one of the most difficult with which law enforcement officers have to deal.

A good job therefore has been completed in Pottsville. If the raids there early yesterday morning revealed trails leading to other Eastern Pennsylvania cities, the expectation can be that in due time those communities will be cleaned up, at least temporarily.

It is unfortunate that in this business a lasting job is wellnigh impossible.

A Child Gets Justice

Florida's Governor LeRoy Collins has decided not to order return of Mr. and Mrs. Melvin B. Ellis to Massachusetts after they had fled from that State to maintain their status as the parents, by adoption of a little girl. His decision will undoubtedly be welcomed thruout the country for this has been a "cause celebre" for four years and few are the people who have no knowledge about it.

Governor Collins made his decision strictly upon issues concerning the most important person in the entire matter, namely the little six-year-old herself. It was evident that the accused couple have been good parents in every respect. It has been evident that the child has been happy and that she is almost certainly going to have a happy future in a loving family.

It would have been stark cruelty to tear a little child out of the only home she has ever known and from the arms of the only persons who have given her the love and care that are a child's fundamental rights. Now, as this good and just judge said, she should be allowed "to grow and develop in that home with the only mother and father whom she has ever known.'

No matter how good and beautiful the institutional home for children may be, it can be at best only a weak substitute for the natural home as God creates it and as good men and women can shape it.

When Report Cards Count

The graduates from our institutions of learning can expect a good year as a starting point in their careers, especially if they have been diligent students, have evidenced brains and good character, and especially have shown qualities of leadership in their school work.

This year, as in recent years, scouts from the most important businesses and industries have thronged college campuses. They were in search for young men and women who are likely prospects for the jobs in engineering, teaching and many other fields that they have to offer. Physicists are in especial demand, as well as statisticians, accountants and those who have given evidences of capacity for management.

College graduates are needed for more than 50,000 positions, at one civil - service level alone, that offer starting salaries of $3,670 a year, according to a June Catholic Digest article by William A. Douglass.

A young man should not rank pay ahead of everything else, says Mr. Douglass, whose firm uses modern marketing principles to get people and careers together. Opportunity should be the top consideration. But on the average the engineering graduate can probably command anywhere from $425 to $475 a month. Liberal arts grads will get less, say from $350 to $400 monthly.

The field that offers the most money and in which one doesn't have to be graduated from college, or even high school, is selling. A salesman can make big money because he brings in money to his company. Going up the ladder is swifter in sales. And when you get to be sales manager you have $20,000 or $30,000 a year in sight. Some people think selling is a grubby occupation, but it offers endless opportunities for those willing to work.

It is too late of course for this year's grads to do anything about it, for some of them will learn to their discomfiture that there is little interest in them on the part of the scouts because their scholastic records have been nothing to brag about. But it should be a spur to all other undergraduates to do the best possible work in school henceforth.

Those report cards on scholastic standing and evidences of character and an ability to get along with people become of tremendous importance when employers are looking for young people to fit into their organizations.

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.

Asks Help for Heffner Bill

Dear Sir—

War and communism are not the only threats to the life and liberty of our people! We have right here on the home front an ugly monster preparing to make its attack on our people within a few short months — that monster is the so-called 'polio-season'; that monster which, in 1955 claimed as its victims 28,983 of our citizens, 26 per cent or 7,236 of whom were adults—wage earners or homemakers struck down — their families thrown into economic and emotional chaos!

A nation rejoiced this past week when a little boy was found to be alive after 24 hours in a deep well. But of those rejoicing, at least fifteen to thirty thousand will have themselves fallen victim to the all-ensnaring depths of the polio disease before another Christmas makes its appearance. But figures are not people; the person reading this will not fully grasp the significance unless he or a member of his family becomes (or already has become) a victim — which is why someone must take a stand and fight for the rights of all.

The right of which I speak is the right to be protected from disease when the weapon of defense has been made available. (the Salk Vaccine) having been produced through research; such research having been made possible only through the volunteer efforts and monetary generosity of our citizens; therefore, belongs to the people! It has been perfected (in the ultimate analysis) through the millions of dollars contributed BY the people — with hope in their hearts that when the answer to prayer and research shall have come it would be used FOR the people!

It will be many years (and untold suffering) before polio or any other disease is conquered unless the community, the state, and the nation unite to provide protection against it.

In an attempt to save each and everyone of our fellow-citizens from just such a fate, the Minersville Women's Club, in January, 1957, asked and received approval of the local Board of Health on the setting up of a clinic wherein every man, woman and child might be inoculated with the Salk Vaccine — "so that no one of our fellow-townsmen shall become disabled through the scourge of poliomyelitis and with the hope of completely eradicating this dread disease and its after-ef-

Continued on Page 7, Column 3

A Running Commentary



President Confident

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Unruffled by the storms of criticism that have been raging around him because of the size of the federal budget in a growing nation, President Eisenhower exudes the confidence of a man who feels he will be proved right and that the country will support his views.

Anyone who observed the President at his press conference on Wednesday, noting the frankness of his answers to questions, his intimate knowledge of the many topics brought up by the newsmen and his conciliatory and distinctly tolerant attitude toward his critics and opponents, must have come away with a feeling that here is a personality with the patience and calmness of a Job.



Lawrence

There are those who would have the President enter the lists and swing out boldly against this or that opponent inside or outside his own party. There are those who advise him to use all the arts of the demagogue in his battle with Congress. And there are those who have been saying that his television addresses wouldn't be convincing because of their restraint and forbearance.

But how is public opinion formed in America—Is it changed overnight by a single speech? Or does it take time for ideas to sink in and for neighbors to talk to neighbors and come to conclusions—perhaps not in time for the editions going to press the day after a presidential address on the television, but in due course?

The President is a rare personality in American history. He is unlike any other man who has ever been in the White House. He can take all sorts of criticism and can objectively consider the good and disregard the abuse and the emotionally extreme. Some of his comments are reminiscent of Lincoln's phrase: "With malice toward none."

The reporters, for instance, asked him why he didn't go after those in his party who disagreed. He replied: "I have no right and no desire to punish anybody. I am committed to the support of people who believe, as I do, that the Republican platform of 1956 must be our political doctrine."

Unfortunately, many of the critics haven't read the 1956 Republican platform lately. They would find, if they did, that it says plainly that "further reductions in government spending" are to be obtained but "without weakening the support of a superior defense program or depreciating the quality of essential services of government to our people."

The same platform pledged tax reductions, but only "insofar as consistent with a balaced budget" and the necessity anced a "gradual reduction of the national debt."

Yet, less than seven months after Mr. Eisenhower was elected by an overwhelming vote, there are people who say he has repudiated his platform. Criticism of this sort has attained a nation-wide momentum, along with a whispering campaign that the President really isn't in good health or that he isn't up to the job or is relaxing and doesn't care to fulfill his responsibilities.

Abreast of Things

How little those who spread such unfounded gossip really know about the indefatigable labors of Dwight Eisenhower! At the press conference this week a reporter asked if the President had been "filled in" on the case of the American soldier who is accused of killing a Japanese woman.

"You have used a strange word—'filled in'," remarked the President rather ruefully. "I have been talked to about it at very great length and both the State Department and the Defense Department are working on it very hard so that we keep our international agreements, but that we make certain that no injustice is done to any American."

Back of that comment was the story of a long conference with the Secretary of the Army and then a long talk with the Secretary of State—neither of which conferences was reported in the press. Not much is known by the outside world of the many hours that the President works away from the office, in the living rooms of the White House.

The President is in good health, his mind is lively and alert, and his interest in the duties of his office is as sincere and faithful as the day he first donned the uniform of a soldier.

The persistently adverse propaganda about the President is hard to understand in view of the presence of thousands of alert reporters in Washington who can dispel such misinformation as has been spread by unfriendly critics in the political world.

But the tide is turning. The initial response from the second television address has been overwhelmingly favorable. The President is relying on the simple theory that common sense and facts will win the case in the court of public opinion.

To quote a Kipling poem, Dwight Eisenhower may find that "If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs and blaming it on you," and if you can "be lied about" yet "don't deal in lies," or "being hated, don't give way to hating," the goal—in this case the support of the country—will be attained.

(Copyright, 1957)

Mother Knows Best

By GEORGE DIXON

The Senate Ladies is an exclusive organization restricted, oddly enough, to Senate ladies. The wife of the Vice President is always the presiding officer. The members meet every Tuesday morning, at which time they discuss the issues of the day, roll bandages for the Red Cross, discuss the issues of the day, have lunch, discuss the issues of the day, cart their soiled dishes to another room where they wash them while discussing the issues of the day, and adjourn, still talking.

The Senate Ladies have a small clubroom in the old Senate office building, without facilities for washing either themselves or dishes. At the last meeting they voted unanimously to condemn this situation as deplorable, if not downright un-American. At the same time they voted to demand new, and dishwashable, quarters in the new 22 million dollar Senate office building, now under construction.

Mrs. Pat Nixon, her slim shoulders sagging from having carted loads of gravy-smeared dishes down a highly-trafficked corridor, gavelled the gathering to order and declared it was high time the Senate ladies rebelled against anachronistic conditions that would not have been tolerated by the original Colonial dames.

"What we must do," stated the second lady, "is appoint one of our number as a lobbyist to influence legislation. She must call upon the chairman of the Senate Public Works Committee and subject him to an unrelenting pressure campaign."

Thereupon Mrs. Nixon named the lobbyist, who left her dishes dirty and took off for the office of Senator Dennis Chavez, of New Mexico. She informed the latter's secretary, Miss Frances Ortiz, that she would brook no run-around and was admitted to the presence of the public works chairman. She stated her mission.

"You are engaged in lobbying, within the meaning of the act," interrupted Senator Chavez. "Have you compiled with the law, duly made and provided for, and registered as a lobbyist with the secretary of the Senate?"

"Please talk English!" snapped the emissary.

"Oh," said Senator Chavez, "you speak English? Then you must be the representative of a foreign power. Have you registered with the State Department?"

The lobbyist for the Senate Ladies informed Senator Chavez that he would accede to her demands if he knew what was good for him. The solon quailed. With shaking hands, he pulled the telephone to him and called architect of the capitol J. George Stewart.

"There's a lobbyist for the Senate Ladies here in my office," quavered the lawmaker. "She demands a new clubroom, in the new Senate office building, with facilities for washing dishes. If you don't put it in, I'm in a heck of a fix!"

The capitol architect promised to insert the new clubroom in the plans. With an expansive air, Senator Chavez turned to the envoy and said:

"Well, I fixed it up for you — mother!"

"Thank you very much!" said Mrs. Dennis Chavez.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 10:24-28

The next day Peter and his companions arrived in Caesarea. Meanwhile Cornelius had been busy arranging for a house-party, consisting of his kinsmen and close friends, for he wanted them also to hear what Peter had to tell them. When Cornelius saw Peter at his door, he greeted him, fell down at his feet and worshipped him. But Peter would not have any of that, saying: "Stand up; I myself also am a man." This reminds us of Peter's words in Acts 4:12, when people were amazed at the healing of the man who had been lame from birth: "Why look ye so earnestly on us (Peter and John), as though by our own power or holiness we had made this man to walk?" Peter realized that power and holiness belonged to God, and that it was He Who was working in and through His apostles. So, back to v.27 of our chapter: And as Peter was entering into the house of Cornelius,, he found many that were come together. And he said unto them: "Ye know how that it is an unlawful thing for a man that is a Jew to keep company or to come unto one of another nation; but God showed me that I should not call any men common or unclean."

Horoscope

You should gain through a sudden move or with the help of a relative. An energetic, ambitious character may emerge as today's child develops.

Factographs

During World War II, France lost 25 per cent of her locomotives.

Children under five years of age comprise about 11 per cent of the population of the United States.

Chief difference between locusts and other grasshoppers is that locusts have shorter antennae. Grasshoppers include all insects called locusts.



PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN WIT AND HUMOR

By Leo Albert Bressler

Conclusion

A consideration of Pennsylvania German humor would be incomplete unless some attention were given to jokes and anecdotes. In the first place, there is much material of this nature, although comparatively little has been published. Secondly, these jokes and anecdotes, since they take their origin in the Pennsylvania German scene and life, and are not usually the product of dialect writers, serve as an additional index to Pennsylvania German humor. For this reason a collection of jokes and anecdotes has been appended to this study of Pennsylvania German wit and humor. A number of examples of Pennsylvania German prose humor which cannot properly be classified as jokes or anecdotes have also been included.

The materials were secured from a variety of sources. Contributions were made by Dr. Arthur D. Graeff, Mr. Alvin F. Kemp, the Rev. Clarence R. Rahn, the Rev. Pierce E. Swope, and Dr. H. H. Shenk. The material supplied by Dr. Graeff has appeared in his dialect column, "Scholle," which is published in the **Reading Times.** With the exception of a story from A. R. Horne's **Pennsylvania German Manual** and one from Daniel Miller's **Pennsylvania German,** all other selections were "caught on the wind," mostly at various "Versammlinge," where the telling of humorous stories is a popular feature.

(In Mr. Bressler's thesis the dialect anecdotes and jokes related in the Appendix are also translated into English. We shall give only the dialect narratives in the following. We quite agree with Max Eastman: "A joke is not a thing to be mauled and tinkered and revamped and translated about like an old trunk, from one nation, race, tribe, family, generation, or language, into another."—ED.)

Der Parre Schneck iss mol noch der Schlange Daal Kaerrich g'faahre Sunndaag maryets. Wie er am Davie Schnell sei Haus verbei gange iss, hot er der Davie erblickt im Baam gaarde am Hecke brenne. Es hot der Parre recht gschtose weil der Davie en Eldischter waar in der Kaerrich. Er hot sei Gaul aagebunne un iss nei geloffe zum Davie. "Des hett ich awwer nau net gedenkt," saagt der Parre. Du settscht in der Kaerrich sei, un do bischt am Hecke brenne." — "Ich weess es gut genunk," saagt der Davie, "awwer ich hab net geglaabt ass du mich sehne deetscht." — "Sell het nix ausgemacht," saagt der Parre; "es iss Eener owwich uns, wu dich ennicher g'sehne hett." — "Sell iss waahr, awwer Er iss ken Babbelmaul wie du."

(Rev. C. R. Rahn)

Es watt viel gschwetz vun schlecht Land, awwer em Mose Bolich sei Schtick hot alles gebotte. Wann mer datt uff der Hof kumme iss, hot mer gut sehne kenne ferwas der liewe Gott die Welt in sex Daagge mache hot kenne. Er hot es zimmlich gelosst wie es waar.

Es Land waar so maagger, die Grabbe hen ihre Esse nooch draagge misse, wann sie driwwer gflogge sin. Die Ieme hen sich uff die Gnie hocke misse fer die Glee-bledder aussuckele, un der Hawwer hot der Mose eiseefe misse eb er ihn abschneide hot kenne.

Es waar so mit Felse, der Mose hot de Sei die Riesel gschpitzt mit em Breedbeil, so ass sie es Graas zwischich die Felse raus fresse kennte. Die Felder hen so schebb ghunke dass der Mose, wann es Zeit waar fer Welschkann blanse, es Blans-welschkann in en Muschkeet gelaade hot un hot es nei gschosse.

Summers waar es grisselhaftich heess un winders graad so kalt. Uff me rechter kalter Daag hot mer en Eemer kochich Wasser naus schtelle kenne un es iss so schtarrick gfrore, es Eis waar noch waarem.

Mer misse awwer der Hut abnemme zum Mose weil er aus so me Schtick Land en Lewe dricke hot kenne un sei Familye recht uffziehe. Es nemmt en arrig schlecht Schtick Land ass en rechtschaffender Mann biede kann.

(Rev. C. R. Rahn)

Der Charlie Boyer waar der reischscht Mann in der Gemee. Er hot gewisst wie Geld zu mache un zu halte. Er hot nix geduh fer niemand so lang ass er gsund waar, awwer mol ee Daag iss der Charlie grank warre, schnell. Er hot, wie viel in so Umschtende, graad gschickt fer der Parre. "Parre," saagt er, "ich farricht mich wee-ich em Dod. Denkscht wann ich fimf dausend Daaler zu der Kaerrich vermache deet, keemt ich schur in der Himmel?" — "Well," saagt der Parre, "es iss Browieres waut."

(Rev. C. R. Rahn)

Der Pit Schneller waar Parre an der Schteene Kaerrich. Er hot immer gsaat was er gedenkt hot, un hot sei Leit uff em recht Weg ghalte. Mol ee Marye wie er aafange hot breddiche, hot er en Schtee aus seim Sack un hot en uff die Biewel gelegt. Die Leit hen all gewunnert was er will mit em Schtee. Wie er faddich waar breddiche, hen sie ausgfunne. Er hot der Schtee in die Hand genumme un hot die Gemeens-glieder in die Aagge nei aageguckt. "Ich hab gheert, es deet viel gschtohle warre in der Gemee un nau will ich ausfinne waer des Schtehle dutt," saagt der Parre. "Ich zehl nau drei un noh loss ich der Schtee fliegge. Wen ass der Schtee drefft, dutt's Schtehle." Der Parre hot aafange zehle un es waar so ruhich, mer hot sich heere kenne waxe. Er hot zwee gezehlt un waar yuscht reddi fer drei saagge, dann schteht em John Kramer sei Fraa uff un waar gans vergelschtert. Sie greischt wie yuscht en vergleschtert Weibsmensch greische kann, "Bick dich, John! Er schmeist dich bigatt!"

(Rev. C. R. Rahn)

Ich hab sei Lewe gemeent die Sally Klotz waer es schenscht Ding ass der liewe Gott gemacht hett. Ich hab mei Beschtes gebrowiert fer mich in ihre Haz zu schaffe. Ich hab's awwer so weit hie gschafft, ass mer en Barye gemacht hen fer mol uff en Picknick all bei uns selwert. Der Daag iss kumme un mer sin frieh ausgschtaert. Ich hab's lunch gedraagge un die Sally iss naegscht an mir haer geloffe. Sie hot so abbeditlich gscheint, ich hett en grosser Beis nemme kenne. Wann ich yuscht en Boss griegge kennt, hawwich gedenkt, waer ich so naegscht im Himmel ass ich hoffe kennt zu kumme. Des Frogge waar awwer meh ass ich hendle hab kenne. Ich hab paar mol gemeent ich wott, awwer eb ich es rausgriegge hab kenne, iss mei Zung schteif warre, mei Haz hot aafange globbe wie en grosser Hammer, un ich waar arrigger verkollebiert ass en alti Gans imme Schloose-schtarrem. Endlich hawwich die Kieh gsehne im Schwamm, un ich hab aa gsehne dass der Bull eens vun de Kieh die naas gschleckt hot. Nau iss mei chance, hawwich gedenkt. "Sally, deift ich sell duh?" hawwich gfrogt, un gezittert wie en Blaad. "Helf dir selwert," saagt die Sally, "es sin em Paepp sei Kieh; er gebt nix drum."

(Rev. C. R. Rahn)

Der Mike Bolich iss mol ee Daag zum Pit Oswald in die Wattschaft kumme. "Geb mir en Glaas 'Eechhasse' Wisky," saagt er. "Ich hab heit ken 'Eechhaase' Wisky, awwer ich hab do en frischi Boddel 'alti Grabb," saagt der Pit. — "Du liewer Himmel, Pit, ich will net fliegge; ich will yuscht bissel rum hupse."

(Rev. C. R. Rahn)

Es hot wunnerbaar gewittert un hell gewetterleecht. Allemol ass es gegracht hot, iss der alt Dan als frei in die Heeh getschumpt. "Du brauchscht dich net so farrichte," saagt sei Fraa. "Halt dei Gedrau in Gott." — "Ya," saagt der Dan, "sell iss waahr, all recht, awwer ich drau Ihm ewwe yuscht so halwer."

(Rev. Pierce E. Swope)

Der John waar vor em Judge fer Hinkel schtehle. Der Judge hot als mit ihm gschpielt wie sie gleene Buwe waare. Saagt der Judge, "John, hoscht du die Hinkel gschtohle?" — "Ya" ich hab," saagt der John, "awwer sei net so hatt uff mich — es waar verdeiwelter aaremer Schtack."

(Rev. Pierce E. Swope)

Yederer hot der gscheitscht Hund hawwe wolle. Der aerscht saagt, "Mei Hund yaagt yuscht Haase, un net Hasch. Wann ich die Kuggele-biggs grick, dann baddert er sich nix. Awwer wann ich die Schrotflint grick, noh settscht du ihn awwer mol sehne tschumbe." Saagt der zwett Kall, "Mei Hund geht so gaun fische. Wann ich die Fischgatt grick, dann geht er graad naus in der Gaarde un fangt aa Warrem zu graawe." Was gscheide Hund waare des!

(Rev. Pierce E. Swope)

Bernville and Wernersville were equidistant from the home of a farmer who spent a great deal of his time "uff der Schtrooss." Friends noticed that most of his journeys on foot took him to Bernville, and only seldom did he honor Wernersville with his visits. Asked why he favored Bernville, he replied: "Ich gleich's besser in Bernville." — Wie kummt sell? he was asked. — "Ei, Bernville kann mer verlosse wann mer will, awwer in Wernersville muss mer waarte uff die train.

(Dr. Arthur D. Graeff)

An Amish farmer and his wife had purchased a farm. On the appointed day for settlement they drove to the office of the real estate agent in Lancaster, hitched their horse and buggy to a lamp post, and carried a heavy milk can into the office and placed it upon the polished table desk.

When all of the documents were in order, the time came to pay out the money. The milk can was opened and bills and coins of all denominations were counted out by the quiet couple. A look of dismay came upon the face of the husband when it was learned that the contents of the can were three hundred dollars short of the amount needed to make settlement. The wife came to the rescue.

"Ei, Ammon! Weescht du was mer geduh hen?" — "Was?" Amon asked hopefully. "Ei! Mer hen die letz Kann mitgebrocht.

(Two months after the above was told in Dr. Graeff's **Scholle,** it appeared in the **Reader's Digest,** May, 1942).

A man was so overcome with grief at his wife's funeral that he fainted. The people who were assembled began to crowd around his prostrate form. The solicitous Pennsylvania German clergyman who had charge of the services excitedly shouted, "Stant back! Stant back! He'll soon rewife."

(Dr. H. H. Shenk)

A Pennsylvania German, after having been caught as a spy in the Civil War, was told by his captors that he had committed a very serious offense. The following conversation took place:

"You understand, do you not," said the confederate officer, "That you have committed a very serious offense? Do you know what we do with a man when we catch him as we caught you?

The Pennsylvania German prisoner answered, "No, I don't know."

"Well," said the officer, "we want to make it very clear to you that it is a rule of the Confederate Army that whenever we catch a man as we caught you, we execute him. Now you understand that it is our rule that when we catch a Yankee as we caught you, we shoot him at sunrise?" — The Pennsylvania German said, "Vell, vatever iss the rule." — And he was not executed.

(Dr. H. H. Shenk)

Yeder Mensch hot ebbes

Ich hab schunn alsemol gemeent deel Leit hette nix fer sich driwwer uffhalte un annere hette zu viel. Wann ich awwer noh widder um mich rum guck, sehn ich ass yeder Mensch ebbes hot.

Datt iss der Levi Gross. Er hot der Hof so voll Katze ass ihm Druwwel mache fer zu fiedre, un vorgeschter hot er drei Neschtervoll gfunne.

Die Maggie Yetzer hot so viel scheene Gleeder zammegrickt fer ihre Bobbel, wann es mol keemt. Wie ihre Zeit noh kumme iss, waare es Zwilling.

Der Tom Schwoyer hot schunn sex Maschiene ausgewore fer die Mabel Schneck zu griegge, un sie hot als noch net "ya" gsaat. Er saagt 'will er deet's noch den Winder uffhalte, un wann sie noh net heiere deet, gebt er's uff, awwer ich glaab's net.

De Marye hot der Bill Schmidt en Bendi Oi gans gschluckt. Er iss nau bang, wann er zu viel rum wewwert verschpringt's un schneit ihm die Darrem, un wann er sich zu lang ruhich hie hockt, meecht es briehe.

Der Amos Schucker kann ken Blessier meh finne im Peifschmoke. Wann er sei eegner Duwack schmokt dann muss er immer denke an was es koscht, un wann er gebeddelter Duwack schmokt, hot er die Pelf so hatt gschtobbt ass er ken Luft darrich griegge kann.

Die Lillie Kramer iss so fett sie hot der Mumps drei Woche ghatt eb sie es ausgfunne henn, un noh ihre Schweschter iss graad so dinn. Wann sie Schmaze hot, kann sie net ausmache iss es Rickweh odder Leibweh.

So iss es ewwe, un waar es schunn immer: yeder Mensch hot ebbes.

(Rev. C. R. Rahn)

ICH WOTT ICH WAER EN BAUER

Ich wott dass ich en Bauer waer
Un hett en Bauerei,—
Hett griene Geil un geele Kieh
Un schwaze Neger-Sei!

Ich wott ich hett en Bauerei
Bei Tulpehocke Crick,
Dann deet ich Keffer schiesse geh
Im Siess-Grumbeere Schtick!

Die Rauwe uff de Weezebeem,
Der Haahrich Hinkelfloo,
Der Krautwarrem an de Hickerniss,
Die Leis am Paschingschtroh!

Des Schtoft misst all ans Traewele geh,
Wann ich der Bauer waer;
Mit Paris Green un Pulfer-Bix,
Do gingt ich iwwer sie haer!

Ich fang en nei-i Fashion aa—
Im Winter mach ich's Hoi;
Wann's heess iss bleib ich aus der Sunn
Un fress die Karsche-Boi!

Ich grick mer'n weissi Schmierkees Kuh,
En Hofvoll Ginni-Gens,
En mechtich hocher Rotrieb Baam
Un en Patten-Ledder Fens.

Die Hinkel halt ich in der Kich,
Der Seischtall vor der Dier;
Grick Rock un Hosse vun Kaddun
Un collars vun Babier.

En brauner-brinslich Mull-Bull
Muss in mei Scheierhof,
Alpacca Ende, Batzert Hund,
Un Cochin-Shanghai Schof.

Ich bau uff meinre Bauerei
En rotes Schweitzer Haus,
Ich mach mei ganser Gaarde rum
Un Sae 'n mit Walniss naus!

Ach wann ich doch en Bauer waer
Un hett en Bauerei,
Un hett en grossi dicki Fraa,
Dann wott ich Bauer sei!

—Ezra Grumbine, M.D.

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Editorials

27 Startling Demands

If the public was surprised when yesterday's Morning Call reported 37 demands by the Construction and General Laborers' Union upon the Lehigh Valley General Contractor's Assn., it can be reasoned that the contractors themselves must have been stunned.

If they fainted after reading Demand No. 29 —"Wage increase to be $1 per hour" — the reaction was exactly what the public expected for not in the memory of this community has any similar group made demand for so great a jump in wages as in this case.

Of course, this was not a dollar "package" deal. Very far from it. Added to the $1-per-hour were such indeterminate and uncalculated items as double time for any labor performed between Friday at 4:30 p.m. and Monday at 8 a.m. eight paid holidays, employment of a non-working foreman for four men, supply of boots, raincoats and other equipment and a score of others. Each and every one will mean a cost additional to the present base pay of $2.15 per hour.

It cannot be the objective of the laborers and their bargaining committee to drive their employers out of business but it is difficult to believe that any other result can come if there be persistence in the pressing of the demands.

It is nowhere indicated in the demands that higher productivity is going to be insured under the proposed new schedule. Rather there is indication that productivity will be decreased because there is provision in one item for the equivalent of the miners' "portal-to-portal" pay in the demand for a quarter hour period, with pay, for change of clothing, and a ten-minute coffee break during each shift.

There is no question that the demands are excessive. It is customary in many negotiations for new contracts to start with figures and conditions that are acknowledged, (privately,) to be excessive and to admit, also privately, that it is not expected that they will be realized. But in this instance the demands are so extensive and so costly that it will surprise no one if the contractors who are affected will even consider them.

Complete Repair Not Needed

Bogert's Bridge has been closed to traffic and the question now is: Will it be repaired to the extent necessary if it is to be continued as an antique and an object of interest in the City's park system?

When upwards of thirteen thousand people signed petitions asking Governor Leader to prevent removal of the bridge as part of a highway improvement program, it was not contemplated that any kind of motor traffic would be permitted to use it. It was expected it would be protected from any incursions by illegal vehicles such as the one that dashed into it on Memorial Day.

Accordingly if the bridge can be put into condition merely for use by pedestrians, bicycle riders and horsemen, the aim of the petitions to the Governor will be realized.

As to the matter of cost, the State certainly can hold those responsible for the accident liable. State police already have brought a number of charges against one of the owners of the equipment that smashed the bridge and against the dirver of the truck that was drawing a trailer with a payloader as its freight. In addition the State customarily files claim for damages to its property and usually manages to collect.

There is another question that seems pertinent: How did this modern Jehu, driving a truck with faulty brakes and towing a load double the permissible weight for the bridge, get thru the presumed cordon of park and regular police while moving at what seems most likely to have been illegal speed on an important road thru the City's Park system?

Memorial Day was a holiday. The parks were thronged with people and the highways were dense with cars. Yet a reckless driver, with faulty equipment dashed thru the park system with never a thought, it would seem, for the public.

Lucky indeed it was that the bridge was empty when he hit it; that no cars and no pedestrians were on it.

The Strong Spark of Life

The strength of the spark of human life received striking demonstration in the survival for nineteen days of the Duluth, Minn., housewife who, with her husband was involved in the crash of their plane while flying over Wyoming.

The husband died of injuries within a few days. The wife, with only three small candy bars and a bottle of vitamin pills, managed to keep alive in the snow-covered area.

Rescuers brought the woman back to a hospital in Rawlins on Thursday and there are hopes for her recovery from shock, some injuries and the almost complete deprivation of food for almost three weeks.

The world will be eager to know what kind of vitamins she carried with her. There could be a boom in their sale especially to any and all who venture forth upon precarious journey of any kind.

Moving In on Us

There's no question about it — summer is arriving fast. For those who have eyes to see and ears to listen, the signs of the season are all about us.

The big TV shows are leaving the airways one by one. Cold drink ads are replacing the plugs for kitchen stoves and electric blankets. And the New York Yankees are edging inevitably toward first place.

In Washington, the Justice Department has filed an antitrust suit against the makers of automatic lawn sprinklers. It seems only yesterday that it was eyeing sternly the gas furnace industry.

Outdoors, the murmur of air-conditioners and the buzz of power mowers fills the breeze. Automobile exhaust fumes rise in the softening air; the traffic toll will be rising with them. Grown men appear in seersucker suits, with peeled noses.

And in the clear skies of night, people are beginning to see flying saucers. Soon the zany season will be in full swing. The Loch Ness monster will peer out from its Scottish waters; a well-shaped young lady will swim Lake Huron, and a man in Azuza, Calif., will get serious attention by insisting that his garden hose disappears into a hole in the ground each midnight. — N. Y. World Telegram.

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.

Richalandtown Parent Complains To the Editor—

This is the season for spring house cleaning and it appears the same should apply to the present situation concerning Richlandtown Borough school problem. It cannot be solved by closing our eyes to it, so we must focus our attention on the reported facts.

On Wednesday evening in the school building conscientious and anxious parents attended a meeting with the local school board members and Mr. Joseph Neidig, the supervising principal of the Quakertown joint schools. Operating as a jointure with six districts, the representatives of the P.T.A. thought concentrating six grades into two rooms under the directions and supervision of two remaining teachers was reverting to a system that was adequate 30 years ago.

The local tax payers and interested citizens have spent considerable time, effort and money in maintaining this 50-year-old school building and its grounds. Only recently a door to door campaign was directed to secure funds to pave the playground area so that the children would have a decent school yard. These people are definitely interested in the best education possible for the children and to the conditions under which their children are subjected.

Although the immediate issue was to deliberate over the possibility of Richland Township of Quakertown Borough reciprocating with pupil transfers to ease the enormous responsibility on the teachers, this question was enmeshed in a web of statistics.

To a community which should have a civic responsibility to acquaint itself with its rights, these people were uninformed. After this meeting, be assured, the school code laws and political aspects will be their index to a clearer understanding of the system.

The elaboration on the costs and merits of a new heating system, which is still a financial thorn in the budget; to explain the merits of state reimburse-

Continued on Page 21, Column 6

Mysterious East



Floundering China Policy

By WALTER LIPPMANN

There can be few left among us who do not have serious doubts about our China policy. For it is not possible to shrug off the anti-American riots in Formosa as if they were an unfortunate accident which has nothing to do with anything significant. Whether or not there was official complicity, the indubitable fact is that whoever incited, organized, equipped and directed the rioters knew he could count upon a deep and widespread popular resentment against Americans. This resentment shows that our China policy is not working well even among the Chinese whom we are protecting and subsidizing.

It is often supposed that the President is by no means an unqualified believer in our China policy but that for the sake of peace with Congress and inside the Administration he has put the issues on ice. Thus in public at least, he has avoided a reappraisal which might be very agonizing to many of his friends.



Lippmann

There is, however, no way of postponing the reappraisal much longer. For it is becoming very evident indeed that our China policy has no future, that time is running out, and that the real question is whether there is still time and opportunity to save the things that matter the most.

What is our China policy? A good way to get at the inner principle of it is to ask and to answer the question, why are we uncompromising in our boycott of Red China and so much less uncompromising in our relations with Red Russia? The key to our policy is the fact that besides the Chinese in Formosa, there are some ten million Chinese in Southeast Asia. In Singapore, they are three-quarters of the population. In Malaya, they are two-fifths of the population.

In those countries which have diplomatic relations with Red China, (Burma, Indonesia and Cambodia) the Chinese tend to look to Red China for guidance. In the countries recognizing the Nationalists, such as South Viet Nam, Thailand and the Philippines, the Chinese tend to look for guidance to Formosa.

The object of our China policy is to keep the overseas Chinese separated from the Red Chinese government, and thus to prevent it from ruling and from representing all the Chinese.

Some years back when the Nationalist Chinese had been driven off the mainland, and were first installed in Formosa, the overseas Chinese were entitled to believe that eventually, with American help, the Chinese government in Formosa would fight its way back to the mainland and become again the government of all of China. Thus there was hope for the anti-Communists that they would go home triumphantly. For the neutrals there was some good reason to remain sitting on the fence. As long as the Red Chinese were weak and distracted by the problems of the revolution, while the United States, which then had a monopoly of nuclear weapons, was so strong, the China policy had a credible foundation.

Chiang Curbed

It no longer has a credible foundation. When in 1955 President Eisenhower asked Congress for a guarantee of Formosa and the nearby islands, he also took the necessary measures to prevent Chiang from making warlike moves against the mainland. Indeed, the President put an end to the idea that the United States would back an invasion of the mainland. He went even further and made it clear that the United States would not permit Chiang to attempt an invasion. All this was, no doubt, a sound and prudent diplomatic action to prevent dangerous and foolish adventures.

But it broke the back of our China policy. It deprived the Chinese in Formosa of any hope that they could return to the mainland except by coming to terms with Red China. Ever since then, our China policy has had no future, and has been no more than a holding operation, designed to put off as long as possible a deal among the Chinese themselves.

Our attitude toward trade with China and our attitude toward letting American newspapermen go to China, are part of this holding operation. They are a rather desperate and forlorn attempt to keep the Chinese in Formosa from coming to terms with the Chinese on the mainland. Thus we are trying, without success, to induce Britain, Germany and Japan, as well as Western Europe, to restrict trade with Red China more severely than they restrict trade with Red Russia. As this means merely that Russia becomes the broker through which China trades with the rest of the world, the restrictions are not substantial. They are psychological. The purpose of the restrictions is to make the overseas Chinese feel that all the world, outside of Russia, is the enemy of Red China. For the same kind of psychological reason, Mr. Dulles and Mr. Robertson do not want to let American newspapermen go to Red China. They are afraid it would discourage the over-seas Chinese and reduce their determination to oppose Red China.

Solution

The rational solution would have been what is called the Two China Policy — to establish Formosa as an independent and neutralized state under the protection of the United Nations as part of the bargain which admitted Red China to the United Nations. Both Chinese governments are on record against such a solution. But it is still the best and indeed the only solution which corresponds to the whole reality of the Chinese situation — to the fact that there is a Chinese community which is opposed to placing itself under Communist rule, and that there is on the mainland of China a powerful government which cannot be ignored.

The question is whether it is too late to deal with the situation by a negotiated compromise, like the Two China Policy. If it is too late, then, unless the improbable happens and there is a counter-revolution on the Chinese mainland, we must look forward — with the Formosa riots as a warning sign — to the disintegration of our China policy.

(Copyright 1957)

They Won't Shuck!

HAYDN S. PEARSON

By GEORGE DIXON

The Chowder and Marching Club is a group of younger Republicans in Congress who meet one night each week to exchange chaff, cheers, and chips. A charter member is Vice President Richard M. Nixon. There are times these days when he wishes he wasn't.

The No. 2 man is expecting to be summoned any minute by the No. 1 man and told:

"Try to open up those chowder clams of yours a little!"

President Eisenhower is so annoyed with the members of the exclusive club within a club he'd like to throw his legislative overalls into the chowder. The No. 1 man not only feels they've been clamming up on him. He feels the succulent bivalves have been trying to make a sucker out of him.

The Chowder and Marching Club was formed in the house of Representatives with the avowed purpose of furthering the best in dynamically - conservative Republicanism. President Eisenhower feels it is furthering the worst in diabolically-conservative diehardism.

The members of Mr. Nixon's club have built up an almost nose-thumbing record of opposition to the administration's proposals. The most any member has voted to uphold the White House is 27 per cent.

Rep. Patrick J. Hillings, of California, who is the Vice President's particular buddy, has voted just 27 per cent of the time with the Administration. But Hillings is almost an Eisenhower sycophant, compared with another Californian and Chowder marcher. Rep. Donald M. Jackson has voted to uphold Ike only 14 per cent of the time.

Two other peripatetic mollusks, Rep. Walter Norblad, of Oregon, and Rep. Kenneth Keating, of New York, have 27 per cent Administration support records. Since they clammed up, Ike hasn't been able to open them with heat, steam, or pressure.

Their clamminess, in the face of White House clamor, has left the Vice President in a clam stew. Whenever anyone mentions the clams, all he can do is shrug:

"Shucks, they won't shuck!"

(Copyright 1957)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Romans 1:18-23

It is a great privilege to preach the love of God to a penitent sinner as manifested in the atoning death of His Son, but it is just as important to preach the wrath of God against those who reject and despise His love. God loves the sinner but hates his sins. Read v. 18 as follows: "For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and wickedness of men, who by their wickedness, suppress the truth' (R.S.V.). Paul then goes on to say: "'For what can be known about God is plain to them, because God has shown it to them. Ever since the creation of the world, His invisible nature, namely, His eternal power and deity has been clearly perceived in the things that have been made. So they (the heathen world) are without excuse; for although they knew God (when man was first created), they did not honor Him as God or give thanks to Him, but they became futile in their thinking and their senseless minds were darkened. Claiming to be wise, they became fools, and exchanged the glory of the immortal God for images resembling mortal man or birds or animals or reptiles."

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

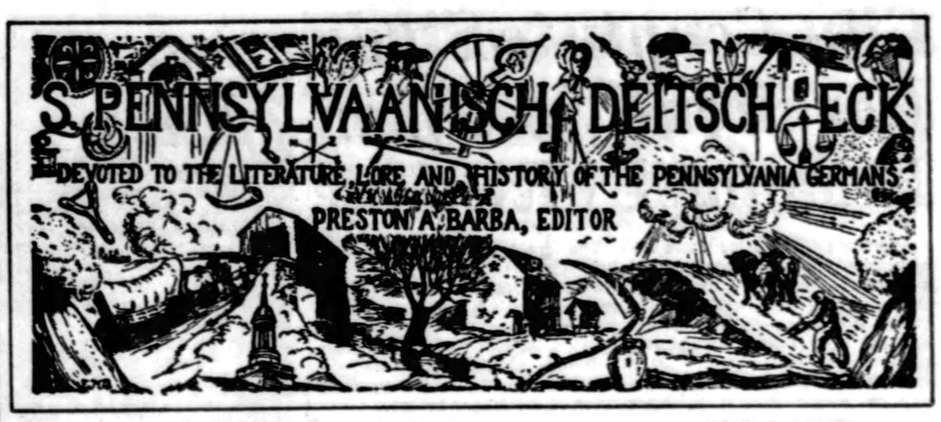
Coming home from Europe, a new movie star was complaining to his wife, "I'll bet I've handed out $5,000 in tips on this tub," when there came a knock on the door. It was a steward to report, "The captain would be obliged if you and your wife would dine at his table this evening."

"How do you like that!" bellowed the star. "All that dough for tips — and now we gotta eat with the crew!"

(Copyright 1957)

Horoscope

Prospects look excellent for you, so go ahead with your plans. Today's child probably will be ambitious and enterprising.



GREAT AFFLICTION

(As Told in the History of the Keller Family)

In the Spring of 1757 (May 18) England by reason of certain encroachments on its territory in this country by France, declared war against that nation. The war is known as "The French and Indian War" and ended after seven years by the defeat of the French. The thirteen English colonies were located along the Atlantic, whilst France held possessions in Canada, and down along the Mississippi. Between these two opposing powers, the early settlers had up to that time quiet possession, and there also different tribes of Indians were then swarming. This sad condition of affairs caused those settlers long and great distress. In time of war the proverb "Might makes right," often finds application. France particularly, having a valuable fur trade with the Indians, stirred them up against the settlers who were loyal to England. In the minutes of the Pennsylvania German Society, Vol. 12, p.437, is a quotation from the Rev. Dr. Muehlenberg, that France rewarded the Indians with 10 pounds ($50.00 in our money) for every scalp of an English subject they secured.

In a work published by the State of Pennsylvania in 1895 (Frontier Forts in Pennsylvania, 2 vols.), the first part written by the Hon. Richards of Reading, Pa., descriptions are found of "The Indian Forts of the Blue Mountains:" and concerning these troubles with the Indians he gives the following brief, yet comprehensive, statements:

"It is sufficient to say that, as they (the Indians) daily saw themselves pushed back by the onward march of the white man, their hunting grounds teeming with game, and streams filled with fish, lost to them, either through fair purchase or more likely fraudulent action on the part of the settlers, it needed but a spark to fire the savage nature in their breasts and created a flame which alone blood could extinguish. That spark came from the field of Braddock's defeat in 1755, and, in its train, there swarmed amongst the frontier settlers of the Province hundreds of scalping parties, carrying death and destruction with them everywhere, whose work did not finally cease until the year 1783. At this time the Blue Mountains practically marked the limit of actual settlement on the part of the white man, and it was along this range that the storm burst in all its fury. Standing as it did on the verge of civilization and forming in itself a natural barrier, it was but in accordance with reason to occupy it for the purpose of defense and to there stay the further encroachment of the enemy. It is well here to bear in mind the fact that the attacks and depredations of the Indians were not made by large bodies or any number combined, neither were the tactics of civilized warfare followed, but parties from three to ten, or 20, would creep noiselessly past alert and watchful sentries and suddenly fall upon their unsuspecting victims and just as suddenly disappear after their horrible work had been completed, long before the alarm could be spread and the most active troops overtake them."—

These Indians, in hunting and fishing, freely and without disturbance, roamed over the whole country and were thus well acquainted in every nook and corner. The settlers might at times engage in similar pursuit of game, but as a rule had other work to do.

Such a party of Indians on September 15, 1757, attacked the Keller family and led captive the mother and her sons, Joseph and John Jacob to Montreal, Canada, after having killed and scalped Christian. Father Keller was at the time engaged with his team in seeding, and so far from his house, that he was not aware of the raid until in the evening. The bloody body of his son (14 years old) found in a field at a distance from the house gave some light on the horrible event. Evidently that older son would also have been taken alive, but being fleet of foot, could not be captured. The probability is, that he first endeavored to hide in or behind the barn, and when that would not answer, ran across the field in the direction of Laurel Hill (der Bucksberg) along the creek. This hill was covered thickly with evergreens — laurel, spruce, etc. — the only natural hiding place near. The Indian in pursuit of him, fearing that the neighborhood might be alarmed, shot and killed him with an arrow, then took his scalp as a trophy. Below at the roadside, a little south of a small stream of water, his body is said to be buried.

Simon (another son) was keeping the wild pigeons away from some ground already sown, and thus escaped. How Anna Margaret, twelve and one-half years old, escaped is not known. The Lord had pity and spared her to comfort and assist especially the little brother left in the cradle not yet one-half year old.

The captives were hurried away along and across the mountain. The Indians kindled a fire the same night, the air being cold. The mother had the agony of seeing the scalp (which she recognized) of her first-born being dried by the fire. Montreal, Canada, was the point aimed at fully 300 miles away. The mother was bartered off to some French officers, whom as a captive she served three years, yet was always treated with respect and kindness. The whole raid was undoubtedly planned; and if the Indians were hired to bring just such a German woman to attend to such service, could anyone be surprised?

Loss and Gain

The tragic events in the Keller family naturally aroused the whole community to a deep sense of insecurity. Prompted by this feeling, the "Teed Blockhouse," about one and one-half miles southward, was erected without delay, where the settlers, old and young, gathered in the evening for safety during the night.

For three long years the motto "What is home without a mother" must have been most painfully realized by those left by the Keller family. A deep solitude and sadness, like a pall, rested over those smitten hearts.

Equally and possibly more forsaken must have been the mother in her captivity. How many anxious questions by day, and especially by night, must have harassed her sad heart — "Where are those left behind and how do they fare, my poor boys among the Indians and my dear babe at home?" And to all her questions — no response, a silent grave not so painfully silent as such uncertainty — to be tossed about midst hopes and fears! Finally the English gained telling victories over the French in Canada. The fortified city of Montreal, although surrounded by high walls, could not withstand the English. Under General Wolfe they stormed the "Heights of Abraham," took the city of Quebec and cooped up the French Commander Vandramil in Montreal. On Sept. 6, 1760, nearly 10,000 British troops advanced against the city, and two days later it was taken. The prisoners of war kept there were at once discharged.

At that time the settlers of Northampton County, Pennsylvania, aided by their own teams, did their trading in the city of Philadelphia, though fully 70 miles away. It once thus so happened that Father Keller was on his way to market with a load of grain, and, by accident, heard of the returning prisoners of war. A new hope kindled in his soul; he could not continue his journey; but unhitching his team, he hastened his return on horseback. As the good Lord had willed, his wife, well preserved, had reached home sooner than he himself. What such a meeting was can never be told. It was October 20, 1760, when she returned).

Five years later Joseph also effected a safe return from his Indian captivity.

Joseph was born Jan. 15, 1751, therefore at the time of the Indian raid he was exactly 5 years and 8 months old. With his mother and his younger brother John Jacob, only 2 years, 2 months and 5 days old when captured by the Indians, they were taken to Montreal, Lower Canada, by the Indians. Whatever happened eventually to the younger brother John Jacob is not known. All the family ever knew was that he was lost to them. How Joseph stood the long journey of about 300 miles, of which the mother complained, we are not told. According to the most reliable information handed down traditionally in his own family, he was among the Indians eight years.

It is reported that the daughter of an Indian chief, having lost her brother by death, asked and obtained from her father our Joseph, whom she wished to take the place of her lost brother. Such stories are easily made where the material is at hand, and just as easily believed. It is true that he did not wish to come back when directed by British authorities (after the fall of Quebec) to do so. The main reason was that he had the promise of receiving a rifle in the near future, whilst up to that time he had to be contented with the bow and arrow, in the use of which, however, he had acquired great skill. It is reported that he would hide in the bushes and mimic the voices of various birds, enticing them at will into reach, and then shoot them down.

At the time of the Revolutionary War, being some 20 years of age, Joseph Keller enlisted as a so-called "Seven-Month Man," but how long he was in the service of the Colonies is not known.

In due time he returned to the old home, evidently tired of Indian life, and also of war as well. He looked about him for a partner for life and found such a one near by in the person of Maria Andre, daughter of Leonard Andre. Looking for a home of their own, they crossed the Blue Mountains to Cherry Valley, where he, very likely as Indian captive with his mother and brother, had spent the first night after their capture. The place selected is most romantic — mountains on two sides and a famous trout stream, Cherry Valley Creek, making its own soothing music day and night as it hastens toward the Delaware Water Gap.

MARIA KELLER

The hardships endured by our immigrant ancestors in clearing the wilderness and laying the foundations of our great nation are often obliterated with the passage of time. They need to be told and retold that succeeding generations may fully appreciate the many blessings our country affords.

Some time ago the Editor of the Eck came upon "The History of the Keller Family, by the Rev. Eli Keller, from the press of Will H. Good, Tiffin, Ohio, 1905. There are many Kellers of Pennsylvania German extraction, but Eli Keller's history has to do with the descendants of one Joseph Keller, born March 15, 1719 in Schwarzenacker, near the city of Zweibruecken in the Rhenish Palatinate. The remote ancestors of Joseph Keller had migrated from Switzerland into the Palatinate.

Joseph Keller arrived in Philadelphia on Oct. 31, 1737, on the good ship "William" named after William III, King of England and Vice-gerent of Holland. Captain of the ship was John Carter. The ship sailed from Rotterdam and carried 180 passengers. The voyage probably took two months, but the exact time is not known. Joseph, after the long voyage, found himself in the family of his step-brother Guth, exact place not known. In due course he married Maria Engel Drumm, who had also come from the vicinity of Zweibruecken. For their future residence they selected ground between Plainfield Church and the present-day town of Bangor in Northampton County, where they built themselves a hut under the sheltering limbs of a large white-oak tree.

The name of the author of the "History of the Keller Family" Eli Keller (1825-1919) has frequently appeared in earlier issues of the Eck. An eminent clergyman of the Reformed Church, and a life-long friend of Henry Harbaugh, Eli Keller also became one of our most distinguished dialect poets. He prefaced his book with these words of his friend Henry Harbaugh: "We are among those who believe that any who care not about their earthly origins, care little as to anything higher." The "History of the Keller Family," besides its geneaological value, also sheds much light upon early Pennsylvania German frontier life. But the main reason for introducing this book to our readers is because it acquaints us with the harrowing experience of the immigrant ancestress, Maria Keller, who was abducted by the Indians in a raid upon the Keller farm in Northampton County. She was returned to her family three years later.

Maria Keller died on April 22, 1802, 42 years after her restoration to her family. There is a tradition among her descendants (as told to the Editor of the Eck by one of them) that she annually expressed her thanks to God by abstaining from all food on the anniversary day of the Indian raid and her abduction.

Little could Maria Keller know that Eli Keller, the grandson of her seveth son, Philip Keller, would write a book in which he told her story for posterity.—Ed.

VUM SOLLY HULSBUCK SEINE KAZE REIME

Es sinn die groose Narre,
Wu immer 's Maul uffschparre.

En reicher Mann greedy
Un en Sau im Kraut
Sin wie Brieder Zwilling
Yuscht ebaut.

Alle klee Grott un Bulli-ramm
Sin grooss in ihre eeggener Damm.

En gerecht Haz
Un gsund Blut
Iss besser, denk ich,
Ass en seidner Hut.

Was en Mann waut iss
in Daaler un Cent,
Hen sei Aerwe als glei hendich gschpent;
Awwer was er waut iss
als en Mann,
Es ebbes ass niemand vernichte kann.

Waer gut iss an Verschrpeche,
Iss besser an sei Watt Verbreche.

Joseph lived to pass the 81st milestone of his earthly pilgrimage. On a beautiful knoll near the creek are the graves of Joseph and his wife Maria, nee Andre.

(More about the Keller family in the next Eck).

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Editorials

An Example of Good Manners

"Come again and come often," is the welcome that Allentown extends to the Emmaus High School students who on Thursday held a picnic in Allentown's park system, (at Robin Hood to be exact), and did not leave until they had put the grounds in better condition even than they had found them.

Since this experience of the Park Department stands in such strong and favorable contrast with behavior by some other groups it is worthy of comment. It prompts the hope that it will have established standards of behavior which all other picnic groups will be happy and proud to observe.

While most of the picnic parties in the parks police the areas before they leave, the unusual feature of the behavior of the young people of Emmaus was their preparation in advance for contingencies. When they left home it was with a program that included a complete cleanup of the picnic grounds at the ending of their stay. Not knowing what emergencies might arise they took with them rakes which might and might not be needed. When they left for home, their picnic area was neater and cleaner than when they had arrived.

Some other parties apparently have enjoyed leaving picnic places filthy. This prompted question as to their upbringing in home and school. The young folks of Emmaus, however, behaved in a manner that reflects excellent home and community training.

Even a casual visitor to their home town becomes impressed with the cleanliness of the boro's streets, the tidiness of back yards and the very evident love of beauty and color which the people manifest. The people of Emmaus simply will not stand for disorder and untidiness. It is a trait that happily was exhibited by the younger generation to the credit of their elders who have brought them up in the way that they should go. From this way they did not stray when out on a visit to their neighbors and acted in the courteous fashion that reasonably can be expected of guests.

A good example was set by these young people. It is one worthy of imitation by all those who spend any time in the outdoors during this season whether as the guests of private individuals or of a community like Allentown.

Those Irksome Detours

Allentown motorists are painfully aware of the fact that extensive work upon city streets has altered the traffic pattern and that it clashes constantly with their long-formed driving habits.

In similar fashion there are extensive city street and open highway construction jobs in progress all over this country. Motorists everywhere are moving around detours that irk a bit now but are the signs of progress and better things to come.

Because no map-maker in the world can keep up with these constant and widely spread improvements it is the part of wisdom for all motorists to learn well in advance of extended tours about the condition of the highways that are ahead of them.

Because many construction projects are under way in this section of the country and all along the Atlantic seaboard, much time can be lost by our motorists unless they know exactly where these improvements are being made and what is the character and length of the detour.

It is in a matter like this that association with other motorists in a club like our Lehigh Valley Motor Club becomes important. It is organizations like this which make it their business to know when highways that look inviting upon maps have been closed and so to inform their members when information is sought. It is organizations like this which pool their information for the benefit of all their members and the members of all other similar organizations.

Motorists who rely entirely upon maps throw themselves open to inconveniences, to loss of time and ofttimes to increased cost of travel. The most up-to-date information is not too good for a motoring party. It can be gotten only thru the bodies of organized motorists who make it their business to assemble information for their membership.

An Earned Promotion

The recent promotion of Hon. Samuel W. Frank in the Pennsylvania Department of Labor and Industry was welcome news to his many friends and admirers. This was especially true for those who have been associated with him in any of the many local community activities in which he has exerted and continues to exert his energy and talents.

This capacity for work and this talent for achievement must have been factors in the rapid advancement of Mr. Frank in the Department with which he has been associated since the present administration went into office.

They know a good man when they see one in Harrisburg just as a good man is identified and recognized in Allentown. It did not escape the people on Capitol Hill that Hon. Sam Frank had brought new ideas and new life into a little corner of the State's vast system of public affairs. It became evident that here was a conscientious public official who was making an important job out of a little one and that a branch of government was functioning in a more effective manner than had been experienced in years.

It was fit and proper that those who saw this exhibition of ability and zeal should say to him: "Friend, go up higher." His work has been recognized by the imposing of new and greater responsibilities. His friends are confident that he will live up to all the expectations entertained for him by his new army of friends in Harrisburg.

Bleak Construction Outlook

No surprise could have been occasioned by the almost unanimous decision on Tuesday of the Lehigh Valley General Contractors' Assn. to bring to a halt all major projects at an early date.

The fact is that a six weeks' strike by the carpenters has slowed operations. It cannot be believed that pending negotiations by the laborers for exciting advantages has done anything to speed their production. If these latter go out on strike, no decision will have to be made by the contractors about continuing with jobs or quitting them. The lack of workers will make such decision automatic.

It is a discouraging outlook that thus is offered. The stark skeletons of considerable structures today show a few signs of life as some workers still are engaged. They will stand with little change for months if well-grounded fears be realized that labor difficulties will last "all summer."

Farm Programs

Dallas (Tex.) News

One reason we have a farm problem is that we don't have a farm program. The reason we don't have a program is that Congress, under pressure, changes it nearly every session.

No farm program stays on the books long enough to solve anything. The pressure for the farm vote is greater than the pressure to solve the problem. "It changes so fast," Representative Simpson of Illinois says, "nobody knows whether it will work."

Pending in the Lower House today is a proposal, for instance, to expand the surplus-reducing soil bank. The soil bank was enacted only last year. An "emergency" exists. "In my years as a member of the House Agriculture Committee I have never seen anything except emergencies," Simpson says.

It all started in 1933 with the plow-up, hog-murdering AAA. This was knocked out by the Supreme Court. In 1935 an amendment was added to remove surpluses of perishable products.

In 1938 came a price-support program, with props to range from 52 to 75 per cent of parity. In 1941 supports were increased to 85 per cent and in 1941 to 90.

There were new farm laws in 1948 and 1949 for "flexible" price supports. But before these could take effect, Congress enacted amendments for "basic" crops at 90 per cent of parity.

In 1954 Congress returned to the flexible idea with an 82.5 per cent of parity floor for that year and a 75-90 scale thereafter. Then last year came the soil bank to run through 1959.

The first bill ever enacted in 1933 carried an "emergency" tag — we were in a depression, you know. The latest bill, with prosperity at highest peacetime peaks, carries an emergency tag.

It's a continual story of helping a basic industry in this country. But the help has been mostly political and rarely economically sound. That's why we have "emergency" and "crisis" laws. Politics is an emergency all the time.

Charades



Atomic Energy Pioneers

By VICTOR RIESEL

There are 100,000 men in this nation to whom the falling out among the scientists over future fallouts of unclean H-bombs is truly academic. They are the 100,000 pioneers who handle the radioactive "hot stuff" every day and always are somewhat worried that they and their daily bread will be "contaminated" by radiation.

Their day-to-day tasks are accomplished with masks, gloves, other protectors and weird gadget-filled walls which were only the purple prose of science fiction writers of a generation ago — but today are the beginnings of a multi-billion dollar industry expected one day to employ three million persons.

Nor is this to come long in the future. This is not one of the industries which anticipates the past. Its target year is 1960, according to the researches of James J. Bambrick, labor relations specialist of the National Industrial Conference Board. Already 69 corporations are building 14 power plants worth 400 million dollars — some of which will begin supplying electricity born of atomic energy within 24 to 60 months.


Riesel

One of these plants will be serving Pittsburgh, and another, at Indian Point, N.Y. will send power into the big town. In Florida, plans are complete for the first big power plant with natural uranium.

Huge Savings

None of these will wipe out any jobs. They'll ake jobs, for these installations will be additional facilities which positively will not displace current works. Furthermore, wages and profits will go up as industry's savings on the radioactive isotopes leap from last year's 390 million to almost a billion dollars in 1959.

These savings come from the salvaging of minute shavings of tobacco, rubber, paper, metal and even plastics. The cigarette industry, for example, saves more than 30 million annually now because for the first time it can really measure each smoke with absolute accuracy. By noting the time it takes for a radioactive isotope to penetrate the width of the cigarette, the manufacturers can now pack each one with exactly the same amount of tobacco instead of wasting the stuffing as in the past.

This is true for the rubber industry, too. Its problem was to coat each tire with exactly the right amount of rubber — not too thick, not too thin. Now one of the atomic energy gimmicks measures this just right — and millions are saved in previously wasted rubber.

With similar thickness gauges, the paper industry saves some 18 million. Golf balls are measured too, and the isotopes are even used to learn how to kill bugs more effectively.

In this eternal war with the insect world we now get at the termites by running radioactive stuff through the killing powders. They call this "tagging" the insecticides.

Then the scientists watch it work on the vermin. Thus we learn whether they die because they eat the poison or because the deadly stuff fills their skins and pores. With a similar shot of radiation we discover, too, how the nasty creatures develop immunity to the powder — and then we learn how to kill them off again in new ways.

Last Frontier

This is the last frontier on this planet. Other pioneers will have to apply to the International Mars Assn. General Electric, for example, has learned how to hit sawdust with isotopes and turn the chips into feed for cattle.

But far ahead of all the others is the oil industry. Its experts say the industry has been revolutionized through use of the atomic energy gadgets. They have extra sensitive gamma ray detectors. These are used in light airplanes or helicopters to penetrate the earth below. By the reaction on the detector, the modern prospector can tell whether there's likely to be oil below.

Also they put the gamma detectors into the drill holes to tell them exactly where there are deposits of shale in which oil lurks. In this day of cross-country pipe lines into which oil is poured for delivery thousands of miles away, it is no longer necessary to cut off one man's supply before you pour in another's. Each quantity of oil is "tagged" with different radioactive waves so you know one shipment from another.

This modern magic is handled gingerly everywhere. Workers and their unions are beginning to battle for tough safety regulations — for there already have been several explosions and two deaths in reactor plants. On this last frontier, all the pioneers must survive.

(Copyright 1957)

Pumpernickle Bill

WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DER "Virus," un Ich 4):

Wie da onner dawg g'sawt, sella airshda owet im hospital hen m'r sare leichtie kosh'd kot wie ewwa der fol is won m'r uf 'm waig is fer gaX-ray'd werra. Fon da nursa hen g'sawt wie sie uns dauerra dade, ow'r 's het aw net fiel ous gamocht wos m'r kotta hetta — die shmartza tzeita wiess worra tzu gross fer denka ons essa. Unser winsch wor, os die X-ray bilder numma weissa maichda wos letz wear, un so der druvel glei k'hail'd sei maich'd.

Ae nurse, die Helen Luckenbach — freer fon Northampton, hut uns fertzailt fom druvel os sie owets dafor kotta hut mit ihrra mashine, un m'r hen ous g'funna os mier net 's aintsich'd unglick kotta hen. Bei da Helen wors ow'r net der fol os sie gronk wor — 's wor ihrra mashine woh sie uf 'm Fair Grund shtae hut kot os der druvel gamocht hut. Wie sie owets hame gae hut wolla, ferhoftich sei won die machine 's yusht gaduh hut fer shpringa, un sie hut gore net sehna kenna wohs faila maich'd. Endlich hut sei 'n garagemon garufa, un ferhoftich sei won ra net ebber die drode ol fersetzt hut kot on da inshein, uns wor gore ken wunner os die g'shicht net shpringa hut kenna. M'r hen noh gadenk'd ferleicht hetta m'r aw paar drode aryads ferhuck'd, ow'r die Helen hut net gamaint os ebbes wie sel unser druvel sei maich'd, un m'r hen uns ferlossa uf die X-rays da nagshda morya fer weissa wohs faila dade.


Pumpernickle

Die Katerinah un Miriam worra owets kumma uns sehna, un hetta ken gons iwwelie nocht kotta wons net gawest wear fer sei "dynamite woh sie uns gewwa hen kot. Da nagshda morya in aller free is der Dr. Charlie Schaeffer un 'n shtudent docktor kumma uns sehna, ow'r hen weiters nix tzu sawga kot. Die docktor sella waig sin g'shlifa — sawga wenich, un won sie ebbes sawga wase m'r bout grawd so fiel won sie fartich sin, os m'r aw gawist hut farna nous.

Die Murial Satoris, 'n shtudent nurs is kumma fer uns sawga os m'r nix tzu essa graichda bis m'r tzurick kaimta fon X-ray. Hunger hen m'r aw kenner kot, uns wor 'n blessier die Murial larna kenna, un woh fiel um uns rum wor die tzwae wocha os m'r im hospital worra — un m'r worra immer froh fer sie sehna kumma. Die Murial wor immer harlich un uf galaibt, wie aw bol ol die onnerra nursa worra os in unser shtub kumma sin — un sel wor 'n lot. 'S wor yusht aenie darta wenich kartz ob — wie m'r gawunnert hen wos ihrra airshder nahma wear — der ledshd is immer tzu sehna uf da shartz. Wel, sellie hut g'sawt 's wear kens fon unserra bisnis wie sie haisa dade — "thats something wie are not supposed to tell our patients." Sel hut uns 's moul shnell tzu gamocht, un sin froh tzu sawga os sie yusht ae mohl in unserra shtub wor — un sel unserra maining noh, wor ae mohl tzu fiel.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Wie da onner dawg g'sawt, won aenicha laiser g'shpichta wissa, sein so gute un lossa uns hoerra dafon — shicka sie tzu uns om Morning Call, un m'r gewwa ocht druf so shnell os miglich.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Romans 6:22-23

Everybody was much concerned about the New York State lad who had fallen into a well which was being dug, wondering whether there was any hope for him. It was a Negro who insisted that God had spoken to him, telling him to go to that pit immediately, in order to rescue the lad from his predicament, and that, with God's help, he would succeed; and he did. And for the rest of the lad's life he will be glad to say that his life was spared by the willing and unselfish efforts of that Negro, and we may be sure that the man himself will be glad forever, happy that he saved the life of that boy. And that is exactly what God did for us. He sent His Son to rescue us from our "fall," and He brought us up out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, set our feet upon a rock, established our goings, and put a new song in our mouth, even praise unto our God; many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord (So says the Psalmist in Ps. 40:2-3, after having waited patiently for the Lord, as did the lad in the story above.) In Romans 6:22-23 we read: "Now, being made free from sin, and become servants to God, we have our fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." But, sad to say, many still prefer to remain in the pit!

Try & Stop Me

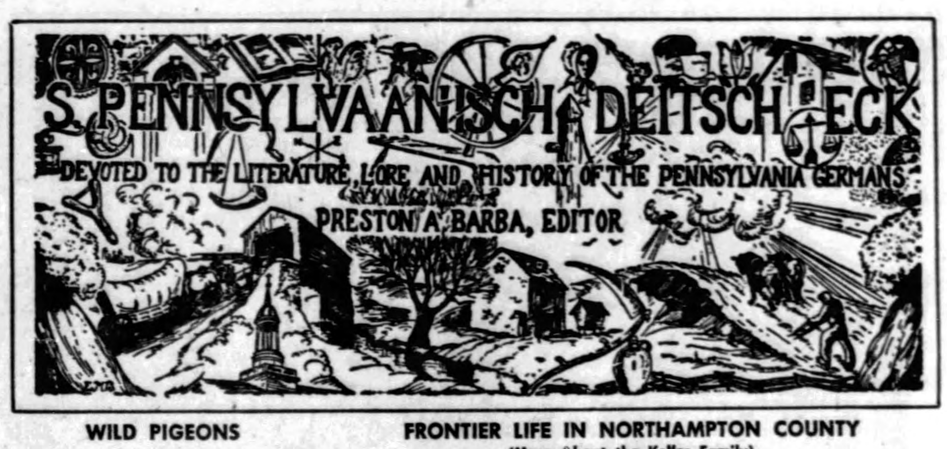
By BENNETT CERF

The hope of luring a share of the tourist money scattered about more or less lavishly has persuaded the elders of several villages to change their names. Who would think, for instance, of lingering in a hamlet named Dishwater Pond, New Hampshire? The name was changed, very wisely, to Mirror Lake. Similarly, in the twinkling of a town council's editorial eye, Mosquito, Oregon, became Troutdale; Bee Pec, Ky., blossomed out as Chevrolet; and Mole Hill, West Virginia, was reborn as Mountain View.

(Copyright 1957)

Horoscope

A happy domestic or love life is prognosticated for you. A child born under these auspices is likely to be artistic, and possess some specialized talent.



WILD PIGEONS

No one living has seen the wild passenger pigeon. Therefore members of bird clubs and other lovers of birds may find the following narrative interesting. It is told by Eli Keller (1825-1919) in his "History of the Keller Family" mentioned elsewhere in this Eck. The passenger pigeons, that once swept our skies like hurricanes, are extinct. Eli Keller wrote as follows:

"It was in the fall of the year, when brother Philip and I were plowing sod for corn the coming season, as our custom was. The air was already cool, and our "round-abouts" were closely buttoned up. The field was on high ground, whence we could look far and wide, along the range of Blue Mountains. The Wind Gap was opposite us and in the clear sky it seemed very near though fully three miles away. The Delaware Water Gap was on the North-east, and the Lehigh Water Gap on the South-west many miles away. The sky was remarkably clear and of a bright blue. Anon, we noticed in the distance what at first we took to be dark clouds, some smaller, some larger, some round fleece-like bodies, others in long banks like floating islands. At first we supposed that those were omens of evident storms about to burst somewhere, though with us the air was calm. Soon such clouds, rolling out of the Wind Gap apparently, came in a line of at least a mile in length and straight toward us like an attacking army. Our teams were moving steadily along, but our eyes were on what we now recognized as an innumerable host of wild pigeons. Being on high grounds, the birds were nearer to us. Their wings made a strange noise, akin to the myriads of flying locusts in the east. Our horses became alarmed, as we noticed by the cocking of their ears. We called a "Whoa!" — and running to their heads, held and quieted them. For about five minutes the rustling and rushing sound continued. Such a scene I never witnessed before, nor since — and never shall. Our opinion was, that those pigeons had bred and gathered in the marshes and mountains of Monroe County, then by some means, were disturbed and put to flight eastward.

Many years later, Eli Keller, remembering the wild pigeons of his youth, wrote the following poem. It is dated: Allentown, April 17, 1906. The original manuscript is in the library of Muhlenberg College.

WILDE DAUWE

In alde Zeite waare wilde Dauwe,
Die hot mer Friehyaahrs sehne fliegge
In kleene Flick un in scharmante groosse—
Was waar sell doch en schee Vergniegge!
Die Buwe uff de Felder hie am Bluugge
Hen gschtoppt mit ihre miede Fuhre
Un aus der volle Bruscht gerufe: "Dauwe!
Ihr himmels — scheene Kreature!"
Un sin sie iwwer Berge hoch weck gflogge,
Noch heecher iwwer diefe Daeler,
So hot mer sie mit Luscht yuscht fliegge losse;
Bei sich gedenkt: "Ihr sin die Waehler!"
Mer heert wull do un datt, dass Flinte krache—
Verroschte Eise, lengscht gelaade;
So Schiesse iss nix wert un yuscht en Laerme,
Em faule Schitz noch selwer Schaade!
Doch endlich waar'n die Dauwe mied vum Fliegge,
Un setze sich, wu Wassere rausche.
Im kiehle Schatte fiehle sie sich glicklich;
Datt rufe sie ihr "Eht!" un— lausche.
Wie sitze sie so schee in lange Roihe,
Uff hoche griene Baem un Neschter,
Mit grooe Keppcher, nette grooe Reckcher,
Mit rote un mit weisse Westcher!
Sie sin nau sauwer fatt, die wilde Dauwe,
Un kummen ewich nimmi widder!
Was bleibt noch iwwrich vun dem scheene Seegge?
Der Geischt legt sich sei Schaetze nidder.

John James Audubon (1780-1851) as a young man lived for a time on the banks of the Perkiomen. He wrote of the wild pigeon as follows:

The multitude of wild pigeons in our woods are astonishing. Indeed, after having viewed them so often, and under so many circumstances, I even now feel inclined to pause, and assure myself that what I am going to relate is fact. Yet I have seen it all, and that too in the company of persons who like myself, were struck with amazement. — In the autumn of 1813 I left my house at Henderson, on the banks of the Ohio, on my way to Louisville. In passing over the Barrens, a few miles beyond Hardensburg, I observed the pigeons flying from north-east to south-west in greater numbers than I thought I had ever seen them before, and feeling an inclination to count the flocks that might pass within reach of my eye in one hour, I dismounted, seated myself on an eminence and began to mark with my pencil, making a dot for every flock that passed. In a short time, finding the task which I had undertaken impracticable, as the birds poured in countless multitudes, I rose, and counting the dots then put down, found that one hundred and sixty-three had been made in twenty-one minutes. I traveled on, and still met more the farther I proceeded. The air was literally filled with pigeons; the light of noonday was obscured as by an eclipse, and the continued buzz of wings had a tendency to lull my senses to repose."

(See also the Eck, for April 1, 1939).

FRONTIER LIFE IN NORTHAMPTON COUNTY

(More About the Keller Family)

In last week's Eck we read about the Indian raid upon the family of Joseph Keller on their farm in Northampton County, as told in the "History of the Keller Family" written by the Rev. Eli Keller, great-grandson of the pioneer. Joseph Keller, born March 15, 1719 in Schwarzenacker near Zweibruecken in the Palatinate, arrived in Philadelphia, Oct. 31, 1737, on the good ship "William." Some time later (date unknown) he married Maria Engel Drumm, who had also emigrated from the vicinity of Zweibruecken, settled on a plot of ground between Bangor and the Plainfield Church and here the Keller family was attacked by Indians on September 15, 1757. At the time of the raid the father was working with his team, busy with seeding a field at a considerable distance from the house. He was unaware of the raid until he returned in the evening. Christian, firstborn of the family, a lad of fourteen years, was shot with an arrow, killed and scalped. The mother and two small sons were taken captive. Anna Margaret, the second child, was twelve and one-half years old at the time of the attack. She had apparently taken refuge in some dark corner of the barn at the time and escaped unharmed. Her part it was to take care of the infant brother that had been left unharmed in the cradle and in some measure take the place of the captive mother. When the mother was returned to her family after three long years Anna Margaret, had grown to womanhood and was undoubtedly greatly comforted.

Henry Adam, second son and third child in the Keller family, was 10 years and 8 months old at the time of the Indian raid. How he escaped we do not know. He may have been with Anna Margaret in the barn or perhaps with his younger brother Simon working with his father and thus escaped the attacking Indians. Simon at the time of the raid was a little less than 8 years old. At the time of the attack he was engaged at the request of his father in chasing wild pigeons from a freshly sown field and thus escaped.

Joseph, born Jan. 15, 1751, was therefore at the time of the raid 5 years and 8 months old. With his mother and younger brother John Jacob he was taken captive. How they endured the long journey of about 300 miles to Montreal, Canada, we are not told. According to family tradition he remained among the Indians 8 years. The mother after an absence of three years was returned (Oct. 20, 1760) to her family when the British authorities released all French prisoners after the fall of Quebec. But what about the other child that had been abducted with the mother and Joseph? John Jacob, the sixth child, was only 2 years, 2 months and 5 days old when captured by the Indians. All we know is simply — he was lost! That he could have walked the journey of 300 miles cannot be supposed; that the Indians or the mother should have carried him is just as hard to believe. In either case it is but natural to suppose that the mother after her return would have told the sad story; and if so it would have been handed down as a sacred memory. What then remains to be believed? Either that the Indians traded him off as best they could on the way; or killed and scalped him also, all unknown to the mother. To the latter supposition we may be inclined by reason of the tempting offer to the Indians on the part of the French government.

After an absence of 8 years, according to family tradition, Joseph finally returned again to the ways of the white man. During the Revolutionary War he enlisted as a so-called "Seven-Month Man." More than two years after the mother's return another child was added to the family. About this time Anna Margaret, the only daughter, was married to a Mr. Miller, who later served as a captain under General Washington. The young family was blessed with a daughter Elizabeth, but mother and daughter died during the war and Captain Miller, informed of the sad news, never returned. The pioneer father, Joseph, Senior, also served in the Revolutionary Army.

Taking all these things into consideration, we can easily see that their cup was often one of sorrow. The deep wounds smitten by the Indian raid could heal over, but like wounds in the heart-wood of a tree, could never heal out.

For the above data and for the following descriptions we have drawn extensively from Eli Keller's Book "The History of the Keller Family."

We will here give a brief description of the life they lived, in which, with the exception of a few years, we may call them a happy family. Their experience with death was the experience of many another family.

This manner of life was in harmony with the age in which they lived. That it was a life of labor needs no stating. That very fact, since they were all of robust constitution, increased their happiness. The material of their clothing was home-raised, home - spun, home-woven and home - made. The annual patch of flax and the well-cared-for flock of sheep served well their part. Their fuel was not brought from far, and both beef and pork in season was of their own raising. In the Fall, a deer or two, and in Spring, now and then, a string of fish, caught by the boys, was sure to come. If water and rye coffee were not always acceptable, apples in their time furnished both cider and vinegar. Corn for mush, and potatoes with milk often satisfied the appetite. Bread was made of rye-flour. This rye was raised in their own fields, threshed with their own flails, ground in their own mills, and baked in their own ovens. Lumber was taken from logs grown in their own woods, and sawed in their own sawmills. Chestnuts, hickory nuts, hazelnuts and wild plums were found in abundance in the Fall of the year. The highest mountain and the lowest marshes were for huckleberries. The little medicine needed was preserved by the mother from her "Herbbed" in the garden. There were no laws yet prohibiting hunting or fishing on one's own land, or on land not yet taken up. They made little money, but that honestly, and always spent less than they made. In the Fall the underbrush of the intended "Newground" was grubbed; in the Winter the cord-wood of oak and hickory and pine was cut; and in the Spring, posts and rails were made of chestnut. High grounds were for buckwheat, and low for meadows; from both "the little busy bee" gathered its sweet stores, which, if not placed in provided boxes, were later found in hollow trees. — Such are a few hints in the picture of a happy family in the olden times.

Let us briefly review the surroundings and movings constituting what may be called their family life. How much everyone owes to the varied surroundings amid which his or her life was spent from infancy up, no one can tell. It is no doubt true that all of us are "the creatures of circumstances." Some of the circumstances of the family of John Henry Keller (grandson of the ancestral immigrant Joseph Keller) we will therefore note here. (The time is about 1835).

The large farm contained many acres. At first there was far more woodland than was needed. The fences were built of chestnut rails — the worm-fence of 7 or 8 rails to the panel, which, to aid appearance, was taken down and rebuilt almost every Spring. Heavy crops of rye, oats and corn made much work in threshing, etc. All kinds of labor-saving machines had not yet been invented. Well-kept horses and cattle produced piles of manure, which in its time, had to be spread over the fields and meadows. Especially did the raising of and manufacturing of flax make continuous and woeful work.

There were also amusements. Hunting and fishing at any time were not prohibited. Early in Spring the speckled trout lured us away to the mountain streams. In the springtime, but more especially in the fall of the year, the wild pigeons afforded much sport. Around the buckwheat fields, early in the morning and late in the evening, they were swarming. At noon their happy "Eight! Eight!" was heard along the waters in the heavy timbers on the low grounds. The well-trained hunter would select his position, and at times the game came as fast as he could load his flint-locked gun and shoot them down. More amusement than this was afforded in pigeon-catching with the net. In this process not a bird was wounded, and often flocks numbering dozens were caught in a moment — but being caught the heads of the birds were crushed by the thumb or even by the teeth of the hunter — so cruel is avaricious man! In the Fall of the year, and amid the snows of early Winter, the hunting of deer on the mountains was an inspiration. — But also much of the labor on the farm was in itself rich pleasure. When the green meadows were almost ready for mowing, the time seemed long till the sharp scythes could be swung in grand regularity, and the swathes laid long and thick. When the rich ripe rye was bending low under its weight, what exquisite pleasure to swing with strong arms the cradle, and cut it squarely down; then close behind, the farmer's daughter, blooming in health, deftly handling the rake, would pile the sheaves along; right after her, the binder with strong arms and hands was binding up the golden sheaves. What pleasure, when the last load of hay or grain cleaned a field, it was to swing the hat with a hearty "Hurrah" — or, when the last fork of hay was thrown up into the steaming mow filled to the top, how great was the delight to sink back on the soft warm bed with the exclamation "It's done!"

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Editorials

'The Public Be Served'

Wo do not know whether Secretary Lawler has been informed about it but if not, he should know that his administrators in this city have done a high and unsolicited favor to Allentown and to all our motorists in opening the 8th St. bridge to traffic even tho the repaving work has not been finished.

The important point is that this favor was done by the local State Highway Department officials without prompting. They knew that work could not be completed upon the bridge for perhaps two more weeks or so because of lack of materials to lay the topping. They knew that the bridge could be used without this topping.

Like the good public servants that they are they decided that the bridge should be opened early today for free use by the public until the materials arrive. Thereupon the job will be completed while the bridge again is closed to traffic. Then, when it is reopened, it will be a permanently free bridge, as against a toll structure, its status for more than forty years.

The bridge could have remained closed and the public would have been none the wiser except that there has been some growing impatience with the time required to do the entire paving job.

The Highways Department officials who are responsible for this act have shown that they are concerned with the public interest and wish to do everything possible to serve it.

In all too many phases of American government "the public be damned attitude' often has been observed.

"The public be served" is the pleasing and positive attitude which our local State Highways Department officials have adopted and they should be commended for it.

Building Back to High Gear

Building construction thruout the Lehigh Valley should be able to move forward at high gear during next week because settlement of the carpenters strike on Thursday night makes possible the return of about 1150 men to their former jobs.

In an unexpected move that surprised the carpenters quite as much as the public, negotiators met on Thursday night and agreement was reached after a month and a half of idleness.

Because of the high importance of their work, idleness by the carpenters brought about more dislocations in building construction than would be caused by absence from jobs of some crafts. However, just about every line of work and its craftsmen are vital links today in the chain which, if weak at any point, snaps and destroys the effectiveness of the production chain entirely.

There will be pleasure therefore on the part of the entire building construction business that the carpenters will return to work on Monday. Progress upon millions of dollars worth of work which was interrupted six weeks ago can be resumed once more.

Agriculture Returns to Favor

When a group of local residents more than a century ago decided to organize for the conduct of a Fair in Allentown, the name which its promoters chose for the organization upon its incorporation was the Lehigh County Agricultural Society.

Thruout the many meetings in various parts of the County during the two or three years ago when the idea was germinating, emphasis constantly was placed upon encouragement for agriculture as the principal motive for organization and for the conduct of an annual exhibition in this city.

It is of course understandable that those early days in this, an agricultural community, knew few industrial and business interests while the frivolity of many forms of recreation was decried by man's stern outlook upon life and the difficulties in sustaining it.

As years went on, it was natural that new interests commanded more attention at what later came to be known as the Great Allentown Fair.

It is a matter of record that two schools of thought have had frequent collisions in the councils of the Society, the one demanding more attention to the Fair's original objectives which were agricultural, and the other calling for more emphasis upon the recreational feaures of this outdoor exhibition.

There has been some considerable see-sawing during the years. At times encouragement to agricultural displays has been in the ascendancy. At other times agriculture has been almost eclipsed by more modern interests.

So it is interesting to note that farmers and agriculture are going to get more attention at the next exhibition in September than in a number of years past. Special farm-sponsored programs are to be conducted in front of the grandstand on Tuesday, Wednesday and probably also on Thursday mornings. Farm machinery and farm safety are to receive more attention and there are to be many competitive events such as tractor driving contests. Effort will be made to find farm talent, to encourage the Granges in their annual exhibits and there will be a pageant for high school bands, to mention just a few of the attractions which are being planned.

Thus the pendulum will swing widely to the agricultural side this year. Effort will be made to return the exhibition to some of its former ideals.

It should be possible to do all this without decreasing interest one bit in other phases of the Fair.

The Allentown Fair is big enough and great enough for all.

How Big Is Father?



Stassen's 'Boner'

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The most sensational story behind the scenes in Washington today has an element of mystery — why did Harold Stassen pull a "boner" in London by showing to the Russians an American proposal on disarmament before it had been cleared with Britain, France and West Germany?

What Stassen did was in disregard of orders. He had been instructed orally before he left Washington that when he put on paper the substance of the discussions held here in the National Security Council — representing a kind of compromise of differing views on disarmament — he was to talk things over with the British and French and the representative of Adenauer in London and explore their viewpoints before transmitting any proposals to the Soviets.


Stassen

To make assurance doubly sure, Undersecretary of State Christian Herter sent a message to Stassen in London repeating in writing the instructions which had been given orally before the disarmament specialist left Washington.

Notwithstanding all these precautions, Stassen wrote out a memorandum which he gave to the Russian ambassador in London, presumably because he wanted the Russian reaction. When the heads of the governments of the Western allies heard of Stassen's procedure they were shocked. Telephone conversations ensued back and forth across the Atlantic between high officials of the Western governments and the United States government. The White House and State Department were busy for two days trying to straighten out the tangle and it was decided to summon Stassen for personal conference last week in Washington.

The question of relieving Stassen of his post was naturally discussed but it was decided that to do so might break up the whole disarmament negotiation and give the Russian propagandists a chance to argue that the United States was backing out of the discussions.

So an alternative plan was developed to guard against a recurrence of this kind of mistake. Julius Holmes, a diplomat of experience in delicate negotiations, was selected from the career service in the State Departmnt to be associated with Stassen in London so as to make sure that what Secretary Dulles referred to in his press conference on Tuesday as "procedural complications" in the disarmament negotiations would not happen again.

Also two United States senators will shortly join Stassen in London to represent the congressional point of view. It is field of Montana, Democrat, and Senator Hickenlooper of Iowa, Republican, will be invited to go to London, or other senators if these two members of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Snate find they cannot go.

What did Stassen have in mind when he sat down with the Russian ambassador and showed him a written document on the American point of view before he had talked things over with our Allies? In these days of sensitiveness in London, especially about the need for Allies to consult one another, this was a mistake in tactics that seems incredible. Also with the delicate situation that Chancellor Adenauer faces in the coming elections in West Germany, it was particularly tactless to do anything which could give the impression that West Germany and the reunification issue were being ignored.

Overzealous

The only plausible explanation is that Stassen was overzealous or that he thought an informal sounding out of the Soviet point of view first would aid him later in getting agreement from the British and French and West Germans. But a special ambassador should not take such chances without first consulting his superiors — in this case the Secretary of State and the President. Maybe Stassen thought it wouldn't make any difference.

But the fact remains that Stassen's clumsiness in London stirred up considerable confusion as well as anxiety among the Western Allies because it isn't easy to explain that a special emissary of long experience in these disarmament negotiations just pulled a "boner." Stassen was later instructed to go back to the Russian envoy and tell him the memorandum was not in final form and that it had not yet been cleared with the Allies.

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Pumpernickle Bill

WILLIAM S. TROXELL

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Dawg fer dawg hen m'r froke om kumma won sie tzettle rous kaimta fer die train un boat trip da 3d Augusht — des yohr noch ma gons neia blotz fer uns doh hiwwa — Rockaway Beach drous om Atlantic sae. Grawd noch 'm 4d July, 's same wie immer kumma die tzettle rous.

Stassen's 'Boner'

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The most sensational story behind the scenes in Washington today has an element of mystery — why did Harold Stassen pull a "boner" in London by showing to the Russians an American proposal on disarmament before it had been cleared with Britain, France and West Germany?

What Stassen did was in disregard of orders. He had been instructed orally before he left Washington that when he put on paper the substance of the discussions held here in the National Security Council — representing a kind of compromise of differing views on disarmament — he was to talk things over with the British and French and the representative of Adenauer in London and explore their viewpoints before transmitting any proposals to the Soviets.

Stassen

To make assurance doubly sure, Undersecretary of State Christian Herter sent a message to Stassen in London repeating in writing the instructions which had been given orally before the disarmament specialist left Washington.

Notwithstanding all these precautions, Stassen wrote out a memorandum which he gave to the Russian ambassador in London, presumably because he wanted the Russian reaction. When the heads of the governments of the Western allies heard of Stassen's procedure they were shocked. Telephone conversations ensued back and forth across the Atlantic between high officials of the Western governments and the United States government. The White House and State Department were busy for two days trying to straighten out the tangle and it was decided to summon Stassen for personal conference last week in Washington.

The question of relieving Stassen of his post was naturally discussed but it was decided that to do so might break up the whole disarmament negotiation and give the Russian propagandists a chance to argue that the United States was backing out of the discussions.

So an alternative plan was developed to guard against a recurrence of this kind of mistake. Julius Holmes, a diplomat of experience in delicate negotiations, was selected from the career service in the State Departmnt to be associated with Stassen in London so as to make sure that what Secretary Dulles referred to in his press conference on Tuesday as "procedural complications" in the disarmament negotiations would not happen again.

Also two United States senators will shortly join Stassen in London to represent the congressional point of view. It is field of Montana, Democrat, and Senator Hickenlooper of Iowa, Republican, will be invited to go to London, or other senators if these two members of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Snate find they cannot go.

What did Stassen have in mind when he sat down with the Russian ambassador and showed him a written document on the American point of view before he had talked things over with our Allies? In these days of sensitiveness in London, especially about the need for Allies to consult one another, this was a mistake in tactics that seems incredible. Also with the delicate situation that Chancellor Adenauer faces in the coming elections in West Germany, it was particularly tactless to do anything which could give the impression that West Germany and the reunification issue were being ignored.

Overzealous

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Romans 8:37-39

When Paul was commissioned to bear the name of Jesus before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel, he was told that he had to suffer many things for Jesus' sake (acts 9:15-16).

Reading the account of his missionary activities in Acts 13-28 and the catalog of his sufferings and persecutions as he mentions them in 2 Corinthians 11:23-27, we can understand his statement in Acts 20:23-24 as he declares that the Holy Ghost was indicating that he was facing bonds and afflictions. But, said he, none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God.

But he tells us that in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him That loved us, "for I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Red China's Lack of Faith

(N. Y. Herald Tribune)

The attack on a United States Navy plane by Communist Chinese anti - aircraft is the first such incident along the South China coast in some months. Fortunately, the plane, although damaged, was able to return to its carrier, and the pilot escaped injury. The Navy says that the aircraft was somewhat off its course, but that it was still eight miles from the mainland, although the broken character of the coastline and the speed of the plane make this an approximate figure.

The Peiping radio is attempting to capitalize upon the event in its usual inflammatory style. It claims that the plane flew along the mainland coast in order to "create tension" and to thwart the "peaceful liberation" of Formosa. The falseness of these allegations is hardly worth refuting,, but they seem unlikely to be the signal for a more aggressive turn in Red policy toward the United States and the Nationalist Chinese. Moreover, the Navy is not taking a very grave view of the affair. From the military standpoint, then, the incident may well be an isolated one.

But from the point of view of international morality, by which all such incidents are ultimately judged, the attack on the aircraft is wholly unjustified. Whether or not a plane has strayed off its course, shooting at it for no good reason is both vicious and irresponsible. Red China has for years been clamoring to be admitted to the international family of nations. Behavior like this only demonstrates, in the eyes of the world, its lack of good faith.

Edgar A. Guest

SHOT PUTTERS

I gladly join with Inez Robb,
Who does a brilliant writing job,

When she declares that she is not
For Russian girls who put the shot.

She thinks that muscled legs and arms
Destroy a lady's youthful charms.

Our own shot putters I admire.
They wear a nurse's white attire.
Search leg or arm to find a spot
Where they can gently put a shot
In various prescribed amounts.
'Tis not the distance then that counts.

Those Russian girls, I won't deny,
Can run and leap the hurdles high,
But to achieve the greatest leap
They lose the charm they ought to keep.
And when the shot is put in me
A pretty nurse I'd rather see.

(Copyright, 1957)

Horoscope

Your business should improve in the months ahead, but be cautious and allow no one to deceive you. Today's child is likely to have a strong will, which may need to be controlled.

The number of boy babies exceeds the number of girl babies in the United States. Even so, women live so much longer that there are more women than men in the U. S.

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.

DEAR SIR —

A few days ago I read a letter in Public Opinion concerning Vultee Airport as a sport center. I wish to state that I would surely like to see the City convert this very important piece of property in to one of the finest recreation centers in the East.

I believe there is not another city that has a set up so easy to get to and from what I understand at such a small cost.

Being publicity man for the All - American Girls Baseball Team, I have had very many calls — why I did not schedule the Girl Baseball Champions in Allentown.

I had to explain that we do not have a closed field here. I live right next to Vultee, here in the Lehigh Parkway, and I do know the city would have great possibilities with such a plant. We could have all kinds of sports here,and again will consider this tract of land, and add it to its vast recreation program.

Thank you,
Charles N. Schuler
1842 17th St., S.W.



'S ISS NARYETS BESSER

Die Welt iss gross
Un viel drin los!
'S geht uff un nunner, hin un haer,
Ach, wann mer doch mol ruhich waer!
Mei Droscht iss immer yuscht der seem:
'S iss naryets besser wie deheem.

En grosser Schatz
Iss en eegner Blatz;
Un wann's aa yuscht en Pletzche waer,
Mit Haus un Schtall un Kellerdeer,
Mei Schluss iss immer widder s seem: ....
'S iss naryets besser wie deheem.

Mit annere Leit
Gebt's oftmol Schtreit;
Mer mag sich schicke wie mer will,
Ball iss 's zu wennich, ball zu viel;
Drum iss 's immer wie ich meen:
'S iss naryets besser wie deheem.

Die Welt iss bees—
"Ach, Herr, erloes!"
So hot mei Herz schunn lang gebitt—
"Mach alles wie du selwer witt!"
'S steht immer fescht, wie Eechebeem:
'S iss naryets besser wie deheem.

Im Himmel ruht
Mer ewich gut;
Wie watt mer datt so selich sei,
Vun allem Schmerz un Sorge frei!
Un immer iss mei Schluss der seem:
'S iss naryets besser wie deheem.

These verses appeared annonymously in Baer's Lancaster Almanac for 1881.

DER KASCHBAR VERZEEHLT

ENNIHAU

Mir Pennsylvania Deitsche saagge arrig oft "Ennihau." Deel meene sell waer's englisch Watt "Anyhow." Verleicht iss des so, awwer es hot mir en gelannter Mann gsaat, Yaahre zerick in alt Deitschland, hett er des Watt oft gheert, un selli Deitsche hen gaar net Englisch gschwetzt. Ya well, verleicht hen mir des Watt net vun de Englische grickt, awwer es macht nix aus wu es haerkummt, mir saagge oft un als widder, "Ennihau."

En Freind vun meine waar en Parre. Er hot gsaat im Schtedtel, wu er gewuhnt hot, hedde sie so en umgschickt Wattshaus ghatt. Es waer en hochi vedderschti Bortsch an dem Wattshaus gewest. Es iss siwwe odder acht Dreppe nuff gange vum Peefment bis uff die Bortsch. Wie der Parre schier vanne am Wattshaus waar, hot er eens vun seine Glieder sehne zu de Dier rauskumme. Der Kaerl waar zimmlich gut gelaade. Er hot die ewwerscht Drepp verfehlt un iss koppvederscht driwwer runner gschtatzt un hot gans ruhich uff em Peefment gelegge. Der Parre waar wunnerbaar vergelschtert. Er hot den Kaerl uffghowe, der Dreck vun seine Gleeder gschlagge un hot gsaat, "Pit, hoscht dir wehgeduh?"—"Nee," hot der Pit gelarrebst, "ich hab net, Parre. 'Siss alles all recht. Ich hab ennihau runner welle!"

Des gemaahnt mich an en hatthaerzichi Fraa. Sie waar en wiescht's Luder. Sie hot ihre Mann die gans Zeit rumgschprengt. Ee Owed hot sie gsaat, er sett ebbes in der Kellerhals uffs Schelf duh. Er hot nausgelangt, hot der Schwang grickt, un iss die Kellerschteg nunnergebatzelt. Iss sie no nunner un hot ihm gholfe? Nee, sie iss net, des wiescht Ding. Wie sie ihn heere hot zawwele, hot sie gsaat. "Kumm net ruff. Duh Kohle uffs Feier in der Fannes. Un duh all die anner Kelleraerwet. Du bischt ennihau nau drunne." So re wieschti Fraa sett ebbes wedderfaahre.

Der alt Judge Stewart vun Easton hot verzeehlt vumme Loiyer, as ordlich deitsch waar. Der Judge hot de Jury gsaat der deitsch Loiyer hett ken case, un sie sett finne fer die anner Seit. Die Jury iss naus in die Jury Schtubb. Glei sin sie widder in die Court Schtubb kumme un hen gsaat, sie hette gfunne fer der deitsch Loiyer. Der alt Judge Stewart iss schier vun der Bank gfalle. Der deitsch Loiyer waar awwer in seim Element. Er hot der Judge aageguckt, es eent Aag zugedrickt un hot gsaat, "Aha, I von ennihau."

DANKBAAR

Mer sett net vergesse dankbaar zu sei. Es waar moll en aldi Fraa die hot yuscht noch zwee Zaeh ghatt, eener owwe un der anner unne im Maul. Sie hot alle Daag Gott gedankt, net yuscht fer die zwee Zaeh. O nee! Sie hot Gott gedankt, ass die zwee Zaeh nanner dreffe wann sie esst.

Nau, wann die alt Fraa dankbaar waar, sedde mir gewiss aa dankbaar sei. Es hot moll en Parre die Sunndaag-schul Kinner gfroogt ferwas sie dankbaar waere. En kleener Bu hot gsaat, "Ich bin dankbaar fer Hickerniss." Es hot der Parre bissel gschnarrt. Awwer es waar en gudi Antwatt.

En Fraa, ass ich gut kenn, iss im varrem Yaahr iwwer der Bet-daag (Thanksgiving Day) noch Texas gange fer ihre Bu sehne datt imme Army Camp. Sunndaags waar sie in Dallas, Texas. Datt iss sie in en grossi Kaerrich gange. Sie hen drei Parre ghatt. Die Kaerrich waar gschtoppte voll. Eens vun de drei Parre hot gebreddicht.

Er hot de Leit ausgelegt ferwas sie dankbaar sei sedde. "Aerschtens," hot er gsaat, "Dihr sedde dankbaar sei weil dihr uff die Welt kumme seid south vun der Mason un Dixon Line." Sell hot mei Freind awwer kunsiddere mache.

Iwwerdem iss der Parre ans "zwettens" kumme. Noh hot er gsaat, sie sedde dankbaar sei, ass sie weiss sin un net schwaz. Bei daere Zeit waar mei Freind reddi fer zerick schwetze.

Noh iss es awwer aerscht recht los gebroche. Der Parre hot gsaat, "Drittens, dihr sedde dankbaar sei ass dihr Demograade seid." Nau, meinre Freind ihre Mann schteht hoch in der Republikan Partei in unsere Schtaet.

Mei Freind waar am iwwerkoche bei daere Zeit. Sie hot ihre Meind uffgemacht, wann sie zu der Dier naus gingt, deet sie em Parre saagge, sie waer dankbaar ass sie in Lebanon Kaunty gebore waer un dass sie en Republikaaner waer.

Awwer wie sie an die Dier kumme iss, waare die zwee annere Parre datt un der Parre wu so dankbaar waar hot sie naryets gsehne.

Was kann mer denke vun so re Breddich? Net viel, gewiss net. Ich bin bang der lieb Gott waar zu bissi zu heere, was der iwwer - zwarrich Parre in Texas gsaat hot.

—Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News—

JACOB D. DIETRICK

(1778—1838)

Publisher and Bookseller in Four States

By KLAUS G. WUST

Men of many crafts followed the trail of the Pennsylvania German farmers who left their first settlements in the Quaker State to found new homesteads in Western Maryland, the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia and from there pushing on west into Ohio. It was significant for the educational level of these rural settlers that printers, newspaper publishers and booksellers found it profitable to join in this migration. One of the most colorful personalities among them was Jacob D. Dietrick who owned bookshops in Chambersburg in Pennsylvania, Hagerstown in Maryland, Winchester and Staunton in Virginia and Lancaster in Ohio within less than 15 years. He also distinguished himself as an enterprising newspaper and almanac publisher. Some of his imprints have been listed in the checklists of Felix Reichmann (for Maryland) and Klaus G. Wust (for Virginia) in the recent "Reports of the Society for the History of the German in Maryland" (in the 27th Report, 10, 33-34 and the 28th Report, 56-59). Dietrick printed in English as well as in German, being equally well versed in both languages as it was the case with many newspaper publishers and editors of his day in areas with mixed population.

Jacob D. Dietrick was born of German immigrant parents in the month of February, 1778, in Philadelphia. In his native city he received a thorough training in the printing trade. He worked for several local printers and also assisted in the sale of books and everything that went with it in those days, "ironmongery, paint, patent medicines and fancy goods." After his marriage to the bonnet-maker Elizabeth Geyer in May, 1800, he removed to Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, where he opened his own store. In November of the same year he decided in favor of Hagerstown, then the center of the German settlements in Western Maryland. His store there was located in the Diamond, opposite Jonathan Hager's inn. Of special attraction for the local people was his circulating library of many titles which he had acquired in Philadelphia. This was one of the first lending libraries in the State of Maryland. It comprised a wide variety of English and German books, both of literary and practical interest, notably the works of Kotzebue and Wieland. The famous Hagerstown printer, John Gruber, provided German books and almanacs, the Frederick printer, John P. Thomson, English - language publications for Dietrick's newly established publishing firm. From 1805-1807 he maintained a branch of his bookshop in nearby Winchester, Virginia.

Soon after his arrival in Hagerstown, Dietrick took a prominent part in civic and church affairs. In 1803 he headed the committee for the establishment of a Lutheran parochial school. Politically his sympathies were Republican. During the 1803 elections he sought the office of a postmaster. The Republican victory secured his appointment for this lucrative position. By 1806 he had bought his own printing equipment which made him independent of Gruber. In the following winter he moved his print shop and stock of books and other merchandise from Hagerstown and Winchester to Staunton in Augusta County, Virginia.

Staunton, the county seat of "Old Federal Augusta," required an energetic editor for a Jeffersonian - Republican newspaper. Dietrick was willing to have his try. In July, 1807, he began the publication of the weekly "Staunton Eagle." A German - counterpart, "Der Deutsche Virginier Adler," followed in January, 1808. A wide circulation was sought for both newspapers but only the English "Eagle" seems to have been successful. It was well edited and printed in handsome type. Dietrick did most of the printing, editing and selling himself. His grasp of national and state affairs was intelligent, his style fanciful but instructive. For him the press had a paramount role in American society: "The importance of periodical prints, especially in a country such as ours, is manifest to every reflecting mind, and in a government like that of the United States, resting entirely on public opinion, it is of the last consequence, that opinion should be correctly formed and steadily adhered to. This cannot be done to any considerable extent, only through the medium of the press," he wrote in one of his editorials in 1807. Dietrick also was commissioned to print documents for Congress. Job printing and a newly added bookbinding department made his a busy life during the Staunton years. While attending a Methodist camp meeting in the neighborhood he was persuaded to give up his affiliation with the Lutherans and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, an event which he considered as a turning - point in his private life.

During the 1810-1811 campaign Dietrick supported in word and print the Republican candidate for the U. S. Senate, Chapman Johnson. After Johnson's election in April, 1811, Dietrick felt that his task in Staunton was fulfilled. He followed the call to a new settlement of Pennsylvania Germans in the small town of Lancaster in Fairfield County, Ohio. He loaded several wagons with all his equipment in the early part of 1812 and started out on the long trail through the mountains to his new home in Ohio. There he was to take over a German weekly, the "Ohio Adler," which threatened to be discontinued if no new editor could be found. Since there was no English newspaper in Lancaster and the need for it had been pointed out to him, Dietrick saw in his removal to Ohio an opportunity to make use of his experience in both English and German journalism. After reorganizing the German printshop and setting up his own English outfit, he began publication of the "Adler" under the new name "Der Deutsche Ohio Adler." In November, 1812, the first issue of his English "Ohio Eagle" appeared, a newspaper which survives to this day in the "Eagle-Gazette" of Lancaster.

The new environment found Jacob D. Dietrick active in politics right away. In 1814 he was appointed Postmaster, followed by his election as Justice of the Peace in 1819. For fourteen years he served as an Associate Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. His general store was the early meeting place of town and country folk in Lancaster. In 1814 he withdrew from the newspaper business to devote all his time to the store and his public offices. When Duke Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar visited Lancaster in 1825 he was given Judge Dietrick as a guide. The Duke wrote about this encounter in his diary as follows: "Shortly after my arrival I was visited by several of the local German and half-German inhabitants. Among the latter I remarked Judge Dietrick, a native of Philadelphia, an agreeable, plain and well - informed man. He offered to be my guide and I gladly accepted."

Jacob D. Dietrick's career which extended over four states is in some ways typical for the Pennsylvania German element of his time. Born into the American scene and yet retaining the German language and many of the old customs, these men helped to bridge the gap which existed between the people of Anglo-Saxon and German stock by leading their fellow Germans toward a full participation in the life of their new country. Dietrick remained a leader in his community until he was stricken by a kidney disease in October, 1838. The well-known German physician, Dr. Christian Boerstler, was called to his bedside. After two months of terrible suffering, Jacob D. Dietrick passed away on December 29, 1838, at the age of 60.

When Dietrick handed over his newspapers in Lancaster he wrote in his last editorial: "In publishing it has always been my object to render this print a vehicle not only of prompt and correct intelligence, but also of sound politics and chaste amusement. To please the whims of every would-be politician was not my object, but in conducting it I always endeavored to please myself, still keeping the public good in view. I trust the Republicans of Fairfield County will not let the "Ohio Eagle" want for feathers, but continue to bestow on it that fostering care necessary for its nourishment, that it may grow up and arrive at a good old age." The newspaper which he founded in 1807, today called "Eagle Gazette," will enter its 150th year of publication this fall, truly a monument to its first publisher, Jacob D. Dietrick, who acquired his first modest printing equipment in Hagerstown in order to become independent of John Gruber whose famed "Almanac" last year celebrated its 160th year of publication.

THE MORNING CALL

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Editorials

Grim Prospect for Motorists

It is satisfactory to the more than 13,000 persons who signed petitions for the saving of Bogert's Bridge that the State Department of Highways intends to repair the bridge, even tho it was damaged severely after the petitions had been received and approved by Governor Leader. It must be satisfactory also for the many other persons who did not get a chance to sign the petitions but approved the idea.

The repairs which are to be made presumably will be on a scale no larger than is necessary to continue the bridge's usefulness along the lines which the petitions contemplated, namely for the passage of pedestrians, bicyclists and horsemen.

It certainly was not expected that the bridge would be ruined for motor traffic before a modern bridge, parallel to it, could be constructed. But that is exactly what happened when a modern Jehu in defiance of, or disregard for signs and in violation of a fistful of Motor Code regulations crashed thru the bridge on Memorial Day.

The reluctance of the State Highway Department to restore the bridge to its condition before the Memorial Day accident and thus permit resumption of light motor traffic until a substitute bridge can be erected is understandable. But it is a grim prospect for the vast number of motorists who have become accustomed to use S. 24th St. from Highway 222 to Highway 29, and now must make extended detour.

Relief for them appears likely to be as far off as one to two years. Bridges are not built in a day and in this case the site for the new structure has not yet been decided and plans for the bridge have not been completed.

The Highways Department certainly realizes the importance of speeding all the plans necessary to restoring the facilities for motor traffic that were lost when Bogert's Bridge was smashed.

Russia Stands Indicted

All the charges of wholesale murder that were made in the western world against Premier Josef Stalin were more than verified when, after his death, Nikita Khrushchev made a clean breast of the scandal.

Now all the charges which were made against Russia, and of course Khrushchev, during the suppression of the Hungarian revolt last October and November, have been verified by by an investigation committee named by the United Nations. This body has just made its report.

This committee was made up of representatives of smaller nations which have maintained positions as neutral as is possible in the world of today. The United States was not represented. Therefore it could not justly be charged, as Russia already has done, with using the committee as a vehicle for U.S. propaganda.

The report indicts Russia for the deportation of thousands of Hungarians, the wholesale murder of civilian population and the setting up of a despotic government by the Russians in Hungary.

Contrary to the Russian charges that the Hungarian revolt was inspired by and assisted by the Western World, particularly the United States, the committee's report says that what occurred was a spontaneous national uprising. It was not planned in advance and was due to grievances of long standing among the people.

From start to finish, the revolt was led by students, workers, soldiers and intellectuals, many of them Communists or former Communists. There is no evidence to support Moscow's charge that the revolution was fomented and helped by reactionary circles in Hungary and "Western imperialists."

The committee's report, which was drawn up by Keith C. O. Shann, of Australia, drew three broad conclusions from its exhaustive inquiry:

1. The Soviet Union intervened by force in Hungary to crush a popular uprising and, in the second instance, to overthrow a legal and popularly supported government.

2. The uprising of the Hungarians was a spontaneous demonstration and not assisted from the outside. It was not an attempt to restore the old pre-war form of government, an allusion to the Soviet contention that the uprising was a counter-revolution aimed at restoring to power capitalists and landowners.

3. The Kadar Government did not at the time of its installation and does not now have popular support and the Soviet military command in fact administered the country for some time after the Kadar Government was formed Nov. 4.

The committee expressed its disappointment that both Moscow and Budapest had refused it admission to Hungary, and had attacked the inquiry as illegal. But the members (Australia, Denmark, Ceylon, Tunisia and Uruguay; insisted that the evidence was so compelling that it was unlikely to be modified by anything Russia and Hungary might say.

Accepting the report as "an authoritative record" the U. S. Department of State now has called upon the United Nations to redress the wrongs against the Hungarian People.

It is pointed out that the Soviet Government and the Kadar regime in Russia Hungary cannot credibly challenge the findings since they refused all cooperation with the committee and denied it entrance to Hungary. The State Department's statement to the 24 nations that set up the committee, in defiance of Russian protests, adds:

"The report of the special committee takes on profound moral significance as an affirmation of the just nature of the Hungarian people's struggle for freedom and national independence and as a grave indictment of Soviet deeds in Hungary and of the policies which have been ruthlessly applied in that unfortunate country at Soviet direction.

"The United States Government believes that the report of the Special Committee on the Problem of Hungary merits the widest public attention and the most immediate and close study by all governments.

"Obviously the co-sponsors of the resolution establishing the committee will wish to consult as soon as possible to determine the most effective way of dealing with the committee's report, and of seeking all practical redress of the wrong that has been committed, in violation of the principles of the United Nations and of elemental requirements of humanity."

Russia and her puppet, Kadar, have been put on the hook. They must not be permitted to wriggle off it.

A Great Restoration Job

The earnestness of the Lehigh River Restoration Assn. and the courage of its members in the pursuit of a splendid goal again have been emphasized in their acceptance of the challenge to assume responsibility for the maintenance of the dams at Lehigh Gap and Treichlers.

All that remains to make the decision official is the signing of an agreement to lease the dams from the Lehigh Coal and Navigation at a nominal price. Thereupon it will be possible to begin the work necessary to repair the canal between Weissport and Packerton and add the 3½ mile stretch of water to the existing recreation area between Weissport and Parryville.

Already it has taken much time, labor and money from the good citizens of that area who have been back of the idea since its inception and who have accepted this new challenge to sacrifice. The organization enjoys and it deserves the thanks and respect of the entire community for its successful achievements.

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.

A Baneful Influence on Youth

To the Editor—

I write this concerning a recent item in "Inside Stuff," from which I quote the following: "A group of more than thirty sportsmen will take a bus trip to Yankee Stadium for the double - header between the Yanks and the White Sox. Included in the party are (a list of names). They'll take along 30 cases of beer" etc.

Really now, Mr. Editor, can we assume this to be sports news?

Thousands of young athletes and others read this column religiously. What inference must they draw from a report of this kind?

For those who wish to imbibe their way through the great American pastime, I say, let them. Live and let live! But, please, o, please Mr. Editor let's keep such questionable references out of our sports columns where the eyes and minds of our young people often seek heroes to emulate.

Recently a painful parallel story was reported in your newspaper, this one concerning students of a local high school. Just whom were these children emulating? How many examples of parental delinquency do we need to demonstrate for all of us the importance of our own responsibilities to our youth?

Sincerely yours,
Helen Sell
New Tripoli R. 2

Moscow Mule



Russian 'Peace' Moves

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The paradox of the hour is the way the Russians profess to be advocating "disarmament" at London at the very time that Moscow and Peiping are making military moves of a threatening nature aimed at the West.

The news dispatches have an ominous sound and the latest "communique" on the "cold war" reads as follows:


Lawrence

1. Egypt has been furnished three Soviet submarines to help patrol the Mediterranean and keep a watchful eye on the U. S. Sixth Fleet. Israel thinks the move may be directed at her shipping and is preparing countermeasures.

2. A Soviet cruiser and two escort vessels have just passed through the Turkish straits to the Mediterranean, and several more cruisers and destroyers of the Soviet navy are scheduled to pass through the same waterway soon.

3. The Russian Navy has turned Albania into an armed camp, posing a threat to Allied strategy in the Mediterranean. Submarine bases, according to United Press reports, have been built less than 50 miles from the Italian shore, and a large naval base in Albania has been "fortified and enlarged." A network of five airfields capable of handling jet planes has been established.

4. The United Nations command in Korea has at last been authorized to tell the Red Chinese formally that, because the armistice agreement has been violated by the Communist forces, it becomes necessary for the U. N. units to be given "modern weapons" to offset the advantage. Both the North Koreans and the Chinese Communists have illegally introduced new weapons into the area they hold north of the armistice line.

5. The Chinese Communists are building up more airfields for jet planes opposite Formosa, and considerable nervousness has reappeared in the area.

All this doesn't sound as if tensions are being removed. It gives the impression that the London talks are just part of a sparring match going on to fix responsibility by one side or the other for a possible breakdown.

Red Advantage

The Russians, of course, get a big propaganda advantage in the world at large out of their pose as seekers of peace. It helps to quiet the fears of their own people and enables the Moscow strategists at the same time to keep up constant criticism of the West by seizing every sign of a difference of opinion and magnifying it to make it appear that the Allies are disunited.

Actually, the negotiations are so delicate that it is a matter of deep regret that President Eisenhower permitted any discussion of the disarmament problem at his press conference. The President talks informally and likes to answer the newsmen, but every syllable he utters should have been written out in advance. Off-the-cuff comments on foreign affairs are dangerous. Press Secretary Hagerty had to straighten out a misapprehension gained by the reporters from an over-condensed statement which the President made on disarmament. Moscow radio took advantage of the episode. When finally cleared up, it turned out that Mr. Eisenhower had not deviated from the agreed-upon line with the Allies.

Meanwhile, Senator Lyndon Johnson, Democratic leader, has come part way toward "cooperation" with the President and the disarmament mission headed by Harold Stassen. The Texas senator says he will agree to let some Democratic senators go to London provided he gets a "formal request" from the President. Even so, the senators are merely to be "observers" and not members of the mission.

Have No Voice

Mr. Johnson seems to feel that senators cannot "participate" in the mission itself or share any "responsibility" for the decisions made, since the United States doesn't have a parliamentary system and the constitution calls for a separation of the legislative and executive. But this is splitting hairs. Either the senators who go along do so with the knowledge that they will help formulate a treaty they can recommend to the Senate for its "advice and consent," or they tell the other members of the mission at London during the negotiations that they will not so recommend and why.

The idea of any senators going on a foreign mission and remaining aloof and inarticulate, so that those diplomats doing the negotiating of a treaty do not know whether or not the senators present will approve or disapprove when they go back home to vote, will be regarded as a piece of political chicanery that does not reflect a wholehearted desire to cooperate.

There was nothing in the constitution which prevented the late Senator Arthur Vandenberg, Republican, from helping the administration of President Truman, Democrat, to negotiate the United Nations charter treaty at San Francisco. So there is nothing in the constitution today which prevents a Democratic senator from helping to negotiate a treaty for President Eisenhower, Republican. It's only necessary that the senators concerned should not receive any pay from the executive branch of the government for such services, and then they will be conforming to all constitutional requirements.

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Pumpernickle Bill

WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HARRAH FER MACUNGIE:

Sis 'n grossie tzeit om kumma in da shaina shtadt Macungie —freer gakent ols Millershteddle. 'N alter Porra is die sawg, het mohl noch Millershteddle gawolt mit goul un wogga, ow'r het der waig net gawist. Endlich het er 'n glainer boo aw gadroffa kee heeda nava om waig—het g'shtopt un der waig g'frok'd noch Millershteddle. Der glae boo is die sawg, het sich net fiel bakimmert um der Porra — het weiters net fiel tzu sawga kot bis der Porra g'sawt het, "Ich denk duh waish'd net war ich bin. Ich bin der Porra so un so, woh da leit der waig noch 'm himmel weiss'd.

"Oh," het der glae boo g'sawt, duh weissh'd da leit der waig noch 'm himmel. Wel, won duh sel dush'd, ferwos waish'd 'n net noch Millershted-dle."


Pumpernickle

Fon ebbes sin m'r shure, un sel is, os fon danovet ob, wenich leit sin uf weit un braid, os der waig net wissa noch Macungie. 'S hunnerd yairich fesht is darta om gae — yar bei jupps, won Macungie net 'n hunnerd yohr alt is, un dale fon da eiwohner sehna mit ihrra alta glaider, bockaboard, un onner hoar waisa in da g'sichter, kent m'r waricklich denka sie hetta die tzeit fiela weiter tzurick gadray'd os wie yusht 'n hunnerd yohr — waricklich tzu da tzeita wie die wilda barra noch freier wald kotta hen in da gonsa gagend.

Mit dem os m'r net rum kenna wie m'r ols gawaind worra tzu gae — ae mohl hoh un moh widder darta, hen m'r so weit wenich ous g'funna wos ol aw gait die nagshd woch in Macungie. So fiel wissa m'r ow'r, os es gross ordicha socha gebt, un sie hen aw grawd der blotz fer so'n fesht tzu halta — der gross Macungie park woh yohr fer yohr om waxa is. Un gawd wies shteddle, un der park gawoxa is darrich die yohrra, so aw is des hunnerd yairich fesht gawoxa in da ledshda mohneta — fom aller arishda awfong os blawns galaig'd sin werra fer des fesht tzu halta.

Ken hunnerd yairich fesht wear fartich mit ous bockaboard. So wie Fegelcher uns gapifa hen, is der gons blotz tzu k'hoar'd os fon da beshda freind alsa mohl paar mohl gucka missa bis sie nonner kenna. Die uhrsoch fer die bockaboard — un alt frankisha glaider fer die weibsleit, is fer helfa die tzeit tzurick draya 'n hunnerd yohr — un der blotz imma waig gucka mocha wies wor, wie Millershteddle — un now Macungie, fers airsht mohl in der gong kumma is.

Dawg fer dawg fon den owet ob, werra alta socha iwwer hol'd — socha fer weissa wie die gagend gawoxa is mit yuhst paar leit rum, bis heit tzu dawg, woh Macungie ains fon da wockershda londs shteddlecher is, aenich aryads tzu finna uf weit un braid.

Der winsch fon ol is, os leit fon weit un braid ae tzeit odder die in da kummenda woch, noch Macungie kumma maiga, sich blessierra mit wos die eiwohner shun om shoffa worra dafor fer 'n gons yohr un noch langer.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Sis shawd os der drunker O.P. "Packer" Knauss 's net erlawwa hut kenna bis es hunnerd yairrich fesht rum kumma is — Macungie hut ken tzeit aenich ebber naicher om hartz galaiga os wies 'm "Packer," hut.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Genesis 37-50

The story of Joseph runs from chapter 37 to 50 of Genesis. It is one of the most interesting sections of the Bible, if in it we study the experiences of Joseph as a type on the human level of those of Jesus with their spiritual connotations.

Three Sunday School lessons this month are devoted to the story. Years ago I wrote a pamphlet under the title, "From Prison to Palace," treating of Joseph as a type of Christ. With the hope that many Bible readers and teachers may profit thereby, I suggest that all who are interested read chapters 37-50 (omitting 38) of Genesis, and that we include in our daily paragraphs at least parts of the pamphlet to serve as comments on the Bible text.

A part of the Preface reads: The Lord Jesus Christ appears on almost every page of Scripture! He is the theme of the New Testament as well as of the Old. In the latter, the Holy Spirit, in type and symbol, has given us an inexhaustible store of riches through which we may more clearly understand the mission of Christ and the glory of His person.

Many Old Testament characters have more than historical significance. Let Joseph serve as a type of the Messiah who was to come, in His humiliation and exaltation, or, in His sufferings and his glory.

Horoscope

If you have difficulties, deception and the like, confide in your employer, and all should be well.



BOOK REVIEW

THE AMISH YEAR. Photographs by Charles S. Rice. Text by Rollin C. Steinmetz (New Brunswick, N. J. Rutgers University Press, 1956. Pp. 224. $5.00).

Although the Amish number less than ten per cent of the entire Pennsylvania - German-speaking people of America they have been extensively publicized in magazines and newspapers, on radio, television and stage. Indeed no other religious group in America has so consciously shunned publicity and received so much. The public has had ample opportunity to learn about the Amish and their way of life and yet another book about "the little known Amish" lies before us. Rollin C. Steinmetz, who has supplied the text in this publication, believes that somewhere along the way the identity of the Amish as individual human beings has become obscured. It can hardly be said that he has offered us any new information, but he has done it in a delightfully informal and lively narrative.

As the reader accompanies Mr. Steinmetz on his round through the Amish year he comes to agree with the author that the Amish folks, despite their austere religious tenets, are very human beings, who in their own way have the same keen lust of life as the rest of us. In this book we participate in their everyday activities, in both work and play. In January we witness their sharp business acumen at auctions and public sales. — In February, when farm duties are light, it is the time for the making or the purchase of clothes. They may be plain and buttonless, but they are a matter of much concern to the Amish. — March brings strenuous days of plowing with horse and plowshare, not that the Amish farmer could not afford to buy a tractor, but modernity must be resisted. — In April we attend an Amish funeral, an occasion of solemn dignity, not lessened by time-honored folkways. — In May we visit the shop of a wainwright, who has been making buggies and carriages for Amish families for the past half century. He knows of no young men interested in learning the trade today. Could it be that the Amish must eventually yield to the automobile? — In June we witness that supreme communal effort, a barn-raising. — In July, in midsummer heat, we sit with the Old Order Amish through the long, wearisome hours of a Sabbath service. — August sees the Amish busy with their tobacco harvest, an important factor in the Amish economy. — In September we learn how the Amish husbandman treats his livestock. Also we witness an unexpected levity when Amish youths indulge in something approaching a rodeo, while the old folks are gathered at Sabbath worship in a nearby farmhouse.

—In October we watch the young Amish people participate in a bosterous, unchaperoned barn-dance, a seeming dissonance, but indicative of the inescapable trend of our age. — November, when crops are in and stored for the winter, is the favored month for weddings. Who would not gladly attend Annie Beiler's wedding feast and partake of the eight five-pound fruit cakes, the twenty layer cakes and sixty pies, and a wash-boiler full of chowchow?

—In December the author becomes involved in the perplexities that confront Amish children in the public school system. It is the Christmas month and the Amish children of today try to recapture some of the Christmas customs which their ancestors had long ago abandoned to their less strict German Lutheran and Reformed neighbors.

Mr. Steinmetz's plan of presenting his material to fit the months of the year is a pleasant if not altogether novel one. There are times when his efforts seem to be somewhat strained. It is an idea that fits itself better for a more poetic rendition as Frederic Klees has so well shown in "Round the Year," the Epilogue to his notable book "The Pennsylvania Dutch" (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1950). The author has offered us nothing new, unless it be that the old order changeth and that the modern, technological age is making its insidious inroads upon what some continue to think is an idyllic pastoral existence.

If at some distant future someone should wish to find a record of present-day Amish life it will be Charles S. Rice's fine photographs that will lend testimonial reality rather than Mr. Steinmetz's narrative. It is this visual record of Amish life that gives significance to this publication. But for a more comprehensive photographic presentation we refer the reader to the earlier publication of the Rutgers University Press, Meet the Amish. A Pictorial Study by Charles S. Rice and John B. Shenk. Mr. Rice's photographs always satisfy. He possesses a remarkable awareness and sensitivity for the moment that deserves permanence. — P. A. B.

KANSDRAUWE UN GRUSSELBIERE

(Currants and Gooseberries)

Some time ago the Editor of the Eck addressed an inquiry to Mr. Raymond E. Hollenbach about black currants and their use among our Pennsylvania German ancestors. No one is better qualified to furnish such information. In the Palatinate no garden is complete without currant bushes, either the red or the black or both. The Editor of the Eck has for years had the black currant in his own garden. It is a very aromatic berry that furnishes a fine jelly. It has long been known for its medicinal properties. In Germany today the juice of the black currant has become a popular drink because of its rich vitamin content.

The Editor's inquiry brought from Mr. Hollenbach the following chatty but also very informative reply:

Our old German almanacs marked June 24th as Johannes Taeufer - St. John the Baptist's Day. What connection is there with kansdrauwe, our dialect word for currants?

John Birmelin in his little poem Alle Saddie Wadde about dialect words wrote —

"Deel die sin so wiescht verdreht
As sie niemand meh versteht."

Kansdrauwe is one of those words which are "wiescht verdreht." The Germans call currants Johannesbeeren or Johannestrauben, but they are not really grapes, nor do they have anything to do with St. John the Baptist. They are called "grapes" because of the manner of growing in little clusters, and are named after St. John the Baptist because in the latitude of northern Europe they ripen about June 24th. In the days before calendars and almanacs, the names of plants and the days for planting and harvesting were often associated with holidays and Saint's Days, all of which were religiously observed and served as an unfailing reminder. (It should be pointed out that the first component of Kansdrauwe, kans is a contraction of Johannes, and in the Palatinate is found both as kans and g'hanns. So also Johannistag is known as Kans — or Ghannsdaa for St. John's Day, and a Johanniskirche, or St. John's Church becomes in the Palatinate the "G'hannskarch." — ED.)

Johannes Metzger (head gardener at Heidelberg, Germany) in his "Gartenbuch" (1844) mentioned the names Hanstrauben and Kantztrauben, and Wilde, in his book of Palatinate dialect names of plants, calls them Ghannstrauwe and Kahnnstrauwe. The English name, currant, is just as verdreht, and originally meant a small grape that is the source of the dried currant of the grocery store — a product which is getting harder to find every year. The currant of the grocery store is made from a small grape that originally grew in the vicinity of Corinth in Greece and was introduced into England through France where they are called raisins de Corinthe, meaning raisins of Corinth. In the Anglo-French of the Norman invasion this became raisins de Courantz, and finally currants. The Germans call these true currants die Korinthen. We Pennsylvania Germans make no distinction and garden currants and "store" currants are both kansdrauwe.

Who, except the youngest generation, does not remember the row of red currant bushes that in years past invariably graced every farm garden — and the gooseberry bush or two that grew nearby? As each year passes these two fruits are getting scarcer and scarcer — just another of the changing scenes of our country life. There is still a gooseberry bush in our old garden, but the currant bushes, which are more vulnerable to disease, are all gone.

Both currants and gooseberries occur in a wild state in both northern Europe and in North America, but the first mention of either in cultivation does not occur until about the middle of the 16th Century — a little more than 50 years after Columbus discovered America. Tusser, in the famous English book on farming, mentioned gooseberries in 1573, but not currants. Gerarde, the old English herbalist, in 1597, called currants "very small gooseberries." Like many other fruits and vegetables, currants and gooseberries were used in their wild state, before they were cultivated, because they were believed to be "good for you" — not just because they tasted good. All the early books about plants, both English and German, mention just the medicinal use of currants and gooseberries. These are too many to be mentioned here. However, even the early books that our ancestors brought to Pennsylvania stress these points. Brauner's "Kraeuterbuch" (1728), a copy of which was recently found in a Longswamp attic, says

"St. Johannis - Traubel syrup erquicket des Eingeweide, loeschet den Durst, wehret die Galle, widerstehet dem Erbrechen, und staerket den Magen"

and preserved currants were considered

"den Krancken in Fiebern eine sonderbare Erquickung."

In another book, "Die Hausmutter" (1782) a copy of which in the writer's possession bears on the fly-leaf the autograph of Frederick Muhlenberg, says "Brey mit Johannisbeersaft" is very good for fever patients. Gooseberries, however, according to this book, were already highly prized on the table and "Tauben mit Stachelbeeren sind eine Gastspeise" — squab with gooseberries is a dish fit for company.

To recent generations, currants meant fine jellies, excellent wines and tasty pies, with or without top crust, made of green currants or ripe currants. Sometimes red raspberries were mixed with currants for added flavor. Currant wine was held in high esteem — at the Allentown fair in 1855, the only awards for wine, other than grape wine, were for currant wine. Both currants and gooseberries were preserved green by sealing them in jars or bottles in clear water and keeping them in a dark place, preferably buried in sand in the cellar. By this method our ancestors were able to have "fresh" fruit almost the whole year round — this before the invention of the Mason jar in 1858. A non-alcoholic drink, called currant shrub, made of the fresh juice of currants in the manner of lemonade, was very popular among farmers in America around Civil War times.

Of course, the word "currants" usually brings to mind those small bright red berries which one writer has described as looking like rothe korelle, red beads. Actually, however, there are a number of species of both currants and gooseberries, which have been developed into a very large number of cultivated varieties. In North America alone there are at least eight different species of wild currants and five or six species of gooseberries. In the early garden books, before botany was a science, these currants were grouped into three kinds — red, white and black. In the early herbals it was the black currant that received the most attention, because of its supposed medicinal qualities. A species of black currants grows wild in America, but black currants in cultivation are now rarely found in Pennsylvania. The only black currants the writer remembers are some he saw in 1918 near Dijon, France, a region where this fruit was formerly raised in large quantities for the purpose of making wine. Metzger, mentioned above, said that a common name for the black currant was "Wanzenbeere" and that most people despised them because of "den wanzenartig Geruch" — smell like bedbugs. Wilde says that among the peasants there they are sometimes called "Deiwelsghannstrauwe" because they are "schwarz wie der Teufel." In northern England, black currant jelly was once the standard remedy for quinsy or sore throat. In fact, Elliott's "Fruit Book" printed in this country in 1856 mentions this remedy. The dried leaves of the black currant were used as a substitute for tea.

Currants and gooseberries are closely related in the family of plants and their whole history and their uses are very similar. The rather smallish gooseberries usually found in our Pennsylvania gardens are very much different from some raised in Europe, especially those of northern England. At the beginning of the 19th Century, the raising of gooseberries in England amounted almost to a mania. In Lancashire "almost every cottager who has a garden cultivates the gooseberry with a view to prizes given at what are called 'gooseberry prize meetings'." An annual book called the "Gooseberry Groser's Register" was published in Manchester, in which as many as 400 varieties of gooseberries are mentioned. Even in America, Prince's nursery on Long Island, in 1841, offered 147 varieties of gooseberries. The largest prize-winning gooseberry is mentioned as weighing 32 pennyweight, or the equivalent of about nine gooseberries to a pound. A mildew which attacks the gooseberry in America is described at length in various early publications of the predecessor of our Department of Agriculture.

Currant growers too had their troubles after 1857, when the sawfly was brought in from Europe. This insect produces a green caterpillar with black spots, which, if left alone, completely devours all the foilage of the currant. The old remedy used by our mothers was to dust the bushes with hellebore — more correctly white hellebore, called nieswaertzel in our dialect.

About something as common as gooseberries and currants there were bound to be some beliefs and superstitions. In the gooseberry country of northern England, an old-fashioned remedy for a wart was to prick the wart with a gooseberry thorn that has been passed through a wedding ring. In the Palatinate, to dream about red or black currants was a bad omen and the sign of a sad death in the family — "traumt man von schwarze oder roten Johannisbeeren so kommt ein Trauerfall in der Familie vor." We Pennsylvania Germans were satisfied to use currants and gooseberries for just plain good eating.

Royersford,
June 1957

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Editorials

Next Step—Recover the Loot

For almost two months a jury in Harrisburg listened to millions of words of testimony and argument and on Thursday the jury returned a verdict of guilt against five men charged with conspiracy to defraud the Pennsylvania Turnpike Commission of an estimated $19½ million in the biggest scandal since the building of the Capitol in Harrisburg. Four defendants were acquitted..

While attorneys for those convicted have announced the intention of their clients to seek a new trial, the convictions were attained after what up to this time at least has been adjudged a full and free trial. A jury of their peers was convinced by the testimony adduced that Chairman Thomas J. Evans of the Commission and his associate on that body, Commissioner James F. Torrance, was guilty with three others in the highly serious crime of conspiracy. In addition, the jury found Evans and Torrance guilty on the charge of misconduct in office by awarding the multi-million contract to Manu-Mine Research and Development Co. without competitive bidding and without prior approval by the State Department of Highways.

It was a case which, apart from the vast sums of money concerned, particularly interested the people of the Lehigh Valley for it was the manipulation of huge contracts to fill abandoned coal mines under the right-of-way of the Northwest Extension that was the basis of the prosecution by the State.

The verdict was a triumph for Governor Leader and his administration which originally smelled the rat. Then, after extended investigation, they brought about the prosecutions. Prior to that a contract in the amount of $8½ million had been canceled, of which $6.7 million had been paid out of the funds of the Turnpike Commission.

While the plans of the conspiracy contemplated a $19 million job, the State's losses were limited to the amount of the overcharges upon the work performed before the contract was canceled. This amount still may be a very sizeable sum. It is that figure which, if can be determined or even approximated, should be the basis of suits by the State against the guilty if and when the convictions are sustained in the higher courts, to which the question may be presented.

Only small fines and jail sentences can be assessed for the charges upon which convictions were attained. The real pinch and the proper compensation for the crimes would be exacted thru recovery of the plunder from those who profited.

Tough Times for Borrowers

Municipal authorities all over this area who are contemplating extensive improvements — to be financed by bond issues — may well take pause as they observe the shock that the Upper Perkiomen School authority suffered in recent days when it got only one bid for an issue of $825,000 and that on a "take-it-or-leave-it" basis at the going rate of 5.18 per cent.

Not in many years have municipal offerings been floated in this section of the country at so high a rate. Nor is it a reflection upon the financial standing of the Upper Perkiomen Authority that so high a rate was asked. It is simply an indication of the condition of the national money market in which demand is greater than supply.

The Upper Perkiomen Authority found itself with its back up against a stone wall. An addition to the high school building in East Greenville is a vital need. Plans have been drawn up and bids for construction already are in hand. The Authority simply has to have the money. So it cannot quibble about the rate of interest that must be paid for it will be secured by the bidders elsewhere if it is not taken up by the Authority.

The Hungarian Volcano

The Russians who are holding the reins over the Communist Government in Hungary must be having nightmares as they strive to keep freedom-loving Hungarians in line.

At any rate they are boasting about the recent arrest of several hundred "counterrevolutionists" who, allegedly, were plotting a revolt in October.

About forty spy rings are said to have been discovered and broken up, presumably by putting the members in prison. Hundreds of plotters for a new revolt are also said to have been put under arrest thruout the country.

The reports may be entirely true. In fact, to judge from the spirit of the 180,000 Hungarians who got out of the country during the spontaneous revolt in October and November of 1956, there must be many thousands of their brethren back home who feel just as angry over the suppression of their freedoms as did the men and women who fled eight months ago from home and kindred and have sought reguge in the western world.

Cunning indeed these Hungarians must be to escape the suspicions and the constant surveillance of their behavior and their words. But there can be a deep satisfaction, namely that the tyrants themselves are having their own troubles and misgivings. The peak of a volcano that may at any moment erupt is not a resful place.

Travelers as Ambassadors

Many have been the suggestions to Americans who visit foreign countries that they regard and conduct themselves as ambassadors of good will and that in every way possible they shall make friends for their nation wherever they go.

Now this suggestion has been made official. And the official support for and implementation of the idea comes from President Eisenhower himself who has been a mighty fine ambassador to many nations in the course of his military career.

At an early day every American, upon receiving his passport, will also receive a copy of a letter from the President. Addressing him as "a fellow-citizen" the President will say to the prospective traveler:

"You have been issued a valued credential—the passport of the United States. It requests that, in the countries you intend to visit, there be provided you, as an American citizen, safe passage, lawful aid and protection in case of need. As the holder of this passport, you will be the guest of our neighbors and friends in the world family of nations.

"Year after year, increasing numbers of our citizens travel to foreign countries. In most of these lands there exist a reservoir of good will for the United States and a knowledge of what we stand for. In some areas, our country and its aspirations are less well understood. To all the varied peoples of these many countries, you, the bearer of an American passport, represent the United States of America.

"As you travel abroad, the respect you show for foreign laws and customs, your courteous regard for other ways of life, and your speech and manner help to mold the reputation of our country. Thus, you represent us all in bringing assurance to the people you meet that the United States is a friendly nation and one dedicated to the search for world peace and to the promotion of the well-being and security of the community of nations."

Every member of the armed services will receive a somewhat similar communication from the President upon going abroad.

The hope will be that the suggestions will be followed carefully and that courtesy and consideration will replace faults all too often criticised abroad. Since Americans now are the world's most extensive travellers in point of numbers and economic importance it is important that the best possible impressions be made by our representatives wherever they may go and with whomsoever they may meet.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Genesis 43:26-30.

When Joseph had come home for the dinner which he had ordered to be prepared for his brethren, they gave him the present which they had brought along from Canaan (43:11), and bowed themselves to him to the earth (as Joseph's dreams in 37:7-10 indicated that they would do).

When Jesus came at the time of His first advent, wise men brought gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, Matth 2:11. When He shall come the second time, as Joseph's brethren came to him the second time with gifts, so in Isaiah 60:6 (and see Psalm 72:9-11) we read that they shall bring gold and incense (no myrrh), and shall show forth His praises.

Joseph, in v. 27, then opens the conversation with an inquiry about their father (and his, as well), to which they reply that he is in good health, and then bow down their heads again, making obeisance to him. When he saw his brother Benjamin, he blessed him by saying: "God be gracious unto thee, my son." Moved deeply by this meeting, his heart (so read, for the word bowels in v.30) did yearn upon his brother; so he sought a place apart where to weep.

Guess It's Human Nature



People's Capitalism

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

I have often wondered who was responsible for the slogan "People's Capitalism," which numerous American agencies scattered about the world in competition with Soviet Russia's "People's Democracy." Both terms are, of course, meaningless, capitalism being a system of the individual's authority over his own earnings, a system which today exists nowhere, whereas democracy is the antithesis of the dictatorship of the proletariat neither of which exists in Soviet Russia, its allies or satellites. Slogans are usually like that—just downright lies.

It would seem that the phrase "People's Capitalism" was developed by the United States Information Agency but accepted by the Advertising Council as its special task for 1956-57. What the Advertising Council wanted to tell mankind was how broadly the benefits of the American economic system are shared and the extent to which the ordinary American has money at work helping to produce goods and services.


Sokolsky

This is indeed a noble purpose if propaganda of this nature ever has any value, which is very doubtful. The great propagandists in history, Paul, Mahomet, Karl Marx, advocated ideas rather than financial benefits: Winston Churchill put spine into a wavering Britain, by advocating abnegation — blood, sweat and tears — just as Gautama, Francis of Assisi and Gandhi offered poverty and faith rather than material benefits to a saddened world.

Americans regard themselves as very practical people and believe that they can accomplish anything by advertising and public relations. They can prove that by their ability to sell anything from chewing gum to automobiles in huge quantities.

Fail in Asia

However, why is it that they have not been able to sell Thomas Jefferson or even Franklin D. Roosevelt to the peoples of Europe and Asia? Is it because what they did try to sell, the superiority of the automobile over the bicycle or the camel, did not interest those peoples? Why have they not been able to influence any part of Asia that the United States is a friendly, cheerful, free-giving nation without ulterior motives and without a desire to seize any land or any people? Nobody believes that to be true in Asia, not even the Japanese and Filipinos who should know how true it is.

Apparently what these sellers of soup and steel and cosmetics do not understand is that when a people is in real trouble, when life seems to be utterly unbearable, what the individual wants is not some more things but a greater assurance of love and peace.

It is like a little boy at a place like Coney Island who all day long is demanding hot dogs and pink candy and corn-on-the-cob, and a ride over this and over that. Then the tummy begins to ache and the eyelids grow heavy and he puts his hand in Mamma's hand and all he wants is a shoulder to cuddle against and the pat of a loving hand on the back of his head.

He has had all the things that he ever dreamed of, but what he really wants is the love of those who can give him comfort. The great force of the teachings of Jesus in the Roman Empire was that it came when Rome was at its richest in things but at its poorest in faith and the little men out of Palestine and Syria taught love and faith and hope. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden . . ." They did not offer a single tangible thing; they only offered ideas.

Soviet Policy

The same phenomenon occurred in China where American, British and other business men and missionaries were building big hospitals and universities and the Communists came empty-handed with the slogan of national independence. Between 1919 and 1925, I studied this particular phenomenon as closely as any man who is alive today and I can say truthfully that the Russians gave the Chinese Communists nothing but demanded the greatest sacrifices. They recognized that what the young men and women wanted was an opptrtunity to sacrifice themselves, to go through hardships, to suffer privations.

The Advertising Council ought to endow a seat in a university to do research in historical psychology, so that it might be proved to their contributors that it is easier to sell an American girl a new hair set than it is a Buddhist the idea that possession of material things is essential to his achieving eternal glory.

(Copyright 1957)

'Filibusteros'

By GEORGE DIXON

By GEORGE DIXON

Three new whooping cranes were born the other day, but they arrived too late to take part in this year's civil rights whoopibuster. They will not be able to qualify as U.S. senators for two reasons: (1) Their physical age is too young; (2) they are aliens.

The whoopers, who would be naturals for the whoopla now going on in the Senate, were born in Ottawa, which makes them Canadians. Even if Congress passed a special relief bill they couldn't be naturalized in time to join our whooping.

This is too bad because they would undoubtedly help to render the whooping cough epidemic in the Senate less malignant. When a whooping crane whoops you can't tell which side it is whooping for, and nobody feels whooped against or persecuted by whooping whoopers.

Whooping cranes are the world's rarest birds, and I often wish I could say the same for some of our lawmakers. There is still another way you can tell them apart. The filibusterings of the new-born whoopers are brand new, but those of the senators are as old as parliamentary debate itself.

The Senate library has just compiled a history of the filibuster. It records that Julius Caesar staged the first recorded filibuster. Alone of the Roman senate, he was bitterly opposed to a measure to condemn and executive the Catiline conspirators. Caesar began what started out as an argument against conviction, and quickly developed into a full-fledged filibuster.

After some time, the Roman guard entered the chamber with loud threats against Caesar's life, began thrusting at him with their swords, until his friends, fearing for his life, covered him with their togas and ushered him from the Senate. Apparently a senatorial toga was harder to pierce in those days.

But later, Caesar was dosed with his own bad medicine. He tried to push through a farm bill — Ezzelino Taftius Benson! — and Cato the younger started to filibuster against it. Outraged by the same trick he had originated, Caesar ordered the sergeant at arms — an anonymous predecessor of Joe Duke — to throw Cato from the chamber. When the officer did so, the entire senate left the chamber with Cato as a demonstration of their disapproval of this arbitrary conduct.

Thereafter, to the end of the Roman republic, there was no attempt to limit debate in the senate, and we haven't made any progress since.

Different nations have had different words for time-stealing debate. We borrowed our word "filibuster" from the English, who derived it from "filibusteros," a name given to West Indian pirates who sailed in small vessels called "filibotes," or "fly boats." The term came to be applied to all military adventures, and then to legislative minorities who used what the majority deemed "piratical, disorderly, lawless methods."

That's why today we find the same filibusteros in the same filibote.

(Copyright 1957)

Edgar A. Guest

THE WRITER

Here at the board I sit,
Lettered and figured keys.
Wondering which ones if hit
Would fashion a phrase to
please.

Here are the words contained,
One barrier this: that I,
For every paragraph gained,
Must always the thought supply.

Time was with a quill men
wrote,
The hand obeying the mind.
Now, the living the wise dead
quote
The thoughts which they left
behind.

But somebody had to think
And sit at his desk to write
Or never a line of ink
Had appeared on the paper
white.

SHAVING COUNSEL

I was careless and I nipped
Just a little off my chin.
I suppose the razor slipped,
With the whiskers taking skin.
I have cut myself much more
On the chin and on the lip,
But I never knew before
Just how long a chin would
drip.

I have red stains on my vest;
On my collar crimson shows.
Though the cut I firmly pressed,
Still persistently it flows.
I tried all the biting stuff
Which to close a cut is sold,
But it wasn't quite enough
The escaping blood to hold.

'Twas a safety razor, too,
And a blade they guaranteed.
But I never really knew
Just how long a chin will
bleed.
So you shavers all take care;
Heed the lesson that I got.
Of the chin you must beware;
That's a very dangerous spot.

(Copyright 1957)

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

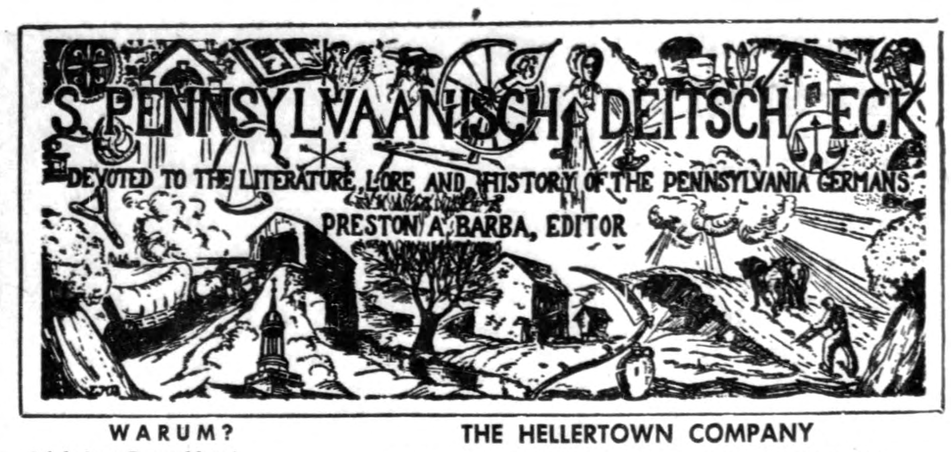
In the course of an interview, authoress Dorothy Parker delivered this comment on the late Harold Ross, creator and longtime editor of the New Yorker: "Ross was a professional lunatic, but I don't know if he was a great man. He had a profound ignorance. On one of Robert Benchley's manuscripts he wrote in the margin opposite Andromache, 'Who's he?' Bob wrote back, 'You keep him out of this.'"

Clever Saturday Review cartoon by Earle: A Trojan warrior, ready for the kill, looking out of a small aperture in a recognized structure, "Boy! Things sure look different through the eye of a horse!"

(Copyright 1957)

Horoscope

A sudden change is likely to enable you to establish your life on a firm, secure basis. Born under these auspices, a child may be of a very positive, determined nature, with a great deal of energy.



WARUM?

Ich hab en Ros geblanst,
Die Schnecke hen sie gfresse;
Ich hab en Lied gsunge,
Die Mensche hen's vergesse.

'S Ungraut waxt im Gaarde,
Die Nochbere maule driwwe;
Ich hab en Sind begange,
'S iss mir kee Freind gebliwwe.

Rose muss mer ziegge,
Ungraut awwer dutt schpringe;
Sindiche iss leichter
Wie scheene Lieder singe.

Wie kummt's dass die Mensche
Aagge hen un Ohre
Meh fer Ungraut un Sinde
Heit wie vor Yaahre?

—Louise A. Weitzel
1862 —1934

ABOUT HORSE-THIEVING

There is no reason to think that thefts of horses were more common among the Pennsylvania Germans than elsewhere, but apparently occurred frequently enough to cause the organization of societies for pursuing horse - thieves. Through the courtesy of Mrs. Harry H. Reichard a curious little pamphlet came into the hands of the Editor of the ECK some time ago. Since it was printed by a Pennsylvania German in a town and vicinity almost exclusively inhabited by Pennsylvania Germans it cannot be without interest. **We have reprinted elsewhere in this issue of the ECK: Constitution of the HELLERTOWN SOCIETY, Incorporated** by an Act of the Legislature in the Year 1840, By the Name and Style, The Hellertown Company, for the Detection of Horse - Thieves. — W. H. Knauss, Book & Job Printer, Hellertown, Pa. 1869.—

The following comments on horse-thieving and the organization of societies for the pursuit and seizure of horse - thieves have come from our constant contributor and informant Raymond E. Hollenbach:

"Horse - thieves, in the days before the telegraph and telephone, of course were a serious problem all over our country. Once the thief got out of the immediate vicinity where the horse was stolen there was almost no way to catch up with him. Horse-stealing was a much more serious problem than automobile stealing is today. I have never seen an article giving the history of horse-stealing, but I am sure there would be ample material available. I am giving you a few items that have come to my attention.

"The first is from the 'History of Bucks County' (1876), p.875, by W. W. H. Davis, where he says: "Among the institutions of the county are some fifty 'horse companies,' voluntary chartered associations for the detection of horse thieves and other villains. They hold annual meetings and have a good dinner at the expense of the company. Some of the companies are almost as old as a century."

"In Bean's 'History of Montgomery County' (1886) there is mention of the 'Montgomery County Society for the Recovery of Stolen Horses and Bringing Thieves to Justice,' organized in Moreland Township. This company operated also in portions of Horsham and Upper Dublin Townships and usually held its meetings at Willow Grove. This company was one of the oldest and was organized in 1799.

"In the **Readinger Adler** for Dienstag den 29. Juni 1824, there is the following advertisement. It is quoted line for line just as it appears:

THE SOCIETY

FOR pursuing Horse Thieves in the townships of Bern and Heidelberg, is reorganized, therefore each member will hold himself in readiness for pursuing at a moment's warning. Subscribers to the society will continue to be received by Philip Filbert, in Bern, and Peter Klop in Heidelberg, commissioners appointed for that purpose.

By order of the Society
June 15th Philip Kerschner

Incidentally, the above ad appears in English, although in 9 different issues of the **Adler** that I have before me, all of the same period, there is only **one** other ad in English, that of Carl Egelman advertising his map of Reading. Why the above ad appears in English is very puzzling, since all the persons mentioned in the ad are Pennsylvania Germans and no doubt practically all the members were of the same stock.

"From what I have read at various places, it would seem that these companies originally were concerned only with recovering the stolen horses and arresting and punishing the thieves. If the horse was not recovered there was no provision to pay the member any cash value for the horse lost. In other words, these companies were more like our volunteer fire companies than they were like our mutual insurance companies. They were principally interested in 'prevention' rather than in 'compensation' for loss.

"As the years went on, however, the nature of these companies changed and they became more like mutual insurance companies. In the above township of Heidelberg (Berks) for instance, in November 1873 there was chartered the 'Lower Heidelberg Live-Stock and Theft Insurance Company' with about 150 members.

"Further regarding stolen or lost animals, our early newspapers are full of advertisements offering rewards for the return of such animals.

"As to the breed of animals our ancestors raised there was of course no such things as pedigreed stock. In fact compared to our farm animals today, our ancestors' farm animals were a pretty sorry-looking lot. Even in Europe there was no such thing as carefully selected stock for breeding until about the middle of the 18th century. The first selected stock in the U. S. came from England around 1830, and, as far as horses and cattle go, most of this went to the Ohio Valley and principally to Kentucky. It is true that the Pennsylvania Germans recognized the value of breeding good stock to the extent that when they had a cow that gave a lot of milk they were careful to keep the cow calves of that cow, or when they had an exceptionally fine mare they used her for breeding purposes. It was in this way that the so-called Conestoga horse was developed. The Conestoga horse was not any particular breed, like the Percheron for instance, but was just a strong, well-built horse, suitable for use on the road, developed by breeding of good stock — but it could be any color or shape otherwise!"

THE HELLERTOWN COMPANY FOR THE DETECTION OF HORSE-THIEVES

CONSTITUTION of the HELLERTOWN SOCIETY, Incorporated by an Act of the Legislature in the Year 1840, By the Name and Style, THE HELLERTOWN COMPANY, FOR THE DETECTION OF HORSE-THIEVES—W. H. Knauss, Book and Job Printer, Hellertown, Pa., 1869.

Article 1
Rules and Regulations

The legislative power of this Society shall be vested in six Directors and one Treasurer or Secretary, who shall be chosen annually by a majority of votes from among the members, and who together shall manage the concerns of the Society.

Article 2

At the annual meeting, the Directors shall choose from among their number, a President, who shall be considered **Chairman of the Society.**

Article 3

If a full Board of Managers, can not be convened at any time necessary, three of the Directors shall be allowed to transact the business.

Article 4

Each member shall at the time of subscribing, give a description of such **horse** or **horses,** as he wishes to have insured, which shall be registered by the Secretary, to whom he shall pay the sum of **one** Dollar for the first, and **fifty Cents** for every additional horse entered, and **five Dollars** for a stallion.

Article 5

Whenever a horse is, or horses are stolen from any member of this Society, he shall give the earliest notice to the President and Secretary of this Society, as also to the members of Notice, and they shall immediately call the pursuers, which latter shall without delay go in search of such horse or horses.

Article 6

Every pursuer shall have the privilege to choose a substitute in case of necessity.

Article 7

It shall be the duty of the President at the annual meeting, to designate each pursuer's route, which shall be handed to each in writing.

Article 8

Every pursuer, or his substitute, is bound to pursue in time of necessity to the distance of fifty miles, before he returns, such however, who shall on their way, receive any information respecting the horse or horses stolen, shall continue to pursue as far as traces are left, not exceeding the distance of five hundred miles from their respective homes.

Article 9

Any member having received Order to pursue, who shall refuse to go in search of a horse or horses stolen, shall pay the sum of **ten** Dollars into the Treasury.

Article 10

Persons, who have pursued the distance of fifty miles, shall hand their account to the Treasurer, who shall allow them **one Dollar** for each day's service, incurred by them on their route.

Article 11

Any member whose horse or horses may be stolen and not recovered within six months from the time when the theft was committed, may apply to the Treasurer, who shall pay each member the amount of his horse or horses agreeably to valuation, provided the funds in the Treasury will warrant such payments.

Article 12

The valuation of each horse entered shall depend upon three members, chosen by the Directors and the owner.

Article 13

If any horse or horses, after being stolen, should be recovered and the same be injured, such injury shall be ascertained by the judgment of three competent members appointed by the President, and an Order drawn by them on the Treasurer, shall be handed to the owner for the recovery of his damages.

Article 14

Whenever demands are made on the Treasury, and the funds shall prove inadequate, the Treasurer shall call a meeting and exhibit a statement of the deficiency, whereupon each member shall contribute his full proportion toward the same as follows: If one horse entered — **one Dollar:** if two or more horses registered — **one Dollar and fifty Cents:** and the balance of expenses (if there are any) equally dividied among the members.

Article 15

If at the expiration of twenty days after notice has been given by the Treasurer, or demand by him made against any member, such person should fail to pay his proportion of arrears, the Treasurer shall be authorized by the Society to bring a suit against such person.

Article 16

Every horse or horses owned by a member of this Society and registered, must be branded on the right side of his neck with the letter **H** about two inches long — **ten** inches from the **ear,** and one inch from the top of the **neck;** and in case this be neglected, shall have no claim on this Society.

Article 17

It is to be understood, that whenever the words **horse** or **horses** are mentioned, that these shall be considered in general Terms, and include all the different classes of horses, wherefore it was deemed superfluous to repeat each time the words **mare** or **mares** or **geldings,** etc.

Article 18

Whenever any of the aforementioned or hereafter following rules shall be altered, others added, or the company be dissolved, such amendments or propositions must be brought forward at a meeting, when the question shall be decided by a majority of votes.

Article 19

The annual meeting shall be held on every **first Saturday in the year, in Hellertown, Northampton County.**

Article 20

The Treasurer shall at every yearly meeting render a true account of the receipts and expenditures of the Society.

Article 21

Any member of this Society who is absent at any of the regular meetings, shall pay a fine of **fifty Cents,** unless such person can furnish a sufficient excuse.

Article 22

The President and Secretary shall for any negligence in office pay a fine of **one Dollar,** and the Directors **fifty Cents.**

Article 23

The Secretary shall publish by handbills the proper time of meeting, two weeks previous, at least at twenty of the most public places in the Township.

Article 24

At the annual meeting thirty members of this Society shall be chosen as pursuers to serve for the term of two years.

Article 25

If any vacancy should happen by death, removal or resignation, or likewise, if a horse should be stolen of one of the pursuers who is only the owner of one horse, the President shall have the power to appoint others, or to fill up such vacancies.

Article 26

At the annual meeting three or more members of this Society shall be appointed by the Board as members of **notice;** their duty shall be to call the pursuers when horses are stolen — and they shall serve for the term of two years.

Article 27

The President shall at the annual meeting appoint a committee of three members to inspect the pistols belonging to the Society, and said pistols be delivered at the time when the pursuers will be discharged, in sufficient and clean order, or otherwise pay a fine of not less than **twenty - five Cents,** nor more than, **one Dollar,** except by accident.

By Laws
Article 1

All Treasury Funds shall be lent out at lawful interest.

Article 2

The Secretary shall receive twenty Dollars annually for his salary.

Article 3

All members residing above the distance of five miles from the place of meeting **Hellertown)** shall be excused every other year of attending the annual meeting — but at the time when pursuers are to be chosen, each and every member is to attend the regular meeting either in person or by a substitute or pay a fine according to Article 21st of the Constitution.

Article 4

The Treasurer shall render sufficient Security to the President for all funds placed in his hands by the Society.

Article 5

The name of every man who has absented himself the three successive years without rendering his excuse or paying his fine shall be stricken off the list.

Article 6

Whenever pursuers shall be called upon to go in pursuit of a thief the first year, new pursuers shall be elected at the next annual meeting, at which all members are required to be present.

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Editorials

Greatest Tourism in History

It is estimated by the people in the travel service business that more than eighty million Americans either have begun or very shortly will begin annual vacations and go upon tour either in this country or in foreign lands.

Since that is about half the total American population, it can be said with little fear of contradiction that Americans are the most outstanding people in world history for extensive travel.

In the early days of the United States visitors from European countries toured this country to see Indians and cowboys and our natural wonders and went home to write a spate of books. These foreign visitors probably outnumbered our own people who engaged in travel.

For several centuries Europe was the Mecca for travelers from all parts of the world, and the numbers from any one country were in just about direct ratio to the economy of their country. Thus the British flooded the continent and its spas and other resorts, closely followed by the Germans and Scandinavians.

A lot of change has come about to make the American people the world's outstanding group of travellers in point of numbers. Our economy has favored travel to foreign lands so that it is estimated more than 600,000 Americans will course about Europe this summer, "doing" individual countries and all their art and architecture in the matter of a few days, counting travel and rest time. More than a million will seek out exotic ports of call in the Caribbean and South America. Hawaii expects about 145,000 visitors from the United States and Japan about 130,000. Even Hong Kong is counting upon 70,000 but only about 13,000 are expected in India and about 8,000 in Africa, according to estimates by travel services.

About 42,000 persons are expected to seek cooler weather during the next two months by going to Alaska while Mexico is counting upon about 400,000 visitors from across the border between now and Christmas.

But all this gadding about is but a drop in the bucket when compared with the flood of eighty million travellers who will be leaving their homes in every corner of the United States to see their great country. In the family cars, now numbering about 53 million, men, women and children will sally forth for sight-seeing and adventure. There will be no lack of drivers for these cars since not only the men but the women and teenagers to the number of more than 75,000,000 are licensed to take the wheel and step on the throttle.

Inviting them to this journeying is the finest system of highways that has been built since the days of the Roman empire. This system covers not only this country but Canada and Mexico, with no mean transcontinental highways into South American countries.

It all makes a tremendous business which is encouraging the building of more ships to sail the Seven Seas, more trains both in this country and in Europe, the construction of improved highways thruout the United States, the opening of new hotels and the construction of motels in incredible numbers.

It is a wonderful age in which our American people are living. There can be no more convincing demonstration of some of the phases in this wonderful development than the orderly and peaceful movement of more than half our population on pleasure bent during the next two months.

Nowhere in the world will there be so many people in movement in areas far removed from their homes. And all will know with satisfaction during the period of their search for pleasure and knowledge that they can go back to those homes when their tours have ended and continue the enjoyment of their freedom to work and live in peace and quiet in their communities.

Keep Hungarian Issue Alive

There is no time like striking the iron as when it is hot.

The United States, thru their representatives in the United Nations, should not lose a day, not an hour in pressing a tremendous propaganda advantage over Russia which has come about from the report of the United Nations' committee on the revolution in Hungary last November.

The United States Congress has adopted a resolution calling for a reconvening of the General Assembly of U.N. to consider the report. This was made by five men from nations on five continents who were selected to make a dispassionate inquiry into the revolution — its causes and effects, the provocations for it as well as the measures by which it was put down.

The committee made its investigations despite obstacles thrown in its path by Russia and the Russian - controlled government of Hungary. But they arrived at conclusions concerning facts which the entire world should know and which the world best can learn thru United Nations action.

It will of course be the aim of Russia and her satellites to delay debate on the report or prevent it altogether in the expectation that a busy world will soon forget about the Hungarians and the terrible fate of that freedom-loving people. Other incidents can occur or can be created to attract world attention so that Hungary shall be forgotten.

There is no time like the present to hammer the facts of the Hungarian revolt into world consciousness. It is the least that can be done for the memory of the freedom fighters who died bravely in the ill - starred uprising. It will be merely justice for the survivors that their heroic struggle has not been forgotten and that the world honors them even tho their cause failed.

Giving Rabbit the Habit

Men are like rabbits in many ways. Some are rabbit-hearted.

Others have hare brains, or are dumb bunnies, generally. A few are fond of salads made from what is referred to as rabbit food.

Nevertheless, it is surprising to learn that the lungs of rabbits and men are alike. For this reason, the Veterans Administration at Washington reports that a colony of 40 rabbits at a Dallas (Tex.) hospital is being used to try to shed additional light on the much discussed question of whether cigarets can cause lung cancer.

Each rabbit smokes a pack a day at the hospital's research laboratory. The Veterans Administration, very obligingly, tells how the experiment is carried on.

The animals spend three out of 24 hours in plastic smoking boxes. When a rabbit is placed in a box, a lighted cigaret is set exactly two centimeters from its nose. The animal gets fresh air at all times, but when electric timing devices and solenoid switches close an aperture in the box, the rabbit also gets a puff of smoke.

The release does not say whether king's size or regular cigarets are being used. It is silent, also, on the question of filter tips and brand names.

The statement quotes Dr. Robert H. Holldan, who began the research project about a year ago, as saying that "strangely enough most of the rabbits seem to enjoying smoking."

"What's so strange about it? Men and women get pleasure out of it, why shouldn't a rabbit relish a puff regularly, even if he doesn't know it is in the interest of science."

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.

Public Fire-Works Display

Dear Sir—

Do you remember the wonderful times we had as children, some thirty years ago, seeing the wonderful fire - works displays that used to be shown at River Front Park and the Fairgrounds?

We, as children, were able to have our own little displays, but the children of today don't even know what they look like. There are some parks that have displays, but the average child can't see them because of the distance and time element.

I think it would be wonderful if we could see such displays at the Fairgrounds, which is close enough for most families to get to. They could be shown at such a time that the child's parents wouldn't have to worry about the late hours for their children.

If a donation fund were started to pay for such a venture, I believe that many a parent would gladly give to such a fund.

I realize it is too late to start such a fund for this year, but as many people have said, when I mentioned the idea to them: "Why can't they take some of the parking meter money to put on such a display?"

After all, where does all that money go?

Ralph A. Stocker
36 S. Howard St.

No Room for Error



Asserting State's Rights

By DAVID LAWRENCE

President Eisenhower unwittingly opened a Pandora's Box when he urged the conference of governors to assert the rights of the states. He said:

"Never, under our constitutional system, could the national government have siphoned away state authority without the neglect, acquiescence, or unthinking cooperation of the states themselves."

But the question now being asked is how can the states today assert their rights if the Supreme Court of the United States can pass "laws" or adopt "legislation" that takes away from the states the rights they always thought they had under the constitution?

Washington today has in it many officials and legislators who are angry over the latest supreme Court decisions — and many of them are in the administration itself. The President shows an outward calm and urges respect for the Court as an institution. He said, however, with remarkable restraint to his press conference this week that "possibly in their latest series of decisions, there are some that each of us has very great trouble understanding."



Lawrence

The Supreme Court has rendered decisions which many officials believe will endanger the security of the Nation and make it easier for communists to infiltrate the American government. Likewise, many officials believe the states have been rendered powerless to carry on effective law enforcement against criminals.

Rarely has there been such a sense of frustration in government as there is today as the Supreme Court goes on releasing Communists as well as various types of criminals, including a confessed rapist, on technical grounds described conveniently as "individual rights." The idea that society as a whole needs protection against traitors and crooks is brushed aside, and the "individual right" is ruled to be supreme.

Congress is told by the Supreme Court that its investigating committees hereafter cannot punish the refusal by a witness to answer questions even if the Fifth Amendment isn't invoked. The edict also is issued by the Supreme Court that free speech includes the right to preach the forcible overthrow of the government and that, only when the conspiracy is well under way and there is an actual step taken to overthrow the government, can effective steps be taken to protect the nation.

Liberals Happy

Naturally this type of reasoning doesn't sit well with Congress, though here and there are so-called "liberals" who are rejoicing over the decisions.

The FBI and police agencies of states and cities, moreover, are worried. For the Supreme Court says detectives' reports about any witness that the defendant's counsel asks for must be made public, or the right of the prosecuting attorney to use the witness must be forfeited. The difficulties this introduces for the law-enforcement agencies of the country are incalculable.

Congress doesn't know now how to proceed with its investigations on any subject. For the court has said questions directed to a witness must be phrased with the same explicitness and clarity as is required in a law court. The witness must be told just what the purpose of any question is before an answer need be made and then, if the witness chooses, he can regard the question as not "pertinent" to the "legislative purpose."

This is a virtual sabotage of congressional procedures. But it is also a crippling blow to investigating committees of state legislatures, cities and countries.

The Supreme Court has certainly taken away many other powers of the states in the last few years. Thus, the court feels it has authority now to say how schools shall be operated, how pupils shall be assigned, how admission requirements shall be written, and to pass upon what parents of children in a community may say in urging other parents what to do about their children's attendance at certain schools. This amounts to virtually complete regulation of the schools under the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court. This power is one that the states for generations have thought was reserved to them.

Solution

Senator Thurmond, Democrat, of South Carolina, has a direct solution. He has introduced legislation to define the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court. The Constitution gives that power to Congress. A law which says what federal statutes may be appealed to the high court and what actions by the supreme tribunals of the states can be accepted for appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States would be constitutional. It has been tried for brief periods before in American history.

This isn't the whole answer, but the movement to curb the Supreme Court is growing. Bills to provide for re-confirmation of Supreme Court justices by the Senate after four years of service, bills to provide for selection of only lawyers of qualified experience, and bills with other limitations are being introduced in Congress in a general revulsion of feeling against what Mr. Thurmond calls "judicial tyranny" and "judicial usurpation."

(Copyright 1957)

Pumpernickle Bill

WILLIAM S. TROXELL

War sot uns 'n gadicht shicka doh weil tzurick, os wie der dichter Herman Wright, fon da Nord 9d shtross doh in da shtadt. Uns gadicht, wel sel is fon niemond shunshd os wie unser'm Dave Miller, bresident fon da Call Chronicle tzeitings. Doh is es gadicht grawd wie der Herman 's uns g'shick'd hut — bushdaboerras un allas, wies fom "Bindhivel Pete," seinra fedder kumma is der 15d Martz, 1957.

Der Dave Miller
Da Davey Miller is en bakunta mon,
Gawiss so fleisich daus ma warra kon;
Au hut feel fauricht grikt in seinra zeit,
Is hoch gaeshtaumeerd by so feel leit.

Au wor en aurma boo fon druva im laund
Un mit haudy aurvet wore au gude bakunt:
In seinra yuchent hut au schaufa missa,
De auforing hut eem da waig gawissa.

We au nuch yung wore is au daut druva faut,
Un kumpt do runa nuch daura yunga schtaut;
Do hut au augfunga in rau druckaurei,
Woo er good gadient hut un wore gadrei.

Auls en yunga mon, hut er de weld badraucht:
Mit waus au gsaina hut, hut au blauna gamaucht;
Des hut een gabrucht in des zeiting waisa:
Un uff wide un brade, waut sei waut galaisa.

Au hut net yusht galaibt fau sich alai,
Au ima aunra kulfa fau recht ztu gai:
Wore gore net eibildish, yusht en comna mon
Un au so freindlich daus mau worra kon.

Waus ware mau falorra in dem Lechaw Daul,
Wons net ware fau sei — Morning Call:
Do wairn mere faushtevert, waus ware des en zeit,
Net yusht uns Deitsha, ova au fune dau leid.

Fau yunga leid helfa schtaid au ima bei,
Mit race weaga forra, un au schpellarei:
De waus eem helfa gain ne net fagessa,
Au fassommeled se yairlich fau sei grose esa.

Au is ima aum schoafa, nembt sich ken rue
Un bringt au sei zeit net im schukel-schtule ztu;
Graut we fauauldaus, deaned au de leid,
Un so maucht au faut — bis in de avichleit.

"Bindhivel Pete"
3-15-57

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

M'r wolla gross donk sawga tzum Herman Wright fer des shae gadicht, un so aw secht der Dave Miller.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Genesis 37:15-20

When Joseph arrived in the neighborhood of Shechem to greet his brethren, he could not find them. A native of the area saw him wandering about as though he were hunting someone or something. He asked Joseph: "What seekest thou?" He replied that he was seeking his brethren; tell me, please, where are they feeding their flocks.

The man told him that he had overheard them saying that they intended to go to Dothan. This was quite a distance further north. But he went, and when they saw him afar off, before he came near unto them, they conspired against him to slay him, even as His enemies plotted against the life of Jesus early in His ministery.

Cynically Joseph's brethren refer to him as "this dreamer," as they see him coming towards them, saying that they will see to it as to what shall become of his dreams, evidently not realizing that God will carry out His plan in spite of man's plottings.

"Come now, therefore, and let us slay him and cast him into some pit, and we will say, Some evil beast hath devoured him; and we shall see what will become of his dreams."

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Steve Allen is compiling a list of ridiculous statements that he hears over and over again. A few near the top: "Women with red hair have the most violent tempers;" "Fish is a brain food;" "The murderer always returns to the scene of the crime;" and "Gentlemen prefer blondes." Any additions of your own you'd like to make?

It begins to look, opines Col. Francis Duffy, as though they've transformed the Ship of State into a Revenue Cutter. He also discovered one place where a wife is eager to do her husband's bidding: a bridge table.

(Copyright. 1957)

Horoscope

Your year will begin well, with financial gain, but do not take needless risks during the last part. A happy disposition and good fortune are indicated for the child born today.



Neinuhrschdick Un Fieruhrschdick

(Nine o'clock and four o'clock snacks)

By RAYMOND E. HOLLENBACH

The "coffee wagon" has just passed down the hall. For those readers who may not be acquainted with the latest city customs it may be necessary to explain what a "coffee wagon" is. A coffee wagon is a stainless - steel four - wheeled pushcart outfitted with coffee urns, cream and cup dispensers, trays and shelves, etc. These carts are hauled up and down on the elevators and back and forth through the halls and corridors, dispensing coffee and doughnuts, coffee cakes and half a dozen other kinds of pastries to those who care to buy them.

In recent years the custom of having the so-called "coffee breaks" in the middle of the forenoon in offices, factories and other places of business, has become more and more common. Employes are beginning to look upon these breaks for mid - morning snacks as a part of their established rights and clauses to that effect are sometimes written into union contracts. Employers, on the other hand, according to surveys that have been made, feel recompensed by the extra work they get out of employes who have thus been refreshed.

There is an old saying, "History repeats itself." What is this but the old "neinuhrschdick" of our Pennsylvania German ancestors all over again? Only the reasons and need for it are not the same as of old. In spite of our shorter working hours, with our hurried way of life, there just is not enough time for many of us to have breakfast at home!

The "neinuhrschdick" and "fieruhrschdick" on the farm, as our ancestors knew them, are a thing of the past. Those of our older generation, who remember the days before the use of the self-binder became universal, may remember the last vestiges of this old custom. Our neighbors, the Sauerwines, harvested their grain with a mowing machine equipped with an attachment called "der Drepper." This method required the manual labor of rakers and binders, besides the usual number of men to put the grain on shocks. I was too young to help in any of the labor, but I have recollections of the large "henke-karb" filled with eatables and the "schditz" in which water was carried to the workers in the field. For those readers who may not remember the "Schditz" it is a wooden vessel, shaped like an ordinary wooden bucket up-side-down, with a wooden lid. Only the other day I was very much surprised to notice a brand new "schditz" on display in the window of a sporting goods store.

This custom of a mid-morning and a mid-afternoon snack among farm workers was once common all over the world where grain was harvested. Among our Pennsylvania German people one still sometimes hears one speaking of "'s neinuhrschdick," or "'s zeheuhrschdick," depending on the particular locality in which you are. The actual custom, however, is a thing of the past. The afternoon snack, of "fieruhrschdick," is not mentioned as frequently, probably because a heavy noonday meal made it unnecessary and the custom was abandoned earlier. In the days of the sickle and the cradle, when work in the harvest field began at daybreak and ended at dusk, these extra snacks were a matter of absolute necessity, and were not provided just because our ancestors liked to eat or because the providers were overly generous. Nor was the custom peculiar to our German ancestors. The custom was common in the grain fields of England and is mentioned among the early Swedish settlers along the Delaware. Parson James Woodforde, who lived in Norfolk, England, in the 18th century, wrote in his diary, August 17, 1778:

"Began shearing my wheat this morning and gave the shearers according to the Norfolk custom, a good breakfast, at 11 o'clock plumb cakes with caraway seeds in them, and some liquor, a good dinner with plumbpuddings, and at four Beer again."

He further added that these snacks according to the English custom were called "elevens" and "fours." Even now, there is in our unabridged dictionaries the word "bever" which means the same thing.

Many of the writers about the Pennsylvania Germans have mentioned this old custom, but few give us very much in detail — probably because no one thought it necessary to describe in detail a thing that was so common. H. L. Fischer, in "Die Alte Zeite" ('S Alt Marik-Haus Mittes In D'r Schtadt un Die Alte Zeite, York, Pa., 1879), describes it better than anyone else:

"Es ware als zwe extra Ims—
'S isch wohr — es isch ken Draam;
Es Zehe-uhr un's Fuehr-uhr-schtueck,
Hen mir oft gesse an d'r Krik,
Am alte Keschte-baam;
Un's hot uns besser g'schmackt dort draus,
As bescht am Disch im feinschte Haus.

"Was hen die Maed uns als gebrocht,
In selle grosse Kaerb?
Ei, frische Weck un Brod un Fleesch,
Butter un Bickels, Milch un Kaes,
Un Kersche-bai, so merb;
Un's war nix bess'rs in d'r Welt,
As so'n Esse draus im Feld.

Dr. Alfred L. Shoemaker, in his column "Old Berks Folklore," several years ago quoted from reminiscences of John Schweyer of Maxatawny, dating back almost a hundred and fifty years, in which he recalled that six meals a day were once the custom—

1. An early breakfast before dawn at the house, consisting of bread and butter, radishes, and the inevitable whiskey, rum, or cidereil.

2. Breakfast in the house at 7 o'clock, at the summons of the dinner horn. The type of breakfast is not described.

3. **Zehe-uhr-schdick,** when lunch was brought to the field in a basket.

4. Dinner in the house, at 12 o'clock, again at the sound of the dinner horn.

5. **Fier-uhr-schdick,** in the field — a repetition of the mid-morning snack.

6. Finally, supper in the house after dark.

Fischer, in "Die Alte Zeite" tells us that it was the custom for the apprentices in the neighboring towns to have two weeks off to spend on the harvest fields, and they were, of course, housed with the farmers. Also, all craftsmen, like shoemakers, carpenters, saddlers, blacksmiths, etc., helped in the harvest fields. As a result there were sometimes as many as fifty workers in one field, and there are records of as many as a hundred. Naturally, this required an enormous quantity of food. Unfortunately, none of our writers tell us much in detail about this, especially what was taken out into the fields. Those were the days before sandwiches, and when food is mentioned it is usually "budderbrod," "boi" and "kuche." For those who did not care for strong drink there was frequently "blooerbalsem tee," but hardly ever coffee, and lemonade was still practically unknown in our rural districts.

An old German book, "Die Hausmutter" (1782) mentioned in previous columns in the Eck, tells in detail about the food that was provided for harvesters in those days in the "old country." This very thorough book of household instructions tells in detail what a good housewife had to provide each day during an entire week. A whole chapter is devoted to "Eine Aerndtewoche fuer Schnitter," in which menus are given for each of the five meals served daily, which were

1. Erstes Fruehstueck im Hause, um fuenf Uhr
2. Zweytes Fruehstueck im Felde, um sieben Uhr
3. Mittagsbrod
4. Vesperbrod im Felde
5. Abendbrod im Hause

The same custom of five meals was followed also for grass mowers, but when the hay or the grain was hauled home, only four meals were provided, because the day was not so long. The two breakfasts were changed into one **Morgenbrod** in the house before leaving for the field.

The first breakfast in the house was the same for every day of the week, namely, **Baermkuchen von feinem Roggenmehl** (that is, raised cake made with a fine rye flour) **Butter und Brandtwein.**

The menu for the main meals differed every day. Breakfast in the field consisted of a soup — a different one each day — **Biersuppe, Buchwaizengruetzsuppe, Habersuppe, Waitzengruetzsuppe,** und **Ostersuppe.** Besides this there were **Setzeyer** (fried eggs) two for each person, or **Harte Eyer.** Just how fried eggs were served in the field is not explained. In addition there were **Baermkuchen und Butter.** The only reason why such a substantial breakfast was served in the field was that the fields in Europe, where people live in villages, were a considerable distance from the house.

The noonday meal was a substantial one — the menu on Monday, for instance, was cooked chicken with rice and small raisins, and at the same meal, roast pork with a small dish of "gebackener Pflaumen" (baked plums). Besides this there were bread and butter, and again **Brandtwein** — which was also served in the field in rationed portions.

The **Vesperbrod,** which corresponded to the **fieruhrschdick** of our Pennsylvania Germans, consisted of **Baermkuchen, Butter und Kaese,** and was carried out to the field by the workmen themselves when they left after the noonday meal.

The **Abendbrod,** or the evening meal in the house, was again a substantial one, such as fried ham, with a salad, and of course bread or **Baermkuchen** and butter. Noticeably absent from all meals all during the week were fresh vegetables. Peas appear once during the whole week, and they were probably dried peas, and cabbage appears on the menu for dinner on Saturday. It appears that our European ancestors just did not eat vegetables in quantity.

(The younger readers of the Eck would be glad to hear from the older readers who have some first-hand knowledge of these nine o'clock and four o'clock snacks, and particularly what food was brought out into the field, and at what hours was it served in your neighborhood. We shall welcome all such information. Kindly address the Editor of the Eck, Care of The Morning Call, Allentown, Pa.)

Boyerstord, Pa.
June, 1957



Was hen die Maed uns als gebrocht in selle grosse Kaerb?
From H. L. Fischer's DIE ALTE ZEITE (York, Pa.., 1879)

IM SUMMER

Der Summer ist e harter Mann,
Wie macht er uns so heess,
Un fangt mer kaum zu schaffe an,
So lahft a gleich der Schweess;
Der Dorscht, er plogt de Schaffmann schwer,
Un kummt a viel zu trinke her,
Es batt doch Alles nix.

Erscht geht es zu dem Maehe 'naus,
Vor Tag schun kracht die Sens,
Und is es mit der Heuet aus,
Gebt's gleich en annere Tschens,
Do geht's uf Korn un Wehze her,
Und is die Erwet noch so schwer,
Der Bauer muss doch d'ran.

Und doch gleich ich den Bauere Stand
Und schwapp net mit der Stadt,
Er ist so schoen bei uns im Land,
Wann mer a Erwet hat,
Man ist doch g'sund un froh dabei
Un kummt zu kehner Lungerel,
Wie's haeppent in der Stadt.

The above is an early attempt to give poetic expression to rural life among the Pennsylvania Germans in their native dialect. The poem shows the influence of the literary High German, but it also shows the inroads the neighboring English is already making upon our dialect.

The poem appeared anonymously in the Reading ADLER for August 17, 1869. In that same year Ludwig August Wollenweber published his GEMAELDE AUS DEM PENNSYLVANISCHEN VOLKSLEBEN (Philadelphia and Leipzig, 1869), in which the same poem but with various typographical changes apepars over the initials L.A.W.

Today's Menu

Breakfast
Orange Juice
Cereal
Toast
Coffee
Milk

Lunch
Cream of Tomato Soup
Grilled Cheese Sandwich
Pickles
Cookies
Milk

Dinner
Roast Beef
Mashed Potatoes
Buttered Peas
Tossed Salad
Rolls
Butter
Ice Cream
Coffee
Milk

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Editorials

Honor to Pumpernickle Bill

The Morning Call is pleased with the recognition that properly was accorded on Thursday to our Pumpernickle Bill (Wioliam S. Troxell) by the Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival in Kutztown.

In fact it is pretty safe to say that had it not been for Pumpernickle's writings in the dialect for more than two score years there would not be such an institution as the Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival, nor any of the corollary activities which are based upon the dialect.

Consider some basic facts which have important bearing on such an argument.

First is the fact that English has been supplanting all dialects and all foreign languages in all parts of the country. Foreign language newspapers have all but disappeared. The language of the courts, the schools and virtually all the cultural institutions is English. There has been little or no official encouragement anywhere to the public use of any language but English.

The change has been especially marked in the Pennsylvania Dutch country. Whereas at the turn of the century an interpreter was on hand at virtually all sessions of Court to handle witnesses who spoke only Slavic and Latin languages, today situations are rare in which it becomes necessary to send for an interpreter.

While the great mass of witnesses who insisted on using their mother tongue in our courts were Pennsylvania Dutch, there was no need for interpreters since judge, jury and court officials could understand such witnesses perfectly. Some help might be accorded to the court stenographer but it was just as likely to come from the robed man on the bench as from a clerk of the Court standing beside the witness box.

In 1904, during the most famous murder trial ever held in this county all the leading witnesses spoke in Pennsylvania Dutch exclusively. Judge Trexler and jury had no language difficulties whatsoever.

In addition to the negative position in which no encouragement has been given to perpetuation of the Penna. Dutch dialect there has been the fairly positive action of a considerable part of our population, particularly newcomers, in discouraging the dialect and more or less subtly making fun of those who use it.

Against the negative and positive forces which have been engulfing the dialect Pumpernickle Bill has held firmly thru his daily column in the Morning Call. It has been the rallying point for the many thousands of our people who continue their respect for this important asset in their heritage — the Penna. Dutch dialect, with all its good natured fun and all its homespun, wholesome philosophy.

While a considerable number of newspapers published in Eastern and Central Pennsylvania have had Pa. Dutch columnists for years none has achieved such wide fame and has developed so large a number of followers as our own Pumpernickle Bill.

More perhaps than any other man he has kept the dialect alive. He has prompted interest in the folklore, the arts and crafts of our people.

It should be noted that the many Groundhog Lodges which have been organized thruout Eastern Pennsylvania are largely due to the inspiration which Pumpernickle gave to the communities in which they were established. And the years in which he increased his popularity and built up interest in the dialect by way of radio broadcasting likewise have had much influence in keeping the dialect a living force.

A lot of hands have fed the fires of enthusiasm that make up such a good show as the Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival which will continue its programs today. But the man who kept the spark alive in trying times and amid great discouragements was William S. Troxell, Pennsylvania Dutch columnist for the Morning Call.

The Folk Festival honored itself in honoring him at the sessions on Thursday.

Auto Insurance Increase

Announcement of extensive increases in premiums for automoblie insurance came to this community at just about the same time that a Wind Gap youth of 20 was tearing along a road near Jim Thorpe on Thursday at a speed that sometimes reached 100-mph. Dashing over a rise in the road, the car struck a car that was crossing the highway. When a state trooper, who had been chasing the youth, arrived upon the scene it was to find two young women and a child dead.

The story of the accident fully explained the very great rise in rates of insurance for unmarried young men under 25 years of age.

As is the case with all forms of insurance, premiums are determined only after thoro actuarial studies have been made. Insurance companies — the entire insurance business in fact — are gamblers with fate. They lay all their wagers in the shape of policies that promise to pay on a line, upon the opposite side of which are the premiums that are paid for those policies.

The greater the risk that is evident from statistics, the greater the premium that is demanded for protection.

Because young men under 25 have been demonstrating beyond the shadow of a doubt that they are bad risks when they get behind the wheel of a car, the premiums upon their policies have to be hiked.

Not until this age-group is prompted to improve its driving behavior can it expect rates to be reduced. In fact, this age group can drive itself out of all motoring. Society is not going to endure indefinitely behavior such as that which took the lives of three hapless people near Jim Thorpe in the bright daylight hour of 3 p.m.

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.

Congratulations?

Sir:

Permit me to voice my congratulations to the Allentown PAL and especially to the City Fathers for allowing this wonderous display of fireworks and auto racing at the Fair Grounds.

Not only were the nurses and patients enjoying the roar of racing cars as they sped around the track, but walking through a thick layer of race track dust in hospital corridors was a great thrill. This acrid dust incidentally poured through the open hospital windows in lieu of a breeze or a breath of fresh air.

And there was more fun to follow. The Allentown PAL and City Fathers really did a bang up job with the aerial bombs in the finale of the fireworks display. They really "shot the works" all $1,200 worth. Hospital windows were rattling, glasses on patients' bedside tables were dancing, and medicine bottles in the cupboards were shaking themselves.

The little sick ones on west wing, 2nd floor, were awakened and screamed with fright, and the aged patients cringed in their beds in frenzy! All bedlam let loose.

Thank you Allentown PAL and City Fathers for a wonderful safe and "sane" 4th. But please, please, next year could you celebrate outside the city limits, please.

Martin LeVine, R.N.
Allentown Hospital

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

GENESIS 39:22-23.

Just as Potiphar had observed a fine spirit in Joseph, for which reason he made him steward of his household, so the jail warden noticed that in Joseph he had an unusual prisoner. One who was honorable, honest, and in no way deserving treatment as a criminal.

Life was cheap in Egypt in those days. The last verse of chapter 39 tells us that "the keeper of the prison (the jail warden) looked not to any thing that was under his hand, because the Lord was with Joseph, and that which he did, the Lord made it to prosper."

But the question now arises: How will Joseph ever be able to clear his good name, and come to be released from prison? Apart from the jail warden, he has no friend in all Egypt.

But do not forget vs. 2, 21, and 23, in each one of which we read that the Lord was with him, for the Lord does not forsake His own. (Read Matth. 5:10-11). Chapter 40 gives us the second set of two dreams, dreamed by a butler and a baker, who were also thrown into prison, where they meet Joseph — the beginning of the answer as to how he is going to be liberated.

Go Ahead—Hit Me!



Inside Soviet Russia

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The incipient stages of a social revolution inside the Soviet Union and within the satellite states are revealed before the world today. The inexorable laws of human nature — the inevitable pressures against an economic discipline imposed by force — are working inside the Communist - Socialist state, as an official communique from Moscow confirms.

The significance of what has just happened is not in the clash of personalities. It is not that three leaders have been kicked out and that another leader — Khrushchev — has gained in political prestige. The true meaning is to be found in the telltale phrases of the official communique itself, which again and again speaks of the need for "incentives" and for the encouragement of the "creative energies" of the people.

For there is such a thing as "public opinion" in Russia — even though it may be potential in its threat rather than actual in its operation. This is illustrated by a remark once made by Josef Stalin to the late Harry Hopkins, who was in Moscow as President Roosevelt's personal representative explaining the termination of the lend-lease program after the war. Stalin said something about the effect on "public opinion" and Hopkins looked skeptical, whereupon the Soviet dictator said: "Yes, we do have public opinion to reckon with in Russia."



Lawrence

This is an important truism. For today the dominant party in the Soviet Union recognizes the tremendous forces at work underneath. These can blow up at any moment into a physical revolution. Hence the leaders in the Kremlin are striving now to make the concessions which they realize are necessary. Because Molotov, Malenkov and Kaganovich still clung to the idea that an iron hand is all that's necessary to enforce policies, they were removed from important posts so that, it is officially stated, they can no longer engage in "intrigue" and "collusion."

President Touched It

Somewhat prophetic was President Eisenhower's speech of June 24 before the governors' conference. It was based on memoranda from the Division of Russian Affairs in the State Department, which has been keeping a close watch on events inside Russia. Mr. Eisenhower's exact words are worth rereading:

"In the Soviet machine, political power is exercised through unbridled force. All peoples of all areas where the Kremlin holds sway must instantly obey a Moscow decree, no matter how it violates their traditions, no matter how inapplicable it may be to local concerns.

"Yet the Kremlin itself, coming to recognize some of the deficiencies of extreme centralization, has just embarked upon a drastic reorganization of its massive bureaucracy. Soviet rulers have felt compelled to allow some small part of government to gravitate closer to the people."

A comparison with the language of the communique just issued in Moscow confirms the President's analysis. For the Soviet document denounces the dissenters as having "demonstrated an over-bearing atittude to the urgent, vital interests of the broad masses of the people."

The ousted leaders were accused, moreover, of failing to recognize "the necessity of increased material incentives for the collective farm peasantry in expanding output of agricultural products." Such measures as "obligatory deliveries of farm produce by collective farmers from their individual plots" were denounced by the new leadership as undesirable and, in these matters, the expelled leaders were charged with having refused to see the light.

But actually the official communique is a broad confession of the failures of socialism and a recognition of the greater attractions of individual initiative and incentive.

Wishful Thinking

Especially significant, for instance was the language used in upbraiding the Molotov-Malenkov-Kaganovich group for opposing "this creative movement of the masses" which, the communique says, is in progress as "our country is going through a powerful rise in popular activity and a fresh surge of creative energy."

Undoubtedly this is wishful thinking, but it represents the new objectives. All through the document there are references to "new conditions" and "new situations," both internally and externally, which are merely an alibi for the tremendous pressures exerted on the Moscow regime by world events. Thus, the mentioning of "peaceful coexistence" with other nations and "the possibility of different ways of transition to socialism in different countries" are concessions to the growing revolt inside the satellite countries, where the fires of nationalism are beginning to be kindled anew.

When the Moscow rulers talk, as they do now, of "all-around consolidation of the Socialist camp" or "better industrial management" of the "all-around encouragement of the initiative of the masses," along with "an abundance of food" and "large-scale housing construction," it is plainly evident that the last thing the Soviet dictatorship wants today is war. What it really wants is a contented nation, instead of a discontented, rebellious, angry mob of 200,000,000 people who can overnight throw out all the present rulers if the internal economic situation gets bad enough.

(Copyright, 1957)

Pumpernickle Bill

WILLIAM S. TROXELL

OM FOLKS FESHT: Yar, 'm Dunnersdawg nommy dawg worra m'r paar shtun om Kurztown Folks Fesht. Wons net gawest wear fer der virus os uns in da glubba kotta, hut weara m'r fermuthlich alla dawg darta gawest — ow'r so worra m'r froh fer yusht paar shtun darta tzu bringa. Un die tzeit os m'r darta worra wor arrick blessierlich — hen net yusht 'n lot alta freind g'sehna, ow'r sin aw 'n lot onnerra bakont werra os uns shun fer yohrra kenna darrich unser schreivas un radio arwet, ow'r woh mier net die galaignheit kotta hen fer larna kenna.

So weit os uns aw gonga is, wos 'n grossie blessier 'n citation tzu griega fom Folkslore Centre, wohs fesht unnershtitzt — 'n citation fer die arwet os m'r shun gaduh hen darrich die ledshda 32 yohr in da indressa fon socha Pennsylf awnish Deitsch. Der Dr. Alfred Shoemaker hut uns die citation gewwa, un der Porra Brendle fon Egypt hut die rade gamocht — un gore wunnerbore shae g'shwetzt. Wos er ow'r net g'sawt hut — hets net sawga wolla won er draw gadenk'd het, wor die wunnerbore gross hilf os er shun wor tzu uns, in da ledshda 31 yohr os m'r nonner kenna.



Pumpernickle

Sei lebdawg hen m'r ken mensch g'funna woh gadonka so weit os folklore aw gait, uf ra sama shpoor sin os wie der Porra Brendle un mier. Un so weit os sel aw gait, worra wenich socha os uf kumma sin in Pennsylfawnish Deitsch folklore darrich ol die yohrra, os m'r net nonner fertzailt hen. In kartza werta, wos mier neias ous g'funna hen — alta lieder, alta g'shpichta, alta glawwa un so weiter hen m'r 'm Porra fertzailt, un so hut er uns aw die socha fertzailt os er g'funna hut.

'S wor 'n grossie blessier die ehr tzu griega woh der Dr. Shoemaker uns fer shun paar yohr gewwa hut wolla, ow'r worra immer fert on onnerra bletz iwwer der Fiert July —ae mohl in Konadaw, un farm yohr in Mexico. M'r wolla nocha mohl gross donk sawga, net yusht tzum Dr. Shoemaker, ow'r aw so gore, tzum Porra Brendle fer die shaina werta os er tzu sawga hut kot.

DIE TRAIN UN BOAT TRIP: Yar, da 3d Augusht is die tzeit fon da yairlicha train un boat trip, un woh des yohr noch Rockaway Beach gait, on Jamaica Bay. Die weil os die oussicht net tzu gute is os mier dabei sei kenna, is allas shae in arder fer der dawg, un aryads uf ma onnerra blawd fon da heits tzeiting, sin die folla barichda. Unser kousin, die Alvin Hoffman'sn fon Egypt, un woh mit ol da exkursions wor os m'r kotta hen tzitter 1938, nembt iwwer in unser blotz, won m'r net gae kenna — die Alice is der konductor.

TZWAE FREIND FERLORRA: Yusht doh in da ledshda paar dawg sin widder tzwae alta bakonta noch ihrra ledshda ruh — der Porra Elmer Noll fon Schuylkill Haven, un der Eddie Breiner fon owwich Snyders. Der Porra Noll hut etlicha mohl g'shwetzt on unserra Grundsow lodge fersommlinga, un aw on da Dorney Park Lodwarick parties. 'M Porra sei wissenheit fon socha Pennsylfawnish Deitsch wor gross um sharaf, un hut immer 'n braidie gamawd gamay'd won er g'shwetzt hut.

Der Eddie Breiner wor der wert owwich Snyders, un ainer fon da uhrhaver os Grundsow Lodge nummer ochta om da Lizard Krick in der gonk griega.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Unglawblich wies sheind tzu uns, is des widder unser ledshd shtick doh im Call fer die kummend tzeit — hen Docktors' arders fer morya tzurick noch 'm Allentown Hospital kumma, brovierra fer lose werra wos der virus uns gabrocht hut, un medatzine net laenich ferdriva kon.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Two college classmates met for the first time in years at a recent commencement and sought refuge from a steady rain in the nearest doorway. That it happened to lead into a saloon was merest accident . . . Hours later they separated, but the next morning one received this note from the other: "Hi, Jo! Herewith the umbrella you seem to have left in my room. In return, would you mind giving the messenger the grandfather clock you walked off with? Regards. Tom."

A lucky fisherman explained his system to a group of less fortunate anglers: "The first few days I'm at a camp, I just put lots of bait on the line and no hook. That convinces the fish the game's on the level!"

(Copyright 1957)

Horoscope

Varied fortunes are forecast. Do not risk the proceeds of recent good fortune, but conserve your gains and your next year will end well. Born on this date, you may find that your child is very strong-willed.



IM ERNTFELD IN DE ALTE ZEITE

Im Erntfeld war's net so wie nau,
Mit Patente Machine;
Es war'n grosse Companie,
Un juscht 'n rechter Jubilie,
En Dagloh so ferdiene;
M'r hot so fiel dazu gelacht,
Es hot die Aerwet leichter g'macht.

Die Prentice - Buwe aus d'r Schtadt
Sin ah als kumme ernte;
Sie hen zwe Woche Freiheit g'hat
Fon Handwerks—erwet in d'r Schtadt—
So halwer-ausgelernte;
Erscht ware sie als mat un bleech,
Doch uf zu alle Deufelsschtreech.

Sie ware Morgets artlig faul—
Un sin net frueh ufg'schtanne;
Im Bett hen sie sich rumgedrehd,
Bis sie als g'hoerd hen das die Maed
Schon rapple mit de Panne;
Un sel war ah die enzig Jacht
Die faule Schtadt-kerls uf hot g'wacht.

Dan wan's e'mohl bal Mitdag war,
Hot's Mitdag-Horn gebloose;
Des hot sie widder ufgeruehrt—
Was hen die Schtadt-kerls als gecheer'd!
Wie Freiheits-froh Franzose;
So'n Abbedit for's Mitdag-esse!
Was hen die Schtadt-kerls doch als gesse!

Un wan sie's Horn gebloose hen,
Dan hot d'r Wasser g'heilt;
Wie g'schwind war Sichel, Reff un Sens
Un Reche, g'hanke uf d'r Fens,
Un heemzus 'hen m'r g'eilt;
Nord wan m'r als sin kumme so,
Was war d'r Wasser als so froh!

Nooch mitdag war'n Schtund for Ruh,
Im Schatte dort, so kuehl;
Die alte hen ihr Peife g'schmookd,
Die Buwe hen die Maed gebloogd,
Ebmohls schier gar zu fiel;
Sie hen ebmohls net kenne ruhe,
Bei so unruhige knueze Buwe.

Doch hot m'r immer Hoffnung g'hat,
Fon all de Prentice-Buwe;
Juscht du een in 'n Druckerey
Dan werscht du seene, artlig glei,
Die Welt fangt a' zu mufe;
Ken Mensch kan sage was for'n Mann
Das so'n Bu noch gewe kan.

Sel war'n schoene Companie
Leebhafte junge Leut;
Die Maed hen g'recht un g'lacht un g'sunge,
Die Buwe hen ne nooch gebunne—
Ich wot's wear noch so Heut;
O! was 'n Companie alleweil!
Zwe Mann, zwe Esel un zwe Gaeul!

Wie lonesome isch's im Erntfeld nau!
Doch geht die Aerwet schmaerter;
'S wert nix meh g'maed nau mit d'r Sens,
As juscht e' Gmaad so an d'r Fens,
D'r Reaper drin zu schtaerte;
Mir sin als all um's Schtueck rum gange,
Bis mir den alte Haas hen g'fange.

Fon Weitem hot's als fiel gegukt,
As wie'n Drup Schnee-gens;
Der Reaper macht'n grosse Jacht,
Doch, was hot als die Music g'macht?
Es Bloos-horn un die Sens;
Un wan m'r hen die Sense g'schliffe,
Nord hen die Foegel 's aergscht gepiffe.

Aus H. L. Fischer's
'S ALT MARIK-HAUS MITTES
IN D'R SCHTADT, York, Pa. 1879.
(The poet's original spelling has been retained)

DER BUSCH

Es iss so schee im alte Busch-
Der Bodde grie mit Moos -
Weech sitzt mer uff der kiehle Aerd,
Ass wie im Mutterschoos,
Un fiehlt vun allem was em krenkt
So glicklich, frei un los.

Die Beem die waxe kaerzegraad,
Bis schier ans Himmelszelt;
Mer seht kee Decher un kee Schmok,
Es iss en annere Welt!
'S iss alles schtill, zefridde doh,
Kee Laerm un kee Geschelt.

Die Bletter wischple in der Luft,
Die Veggel singe schee,
Die Schkwaerls die hupse uff un ab,
So wacker un so klee;
Die Blumme bliehe zaart un fei-
Saag, was willscht du noch meh?

En Gricksle risselt mitte darch,
Un singt en Schlummerlied;
Es macht em denke an die Maemm,
Wie mer waar klee un mied!
Datt iss es wu der Himmel bloo
Sei Bild geschpiggelt sieht.

Der Bauer saagt der Busch muss ab,
Sell meen ich waer en Sind.
Die Beem die sin mer schier so lieb
Ass wie mei eegge Kind!
Ya well! Mer weess das alles iss
Vergenglich un ball verschwindt.

—Louise A. Weitzel (1862-1934)

SCHTAAGE FENSE

Schtaage Fense
Hie un haer,
Wott dass kenni
Gaar meh waer.

Zrick un vaersich
Wandeln sie,
Iwwer Feld un
Hiwwel hie.



Im Erntfeld In De Alte Zeite

ZU VIEL PEDERLI

Der Ed Drumbauer hot der Jim Butz un der John Edelmann gedingt fer ihm helfe in der Aern. Ans Drumbauers iss es net zu sauwer harre-gange. Die Hinkel waare im Hof bis nei uff die Bortsch, die Sei sin iwwerall rum gschprunge un die Micke hen en recht Parade ghatte vun Mischthof in die Kich un widder zerick.

Der Jim Butz waar schunn so bei Yaahre, sei Aagge waare nimmi so gut un debei waar er noch so eklich. Der John Edelmann iss aa vun re Familye kumme wu gans annerscht hausghalde hen als wie's Drumbauers. Wie die zwee Menner ans Haus kumme sin, saagt em Ed sei Fraa, "Schpitzen eier Meiler, 's gebt Hinkel Bottboi fer Middaag." — "Kennscht uns nix Bessers mache," hen die zwee geandwatt. Sie sin naus uffs Feld un hen fleissich gschafft. Wie sie reikumme sin an der Middaagschtunn waare sie mechtich hungerich. Der Disch waar gelaade, groosse Dellervoll Hinkel un groosse Schissle voll Bottboi. Eens vun de Meed hot hinnedraa gschtanne mit me Mickewehrer, en langer Schtecke mit gschnidde Babbier ans End gebunne. Den hot sie owwich em Disch rumgschwebt. Der Jim hot hazhaftdich gesse. Nooch em Esse wie die zwee uff em Weg waare fer widder uffs Feld, frogt er, "Ferwas hoscht du ken Bottboi gesse, John? Ich hab gemeent du deetscht en so gleiche." — "Well—'s waar mir zu viel Pederli drin," antwatt der John.— "Sell iss graad, was en so iweraus gut gemacht hot," saagt der Jim. "Ich denk ich bin alt genunk fer wisse was Pederli iss. Was meenscht du, dass es gewest waer?" frogt der Jim.—"Ei, graad was es waar, dode Micke. Yuscht du hoscht sie net recht sehne kenne mit deine schlechte Aagge," andwatt der John. Der Jim hot sich schier dod gewarrixt un die Hinkel hen der Bottboi grickt.

As told by the late Lloyd A. Moll (1879-1944)

MIT FLEGGEL DRESCHE

Dausende vun Yaahre zerick hen die Leit zwee Weegge ghatt fer ihre Frucht dresche. Sie hen en Blatz ghatt uff me Hiwwel fer ihre Dreschblatz. Sie hen ken Scheiere ghatt wie mir do rum hen.

Der Dreschblatz waar uff me Hiwwel so dass sie die Schprau aus der Frucht griegge hen kenne. Wann gedrosche waar, hen sie die Schprau un die Weeze - kanne in die Heeh gschmisse. Der Wind hot noh die Schprau weckgeblose.

Awwer wie hen sie die Kanne rausgrickt? Ebmols hen sie Oxe hie un haer iwwer die Frucht gedriwwe. Ihre Fiess hen die Kanne rausgedrede.

Der anner Weg fer dresche in de alde Daagge waar mit em Fleggel. Sell iss aagange Yaahr nooch Yaahr, bis ich schier grooss waar. Ich hab in meim Lewe net lanne dresche mit me Fleggel.

Was waar en Fleggel? Es waar zwee Schticker Hols zammegebunne mit Ledder odder rawhide. Es eent Schtick Hols waar aardlich lenger wie es anner un net so dick, verleicht net dicker wie en Recheschtiel. Es anner Schtick Hols waar weil net so lang, awwer aardlich viel dicker. Sell Schtick hot mer uff die Frucht gschlagge, wu uff de Denn-blanke gelegge hot. Es lang Schtick hot mer in de Hend ghowe.

Wie ich en Bu waar hen mir nix meh gedrosche mit em Fleggel ass wie Kann (rye). Sell hen mir gedrosche fer's lang Schtroh fer's Welschkann-laab mit binne.

Ich kann mich heit noch erinnere wie ich en kleener Bu waar un bin die lang Leen nei vun der Schtrooss zu unsere Scheier. Mei Daadi un der Knecht waare am Fleggeldresche. Die hen gut Zeit ghalde. Wann em Eende sei Fleggel nunner iss uff die Blanke hot der anner sei Fleggel in die Heeh gezogge.

Des hot als "Bump, berump" gemacht, graad so schtarrick ass wann mer langsam zeehle deet. Ich hab gewinscht, ich kennt aa helfe. Es hot so leicht geguckt.

Awwer des Handwarrick hot gelannt sei misse: Wann zwee draa waare, hen sie teit an nanner nunner gschlagge. Un sie hen nanner nie gedroffe. Yederer hot sei Fleggel hinne rum gebrocht schier gaar wedder Kann net sehne—
Denk oft draa—
Waer der Schinner
Fangt sie aa.

Hoch sex Riggel,
Siwwe fleicht,
Gschplitt aus Keschde
Gaar net leicht.

Grumme, graade,
Kaz un lang,
Dicke, dinne,
Wie en Schtang.

Schwer Heww-eise
Macht en Loch,
Kreizicht Schtaage
Machen's Yoch.

Ziegge, hewe,
Alle Fach,
Schweri Aerwet
Iss die Sach.

Fenseck meehe
In der Hitz
Bringt die Blodre
Un der Schwitz.

Gift un Danne
Dick un scharref,
All uffg'huddelt
Fangt der Warref.

Bissel Fluche
Newebei
Dutt Mut fasse—
Geht druff nei.

Die alt rot Kuh
Laaft drauss rum,
Tschumpt die Fens un
Schmeisst sie um.

Riggel faule,
Schtaage aa,
Geht mer ewwe
Widder draa,

Fens uffschtelle,
Schunscht heesst's glei,
Dass mer zimmlich
Labbich sei.

Schtaage Fense
Wu noch sei,
Winsch sie gaun in
Ginni nei!

15 Juli 1945 —RALPH S. FUNK

seim linkse Aarem. Wann mer sich net in acht genumme hot, dann hot mer sich selwer hinne wedder sei Kopp gschlagge, ass mer die Schtanne sehne hot fliegge beim helle Daag. Ya, es Fleggel-dresche hot gelannt sei misse.

Der Kaschber Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News

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Editorials

Usaacs Always Welcome Here

Allentown certainly welcomes most heartily all those veterans of World War I who were trained at Camp Crane on the Allentown Fair Grounds and who have come to this city for celebration of the 40th anniversary of their initiation into military service.

Somewhere around 20,000 young men came here from all parts of the United States for preliminary training in ambulance driving and in base and field hospital work. The initial units, who arrived during the summer of 1917, were recruited in upwards of two hundred of the leading colleges and universities of the country. Many of them had just graduated from those institutions of learning. All were eager for service abroad. In fact it was represented on many campuses that the enlistees in the Ambulance Corps would be in France "within thirty days."

That many hundreds of them vegetated for months in the camp in this city was neither of their making nor was it to their liking. That hundreds of them transferred to other branches of the service when movement out of the local camp to France was retarded, indicated their restlessness and their desire for battle - front experience in the shortest possible time.

Many went to Gettysburg where a young infantry captain, Dwight D. Eisenhower, was organizing a tank corps with virtually no equipment. Others went into aviation, artillery units, anything that promised speedier crossing of the ocean to fight the Huns.

Yes, it was a spirited group as Allentown came to know. They were a lot of admirable young Americans. Allentown and the surrounding community certainly took them to their hearts in a fashion that had few if any parallels in training camp areas in this country.

Allentown families gained a nationwide acquaintanceship with the families of young men who had come here from every state in the union. Friendships formed forty years ago have been dimmed by distances that separate Allentown from the thousands of communities in which the USAAC veterans settled down after the war but they have by no means been forgotten.

A year and a half of camp operations in Allentown constituted a distinctive era in this city's life. It was one that brought deep satisfactions to our people. It was one that now recalls some of the pleasantest memories for all who had a part in shaping that era.

The only pity is that these reunions, occurring every five years in this city, are not more largely attended. Allentown's heart would be big enough to welcome and entertain all those who might choose to attend these reunions and to bring with them their families to see the scenes in which they passed one of the most memorable periods of their lives.

New York Honors Her Own

New York City, which has accorded celebrities of many sorts the type of triumph which it has done the most to make famous — the ticker-tape blizzard and parade — did itself proud earlier in the week when it honored a native daughter, Althea Gibson.

Queen of the world's women tennis players, she was the first of her race to win this honor at Wimbledon and to receive the accolades of the entire tennis world.

Born and reared in Harlem, this young woman learned her tennis on the sidewalks and then on courts made possible by New York City's fine public recreation system. While most of the competitors over whom she triumphed in this country and abroad learned and pursued their games upon private courts and under professional coaching, this young woman is the product of the public courts. These courts have made it possible wherever established for the rank and file to enjoy and become proficient in a highly demanding and fiercely competitive sport.

From such courts amid the rookeries of New York's black belt came this latest flowering of tennis proficiency. New York took official and public recognition of the honor conferred upon its recreation system both at home and abroad by Althea Gibson's international conquests.

It was heartening that the great city paid her a tribute that perhaps is the most envied not alone in the world of sports but in the worlds of a host of achievements.

All Scout Eyes on Jamboree

The eyes of more than three million American boy scouts, (and perhaps the eyes of many of the three million girl scouts) will be turned during the week toward Valley Forge where some 50,000 of the boys are attending the National Jamboree.

It is the "elect" in Scouting which has converged upon the historical grounds for a week's enjoyment of a round of colorful and spectacular events. It can be said that it is the ambition of virtually every scout to be able some day to qualify for and attend this gathering of the flower of American boyhood.

It is a great organization of which these boys are the leading representatives. This is realized especially by the 1,220,000 or so volunteer adult leaders who give a lot of their time and energies to the promotion of the work of the troops which they sponsor.

It is a movement that has back of it the hearty support and endorsement of the Church, the Home and the School. It has stood the tests of time, for Boy Scouting in this country now is 47 years old. It is bigger than ever and proportionately has grown more rapidly than population.

While millions of these boys are enjoying camp life elsewhere this summer, it is the Jamboree that is the stimulant to the entire movement. It is the big national convention which sort of sets the pattern of things and is the tonic that will help to enliven the organization thruout the coming year.

It is an important goal in Scouting and therefore an uplift to work in the hundred thousand or more troops that have been established by churches and other organizations in virtually every considerable community in the country.

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.

Doesn't Like C.D. "Stuff"

Dear Sir—

Just a few lines to let you know how I feel about this C.D. stuff. It makes me sick.

We will never need to worry about the "enemy" from without, as long as we tolerate him within. If any one takes over the Government, etc., it will not be from without. It will be from within.

Just for instance consider the late carpenters strike and the present cement strike. Huh! just let some foolish man say the word and all the "blind" will follow him. The Bible says: "Men are exceedingly sinful."

Beware, America!!

C. H. Weierman
P. O. Box 963, Allentown

To the Editor—

Just 50 years ago, the Morning Call made this grim prediction which may now interest you in re-reading: "If the railroads fall down on the job of reducing the population, the automobile can surely be relied upon to carry out that tragic mission."

Mrs. J. Hahn
Allentown

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A city man had a tough time persuading his wife to journey to the seashore for a Sunday on the beach. The traffic on the roads, the crowds on the beach, the humidity and dust all were even worse than she had bargained for. Back home at last, she sank gratefully into the easy - chair in her air - conditioned room and sighed, "Eddie, I'm so happy to be home again, I'm glad I went!"

A taxi driver told his fare, "My wife won $32,000 on a quiz program last week and split with me."

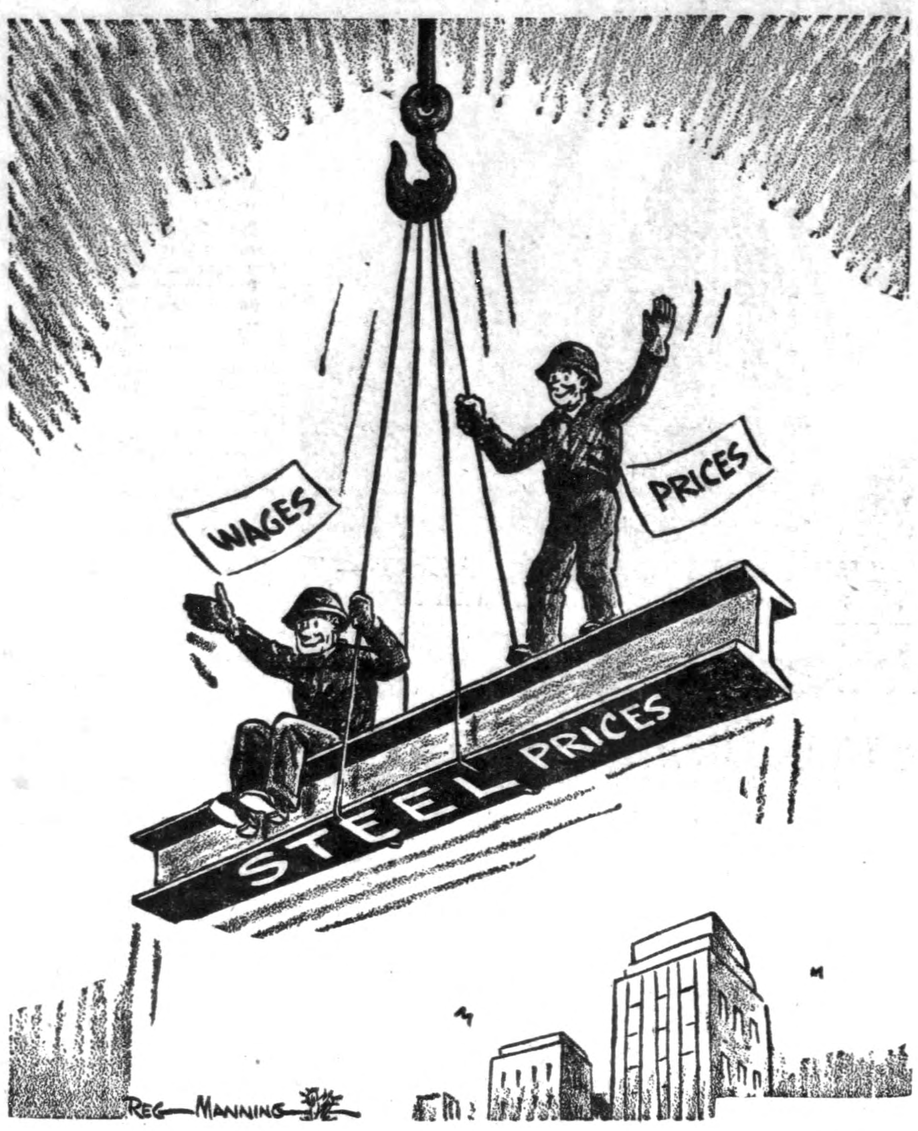
"That was extremely generous of her," commented the man in the back seat.

"You got me wrong," corrected the driver. "What I mean is that she packed up and walked out on me."

A sophisticated young authoress, on publication of her first novel, told a reporter, "I was educated during my vacations from finishing school."

(Copyright 1957)

Riding Up With It



Dealing Off the Bottom

By DAVID LAWRENCE

A tell-tale paragraph in an impromptu speech just made by Boss Khrushchev exposes the entire game of fakery that the Communists have been playing at the disarmament table in London.

It's the banning of all nuclear bombs — both their testing and their use in war — which the Soviet union really wants. Why? Because this would give the Soviet and Red China regimes, with their enormous manpower and the use of conventional weapons, a complete military mastery of the world. The West would, in effect, be disarmed.

Khrushchev showed his hand when he denounced President Eisenhower for saying at a recent press conference that a "clean" bomb, which would limit destruction to the military target and eliminate "fall out," was being perfected for the American government by its scientists. Speaking off-the-cuff during his tour of Czechoslovakia, Khrushchev said:

"Eisenhower is a man of principle and integrity but look what stupidities he says when he speaks of a clean hydrogen bomb. How can there be clean bombs for dirty things? Bombs mean wholesale annihilation of children and women."



Lawrence

For several years now the Communists, through their press and with the cooperation of some naive persons in the scientific world, have agitated against the testing of nuclear weapons. The principal impetus to the crusade was given by a worldwide discussion of radioactive "fall out" and an exaggerated emphasis on possible damage to civilians everywhere. Because of this terror campaign, politicians in Britain and America urged a ban on all nuclear testing. Some have wanted it done by the West alone, and some have insisted that it be agreed to by the Communists simultaneously with the Western countries.

But coincident with it all there has been a persistent drive by the Communists to stir up worldwide feeling against any use of nuclear bombs in war. Most people didn't recognize the shrewdness of this military strategy but now, with the probability that "fall out" will be eliminated in what is known as a "clean" bomb, the bottom drops out of the Soviet argument about the evil effects of "fall out" whether in tests or in the use of nuclear bombs in wartime.

"A "clean" bomb means that the military installation or factory making strategic weapons for the enemy would be the target and that people in the surrounding area would not be harmed by "fall out." This is exactly what used to happen in war — a constant attempt to confine bombing to military areas.

Reds Stand Pat

The Soviet government, of course, would be given the secret of the "clean" bomb by the West, so that there would be no unfair advantage, but only if there was an agreement in advance to permit outside inspection so that the West would know if the Russians were continuing to produce what are known as "dirty" bombs.

Thus far, however, the Soviet envoys to the London disarmament conference have stood their ground — they will not even agree to a ban on all testing of bombs by both sides because the West insists that production of bombs must also be stopped and a foolproof method set up to ascertain whether the agreement is being fulfilled.

So it all comes down to this: The Communists want a mutual ban on testing but don't want to agree to stop production of nuclear bombs. The West is willing to stop the tests and also further production of bombs, if agreed to by both sides.

The Soviet reason for wanting an agreement to ban tests and the use of bombs in war is that they never intend to honor their pledges but know the West will. This gives the Soviets a military advantage on two counts—they will continue to manufacture nuclear bombs, and they will maintain large armies to overrun Europe or to intimidate the peoples of the Western countires and thus make easier the infiltration of parliamentary governments by Communists.

Back in the minds of the Soviet military strategists also is the knowledge that it is not altogether certain that political governments in Western Europe, when the chips are down, would allow their territory to be used by American forces as bases for the launching of H-bombs, knowing that this would invite retaliation.

Meanwhile, conventional armies, navies and air forces are being curtailed in the West for economic reasons while the Communists are protecting themselves not only with nuclear weapons but with non-nuclear weapons and large armies as well.

(Copyright 1957)

Enjoying the Arts

By GEORGE DIXON

Everybody knows that you don't get much more out of a job than you put into it. Everybody knows that you don't get much more out of a game than you put into it.

But too few people realize that you don't get much more out of a work of art than you put into it. Every work of art must be a collaboration between the creator and the audience.

We can accept the fact that the better you play golf, or the more you understand bridge, the more enjoyment you will receive from it. Work or play (which are aspects of the same drive) depend on active participation for their fullest pleasure.

Yet, we expect the poet or the painter or the playwright to do all the artistic work for us — to bring us a poem or a picture or a play that is completely finished and that calls for no exertion on our part.

We resent a "difficult" drama, not understanding that it can be more fun than a simple one. I grant that a work of art should not be difficult for its own sake — but too many audiences desire simplicity for its own sake.

In the preface to his new book of collected plays, Arthur Miller (better known to headline readers as "Marilyn Monroe's husband") points out the varying reactions of different people to his prize - winning drama, "Death of a Salesman."

Many elderly men wrote to him saying that they saw the play as an allegory of their own lives. Older women saw the suffering wife as the central character in the story. And college-age boys believed that the two sons were really the focus of the plot.

But the comment that stuck in Miller's mind was one he heard in the lobby after the play was over. A man summed up his reaction by remarking to his friend, "I always said that New England territory was no danged good!"

This is what he got out of "Death of a Salesman." He brought a limited vision and a passive mind to the play — and left in the same condition. If he brought this same passivity to his job or to his golf, he would soon be fired at the office and spurned on the links.

As a people, we enjoy tasks that are challenging, that require imagination and ingenuity. We will not reach our maturity as an audience until we learn to transfer our zest to those often puzzling and provocative creations of the mind known as the arts.

(Copyright, 1957)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Genesis 41:33-37

Joseph, invs. 33-36, runs the risk of advising Pharaoh how to meet the coming emergency, although he does not seem to have been asked to suggest a plan. He tells Pharaoh that it would be well if he would find a man, discreet and wise, and set him over the land of Egypt.

Then he would do well to appoint overseers to take up the fifth part of the land of Egypt in the seven plenteous years. Let them gather all the food of those good years that are ahead. Joseph continues, and lay up grain ("corn" in the James Bible is always grain) under the hand of Pharaoh, and let them keep food in the cities.

And that food shall be for store to the land against the seven years of famine, which shall be in the land of Egypt, that the land perish not through the famine; a better policy than to burn or otherwise destroy surplus food, so as to keep up prices!

When some years ago we burned up surplus wheat, if I remember correctly, a congressman objected, and read this very passage at a session of Congress. Instead of chiding Joseph for advising him, Pharaoh thought the suggested plan to be a good one, and did something about it, as we shall see.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

THE SPIRIT

That inner-dwelling spirit shares
the body's every pain.
It responds to all that bruises
though unseen it must remain.
It's the hidden source of courage for whatever has to be
While the flesh displays the
bandage following every injury.

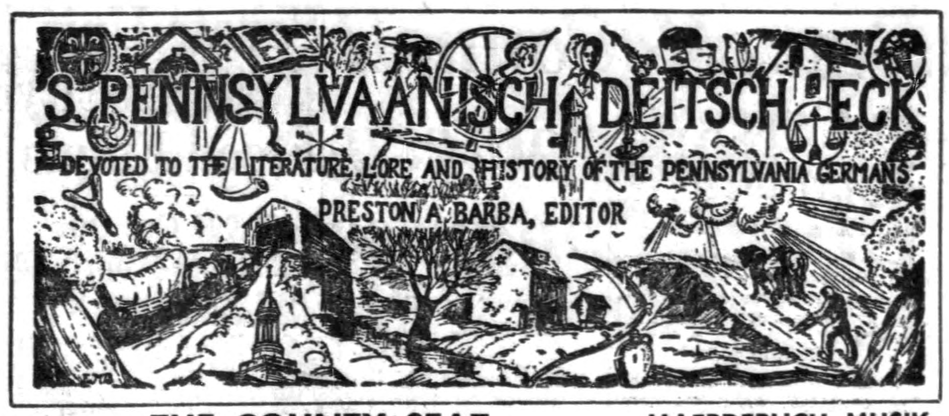
The body may not show it when
the spirit has been hurt,
But there are ways to know it,
are both ear and eye alert:
The voice will drop a little and
be a sadder for awhile
And there'll be something missing from the old familiar
smile.

The spirit may not whimper as
the flesh is apt to do.
It will ache without complaining and its anguish hide
from view.
The body loudly grumbles when
some hopes have gone
astray.
But the disappointed spirit
bravely suffers, come what
may.

(Copyright 1957)

Horoscope

A fair modicum of good fortune is indicated for you in the next year. Do not take business risks, however. Today's child will be of a loving, affectionate nature.



THE COUNTY SEAT

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

(Ollie and Susannah Kuhns and their children are about to remove from Macungie, formerly known as Millerstown, to the county seat. This story appeared originally in the Atlantic Monthly for May, 1908. It is reprinted here by courtesy both of the author and the publisher.—ED.)

"I and Ollie and the children are going to—" Susannah Kuhns bent over the salad dressing which she was stirring on the stove as though it for the moment took all her attention. Meanwhile, she watched her guest, stout, placid Sarah Ann Mohr, from the corner of her eye. Then she brought out the rest of the sentence with a jerk, —"are going to move."

"T-to m-move!" exclaimed Sarah Ann. "When, Susannah? Where will you move. Why?"

Susannah straightened her back, so that it reached the perpendicular and passed it.

"We are going to move to Allentown, I am sick of Millerstown. Millerstown is too slow and too dumb and too Dutch."

"But you will get homesick."

"Homesick! For why should I get homesick? I have my man and my children by me. It is no one in Millerstown I care for."

"Ach, Susannah!" Sarah Ann's eyes filled with tears. She was accustomed to Susannah's tempers, but she had never seen her in such a mood as this.

"Susannah poured the dressing over a bowl of crisp endive and set the empty pan in the sink with a slam.

"Oliver is sick of working at the furnace. He will go back to his carpenter trade, and in Allentown he will get two dollars a day. And my children will talk English, and when they are through with the school, they can work in the factory."

"But your things will get broken when you move."

"Pooh, that is nothing. I will just get new ones."

"But who will lead the singing in the church?"

"I don't care."

"Won't you never come back?"

"Never to live."

"But why do you go?" Not even a plague could have driven Sarah Ann from Millerstown. "You have here your nice house, and it is where you have always lived, and—"

"I hate it," said Susannah. Then she went to the screen door. "Dinner!" she called.

Sarah Ann rose as the two children, Oliver and Louisa, came in.

"But you won't be here for the Sunday-school picnic or the Christmas entertainment."

Little Louisa answered, her fat cheeks almost cracking with scornful laughter.

"We can go every day to a Sunday school picnic or a Christmas entertainment in Allentown."

"Don't you sass Sarah Ann," said their mother sharply. "This afternoon you are both to help me."

For the next few days, Sarah Ann went back and forth from her own house to the Kuhnses, with tears in her eyes. Susannah gayly declined her help. She scrubbed the floors, she whitewashed, she washed and ironed and packed. Her husband helped her with the things, and in the intervals of work, wandered miserably about.

"Do you want to move to Allentown, Oliver?" Sarah Ann asked him.

"Yes," answered Susannah. "He does."

Susannah sang while she worked. She had led the singing in the Evangelical Church since she was a girl, but she would sing there no more. There were great churches in the county seat, churches with stained-glass windows and crowds of people, where they would want her to sing. Then cross, unwilling Oliver would be glad they had moved.

Nearly all Millerstown came to the station to say good-by. Susannah told them again and again how glad she was to leave, and they listened to her silently. She seemed already like an alien.

"I should not be surprised if it is by and by no one at all in Millerstown," she said laughingly. "Millerstown is too slow."

The eyes of the othe. women met. They thought Susannah Kuhns had lost her mind. Sarah Knerr joined them just before the train pulled out.

"You forgot your soap-kettle, Susannah," she said breathlessly. "I ran all the way to tell you. It hangs yet in the backyard."

"I am not going to take it," answered Susannah.

"How then will you boil your soap?"

"I ain't going to boil soap. I buy my soap."

"And won't you make apple-butter, and won't you butcher?" gasped someone.

Susannah did not deign to answer. She looked back as the trained started. It would have been a relief to jump up and down in her seat as the children were doing. Oliver told them sternly to "shut up and sit still," but they were too excited to obey.

The crowd at the station in Allentown seemed to their unaccustomed eyes great enough for a holiday or fair week. Susannah could hardly follow Oliver, with Louisa hanging from one hand, and Ollie trying to escape from the other.

"Mom!" he shrieked every few minutes. "Look once here!"

At the big skeleton of the Powers building, Oliver stopped them.

"There is where I shall work at two dollars a day," he said.

In spite of himself there was pride and excitement in his voice. A little farther on he stopped at the opening of a narrow street.

"It is here where we shall live."

"I see where," screamed little Ollie.

Their goods were being unloaded before the door of a tiny frame house.

"I too," echoed Louisa.

Oliver unlocked the door and let them in.

"It is not a nice house," said Louisa.

"It is a nice house," reproved her mother sharply. "It is while it is not yet fixed up that it don't look so fine." Then she waved back her husband, who came into the room with a roll of carpet in his arms. "Don't bring it in yet. Did you think I should put down carpet when the house is not yet cleaned?"

"But I must go Mondays to work, and Sundays it is no working, and I can only help today and tomorrow."

Susannah looked at him.

"Do you mean I should put down the carpets before it is everything washed up?" she asked.

"No," he answered, meekly. "But you shall wash this room first, and then I can move the things right aways in."

"Begin at the bottom to wash the house!" gasped Susannah. "And go up! I guess not. I begin at the top, like always."

She went upstairs and looked about her. She could not suppress an exclamation of horror. Then she went to the head of the stairway.

"You shall just come up once and see how dirty it is here," she called. "It will be dinner till I make the garret done."

"But the things? Shall they stand all the time out?"

"You can watch them so it don't anybody carry anything off," she replied. "I—" The rest of her sentence was lost in the sound of a stiff scrubbing-brush, pushed swiftly across rough boards.

In an hour Ollie tiptoed softly to the bottom of the garret stairs.

"Mom," he called, in a wild whisper. "Come down, come down!"

"What is the matter?" asked Susannah in fright.

"The police have got Pop."

Susannah sprang to her feet, upsetting the pail of water. Little Ollie got nimbly out of her way as she flew.

"They'll take him to jail," he cried.

"Oliver!" called Susannah, "I am coming."

When she reached the front door she saw Oliver nervously moving the boxes. A policeman had paused in the middle of the street for a last word.

"They must be off in half an hour," he said.

Husband and wife scarcely spoke until the things were safely inside.

"This awful thing shall not come to Millerstown," said Susannah. Then she thrust a broom into Oliver's hands. "Go out and sweep a little off."

Susannah clattered back into the garret. Brisk worker as she was, it was dinner-time before she finished.

"I tell you it is clean for once," she said proudly, as they sat on the boxes, eating the lunch which Sarah Ann had put up for them. The children had begged to take theirs out on the back step, but she would not let them. "And have all the neighbors know what we are eating! I guess not."

"But at home they know always what we have for dinner," said Louisa.

"This is home," corrected their mother sternly.

After dark they put up two beds by the faint light which came in from the arc light outside. They had no oil for their lamps and they were afraid to light the gas. The children were already asleep on a pile of carpet, and did not wake when they were put to bed.

An hour later Susannah lay down beside her sleeping husband. There had been one rug which she had not been able to clean before she left Millerstown, and she had taken it down into the yard and had beaten it there. She closed her eyes with a great sigh of relief. Then she sat up. What was this noise? She was conscious for the first time of the rush of trolley-cars, the roll of carriages, the tramp of feet. Somewhere in the neighborhood a band was practicing. She jumped with fright at the sound of the church clock striking eleven.

"We must get used to it," she said to herself. "It cannot be so quiet here like in Millerstown."

She was not to get used to it that night, however. She tossed and rolled, determining that she would not hear the clock strike again, then listening and waiting for it. She grasped her husband's arm in terror, when, toward morning, half a dozen men sat down on the door-step to finish a noisy argument.

It was dawn when she fell asleep. The milk-carts and market-wagons had begun to come in from the country, and rattled noisily by, and for a while she was conscious of them in the midst of her drowsiness. Then, slowly, they faded away.

(What happens to the Kuhns family in the county seat of Lehigh remains to be seen in the next issue of the Eck).

MAERDERLICH MUSIK

Die Friehyaahrs Musik iss mer lieb,
Die Veggel singe schee
En luschdich, freehlich Maryelied
Im Abbelbaum sei Schnee.
Der Piewie, Gold-amschel un Laerrich,
Die Schbetzel un die Schwalm,
Hen regler alle Marye Kaerrich
Un singe ihre Psalm.
Sie singe solos un duets,
All vun de very bescht,
Un alsemol sin aa quartets
Am Singe datt im Nescht.
Es scheint es kummt ne graad vum Haz
Un rollt ne vun der Zung;
So singe sie vun Blatz zu Blatz
Frieh in der Marye-schtunn.

Awwer 's iss en Voggel das ich weess,
Der blaerrt en gansi Nacht;
Es macht mich unausschprechlich bees,
Sei miseraabels Yacht.
Ken Feddre hot er un ken Schdimm,
Doch will er'n Voggel sei;
Er hot sei Naas in alles drin,
Un blaerrt noch newebei.
Er macht ass wie en Zaerkelsaek,
Un fliegt graad rei ins Haus.
Dann sucht er gschwind die Schpeicher-schteeg
Un schnausst mol alles aus;
Un nachts wann ich am Schlofe bin,
Dann weckt er mich glei uff
Mit seine maerderliche Schdimm:
"Zu-zu-zu-zupp!"

Sei feierichi Naas geht nei
Graad darch mei Haut un Schbeck,
Un in der bludich Maerderei
Sauft er sich dick un fett.
Ich schlack en Schdraahle darch die Luft
Un schpring mit Schmaerze raus,
Awwer in re jiffy — "Zu-zu-zupp!"
Geht er zum Fenschter naus.
Mei Leib gschwellt uff wie'n bully-rum,
Datt iss sei Deegge nei:
Wann ich en's naegscht Mol fange kann
Schlack ich sei Hannschaal fei.
Awwer wie ich widder schlummer fatt,
Dann kummt en gansi Drupp,
Un fresse mich schier uff graad datt:
"Zu-zu-zu-zupp!"

Sie hen mich gans ausgsoffe nau,
Ich bin yuscht meh en Schbuck;
Mei Haut iss hatt un zeeh un rau,
Kannscht denke wie ich guck.
So hawwich gaar ken Badder meh,
Un hab mol Ruh bei golly;
Sie losse mich mit Friede geh
Un fresse an der Polly.
Es hot mich als verdollt verzannt,
Weil ich moschkieters hass,
Awwer nau hawwich uffkors gelannt
's iss wunnerbaarer Gschpass,
Doch watt ken bissli do gelacht
Wann der Voggel peift "Zup-zupp!"
Fer wann's die Polly schbanki macht
Iss Gwidder in der Luft.

—SOLLY HULSBUCK
(Harvey M. Miller, 1872-1939)

G'SUNDHEIT

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

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

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

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

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

Ich winsch eich all "G'sundheit" vun der rechte Satt.

—Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon Daily News.

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Editorials

'It's Not Clever to Smoke'

To get a thing done by any segment of society the trick is to make it fashionable. Once the idea is disseminated that this or that social practice is entirely out of line then the practice is doomed.

Because some so - called "squares" adopted certain types of hair-cuts the idea spread among callow, impressionable youth that this was the way to appear in society. Promptly there was a run upon the neighborhood barbers to produce the hirsute monstrosities that shocked parents quite as much as society in general.

The situation is similar to that which for generations has encouraged young people, especially boys, to take up smoking, surreptitiously and shyly at first and then openly and defiantly to parental authority and society's general disapproval.

A leading English educator succeeded in impressing a helpful and really valuable viewpoint upon his young students. Like most boys for generations they had shaped and adopted the idea that smoking somehow or other was a symbol of having grown up.

This educator brought about the opposite attitude among the boys in his school. There smoking came to be recognized for what it really is, a symbol of not having really grown up.

When that sensible viewpoint was gained of an entirely useless, costly and a not entirely clean habit the entire group of this English school's enrollment abandoned smoking and went on to pledge adherence to a resolve never to resume the habit.

Parents and teachers of course should set an example. Unhappy, tough boys and some girls are wont to imitate not so much the good habits of their elders as the harmful and not so good habits. Then it is the habit of human nature to blame others for any ill results derived from such imitation.

Real reform from useless and costly habit of spurning of temptation even to begin it, best can come from the influence and example of youths themselves. When they reach the conclusion from their reading and observations that it is not clever to smoke; "that it just is not being done" by young people who want to enjoy the admiration and respect of their fellows, transformation can be expected all along the line.

Threat of any degree of ostracism for disobedience to any unwritten law in the fluid and changing juvenile code is one of the most powerful forces in determining the attitudes and the behavior of young people.

Teachers and parents, who subtly can put across the idea to their young people that it is no longer considered to be smart and mature to smoke (and we can add, drink), will have won half the battle in the struggle of society to get its young people off on the right foot in their entrance upon life.

Arming for Asiatic Flu

Asiatic influence is believed to be on the wings of the winds which are sweeping out of the Orient and, in conformity with the general direction of air currents in the higher latitudes, can be expected to be moving toward the United States.

In addition the disease can be expected to be brought to this country by human carriers. Since there never has been so much movement by so many Americans to and from the Orient, except during World War II, the chance of spread by carriers who travel by surface ships and planes is very great.

A fear is that since this is a new virus, virtually no one in the United States has built up resistance to it.

Happily, the U. S. Public Health Service is taking advantage of the forewarning that has been given. Extensive efforts have been made to develop a vaccine to combat the disease. Human guinea pigs — soldiers at southern air bases — have been used in testing an anti-virus vaccine which already is being made by half a dozen leading pharmaceutical houses. If the soldiers who have been tested develop immunity, then all members of the armed forces will be inoculated. Beginning of this comprehensive program is scheduled for September 1.

After that, civilian medical personnel — the people likely to be in contact with flu victims — are to receive injections. Thereafter the vaccine, if it prove satisfactory, will be released to the public.

It is a huge national program which is pictured. It is unique for its far-sighted recognition of a probable national calamity like the flu epidemic of 1917-18 and 1918-19 and the adoption of a national program to meet the threat to all our people.

Blame for Rising Prices

Who is responsible for rapidly rising prices and the current inflationary cycle?

"Purchasing," a magazine which is the official organ of purchasing agents thruout the United States, queried nearly five hundred of its subscribers. It found that the large majority — 83 per cent — of these men blame it upon "big business" and upon "big labor." These men, employes of "big business," believe price increases during the last ten years have stemmed mainly from management's failure to put up any more than token resistance to union wage demands. The reason for management's soft policy with the unions, say the PA's, is that company officials know they can make up higher wage costs by increasing prices. Eighty per cent of the purchasing agents also cite the record corporate earnings of the last decade as a factor in management's easy - come - easy-go labor contract negotiations.

Pinned down as to what they think is the most important single cause of price inflation, 65 per cent of the industrial buyers said it was because wage increases have been greater than productivity increases. Other causes mentioned by the buyers: the government's inflationary fiscal policies (22 per cent); heavy demand in relation to supply (13 per cent).

Most purchasing agents have little regard for the Federal Reserve's controversial tight money policy. Only 28 per cent believe this attempt at halting price inflation has been successful. Fifty-five per cent, however, say the tight money policy has had "little effect except to raise the cost of borrowing." Even more critical, 17 per cent think tight money has retarded needed economic expansion.

Asked if they believe creeping price inflation is essential to a full employment economy, 84 per cent said "no." And 81 per cent said they would prefer to have some unemployment without inflation rather than full employment with inflation.

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.

Taxpayer Trying to Start Something

To the Editor—

I think some suggestions are in order concerning the planned "Forward March" program of our fair city.

I would like to hear comments pro and con on the following suggestions.

A. Build a new city hall on the north - east corner of 17th & Hamilton St., now a vacant lot.

B. Build a new "Central Fire Station" on the north-east corner of Jefferson & Linden Sts., now a vacant lot. This location provides easy access to the business district, 15th St. Bridge points south, north and west. It is a well centralized point.

B2 A second choice location for the "Central Fire Station" would be 13th & Fairview Sts. on the vacant land now owned by the City of Allentown, this location is also adequate in so far as accessibility for our fire fighters to reach the business district, also other points south, west and north. (The hill problems should not present a serious problem with modern fire apparatus, an easy approach would always be available west on Fairview St. and north on 14th St. then east on Hamilton to the business section.

C. The police department to occupy the Chew St. (Lehigh Motors Bldg.) after some renovations, this being ideal for many reasons, a large parking area available in the rear, a place to house emergency vehicles as ambulance, motor cycles, squad cars, rescue cars, etc., a place for the "paying" customers to park their cars while they settle with the traffic department, etc., etc.

In summation then abandon the present City Hall and the Liberty Engine Co. at 711 Chew St.

A Taxpayer

Push-Button War Ends!



'Life, Liberty and . . .'

By DAVID LAWRENCE

There was something characteristically human in President Eisenhower's bit of reminiscence concerning his talks with General Zhukov in 1945. It raises this question: Must a man who happens to be discussing current affairs during a social evening with someone from another country keep on a level of politeness and courtesy and refrain from citing facts that would reflect on the other man's government, especially if the other individual is an important diplomatic or military representative of that very government?

As told in the press conference here this week, the President admitted he was somewhat flustered when he was arguing with Zhukov on the subject of communism. The two men had just emerged from a joint military operation that ended World War II, and they spent a lot of time together in Berlin. Here is how the President tells the story:



Lawrence

I must pay that during the years that I knew him (Zhukov) I had a most satisfactory acquaintance and friendship with him. I think he was a confirmed Communist. We had many long discussions about our respective doctrines. I think one evening we had a three-hour conversation. We tried each to explain to the other just what our systems meant, to the individual, and I was very hard put to it when he insisted that their system appealed to the idealistic, and we completely to the materialistic, and I had a very tough time trying to defend our position, because he said:

" 'You tell a person he can do as he pleases, he can act as he pleases, he can do anything. Everything that is selfish in man you appeal to him, and we tell him that he must sacrifice for the state.'

"Zhukov said: 'We have a very hard program to sell.' So what I am getting at is, I believe he was very honestly convinced of the soundness of their doctrine and was an honest man."

But the reporters at the press conference felt that this might leave an impression that the President had been devoid of arguments against communism, so James Reston of the New York Times asked: "Do you want to leave the inference that it is difficult to defend the proposition that democracy is a more idealistic system than communism?"

To this Mr. Eisenhower replied by explaining further Zhukov's claims about idealism and "sacrifice for the state — giving to the state," and then the President added this comment:

Teaching 'Support'

"In other words, he (Zhukov) takes the attitude that they don't force this contribution, they are teaching a people to support that contribution. So, when you run up against that king of thing — look, Mr. Reston, I think you could run into people you would have a hard time convincing that the sun is hot and the earth is round. I don't say that I don't believe it. I am merely saying that against that kind of a belief you run against arguments that almost leave you breathless, you don't know how to meet them."

Mr. Eisenhower is a kindly man and, even when shocked by misstatements, doesn't speak words of criticism to persons he is meeting socially, especially in the diplomatic world. He doesn't question their motives or imply they are supporting scoundrels in government. Theoretically, Mr. Eisenhower might have said:

"Look here, General Zhukov, you know you have been deceived. There isn't any 'sacrifice to the state' in the Soviet Union. It's a forced sacrifice of individual liberty to satisfy Stalin — a power - hungry dictator — and you know it. Look around you — see how people are torn from their homes and denied any trial. See how many are killed for expressing dissent. See how the worker is robbed of the food he produces on his farm. Can the word 'sacrifice' ever cover up or excuse tyranny and cruelty? Hitler also argued that what he was doing was for the benefit of the people, but he killed hundreds of thousands of innocent persons inside his own country who disagreed with him.

"In America we believe that 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness' is what the individual must be guaranteed, and that no dictator or dictatorial clique can lawfully take away the rights of the individual. We believe that the amount of 'sacrifice' the individual makes for the nation must be determined by him through his representatives chosen in a free election, which is something you don't have."

But Mr. Eisenhower was too polite to say anything of this kind. He was truly up against it — trying to be courteous and listen at the same time to the argument that idealism rather than absolute materialism is the basic philosophy of communism. If the proposed meeting between our Secretary of Defense and Marshal Zhukov is held soon, there is no reason why the blunt - speaking Charlie Wilson can't say a few things of this sort when the discussion takes a philosophical turn. For the free - wheeling Mr. Wilson has learned somehow to make conversational indiscretion a virtue.

(Copyright, 1957)

Cause and Effect

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

We often speak glibly about "the law of cause and effect," but sometimes it is difficult to tell the one from the other. Especially in regard to medical "evidence."

I read a recent survey showing that heavy smokers tend to have more nervous breakdowns than light smokers and non-smokers. What exactly does this prove?

It might indicate, of course, that heavy smoking brings on a nervous condition; but it might just as plausibly be argued that people with nervous dispositions tend to smoke heavily.

Does the smoking cause the nervousness, or the nervousness the smoking? Nobody knows.

Likewise, I attended a lecture given by a Swedish scientist who has found that patients with schizophrenia show blood reactions that are strikingly different from "normal" people.

He is convinced that something chemical in the action of the blood "cuases" schizophrenia. I wonder whether the opposite might not be true — that people who suffer from mental derangement also undergo some chemical changes.

We know that when a person is angry or fearful, his glands discharge a great deal more adrenelin than when he is placid. Here, the physical condition is induced by the mental state. May it not be just as possible that schizophrenics produce similar changes in their blood composition?

The biologist who insists that all mental illness comes from physical causes is as absurd, dogmatic and one-sided as the psychiatrist who insists that all mental illness is "psychic" in origin.

We simply do not know enough about the subtle interplay between body and mind. We do not know enough about the constitutional factors at birth which may push us in a certain direction and make us vulnerable to special diseases of the mind or body. "Cause" is a simple word, but an elusive concept.

The human tendency to oversimplify is the great enemy of progress on all fronts. The roots of any trouble are usually deep, and intertwined. It may make us feel good, or smart, to point to a single "cause," but it adds nothing to the world's stock of permanent, useful knowledge.

And, in response to most basic questions about human behavior, isn't it time the scientists gave us the only scientifically honest answer, which is: "We simply do not know enough yet"? But scientists, being also men, are fond of pretending otherwise.

(Copyright 1957)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Genesis 42:14-22

Joseph now presses the charge against his brethren that they were spies, insinuating that their story about their family might be fictitious. So he is going to make them prove it by demanding that they send one of their number back home to fetch Benjamin, they themselves to be kept in prison until their story be proved to be correct.

If they cannot so prove it, then surely they were spies, come for some sinister purpose. For three days they were in prison, when Joseph relented a bit, proposing that they return home with the supply of grain which they needed and for which they said they had come. But one of them had to stay with him as a hostage until they had come again, bringing Benjamin with them to prove their story.

In v.21 we read that their consciences were beginning to trouble them, for they felt that they were suffering because of the way that they had treated their brother Joseph. Reuben, in v. 22, says that he had advised against their hatred of Joseph, and now his blood is required. So did the Jews exclaim in Matthew 27:25. "His blood be on us, and on our children," when Pilate wanted to release Jesus.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

"That car you sold me," complained a customer to an automobile salesman, "doesn't just burn gas; it eats gas! I pulled into a station yesterday for a tankful and left the motor running. After ten minutes of tank filling the attendant begged me, 'Shut off that motor, mister, please. It keeps getting ahead of me.' "

A tight-fisted sales manager was carefully checking the expense accounts of his travelers, steaming visibly as he spotted typical "swindle sheet" items. One made him yell for his assistant.

"Look at this burglar's claim!" he demanded. "How can you spend $9 for food in a single day in Sandusky?"

"It's easy," answered the assistant cheerfully. "You just skip breakfast."

(Copyright 1957)

Horoscope

Good counsel from friends and relatives will be helpful if you encounter perplexities in the months ahead. Today's child will be of a sympathetic, genial nature.



THE COUNTY SEAT

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

Conclusion

(The ambitious Susannah Kuhns had succeeded in getting Ollie, her husband, to find a job in Allentown. Life in Millerstown, now known as Macungie, as it was in the early years of the twentieth century, was no longer to her liking. She found it "too slow, too dumb, too Dutch." In Millerstown, she had led the singing in the Evangelical Church since she was a girl. In Allentown there were big churches with stained-glass windows where they would want her to sing. In the metropolis of Lehigh County she and her family would rise above the dull life of a remote little Pennsylvania "Dutch" village. Did they?)

It was dawn when Susannah Kuhns fell asleep. The milk-carts and market-wagons had begun to come in from the country, and rattled noisily by, and for a while she was conscious of them in the midst of her drowsiness. Then, slowly, they faded away.

She woke to wonder uneasily where she was. The first stroke of the church clock recalled her to herself. It was five o'clock, and she must get up. No, it was six. How had she happened to sleep so long? And Oliver was asleep. She laid her hand on his shoulder. As she touched him, the clock struck again. Seven! It could not be.

"Oliver!" she called.

"Yes, yes," he answered crossly.

Then, deliberately, the clock struck eight.

She lay staring, until the stroke had died away. To sleep until eight o'clock on a day like this, when on ordinary days she got up at five!

All morning she worked feverishly, only stopping to comfort Ollie, who came in crying because some boys had struck him.

"Nobody would hit me in Millerstown," he wailed. "I don't like it here. We don't get nothing good to eat."

"You just wait once till tomorrow," his mother consoled him. "Then we go in the church and the Sunday school, and I make a good dinner."

Susannah was growing impatient. She could not find places for her furniture. The kitchen was no narrow that the old-fashioned settle which her mother and her grandmother had owned could not go there at all. Where would Oliver rest when he came home tired? Besides, her fire would not burn.

She grew more and more surprised as the hours passed, that no one came in to help. When people moved in Millerstown, everybody helped. She thought with a proud catch in her throat of the morrow. Then her neighbors would be glad enough to know her. Then they would go to church, and she would be invited to sing in the choir. She hummed the first line of "Ein' feste Burg," then burst into song, her high, shrill soprano dwelling on the high notes as long as she could hold them. By the time she reached the second stanza, there was a rap at the door. She answered it quickly. A little girl stood on the step.

"My mother says you shall please stop singing. She wants to sleep. She takes a nap in the afternoon."

"Takes a nap!" repeated Susannah, her astonishment for the moment holding her wrath in check. "Is she sick?"

"No, but she takes a nap. And you shan't holler."

She looked up impertinently as she went off the steps.

" 'Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott,' began Susannah as loudly as she could, before the door closed. Then she saw across the street the blue coat of a policeman, and thought better of it. They would see. Hollering indeed!

She looked with proud satisfaction upon her family when they were ready for church the next morning. The house, too, was in fairly good order, although there were many things yet to be done. It did not occur to her to touch any of them today. She had never heard of any one working on Sunday. Her eyes widened with astonishment as she listened to the quick strokes of a hammer in the next house.

When the Millerstonians visited the county seat, they went invariably to St. Peter's Church. There the morning service was still held in German, there was a German prayer - meeting, and a German Bible class. Susannah would have preferred to go to an English church, but Oliver would not hear of it.

The usher showed them to seats well toward the front. The children stared round the great church. Once when a purple gleam from the rose-window fell on little Louisa's dress, she gasped with delight. Her mother had no eyes for anything but the organ and the choir. The organ seemed large enough to be a church itself. She saw with astonishment that there were only four singers in the choir. Surely they would be glad to have her.

She joined in the singing with a heartiness which made those near her turn their heads. She was pleasantly conscious of their attention.

Afterwards the preacher spoke to them in the vestibule. He hoped they would come regularly to church. They would be glad to have the children in the Sunday-school and their father and mother also.

"She will sing in the choir," said Oliver proudly. "She sang always in the choir at home."

The preacher hesitated for a second. Susannah's singing had reached even to him. "It is very kind," he said. "But we have a quartette. We pay them."

"I don't ask any pay," said Susannah quickly.

"But you see these people are engaged for the year," explained the preacher. "Their voices are trained. They—"

"But she would be willing to sing along with them," persisted Oliver. "Wouldn't you, Susannah?"

Susannah's face had grown very red, and her black eyes snapped. She had always been quick to take offense.

"No," she said quickly. Then she seized Oliver by the arm. "Come on home." There were tears of vexation in her eyes. "He might a said right aways he didn't want me," she said.

The children were restless and uneasy all the evening. There was no place to sit outside but the doorstep, and Susannah would not let them sit there for an instant. It was too close to the woman who said that she "hollered" and to the woman who put down her carpets on Sunday. In the morning, she would take them to school, then they would have more to interest them.

Oliver started away at six o'clock. The county seat had not yet grown so English that it had forgotten its habit of early rising. Then Susannah called the children and gave them breakfast. At eight o'clock she took them to school. Little Louisa cried as she came away. She had heard the whispered "Dutchy" from the girl in the next seat, and she did not dare to pinch her as she would have pinched Sarah Knerr. Nor did Ollie like his seat-mate any better. He hailed him also as "Dutchy," and when Ollie, who was braver than Louisa, kicked him, he told the teacher, and Ollie spent the rest of the morning on the platform.

His mother declined to listen to their complaints. She had spent all her patience on the stove. In the course of the morning she had discovered that with the limited storage room in the house, they would have no place to keep one of her greatest treasures, a large feather-bed. She was trying to decide what to do with it when there came a rap at the door. The young man to whom she opened it told her that he had come to buy old clothes, old furniture, old anything.

"It is here a bed," she answered slowly. It would be hard to part with it, but it would doubtless yield the price of a new lounge for the parlor.

The young man stared at it. He had never seen a feather-bed. "I might carry it somewhere on a vacant lot," he said. "I'll carry it away for a quarter."

For an instant Susannah could not speak. Then, — "A vacant lot!" she repeated. "Had you never no grandmother what had such a bed? My grandmother she made it herself, out of her own feathers. What for a bed did your grandmother have, then?"

The young man put his head on one side. Whether he resented the implication cast upon his grandmother, or whether he merely desired to be sarcastic, it was hard to tell.

"How would you like to sleep on somebody else's grandmother's dirty old bed?" he asked, and was gone.

"You lie!" cried Susannah after him. It was not exactly a logical response to anything the young man had said, but Susannah did not care. It showed her wrath and defiance.

It was small wonder that she had little patience for the children's complaints. "You will just have to get used to it," she said to little Louisa. "I cannot be always fighting." Little Louisa burst into tears. "I want to go back," she wailed.

"Louisa!" began her mother; then she stopped, staring at the doorway. Her husband, whose lunch-pail she had packed that morning, and whom she had not expected to see before night, stood before her. He looked pale and sick.

"What is the matter?" she faltered. "Have you got it somewhere, Oliver?"

He sat down in the nearest chair. "He wants I should work on such a scaffold what hangs out of the window. I fall and break my neck. I won't break my neck for nobody. He said I could go."

Susannah looked at him helplessly. "But if you don't work, how shall we get along?"

He shook his head but did not answer.

"What shall we do, Oliver?" she repeated.

Little Louisa looked up at her, her fat face swollen with crying. "Mom—" she began. — "Be quiet," said her mother. Oliver lifted his head. "Perhaps, Susannah, if we—" — "Be quiet," said Susannah to him, also. "I am thinking."

"Listen, Mom!" Ollie began to dance up and down. "Let us go—" — "You hold your mouth, or I send you to bed," said Susannah. She stood in the middle of the little kitchen, her arms akimbo, a frown above her black eyes. No one would ever have thought that she was really in the choir-loft of the Millerstown Evangelical Church, looking down into the admiring eyes of Millerstown, which, gasping, let her take all the high notes alone.

"Louisa," she said sternly, "if you are quiet and Ollie is quiet and your Pop is quiet, we will go back."

Ach, Mecht Ich Doch En Schpetzli Sei

Dedicated to the Reverend William J. Rupp upon the occasion of his receiving from the Board of National Missions of the Evangelical and Reformed Church its first initial award for distinguished service as a rural pastor.

Ach, mecht ich doch en Schpetzli sei,
Zu Yubel-g'sang gedreht!
Keemt d'noh zu dir vun Owwe rei,
Deet singe fer lauter Freed!
Graad so wie Lieb es hawwe wott—
So sanft! So siess! So klor!
Die Weiss dich fiehre deet zu Gott,
So wie en Engelchor!

Wann denkt mer was die Lieb so dut,
'S iss net zu saagge wie
Sie riehrt in em un fasst em Mut,
Un haucht ihr Kraft draa hie!
So wie im Himmel, so uff Aerd
Bindt sie die Seel zugleich
Mit Faadum fescht an Gottes Waert
Un in seim Ewigreich!

January 4, 1957 —Die Buschamschel

DER REGGE SCHTARREM

Ich weess net, awwer 's iss mir bang,
Mir hen en Schtarrem ob arrig lang;
Die Wolke hen die Sunn bedeckt,
Sin schier iwwer der Himmel gschtreckt.

Sehn yuscht wie sie zamme ziegge,
Wie die Veggel heemzus fliege;
Ya, der Wind fangt aa zu blose,
's watt so hell, es dutt vleicht schloosse.

'S iss nimmi yuscht so weit eweck,
Blost vanne haer der Schtaab un Dreck
Un warwelt um uns rum Babier,
Un reisst de Beem die Nescht ab schier.

's watt so dunkel ball die Nacht,
Un selli weiss Wolk nemm in acht;
Geht immer ver em Regge her,
Macht alles schpuckich gucke sehr.

Yetzt reggert's! un datt in der Schtrooss
Sin Droppe schier wie Daaler grooss;
Nau iss die Schtrooss un alles nass,
Die Droppe, scheint's, hen aardlich Gschpass.

Sie batzeln iwwer nanner nei,
Un dansen Weegge allerlei;
Sie tschumpen aa, es guckt mir viel
Wie kleene Kinner in ihrm Gschpiel.

So schtarrick kummt der Regge runner,
Wescht zum Graawe alles nunner;
So viele Schtrom, doch oben klee,
All gsammelt machen Fluss un See.

Ich hab vorm Regge schwitzich gfiehlt,
Nau iss die Luft schee abgekiehlt;
's iss alles widder rein un frisch,
Die Blumme, Felder un die Bisch.

So'n gschwinder Schtarrem vergeht aa gschwind,
Gedriwwe bei me hoche Wind;
Wolke hen sich schunn verzogge
Guck wie schee der Reggeboogge!

Un druff hie muss ich aa denke
An der Haffe Gold am henke
An de Enner, wie's als gsaat waar,
Un wie mer heert, aa gsucht devor.

Es watt als aardlich viel gegraust,
Wann Regge unser plans verhaust;
Beschur, mir duhn so oft vergesse,
's iss fer unser Gut gemesse.

Ass alles awwer maag verbessere,
Nemmt's viel Regge alles wessere;
Ich denk mir deeten hazlich klaagge,
Missten mir all 's Wasser draagge.

Im November 1936 —RALPH S. FUNK

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Editorials

Smaller but Stronger Fleet

An era in the history of the navies of the world has closed for the United States and is virtually closed for all other nations that ever could enjoy the luxury of first-class battleships. The last of these formerly formidable fighting craft, the Iowa, has been ordered into "moth-balls," to join the many hundreds of naval vessels of all types that are berthed in ports along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

Joining the Iowa as it moves into the quietness of the ghost fleets will be 26 other combat units, and some thirty auxiliary vessels that are to be retired by December 1 as part of the general economy program in the armed services.

Under the "moth-ball" program, the ships are inactivated but theoretically at least are conditioned for swift return to service in the event of an emergency. The lesson that was learned after World War I, when the victorious American fleet was scrapped in accord with agreements with the great naval powers, has not been forgotten. Because the United States lived up to agreements while Japan secretly built up a powerful fleet, the United States was at great disadvantage in 1941 when war broke out. That disadvantage was multiplied by destruction of the backbone of the Pacific fleet in Pearl Harbor.

It is not to be overlooked that, while sixty ships are going into retirement during the next four months, the Navy is adding modern ships to meet the problems of carrying modern weapons. Ten ships are being converted for this purpose and 23 new ships are being added to the fleet during this year. Because these new ships are expected to give higher performance, the Navy really can be believed to be in readiness for emergencies, apart from the service that could be rendered quite speedily by the moth-ball fleets.

In just one category the age of the big ships is continued, namely the aircraft carriers. Not one of the 15 big ships of this type now in commission, as well as a number of smaller flat-tops, is going to be retired. It is these ships, which have been designed for or have been rebuilt to handle aircraft and equipment especially designed for anti-submarine warfare, that will be expected to function efficiently in the national defense and to carry fight to any enemy that may make a sneak attack.

The Navy is being reduced in numbers, but, in respect to fighting power, it is being strengthened, in the estimation of the Department of Defense.

More Ideas on Civic Center

While the 5th and Hamilton St. area has been regarded for fully forty years as the likely Civic Center and the place for additon of City and School District buildings to the County and Federal Buildings already erected there, Mayor Hock and City Council indicate that they are "playing the field" in their plans for a suitable site.

Only a short time ago the suggestion was made that the quarter block — Hamilton, Penn, Court and 4th Sts. — be chosen as the site for the kind of City Hall that Allentown badly needs.

A little later came revival of the thought that the southwest corner of 5th and Hamilton Sts. be adopted as the site in conformity with a good deal of thinking along these lines during the earlier administrations of Mayor Malcolm W. Gross.

Now comes the thought that a City Hall need not stand cheek-by-jowl with the County's public buildings and the Federal Post Office. It is suggested that just as population and business and general growth are moving westwardly in Allentown, so the proposed City Hall well might be located in the 13th and Hamilton St. area, specifically at the southeast corner thereof.

Certainly the Mayor and City Council have given Allentonians a lot to think about, to talk about, and to encourage or discourage. After all, Allentonians have a stake in this entire matter which is just as important as the stake of the Mayor and individual councilmen. The latter simply are trying to find the right answer to a question that will affect the people of this community for perhaps as much as a century.

In the slang expression, here is a subject for the people to "kick around." Mayor Hock and City Council obviously want to hear from their constituency. And they want to hear quickly for there is a strong disposition in City Hall these days to do something about a problem that has persisted for forty years. It has either been avoided or has been indifferently handled by a long succession of councilmanic bodies. It is felt that it is a question that cannot go unanswered indefinitely.

The Mayor and City Council believe with vast numbers of our citizens that now is the time to take brave steps and give this City a central office building that is in keeping with the community's size and importance.

A Regrettable Resignation

It has not been indicated that his decision is irrevocable, but it would appear to observers of the good work that has been done in this city thru its Boys' Clubs that George Hamilton should be persuaded to remain as their general director. His resignation should be recalled. His plans of work should continue.

It is significant of Mr. Hamilton's devotion to this phase of social welfare work that altho he was educated and trained as an engineer, he elected this character-building work as his vocation.

A magnificent job has been performed but a bigger job lies ahead as our population increases and as social conditions change. Mr. Hamilton should continue in the work. And if not, another George Hamilton should be sought out to sucoeed him.

The Storm Season

N. Y. TIMES

With the approach of the hurricane season the Automobile Club of New York sounds a warning that should be heeded by automobilists. Normally, if a hurricane is approaching there will be several days' notice and the best basic advice to motorists is to plan not to travel on the day a hurricane is due. For those who must travel a few simple precautions are recommended.

Motorists are urged, wherever they are in ominous weather, to keep their car radios tuned to a local station. There will be advance warnings over it of any unusual storms. In any kind of violent storm automobiles should get off the road if possible. The few minutes or even hours of delay will, of course, be more than repaid in a safe trip. Automobilists who find themselves in low-lying areas near the shore when a big storm breaks should drive to high ground and look for shelter.

Motorists driving westward may find themselves in tornado country, the Auto Club points out. Drivers who find themselves in open country when a tornado arises may be able to outrun it by driving at right angles to the storm. If this is impossible, those in the auto should abandon the car and take cover. In a tornado, it is emphasized, automobiles do not offer any protection, and staying in one may increase the hazard to life and limb. Motorists who follow the Auto Club's advice may save themselves many headaches.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

THE PRICE

Grief and lonely hours and sad
Are for happiness the cost—
Price we pay for joys we've had;
Had a little while, and lost.

Those who constantly can smile,
Undisturbed from year to year,
Owning little that's worth while,
Never have to shed a tear.

Only those the Lord has blessed
With the treasures none can keep,
Over what they once possessed,
And have lost, have cause to weep.

Grief is proof from day to day
Once we smiled and once were glad.
It's the price we have to pay
For the blessings we have had.

(Copyright, 1957)

Very Low Specimen



Rights Bill Politics

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The politics of the "civil rights" controversy is a fascinating struggled behind the scenes.

The Republicans and Northern "liberals" of the Democratic party each thought they had a perfect issue in the coming campaigns — an issue which, while causing the Democrats not to lose too much of their strength, would at the same time aid the Republicans in increasing their percentage of the Negro vote. The Democrats have about 60 per cent now and the Republicans about 40 per cent.

But something happened to the scheme. The Southern Democrats — most of them experienced legislators — led by the skillful Sen. Russell of Georgia, managed to raise a fuss about federal coercion through the possible use of the military forces as provided under old statutes. This scared lots of people even in the North. The famous Part III was therefore eliminated.

Then the Southerns started a big debate about the need for jury trials. This too, stirred the country. Finally, some of the "liberals" inside the Democratic party, including former Secretary of State Dean Acheson, did some fancy drafting of legislative language on jury trials and got behind an amendment offered by Senator O'Mahoney of Wyoming, Democrat. This seemed to be an important concession ot the Southern viewpoint, though, on final passage, it didn't win the votes of the 17 Southern Democrats and Senator Morse of Oregion, who has been rather friendly to the Southerners on some roll calls. It did, however, do away with the possibility of a prolonged filibuster by the Southerners. It also stimulated a lot of talk about how harmonious the Democratic party had suddenly become and how the Democrats were finally putting through some "civil rights" legislation after many decades of neglect by both parties.


Lawrence

Veto Hinted

Meanwhile, the White House strategists, thinking they had a chance to get into the play, came out with the statement that the President was "bitterly disappointed," and hints of a veto were leaked out by Republican leaders in the House.

The moment the Democrats saw this, they changed their tactics. Even so ardent an advocate of "civil rights" as Representative Emanuel Cellar, Democrat, of New York, chairman of the House Judicary Committee and an author of the House bill on "civil rights" said the Senate version wasn't so bad after all. Senator Humphrey, Democrat, of Minnesota had some very kind words, too, for the Senate bill, although as a "liberal" leader himself he had fought for the jury - trial amendment adopted by the Senate.

This was the tip-off that the Democratic party leaders felt they had the Republicans in a hole. For it could now be demonstrated that the Democrats from both the North and the South wanted the legislation to pass and only those "narrowly partisan" Republicans—as Senator Lyndon Johnson of Texas, Democratic leader of the Senate, expressed it — were standing in the way.

Under these circumstances, the Democrats lined up almost solidly behind a move to get action on the bill promptly, to make the conference report palatable to the South so as at least to avoid a filibuster, and to send the measure to the White House and dare the President to veto it.

For if Mr. Eisenhower were to kill the bill, the Democrats would be shouting from the housetops that Ike was responsible and that the Republicans were blocking the only constructive measure on voting rights for Negores to come out of Congress in many decades.

Then the Republicans had to change their tactics and make an effort at least to get the bill changed in the joint conference committee between the House and Senate, where differences are ironed out and the final report submitted for a vote in each house.

It is a safe bet now that, when the conference report comes out and the two houses adopt it, the White House will have a change of heart, will forget about a veto and will approve the measure and make it law.

But while the conference committee meetings are going on, the President's lieutenants on Capitol Hill will be threatening a veto and will use every pressure they can to get the bill modified to meet the Administration's wishes. If, on the other hand, any substantial changes are made, a Senate filibuster and the killing of all legislation can be the result.

Some of the Republicans are talking big about a special session of Congress to be called for November and an "all winter" fight to get the conference report adopted if a filibuster develops. But it would be surprising if they went through with their threat. For the practical politician always takes what he can get at the moment and trusts to the future to get more.

That's why the Democrats of the North, who have been compelled to eat crow on the jury-trial amendment, are listening to the harmonizing voices of the Southern Senators while waiting to see if the Republicans will blunder and kill the bill. If this doesn't happen, they hope at least that the Administration will be put in the position of being an unwilling supporter of a "civil rights" bill for the enactment of which the Democrats will be claiming the major credit on the political stump next year.

(Copyright 1957)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Genesis 45:24-26

One of the delightfully interesting notes we find in verse 24, where Joseph sent his brethren home, saying to them: "See that ye fall not out by the way." Perhaps he is recalling the petty quarrels among the boys on their father's farm, children of four wives.

I recall a story about a widower with several children marrying a widow with several children, who, in the course of time, had a few children of their own. One late afternoon, as the father was trying to read the newspaper, he heard an unusual noise in the yard. Asking his wife what was going on, she told him not to worry, for it was only his children and her children "fighting" with their children.

Perhaps the children of Jacob's four wives "enjoyed" themselves in that way too! When Joseph's brethren got home, they had a strange story to tell their father. It was that his long-lost son, Joseph, was still alive, and was the governor over all the land of Egypt, for they had actually met him in that foreign land.

Jacob could not believe their report — too good to be true. His heart fainted, we are tolo, overcome by his emotions, but in v.27 he receives evidence of the truth of their report.

Horoscope

If you do not let your recent suecesses result in over-confidence and lack of tact with associates or those in authority, all should be well with you in the year ahead. Today's child may be ardent in affection, philosophical and philanthropic, but a trifle impulsive at times.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A thrifty Scot stayed with a business associate in London and became deeply attached to the latter's black cocker spaniel. The dog returned his affection and kicked up such a fuss when Sandy was leaving that the Londoner insisted he be taken home as a gift.

"This is uncommon kind of ye," declared Sandy, "and as soon as I get back to Scotland, I'll be sending ye the biggest finest turkey ye ever did see."

Several months passed before Sandy ran into his English friend again. The latter remarked in passing, "By the way, that turkey you were going to send me never did arrive."

"I forgot to tell ye," said Sandy. "The turkey got well."

(Copyright 1957)

Capitol Capers

By GEORGE DIXON

Readers of the Congressional Record were more stunned than usual the other day when they read the dialogue between Senate majority leader Lyndon B. Johnson, and Sen. Dennis Chavez, of New Mexico.

The report quoted the majority leader as urging expedited action on a Defense Department appropriations bill, and concluded with this stupefying exchange:

Senator Chavez — "If is my desire to comply with the wishes of the senator from Texas and to report the bill as soon as it is impossible to do so."

Senator Johnson— "I thank my friend from New Mexico, who is always cooperative."

* * *

A hoary old joke came to life here the other night. Two noble redmen, J. Morago, governor of Pime Indian Reservation, near Phoenix, Ariz., and Sam Thomas, farm manager of the reservation, debated which of our Washington hotels they should favor with their patronage, and decided on the Roger Smith because they were informed it used to be named the Powhatan.

They marched to the desk, and the clerk said: "Do you have a reservation?"

This was the opportunity the aborigines had been waiting for years. They chorused:

"Do we?? It's 400,000 acres!"

* * *

As a general rule, the proceedings of the U.S. Court of Claims make the federal government's dullest reading. The court seldom finds any excuse for levity.

However, for the first time in the memory of the oldest court habitue, Chief Judge Marvin Jones got off a witticism the other day. Judge Jones, who used to be a brother-in-law of Speaker Sam Rayburn until Sam got divorced, wrote the sole dissenting opinion on a case involving the city treasurer of Cleveland.

The other four judges agreed with Treasurer Frank M. Brennan that he had the right to sue the federal government for unpaid taxes on property that had been condemned for a housing project.

Chief Judge Jones wrote that he couldn't disagree with them more. He concluded with this unwonted snapper:

"It is like a cannibal who says, 'I own this land because I ate the man who owns it.' "

(Copyright 1957)



MORE ABOUT PASSENGER PIGEONS

In the ECK for June 8 we quoted a passage from Eli Keller's "History of the Keller Family" describing dark clouds of passenger pigeons which he saw as a young man while plowing in the fall of the year. In the same ECK we reprinted Eli Keller's Pennsylvania German poem "Wilde Dauwe," which he wrote many years later.

In response came an interesting letter from the Rev. William J. Rupp, author of a notable work "Bird Names and Bird Lore Among the Pennsylvania Germans" (Proceedings of the Pennsylvania German Society, 1946), calling our attention to a description of a flight of passenger pigeons in William A. Helffrich's "Lebensbild aus dem Pennsylvanisch - Deutschen Predigerstand," page 115. Mr. Rupp points out that ornithologists and historians have been ignorant of this German description. We have translated it as follows:

"The beautiful spring weather granted us a pleasure, with which I had been familiar in my early youth, but which I had not now experienced in years, namely, the flight of the passenger pigeons. The pigeons had broken up winter quarters in the south and were now on their migration to Canada. But suddenly the weather changed, a violent snowstorm set in, confusing the pigeons and preventing them from continuing on their western flight. And now they settled down in our region in countless flocks. The city was full of them, hill and dale swarmed with them, and up on the Galgenberg one flock after an other descended, until all the trees were laden with them. One could say: hill and dale, field and forest, yes, the very air itself, were full of pigeons. For four days these guests thronged our countryside. What a popping and a banging! Everywhere, on every side the reports of guns! Little wonder that the poor pigeons hastily left such inhospitable quarters, once the air cleared up and they recognized the errors of their ways. They vanished as they had come and sought better lodgings. It was the last time that I saw the passenger pigeons in Pennsylvania in such numbers." The **Galgenberg**, or Gallows Hill referred to, is just east of Reading, near the area marked as the location of the Hessian Camp in Revolutionary days. Although Helfrich gives his description as of 1847, there is reason to believe that he has erred and that he saw the flight in the spring of 1846.

In the ECK for June 8 the Editor made the rash statement that no man living had seen a wild passenger pigeon. But shortly thereafter he received a very interesting letter from Mr. Morris Schiffert, Philipsburg, N. J., now in his 90th year. We quote from his letter: "I am reading your Deitsch Eck. I wish to inform you about the statement that no one living saw the passenger pigeon. I do not know just when they were flying high, but I judge about 1874. They did not come down in our place, but they did come down in Powder Valley, so plenty that they entered the barns looking for something to eat. They were hungry. Later I was with my father when he shot several on James Singmaster's property . . . The last one my father shot was in 1887 . . . The last he saw was, I think, a flock of about ten or a dozen, while he was coming down over the mountain back of Macungie, about ten or a dozen coming to roost there in the trees . . . The members of old Parre German's church were out to shoot pigeons. Some of the people complained to him about his members being out on Sunday shooting pigeons. He said: 'These birds you got to shoot when they are here.' "

There seems to be some disagreement about the time when the now extinct passenger pigeons were last seen. We received recently a copy of the **Lehigh Valley Birds Club News Letter 7**, edited by the Rev. William J. Rupp. It contains Dr. Herbert H. Beck's article, **PASSENGER PIGEON: Great Game Bird of the Past**, which had appeared earlier in the magazine "Lancaster," Nov., 1952. We quote the following pertinent passages:

"Can you imagine a flock of more than two billion birds 16 to 18 inches long passing through central Lancaster County in one afternoon? Remember, that is more than twenty times the total number of all he wild ducks, geese and swans in North America today. Yet that vast flight of wild or passenger pigeons is just what two local men, Abraham R. Beck (1833-1928), and Michael W. Raub (b. in 1834), saw about April 1, 1846. (Presumably the same migration seen by the Rev. William A. Helffrich in Berks and described above. — Ed.)

"Abraham R. Beck (father of the author of the article) in his later years wrote his recollections of that notable event, thus: 'It was a cloudy day, the last week in March or the first week in April, 1846, when my chum, Dick Tshudy, rushed in to tell me that the pigeons were flying. It was about 12:30 p.m. when we started to view the flight. Going straight north over Lititz, in close enough formation to have cast a shadow over the landscape had the day been clear (3 or 4 birds to the square yard), was a flock of wild pigeons the western edge of which passed over the town; the eastern edge lost beyond the horizon. They flew at their usual high rate of speed in approximately this formation until about 4:30. The birds were low enough to be within range of the shotguns of the village and a number were shot. After it was all over we boys had a feeling of lingering excitement as though a circus had been in town. This evidently was the last great flight of wild pigeons over Lancaster County.

In 1803 the pioneer ornithologist, Alexander Wilson, saw a flight of pigeons in Kentucky similar to the one just described. He estimated the width of his flock at a mile. His calculations of a mile of birds going sixty miles an hour for four hours, at three birds to the square yard, was about 2 billion. A flock at least a mile wide flying from 12:30 to 4:30 over Lancaster County in 1846 corresponds exactly with Wilson's observation of 240 square miles of birds in 1803. Yet this streamlined passenger pigeon, for countless centuries the most abundant species of bird probably ever in America, is entirely gone today. The last one known to be alive died in the Cincinnati Zoo, September, 1914.

"That is why September 1, 1888, is the red letter day of the writer's life with birds, for on that day his **Diary of Field Sports**, which he has continuously kept since he was ten years old, records: 'Hunting for doves with Chauncey Black near York. Tried unsuccessfully to stalk a flock of 150-175 wild pigeons. . .

"I never saw the bird again; and had I not been a gunner as a boy I should not today be the only ornithologist in America who had a good view of a flock of passenger pigeons. For that observation near York, Pa., September 1, 1888, seems to be the last accurate report of a considerable sized flock anywhere."

IM BAEREDAAL EN LARRICH SINGT

(Zum J. Walter Zangmeischter)

Im Baeredaal en Larrich singt;
"Gott Lob un Dank, Makunschi!"
Doch wunnerbaar was Lieb so dingt:
"Gott Lob un Dank, Makunschi!"

Harrich doch un schaa draahie!
Im Aerde Schoos Himmels Melodie:
"Gott Lob un Dank, Makunschi!"
Harrich!, Ach, ken Drauernot!
Larrich yubelt frieh un schpot!
"Gott Lob un Dank, Makunschi!

In Busch un Feld im Newwel un Glor:
"Gott Lob un Dank, Makunschi!"
Der Yubel schteicht wie'n Engelchor!
"Gott Lob un Dank, Makunschi!

Harrich doch un schaa draahie!
Im Aerde Schoos Himmels Melodie!
"Gott Lob un Dank, Makunschi!"

Iwwer Baerrick un Daal bis die Welt vergeht!
"Gott Lob un Dank, Makunschi!"
In Land un Schtadt fer lauter Freed:
"Gott Lob un Dank, Makunschi!"

Harrich doch un schaa draahie!
Im Aerde Schoos Himmels Melodie!
"Gott Lob un Dank, Makunschi!"

Schluss

Wach auf! Wach auf! Makunschi!
's iss net der Owed Schluss!
Der Larrich singt der Marye Gruss!
"Gott Lob un Dank, Makunschi!"
Verwennt! Verschpennt was waar!
Doch iss sei Meening glor:
Es iss die Marye Schtund!
In Sunn un Schtann un Aerde-Mund!
Watt Liebes - gsang vergreesserlich,
Wann denkt mer draa!
Die Marye Schtund iss daa!
"Gott Lob un Dank, Makunschi!"
Die Marye-Schtund iss daa!

July 22, 1957 — Die Busch Amschel

The above lyrical verses are dedicated to the memory of the late J. Walter Singmaster, a keen lover of birds, by Ralph W. Berky (pen-name Die Buschamschel), himself an authority on birds and their lore.

Baeredaal—Bear Valley; Makunschi (Macungie)—Bear Meadow; Zangmeischter, local for Singmaster.

DER KASCHBAR VERZEEHLT

Baarfiessich Laafe

Mir hen als em Whittier sei Schtick, "Der baarfiessich Bu" Freidaag Nammidaags in der Schul gsaat. Ich hab's immer arrig gegliche. Es hot mich gemaahnt, ass ich aa mol en baarfiessicher Bu waar. Sell waare die gude Kindheitsdaagge, wu sei Lewe nimmi zerick kumme.

Ich kann alleweil mich noch erinnere, wie hatt ass es als gange iss fer baarfiessich laafe frieh im Summer. Die Schtee hen eem als gebumpt un die Schtobbele hen eem gschtoche. Mer iss als uffgedrede, ass wann mer uff Oier laafe deet, un waer bang mer deet sie verbreche.

Iwwerdem sin eem sei Fiessole hatt un dick warre, schier wie Ledder. Noh hot mer nimmi so arrig acht gewwe misse iwwer'm Laafe.

Wie leidlich waar's eem uff me heesse Daag fer baarfiessich laafe. Mir sin als in die Wiss un im Wassergraawe rum gebaade. Oil, sell war kiehl! Ich bin moll uff en lewendichi Schlang gedrede. Sell waar awwer bei Schinner kiehl. Ich bin getschumpt un hab geyuxt.

Es waar awwer net alles leidlich iwwer'm Baarfiessichlaafe. Weesscht, es iss nix in der Welt, ass eem immer leidlich iss. Die Wassermelone sin net immer leidlich, wann mer sich dickseckich gfresse hot.

So waar's mit em Baarfiessich-laafe. Dihr, wu baarfiessich geloffe seid in eiere Zeit, hett sell erfaahre. Ebmols iss mer uff en Schtee getschumpt, noh hot mer Schteeblodere grickt. Selli hen gschmatzt wie alles.

Ee Ding ass net leidlich waar, iss wann mer in en frischer Kiehdreck odder Hinkeldreck gedrede iss, ass es eem darrich die Zehe ruff kumme iss. Oi, was en Seierei!

Mir Buwe sin als en ganser Summer baarfiessich geloffe. Unser Fiess hen sich breed ausgedrede. Mir hen nix datt drum gewwe. Wann mir als die Schtross nunner gschrpunge sin, hots als recht gflappt. Awwer mir hen bezaahlt fer unser Blessier.

Im September hot die Schul widder aagfange. Noh hen unser Oxefiess in die Kelwerschuh gezwengt sei misse. Holy Moses! Sell hot als Briller gewwe. Awwer es waar ewwe doch en groossi Blessier fer en ganser Summer baarfiessich laafe —gell?

Froog Net Zu Viel

Wann mer die Leit net so viel ausfroogge deet, dann deede sie eem net so oft beliegge. Wann mer Leit Sache froogt, ass eem nix aagehn, iss es eem sei eeggni Schuld wann mer belogge watt.

Wie ich noch yung waar, hawwich en alder Mann allegebott aagedroffe, wu en lot vum Bobbie Burns seine Lieder auswennich gekennt hot.

Mir hen ebmols Schtunnelang geblaudert mit nanner. Er hot mir verzeehlt vum "Coming Through the Rye," un vun viel annere vum Bobbie Burns seine Schticker.

Nau der alt Kall hot yuscht ee Aarem ghatt. Es hot mich oft gewunnert wie er sei Aarem verlore ghatt hot. Etliche Mol hett ich ihn schier gfroogt.

En annerer Freind hot mich moll gfroogt, "Hot's dich net schunn gewunnert, wie seller alt Kall wu immer schwetzt vum Burns sei Aarem verlore hot?" Ich hab gsaat, "Ya, es hot." Noh hot er gsaat, "Hoscht ihn schunn gfroogt deweegge?" — Ich hab net," hawwich gsaat. "Dann duh aa net," saagt mei Freind, "schunscht verzannscht ihn. Er waar moll gsoffe un iss vun der platform vun re passenger coach gfalle, un hot sei Aarem unner's Raad grickt." Sell hot mich ebbes gelannt. Es macht nix aus wie ebbes eem wunnert, mer froogt es bescht net.

Es waar moll en Mann un der hot en wieschder dunkel - roder Blacke graad vanne an seinre Naas ghatt. En Mann, ass arrig wunnerfitzich waar, hot den Blacke schtarr beguckt.

Noh hot er gsaat, "Wie hoscht seller wiescht Blacke uff dei Naas grickt?" Der Kall mit em Blacke hot geandwatt, "Des will ich dir saagge. Ich hab mei Naas immer zu viel in anner Leit ihre Bissniss gschteckt un moll ee Daag hawwich sie wiescht gepetzt grickt."

Mir Deitsche hen als es englisch Watt "mind" geyust, wann mir "mining" gemeent hen. Es hot moll en Kall gsaat, er wett ans Meinde. "Was witt du dann meinde?" hen sie ihn gfrogt, "Eise, Kohle, Gold odder Silwer?" — "Kens vun selle Ardikel," hot er gsaat. "Ich hab mir's fescht vorgenumme, dass vun nau ab wett ich mei eeggeni Bissniss meinde." Sell iss aardlich gut. Froog net zu viel!

Der Kaschbar Hufnagel von der Lebanon News

Die Welt iss grooss,
Mer kann sich gut verliere,
Wann anner Leit
Em an der Naas rum fiehre.

Der Reich un der Beddelmann
alle zwee
Misse gleich un leer vor Gott hieschteh.

An zwansich iss mer
unverschtennich gscheit;
An sechzich hot mer's
sechzich Mol bereit.

Kaze Reime vum Solly Hulsbuck

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Editorials

Raccoon Coat and Derby

It is indicated in fashion notes that raccoon coats are coming back into vogue and the inference is that the earliest fields of invasion will be our college campuses. It is not indicated that in this return to the custom of a colorful period in American life the derby hat—concomitant of the raccoon coat in that age — likewise will flourish.

If there be considerable return to this kind of outdoor winter clothing it will be another example of the fact that styles are wont to move in cycles. If one can bear waiting, he or she can expect to be in style no matter what he, or she, chooses to wear.

And if there be return on the campus to the 1930's sporty combination there will probably be wide return likewise of those inhibitions which afflicted thousands of the more sedate members of our society with promptings to "shoot anything in a raccoon coat and a derby hat."

Happily our social history indicates that Americans continue in control of even some of the strongest urges. "Joe College" escaped before. He is likely again to be spared even tho noisily and showily he rasps the nerves of his fellow spectators at games in the football stadiums during the coming season.

Half a Loaf Better —

"Half a loaf is better than no bread" is an ancient saying that can be recalled with profit at this time when the debate upon a civil rights bill goes on in Washington, is approaching final voting and is facing Presidential veto if watered down so thoroly as to make it apparently meaningless.

A significant fact is that ever since the Civil War and Reconstruction Days, Southern representation in Congress has been able to prevent even the presentation and discussion of a civil rights measure. In the meantime — ninety years — Negroes have been denied the right to vote by such absurd measures as the "grandfather's laws", tax measures, and threats which kept them away from the polls even if they could meet other heavy exactions and demands far more difficult than those imposed upon their white neighbors.

During the current Congress there has at least been presentation and debate upon a measure to guarantee the Negroes their rights under the 14th Amendment. This is the first enabling act for this Amendment that ever has gotten its foot into the door of Congress.

All indications are that there are enough votes in both houses of Congress to pass an Act to guarantee Negroes in the South their Constitutional right to vote, but with the provision that trials by jury shall be permissible in the case of violations. The forces which believe that the South will continue resistance and find ways to negate the law would have the guarantees enforced by the Courts, and without trial by jury.

It is of course paradoxical that there should be scepticism and mistrust about jury trial by jury in a nation that is committed to and devoted to democratic institutions.

But it is also paradoxical that for ninety years an amendment to the Constitution, the 14th, has been consistently and extensively circumvented and that for the first time in almost a century something now can probably be done about it.

"Half a loaf is better than no bread." A bill, with a jury trial provision, may be that half a loaf. It may be better to give it a test rather than continue the voteless condition of millions of blacks in the Solid South by sustaining the status quo in the past nine decades.

Good Riddance

The United States has directed two Syrian diplomats to pack their bags and get back to Syria pronto.

It is frankly an act of retaliation for Syria's action in declaring that three Americans in the Beirut legation were active in spying and no longer were "personal gratae," that is to say, acceptable persons.

It is of course Syria's privilege as a sovereign government to say who is and who is not acceptable as a traveller or a resident in her country. It was not even necessary for her to assign reasons for sending our diplomats back home.

However, it afforded the United States a desired opportunity to get rid of a particularly nasty diplomat who has been representing Syria in Washington. Furthermore, if the entire Syrian delegation be sent packing there will be no American loss for the government which they represent has come under Russian Communist influences and its attitudes everywhere have been shaped by that influence.

Embassies are established to maintain friendships and to make smoother the ordinary business and social relations between them. But friendliness is a two-way street. The Syrians have been establishing road blocks. The only thing left to do is cross this blockaded two-way street off our diplomatic maps.

The Postal Deficit

N. Y. Times

The nation's postal service is maintained for the public good and not for the purpose of making money. Nevertheless, the Post Office Department shouldn't have to contemplate an existing deficit for the last fiscal year of $650,000,000 and a prospective deficit, in case the wages of postal workers are raised, of nearly a billion dollars. Unfortunately, this is the case, as Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield was telling Senators on Wednesday.

Mr. Summerfield has been trying to get the Senate to act on a bill already passed by a two - to - one majority in the House which would raise the cost of first-class mail by one cent an ounce, add one cent to the cost of an air mail stamp, make postcards three cents and increase the cost of second and third class mail.

We have become accustomed to postal deficits, yet in a large way they are a comparatively recent development. Until about 1945, Mr. Summerfield said, the post office had operated "on a nearly breakeven basis." Its present collywobbles are a post-war phenomenon.

We believe it is time to reverse this particular trend. The loss in some post office activities, such as rural free delivery, may be defended on the ground that this is a public service essential in a democracy. But most kinds and classes of mail ought to pay their own way. We would like to see the Senate take action on this question before adjournment. Few of us, either as individuals or as participants in various enterprises, want to see our postal bills increase, but it would be better to have this done than for any individual or private enterprise to expect what amounts to a postal subsidy, paid for in the last analysis by the taxpayers. We would stipulate only that the actual cost of rendering service be as accurately ascertained as can be, so that no individual and no enterprise will be charged more than is equitable.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

SILENCE

Somebody told me years away:
What isn't spoken isn't heard.
Of any thought you didn't say
You won't regret a single word.

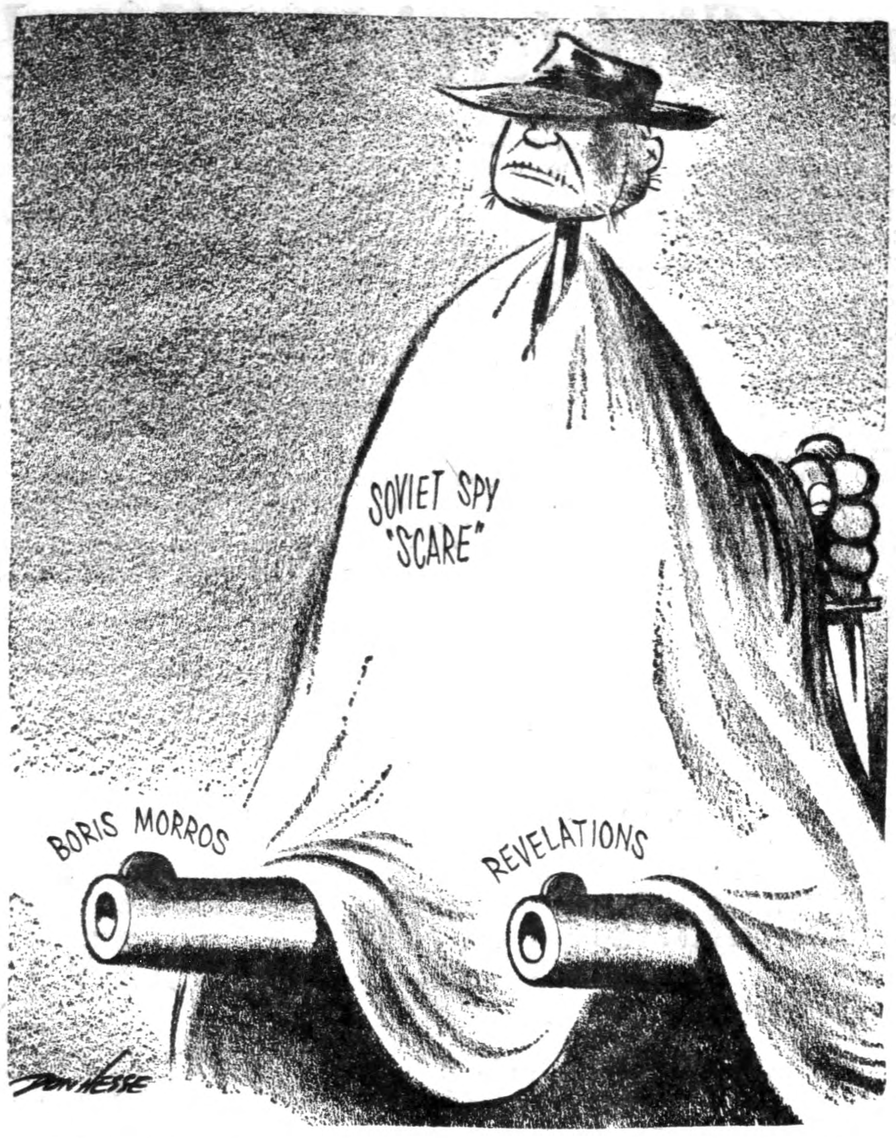
Always of hasty speech beware;
If you are angry wait awhile,
You'll have no friendship to repair.
That frown may change into a smile.

Come times when temper's at its worst
And thoughts turn bitterer than gall,
But if you think them over first
You may not mention them at all.

If silent in dispute you stay,
Though words from you they may expect,
You'll think of what you didn't say
And will have kept your self-respect.

(Copyright 1957)

Proof 'Bogey' Man' Plays for Keeps



Reds Up to Old Tricks

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The government of the Soviet Union has again demonstrated its faithlessness. It has revealed itself as the perpetrator of the biggest hoax of the age—professing an alleged willingness to make a disarmament agreement when the fact is the Soviets never sincerely intended to consummate any such pact.

What the Soviets have done is to spread throughout the world a propaganda that they want to disarm, but the plot really is to disarm the West while maintaining intact the strategic strength of the Moscow empire, including its slave states in the Balkans.

Announcement in London by the Soviet spokesman that there can be no first step in a disarmament program without some withdrawal of foreign forces from Germany and a start toward the elimination of overseas military bases of the Western Allies is transparently the same old Communist game.

For several years now Moscow has sought to break up the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and has refused to agree to any steps looking toward the unification of East and West Germany. Now the Communists have been forced into the open. Their real demands are disclosed at last, and these are the same as always. They constitute a palpablee ffortt o get American forces and weapons out of Europe so as to leave the weaker democracies of the West at the mercy of the conventional armies of the Soviet Union, which are the largest in the world today.



Lawrence

The Soviet government has deluded many people in the United States and elsewhere with the argument that nuclear tests must be halted and will be in some sort of disarmament agreement. But it is evident now that the Moscow regime isn't ready to ban its own tests and merely wants to exert pressure on the west to stop their tests, ban all nuclear weapons, large and small, and send American troops back to the United States.

NATO Important

Experience in two world wars has shown that American troops cannot get to Europe except after a lapse of months, and bases cannot be equipped overnight. The wisdom of the concept behind NATO is that America stays in Europe and military bases are kept in a high state of readiness so our planes will be able to retaliate if the Soviets engage in any sudden aggression.

It is apparent now that Harold Stassen was a bit too optimistic in his impressions of what the Russians were ready to do, but he is not the only one in the American government who thought there was no harm in testing out Soviet intentions to the fullest.

Today the world knows that Moscow wants to bargain each step of the way and that already her rulers have flatly laid down the proposition that there can be no unification of Germany unless NATO is demolished and American troops go home.

Just what effect the sudden turn in the London conference will have on America's plans for maintaining present armament levels is too early to appraise. For the Department of Defense has lately been making some very important economies based on the assumption that America's Allies will provide certain forces overseas and that missiles and nuclear weapons stored there will render unnecessary the maintenance of as large a standing army as this country has been supporting these last few years.

Some of the cuts in the federal budget have been predicated on the belief that there is an easing of tension involved somehow as a result of the very fact that disarmament talks have been going on. But now that it is plain that the talks aren't going to get anywhere—at least not in the foreseeable future — it may be that defense planning will have to be revised. Anyway, while disarmament discussions may drag on for years, developments in the last 24 hours indicate that nothing tangible now may be expected for a long, long time and that the only way to prevent war is to keep America and her Allies fully armed.

This ought to convince many hesitant members of Congress of the great importance of the pending legislation which must provide adequate funds for the mutual-aid program. If a special session of Congress has to be called, the President may find the issue important enough to take it to the country soon in the hope of mobilizing public opinion in favor of a strengthened defense program.

(Copyright 1957)

Senatorial Toga

By GEORGE DIXON

The discount rate had gone up. So had the maximum interest rate. The very air was filled with threats of inflation. The disarmament conference was lagging in London. The sultan was insultin' the Imam in Oman. The civil rights bill was in a parliamentary snarl. And, with civilization tottering on the brink of an abscess, the State Department was going jitterbuggy over a curious song, "I Made a Fool of Myself Over John Foster Dulles."

Added all together, they were nerve-tautening. Sen. Allen J. Ellender, of Louisiana, decided he'd better steam some of the tension out of himself.

With eyes downcast in deep cogitation, the 65-year-old lawmaker made his stately way from the Capitol to the Senate office building. Entering that labyrinthine edifice, he strode down the marble first floor corridor, nodding dignifiedly to other statesmen and the host of female aides who habitually throng those halls. He passed the offices of the dean of the Senate, Carl Hayden, of Arizona, turned the corner, and entered the luxurious steam baths which are reserved exclusively for senators, except Margaret Chase Smith.

With the aid of respectful servitors, the great man disrobed. He relaxed in the steam and desquamation until he could contemplate inflation, disarmament, civil rights, and a lady's mad passion for John Foster Dulles, without a shudder.

An attendant gave him a deferential rubdown then threw a white sheet about the senatorial shoulders. In this chaste covering, but nothing else, Senator Ellender paced up and



Allen J. Ellender

down the steam room thinking — thinking — thinking.

He fell so deeply into thought that, unconscious of his actions, he strode through the entrance and out into the corridor.

He was padding up and down this teeming hallway, utterly oblivious to the startled stares at his sheeted figure, when a personage who shall be nameless called to him:

"Good afternoon, Senator. You are looking remarkably roman in your toga!"

Senator Ellender came out of his reverie with a jump. He flew back into the steam room, clutching the sheet to him.

(Copyright 1957)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

GENESIS 47:27-31

Verse 27 informs us that the families of Joseph's brethren grew and multiplied exceedingly, anticipating a similar but stronger statement in Exodus 1:7. Verse 28 tells us that Jacob lived 17 years in Egypt, with his son, Joseph, near at hand, whereas Joseph had lived the first 17 years of his life with his father in Canana, 37:2.

Jacob lived to be 147 years of age, the average age of the patriarchs gradually becoming shorter. Many people think that there was no possibility of men living as long as the ages recorded in Genesis, but we must not forget that they had not yet inherited the disabilities of sin working in the members of the human body of as many generations as we have.

Recently, 33 years were considered the length of a generation. It has increased a few years recently for several reasons.

When Jacob realized that his death was drawing near, he took a solemn oath of Joseph not to bury him in Egypt, but to take his body back to Canaan, so that he might lie with his fathers who were buried in the cave of Machpelah. Joseph promised, and Jacob bowed himself on the head of his bed probably in prayer.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

"A small town," opines A. W. Perrine, "is a place where a fellow has to walk around a dog enjoying a nap on the sidewalk."

One dog woke up when 5-year-old Kathy skipped by, barked happily, and followed her home. Kathy did not know that her new friend was a female. She loved the pup so that her parents couldn't find it in their hearts to call the A.S.P.C.A. She had her moment of triumph some weeks later when she came home from school and found her pet being pursued by about every dog in the neighborhood.

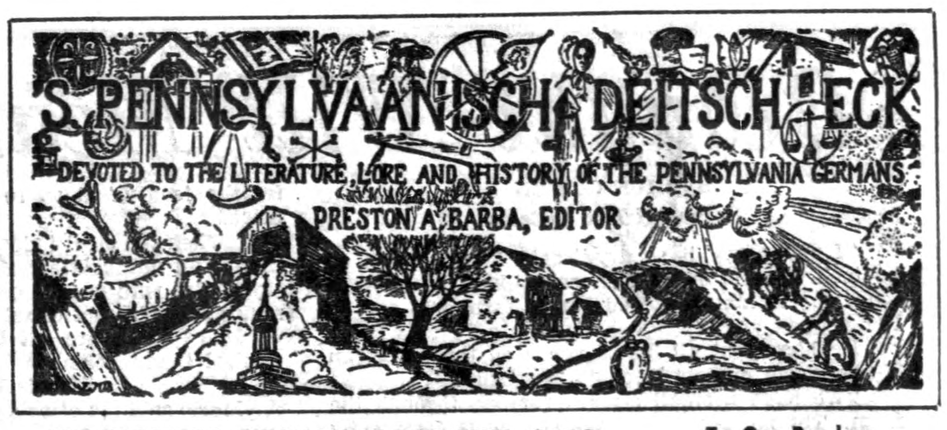
"How do you like that, Mom?" she inquired proudly. "Our dog is just a natural-born leader!"

Communism, insists John Harold, means doing it the herd way.

(Copyright 1957)

Horoscope

Your own hard work and enterprise will bring you gain in the year ahead. Today's child may be very persistent and rather difficult to influence.



MENNONITES OF WAYNE COUNTY, OHIO

By William I. Schreiber

History

WHEN Caleb Atwater in 1838 wrote the first history of the state of Ohio the Mennonites of this and other sections of the state had not made enough impression to receive mention among the 32 religious bodies described by him. If Atwater was aware of the Mennonites at all he must have meant to include them among the large group he called the "Separatists." The Mennonites were firmly established at that date in many parts of the state. Shortly later in 1848, in Howe's **Historical Collections of Ohio,** they again found no place. It is stated, however, that in the eastern part of Holmes County there is an extensive settlement of "Dunkards who originated from Eastern Pennsylvania and speak the German language." Furthermore these people are said to be "excellent farmers and live in good substantial style." The men are described as wearing long beards and shad-bellied coats, using hooks and eyes instead of buttons. "The females are attired in petticoats, and short gowns, caps without frills, and when doing outside labor, instead of bonnets, wear broad rimmed hats." This description applied not only to the Dunkards or Brethren as they are often called, but also to the Mennonites of the old orders as they existed then and as they still are today.

In Wayne County's first history written in 1872 the Mennonites are also not listed although most of the eastern part of the county was theirs. Only the "Swiss" of the Sonnenberg congregation found brief mention by Ben Douglass. For him the members of this congregation are "mostly farmers and very industrious; are good horse traders and revel in the effluvia of decomposed cheese. The older ones robustly oppose the introduction of books, incline to antagonize education, and indulge in habits wholly un-American. They introduced the painting of doghouses and the manufacture of applejack in Sugar Creek township." Here the "Swiss" for the first time are in conflict with an adherer and believer in the scientific spirit then beginning to pervade America.

A later history of 1892 calls the settlers of the Sonnenberg district Mennonite but states that "they did not pretend to know what their peculiar tenets were and even their members seemed ignorant of their history and gave no very intelligent idea of their faith." Again the author calls attention to the fact that they are mostly farmers; "some of them are in horse trading and are fair judges of equine flesh and can drive a bargain with skill and acumen. The manufacture of cheese is one of their industries and accomplishments, from which they derive considerable profit." It is undoubtedly true that bargaining is one of their chief avocations as attested by the many regular weekly auctions held in the Mennonite territory. Likewise this part of Ohio has become the center of Swiss cheese manufacture as it also ranks first in Ohio's dairy industry. Concerning the assertion that they did not know much about their own faith, perhaps the self-enforced isolation of these people accompanied by a lack of knowledge of their peculiar dialect by outsiders may have been the reason.

At the present time the Mennonite community of Wayne and adjacent counties is the largest and most compact of its kind in America; the Amish alone number 36 districts, or congregations, more than double the Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, group. So far, however, no comprehensive study of these people has appeared. At great intervals they have figured in smaller theses at the Ohio State University; their quaintness at times has caught the eye of a roving metropolitan newspaper reporter; their Sunday Schools have been the subject of a larger study by a Mennonite; and here and there an isolated article has appeared about some particular phase of their being. Apart from these accounts the sectarians of Ohio are still very much untouched by the researches of the scholars. And yet this part of Ohio in particular may prove to be a most fruitful field as this chapter will try to show.

Conservation vs. Process of Religious Accommodation.

With the general adoption of the safety razor and with electricity, telephone, automobile, and radio, and of course with the standardization of manufactured wearing apparel and general commercialization penetrating even the country, the setting off of a group which in part made it a matter of religion not to go along and to conform to achievements for which America should become famous, became pronounced and attention was attracted by these non-conformists. Religion became the main factor in the preservation of the mores and racial character of these people, and in turn their idiosyncracies were highly accentuated on this basis. Nevertheless acclimatization to the new times and to surroundings that had changed did occur and is still occurring in various degrees and tempos. So today among the most conservative elements of the population, changes are happening, even if slowly. Atfer all, modern appliances do make life and work easier, also for him for whom it may be sin to own them. As, for instance, running water and bathtub with hot water connection were sin for the Old Order Amish farmer, but they are "too convenient" not to use them when he moved into the new house he had purchased from a modern farmer. He may have been lax, but his son's family which is not occupying part of the house has fewer scruples in the use of them. Thus, broader contacts with standardized America, education though only primary and tendered frequently by teachers of non-Mennonite leanings, the spirit of progress to be noted in a hundred and one gadgets no matter how small, if only the type and form of can opener, and commercial relations with the modern city, all of these leave their imprint somehow, at times barely perceptible, on people who consciously propound their conservative, secluded, and rural way of life as the best and only way to salvation.

Today, therefore, it is interesting to observe among the Mennonites of Wayne County, Ohio, perhaps better than anywhere else in America a "process of religious accommodation." For from one common root of conservatism there have developed within the span of about 150 years within the confines of one Ohio county a perplexity of branches of the Mennonite faith ranging in degree all the way from strictest and severest conservatism and fundamentalism of the pioneer stem to a variety that seemingly remains Mennonite by name only, one which offers today no distinction in outward appearance, social behavior, or religious practices. One group strangely enough does want to be identified with the Mennonites although some of its behavior patterns betray it as such. The adherents of this Mennonite faith are mostly engaged in rural pursuits and differentiation among them from the point of view of accomplishment or economic success seems hardly possible. Superficially the differences are apparent, besides external accoutrements to be mentioned later, mainly according to the use or non-use of machinery and electrical or motor appliances, not according to the size of undertaking.

Some members of this faith have left and are still leaving the rural environment. In many instances they have also affiliated with city churches. Only within the last few years has a Mennonite Mission been opened in the city of Wooster with the intent of evangelizing non-church people. The practical results, however, have been that people of earlier Mennonite tendencies who had left the farm and had found a city occupation, those who had been crowded out of agriculture and who had to seek refuge in some other field of endeavor, were now saved from apostacizing and here found a new bond with their own church again. On the other hand, to judge from the Wooster city telephone directory, names that could only be associated with Mennonitism are now, if at all, but passively connected.

Hence Wayne County offers one of the best instances of what happens to a conservative European Protestant sect when at last in its long history of persecution and wanderings it has found a haven of unrestricted development and unmolested existence. Church and State interference, which were its main shackles in the Old World, are practically non-existent after discounting compulsory school attendance to the age of sixteen and compulsory military training or its substitute — service in Civilian Public Service camps. And yet this interference by church or state in the Old World made for a uniformity in practices and religious standardization which seems altogether lacking in America. The paucity of Mennonite branches in Europe seems to have been completely lost with the acquisition of freedom. Religious liberty almost seems to have grown into a weed which is barely controllable in its production of new species and varities.

Topography and Differences between South and North

The soil of Wayne County is not the most fertile in Ohio, yet it lends itself to the greatest variety of crop production in the state. Originally covered with dense hardwood forests, little woodland remains now in some localities. The land with its topography chosen by these men born to the soil is adaptable to the cultivation of wheat, corn, potatoes, and many minor crops. To be more specific, good agricultural traditions and sheer labor have made Wayne County one of the leading wheat, potato and hay counties in the state; in addition it ranks among the first in all livestock, lamb breeding and in the poultry — dairy industry. The landscape is not too extreme with contours ranging from the relatively level to the hilly where strip farming is most advantageous. All of this land, however, is within the "Appalachian Plateau" where glacial drift filled the valleys and unchecked erosions with deep valleys and narrow ridges are not found. The degree of fertility is often measured by the depth of this drift extending frequently to seventy feet. The Mennonites are known to avoid areas of strong physiographical relief and until recently none of them were found in the non-glacial parts which extend across the southern and eastern sections of the adjacent Holmes County to the south. Only the scarcity of available farmland for their ever-growing families necessitated a settling in such regions. This condition is also one reason why Amish fathers offer a much inflated price for farmland that is located within their traditional lines. The best farming land is found in the more level regions of the center and northern townships of Wayne County where the divide between the Ohio and Mississippi Basin and the Great Lakes region is reached.

With a gradual northward transition of the levelling off of the landscape within the county there is likewise noticeable a greater fertility in these broader sweeps of land. Moreover, with a variation in soil fecundity seems to go a progression to the use of more modern agricultural implements. Concomitant with these seems to be a definite liberalizing of religious mores and practices. In the hillier southeastern townships, the Old Order Amish are in preponderance, "the self-constituted watchers," as they have been called, "carefully guarding every avenue of encroachment upon the sacred customs of the fathers." Anything new on the mere basis of its newness is rejected. The cry of pride, worldliness, or obedience to fashions of the world attends any attempted progress. The "Swiss" Mennonites, secluded around a country district with an undulating landscape not unlike central Switzerland referred to above, come next. These people, in spite of efforts to unify all Mennonites in this country, have persistently resisted any such endeavors and still today do not belong to any conference or general assembly. Old Order Mennonites form the transition to less and less restrictive groups of Amish Mennonites and Mennonites. The one notable exception to all this progression is found in the Salem (Sonnenberg) congregation located between the Old Order Amish and the "Swiss." A minority split-off in 1892 from the "Swiss," it belongs today to the Middle District Conference; this is a part of the General Conference of the Mennonite Church of North America, the most liberal of Mennonite bodies.

It is possible to distinguish in Wayne County today nine distinct groups according to their affiliation or isolation from national religious conferences. While it is not always easy to differentiate between one and another there is however an immense cleavage between the extremes in this list. While all have the same Confession of Faith, the interpretation of cardinal doctrines and more still, the customs that have become associated with these doctrines are the distinguishing marks between them. From south to north in the county and from conservatism to liberalism these are the groups: Old Order Amish, Church Amish, "Swiss," Middle District Conference, Wissler, Old Order Mennonites, General Conference, Oak Grove, New Amish.

To be continued

To Our Readers

We have heard much in recent years about the Mennonites and the Amish of Pennsylvania. They have engaged the attention of historians, folklorists, artists, dramatists, sociologists and anthropologists. It may come as a surprise to us here in Pennsylvania to learn that Wayne and the adjacent counties in Ohio have the largest community of "plain people" in America and that there are twice as many Amish there as in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

We are fortunate in being able to present to our readers today the first installment of an excellent study of the Mennonites of Wayne County, Ohio, by Mr. William I. Schreiber, Professor of German, The College of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio.

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Editorials

Publicity to Fight Crime

One of the problems associated with the growth of serious crime by juveniles is that which newspapers have been facing in the matter of publishing the names of youthful delinquents or of refraining from such publication.

Newsmen are no less social-minded and humane than the police who, in tracking down crime, come upon the perpetrators and find that they are teen-agers, or the social workers who take over the job of encouraging new and wholesome attitudes on the part of the offenders against society which has been outraged and harmed by juvenile crimes and misdemeanors.

There has been general belief that it is better to fall short of a newspaper's duty to give the fullest publicity to crime than to harm the future of some young person by adding the stigma of publicity to the stigma which the perpetrator of crime has put upon himself. Therefore there has been wide and general avoidance of the use of names of juveniles, especially if offenses be in the category of misdemeanors. Even in many cases where high crime has been committed there has been quite general avoidance of the use of names of juveniles. When used, there has been reluctance to do so.

It cannot have escaped the observation of our people that degree of crime is not determined by age. All the records of the FBI in its systematic compilation of Uniform Crime Reports show that it is the juveniles who are committing much of the most serious crime among the American people today.

FBI authorities and many social welfare people have been maintaining the anonymity of juveniles who, like those in Jim Thorpe on Tuesday attempted an armed holdup of the employes in the Progressive Building and Loan Co. and later admitted plans to rob the banks in Weissport and Bowmanstown. In fact, the plan to hold up the latter bank failed on Tuesday only because, fortuitously, State Police were visiting the town at the very hour that the young bandits arrived to carry out their job. The youngsters therefore took alarm and deferred the holdup.

That the names of these six boys, all under 17 years of age, were not published after they had stolen an automobile about six months ago in Lehighton, certainly did nothing to give them a new outlook upon the kind of life that society wishes to encourage them to live. It is certainly indicated that publication of their names at that time could not have hurt them just as the refraining from such publication by all the papers of the Valley did nothing to help them but may have encouraged them to continue their career of crime.

It is not to be overlooked that society and the police and the press are dealing with a problem in which the matter of a few years in age means little or nothing. Dealings are with a sophisticated generation some members of which defiantly shouted at Allentown police not so long ago: "You can't publish our names. We're juveniles."

When the Morning Call in yesterday's issue carried the names of the boys who on Tuesday had stolen and wrecked a car in the most vandalistic manner and had used a loaded weapon in an attempt to hold up a business establishment, it did so in the conviction that the time had come to drop the shield of anonymity which (unhappily in some cases) it has thrown around young criminals.

The crimes that had been committed, the crimes that admittedly had been planned by this Carbon County group were so outrageous as automatically to deny any leniency in dealing with their perpetrators.

Anonymity has failed, or at least it failed in the case of these six boys. Publicity cannot have harmed them over and beyond the harm that they have done to themselves by their own behavior.

Slowly in the public mind is growing the realization that society is dealing not so much with children as with monsters and that instead of being treated as irresponsible, thoughtless young children, juvenile criminals must be treated for what they are: monsters who steal and then operate high-powered cars, acquire and acquaint themselves with deadly weapons and then employ them unconsciously to the terror and harm of any community in which they may elect to operate.

If publication of the names of offenders is going to help abate juvenile crime then the press is ready to abandon its long-occupied position of shielding them from the glare of unfavorable publicity and the singeing flame of public opinion developing from that publicity.

Newsmen to China

If Red China be willing to receive American newsmen (and it has indicated for some time that she wishes to entertain such visitors) then the opportunity is very near at hand. The U. S. Department of State has announced a readiness to grant passports to 24 newsmen, good for travel during the next six months.

Thus after eight years, or since the Communists took over the mainland of China, the U. S. press will be represented amidst the most populous nation on earth.

China under the Communists set up what has been called the bamboo curtain. The United States thru the State Department threw up a curtain of red tape thru which newsmen have been forbidden to pass. However, a few took the chance and assumed the risks of travel without passports that assure holders of the interest of their government in their welfare and, presumably, a readiness to go to their help in time of trouble.

For years the American press has clamored to be permitted to go to China. Now the red tape curtain has been lifted but little more than a handful of reporters will visit one of the most important areas of news in the world. And they are to be permitted only a six months stay.

Against this limitation the American press can be expected to protest. Fortunately there is six months time in which to conduct such a battle with Mr. Dulles. Yet he, (perhaps above anybody else) ought to welcome the services of trained men and their reportorial talents in bringing not alone to the people of this country but to the State Department itself information which can be gotten in no other way than by observation on the ground and, best of all, by those who are tained to get facts and to appraise them.

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.

Favor for Mr. McNeil's Idea

Dear Sir—

I believe that establishment of a Civic Center in the Fifth and Hamilton Street area would be a distinct asset to the City of Allentown, both practically and esthetically.

However, there still remains the question of the monument. Recently in the Evening Chronicle there appeared a sketch by architect Harold McNeil of a proposed monument which seems to be a perfect solution to the problem. A monument such as Mr. McNeil depicts combines beauty and safety, and also provides a wonderful memorial to all veterans.

Our city must be progressive and modern to keep ahead of other cities and to attract business, industry, and residents to the Lehigh Valley. I believe that a monument of this sort would attract nationwide attention to the city of Allentown.

Sincerely yours,
H.M.D.

A Real War Memorial

To the Editor—

I am another supporter for the new Civic Center, to be located at 5th and Hamilton Sts.

At the ssme time I have been intrigued with the idea proposed by one of our local architects for a new face to our 7th St. war memorial center.

His sketch seems to be a very pleasant approach. As the architect, Mr. McNeil says, it will provide "a truly living memorial to our war dead." That is something which we do not now have.

Let's put Allentown on the map and make progress on our motto.

Sincerely
Mrs. A. Coates
Allentown

I'd Like T'Ride With You, Ike—



President and 1958

By DAVID LAWRENCE

There is something refreshing about President Eisenhower's naturalness and candor. He was asked, for instance, at his press conference this week if the record of Congress this year, which he regards as disappointing, might lead to his taking the stump for a Republican congress next year in a sort of "modified give - 'em-hell campaign." His answer was this:

"Well, I think I will just have to pursue what is natural for me. I believe that anyone who does something that is unnatural and artificial for himself is not effective. Now, what I plead for are the programs that I believe to be good for America. And now it happens that I believe the Republicans have a better program than the Democrats and, to that extent, of course, I am going to be partisan, but primarily I am for the program."

The reference to a "give-'em-heck campaign" was, of course, based on the kind of stump speaking which Harry Truman boasted about in 1948, and there is still the illusion in many quarters here that name - calling gets somewhere with the American people. Actually, in 1948, the Truman vote in most states ran far behind the vote for a Democratic Congress — one of the rare instances in which a president winning an election got fewer votes than the members of Congress of his own party. Indeed, Mr. Truman would have lost but for the defection of the Republican farm vote in certain western states and in Ohio. This was due more to Republican errors than any virtues in Trumanism.



Lawrence

There isn't any need to imitate Mr. Truman, for there are dignified ways to deal with a hostile Congress. Mr. Eisenhower, to a remarkable degree, retains the esteem of the American people. He has no selfish interest in government or politics. He is not eligible for a third term. His reward can come only in the satisfaction that he has served the American people faithfully. The President's efforts to conciliate rather than to antagonize Congress have been in conformity with his whole approach to problems of human conflict. For this reason, he has a real opportunity to carry to the American people his case for the enactment of a constructive legislative program.

Mr. Eisenhower needs only to go back to first principles and explain to the country why the American system of government cannot be effective if it is divided in a time of crisis. It is especially dangerous when a lack of responsibility is manifested.

After all, Mr. Eisenhower might well argue that, in the elections of 1956, the nation did place the responsibility for the legislative program in Congress on the Democratic party. This is an inescapable fact and so simple that every voter who understands the principles of the constitution can grasp it at once. For the President cannot by himself make the laws nor can he use any force except the force of public opinion to persuade Congress to pass the laws he recommends and is willing to sign.

There is a tremendous force in the impromptu remark Mr. Eisenhower did make at his press conference, especially when he expressed his disappointment at the lack of action by Congress on "a long list of recommendations" that he made last January. He said:

Disappointed

"Of course I am disappointed because these things that I talk about are not pet projects of my own. I have no particular personal reason — other than that of a concern for all of the United States of America — for wanting them passed, but that reason is governing and controlling with me.

"As a matter of fact, it is the only reason I think anyone has a right to occupy the job I do if he does feel that way. And, therefore, for the sake of the United States, I am tremendously disappointed that so many of these bills have not been acted on, and in some cases they not even have held hearings. Now, the details of them, there is no use going into now. They are long things. They apply to everything from the country's finances, the welfare of our people, mutual aid — and right down the line."

Other presidents, particularly Woodrow Wilson, have expressed in more formal language and style than this, but none more eloquently, the concept of presidential leadership which is fundamental in the American governmental system. The "hard - hitting," "give-'em-heck" speeches, with bitter denunciations of personalities, may make good headlines and dramatic television shows but such techniques underestimate the intelligence of the American electorate.

For the President of the United States does not represent just a single state or congressional district or region, nor is he beholden to any pressure group. He alone represents all the people. Whether it is "mutual aid" —which is in reality not "foreign aid" but aid to the United States itself in a strengthened defense against potential enemies — or whether it is the drive for a better life on the home front, as reflected in the many pieces of domestic legislation now pending in Congress, the basic justification is to be found in the answer to this overriding question: Is the program good for the people of the United States? That's the whole case and the whole opportunity for effective leadership by the President today.

(Copyright 1957)

Poor Umpire

By GEORGE DIXON

Sen. Pat McNamara, of Michigan, a Democratic member of the Senate Rackets Committee, came into the hearing room the other day literally quivering with laughter. The inquiry that day had been interesting, but not exactly hilarious, so I was puzzled by the lawmaker's mirth.

I had to wait through several fifth amendment witnesses to get at him because, as an old trade union man, Pat was busy trying to safeguard what he deemed to be the interests of organized labor. But my curiosity mounted because he kept bursting into snickers.

Finally Chairman McClellan ordered a recess so thse senators could answer a roll call. I grabbed McNamara in the corridor, which is as good a place to grab a senator as any. I asked what was tickling him.

He went into a new paroxysm of laughter. At last he controlled himself enough to splutter:

"I've got a friend named Nate Tarnow in town. He's in the wholesale electrical business in Detroit."

"That certainly is uproarious," I agreed. "I've never heard anything so funny."

"I haven't finished," rumbled the legislator. "Nate Tarnow just perpetrated the ultimate in subtle insults. Are you familiar with an American League umpire named John Flaherty?"

"I 'm never familiar with umpires," I said severely.

"Well, Tarnow is. He sent this umpire — ha, ha, ha! — a gift. He sent him — ho, ho, ho! — a Braille watch."

Homer Joseph Dodge the goateed nestor of the National Press Club, is inconsolable. He looked through the congressional directory the other day and was dismayed to find this entry under department of justice: "Office of legal counsel — vacant."

Moans Mr. Dodge: "I find it completely unmanning to learn that the Department of Justice must struggle along without legal counsel."

A Senate staff worker blew up the other day while studying appropriations for control of the gypsy moth, Mediterranean fruit fly, Japanese bettle, and Dutch elm disease.

"Send 'em to immigration!" he ranted. "They're all foreigners!"

(Copyright 1957)

Edgar A. Guest

AFTER

He wore the costliest garments
he could buy,
He had the costliest cars in
which to ride.
Some said what he himself
would not deny:
"He can afford them since his
father died."

I quarrel not with father or with
son.
All fathers hope that they can
do the same
And leave behind, when they
with life are done,
Enough and more to settle
every claim.

I only wonder had it come to be
That I with every luxury was
supplied,
If passers-by would then have
said of me:
"He can afford them since his
father died."

(Copyright 1957)

Horoscope

Your life and fortunes should proceed happily and comfortably on their way in the months ahead. You might gain through a secret matter. Scholarship and scientific ability may be noted in today's child, who also may be a leader all his life.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Genesis 49:13-17.

We can hardly examine every single word in this interesting but difficult prophetical chapter concerning the future of the tribes of Israel, but a few notes may be interesting. Zebulon's territory came to be located in the northern part of Canaan. Although not on the Mediterranean, Jacob says that it shall have contact with Sidon, older than Tyre, as two important sea-ports of the Phoenicians.

Through the port of Sidon, the products of this commerce were likely transmitted through Zebulon to the rest of the tribes. Of Issachar we do not read much in the future history of Israel that is outstanding. It was located on the southern border of Zebulon, and with that tribe, enhoyed the products of the commerce of the sea, to which, speaking of these two tribes, Moses refers in Deut. 33:18-19.

The name Dan, v. 19, means a judge, as in the name, Daniel, meaning, "God is my Judge," The tribe of Dan came to be located in the extreme north of Canaan, hence the proverbial expression, from Dan to Beersheba (1 Samuel 3:20), equivalent to our "from Maine to California," or "from the Lakes to the Gulf."

pointed star or of three small crosses are not at all uncommon in this region, but there is nothing fancy or elaborate about them. No Amishman ever removes them from a barn after he has taken possession. In one instance an Amish preacher had a large star cut into his barn, and although he said the opening was merely for ventilation, his claim was rather dubious, since a simple window would have served the same purpose better than a fancy pentagram.

The food on the table, with the exception of bread and butter, is all provided from garden and kitchen and the result of never-ending toil on the part of the women folks. Milk is sent to the creamery except on Sunday, for no work is done on Sunday as no money or business is handled. This evidence of what human energy and effort can accomplish may be inspiring, but the endless labor seems to have drained the Amish of any creative or even intellectual ability. It is even remarked that the Amish work for the sheer sake of work. The tragic side of this is seen in the women prematurely bent and old, in girls who do not attain full stature and growth. Although the men exhibit heavy, stocky figures, the women are small and rather stunted, squat rather than lithe, but with fine, clear complexions and eyes. Almost any boy or girl from twelve years of age upwards has to arise between five and six and do his share of the chores in barn and kitchen before he walks perhaps several miles to his parochial school.

To be continued



MENNONITES OF WAYNE COUNTY, OHIO

By William I. Schreiber

Continued

Landscape and Religion

It is easy to observe in Wayne County therefore that the Mennonites have been able to preserve their traditions the better the more they are removed from the direct lines of communication with the "world." The conservative element begins to disappear, roughly speaking, between highways U. S. 250 running from the city of Wooster, the geographical center of the county, in a southeasterly direction, and U. S. 30, Lincoln highway, bissecting the county into north and south sections. North of Lincoln highway in more or less level country traversed by the Wooster - Akron highway and the main lines of the Pennsylvania, the Baltimore and Ohio, and the Erie Railroads, the more liberal Mennonites are found. In direct contrast are the southern townships of the county where only minor roads are. This section is therefore less accessible and away from the "beaten path." Here lines of communication are more sparse. Yet while hills and dales are no obstacles for modern means of conveyance nevertheless they lend themselves well for separation and isolation. The religious groups that make their home there and live in such relative seclusion have thus less trouble in keeping the community of the faithful pure and uncontaminated. Amish farmers who had located within a few miles of the city of Wooster have been observed to retreat farther away recently, so as not to have to send their children to the city schools.

Religion a Way of Life

For the Mennonite of the Old Orders uniformity of profession, appearance, and social standing are a strong bond that lend to each member of the group the consciousness and feeling of dignity and worth; and yet to the outsider they reveal a poverty of spirit, a humility and meekness, which make the Mennonite stand out from all his other Protestant brethren. This seems a natural concomitant of the fact that Christianity here is a way of life, and less, if at all, a matter of theology and intellect. Hence the Mennonite whose whole life is based on the imitation of the Galilean carpenter and who in his worship guards against deviating from the Apostolic simplicity shows in his very outward appearance the assurance of God's grace and eternal love. Inseparable for him are therefore the experience of the love of Christ as also the assurance of ultimate redemption.

Isolation and Solidarity

The New Testament injunctions of the separation of God's elect from the "World" (II Corinthians 14:34) is taken verbally by the Amish, less so as one proceeds northward in the county. This "Separation" demands the avoidance of any contact or mingling with modern America. This extends not only to isolation in dress and personal appearance but also to the adaptation in home and farm of appearance as well as the proscription of all social, political, and religious intercourse. Hence the conservative Mennonite is not found in modern places of amusement, such as motion picture houses, dance halls, taverns, or even county fairs. More subtle are the implications of this doctrine when it comes to avoidance of organizations of every kind including such as we associate with modern church life. In days past it was true perhaps of all Mennonite groups, now still limited to the Amish, that they do not support a "single rural home or foreign mission station or relief project, not a Sunday school, not an evening meeting, nor a Bible conference, a summer school, a Young People's meeting, an academy, college or Bible school, a church publishing house or a church periodical, an orphans' home, a home for the aged, a hospital, a district mission board, a relief organization — nothing except the local congregational organization, the church service with periodic observance of the ordinances, informal Sunday visiting, informal Sunday evening social gathering for young people, and more or less informal visits by preachers and bishops to pioneer settlements scattered along the frontier." (J. S. Umble, **Ohio Mennonite Sunday Schools**, pp. 94-95). Secret societies, civic organizations, political clubs are also taboo. So are life and fire insurance companies, membership and affiliation with government sponsored agricultural relief agencies. Such non - conformity and isolation is possible due to great devotion to principles and consciousness of kind whereby the community of the faithful is kept pure and sufficient to itself. Without the feeling and assurance of solidarity and equality, mutual sympathy and aid in case of disaster of which all members, the young and old, male and female, are aware, the community of course would break asunder. Perhaps it is the isolation which the modern American individual experiences that makes him join organizations of every possible variety. On the other hand, with the conservative Mennonite the threat of loss of help and the feeling of oneness with his co-religionists is an effective means of keeping the community united and the individual from apostatizing. This coherence has undoubtedly led to the freezing out of farmers who resented the "clannishness" of their Amish neighbors. This again has led to the rapid expansion, of the Amish settlement. This increase was so great that at present within Wayne and the adjacent counties of Holmes, Tuscarawas, and Stark there exist some 36 Amish districts and two Amish settlements with meeting houses. When one adds to this the preference of the Amish farmer of investing his money in nearby land for his children instead of in savings accounts, stocks and bonds, one can truly say that the Amish are characterized by a solidarity and unity which is amazingly powerful, but passive in the diverse activities of the rural community. (It must be stated here, however, that in some instances the Amish have invested in War Bonds).

In detriment to this system can be said that it has created a caste with its individual members also regarded as outcasts not only in American civilization but in the Church of Christ in America as well. Similar allegations may be made about the "Swiss." Nothing like it however can be found in the more liberal congregations of the North.

The solidarity and self-sufficiency of the Amish district is so extensive that no member of a congregation has ever come under the care of any county or national relief agency. Criminal charges against any member of their sect are likewise unknown in the local sheriff's office. Any member showing tendencies toward unlawful behavior is disciplined within the community and the spiritual rulers of the district keep a watchful eye over their flock. Non-conformists are expelled and lose thereby all benefits and aid that go with the consciousness of belonging together. When a young woman with children is widowed she is urged to remarry and eligible suitors are suggested. Marriage is here a matter more of economic necessity than the result of romance and emotional yearning. Orphaned children are never sent to institutions but are adopted by or distributed among the families of the district. Living on alms and on the fruit of somebody else's labor are considered sin and not tolererated. Everybody, male and female, if capable of giving physical assistance, is required to do so. Hence orphanages and old people's homes of which the northern Mennonites have exemplary models are unknown in the southern section.

Concerning Amish homes, if the Amish have built the house themselves it is easily recognized. The white frame structure usually erected on a hillside, is narrow and from the front appears three stories high. The lowest floor extends into the hillside and serves both as washkitchen and cellar. The porch with a blue ceiling runs across the entire three room length of the second floor. In the rear, pantries, kitchen, or the parents' bedroom forms the counterpart of the frontal porch. The third floor is used for bed space for the many children. The windows are high and narrow with small partitioned panes. If the Amish buy a house with large one piece window panes, they are soon substituted by the small glass sections. The gables are low with two square windows cut in. Chimneys are at either end or one may be found in the middle. The neatness of the house and the freshness of paint of the immense two - story bank or Swiss barn bespeak industry and a sense of propriety of their owners.

Nothing comparable to the arts and crafts of the Pennsylvania Dutch seems to have developed in Wayne County. Curtains of plain blue cotton, oilcloth on the eating table, the weird assortment of furniture, china, cutlery, usually purchased at the numerous farm auctions widely attended by the Amish, bespeak a frugality and a lack of aesthetic appreciation. This is also emphasized by the absence of all pictures, wallpaper, mirrors, rugs and carpets, knick-knacks or art objects. A difference is however perceptible in the homes of young Amish families, where one notices touches of decorations in such things as colored drinking glasses, dinner ware with designs, and various calendars. However, the immaculateness of the floors, the shiny polish of the cast iron stove, blooming plants on the window sill, convey a sense of orderliness, simplicity, and reserve. As is well known, the customs of these people demand that as soon as an Amishman buys a house, he tears out all electric wiring, unless as in two instances with which I am familiar, the house is mortgaged and the holder of the mortgage will not permit this practice until the house is paid for. It is also said that some Amishmen, finding electricity too convenient will withhold the last payment, if not forever, for at least as long as possible.

An unmistakable sign of the Amish land is the Grossvater or Daddy house, the small bungalow built for the elders close to the main house. There the older generation retires, their needs provided by the children, to spend sheltered days apart from the bustle of active family life.

Hex signs in the form of a five

ZUM AADENKE
An William S. Troxell
(Pumpernickle Bill)

Ach, saaggen net es draurich Watt,
Dass er iss dod — er iss yuscht fatt
Zu wandere in en fremmes Land
Wu iss ken Schtreit un aa ken Schand.

Er waar en Mann — ya, drei un gut,
In Ernscht gedriwwe was er duht;
Eb's Zeiting, Grange, un eenich was—
Deheem in Aerwet odder Gschpass.

Bei Yeders waar er gheesse "Freind" —
Ich zweiwel dass er hot en Feind;
'S kann yusht net sei beim Mann wie er,
Bekannt im Land rum hie un her.

Fleicht iss er net im Karper do,
Doch iss sei Geischt in Alles, yo,
Wu schallt vun unser Mutterschprooch
Un Sache Deitsch, wu folgt er nooch.

Sei Naame un sei Aerwet beet—
So lang dass unser Mundart schteht,
Gehn net vergesse — gehn net aas
Bei uns, sowohl in Gegend drauss.

Doch geht verbroche en menschlich Lieb
Un Dreene machen Aagge drieb;
Sei aerdlich Dienscht waar gut geduh—
Verdient fer ihn en himmlisch Ruh.

Ich weess er iss heit graad so froh
In der Lieb vun datte wie vun do;
Denk an ihn immer, wie do so datt,
Er iss net dod — er iss yuscht fatt!

August 11, 1957 — RALPH S. FUNK

DIE AAGGE ZU

Net so lang zerick hot mich en Mann gfrogt, "Ferwas hot der Haahne die Aagge zu wann er graeht?"

Wisst dihr die Andwatt? Ich denk dihr dutt. Der Haahne macht die Aagge zu, wann er graeht, weil er's auswennich kann. Er sett's aa auswennich wisse. Er graeht alle Marye wammer noch gaun schlofe deet. Verdollter Haahne!

Zwee Buwe hen en Weibsmensch heere singe. Die hot Schticker aus me Opera gsunge. Ihr Schprooch waar net zu zaart. Un die menscht Zeit hot sie ihre Aagge zu ghatt iwwerm Singe. "Ferwas hot sie ihre Aagge zu?" hot der eent Bu der anner gfrogt. Der Anner hot geandwatt, "Sie kann net sehne uns so schrecklich leide."

En yung Meedel hot lanne Auto faahre. Sie hot endlich ihre "Driver's license" ghatt. Wie sie en Monet am Faahre waar, hot sie ebber gfrogt, wie's ihre gingt. Sie hot gsaat, "All recht. Ich kann nau amme annere Auto verbei faahre, wammer alle zwee fufzich Meil die Schtunn gehne un brauch die Aagge nimmi zudricke. Oi, du Yammer!

Nau, wennich Politix, uff die zwee Seite. Me Demograad sei Hund hot fimf Yunge grickt. En Mann hot ihn gfrogt, "Was sin die Hund?" — "Ei," saagt er, "Sie sin Republikaner." En Woch dernooch hot er awwer gsaat die Hund waere Demograadisch. Er hot gsaat ihre Aagge waere nauf uffgange.

En Mann in South Carolina hot zehe Kinner ghatt. En Politischianer hot ihn gfrogt, eb sie all Demograade waere. Der Dadi hot gsaat, "All ass wie der yingscht." — "Wie iss seller en Republikaaner warre?" hot der Politischianer ihn gfrogt. "Wei," hot der Daadi gsaat, "Er hot lanne lese." — Ya, die Aagge gehne em ebmols uff.

—Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News

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Editorials

Our Fate in Drivers' Hands

The vast exodus of Americans from their homes for enjoyment of a three-day weekend is in progress and, with encouraging weather, volume of traffic upon the highways can be expected to be enormous, if not in fact record-breaking.

With all this comes serious threat to all motorists from irresponsible drivers and faulty vehicles. Their numbers grow with the growth in vehicular traffic. Their menace increases with the crowding of the highways that is attendant upon increase in motor traffic volume.

It need not follow that accidents and human casualties rise in numbers with increase in volume of traffic, altho theorectically that is what is likely to occur. Since human beings are concerned in and responsible to some degree at least for all accidents, human beings also can bring about reduction in the volume of accidents, casualties and fatalities.

That something can be done about the American scandal of death and destruction upon the highways has been demonstrated during the present year. Last year, it will be recalled, highway deaths in the United States crossed the 40,000 mark for the first time in our history. The American people were appalled by the daily reports which made up these totals.

Presumably because of the sobering shock experienced by motorists after reading these figures, greater caution has been exercised in driving during the present year. Accident figures in 1957 have fallen considerably below the 1956 figures.

Conspicuous were the accident and fatality figures during the Memorial Day and Fourth of July holiday periods. During those periods the number of deaths were considerably smaller than the anticipated figures which had been based upon the experience of other years and expectation that volume of traffic would be greater in 1957 than it had been in the previous year.

Unhappily there is no guarantee in this that conditions during this Labor Day holiday will be similar. The National Safety Council predicts that there will be 420 deaths on American highways but hopes that exercise of greater care will reduce the figure to about 375.

It all rests in the hands of the men, women and youth who take the wheels of the tens of millions of motor cars and direct their course in safety or into dangerous situations.

American motorists appear to have demonstrated on Memorial Day and the Fourth of July that they can drive more safely.

Let them again evidence during the current weekend that they above all men desire safety upon the highways and that they are ready to adopt the measures by which it can be achieved.

After 87 Years

The 85th Congress adjourned yesterday and the fame of this body may depend upon a single measure — the Civil Rights Bill — which was passed during its last hours after more than two score previous bodies did nothing about a national scandal.

Eighty-seven years ago the XVth Amendment was ratified and provided that "the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude."

Anybody reading the above at any time since 1870 was entitled to suppose that any one who wished to vote would be permitted to do so provided that there was satisfaction of reasonable regulations, such as age, and period of residence in a community or a state. This was not true at all.

By the greatest variety of subterfuges Negroes in the South were restrained from voting. If measures like the "grandfather's act" and literacy tests were not sufficient there was always the threat by armed and disguised thugs to keep black men away from the polls.

For almost ninety years Congress has evaded its manifest duty to enact a law to enforce the XVth Amendment as provided in its second section; "The Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

This step now has been taken by both Houses of Congress after spending months in tiresome debate, much of which was directed toward continuing Congressional lassitude that has prevailed for 87 years.

The bill now goes to President Eisenhower who had contended for a bill with sharper teeth. If he vetoes it, the battle will have to be fought all over in some subsequent session of Congress. If he signs it, it will be interesting to see how the measure is accepted in the South, and especially in Mississippi where, as of July 1, 96 per cent of the State's Negroes were unregistered for voting while Florida, which has been most liberal in this matter, had only 40 per cent of the names of its Negroes on the voting lists.

Fight on Youthful Crime

About two-thirds of the largest United States cities report an increase in juvenile delinquency but they are expanding their programs to combat it, a recent survey by the American Municipal Association indicates.

All of the reporting cities over 250,000 and most of the smaller ones have special juvenile bureaus in the police department and two-thirds of the cities have brought together public and private organizations in a united fight against youthful crime, the study shows.

In fighting delinquency, nearly every city reported censoring books and entertainment considered lewd or crime-inciting, 80 per cent prohibit switchblade knives, and 60 per cent set a curfew—though many officials deny its value.

Recreation facilities, often considered the answer to delinquency, were found to have relatively little relationship to the incidence of delinquency in the survey. Cities which considered their recreation facilities inadequate often had low juvenile offender rates while many that were satisfied with their facilities had high rates. Many of the officials replying to the survey emphasized that recreation alone was no answer to the problem.

Many communities try to identify possible delinquents before offenses are committed and refer them to guidance clinics where they — and often their families — can be helped. In some communities, families of delinquents who show no interest in receiving guidance are visited persistently by caseworkers who try to demonstrate that available assistance can help the family achieve a happier home life.

Along all possible lines the attack has been made. American officialdom and society alike are determined that the problem must be completely understood and that it must be solved in the interest not alone of society in general but especially in the interest of the youths who are concerned. Youth must be saved since it is society's most previous and promising unit. On youth depends the entire nation's future and security.

Idea For Labor Day Speech



Unusual World Forum

By VICTOR RIESEL

By JAMES P. MITCHELL
Secretary of Labor of the U.S.
(Guest Columnist)

When I was in Geneva earlier this summer I spoke for our government at one of the world's most unusual forums. There East does meet West in a constant battle of ideas.

These clashes occur at sessions of the International Labor Organization (ILO).

The importance of the ILO as a great forum of the UN was clearly exemplified at that 40th ILO Conference.

The attention of the world was focused on such crucial matters as forced labor, individual freedom and the improvement of working conditions throughout the world.

In the important conflict of ideas and ideals the ILO is a uniquely significant forum. While it is similar to other UN specialized agencies, such as the World Health Organization and the Food and Agricultural Organization, it has one special characteristic which sets it apart from all other international forums. That is its tri-partite composition.

In the ILO workers, employers and governments from the 78 member nations gather — each, independent of the other; each bound to seek as he thinks best the betterment of workers throughout the world.

Naturally some serious and deep disagreements arise in the ILO. The final result is good for the free nations, however, because ideals of freedom and individual dignity are made to stand the test of competition. Those beliefs which we cherish thrive best when they are challenged. It is through successfully resisting the challenge to our economic, social and political institutions that the strength of freedom and democracy is demonstrated.

At that session the ILO completed an agreement which provides that each nation prohibit the use of forced labor within its jurisdiction. The United States Government and workers pressed for the agreement with diligence and have consistently thwarted Communist efforts to hide from world opinion the facts of agonizing torture and enslavement behind the Iron Curtain.

This pact declares to all the world that forced labor should be abolished. It also labels forced labor as that particular form of compulsion which the UN and the ILO have shown to be widely practiced in Communist countries.

The ILO this year also considered the matter of discrimination in employment. This gave the United States an excellent opportunity to lay before the world the extraordinary accomplishments which have been made in recent years with respect to eliminating racial discrimination in our country. Our recital of these accomplishments in the opening days of the conference won respect for the United States around the world.

While relatively few of the goals and standards set by the ILO have direct application in the United States, because of our own existing high standards, they are of real value to our nation. They assist other countries to improve the conditions of work and living standards, thus contributing to world-wide trade and economic stability.

For example, several standards adopted some years ago providing for improved working conditions in the maritime industry have been of real help to the U.S. maritime industry. For as pay and working conditions improve in the maritime industries of other nations, so our maritime industry will benefit by the improvement of its competitive position.

While a good deal of publicity attends the annual conference of the ILO where resolutions and recommendations are argued out, all through the year the ILO quietly and effectively carries on what is rapidly becoming its most important function — technical assistance to newly developing areas of the world.

In 1956, for example, the ILO sent 289 experts to 58 countries and territories, helping to improve training, develop better conditions of employment, better labor-management relations and to make other practical achievements of lasting benefit to their people.

The deep-seated drive on the part of all people for the fulfillment of their aspirations for a better life will not weaken or fail. It will grow stronger, and this is as it should be.

Through the ILO and the UN we can with wisdom and ingenuity help the peoples of the world to attain this fulfillment so that they can enjoy the material achievements of our time and also retain the freedom and dignity so necessary to all mankind.

(Copyright 1957)

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Writes Joanne Polster of Rand McNally: "In the Fourteenth Century, there lived a serf named Benny (How's that again?) who went every day to the forest to chop wood. One day a beautiful fairy appeared and promised him every wish his heart desired — with one condition. If he ever cut his hair or shave, all his possessions would be stripped from him and he would be turned into a Grecian urn. As a natural consequence, Benny became the richest gent in the land, but looked more and more ike a shaggy dog. The time came when he could stand the foliage no longer. He sneaked into the bathroom and shaved off all his hair and beard. Bingo! He was turned into a Grecian urn.

The moral, of course, is clear, adds Miss Polister: "A benny shaved is a benny urned."

The sound you just heard was the conductor of "Try and Stop Me" choking for air!

• • •

Try and Stop Me

Richard Armour tells how Delilah was chosen by the Philistines to find out what made Samson run. As soon as she discovered his strength was in his hair, Samson got clipped, C.O.D. (compliments of Delilah). He made a comeback later, however, and brought down the house. For further details, read Armour's "It All Started With Eve."

• • •

A ham actor saw a photo of himself in the window of a Broadway leather store, insisted that the proprietor let him write on the corner of it, "This picture was snapped many years ago when I was much older."

• • •

Alan Dunn overheard a 1957 model Army induction officer tell a draft group: "First I must warn you that Army life may be something of a letdown after those modern war novels."

• • •

(Copyright 1957)

Wonder Drugs

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

Just a day or two after I wrote my recent column about mankind's dangerous tampering wth the world of nature, I received a review copy of the book. "When Your Child Is Ill." by Dr. Samuel Karelitz.

Dr. Karelitz, who has practiced pediatrics for the last 30 years has a long and distinguished record in the field of medicine. Besides the various official positions he has held, he has contributed some 90 articles on communicable diseases for journals in this country and abroad.

Although he is an advocate of the so-calld "wonder drugs," when moderately and properly used, Dr. Karelitz bears out my contention that, in our eagerness to achieve short-term benefits, we have possibly opened a Pandora's box of new and frightening ailments.

"The body," he points out, "when its functions are not interfered with by antibiotics, appears to have a fine balance between its various bacteria and molds, so that they keep each other under control."

The widespread and excessive use of antibiotics, he goes on to say, has now transformed some formerly harmless bacteria into dangerous threats. By artificially upsetting nature's balance, we are running the risk of creating a new disease by eliminating an old one.

"Because of this upset in balance," he warns, "bacteria which were previously not important in producing disease now sometimes cause very stubborn infections in wounds, in the kidneys and elsewhere. These bacteria do not respond readily in antibiotics, so they are particularly troublesome."

Dr. Karelitz also makes the shocking statement (to a layman, at least) that "since the discovery of antibiotics, there has been a tremendous increase in diseases caused by viruses."

And he ends with the conservative statement: "We may well wonder whether this is because we are now able to identify them more easily, or whether by eliminating many of the bacteria in the body, we have removed the barriers against invasion by viruses."

As a recognized expert in communicable diseases, Dr. Karelitz' words deserve to be taken seriously by every parent; and his book — especially the concise chapter on "The Wonder Drugs" — should be put close to the medicine cabinet in every home with children.

He is not, let it be said, anti-antibiotic; but he quite properly is concerned about the indiscriminate treatment with wonder drugs by doctors who are too impatient and by patients who are too ignorant to recognize the risks involved.

(Copyright 1957)

Edgar A. Guest

ORDINARY

I'm at the closing of the year,
But I've no trophies to display.
I've never grinned from ear to ear
When I came home at close of day.

Nowhere my photograph was seen,
To view my catch nobody ran,
All season long I've only been
An ordinary fisherman.

• • •

DISPLAY

We show ourselves to all we meet,
Make deals to sell and buy,
But there is none that we can cheat
Though shrewdly we may try.
And as we deal with others so
With us to deal they'll choose;
As all affairs in business go
A friend we gain or lose.
Our traits to others we dispay,
But if at them they stare
And see us at our worst, then they
Will seek for friends elsewhere.
Choice must be made, for this is sure:
One glance is quite enough;
Some for long friendship will endure
And some are shoddy stuff.

• • •

THE HOME COMPLETE

A goodby kiss when loved ones go,
When they return a glad hello,
Who knows that these he'll surely meet
Has built himself a home complete.

(Copyright 1957)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Genesis 50:4-10

After the days of mourning for Jacob were ended, Joseph, recognizing his subordinate position under Pharaoh, requests a furlough from him for the purpose of returning to Canaan in order to bury his father in the family plot, the cave of Machpelah, in which three generations had prepared a grave for themselves (Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob).

Joseph tells Pharaoh that his father had requested to be buried there, and at the same time tells him that he will return to Egypt after the funeal. Pharaoh is very gracious, asking Joseph to fulfill his father's request.

When Joseph left with his father's body, there went with him an elaborate cortege, consisting of courtiers, men of prominence in the government, all the household of Joseph, his brethren and his father's family; how many in all we are not told, V. 9, but we can imagine an interesting and strange procession, wending its long way from Egypt to Canaan, to the amazement of all who saw it.

Naturally, he did not take the children, who could hardly have stood the trip, as we say, and the flocks and herds were also left in Goshen. Finally, they came to a level area where they could assemble for a period of seven days to continue their mourning before burial—a place called the threshing-floor of Atad, likely east of the Jordan (according to v. 13).

Horoscope

Your business should prosper and you may benefit through a relative or an important journey. Today's child will be philosophical, enterprising, genial and popular. A happy life is predicted.



MENNONITES OF WAYNE COUNTY, OHIO

By William I. Schreiber

Continued

The Family

The farther one moves from the city, the highways, railroads, electric power, and telephone lines the larger also the family circle and biological prowess of these people seems to be. Families with more than ten children are not at all unusual. Everyone in the southern section somehow seems related to everybody else with the Miller, Mast, Schlabach, Yoder, Troyer, Weaver, Raber, Stutzman, Beachy, Gerber, and Hostettler families. Ralph Ely, superintendent of the Applecreek High School in East Union Township in 1932, estimated the number of Amish children attending his school as nine and two-thirds per family.

In the south of the county the family organization is on a patriarchal or paternal pattern. The father is the head and ruler, and wife and children are subject to him. Already in the wedding ceremony where questions are to be answered by both groom and bride together, the groom's answer is sounded first, followed by the bride's. Likewise the father receives all wages that might be earned by his sons or daughters until they are 21 years of age. In return he helps to establish his children upon marriage. No wonder, so say his competitors, that the Amish can pay whatever price is asked for a farm.

The position of women, as intimated, is that of subordinate. As St. Paul bids them keep silent in church (I Corinthians 6:14), so they are also to be subject to their husbands. While celibacy is extolled as a great virtue and a preferred state of life, older unmarried people are highly respected, but it is better to be married than to sin. Only members of the church are joined in matrimony and divorce is unknown, as is generally true among Mennonites. Among progressive Mennonites women occupy a place similar to that generally prevailing among country folk. This wife is the crown in the household and her day is fully blessed with hard work by cooking, sewing, and rearing the family.

Costumes Reveal Changes

In outward appearance the people reveal similar progressive changes. In the hillier South, beards, long hair with the men and boys, and plain clothes for both men and women are very much in evidence. The length of the bangs and the neck cut differentiates frequently one Amish congregation from another. Then gradually going northward the beards disappear after having undergone all degrees of length, shape and width. It is interesting to observe in Wayne County that there are many men with long untrimmed beards who ride in buggies: these are the Amish; others also however ride in buggies but have cleanly shaven faces: these are the Wissler Mennonites; again there are men with beards who drive automobiles: these are Church Amish, and lastly there are Mennonites for whom the looks of the men and means of travel are not a special concern. The hooks and eyes on the coat give way to buttons, and lapels, cuffs, and varied colored suits, factory made, are seen. The plain coat with buttons, however, remains at last only for the minister on official occasions. Of late there are a few salaried ministers who wear an American business suit even on Sundays. The color has changed from black or blue to gray or dark with a light stripe. If, however, a long - bearded Amishman is seen in brown or gray, he is not from Wayne County. Black or dark blue are the only male Amish colors in this vicinity. It is a rare treat to find in out of the way places an old-fashioned blacksmith shop, or to watch hidden in some obscure valley the operation of a sawmill tended by men with long beards and long hair, with either skull caps or broad-rimmed hats over their neck-length hair, shirts open at the neck but sewed together further down, with heavy leather aprons around their loins and broad cloth suspenders holding up their heavy homespun trousers. Belts for the men are permitted only by the very modern groups. Even in some of the middle congregations where store clothes and shirts are worn, belts and neckties are not seen, even on Sundays.

"The World's Largest Country Store" owned by Garver Brothers in Strassburg, Ohio, is easily accessible to all Amish districts in this section, or by mail to any other American Mennonite community. This store supplies six different styles of Amish hats, and still this number is not sufficient to supply all the varieties needed by the different districts. All the hats are black in color, and they are of good felt, although less expensive than ordinary headgear. An Amish district can be readily identified by the hat, often the only distinguishing mark between groups. The hats vary from four inch rims and four inch flat crowns to three inch rims and five inch crowns; the black band also varies from shoestring to one and a half inch width.

The entire mezzanine floor of this three story building is devoted to Amish merchandise, and the owners employ clerks in this department who know and understand these people. The cotton, muslin, net, and corduroy goods, in large bales on the shelves, are a fascinating study in color. Hooks and eyes, dark buttons, pins and thread are always bought by the gross. The Amish mother buys in large quantitites, spending from $75 to $100 at a time frequently for materials. These she makes into clothing for the entire family during the winter months. The family always provides trousseau and bedding for the children who are establishing new homes. Therefore the trip to Garver Brothers is as important to the Amish as was the visit of the familiar peddlar in pioneer times.

Strangely enough the women, the pronounced followers of fashions and exponents of individuality in dress and appearance, are the most conservative. The big broad black cloth bonnets of the southern Amish become smaller further north, turn to mere caps, and are of finer materials with more pleats. Gradually they disappear altogether from daily life, except that there remains the merest semblance of a head covering in form of a tiny net prayer cap worn in church only, and easily carried along in any woman's purse. Likewise the dresses turn from the solid colors black and shades of blue, green, purple, and maroon, and the ankle length of the conservatives to prints. However, gray is not worn by Wayne County women. With the hood or cowl-like appendix in the back and the bodice effect they also lose in length and finally they change to modern fashions altogether. The wife and mother makes all the wearing apparel from goods bought in bale or role quantitites selected for their durability rather than softness, color, or texture. The shoes (with the man's hat) the only storebought finished article, turn for the women from high-laced shoes to black oxfords, to any modern style and shape. The stockings progress from homespun to black woolen and cotton, to black rayon, to any modern shade and texture. The dress of many of the Old Order women resembles the attire of Roman Catholic nuns. The main difference seems to be the absence of the wimple and scapular in the Amish. Not infrequently the women will still be wearing long dresses of solid colors where the men already wear "store" clothes. It needs to be mentioned that the style of the storebought articles like shoes and hats depends to a great extent on the indulgence of the manufacturer. His refusal, for instance, to produce button shoes for women changed the whole pattern of foot wear of the women in the Amishland of Ohio. Jewelry is absolutely taboo with certain groups, but even the modern Mennonite is very sparing in the use of it. An iron magnetic wedding ring (to be discussed in the Amish Way of Life) and steel framed spectacles are permitted at times.

German vs. English

The language of this region undergoes a similar transition. In fact, the history of modernization may be considered also the history of the change from German to English. German, or more accurately an admixture of "Pennsylvania Dutch," Swiss and various German dialectical ingredients, is the accepted medium of communication in the South. Interestingly enough, across the line from Wayne County in the high school of Walnut Creek, Holmes County, every pupil has been studying German. Although these pupils speak their own more or less peculiar brand of "Pennsylvania Dutch," the teaching of High German seems somehow to have left its influence upon those who have gone to school there. One of the unforgettable experiences is meeting here in America on Sunday morning after church service groups of boys and young men standing together, often, in slightly medieval clothing, and yet conversing in a mixture of German dialects, an occurrence very much reminiscent of experiences in the Rhenish hinterland.

The religious services of the Amish, of course, are in High German as far as the printed hymns and Luther's Bible are concerned. The sermons, prayers, and testimonials are in the lingo of these people. Further north in the Sonnenberg congregation "Schwitzerdeutsch" prevails, which around the fringes of the community goes over into the "Pennsylvania Dutch" until the dialect finally disappears altogether. The author was quite surprised to find one Sunday school class taught in more or less good High German in a ladies' group in the Salem church near Sonnenberg. The rest of the service was completely English. Still further north German has almost completepy vanished from the daily discourse as it has also given way to English in all religious functions. Here German is hardly understood any longer and at that only by the older people.

This changeover from the German to the English did not come about over night, nor without struggle. Language more than social or commercial contact may here be regarded as the foremost avenue for the introduction of new ideas. The degree of conservatism or modernism, as the case may be, of a congregation today can almost be measured by the length of time this changeover or adjustment lasted or whether it has occurred at all. The time element therefore is a very important one for it demonstrates how relatively strong the "siren call of the new herd — the English language" was and how fast these Wayne County congregations succumbed to the new environment. It may even be safe to say that it is the language and attenuating habitual modes of thinking rather than physical characteristics that have kept the Amish group separate and distinct from all the rest in this county.

In their language the Amish cling tenaciously to their inherited German - Swiss dialect which is greatly mixed with Pennsylvania Dutch, Swabian, and Rhenish elements. Here again, the present generation of children are introducing English, and since they attend English schools, may well be called bi-lingual. In a religious service of the Church Amish, one step more progressive than the Old Order Amish, one is surprised at the frequent interspersals in English. For the "horse and buggy" Amish, however, the German is an absolute necessity to life, and they fear that if German disappears and with it Luther's **Bible**, the **Ausbund**, their hymnal, and the **Martyrer's Spiegel**, the book of their martyrs, their very existence as a group is threatened. They point out that those who have changed to English have become "worldly" and lost their identity. In their daily conversation, they use the familiar and direct **Du** and **Ihr**, the polite **Sie** is unknown. Their language is singularly free from profanity and vulgarity, but knows of no taboos or restraints otherwise.

To Be Continued

EN HANDVOLL LIMERICKS

The 5-line nonsense poem known as the Limerick is not indigenous to our dialect literature, but the following Limericks by the late Frank H. Oberholtzer indicate plainly that the Pennsylvania German submits readily to a skillful rhymster. —ED.

En Meedel vum Bloo-baerrig,
Die meent 's waer gans zu aerrig,
Dass en Bisskatz so glee,
So schtreefich un so schee,
Riecht doch so mechtich schtaerrig.

En Meisel hockt im Kellereck
Un gnawwert amme Schtickel Schpeck;
Do kummt die Katz dezu
Un frogt: "Was bischt am Duh?"
Bis sell waar schunn des Meisel weck.

• • •

Der Haahne greischt sei "Guckeriguh,"
Des dutt er mit de Aagge zu;
Kummt en Fux bei,
Schpringt uff ihn nei,
Un saagt: "Do gebt's en End dezu."

• • •

Dutt dir ebmols en Graehnaag weh?
Saagt der Doktor: "Es sin dei Zaeh—
Loss sie raus reisse—
Un sie weck schmeisse—
Noh kannscht du widder danse geh."

• • •

Datt geht en Mann, Duwack kaut
Un iwwerall die Brieh hie schpaut;
Dem saagt sei Fraa:
"Denk yuscht mol draa—
Nau hoscht du mich aa noch versaut."

• • •

Paar Hund sin mol mit nanner fatt,
Hen gschpielt un so im Grund rumg'scharrt;
Der eent findt en Gnoche
Un hot draa geroche—
Dann saagt er zum ann're: "Nix wart."

• • •

En Mann dem sei Naame waar Bass,
Der meent es Fechte waer Gschpass.
Noh geht er mol draa
Un fecht mit der Fraa,
Un sie schmeist den Lump ins Seifass.

• • •

Der Wickel un Wackel, des waaren paar Leit,
Der Wickel waar naerrisch der Wackel net gscheit.
Sie hen Flinte gfunne,
Un hen sich net bsunne—
Nau sin sie alle zwee in der Ewichkeit.

• • •

En Mann mit so me wiescht Bauchweh,
Der saagt: "Ich muss zum Doktor geh."
Der Doktor kummt raus,
Geht noch em Wattshaus,
Un losst den kranke Mann datt schteh.

• • •

En Waert dem sei Naame waar Frey,
Der sauft schunscht nix wie Brandewei,
Un so mol im Suff
Geht er die Schteeg nuff
In der Gleederschank un schloft ei.

• • •

Geb ne yuscht noch mehner Zeit,
Iss Alles was mer heert heit
Vun dem Weltgericht—
Die grossaartich Gschicht—
Noh vernarrt sie all die Leit.

• • •

Well, des macht nau en Dutzend voll
Mit nix, dass Anschtoss gewwe soll.
Wann niemand dutt leide
Darrich die Dummheite
Browier ich's verleicht noch emoll.

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Editorials

A Difficult Job Well Done

The hordes of people who hurried to 17th and Chew Sts. early on Thursday evening upon hearing an alarm of fire from the Allentown Hospital were for the most part helpless and useless, even bothersome curiosity-seekers. However these constitute, with others who were there on business — necessary business — a jury whose opinion on the manner in which the quite serious blaze was handled is highly valuable.

Apart from those who went into hysterics, or into emotional state not far removed, the calm and dispassionate observers reached a verdict that a magnificent job was performed under highly difficult circumstances by Allentown's Fire Department and by the attaches of the hospital — both those on scheduled duty at the time of the fire and others who hurried to the scene during their off-duty period.

Horrible thoughts immediately are conjured up when it becomes known that a fire of any proportion is threatening an institution where many bedridden, helpless people are confined. It was that kind of thinking that dominated Allentown when it became known far and wide that a fire was in progress in the hospital. What could not become widely known and fully appreciated at once was that, happily, the fire was in the oldest building of the many units that make up the hospital and that not a single patient — man, woman or child — was in the unit. Further, it could not be known that abutting units of the hospital are of modern, fire-proof construction and that it was most unlikely that the fire would spread beyond the building in which it originated.

Because of knowledge of these facts on the part of the people in the hospital — patients and staff — there was far less fear inside the hospital's walls than outside among the uninformed sight - seers whose number grew as the fighting of the fire from inside and outside the building went on.

Fortunately the trained people who are responsible for the safety of the hospital's wards kept their heads even if quite a few of the members of the untrained crowds did not.

While the cause of the fire has not been positively determined, theory leans to belief that some one eager for a few puffs of a cigarette, sneaked off into this little used and, at the time, entirely unoccupied part of the hospital. Then, a carelessly discarded butt may have smouldered without early discovery.

For the hospital there is another happy circumstance, apart of course from the continuance of its operations with virtually no dislocations for its more than three hundred patients and its small army of physicians, surgeons, nurses and other personnel. This is the fact that the fire damaged a unit so old and out-dated that it has been scheduled for razing within the foreseeable future. Thus this part of the hospital's big overall program for expansion and improvement may be hastened.

Caution on Special Census

Altho Bethlehem has decided to take a gamble on the taking of a special census, Allentown's officials have become cautious about entering into a similar bargain with the U. S. Bureau of Census.

Bethlehem expects the special job will cost $11,865. If the census reveals as great population increase since 1950 as its confident officials expect, then the job will be paid for, (with substantial profit in the bargain), by increase in State gasoline taxes and other benefits.

But Mayor Hock and members of City Council have not permitted New York City's experience to be forgotten. That great city's officials contracted with the Bureau of the Census for a special count at a cost in excess of a million dollars. When the last nose was counted it was learned that New York City had really lost and not gained population.

The cost to Allentown for a special count has been fixed at $17,850. It would take considerable population increase to earn that sum from gasoline tax distribution and provide the margin which is of course the principal desideratum. The game may not be worth the candle. Or it might backfire, as in New York's experience.

State in Oil Business

From time to time the State, thru its Department of Forests and Waters, is able to report considerable income from royalties upon natural gas that is yielded by wells on the department's properties.

Now a prospect of profits — and they could be big ones — is afforded in the belief of geologists that oil can be found under Lake Erie in what is off-shore Pennsylvania land.

Less than a century ago Western Pennsylvania was famous as the greatest oil - producing area in the world. In fact the first well came in at a depth of only 69 feet in August of 1859. Some of the best producing petroleum regions in those boom days were in the northwestern counties of the state and across the New York border.

Just as off-shore lands in Louisiana and Texas, as well as Mexico, have oil - bearing strata, so Pennsylvania's off-shore lands may become an important source of production. And if so, Pennsylvania stands to profit in direct ratio to the volume of production.

Bond Sales and Lottery

Because the American people are not buying Federal Government Securities in the volume that the Treasury and the economists desire and think is healthy for the national financial condition, it might be well to examine into the British system. There the betting instinct of the people is being capitalized upon to the complete satisfaction of the canny Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The chancellor knew that Britons bet about $10 million a week in the football pools that are operated in all communities of the British Isles. So he decided to set up a rival sporting enterprise. He decided to offer non - interest paying bonds, with large prized paid periodically to bond-owners after a lottery drawing.

The bonds have caught on. Already the British are buying bonds in almost the same amount as their bettings on the football teams. The people apparently are getting "a flutter" out of the publicity attendant upon the announcement of the big - money winners, and the small ones as well, after every drawing.

Sales of the non-interest bonds already are much higher than sales of the defense bonds which bear normal interest but do not have coupon numbers that may prove to be the lucky ones.

Financing of public improvements by lotteries was common practice in the United States for many, many years. At least one bridge was built in Allentown from the proceeds of a lottery.

Unless the American people come to Government's rescue by purchasing its bond offerings, (far in excess of the value of the bonds that they are cashing week by week), some attractive lure may have to be attached to government securities.

Britain is demonstrating the pulling power of a lottery.

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.

MORE ON WORTHLESS CHICKS

Dear Sir—

Parallel with a story in this morning's (Sept. 3) Morning Call is our experience.

We too were "taken in" by an "agent" who sold us chicks which are not as he represented them to be.

There should be punishment for such misrepresentation. And I am hoping that this information will help him to get it.

There were two men travelling together in a two - tone green station wagon with Florida license plates. The number in part is 3-5759, or this may be the entire number.

Here's hoping they are caught and required to make restitution.

Mrs. Leroy S. Romig
Tamaqua, R. 3

"Slur-r-r-p"



Wisconsin Analyzed

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Why did more Republicans than Democrats stay home on election day in Wisconsin recently?

This unanswered question is bothering the politicians of both parties, but they don't admit it in public. They could shape their strategy if they knew the answer. Instead, the easy, glossed-over explanations are publicized. One side sees a repudiation of Eisenhower policies, and the other side merely concedes that a serious division in its ranks prevails.



Lawrence

There is certainly something about the actual figures which has not as yet been satisfactorily explained.

Thus, ten months ago when Sen. Wiley, Republican, was re-elected, he got 954,844 votes, while his Democratic opponent polled 586,768.

This time, in an August election — obviously off-season — the Democrats polled only 435,085. This was a drop-off of 151,683 from their own vote ten months ago. Admittedly not as many people go to the polls in August and in an off-year election as when there's a Presidential contest. A loss of 25.8 per cent, however, might be considered normal as a drop-off. Obviously habits in a summer season aren't much different for Democrats and Republicans.

But if the Republicans had suffered only a 25.8 per cent drop-off, they would, of course, have won the election hands down. They could have even had a drop-off of 50 per cent and still have won with a 42,000 majority.

What Happened?

What actually happened, however, was a drop-off of 67.2 per cent from the Republican vote for senator in 1956. Only 313,631 Republicans voted in last year's election out of the 954,844 who voted ten months ago to elect a Republican senator.

If the Democrats too had suffered a 67.2 drop-off, they would have been defeated.

To say that a victory by the Democrats this time in polling 435,085 — which is much less than their normal vote — as against 313,631 Republicans — which is far below their normal vote — is a "national trend" is to predict disaster for the Republican party as a whole.

The conclusion is inescapable that there were national questions which affected the attitude of those who voted in both parties. But there was something else that was not expressed at the polls. It was expressed by those who stayed at home.

What was their protest? Some editors in Wisconsin think it was the feeling of "a plague on both your houses." Some of the stay - at - home Republicans undoubtedly didn't care enough to vote for either of the so-called "liberals" — the Democrat or the Republican. Some of the McCarthy followers evidently didn't think there was much point in bothering to go to the polls merely to vote for the third candidate, a relatively unknown figure who announced himself as a McCarthy supporter. Some Republicans probably didn't think it made any difference if a Democrat were elected because the Democrats now control the Senate anyhow, and, besides, another election for the same seat is due in November 1958.

No Switch

There have been advanced the usual reasons for the protest of the voters — economic questions and resentments inside the party. There is no evidence, however, that Republicans in any large number actually voted Democratic. No prominent leaders announced beforehand any switch in allegiance.

The facts are that 67.2 per cent of the Republican vote of November 1956 for senator — or about 641,000 — didn't even show up at the polls at all this time. To say that the "Old "Guard" in the Republican party is "dead" and that "Modern Republicanism" is in control may be true in the sense that the "Old Guard" or conservative Republicans are dead set against going to the polls. Until some attention is paid to the conservative voters other than to denounce them as old-fashioned and obsolete just because they want a balanced budget and less paternalism in government, there isn't going to be a resurrection of many of these "dead" votes.

There are some other lessons in the Wisconsin result for the Republican strategists to ponder. The hullabaloo recently about winning the Negro vote in the North seems to have been pointless. In the three Negro wards of Milwaukee the total vote showed a bigger drop-off than in other areas. The Republicans dropped off 66 per cent and the Democrats dropped off 41 per cent from their 1957 vote for senator.

Yet for months arguments have been heard that the "civil rights" contest would bring to the Republican party a tremendous gain in Negro votes in the North. This correspondent has maintained that Negroes vote generally as do whites — they are affected first by economic issues, and only incidentally by what might be called sentimental issues. The Milwaukee voting bears it out.

(Copyright 1957)

Walk, Don't Run

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

The cult of "hard work" is almost a religion in American life. Young men are exhorted to work hard — which is sensible advice, but not for everybody.

Charles Horton Cooley, one of the wisest teachers and broadest thinkers of the last generation, properly pointed out that there are certain talented youngsters to whom one should say: "Do not strain yourself. Quantity counts little without quality which is raised by working moderately, though steadily, and by much thinking and planning. Conduct your life intelligently and you will be effective without exhausting effort."

What the hard work cultists forget is that life is a long-distance run, not a dash. And the long-distance runner learns how to pace himself, how to save his reserves for the crucial moment.

Many men call their work "the game," but they do not play it as sensibly as expert athletes play their games. A smart tennis player in a tournament is content merely to hold his service in the first set, and applies the pressure only when it counts.

The man who has to work very hard all the time either is driven by deep psychic forces he does not understand, or else is over-matched for his job. In the first case, he is using his work as a substitute for other satisfactions in life; and in the second case, he is heading for a crackup by the time he is in his 40s.

And what is wrong with work as a substitute for other satisfactions? Nothing, perhaps, so long as the work continues. But when the man is forced into retirement, then he quickly learns that he has ignored and neglected other aspects of his personality, and he feels lost and restless.

Life must be not only a struggle for success and security; in a wider sense, it must be a preparation for retirement. And this preparation is almost wholly lacking in American society: the man who reaches his goal, and retires, commonly does not know what to do with his newfound freedom.

The opppsite of hard work is not laziness; it is leisure. To the classical man, leisure meant the full development of the mind and spirit. But if this is thwarted by 40 years of unremitting hard work, what is the older man left with, either for his own satisfaction, or to pass on to the younger generation?

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Joshua 24:32

Yesterday we raised the question as to whether the bones of Joseph, which we learned were brought along by the children of Israel out of Egypt, were actually brought into the land of Canaan after forty years of wandering in the wilderness. A new generation had arisen during those forty years. Had this new generation any interest in those old bones? The second last verse of Genesis, as we learned, records Joseph's request that his bones be taken along when Israel would be leaving Egypt.

In Exodus 13:19, his body, after having been embalmed a long time ago, was taken along when Israel left Egypt, and in Joshua 24:32 we find our question of to-day answered in these words: 'And the bones of Joseph, which the children of Egypt brought out of Egypt, buried they in Shechem (in central Canaan), in a parcel of ground which became the inheritance of the children of Joseph,' in this case in the territory of Ephraim. One day, while drinking a cup of cold water out of Jacob's well, I recalled this verse. So I asked our guide whether he knew the site of Joseph's grave. As the really good guide that he was, he pointedt o a white structure in the distance on the northeastern horizon, saying that he had been buried somewhere in that neighborhood.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The gay resort town of Palm Springs, on the edge of the California desert, isn't often plagued by sandstorms, but when one does blow up, it's usually a beaut. After one of them, Mary Benny observed ruefully, "Our living room has a new note in decor this morning: wall to wall sand!"

Army Archerd reports that the gown a blonde starlet wore to a prevue was "a new convertible with the top down." And veteran comic Julius Tannen told him the reason so many people buy new automobiles is that they have to pay cash when riding on a bus.

A cynic in the Astor bar pointed to an actress making an entrance and observed tartly, "Here comes Broadway's greatest name - dropper. She's been married seven times!"

1957 version of a real chestnut: the kid who was bent on seeing a night baseball game—so he told his grandmother his boss had died.

(Copyright 1957)

Horoscope

A quiet, mostly uneventful year of steady progress is indicated for you. You may gain by a lucky hunch. Today's child is likely to be very quick and clever, ambitious and energetic.



MENNONITES OF WAYNE COUNTY, OHIO

By William I. Schreiber

Continued

Education in School and Sunday School

Concerning education in this large constituency of Mennonites, differences of appreciation and acquisition are very marked. While it is generally agreed that the Mennonites, including the Amish, are not low in Intelligence Quotient, a study of a few years back by Lyle Rexford Fletcher showed that the Amish of Holmes County have an illiteracy figure of only 0.9 per cent when the average for the state of Ohio was 2.3 per cent. The concerted judgment of the teachers and the Wayne County Superintendent of Schools, Ralph Hathaway, adds up to the fact that the Mennonites, and the Amish in particular, are not of lower intellectual ability; however, the transition which a child must make when he enters public school from an Old Order home is a definite setback. This is overcome, however, in time. The conservatives of the south, as is well known, take a definite stand against secondary education. For them the mere acquisition of the "three R's" is sufficient. Further education, especially of the modern high school variety, is frowned upon not so much it seems because it imparts worldly information, but because it takes the youngster on ways that lead away from the farm. A farmer, according to the Amishman's estimate, needs to be introduced to farm-life and agriculture before he has reached independent judgment and the habit and love for such a way of life can be induced only early, preferably before the youngster is sixteen years of age. It is not surprising, therefore, that Principal Ely found the parents of his pupils not exceeding a seventh grade education. The high school, so it seems, forms the greatest threat to the Amish way of life. It is in school that the children are introduced to and come in contact with modern ways and means of living. The time spent in school after a farmer has acquired the essential learning to live his life successfully is for him time lost for the very enterprise that depends on human power rather than machinery. Furthermore, secondary schooling, according to Amish opinion, instils a desire for worldly, modern things that entice away from the farm, and to leave the farm is here synonymous with desertion from the faith of the fathers.

Contrary to national trends there is here a noticeable increase in grade school attendance due to the further spread of the conservatives, while there is, however, a decrease in high school attendance. In respect to the upper grades the southern part of this and the adjacent county have some of the lowest figures in school attendance for the state. May it also be said that school life for the conservative Mennonite has the appearance of idleness, as it still has for many who work either with their hands or are held down to a routine eight hour day in an office. Idleness and laziness for these farmers are sin and against their basic religious convictions. Since it is true that the learned of both church and state have in the past been their chief enemies, they consider themselves the safer the farther they are removed from learning, and higher education to them comes closest to worldliness, to pride and to boasting, as well as to accompany bigotry which in the past begot persecution. All of these evils are not in harmony with the simple life of the Galilean and his apostolic companions. Hence modern education with its emphasis on urban rather than rural ideals only builds bridges that lead away from the farm, the paternal home, and the family faith.

This, however, does not imply that the conservatives are against information that furthers their own way of life religiously and agriculturally. Ely also found that the people he studied were very much interested in reading, writing, arithmetic and spelling, which were also some of the accepted American pioneer electives. Spelling bees are held still in the Amish community. On the other hand, these people are very much against extracurricular activities and physical education. Enough of the latter is had on the farm doing the daily chores and it is a matter of religion not to be disrobed in public. The use of picture material, like motion pictures, models, colors, and clay, and the like is against the cardinal doctrine of the Decalogue as expressed in Exodus, 20:4, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image." This is taken verbally and in its strictest application by the Amish.

These objections to high school attendance were often brought out in court trials designed to force Amish fathers to send their children to a modern high school. Repeated court action with penalties ranging to $200 or thirty days in the Wayne County jail, and removal of children to the county home, had been brought against conservative fathers who would not send their sons and daughters to complete their school attendance to the age of sixteen. These trials abated at last in the fall of 1944 when the Amish of East Union Township had built at considerable cost their own parochial school with grades beyond the customary eight, and after they had won a decision from the Wayne County School Board proving that their children were "not neglected" if they attended the school. This trial was presided over by a special judge sent to Wooster by the chief justice of the State of Ohio, Carl Weygandt. The curriculum and the materials used in this parochial school are under the direction or supervision, of the board of education of this particular Amish school district, but the subjects and the manner of instruction are in compliance with the ideas as these men deem them best suited to their children.

Fewer scruples prevail concerning education in the northern half of the county. In fact members of one modern Mennonite congregation have risen to university professorships, even to a former secretaryship of the League of Nations, Geneva, Switzerland, and to an assistant secretaryship in our own Department of State in Washington. The Salem (Sonnenberg) church had until 1948 as its pastor the Rev. A. S. Rosenberger, former president of Bluffton College, Ohio.

It is the Mennonites of the middle region of the county, due to their dispersal among and proximity to various degrees of practices, who have the greatest educational problems with their young folks. It is here therefore that within the last few years five parochial (high) schools have been built. Three of them are Amish, one is Sonnenberg "Swiss," and one is Old Order Mennonite.

What has been said about schools in this region is similarly applicable to Sunday Schools. While the conservative elements still do not have anything that approximates the Sunday school, the northern progressive bodies have come a long way. The Mennonite's deep - seated aversion to change, inbred and ingrained in the Amish and most difficult to uproot, has given way only to the force of necessity. The less isolated modern Mennonite parents, in contrast with the Amish, noticing that their children were attracted by the strong appeals made by the schools of other denominations, finally consented to institute Sunday schools. Some of the original objections, namely that they foster social organizations with encouragement of "pride," and interference in hospitality and visiting generally practiced by Mennonites on Sundays undoubtedly must have been verified. Yet in the North where Sunday schools do exist, they seem to be most successful to judge from the large numbers attending them.

Preachers

Many Mennonite bodies have no educational requirements for their preachers, and their leaders are mostly chosen by lot from among their own male members. Sometimes the choice is fortunate in producing a genuine spiritual leader, but it has also led to such schisms as that of the preachers, Wisler and Holdeman. Because every Amish district has two preachers and one supervisory supreme ruler in the person of the bishop, a congregation somehow does seem to receive its spiritual pablum. There is never a paucity of preachers. With such a type of uneducated and unsalaried ministry there is moreover little chance for progress, with the result that the lay preachers do not rise above their constituents and the whole congregation remains one united body clinging tenaciously to its inherited beliefs. When these people settled in the frontier of Ohio they likewise did not need to wait for outside authority or some mother church left behind to establish parochial organization. Here on the frontier the individual members as well as the congregation as a whole needed not fear of being guided and administered by unsympathetic and misunderstanding leaders. Nevertheless, Mennonite congregations are frequently torn asunder within themselves over preachers that are either too advanced or too retarded. Many of the splits in the Mennonite fold have been due either to too progressive (modern or worldly) or too retrogressive (conservative) leadership on the part of its preachers. Due to a variance of stress laid often upon merely external matters that seem to non-Mennonites as purely incidental there has arisen an almost infinite variety of congregations in this section of Ohio. These differences are mostly very small consisting perhaps in ½ or ¼ inch trimming of the hair above, below, or about the ears, yet every external particular detail needs and cannot be engaged in without the approval of the bishop of the district. While the Amish preachers and bishop make their living by farming and do their preaching as an avocation, if this could be said of them, there are also farmer-preachers who do receive remuneration for their preaching efforts. Others have progressed with their congregations and developed into full - time spiritual laborers. A few preachers in the north are salaried and independent in their daily pursuits, as is generally accepted practice in America today.

To Be Continued

DRAAME

Mer brauch net schlofe in seim Bett,
Wann mer recht schee draame wett:
Die schenschte Draam, do wett ich druff,
Sin die mer draamt mit Aagge uff.
Vleicht macht mer doch die Aagge zu
Fer schlofe? — Nee! yuscht bissel Ruh;
Doch sehnt mer Sache arrig pleen,
Vleicht Sach wie des iss waa ich meen;
Mer draamt mer hett vleicht bissel Geld,
Net reich wie deel Leit in de Welt;
Yuscht so dass bissel iwwrich waer
Fer annere helfe hie un haer.
Was waer des Gschpass, wann kennt mer dann
Hilf bringe zu me aarme Mann,
So hinne rum, ass er net wisst
Vun wu es keemt — was mer vermisst!
Mer draamt aa vleicht vun ebbes schunscht,
Wolle saagge, es waer die Kunscht,
Wu kennt mer Kranke mache heel
Im Karper graad sowohl in Seel.
Weck zu nemme der menschlich Schmaerz,
Zammeschweese verbroche Haerz;
Unglick verdreiwe, wie die Sunn
Macht aus em Schnee en kleeni run.
Mer draamt aa vleicht, mer hett die Macht
Fer Leit zu weisse all die Pracht,
Wu um uns leit in unser Welt,
Fer unser Luscht un Gut beschtellt.
Die Blumme, Veggel un die Beem,
Wu maehen alles so genehm;
Wu zu viel Leit dann gaar net seh,
In sich versunke wie im Schnee.
Noh vleicht en Draam — blessierlich sehr—
Dass gaar ken Gschwetz vun Grieg meh waer;
Un alle Land, zufridde, deet
Maschine mache schtatts Muschkeet.
Un noh en Draam, so schee un fei,
Ass yeder widder ehrlich sei
Un nochberlich, barmhaerzich aa—
Ach, was doch siess zu denke draa!
Vun Sarye weck, sell iss es Ziel,
Uffkors es batt net arrig viel;
Mer draamt, noh macht mer Aagge uff,
Un doch geht alles draa un druff.
Doch denke kann mer, 's iss ken Gfaahr,
Mer in die Bressent geht defor;
Un 's iss Blessier, meindt was ich saag,
En bissel draame darrich der Daag.

— RALPH S. FUNK

We are always grateful for contributions from Mr. Funk, an Allentonian who has ever many years steadfastly cultivated the dialect muse. —ED.

ISS ES LEWE SAUER?

Ich gleich gans allee in re groosse Schtadt rumzulaafe. Ich meen en Schtadt wie Phildelphi odder Nei Yarrick. Datt sehnt mer alle Sadde Leit. Oft wann eener eem sei Aag fangt, sehnt mer wie gschpassich ass er guckt. Gans wennich Leit ass an eem verbei laafe in re Schtadt sin am Lache. Awwer Dausende vun Mensche mache sauere Gsichter. Ferwas iss des so?

Viel Leit hen en hatt Lewe. Verleicht hen sie ken Aerwet un sin hungerich. Denkt mol datt draa! Deel sin ausgfalle in der Heemet. Weiwer un Menner verschtehne nanner gaar net. Sell gebt saueri Gsichter. Ya, gewiss! Deel hen yuscht gheert, ass ihre Schwieggermutter ihre Heemet mache will mit ihne. Sell is oft nix fer ihne Sunneschein uffs Gsicht duh.

Ich hab gheert vumme Mann ass ausgfunne hot sei Schwieggermutter wett ihn paar Woche bsuche. Sell hot ihm schier gaar die Katze-gichtere gewwe. Er hot seiner Fraa un de Kinner gsaat, sie sette net freindlich gucke, wann die Schwieggermutter kaemt. "Losst uns all saueri Gsichter mache," hot er gsaat. Er hot en arriyer freindlicher Hund ghatt. Es waar ihm bang, der deet die Schwieggermutter deheem fiehle mache. Er hot noh die Ax genumme un hot em Hund der Schwans teit hinne wedder abghackt, so ass er net schwensle kennt, wann die Schwieggermutter kaemt. Er muss en sauerer Mensch gewest sei.

Deel Leit gucke sauer, weil sie meene, sie hette en Latt Religion. Des gemaahnt mich an en Mann ass moll an re Kaerrich verbei iss, wie die Kaerrich am Ausgeh waar. Er hot iwwer der Schtrooss gschtanne un geguckt. Endlich iss der Parre raus kumme. Der hot awwer en sauer Gsicht gemacht. Er iss sich schier selwer uff die unnerscht Lefz gedrede. Der Mann hot gsaat zum Parre, "Ferwas guckscht so sauer? Iss der lieb Gott gschtarrewe?" Ich hab schunn oft gfiehlt fer lang - gsichtiche Chrischte sell froogge.

Es hot mir katzlich en Mann gsaat, er deet en Manne kenne, ass en hunnert Daaler die Woch verdiene deet. Moll ee Daag hot er "gude Marye" zu dem Mann gsaat. Der Kall mit em sauere Gsicht hot geandwatt, "Was iss gut an dem Marye?" So en Lump sett mer iwwers Knie biegge un sett ihm der Hossesitz gedichtich abschtaawe.

Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News

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Editorials

Making Vaccination a Must

Action by the School Board of Phillipsburg on Wednesday provides that, beginning in September of 1958, no child shall be admitted as a first-time student unless he is provided with a certificate attesting that he has received inoculation with Salk vaccine.

This action was taken with the authority of State law enacted at Trenton during recent sessions of the New Jersey legislature. It indicates the trend that is strongly under way thruout the country and may easily develop along the same pattern that the fight against smallpox started to take more than a century ago.

Up to this time the pressures for the vaccination of children have been so strong that general disposition has encouraged the vaccination of children wherever possible. Much of the public was so thoroly scared by polio that when the Salk vaccine was discovered, tested and approved there was almost hysterical stampede by many to put hands upon some of it and apply it to their children. In many areas a black market in the then scarce article was developed.

A reaction has set in. Contrasted with the joy over the discovery of the vaccine, the rise of hope that a vicious enemy of mankind was about to be vanquished and the manufacture of the vaccine in abundance is the current indifference of millions of people. They seem to think that immunization of their neighbors' children will benefit their children altho the principles of osmosis in fluids and induction in electricity have no place whatsoever in this matter.

In a comparatively backward age, when illiteracy was rife and the media of communication were limited, it was understandable that the virtues of Jenner's vaccination against smallpox did not become universally known for many years. The Salk vaccine however became known to the uttermost parts of the earth in little more time than the space between breakfast and dinner.

Even after smallpox vaccination became universally known and accepted, there was much lethargy on the part of the public and downright opposition as well by crackpots and others, including some highly intelligent groups, to evade an individual responsibility. Legislation making vaccination compulsory for entrance to the schools, for issuance of passports and employment for many jobs was Society's answer and its bid for all possible safety against a serious disease.

New Jersey has made vaccination against polio compulsory at the one point where society can swing the big stick of authority — entrance to the schools. Other States undoubtedly will follow. And when a generation of children has lived under such requirements, the almost complete disappearance of polio can be counted upon with confidence.

A quicker and better process to attain this result of course is the immediate vaccination of all children without waiting for compulsory measures.

New Threat in Near East

The American people, thru the press, radio and TV have learned of large shipments of powerful engines of war to Jordan and this has disturbed them for a number of reasons.

In the first place it is remembered that the shipment of great quantities of arms to Egypt from Red Czechoslovakia provided a provocation for the brief war last autumn against that country by Great Britain, France and Israel.

The American shipments to Jordan avowedly are only for use by that country in defense and that defense, presumably, is to be against her neighbor, Syria, which has received heavy arms shipments from Russia. However the arming of any nation always is like the arming of an irresponsible boy who itches to pull the trigger of a gun and hear what it sounds like.

Israel already has asked the United States for assurance of protection against the recently delivered arms if attempt be made to use them against her. There is confidence worldwide that, if attacked, Israel can take good care of herself against any of her neighbors. The United States also thru the Eisenhower policy toward the Near East is committed to the preservation of peace in that area, more particularly if there be violations of the peace in effort to advance Communist control among the Arab nations.

Shipment of arms to Jordan thus calls renewed attention to a touchy situation. An important difference is to be noted. When Egypt got its arms from Czechoslovakia and when Syria got arms from Russia there was little publicity. The whole world knows that we have armed Jordan. Even at this moment there is no telling how powerful is the armament that has been built up in the two countries that are organized under a single head — an Egyptian general.

One wonders which country is the objective in the Egyptian-Syrian military alliance — Jordan or Israel? In either case the threat of war is serious for the United States. A small fire anywhere these days can lead to worldwide conflagration.

U.S. Communism at New Low

New York Times

The crisis now besetting the remnants of the Communist party in this country has been revealed by the events of the last few days. The party's membership, including the bulk of such working-class strength it ever had, has deserted it in droves and the best guess its leaders can make of its strength is only 10,000. The party has collapsed completely in many cities, including such important industrial communities as Cincinnati and Youngstown, Ohio. The remaining few thousands of active members are divided by bitter factional strife and their influence on the great issues of our nation and our time is imperceptible.

Joseph Clark's resignation as Daily Worker foreign editor and as a member of the Communist party makes clear that control of the party has essentially been decided in the intraparty struggle. As Mr. Clark's letter of resignation implies, those members of the party who dreamed of a new start that might make possible a Communist party free of Soviet domination and free of Stalinist tactics have been routed. William Z. Foster was entitled to his crowing comment that his articles have opposed only the line of The Daily Worker, implying correctly that his Russia First policy is that of the hard core fanatics who are the bulk of the remaining membership.

The Communist party in this country has deserved the fate history has meted out to it. We may suspect that it would have collapsed even sooner had its people like Mr. Clark seen any easier way of breaking off and receiving in some sense an amnesty from public opinion. Yet even in the face of the difficult personal and material situation which faces people in the position of Mr. Clark, 45 per cent of the Communist party membership has left this past year. Could there by any more vivid proof of the deserved bankruptcy of a group which lived in a world of fantasy for so many years, and which for so long fought against the interests of our nation and of our people?

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Exodus 2:15-18

At the end of verse 15 we have a picture of Moses sitting by a well in the land of Midian, far from his people in Egypt. Suddenly seven daughters of the priest living in that locality appear for the purpose of drawing water and filling the troughs to water their father's flock. (A somewhat similar situation we find in Genesis 24:11 and 29:2, 10.) A well of water was an important institution, and 'water rights' were valuable in the economy of those eastern countries. Moses noticed that shepherds were attempting to interfere with the daughters of the priest, who were seeking to use the water of the well; so he helped them, and watered their flock. This made it possible for them to finish their work sooner, so that they returned home earlier than usual, to the surprise of their father, whose name is given as Reuel in v. 18. There is much difficulty involved in the name of this man. In 3:1 we have the name Jethro, with further complications in Numbers 10:29. Commentaries and dictionaries do not solve the problem, but it will be well to hold to the name, Jethro, as that of Moses' father-in-law.

The Dame's Getting Too Expensive



Control of Southern Schools

By DAVID LAWRENCE

If the federal government is to take over state responsibilities, including the management and control of the public schools, then why should't the taxpayers of the different states be relieved of the expense, too?

This is a question involving some 11 billion dollars spent annually by the states and cities on public schools. The oldest principle in the American creed is that "taxation without representation is tyranny." If the people of the states hereafter are not to have the final say as to how their money shall be spent for schools and the federal government is to be supreme in regulating attendance at the schools, then the citizens of the states may come to feel that the responsibility for raising the money needed should be a 100 per cent federal function.


Lawrence

Some states already have laws which provide that if Negroes are ordered into white schools, then appropriations shall cease for the schools they attend and the schools from which they are transferred. No court order can make a state legislature spend money it doesn't want to spend. So the federal government will have to take over.

All this might add 11 billion dollars to the federal budget, but the smaller states would benefit, because they would not be required to contribute proportionately. All federal taxes nowadays are based on the capacity of the citizen to pay the specified rates, irrespective of his geographical location.

If the cost of education in America is to be saddled primarily on the middle- and higher-income groups, it will be a windfall for the lower-income citizens, especially in the less densely populated states. For the cost of school buildings is rising everywhere and many states really have not been able to expand their school building facilities due to insufficient receipts from state taxes.

Political Issue

This question could become a big issue politically. For if the federal government now is going to take over state functions — and the Little Rock controversy shows the way the wind is blowing — then there will be less and less interest in recent statements by the Administration that local governmental units should remain independent of federal help so far as practicable. The Administration has claimed that it is trying to encourage a trend toward local responsibility. Vice President Nixon the other day expressed that sentiment to a conference of mayors, and a few weeks ago President Eisenhower said the same thing to the conference of governors.

These statements sound hollow now as the federal government undertakes to question the motives of a governor when he tries to preserve order. In fact, the Department of Justice is assisting in preparing injunctions at Little Rock and elsewhere in the South transferring to the federal courts the responsibility for handling school problems arising out of segregation issues. This is bound to discourage any trend toward autonomy by the states.

There has been for years a tendency to lean on the federal government for financial aid, but the states have insisted on retaining their independence.

Congress recently has been debating federal participation in a school program to be financed both by the states and by the national government. Economy-minded members of Congress, however, from the northern districts and many southerners have formed a majority to block such legislation. But if the federal government now succeeds in squelching a governor and hamstringing him in the discharge of his normal functions, it is possible for the tide to turn the other way as the people may say, "since you take the responsibility for education, why not pay for it all?"

Demos May Gain

Politically speaking — and the whole issue of segregation - integration has many political aspects — the Democrats are likely to benefit immeasurably by what the Eisenhower administration has done. For not only will the southern states lose Republican votes now but in the North many Republicans who are shocked by the idea of "forced integration" and the use of federal power to interfere with the governor of a state in the performance of his customary duties will shrink from voting for the Republican ticket. Many Republicans, enraged by what has happened, will vote for the opposite party in protest and many will stay at home.

The Republican party has already gotten some hard knocks in Wisconsin — the colored vote didn't help much there — but what is happening in Arkansas will cause a loss of many votes throughout the North which will never be offset by the supposed gain of Negro votes. It's a political blunder of major proportions for the Republican party.

(Copyright 1957)

This Is a Crackup?

By SYLVIA PORTER

I arrived at the dinner party in a happy mood and anticipating a gay time. I was back from vacation, earning the biggest paycheck of my life from a job I love. I was wearing a new dress and I knew I was about to see some stimulating and highly articulate people.

I left the party depressed and nervously biting my nails.

For not in years had I been exposed to such convinced, pessimistic talk about (1) the stock market's downtrend; (2) the economy in 1958; (3) business psychology; (4) consumer psychology.

"Maybe," I muttered to myself, "I've fallen into the trap of taking good times for granted . . . Maybe these men are right and we're beginning a real crackup, not just a mild leveling-off . . . Maybe instead of shrugging off the declines in the prices of stocks I own as only erasing paper profits I never expected to have so soon and looking for a time to buy more, I should be selling . . . Maybe they're right. . ."

All day, these thoughts ran through my mind. Then that night what I fervently trust is reason reasserted itself, I settled down with the statistics and began to think on my own once more.

This is a crackup?

Steel production is now edging up after the normal seasonal letdown and there are increasing signs that steel output this year may match or even top the all-time record of 117 million tons set in 1955.

The housing industry — one of the most publicized of all 1957's weak spots — is starting a comeback. In July housing starts toppel seasonal expectations, and the industry still may build a million new houses this year — hardly a depression by any standard.

Several companies in the appliance industry — another of this year's weak spots — have begun recalling laid-off workers.

Total employment is at an all-time peak, and if just the usual seasonal trends take place between now and October, joblessness this fall will be at an absolute practical minimum.

Personal incomes also are hitting peaks every month, are now running at an annual rate of 345.5 billion dollars, a full 18.6 billion above the level of prosperous 1956.

Some corporations are definitely in a profit squeeze, but overall, corporation profits are still running ahead of 1956.

Retail trade is smashing records, and fall business, according to reports, is off to a fast start.

It was only a few weeks ago that the Federal Reserve Board raised the interest rate it charges banks for loans—a clear signal that the monetary authorities are not worrying about a depression now. When Reserve Board Chairman Martin was testifying before the Senate Finance Committee, he said it plainly: "There may be some dips from time to time, but I am quite confident on the longer-range outlook for business."

Is this a crackup?

Not in my book — and if it is, it's the most comfortable one the vast majority of Americans has ever endured.

(Copyright 1957)

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

There was a state fair in the Middle West where interest ran high in the award for the champion bull. Two entries were already famous in those parts and feeling ran high on which would win out. When the time came, the judges couldn't decide themselves.

The chairman stepped into the center of the arena and announced, "These bulls are so evenly matched, we simply can't make up our minds which one is best. We're going to leave it to the governor's son here to name the champion."

The governor's son was about six years old. He gravely inspected the two magnificent bulls and finally piped, "I pick this one."

The crowd cheered, the blue ribbon was pinned on his selection, and then the chairman asked, "Why did you choose the one you did?"

The governor's son answered, "Because I think he'll give the most milk."

* * *

There's a gal working in a bakery in Honolulu who tips the scales at an even 380 pounds. A feature story about her in a local gazette was entitled, "Poi Meets Girl."

(Copyright 1957)

Edgar A. Guest

A TIP

Maybe, if you'd try, young fellow,
You could make the grade.
But you'll never do it sitting
Idle and afraid.
Maybe, if that job you'd tackle
With your might and main,
You could do it. But to sit there
Dreading it, is vain.

Maybe, if you worked, young fellow,
You could reach the top.
But you'll never get there while you
At each barrier stop.
If you'd only keep on going
You might climb the bluff,
But you'll never do it grumbling
That the road is rough.

If you'd buckle in, young fellow,
You might win a prize.
But rewards are only given
To the youth who tries.
Sitting down and loudly sighing
At each sign of care
Will not, this is straight, young fellow,
Get you anywhere.

(Copyright 1957)

Horoscope

Stellar portents remain exceedingly propitious, so push your business to the utmost. Promotion is possible. Today's child may be blessed with great strength of mind and body, and also have courage and determination.



MENNONITES OF WAYNE COUNTY, OHIO

By William I. Schreiber

Continued

Music

Then too one finds the use and enjoyment of music varying among the different groups. Music, including modern American songs, even such of the protestant hymnal, and all instruments including radio and phonograph are forbidden within the most conservative groups. With some Mennonite groups musical instruments are allowed in the home but not in the church. Some have made concessions to the radio, but television is still taboo with most of them. Only the most liberal Salem (Sonnenberg) group permits the presence of a piano in the church and lately has acquired an electric organ. However, the best four-part a capella congregational singing to be heard perhaps anywhere in this country is in the Sonnenberg meeting house or in the large Oak Grove Mennonite Church in the northern half of the county. Here even the great oratorios are presented without musical accompaniment. Necessary instrumental accompaniment for the solos is produced by humming. Thus even the pastoral Interlude from Handel's "Messiah" is presented in this manner. Oddly enough, however, during the regular church service the songleader does use a pitchpipe and even stands before such a recent modern invention as a microphone.

In religious music the Amish cherish the same Old World hymns of centuries ago. The progressive Mennonites have taken songs which are translations from the German or from modern American hymnals, often characterized by extreme emotionalism with eschatological refrain effects. The Amish have added nothing to their song literature since 1785, and their chief source is the **Ausbund**: "Das ist etliche schoene Christliche Lieder, Wie sie in dem Gefaengnuss zu Bassau in dem Schloss von den Schweitzer-Brueder, and von anderen rechtglaeubigen Christen hin und her gedichtet worden." Many of the songs date back to the beginnings of Anabaptists time in Zurich, Switzerland. The oldest were written between 1521 and 1527, the date of the martyrdom of some of the confessors of the faith. Most of the songs are exceedingly long — the longest, No. 2 of the Appendix has 75 stanzas of four lines each — some are shorter. No. 3 has 35 stanzas of 13 lines; No. 130, (131st Psalm), the shortest, has but three stanzas of four lines. The longer hymns frequently narrate in ballad form the confession and death of an early Mennonite martyr. Many others are "ein ander schoen Lied froehlich zu singen," e.g. "von Sommer und Winter mit geistlicher Erklaerung" (No. 47) or "von der zukuenfftigen Herrlichkeit" (No. 64). Many are adaptations from folksongs, as in the poem which begins, "Keertzlich vor wenig Tagen kam mir ein Lied in Sinn, darvon ich singen und sagen, wann ich alleinig bin;" or "Mein froehlich Hertz das treibt mich an, zu singen." One hymn (No. 70) has the typical Volkslied ending:

Der dieses Liedlein machte
Und Sungs zu Gottes Ehr
Sein Hertz vor Freuden Lachte,
Da ihms gab Gott der Herr.
Sigmund von Bosch ist er genannt.
Bitt Gott wer es thut singen,
Dass es ihm wird bekannt,
Amen.

Some even have the intricate rhyme scheme and fancifulness of the Meistergesang, (No. 32, nine stanzas, 13 lines each, Year 1527).

Ungnad begehr ich nicht von dir,
O Gott wollst mir
Meine Suende nicht zumessen,
Dieweil die selben Christus hat Genug erstatt,
Eh dann ich bin gewesen,
Ein Feind war ich,
Du liebtest mich
Und nahmst mich an
Zu gnaden schoen,
Gabst mir zu gut
Deines Sohnes Blut,
Welches mich von Suend und Todt erloesen thut.

The Amish congregation is not satisfied with perhaps one song of a few stanzas on Sunday morning. Singing takes as much as one to two hours before the service, with a leader intoning the notes, slightly ahead of the group. With the appearance of the bishop and preachers, the service begins and usually lasts until late afternoon.

Concerning the melody of the Amish Ausbund hymns, most of them date back to the second half of the 16th century. Some of them are even earlier. Since there are no musical notations and all musical instruments are forbidden, these tunes must be learned by the young people. This gives opportunity for a social gathering Sunday evening under the direction of an older song leader. The melodies have been passed down by the precarious medium of the ear, mind, and voice, and the exact prototype in form of medieval German folksongs is not always too clear. According to George Pullen Jackson, who perhaps for the first time has successfully analyzed the Amish songs, many secular melodies have assumed religious significance. According to Jackson, in hymn No. 119, sung "Im Ton, wie der Hildebrand," "the Amish sing in America a direct off-spring tune of the song which, in various disguise, is now at least 1100 years old." (**The Strange Music of the Old Older Amish**, George Pullen Jackson, **THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY**, July, 1945, vol. XXXI, No. 3, pp. 275-289). Others, however, are strangely enough early American tunes which were not deemed fit for hymnal use by Protestants, but were fitted by the Amish with German verse and used as songs of their own. Jackson ascribes this to the realization of the Amish of being lyrically undernourished and that "despite their conviction that all change is bad, they let in these elusive tunes (which they could not bar out like telephones and watch chains) just to relieve their song hunger." They love to sing as all Mennonites do. The Amish singing is strictly melodic with no accompaniment or harmony allowed.

The Sunday and its Observance

In the observance of the Sabbath day about all Mennonite groups agree: It is a day of church-going, visiting, and rest. The conservative Amish and "Swiss" perform only the most necessary farm chores like feeding the livestock and milking cows. However, the milk is not sent to the creamery on this day. Even threatening thunderstorms will not cause these people to work in the hay harvest. Neither are any financial transactions undertaken, and money is not handled. The Sabbath day is for the Old Order people the Lord's day in the strictest meaning of the word, extending also to the activities in the kitchen. As a result the meals on Sunday are extremely limited perhaps to the heating of milk and to opening canned foods, but no cooking, frying, or roasting is done.

The whole Amish family is taken to church, to the congregational service. This of course is generally true of all Mennonites. In the southern sections, however, this service is continuous, lasting through the morning and most of the afternoon. Many congregations of the more progressive varieties have three services on Sunday with the Sunday school preceding the first service. One of these meetings is frequently a song service only. The meals are taken at home and are in some instances of the typical American Sunday dinner variety. The Sonnenberg Mennonites who have the three services — morning, afternoon, and evening — have however a dinner on Sunday which was prepared on Saturday. One most interesting and very large and growing congregation serves a luncheon in the basement of the church consisting of coffee or milk, sweet rolls or donuts as a break during the service that continues until late afternoon. From this custom they are known as the "coffee-potters;" in former days they were known as "beansoupers," a term self-explanatory.

Max Weber's dictum, "Godliness is conducive to economic success," is apparent throughout this whole region. The Mennonites and the Amish (in particular) are perhaps the best churchgoers in America, and Wayne County attests to this record. An impressive sight it is to see in an Amish religious service on Sunday morning the entire middle section of a large Swiss or bank barn filled to overflowing, or to find the large modern Oak Grove Mennonite church surrounded by almost countless automobiles and the hall within crowded with men and women who, in every particular, betray solidity of economic stability. Accepting the Apostle Paul's exhortation, "Food and covering and being therewith content" (I Timothy, 6:8), there is no ostentatious rivalry, no show of luxury, and his "With quietness they work and eat their own bread" (II Thessalonians, 3:12), produced here nothing but a wholesome effect upon such a congregation.

To be Concluded

A BRITISH LORD IN LANCASTER COUNTY

Lord Altham, whose name was Arthur Annesley, and who was married to the daughter of the Earl of Buckingham in 1715, had a son James by her the next year. Then he had a difference with his wife and separated. She died soon afterwards. Lord Altham became intimate with Miss Gregory. She expected to marry the lord, and did all she could to alienate the father's affection for his son. The son was placed in a Dublin school, and in a few years the father died. Then Lord Altham's brother, uncle of James, hoping to possess his brother's estate, enticed the boy on board a vessel for America in 1728. James landed at Philadelphia as a redemptioner that fall, only 13 years old. He was sold as a redemptioner and served 12 years in rough farm labor in Lancaster County.

In 1740, when he was about 25 years of age, two Irishmen found him working for an old German in the eastern part of Lancaster County near the "40-mile" stone on the Lancaster road. The two Irishmen found that they and the boy were all from the same locality in Ireland and they agreed to go back with him and testify to his identity and prove his lordship. This they did . . . The great estate was given to the boy, but he did not live long, when his uncle again became entitled to it; but he also died soon after coming to it — a finished villain and an Irish nobleman. (See Vol. 9, Hazard's Register, 145).

This is perhaps the only case in which a plain German Lancaster County farmer had a member of the British nobility as a farm hand.

(Told in H. Frank Eshelman's Historic Background and Annals of the Swiss and German Pioneer Settlers of South-eastern Pennsylvania, etc., 1917, Lancaster, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN CHURCH SERVICES

The fourth annual all Pennsylvania German church service for Snyder County was held in the grove of the rural **Botschaft** (Message) Church. This church, better known locally as "Die Grubbekaerrich," or Grubb's Church, is one of the oldest in the county, having been founded in 1776.

The first of these dialect services was held on September 5, 1954 and has apparently now become a fixed tradition. The following **Anfangswadde**, as introductory to the service, in our own folksy dialect speak to the heart no less than Martin Luther's venerable translation:

"Ich heb mei Aagge nuff zu de Baerrye, vun wu mir Hilf kummt. Mei Hilf kummt vum Haerr, ass Himmel un Aerd gemacht hot. Er losst dei Fuss net schtolbere, un der, wu dich hiet, schloft net. Sehn mol, der Hieder vun Israel schloft un schlummert aa net. Der Haerr hiet dich, der Haerr iss der Schadde iwwer deinre rechde Hand, so ass daags die Sunn dich net drickt, un der Mond aa net darrich die Nacht. Der Haerr soll dich hiede vor allem Iwwel; er soll dei Seel hiede. Der Haerr soll dei Neigehes un dei Nausgehes hiede vun nau ab bis in die Ewichkeit."

Dr. Phares G. Beer, Grace Lutheran Church, Allentown, spoke in the dialect about the establishment and progress of the Good Shepherd's Home and the congregation responded with an offering of some $180 for that institution. "Wem viel gewe watt, vun dem watt aa viel gfoddert."

In the course of the service two original hymns in the dialect were sung. They were written by Dr. Russell W. Gilbert, Professor of German at Susquehanna University, well known for his scholarly work in the Pennsylvania German field. These hymns are testimony that our dialect can be made an instrument of lofty spiritual expression. We are privileged to offer them to the readers of the ECK:

GOTT, NEMM MICH AN DER HAND

(Tune: The Lord My Sheperd Is)

Gott, nemm mich an der Hand,
Ich schteh am Greizweg blind;
Die Schtrooss geht rechts, die Schtrooss geht links,
O fiehr mich graad un gschwind.

Ich schteh am Greizweg blind;
Dei Hand bleibt mir gedreu,
Fiehrt mich un alle Mensche weit
Un macht die Welt uns frei.

Dei Hend, verletzt am Baam,
Verschtehne Lieb un Leid,
Hen gewwe rode Droppe Blut
Un blude aa noch heit.

Sie dreeschde, helfe noch
Un heele Mensche viel;
Sie seegge mich, sie seegge all,
Sie fiehre uns zum Ziel.

Ich schteh am Greizweg blind,
Mach glaar die Aagge mir;
Ich mach mei Haz un Hend grooss uff
Un dien der Welt un Dir.

GOTT HOT DIE WELT RECHT GUT GEMACHT

(Tune: Lord, Speak to Me, That I May Speak)

Gott hot die Welt recht gut gemacht,
Sunn, Schtanne, Himmel, Daag un Nacht,
Aa Wasser, Land un viel noch meh;
Es waar yo alles brechdich schee.

Grie Graas un Graut un Beem in Blieh,
Gediere, Veggel, Fisch un Vieh;
Gott hot die Welt recht gut erschafft,
En Kinschdler frei in seinre Graft.

Die Schepfung iss em Schepfer gut;
Doch hot die Welt ken Menschebiut;
Er macht der Mensch aus Goddesbild,
En Mensch nooch Goddes Gwinsch erfillt.

Der Heffner setzt die Aerd uffs Rad
Un macht aa hibsche Sache graad;
Es Raad geht rum, er drickt un dreht,
Er weess, wie's mit seim Heffli schteht.

O Gott, ich bin die bloosse Aerd,
Net schee, net gut, ken bissli waert;
Setz mich uffs Raad, un mach mich gut
Un freindlich schee mit Deinre Glut.

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Editorials

Restless Prison Minds

Escape recently by prisoners from jails in three local counties, including our own, have produced the excitement customary to such episodes. Except for the Allentown incident they suggest that restless and resourceful minds which well might be employed on other thinking usually can find some way to get out of durance vile if they wish to take the chance of recapture and heavy additions to their sentences.

In the Allentown case there was no jail break. Having earned the status of trusties by good behavior in prison the two men concerned had unusual freedom of movement, even to the point of unsupervised activities outside the prison walls.

While the jail-breakers in the other two counties gained liberty for only a few hours, the Allentown boys still are at large. This proves nothing except that, having departed with considerable funds, they may have put much distance between themselves and the Lehigh County prison.

The three incidents, which occurred within a few weeks and within a few miles of one another, also prove little or nothing except that despite stone walls and prison bars the human spirit craves freedom. Such freedom is valued all the more when it is forcibly denied.

Men have dug and sawed their way out of our local prison. They have done it despite the watchfulness of guards and a thousand rules for prison behavior. It is well to consider such facts before there is wholesale condemnation of the jailers who do not have nearly as much time to spend in preventing escapes as prisoners spend time in almost ceaseless thinking of freedom and how to attain it.

A Great Friday at Fair

Just one more day remains for the Great Allentown Fair and, as of last night and the ending of six full days of public participation in and enjoyment of the exhibition, it can be said that, if not another day were to be enjoyed the fair could still be termed "Great" according to any meaning which we may wish to give to the adjective.

Never before has there been such sustained interest and large attendance over a succession of six days. With pleasant, or even moderately pleasant weather today, the week will be rounded out in record-breaking fashion along all lines.

A part of the answer to this continued interest and participation came yesterday with the consummation of a brilliant idea, a Children's Day, with especial emphasis upon the life and peculiar recreation interests of our teenagers.

As against the "Blue Friday" of former years, which was sandwiched between "Big Thursday" and the Windup-Day, Saturday, and its thrilling motor car races, yesterday was made one of the liveliest days at the fair in years.

Fourteen bands, the representatives of as many high schools in this section, made up an afternoon program that impressed thousands of spectators in a grandstand that, on many a Friday afternoon in the past, had a few lonely hundreds of spectators.

It has not been indicated whose fertile brain thought up this one. But all, who witnessed the pageant and heard the music, first by the individual bands and then by all in the mass playing of Sousa favorites, agreed that the idea was a brilliant one. It was a credit to the fair and to the community in which it was conducted.

It is another great big step toward the popularizing of the fair widely by building upon the sound foundation of the young people who in only a few years will be important members of the adult generation.

It was a demonstration of the quality of talent that is being developed in all our communities by our schools. We believe it is talent that will continue to be availed of by the fair in years to come. It certainly will do much to tie the fair to many communities with the happiest bonds.

It was a no small thing for more than a thousand young musicians to have participated in yesterday's pageant. It will be an unforgettable memory to them that they were the first in their communities to have played at the Allentown Fair on the occasion of its First Pageant of Bands.

Blot on Berks Officialdom

It cannot be a proud experience for a considerable segment of the law enforcement officialdom in Reading and Berks County to have the State move in upon their area to clean up organized vice.

It must be especially ignominious that the move has come about upon petition of the county's three sitting judges. When officials in such high places see and know that evil is going on without conspicuous and effective attention from law enforcement officials, conditions must be pretty bad. Judges properly are disposed to remain completely detached from the work of detecting crime. It is their job to enact the law against malefactors whom the law enforcement officials have apprehended.

What is emphasized in the Berks situation is that organized vice profits many who sleeplessly watch opportunities for the prosecution of their nefarious enterprises. Almost without exception it can be known that where vice flourishes it is doing so by and with the connivance of elective and appointed officials.

Tho its deeds are deeds of darkness, commercialized vice cannot completely remain out of the searchlight of police in all categories and of their bosses. Accordingly protection is sought and secured from the forces which are elected and sworn to prosecute, not to protect.

If and when vice is known to flourish in any community, then it also can be deduced with little fear of successful contradiction that there is vice in high places; that there is an unholy alliance between officialdom and the underworld.

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.

On Unions and Social Security

Dear Sir:

The reprint in the Call of Mr. Reimert's editorial on union membership responsibility shares a public service long overdue and is as courageous as it is sensible. However, not only union members are apathetic toward misdirected leadership since most of us fall into the same category for reasons sometimes vague and other times purely selfish.

There are some things about which union members and the general public are not apathetic. Many union members who resent leader irresponsibility (when it exists) purposely remain silent and absent from meetings because even ill-advised periodic pay raises generally benefit them at the expense of the more than sixty per cent of the working class that remains unorganized. It is not generally realized that universal unionization (as advocated by many) would cancel out pay raise advantages because then all workers would receive raises simultaneously and prices would always rise proportionately. Thus unionized workers frequently penalize those not unionized. Another case of calculated apathy is the overt tendency of everyone, regardless of economic status, to jump upon the Social Security band wagon.

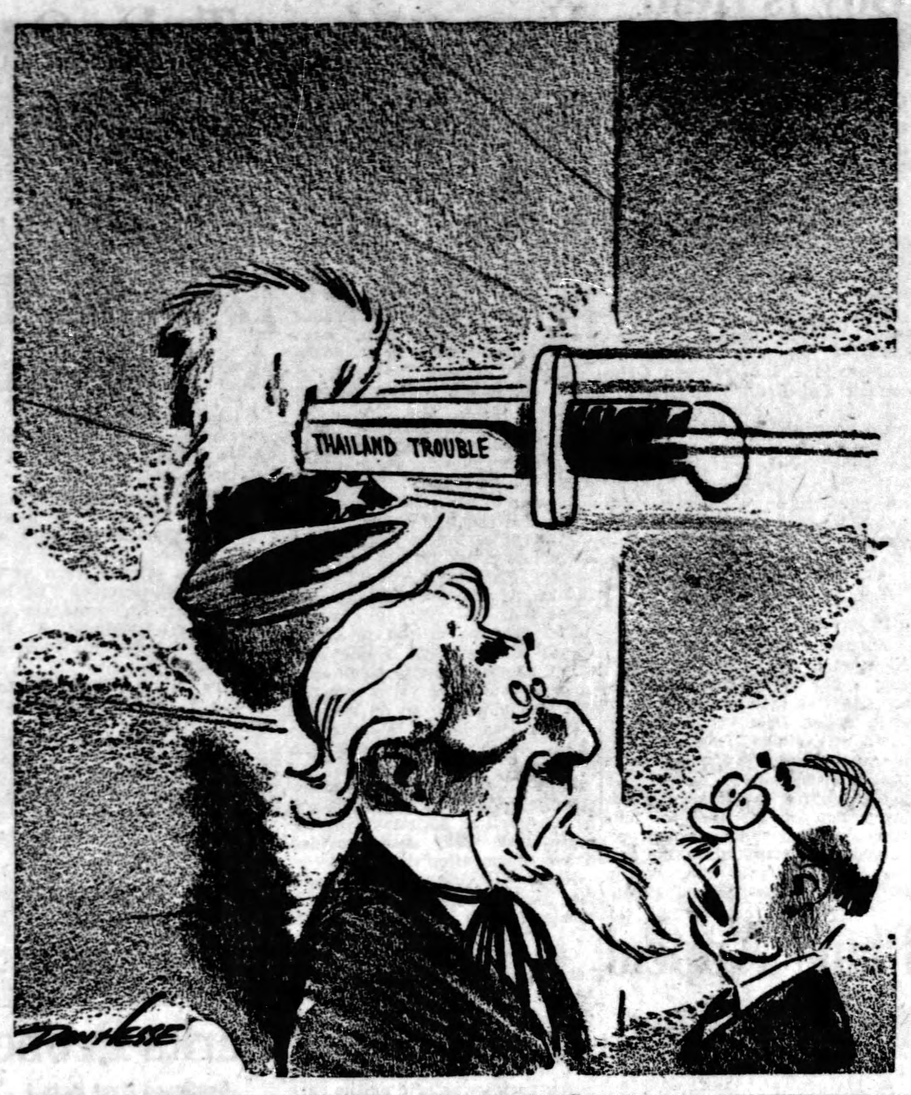
The original purpose of this humanitarian gesture has long since been lost sight of. Instead of serving as a buffer against abject poverty for the indigent aged it has now become an "insurance" having no actuarial relationship which pays more to those not needing help at all than to those in dire need of financial aid. The fact that the average worker is paying directly with every pay roll deduction (since the Social Security fund is now exhausted) for maximum monthly payments to retired professional and business people makes the plan a ludicrous travesty. It is not only socialism at its worst but it is factually socialism in reverse with the poor supporting the aged rich as a price for buying their support of humanitarianism. What is not funny is the fact that current commitments of our government to make future payments to presently covered individuals actually exceed the astronomical national debt itself. Thus the road to decline is paved.

The back page of a current issue of a national magazine carries the following: "Whenever an American acquires wealth or power — and then fails to be a good and honest steward of these benefits — then he not only denies the principles of America, he denies the principles of Christianity." Which is applicable to many of us who, by comparison with the rest of the world's population, are both wealthy and powerful.

How long we can hang on to these seemingly little understood advantages is strictly up to every individual who cannot afford to be apathetic or dishonest about matters economic. Nor can he afford to be un-American or un-Christian.

A Citizen

'See Any Red Markings, Sam?'



Reversing Supreme Court

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Many people are asking how, if public sentiment desired it, a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States can be reversed.

There are many ways. In the past a constitutional amendment has at times been found necessary but where the Supreme Court goes beyond its function and legislates or when it sets itself up as a trial court and refuses to hear evidence on both sides as happened in the "desegregation" case of 1954—then Congress can take a hand and pass a law specifying rules for the court to follow thereafter.


Lawrence

In the "desegregation" decision of 1954, the Supreme Court decided the case primarily not on questions of law or interpretation of the constitution, but on the basis of what it deemed psychological or sociological considerations. Although the writings of some sociologists—one of them a prominent Communist sympathizer — were cited by the Supreme Court, no opportunity was given for cross-examination or refutation of those sociologists nor for the introduction of contrary evidence from other witnesses. The trial court itself had received no evidence on the subject because the psychological issues were not raised there.

When the Supreme Tribunal renders a decision without hearing all the evidence or when it disregards the lack of evidence in a trial court below, there is bound to be resentment. Congress can remedy the situation by enacting a law specifying that the Supreme Court take into consideration the evidence on both sides of a dispute. In recent months the Supreme Court has been especially solicitous about Communists and has reversed decisions where the credibility of some witnesses had been challenged, not in the same case but in other cases. That's going pretty far even to help the case of Communists charged with sedition. Certainly, the people of the South are entitled at least to a parity with Communists.

Rights of Congress

The right of Congress to formulate rules for the Supreme Court to follow is derived from article three of the Constitution, which says:

"In all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, and those in which a state shall be a party, the Supreme Court shall have original jurisdiction. In all the other cases before mentioned, the Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, with such exceptions and under such regulations as the Congress shall make."

This could be applied so that Congress would not let the Supreme Court have any jurisdiction whatsoever in the future in certain cases and the final decision would be rendered by state courts in each locality. This has happened before in American history, especially in controversies arising in the reconstruction era.

Some letters received by the writer recently have argued that Congress cannot write rules for the Supreme Court in those cases "in which a state shall be a party." But it seems to have been overlooked that there never has been a clear-cut decision by the Supreme Court itself as to when a state is really a party to a lawsuit. Thus, when citizens sue a school board, the federal courts hold that the suit is against the individuals who happen to be members of such a board, because, it is argued, if the board has exceeded its powers, its actions should not be considered "state action." It isn't the state but the individuals "acting under color of law" who are sued.

At any rate, the 11th amendment of the Constitution, adopted in 1798, specifically reserves to state courts the jurisdiction of suits between citizens and a state. It prohibits the exercise of such jurisdiction by all federal courts as well as by the Supreme Court of the United States.

Change Needed

If the American people, however, wish to give back to the states all rights and powers — taken from them by a Supreme Court decision — to deal with public schools and educational matters, a constitutional amendment would be the most effective method. Such an amendment could declare that "notwithstanding article four and the fifth and fourteenth amendments or any other provisions of this Constitution, the power to control admissions to public schools and to regulate and administer the processes of public education is one of the powers reserved to the states as provided in Article Ten."

Inevitably, as questions arise concerning ways and means of preventing "enforced" association of citizens against their will, the foregoing methods will come more and more into public discussion.

(Copyright 1957)

80-Cent Chase

By GEORGE DIXON

The old Reconstruction Finance Corp. which managed to keep itself unreconstructed, is still in the process of liquidation. I don't understand why the RFC wasn't always liquid because it was never solid, but be that as it may, it is still receiving checks in partial restitution of some of the billions it flung upon the waters in the easy-borrowing days of World War II.

The other day it was notified by the U. S. Treasury that a wartime tire plant, which has long gone the way of all gutta percha, had wound up its fiscal affairs and sent the Treasury a check to be delivered to the RFC in full settlement of claims. The RFC liquidators told Treasury to rush it over at once as it needed all the funds it could get its liquefying mitts on.

Adhering to standard practice where large sums are concerned, Treasury sent the check by special messenger, who was escorted by an armed guard. To get from one building to the other, the messenger and guardian had to cross Lafayette Park, in front of the White House.

At this, our loveliest time of the year, Lafayette Park is a riot of blooms, blossoms, pigeons, squirrels, and tourists. Somewhere in this colorful welter, the check-bearer was separated from his custodian.

Unable to find his charge, the guard panicked. He rampaged around Lafayette Park like a demented dervish, doing so much broken field running his face broke out. His mind reeled with horrid visions of the messenger's having been bewitched by leprechauns and spirited underground, possibly beneath one of the red geranium beds.

Finally he returned to the Treasury, prepared to hand in his gun, or use it on himself, whichever his superiors suggested. He reported his dereliction. Before advising him to blow out his brains, his superiors decided to make an effort to trace the vanished messenger.

They found the check-bearer had reached the RFC without misadventure, and turned the precious piece of paper over to a responsible official.

Later Treasury examined its records to ascertain how large a sum had been endangered by the guard's laxity. It found tht the check was from the old tire company, a substantial RFC borrower — and was for exactly eighty (80) cents.

(Copyright 1957)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Exodus 3:15-22

In all of these eight verses the Lord is speaking to Moses, telling him how to confront his people in Egypt in order to reveal to them God's purpose to deliver them from their bondage and to bring them into the land (Canaan) which He had given to Abraham and his descendants by a perpetual deed of ownership.

He was to bring this message to the elders of the people in the name of the Lord God of their fathers, the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob. He was to expect them to hearken unto his voice, and together they were to go to Pharaoh, King of Egypt, to tell him that the Lord God of the Hebrews had met with them, for which reason he was to let the Hebrews go a three days' journey into the wilderness to sacrifice to their God.

The Lord knew that he would not grant this, "not even by means of a strong hand," whereupon God would bring his judgments upon him (the plagues,) after which Pharaoh would let them go. The Egyptians were to favor the Hebrews in their preparation to leave.

They were not to go out empty, but to receive the jewels and clothes for which they were to ask (not to borrow, v. 22). This could represent the pay which may have been refused them as slaves in the brickyards of Egypt.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

John Fuller is trying to persuade hotelkeepers to use more imagination in the naming of their main dining rooms. He suggests that the Bellevue, for instance, open "The Straitjacket Room." The Edgewater might have a "Thin Room," The Edison a "Generator Room," the Ritz a "Cracker Room," and the Blackstone a "Brief Room." A new name has been proposed for the visitors' reception hall at Doctors' Hospital too: "The Roomatism."

• • •

Nobody knows who is the best analyst in the country, but the quickest, without doubt, is the L.A. skull - shrinker who throws a new patient on the couch and snarls, "Here's the solution; now what's your problem?"

• • •

Herb Caen has stored a half dozen copies of his latest "Guide to San Francisco" in his basement, so he can in all honesty claim it's on the best cellar list.

(Copyright 1957)

Horoscope

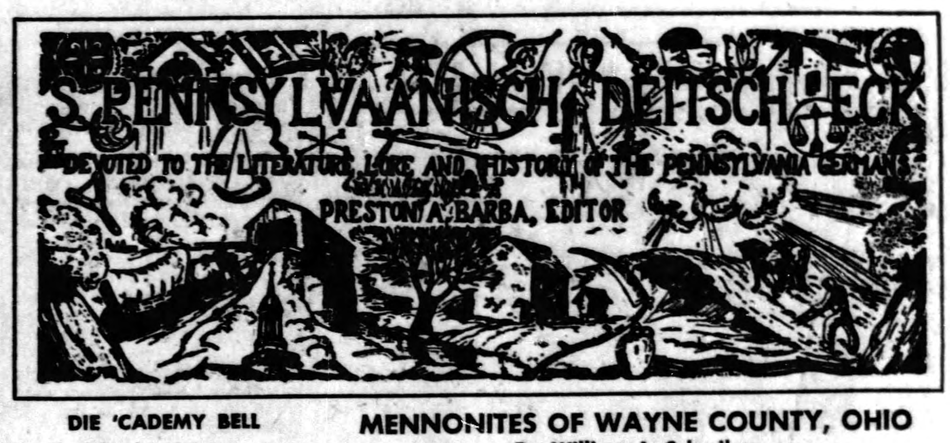
A comparatiely uneventful year is indicated for you. You are advised to listen to the voice of your own intuitions for guidance. Today's child will be intuitive, and a strong, forceful character.

Factographs

The ghost of Anne Boleyn, one of Henry VIII's wives, is said to walk around the Bloody Tower of London.

• • •

The peanut grows upon a vine. As the blossoms appear they are covered with earth and the nuts develop in the ground.



DIE 'CADEMY BELL

Wie kummen mir die Schuldaagge
Noch zerick so arrig pleen;
Die Freind wu ich als gekennt hab
Un nau so wennich sehn.

Noh muss ich widder zerick denke
An die 'Cademy Bell,
Wie sie hoch im Tann datt drowwe
Als klingt so rein un hell.

Wie hot sie zu uns gerufe
Mit Schtimm so klaar un schee,
Wu naus schallt bis an die Baerye
Iwwer der Winter Schnee.

Noh sin mer als beigeloffe
In schee un wieschter Daag,
Ken Angscht un Zweiwel ghatte,
Ken Sorg un aa ken Klaag.

Wu sin die Meed un die Buwe,
Wu hen als sich gsammelt datt
Deel duhn in der Noehberschaft wuhne
Un deel sin weit, weit fatt.

'Sin Doktor, un deel sin Parre,
Un paar sin Inginier;
'Sin Bauer, Schreiner un Lehrer—
Ball alle Handwerk schier.

Un deel hen uns frieher verlosse,
Laafen en besser Land
In Herrlichkeit un in Friede,
Un wissen nix vun Schand.

Un 's iss aa schunn lange Yaahre
Iss unser Meeschter fatt;
En Mann gewest — vun de beschte—
Noch vun der alte Satt.

Sorge un Druwwel vergesse,
Sei Aerwet gut geduh
Im Himmelreich nau zu lewe
In wohlverdiente Ruh.

Die 'Cademy weckgerisse,
Wie's mit so Landmark geht;
Un nau duhn sie "gas" verkaafe,
Wu's alt Gebei als schteht.

Un die Bell wu uns als beilockt
Ihr Schtimm iss aa nau gschtillt;
Un wann ich zrick denk — ach, Elend!
Sie aagge mit Dreene gfillt.

Doch heer ich im Sinn ebbes schpookich
Am Klingle leis un hell;
Horch! Heerscht's net? 's iss so gewiss!
'S iss die 'Cademy Bell!

Ya, sie lockt mich in der Schadde
Vun der Vergangenheit!
Halt Geduld! Ich bin am kumme,
Yuscht geb mir bissel Zeit!

14 Maerz 1940 —RALPH S. FUNK

DER KASCHBAR VERZEEHLT

Mir hen als gsunge, "En brau - brinslicher mully Bull muss in mei Scheierhof." Nau viel Leit in der Schtadt wisse net was en Scheierhof iss. Mir Buschgnibbel, wu uff der Bauerei uffgewaxe sin, wisse was en Scheierhof iss.

Ich hab ausgemacht, ich wett schreiwe vum Scheierhof heit. Ich kann des es bescht duh, wann ich schreib vum Scheierhof uff der Bauerei, wu ich gebore waar. Sell waar dehinne an Meckville, net weit vum Blooe Barrig.

Unser Scheier hot uff der Mitdaag - seit vumme Hiwwel gschtanne. Vanne an der Scheier waar der Scheierhof. Es hot hatt abghunke vun der Scheier, bis am unnere End vum Scheierhof. Datt waar en Bump un en Wasserdrog.

Winters hen mir als die Geil un die Kieh in der Scheierhof gelosst fer saufe. Mer hot Wasser bumpe misse, ass es eem schwach iss warre ver de Aagge.

Wann 's als Glatteis gereggert hot, hen mir die Kieh net in der Scheierhof losse kenne. Sie waere abgerutscht un hette die Bee verbroche. Noh hen mir als es Wasser der Hiwwel nuff draagge misse in de Kiwwel in der Kiehschtall. Sell waar nau ebbes. Deel vun selle dickseckiche alte Kieh hen so viel, ass vier Kiwwel Wasser gsoffe. Ich hab als gemeent deel Kieh hette ihre linx Aag zugedrickt fer mich ausschpotte.

Mir hen moll ee Winter en Mischthaufe ghatt am unnere End vum Scheierhof. Ich un mei Bruder waare noch ordlich yung un hen gschpielt im Scheierhof.

Es hot en hoch-redderichi Gick im Scheierhof gschtanne. Ich hab die Gick nuff an die Scheier gezogge. Noh hawwich zu meim Bruder gsaat, "Hock dich uff die Gick, noh gewwich dir en Reit."

Er hot des geduh. Ich bin zwische die Lanne un hab die Gick hinnerschich der Hiwwel nunner gschprengt. Fer schtoppe bin ich uff der Mischthaufe gfaahre.

Es hot gereggert ghatt un der Mischt waar arrig weech. Die Redder vun der Gick sin in der Mischt gsunke bis an die Naab. Des hot alles bletzlich gschtoppt un eb ich gehlosse hab kenne vun de Lanne, hot's mich owwe rum genumme.

Ich waar hoch in der Heeh, noh bin ich uffs Gsicht in der weech Mischt gfalle. Ich hab Mischt zu der Naas raus geblose. Ich bin mit de Hend nei bis nuff an die Ellbooge. Sell hot die Gschpass gedischtert fer seller Daag.

Ferwas Iss Mer Net Ruhich?

Es sin Zeide fer schwetze un es sin Zeide fer's Maul halde. Es sett net so hatt sei fer sei Zung ruhich halde, sie iss graad hinnich de Zeeh. Mer brauch yuscht die Zeeh wedder nanner petze, noh kenne ken Wadde raus kumme.

Awwer deel Leit waere net ruhich, wann mer sie graad in so kleene Schticker mache deet, ass die Monkeys sie schlucke unne gekaut. Sie deede schwetze, wann die Welt am Unnergeh waer. Ya, yeder ebber schwetzt en ganse Latt heidesdaags. Der grooss Druwwel iss, sie schwetze immer, awwer sie saagge nix.

En Mann iss vun der Kaerrich heem kumme un hot verzeehlt vun der gude Breddich, ass er gheert hot. "Oi," saagt er, "des waar en wunnerbaare Breddich. Der Parre hot gschwetzt wie en Neehmaschin. Er hot in eem Schtick fatt gschwetzt. Un waar die Breddich gut!" — "Vun was hot der Parre gschwetzt" hen sie der Mann gfroogt. "Ei," saagt er, "ich weess net. Er hot's uns net gsaat."

Des Immer - schwetze macht eem Schmaze im Leib. Mer kann's schier net ausschteh Wann yuscht die Leit ebmols ruhich waere!

Noh iss noch ebbes. Wann mer immer am Schwetze iss, saagt mer oft Sache, ass mer net saagge sett. Oft dutt mer de Leit weh, un sell will mer doch net duh.

Ich hab en Mann gekennt imme kleene Schtedtel lang zerick, un der waar immer am Schwetze. Un er war nau en wunnerfitzicher Ding. Noh, wann du gschwetzt hoscht mit ihm, hot er em naegschte Kall des graad verzeehlt, un des hot oft Schtreit gewwe. Die Leit hen der Schwetzer ghasst.

Mol ee Daag hot er awwer en gudi Andwatt grickt. En Bauer ass mer Titus gheesse hen, waar gaar net schtols. Sei buggy hot geguckt wie en Hinkelruuscht, un es hot en grooss Loch im Dach ghatt.

Ee Daag iss der Schwetzer in der Schtor kumme un hot gsaat, "Titus, dei buggy hot en Loch im Dach." Es waare ordlich viel Leit im Schtor. Noh iss der Titus bees warre. Er hot gsaat zu dem Mann, "Du hoscht zwee Lecher in deinre Naas, un ich hab nix gsaat devun. Ferwas brauchscht du schwetze iwwer ee Loch in meim buggy Dach"

—Der Kaschbar Hutnagel vun der Lebanon News

MENNONITES OF WAYNE COUNTY, OHIO

By William I. Schreiber

Conclusion

The Religious Meeting

The divine service of all Mennonite congregations is distinctly different from the ordinary urban protestant service. There are no fanfares, no musical interludes, no special attractions, but primitive Christian adaptation is sought and achieved in most instances. As for the Amish, for instance, some member of the district plays host with his house, if large enough, or barn in summer time for the bi-weekly meeting. While the families, the first arrivals, gather in the upper story of the barn, the songleader intones the ancient monovoiced hymns. The time of arrival is pretty much determined by the number of chores to be completed at home, the number of youngsters to be readied, and the distance to be travelled by horse-drawn carriage. The singing seems to last until most members of the district are present and until the bishop and the two preachers make their appearance. The men with heads bared and the women with white net prayer caps sit on plain wooden benches facing each other. The younger boys may take their place aside in the straw or hay. Time is no factor in any of the two sermons, prayers, scripture reading, or testimonials. The biblical text is read by the bishop while everybody stands; during the silent or vocal prayers everybody kneels. A hymn and a few announcements concerning the farm chosen for the next meeting conclude the official meeting. There are no collections for there are no expenses, no responsive readings, no musical interludes or entertainments. The whole service is distinct for its utter simplicity in utterly rustic settings. The following communal simple meal without any "fancy" dishes that take any time in preparation and without dessert brings the whole congregation together once again, usually in shifts, however, for the farmhouse as a rule is not large enough to accommodate all members at once around a dining table. The rest of the day is spent in visiting with each other. But even the housewife of the most progressive and modern Mennonite will forego the immediate doing of the dishes in order to share the more in visiting with friends.

All Mennonites in Wayne County except the Old Order Amish have church buildings. A modified service is already characteristic of the Amish who congregate in a church building. Utter simplicity, neatness, fresh paint, white on the outside, cream, yellow, or a tint on the inside, is characteristic of all of them; a few are of brick. With the Old Order Mennonites there is a still greater variation. One sermon becomes the rule; however, the bishop reads the biblical passage with interpolations. The men and women are still separate. This separation only gradually remains unobserved and loses by the fact that in the modern Mennonite church husband and wife and the smaller members of the family sit together. The Salem (Sonnenberg) church only seems to have no separation. Here is also the only instance in this region where the people do not kneel during the prayers of which there are usually two in every Mennonite service, one by the preacher and one by the bishop. In some of the northern churches even the hymns are of the modern Protestant variety. The kiss of friendship between men and men, women and women is retained by a few groups of the Old Order Mennonites.

There is also noticeable in this transition from the South to the North, from the hills to the level plains, that the services grow somewhat emotionally colder but also ethically more neutral. It is the southern people who took a more definite stand against war; this was not so universally found in the North. Some of the young men of the modern Mennonites, also a few of the Old Order congregations, preferred military service to their church's Civilian Public Service Camps. In contrast with this it must be said that the modern Mennonite congregations are the most important contributors to war relief and reconstruction. With the college and seminary trained clergy seems to go side by side also a sobering and intellectualizing of the divine service, and particularly of the sermon. The verbal acceptance of the biblical text, so very pronounced and basic to the life of the Amish, less so for modern Mennonites, is here tempered by reason and criticism. One can notice even a socially aristocratic attendance, for some leading citizens of the city of Wooster belong to and attend certain Mennonite country churches.

Conclusion

The many points of comparison brought forth in the preceding pages show that in some instances phenomenal change has occurred within the Mennonite fold of Wayne County, Ohio, since its coming here in 1807. If such has been the case in the past there is no reason to doubt that further variation will happen in the future. Although some of the groups boast of their rigidity and resistance to change particularly in matters of mechanization, dress, customs, family set - up, nevertheless there is perceptible even with them a slow and constant infiltration of modern American ideas. Perhaps the greatest and most ready acceptance of the American way of life will come about when the English language will become the general medium of communication, and English is penetrating the most remote valleys of the county. With the home use of English and greater contact with the outside world necessitated by commercialization, it is hard to presage what the ultimate result will be. Whether the most conservative elements will thereby also modify the customs of the forefathers or merely substitute English for the German remains to be seen. In spite of some definite reactions to progress in the past which occurred in the isolated Wissler and Holdeman split-off, modernization or acclimatization has now almost completely overwhelmed them. The number of members in these last-named groups is extremely small and on the verge of extinction. In other instances traces of Mennonite characteristics have been all but lost. Safety in preservation of the Old Order customs seems securest chiefly towards the center of the Amish districts in the Southeastern part of the county, which is also most remote from lines of communication, and located in the hilliest, i.e. least accessible part of this region.

When contrasting, therefore, the Old Order of Amish with other groups of the Mennonite persuasion it is important to keep in mind that the Amish have remained against all tendencies to the contrary a primitive agricultural society, and that all primitive societies are characterized by traditional stability and conservatism. With both pride and disdain they may point to neighbors who have gone "modern" but who have thereby also lost their identity. Theirs is a refusal to submerge in the American melting pot. The Amish have seen the forces of history and society work within their own people and they have found that a high degree of civilization entails swift and often complete and radical changes. Although they may never have heard of Confucius, nevertheless one of their elder sages might this very day tell his co-religionists in the Sunday meeting: "When someone uses the machine, he carries out all his affairs machinelike. Whoever carries out his affairs machinelike, he will also get a machineheart. But he who has a machineheart in his breast has lost pure simplicity whose next abode is heaven."

The above notable article about the "plain people" in Wayne County, Ohio, was written by William I. Schreiber, Professor of German, The College of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio.

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Editorials

Buses to Keep on Running

Threat to discontinuance of public transportation in this area has been averted by signature of a two-year contract entered into by the Lehigh Valley Transit Co. and its employes who are members of Local 169, Easton, and Local 956, Allentown, Amalgamated Assn. of Street Electric Railway and Motor Coach Employes.

This must be a matter of high satisfaction to the public and especially to those who are absolutely dependent upon public transportation to travel to and from their places of employment. The buses will run on schedule.

About 320 employes will be benefited by the increase of 15 cents per hour which has been agreed upon for the two-year period, an increase achieved without the threat of a strike.

This is in sharp and favorable contrast with the situation two years ago when a threatened strike was the weapon that was aimed at the operating company and the public as well.

This was therefore a distinct advancement in labor and management relations which the community will approve altho in the final analysis it is virtually certain that the public will pay the bill.

Already the company has indicated that it will petition the Pennsylvania Utility Commission next week for increase in bus fares. All the precedents favor action favorable to the company whose revenues must be declining, as any one can reason from observing reduction of patronage as private motor cars increase in numbers and as bus rates rise.

A Sly Rabble Rouser

Governor Faubus, who gave anything but a convincing argument for his actions in calling out National Guard units to prevent Negro children from entering the Little Rock High School, and has been accounted a principal factor in rousing trouble in that community, now has revealed himself even more clearly in the role of a rabble-rouser.

It is his voice that has been one of the loudest in making a mountain out of a mole-hill, namely in putting so much emphasis upon trivial wounds incurred by young hoodlums in clashes with the Federalized National Guardsmen and the Army paratroopers. In addition he has made much of his claim that the FBI agents on the scene detained "white girl students" of the high school for "hours" and without privilege of communication with their families or friends.

Without the slightest equivocation, J. Edgar Hoover has said that this statement by Faubus is "as false as his recent statements that the FBI tapped his telephone."

Mr. Hoover went even farther and declared that not only did Faubus indulge in a falsehood when he declared that teenagers had been held incommunicado, but that the FBI has held "no one" in such wise. Mr. Hoover went on to say that if the governor had been "interested in securing the truth rather than in disseminating falsehoods, a phone call to the Little Rock office of the FBI or to me (Hoover) would have provided him (Faubus) with the facts."

The American people after hearing and seeing Mr. Faubus evade the questions of Mike Wallace in a now famous TV interview are likely to believe Mr. Hoover in matters that the governor has brought up during the current difficulties in his capital city.

It is hypocritical business for Faubus in one breath to say to the people of Arkansas "Let us go about our normal pursuits in a friendly, peaceful manner, obeying all laws and orders" and in another breath to rail and rouse the rabble with such inflammatory words as "unsheathed bayonets" and "police state methods."

Help the State Police

It is getting to a point where a lot of people may be thinking of going back into the recesses of attics and other storage places and digging out those steel helmets — American and German — which just about every World War I soldier brought home from Europe as a trophy almost forty years ago.

With such equipment as one moves around in the outdoors safety should be assured from the plague of chunks of ice which are falling mysteriously from the skies in various parts of this state.

The seriousness and extent of what is almost certainly a meteorological phenomenon has been recognized by our State Police. All have been ordered to investigate speedily and thoroly all reports of such mysterious ice chunks.

Our people hereabouts will be prompted to assist the police when it is possible to do so. If and when unusual chunks of ice are found in fields, along roads or anywhere else effort should be made to preserve them until a State policeman can be called. With refrigerators in almost universal use this should not be too difficult. And after the police have submitted the ice to careful laboratory examination clues may be gained as to the character of the ice formation.

If it be learned that these ice chunks are enlarged hailstones then it can be known that nothing can be done about them. If the ice chunks be fall-out from the wings of planes that have passed thru moisture - laden clouds, then engineering methods may be found to bring about the de-icing of those parts of the planes from which the chunks were dislodged. Some of the chunks that have been analyzed so far suggest that planes may be their origin.

A Real Traffic Menace

The National Underwriter

While both are a menace to the highways, the social drinker apparently is a bigger safety threat than the habitual drunk. This is the consensus of opinions of state traffic safety officials of 46 states and District of Columbia as revealed in a report, "The Drinking Driver," released by the Assn. of Casualty & Surety Companies.

Thomas N. Boate, manager of the association's accident prevention department, pointed out that a "drunk" driver is somewhat protected by the symptoms of his condition. Often he cannot even drive and when he does, drivers and pedestrians alike are quick to notice his driving and avoid him.

But the driver who has had just enough alcohol in his system to release his inhibitions is the one "that forms a significant link in the casual chain of traffic accidents." "Unfortunately," the report says, "he acquires a 'superman complex' at just the time when his physical and mental qualifications for driving have been seriously impaired."

Mr. Boate recommended a public education campaign to achieve the objective of total abstinence when behind - the-wheel. The campaign would make the public aware that even small amounts of alcohol seriously impair driving ability, aim at enactment of uniform legislation authorizing statewide use of chemical tests for intoxication, seek uniform procedures for preparing drinking driver cases for court, try for more intense enforcement, and arouse better support in the courts.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

EXODUS 5:10-18

So the taskmasters of the people went out, and their officers, and they spake to the people, saying: "Thus saith Pharaoh: I will not give you straw. Go ye, get you straw where ye can find it; yet not ought of your work shall be diminished." (Slave labor, indeed!) So the people were scattered abroad throughout all the land of Egypt to gather stubble instead of straw.

And the taskmasters hasted the people, saying: "Fulfill your works, your daily tasks, as when there was straw." And the officers of the children of Israel, whom Pharaoh's taskmasters had set over them, were beaten, and demanded: "Wherefore have ye not fulfilled your task in making bricks, both yesterday and today, as heretofore?" Then the officers of the children of Israel came and cried unto Pharaoh, saying: "Wherefore dealest thou thus with thy servants? There is no straw given unto thy servants, and they say unto us: 'Make bricks;' and behold, thy servants are beaten; but the fault is in thine own people."

But Pharaoh said: "Ye are lazy; that is why ye say: 'Let us go and do sacrifice to the Lord.' Get to work. No straw shall be given to you, but ye must deliver the usual number of bricks."

The Last Notch



Enforced Integration

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Every public school in the United States that is "segregated" — which means that for any reason whatsoever all white pupils are in a single building and all Negroes are in a separate location — is today violating "the law of the land," as now interpreted by the President and enforced by federal bayonets. "Voluntary segregation" is taboo. "Enforced integration" is now the command.

Unless the governors of every state — northern as well as southern — take steps promptly to require that attendance at every school be mixed in large proportions as soon as possible, so that there is no segregation of either whites or Negroes in separate schools, these governors, too, will be violating what the President terms "the law of the land." He repeated in his television address Tuesday the Supreme Court's declaration that "separate educational facilities are inherently unequal."



Lawrence

Negro organizations have called to the attention of the Board of Education in New York City that "segregation" continues there and have declared that the ratio in every school in the metropolis should approximate about 85 per cent whites and 15 per cent Negro — the proportion of the races there today. A school with 40 per cent Negroes in New York City has been termed by these same organizations to be a "segregated" school.

The Supreme Court of the United States ruled in 1954 that, because a Negro student feels a sense of inferiority in a segregated school, there must be an opportunity for mingling with large numbers of white students or else there are no "equal educational opportunities." The nation's capital, with several all-white and many all-Negro schools, is evidently disregarding "the law of the land." A sprinkling here and there of one or the other of the two racial groups isn't a fulfillment of the Supreme Court's definition of the psychological benefits of "integration." Applying the formula of "integration" demanded by the New York City groups would require that every public school in the District of Columbia contain 70 per cent Negroes, 30 per cent whites.

Surprise

These developments may come as a surprise to most people in the North who have assumed all along that "integration" was not compulsory everywhere — as, indeed, a three-judge federal court said in 1955 in a decision as yet unreversed. But, in enforcing the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States of 1954, Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Walker, the military commander of the U.S. Army of Occupation at Little Rock, said this week, upon instruction from his superiors at Washington, that all "separate" schools are barred. Law-abiding citizens in the North, therefore, must begin to conform at once to the same edicts against which the people at Little Rock have been protesting.

General Walker was not limited to the task of protecting the city against violence. He entered the classrooms of the high school and, just as in Reconstruction Days, threatened dire consequences to the pupils if the rules laid down by the military officer were not upheld.

Unquestionably General Walker's instructions were prepared in advance in Washington. He told the students that the Supreme Court's decision makes it necessary "for those states maintaining separate schools to revise their systems to eliminate distinction on the basis of color."

This edict means that excuses about residence and zoning no longer can prevail. The Board of Education in New York City, for example, is transporting Negro pupils at least an hour's bus ride from their homes in order to get them into predominantly white schools. The purpose is to give them the alleged benefits of "integration." For the Supreme Court's decree said that such "psychological" advantages are essential and come within the meaning of "equal protection of the laws." Hence, no separate schools of any kind can be justified legally hereafter even on a voluntary basis.

Governors on Spot

From now on Governor Harriman of New York and other chief executives of northern states will be on the spot. What, it will be asked, are they doing to abolish all-white schools, the existence of which today, are a violation of "the law of the land"? It's a tragic turn of events but the people of the north have not yet awakened to the fact that, in the eyes of federal authority, they can be regarded as "lawless" as the people of Arkansas so long as they allow any "segregation" of whites or of Negroes in the public schools to continue.

The situation has shifted from one that deals with mere prevention of violence to questions of military compulsion and enforcement of "integration." It remains to be seen now whether the federal judge's injunction can be construed to compel, at the point of a bayonet, reluctant white parents to send their children to school. Three federal judges have already enjoined in separate orders any concerted movement or "boycott of school attendance. If the parents, of course, were organized as a "labor union," they might get away with the "boycott."

(Copyright 1957)

History Is Made

By VICTOR RIESEL

For the thousands of working men who have to kick back to musclemen for the right to earn their daily bread, and for the thousands of heartsick merchants shaken down each week by underworld troops operating through local unions, and for an angered public and its angered government, history was made shortly after noontime in the South room of New York's cavernous Hotel Commodore, Wednesday, Sept. 25.

That moment came behind closed doors when George Meany, Mr. Labor himself, told labor's highest command that the old days are gone — that no union now can have the right to say that what happens within its ranks is strictly its own business.

Autonomy is no longer an excuse for criminality, Meany told the other 28 members of the AFL-CIO Executive Council. Some of them were close allies of the Teamsters. Most of them had seen the mob try to take over parts of their unions in New York, Chicago and points west. Yet, though they were three floors below the newsmen and the TV cameras and knew they were huddled in private, no one objected.

Of course, no one was expected to talk up for the mob. After all, in a few minutes, the Teamsters were to be told publicly to purge Jimmy Hoffa and company or get out. But it had been expected that some of these leaders of powerful national unions would tell Meany that they never before had a strong central national AFL or CIO headquarters with power to delve into their affairs.

'State's Rights'

Theirs had always been the old "states rights" argument. They wanted no strong central ruling body with a strong man at the head. But now they have it. History was made through the revolutions of the mimeograph machines which turned out 143 pages, replete with evidence of looting and corruption in the Teamsters, the United Textile Workers and the Bakers.

Meany's words, as he explained why he had backed the McClellan racket-busting committee, should not be lost to the record. Thus he spoke as no other labor leader ever did anywhere:

"We are faced with two roads. The old one led us to the position that autonomy is an excuse for corruption and to the old conception that to clean unions of racketeers and thieves is a matter only for the state and the police. That way is bad. It would lead us to worse things if we cannot tell the unions to clean up. The other way is to face up to our responsibilities and tell the unions to clean up.

"This way we have a chance to get a clean movement. There is no other way. The record shows that the underworld always wants more. It is not enough for them to seize a local. They then move in and want a national union and sometimes have gotten it. We have to move. We have to face the responsibility. It's troublesome. But the other way is worse."

Temos Report

Some of labor's high command had before it for the first time, the full 64-page report on Teamsters corruption. Some of the 29-member Executive Council thumbed through the labor whodunit and came upon this section:

"As to the question of autonomy, every member of this committee (the Ethical Practices Committee) is president of an international union and we are as zealous to preserve the principles of autonomy as President Beck. That question, however, is not relevant here.

"The AFL-CIO constitution makes it clear that there is no room in the family of labor for unions dominated or influenced by corruption . . . These constitutional provisions were ratified unanimously by the first AFL-CIO convention with the concurrence of the Teamsters Union . . .

"The constitution contains within it a code of behavior in certain areas of union activity which constituent international unions are not free to violate.

". . .The autonomous rights of International Unions within the federation do not embrace the right of a union to be dominated or influenced by corrupt influences."

This then is labor's own law from now on. Under it the leaders of still another million workers will eventually be disciplined as have those who thought they were immune because they dominated some two million workers.

The light that failed seems bright again.

(Copyright 1957)

Horoscope

Your next year should be a happy and fortunate one, even if you grieve slightly for an inevitable happening. Today's child will be of a friendly, affectionate nature and possess some unique or musical talent.

Factographs

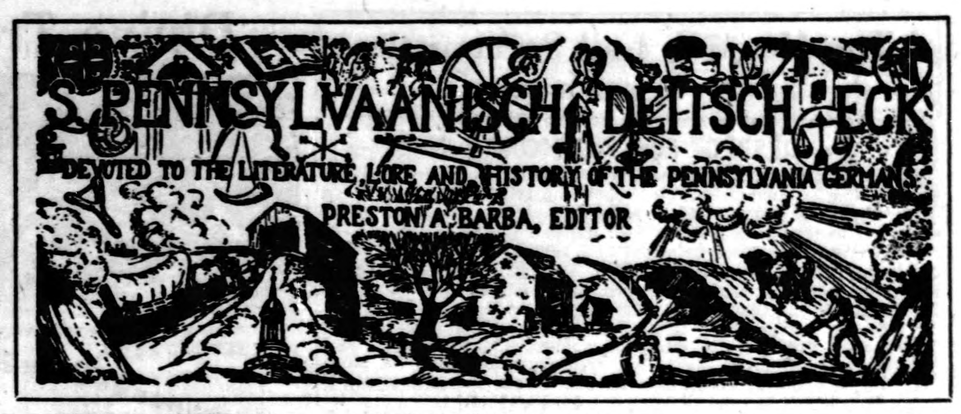
The first record for traveling around the world was made by Magellan. It took him three years. Earlier this year, three U. S. Air Force jet bombers set a record of 45 hours and 19 minutes for the globe-girdling flight.

• • •

About 65 per cent of the world's sugar is made from sugar cane.

• • •

Contact lenses were developed in Germany.



WENDELL KITZMILLER

writes about the new organ in the Haasebaerrig Church

Sie saagge 's gaebt nix Neies unnich der Sunn, awwer ich fer eens glaab's yuscht net. Noch desdowennicher weil ich 's brufe kann ass 's als dann un wann ebbes Neies gebt graad do am Haasebaerrig.. Harrich. emoll, hot als der Tscho Hayert gsaat!

Mer hen en neie Argel grickt in der Haasebaerrig Kaerrich. Yessir, en gans funkel-naggel-neie. Sie iss net yuscht nei weil sie net secken hend iss, awwer der Schteil iss nei. Vell, der Schteil waar nei, awwer der Weg wie's gange iss, sin mer widder zerick uff der gut alt Weg, un — awwer ich fang besser vun vanne aa un verzeehl's recht. Unser Argel waar schlecht un mer hen en neie griegge welle un des iss der Weg wie's waar.

'M Sam Schnitzler sei alder bachelor Onkel in Nei Yarrick iss gschtarrewe, un hot em Sam fimf dausend Daaler vermacht, un sell macht uffkors der Sam en reicher Mann. Graad uff sell hie iss er uff die Argel committee geduh warre aus der Absicht, ass er der balance vum Geld furnish-e deet fer en neie Argel zu kaafe. Es hot en ordliche sum gfehlt un's Kolleckte iss nimmi gange.

Nau der Schnitzler weess about so viel vun re Argel ass en Eselhutsch vum siwwete Buch Mosai, un er hot yuscht about so viel music in sich ass mer finne kann in re Rattefall, awwer er waar der chairman vun der committee, un er iss niwwer in der Miller Argel shop fer eens vun de neischte Inschtrumente ass sie im shop hen.

Der naegscht Freidaag kummt der Patchkey un noch drei Mann mit der Argel, un hen sie nuff uff die Bordkaerrich gschtellt, vanne wu all die Leit sie sehne hen kenne. Der choir un die Argel committee un noch viel vun de Gemeensglieder waare datt, un wie die Ketty Kichman sie uffmache hot welle fer sehne wie sie geht, waar ken keyboard draa.

"Des iss ken Argel," hot sie gsaat, "do iss yo ken Blatz fer schpiele!"

"Wei, sell iss die beauty vum Ding," hot der agent gsaat, "des iss en Krakauer, Highaffum-buffum, self - acting, automatic Argel, ass selwer schpielt!"

"Selwer schpielt?" hot die Sal Yodder gegrische, "kumm nau, geb uns kens vun deine alde chestnuts un groosse Wadde. Schwetz Deitsch un saag die Waahret!"

"Ya, die Argel iss verkaaft un ich glaab der Schnitzler hot sie aa schunn bezaahlt, so ass du die Waahret wull saagge kannscht nau," hot die Wilmine Biffelmoyer erlaabt.

"Des iss nau graad wie ich eich saag. Ich lieg net. Ich bin der eensich agent, ass net liegt in der United States, un ich gheer zu der Kaerrich. Un wann ich eich saag, ass des en self-acting automatic Argel iss, Krakauer make, dann kennt ihr eich druff verlosse, ass es so iss. Alles ass notwennich iss, iss en Bu ass der Blosballick dreht un die sheet music am rechte Blatz neischteckt, un noh geht die Argel selwer un dreht all die music raus ass dihr heere wott — verleicht meh!"

"Oh, dann breicht dihr ken Schpieler?" hot die Sara Alice Tremlo gfrogt, un hot aafange schnipse. Die Sara Alice hot die Haasebaerrig Argel schunn neinzeh Yaahr gschpielt an zwelf Daaler 's Yaahr, un nau waar's re bang ihre Eikummis deet abgschtoppt waare.

Der agent hot en Schtick music neigschteckt, der glee Adam hot der Blosballick gedrede, un der Shnitzler hot der lever gedreht, un noh iss es abgange!

Selli Argel hot es "Ein feste Burg" abgerattelt besser ass die Sara Alice es sei Lewe fingere hot kenne.

Die Sara Alice hot noh der agent gfrogt wu mer so perforated Babbedeckel kaafe kann un hot's uffgschriwwe uff en Kort. Noh iss sie heem, un wie sie zu der Dier naus iss, saagt der Tschim Kichman, hett sie wedderlich gflucht iwwer so en "music machine," hett zu sich selwer gsaat sie wett so-un-so sei, wann sie net Dinge fixe deet!

Zwee Sunndaagge dernoch waar Kaerrich un noh hot's ebbes gewwe!

Uffkors die Kaerrich waar voll Leit. Sie hen all die nei Argel sehne wolle un 's waar gekraut mit Mensche.

Der choir waar all datt, un wie der Parre Mohler uffgschtanne iss un hot's bekannt alt Lied ausgewwe, "Nummer 685, Es iss gewisslich an der Zeit," dann sin die members aa all uffgschtanne, un die mit de hoche collars hen sich browiert wennich in die Heeh zu schrauwe, der glee Adam hot aafange zu drede un hot's Nummer 685 music Schtick neigschteckt. Yuscht wie der choir 's letscht Mol ghuscht hen, dann geht's ab un die Argel hot aafange "Fisher's Hornpipe" zu schpiele uff en marrikwatticher Weg!

Der Sara Alice Tremlo hot driwwe im Eck ghockt un hot so unschuldig geguckt ass sie hot kenne, awwer ihre Aagge hen geglitzert ass wie'n Schtick Glaas imme Fingerring.

Die Sal Yodder hot's Maul uffgebhalde fer about en Minutt, die annere members hen nanner aageguckt un Aagge gemacht wie en gschtoche Kalb, un der Bass-singer hot gschwind der lever abgschwitscht ass die machine gschtoppt hot.

Der choir hot noh 's Lied gsunge unni compliment. Die Leit hen gewunnert was letz iss, awwer der Mohler der verschteht net meh vun music, ass en Kuh vum Sunndaag, hot sei alt zwansich - yaehrich Gebet abgelese un dann gebt er widder en Lied aus.

"Lasset uns singen Nummero 684, Bedenke, Mensch, das Ende!"

Der Bass iss gschwind niwwer zum gleene Adam, hot selwer gsehne, dass es perforated music sheet die recht Nummer hot, un hot's selwer neigschowe. Dann dreht er der lever un noh iss es widder abgange un die Argel mit all de stops haus, hot aagfange, "O don't you remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt!"

"Well, ich denk sie remember-e des," hot die Sara Alice zu der Angelina Heckedann gepischpert, un 's naegscht hot der choir widder gsunge unni compliment.

Wie die Breddich im Gang waar hen sie der No. 684 Babbadeckel widder aus der machine un hen reddi gmacht fer's letscht Lied.

"Zum Beschluss singen wir Nummero 81, Du bist ein Mensch, das weisst du wohl." Der Bass, der Schnitzler un der glee Adam hen No. 81 carefully examined un noh hen sie der neie Argel nochemol en trial gewwe. Sell waar der letscht, fer wie sie abgschtart hen, dann schpielt sie ewwe widder net die recht Weis. Anschtatts sellem, schpielt sie clear un laut, "Es reiten drei Reiter zum Tor hinaus!"

" 'S waar nix zu duh, ass wie der lever widder abdrehe fer's verdollt Ding schtill mache, un der choir hot die music widder leenich gfinischt.

Wie die Sara Alice Tremlo naus iss, hot sie die Helft vun ihrem Schnuppduch im Maul ghatt, un ich glaab, was ich will! Wann der agent seller Owed raus kumme waer, denk ich, waer er dod gemacht warre!

Die naegscht Woch hen mir noch Reddin gschickt fer en Argelmacher un hen en keyboard an unser Argel mache losse, un nau iss die Sara Alice widder der Schpieler un iss happy. Awwer, wie gsaat, ich glaab was ich will. Sie hot alsfert en Schlissel ghatt zu der Kaerrich un sie hot die Woch devor en package aus der express - offis grickt. Awwer was ever ass sie geduh hot, geht mit ihre heem.

—WENDELL KITZMILLER
(Dr. Ezra Grumbine, 1845-1925)

DISTILLERIES, CIDER PRESSES, ETC., AMONG OUR 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, Coopersburg, Pa.

THE EARLY settlers soon provided for orchards of apples, also plum trees and peaches (cherry trees grew wild), but they soon improved them by grafting. The settlers coming later brought along seeds, also grafts of different fruits. Apples were soon in abundance and so soon applejack - making was started. How they contrived to get stills at such an early date is hard to understand. Even before they had apples of much account, they were making whiskey out of rye and corn. There were three or four such stills in the township. The surplus grain was hard to dispose of. The only way was to haul it to Philadelphia o ver the poor roads of that time, so most of what was not needed for food was made into whiskey, which was easier to transport, and there was always a good market for the stuff. Whiskey was cheap, 28 to 30 cents per gallon in barrel lots, but applejack was different. I have been told by old people, that their fathers took a big Conestoga wagon-body-load of apples t o the still and got a barrel of applejack in return, which taken to Philadelphia brought the princely sum of $35.00.

The distilling of apples and other fruits, also grain, was done on the same principle as the milling of grain — the miller took toll so much per bushel, that is, he had a measure holding about one-tenth of a bushel, called a toll. So for every bushel he took one toll. A story was going the rounds of a miller who was not to be trusted too far. He had three or four sons helping around in the mill at times. When starting to grind the farmers' grist, the old man would ask, "John, hoscht gemuldert?", which is in English, "Did you take the toll out?" John replied that he wasn't sure any more if he did. "Well, John, if you are not sure, mulder noch emoll" (take toll again) The next time Jake was around and he asked Jake the same question. Also Jake was not sure and so the same proceedings. Next Jim was asked and he was not sure, so he tolled again. Whether it was that bad, we do not know, but we do know that that certain miller yearly slaughtered 10 or 12 fat pigs averaging over 400 pounds each. But like a little boy once said, "I know that the miller kills fat pigs, but I don't know whose grain he feeds."

The distiller too had a certain measure with which he took out of each gallon of whiskey one measure. Whiskey was sold at the still by the quart, gallon or barrel, a quart usually costing ten cents if it was a year or two old, eight cents when new, and a gallon from 30 to 35 cents according to age, and by the barrel from 28 to 30 cents.

Whiskey was sold at the taverns at three cents per "smaller" with a rat-tail cigar thrown in. They called it a "smaller," but standing aside of a present-day glass of whiskey you would call the "smaller" the daddy and t he present-day glass the baby.

Whiskey was also sold at the general stores before the Civil War at three cents a drink, or twelve cents a quart. Store shopping was mostly done by the lady of the house, as the women folks of those days did not patronize the taverns, so those that were so inclined took theirs at the store. If they did not smoke, the store man gave them a cigar to take home to hubby. The good woman also often remembered hubby by bringing along a gallon for him. The Civil War changed this. Money had to be raised some way and so whiskey had to help pay.

Cider-making and Applebutter-cooking

Not all the apples were used for applejack. Lots of applebutter was made. Many sweet apples were raised in those days, and if possible mostly sweet apples were used for cider and also for the "schnitz." About two barrels of cider and five or six bushels of sweet apples were cooked together, which took from 20 to 24 hours and longer if more cider was used. Some people even used three barrels of cider, for the more cider the more applebutter.

Big cider presses were scattered around in different neighborhoods where each patron had to help himself. The crushing was done with the use of a horse. After crushing the pressing was also done by horse power by means of a powerful screw. This was done the day before the applebutter party. The cider had to be fresh and sweet before fermentation had started. The "schnitzing" too was done t he evening before. The neighbors would come, young and old. After the "schnitzing" was done, some old-time fiddler would tune up his old fiddle and the frolic would last into the wee small hours of the morning.

Birch Oil Distilleries and Breweries

After most of the original forests had been lumbered from the hilly lands birch started to grow in large quantities, almost exclusive of all other kinds of wood. So parties started to distill the young birch wood for the oil it contained in different parts of the township. This was quite a lucrative proposition for some years, but about the turn of the century most of the birch growth had played out and in the meantime other woods got ahead of the birch, such as chestnut, chestnut oak, maple ash, etc., so that ended the enterprise of birch oil distilling. The oil was worth $2.50 a quart and sometimes more.

About 1885 a German by the name of Captain Anthony Iten, he being a captain during the Civil War, came from Philadelphia and built and equipped a brewery and started brewing a drink he called "Iten's Valley Weiss Beer." It was supposed to be a soft drink, was bottled and sold at hotels, stores and even at Sunday School picnics at five cents a bottle. But as to being soft, it would put our present - day lager beer to shame. At the brewery it was five cents a "schooner," but it contained a quart. The drink was soon discontinued at Sunday School picnics — too much fight in it! But at hotels it went good. Also there was much drinking at the brewery, which was very objectionable to many of the church-going people, and more so to the Methodists who held a camp-meeting on the top of the Chestnut Hill every year. So one night a fire broke out and the whole works went up in flame. The origin of the fire was never determined. The brewery was never rebuilt. Captain Iten lost his all. He had made application for fire insurance some time previous to the fire, but was not in possession of the policy as yet, so he got no insurance. The brewery was located west of the Blue Church in a little valley formed by Applebutter Hill and Chestnut Hill. Captain Iten lies buried at the Blue Church. A neat little monument marks his resting place, showing that he served the country of his adoption in its direst need. "Sleep, soldier, sleep."

MARY DITCHER

An Early Squatter

In Hazard's Register, Volume 9, p. 119, a Mr. Conyngham, writing about the founding of Columbia, Lancaster County, states that land back to the Susquehanna River was settled in the neighborhood of Columbia by Farricks, Stricklers, Garbers and others, and that they purchased their first rights to their lands from a certain Mary Ditcher, an old German woman who went about making what she called improvements. These consisted of a few sticks put together and a fire kindled and a kettle hung over it, which constituted her claim. She would then sell out her claim for a trifle and then move and take up another claim. The article further relates that Mary Ditcher wandered through the woods leading her horse, which was her only property, with her knitting in her hand and clad in a garment chiefly of sheepskin. —We could wish to know more about this interesting German woman, who went about making land claims in the 1720's and 1730's.

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Editorials

Salute to the Newsboy

When Shakespeare defined the Seven Ages of Man he described the second as that of "the whining schoolboy, with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping like snail unwillingly to school."

If The Bard had lived in our day and in this land he well might have found his model of youth in the American newsboy whose place in American life has been firmly fixed by song and story. Likewise he has been celebrated year after year by American newspaperdom which he has so faithfully served.

Newspapers are not wont to talk much about themselves or about their fellow - publications. They prefer to leave that to their readers and to the general American conscience. But on the subject of their newsboys they are wont to wax eloquent upon every possible occasion.

It is this group of boys, an occasional girl and a small group of young men, that the newspapers praise upon all possible occasions and especially during annual Newspaper Week which today is drawing to its close for 1957.

Newspapers are exceptionally proud of what they believe the work of newsboys does for those who rise in the early morning and rival the postmen, that other group of public servants of whom eloquently it has been said: "Neither snow, nor rain, nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds"

American Newspaperdom believes that the job of distributing papers is a character-building activity. It can be pointed out that tens of thousands of our leading citizens happily look back upon that eventful and helpful chapter in their lives in which they distributed or peddled papers.

As in other lines of work there has been evolution in the work and training of newspaper carriers. Today a carrier boy is a young businessman. In addition to buying and selling his wares he is required in his own interests to gain new business outlets, to keep collections close and to maintain satisfactory relations with each and every customer whom he serves.

The training a boy receives as a carrier stimulates ambition and alertness to business opportunities. This should and almost certainly will serve him all his life. This business likewise is an educational process for boys.

Newspapers strive to make the work increasingly profitable for the boys. All possible stimuli are provided in order that the boys shall improve service to their customers — the newspapers' readers — that the job shall be more profitable and that always boys shall be prompted to extend their formal education as far as possible and prepare them for leadership and high position in adult life.

Society loves the small boy. Newspaperdom, most of whose members themselves were newsboys in their early years, especially loves the carrier boy who faithfully serves his route or cries his papers upon the streets or in the busy marts of men.

American newspapers in unison today salute the American newsboy.

Windup Day for Tamaqua

The swarms of visitors who have been finding their way into Tamaqua during the past week have been treated to a series of the most unique, colorful and entertaining programs that any community in this section ever has put on.

The townsfolk themselves have had an even more inspiriting experience. Theirs has been daily enjoyment of the many-phased program and for almost all the elation of participation in some way or other. Long after the snow begins to fly, the 125th anniversary celebration will be the talk of the town and that of the thousands of the visitors who have gone thru some of the pleasures and excitements attendant upon the week-long program.

Today comes the windup with a parade of size and scope never before attempted in the boro. It can be expected that all records for attendance will be broken by newcomers and the many repeaters who will wish to miss none of the week's fun and excitement.

The Day of Atonement

This is the Day of Atonement, most solemn of the many holy days in the religious calendar of all members of the Jewish faith.

The Christian world, in whose midst this peculiar people and their faith stand out as a beacon light of purest monotheism, cannot but admire the universal observance which this people evidences annually upon this Fast.

Concluding an entire day of fasting and prayer, of repentance and search for moral regeneration, is the dramatic conclusion at sunset today when a blast from the shofar, or ram's horn, symbolizes the centuries - old aspiration of the Jewish people in all their trials and tribulations for an era of peace and justice for all mankind.

Certainly all the world, religious or non-religious, Jew or Gentile, well may join in prayer for this hope of all the ages.

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.

Tributes to the Press

The Soroptimist International Club of Allentown is taking this opportunity to salute the Morning Call during this National Newspaper Week for another year's accomplishments.

These newspapers which we eagerly look forward to receiving daily give expression to all the multiple facets of life by presenting all sides of any issue, help to preserve our democracy.

The editors, reporters, photographers, as well as all other technical men and women in doing such a thorough job, promote the principle of service to the community by providing such an essential service. They exemplify the newspaper theme of the week: "Your Newspaper Serves."

Among the many services rendered by the newspapers is the excellent current coverage for the campaign. "To Give The United Way." This is a fine example of service to many good people in our community.

As Soroptimists we wish to extend our heartiest congratulations and deepest appreciation for the consideration given us by our newspapers.

If we may be permitted a Biblical quotation it would be Luke 22-27, applicable to all newspaper men and women, "I am among you as he that serveth."

Soroptimist Club,
Allentown, Pa.
Mrs. Charles Reichardt,
Press Chairman.

Business Women Grateful

To the Personnel
Morning Call,
Dear Friends—

This being your special week for honor and due credit for the outstanding and most worthy service you bring to the citizens within the reading area of the Morning Call. Thus during National Newspaper week as well as throughout the entire year we wish to congratulate each member of the Morning Call family for the part they play to keep the public well informed on the many issues important of local and world wide interest.

We wish personally to convey our sincere thanks and grateful appreciation for the fine publicity you have afforded our organization.

Best wishes for many successful years of service to the public in future years.

Sincerely,
Kathryn M. Kistler,
president
Business and Professional
Women's Club

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

"It's only natural that I'm fastidious," boasted a showgirl. "My father was fast and my mother hideous."

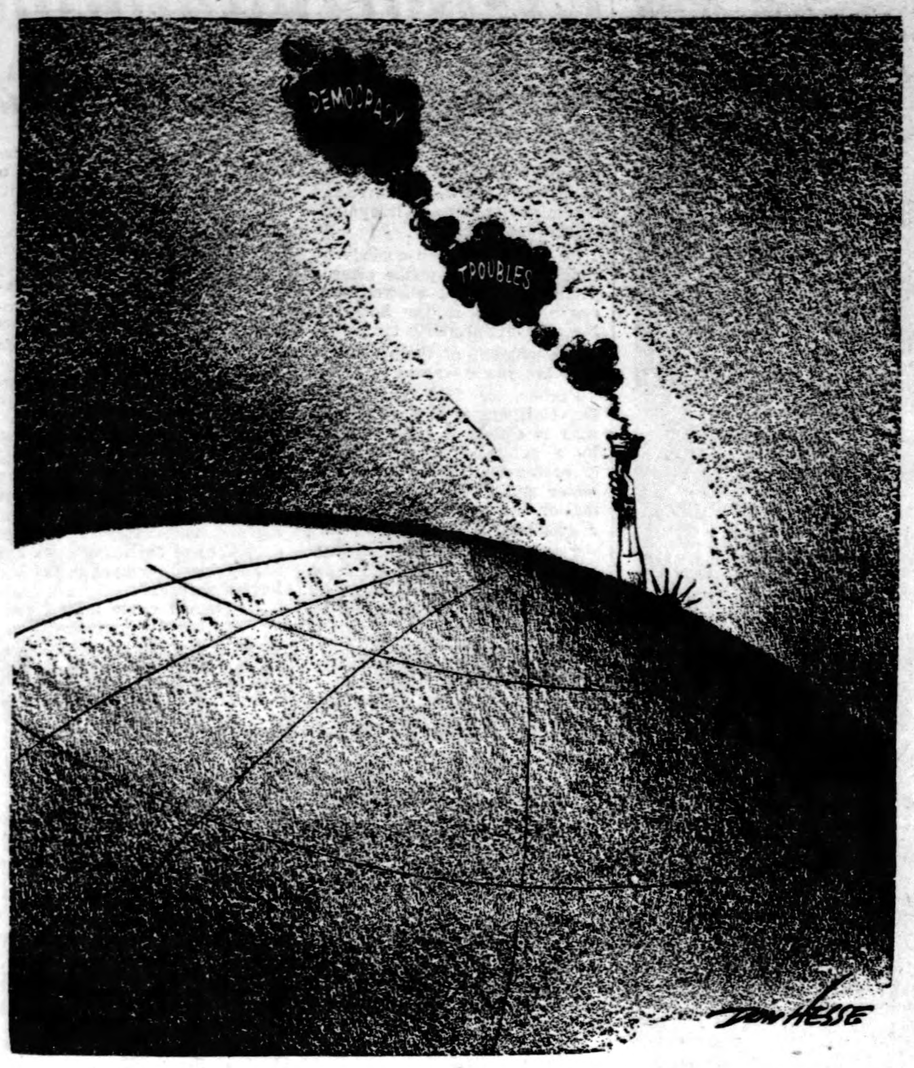
* * *

A woman nearing 80 signed up for a secretarial course in the midwest. "I'm determined to read my husband's diary," she explained. "For 59 years he's been keeping it in shorthand."

Jonathan Winters vows he spotted one drive-in-theater in Texas where the screen was so big they were showing both features at the same time. He also watched three kiddies at play in the patio of a fabulous hotel. A little girl decreed, "Now we're going to play house. I'll be the mommy; Johnny, the daddy, and Chris, the divorce lawyer."

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The World Is Our Audience



Who Is to Blame?

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

The events at Little Rock belong to history; the blame cannot be assessed as long as political motivation continues to play a part and that will be so until after both the 1958 and the 1960 elections have passed.

The facts are not difficult to state:

1. Arkansas has not been notorious for racial difficulties. It does not have a long tradition as a slave-holding state, having only been admitted to the Union in 1836. Its population came mostly from Tennessee and Missouri and Mississippi. It was carved out of French Louisiana and its first settlers were Spaniards and French.



Sokolsky

During the Civil War, the slave-holding planters were naturally for the Confederacy and carried the state into it, but most of the farmers in the Ozark and Ouachita Mountains were very poor, and seem to have been indifferent. The people of the Ozarks, in particular, are poor, illiterate, and suffered terribly from the Depression of the 1930's. The "Arkies" who migrated to California during those years were among the most impoverished of Americans.

2. Orval Faubus is a product of that part of the Arkansas population which produced the "Arkies." On Oct. 19, 1954 I called attention to the fact that Orval Faubus attended Commonwealth College, a Communist institution, the funds for which were provided by the Garland Fund, the Carnegie Fund (Foundation?) and Mrs. Leonard Elmhirst. It was placed on the attorney general's list of subversive organizations. Lucien Koch was the director of Commonwealth College. He testified before a joint committee of the Arkansas Legislature:

Unbeliever

"Q. Do you believe in God?"
"A. No. . . ."
"Q. To get a further background, may I ask do you believe in the Constitution of the United States?"
"A. I am convinced that I believe in it more thoroughly than the planters of the Eastern part of Arkansas."
"Q. Do you believe in the Constitution of the United States?"
"A. I answered that question. . . ."
"Q. Do you respect the American Flag?"
"A. I refuse to answer because I consider it as having no bearing on the investigation. I refuse to answer without advice of counsel. . . ."
"Q. Do you believe in Capitalism?"
"A. I do not believe in Capitalism, as it is now operated. . . ."

The courses given at Commonwealth College were unusual for an American institution and the teaching staff was equally unusual. The teachers were not paid salaries, but as Mildred Price, one of them, testified, they got room, board, laundry and some small pocket money.

Orval Faubus says that he attended this college for only a short time, but it was long enough for him to have been elected president of the Student Body and a member of the Disciplinary Committee. Faubus also attended the All-Southern Conference for Civil and Trade Union Rights at Chattanooga, Tennessee as a representative of Commonwealth College.

No Profession

This does not mean that Governor Orval Faubus was ever a Communist. It does mean that he came under unorthodox influences early in life.

3. Faubus has no profession. He is not a man of means. He was built up in Arkansas by the liberal group, headed by Harry Ashmore, a newspaper editor. He has apparently broken with this element. Twice he was elected governor through their support and the Negro vote. To be elected for a third term or to go to the United States Senate to succeed either Senator McClellan who comes up for election in 1960 or Senator Fulbright in 1962, he needs the support of the conservative or reactionary elements whose numbers have increased over the Negro question.

4. It will be noted that neither Senator McClellan nor Senator Fulbright has taken a public position on the Little Rock situation. Both have built significant national and even international positions by their work in the United States Senate, but obviously, to remain in the Senate, they have to be elected in Arkansas.

As is so usual with American politics, the ultimate determination of Orval Faubus's position in American life will not be decided by President Eisenhower, who does not vote in Arkansas, but in a struggle for power between the followers of Orval Faubus and those of Harry Ashmore and Winthrop Rockefeller. If Faubus wins renomination for governor for a third term or nomination to the United States Senate, which in Arkansas is tantamount to election, it will influence local attitudes toward the Negro question throughout the South.

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Acquiring an Art

By GEORGE DIXON

The night President Eisenhower went on the air to explain, in 15 minutes, why he sent federal troops into Little Rock, Chinese Ambassador Hollington K. Tong gave a dinner party at his baronial mansion, Twin Oaks, for a galaxy of visiting Asiatic editors. Dr. Tong also had a few president notables present, including Arthur Larson, director of a sorely-beset thing known ruefully as the United States Information Agency.

The Asiatic editors (I was specifically urged to make it "Asiatic", not "Asian", as they do not care to be confused with a current epidemic) announced they were extremely interested in the explanation Mr. Eisenhower was scheduled to deliver because they feel that anything about segregation needs explaining. Consequently, Dr. Tong had a large-screen television set wheeled into the dining room.

The food was all Chinese, and chopsticks were provided for the guests. Most of them voiced familiarity with the implements, but Director Larson confessed he had never been able to manipulate chopsticks, and had half a dozen lapels and trouser laps to testify the same.

One of the Asiatic editors suggested he might boil his raiment and render a tasty vat of bird's nest soup, so it shouldn't be a total loss. The information man said he would prefer to master the chopsticks if someone would only give him lessons.

Ambassador Tong and the editors joined in coaching him, but he proved something short of adept. After some struggling, however, he achieved sufficient dexterity to juggle a hunk of sweet and sour pork as far as his tie. This failed to satisfy him, however, although one and all agreed his cravat was taking on arresting new designs.

Time came for the presidential telecast, and the dining room lights were dimmed. The Asiatic editors attended closely.

But Director Larson, entrusted to explain to the world what Ike was explaining to the Nation, took advantage of the darkness to continue practicing with his chopsticks. He kept his head down and his eye on the orange duck throughout the entire Ikesplanation.

By the time the telecast was ended, Larson had mastered the chopsticks pretty well. He may have missed the explanation he had to make, but he no longer missed any but the slipperiest delicacies, such as the pickled eels.

Sen. Richard L. Neuberger, of Oregon, is a writer by trade, and his wife, Maurine, is a former schoolteacher. Their hobby, not too strangely, is words.

When Congress is not in session they amuse themselves by researching through old congressional records for flattering words senators have used on other senators; especially synonyms and variants for "distinguished." They discovered that some of the most popular are: worthy and noteworthy; eminent and pre-eminent; illustrious and lustrous; honored and honorable; notable, esteemed, brilliant, dedicated, outstanding, famed, renowned, celebrated, and even transcendental.

They found, moreover, many instances in which a senator had waxed so wildly laudatory he had employed one or more of the eulogistics to identify himself. They underscored one fine bit of forensics in which Sen. Homer E. Capehart, of Indiana, quoting himself, had orated:

"And then the distinguished senior senator from Indiana said—"

But this quaint congressional custom of speaking in the third person attained its pinnacle of confusion the other day when Rep. John F. Baldwin Jr., of California, notified constituents in his newsletter:

"During the fall months, your representative may be reached through my district offices . . ."
"Your representative would like to express my appreciation . . ."

Overcome, your reporter finished my column and departed for our home.

(Copyright 1957)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Exodus 7:14-25

The second sign followed Pharaoh's refusal to accept the first sign 7:11, intended to impress upon him God's desire that he should let Israel go. Moses was asked to speak to Pharaoh in these words (beginning at verse 15: "The Lord God of the Hebrews hath sent me unto thee, saying: Let My people go, that they may serve Me in the wilderness, and, behold, hitherto thou wouldest not hear.

Thus saith the Lord: In this shalt thous know that I am the Lord; behold, I will smite with the rod that is in mine hand upon the waters which are in the river, and they shall be turned into blood. This was to make the water of the river unfit to drink. Moses and Aaron did so, with the result as indicated beforehand.

The magicians, who had been informed in advance, were able to call on "the gods of Egypt," so that with their enchantments they could produce the same sign, so that Pharaoh went into his house, neither did he choose to pay heed to the demands of the Lord made through Moses.

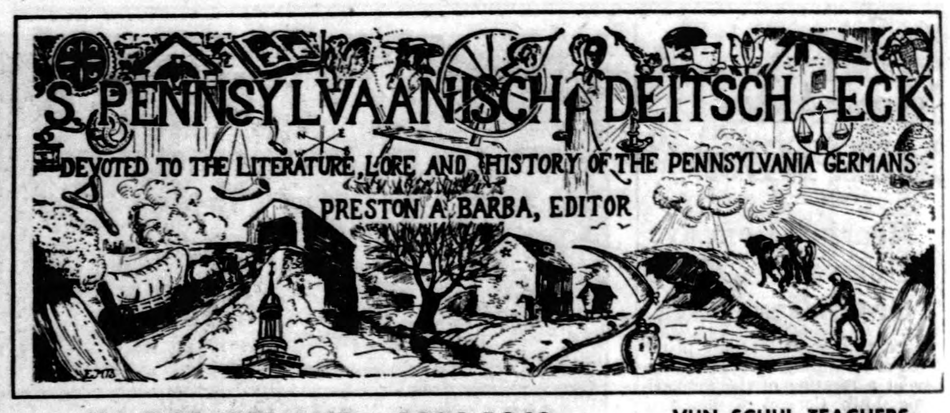
The natives had to dig round about the river for water to drink for a period of seven days. Was this the same power which, in John 2:1-11, turned water into wine?

White pine is the largest of American conifers growing east of the Rocky mountains. Full-grown specimens stand from 90 to 150 feet high; some occasionally reach 200 feet.

Horoscope

A happy, successful year is foreseen, but there may be a bereavement — in which case there may also be a legacy. Follow your own intuitions. Today's child will be of a sympathetic, hospitable nature and possess some unique artistic, musical or literary talent.

The biggest thrill of all, even to the "small fry" who could not participate, came on the Fourth of July — it was **ambos schiesse.** The older boys and young men collected money to buy black gunpowder and then



IN DER SCHMID—1836-1840

By RAYMOND E. HOLLENBACH

"And children, coming home from school,
Look in at the open door:
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar."

If school children still read "The Village Blacksmith" they probably have difficulty in picturing a "flaming forge" and in understanding what are bellows that roar. Nearly every older person remembers at least one of the many blacksmith shops that dotted our countryside, but all of us would find many strange objects in the smithy that Longfellow saw in 1841. In the paragraphs that follow we will "look in at the open door" of one such shop.

In 1836-1840 a blacksmith in Cocalico (Lancaster County) kept a detailed record of his daily work and transactions. His writing is remarkably clear, considering that it was done with "large and sinewy hands" and with a quill pen, but he used German script and his spelling is a combination of the High German he learned in the parish school and the Pennsylvania German spoken at home. The writer was a modest man and had little thought that anyone a hundred years later would be interested in what he wrote. He did not even mention his name.

He lived in the years that were the beginning of the "machine age" on the farm. The tools and implements used up to that time were not much different from those used by the Romans two thousand years before. There had been minor improvements in both hand tools and in the plow and the harrow, but all these things were still handmade by local craftsmen. The reaper had just been invented, but the average small farmer did not even dream of possessing such a contraption until the shortage of labor caused by the Civil War quickly brought a change in the adoption of labor-saving machinery. The so-called "Ten Plate Stove" was in common use for heating the home and for baking and cooking on a small scale, but the kitchen range was just coming into use and cooking and baking were still done in the open fireplace and in the outdoor oven. He mentions many articles that are now remembered only as antiques and others that are unidentified, which perhaps some of our readers will describe and tell us of their use.

First, a few words about the blacksmith's craft in general. The blacksmith, as most of us remember him, was really a three-in-one craftsman — an iron smith, a horseshoer, and a wheelwright. Here in America, the smith who worked in iron and the man who shod the horses, the farrier as he was called, were nearly always one and the same. In Europe these two were separate occupations, with the farrier doubling in as horse doctor before there were trained veterinarians. The craft of the wheelwright was common in Pennsylvania; in fact, it too was several trades in one — that of the wheel maker and that of the wagon builder. At the time now in question there was approximately one blacksmith for every sixty - five families and half as many wheelwrights in our Pennsylvania German counties. With the coming of factory-built wagons and carriages, the wheelwright gradually disappeared and the work of building and repairing broken parts of wagons became the exclusive job of the blacksmith.

A visit to a blacksmith shop was one of the greatest childhood delights. The shop in which the smith worked was **die schmid,** as compared to **der schmid,** the man himself. There were the "burning sparks that fly," and, if the shop was an old one, there were the huge leather bellows that "roared" — **der blosballick** — instead of a modern fan driven by wheels and belts. The forge was so placed that the smith with one hand handled the tongs and the hot iron in the fire and with the other operated the bellows; the anvil, **der ambos,** was close behind and the large quenching tub filled with water close-by on the other side. If the job to be done was horse - shoeing, perhaps you were permitted to chase the flies with the horsetail flychaser. The process of putting a tire on a wheel — **es raad abbinne** as this pocess was called — was most interesting to watch. The distance around the felloe — **die fellye** — was carefully measured with a small calibrated wheel on a handle; then the inside of the tire — **der reef** — was measured in a similar manner. Any excess in the circumference of the tire was then cut out and the tire welded and put on the wheel while hot. If the wheel broke out in smoke and flame this was quickly quenched. Great skill was required in this process, because, if the tire was too loose, the wheel soon rattled in dry weather, and, if too tight, the wheel was dished too much, that it was too concave — **Es war zu hart gschtarzt.**

the fun began. The anvil was removed from the shop and placed outside the door within reach from the inside with a long iron rod. The hole in the anvil was filled with gunpowder and packed by placing a heavy iron on top. The iron road was heated in the forge at one end, and with this the charge was set off. There was great rivalry between our neighboring villages as to which group was able to keep up this "cannonading" the longest and the loudest.

A large part of nearly every blacksmith's work was horseshoeing. In this respect the work of the Pennsylvania blacksmith differed from that of a New England blacksmith. In the German part of Pennsylvania horses were used on the farm almost exclusively. In one of our German counties in 1840 there were 13,000 horses and only 46 work-oxen, or one horse to about every five persons —a proportion that is now surpassed by the number of automobiles. To shoe an ox the animal was partly raised from the ground on a wide band or sling around the belly, and the shoe on each hoof was put on in two pieces. Both horses and oxen used exclusively in the fields were not always shod.

The act of putting on horseshoes is called **bschlage.** In fact, the word **bschlage** means to fasten iron to any other object like wood, stone, leather, etc. To fasten iron upon iron is **zu schweese,** and to temper or harden a piece of iron is **zu stahle.** In 1840 most blacksmiths still made their own horseshoes and all the horseshoe nails. A machine for making horseshoe nails did not come into use until Civil War times. Our unnamed blacksmith charged 90 cents for putting on a set of new horseshoes; 30 cents to reset a set, and $1.20 for a set of tempered shoes. Horseshoe nails were ten for three cents.

His accounts are so long and mention so many different articles that only the most interesting ones can be listed here. These have been selected and placed into various categories for easy study. All the words given here are in the original spelling. although this makes some of them more difficult to understand. Where prices are given, these are for comparison only, as it is obvious that "dollars and cents" of 1840 are not the same as "dollars and cents" of 1957. The only way to make comparisons of the true cost of any article is to figure the number of hours of labor required to earn enough money to purchase an article and then compare this to the number of hours to earn the same article today.

For the Home

When a young couple gets married, they go to an appliance dealer and to a house-furnishing store for their household equipment; in 1840 they went to a tinsmith and to a blacksmith. The tinsmith — **der blechschmid** — undoubtedly got the larger part of their business, but the blacksmith also came in for a good share. Here is a typical outfit, made to order, for a newly married couple:

Ein set lefel gemacht	$1.75
ein stengel gemacht	.12½
1 lefel, 1 gabel gemacht	.25
ein Mult Graz gemacht	.25
ein Kaferester gemacht	$ 1.00
ein Bey Roller gemacht	.37
	$3.74½

Readers who may want to know what a **kaferester** was will find several of these implements on display in the Landis Valley Museum — it looks like nothing more than a section of stovepipe closed at the ends, with a sliding door, and with an iron rod through it lengthwise, on which it was turned like a spit before a hot fire. In this device our forefathers roasted their own "green coffee" long before "vacuum packed" and all the other advertising catchwords were heard.

Perhaps some reader can explain what a **stengel** was. The **bey roller** mentioned was of course a rolling pin, and the **mult graz** was a scraper for cleaning out the dough trough — **die back mult.**

At least one household was up-to-date and possessed a cook stove, as is indicated by a repair job which reads "ein Kogofen geflickt;" most of the cooking and baking was done in the fireplace and outdoor oven, and the work done here was varied and numerous:

ein Feierhoken gemacht	.60
ein Feierhol gemacht, 10½ punt	1.15
ein Backofen Gestel gemacht	$1.75
Backofen eise gemacht, 7½ Punt	2.15
Rohr gemacht, 15 Punt	2.85
ein Drum gemacht, 17 Punt	4.25
ein Dreer und Elbogen gemacht	.40
ein Ofen beschlagen	3.50

Although many things were made of iron, they too got broken and the blacksmith was called upon for many repairs:

ein Feierzang geflickt	.26
ein Feierfus geflickt	.12
ein Feier Grick geflickt	.03
ein Ofen Derle geflickt	.20
ein Feierschaufel geflickt	.06

Die feierhol was a trammel; **der feierfus,** an andiron; die **feier grick,** an oven rake, in German **die Ofenkrueke; 's ofen derle,** a small oven door; **der dreer und elbogen,** a damper and elbow. Perhaps some of our readers can tell us what work was involved in making **ein backofen gestel, ein backofen beschlagen** and **backofen eise gemacht. Die drum** was not a percussion instrument played in a band, but a device put on a stovepipe, usually on the second floor, to capture some of the heat that otherwise went up the chimney.

Of making and repairing other tools and utensils there was no end:

ein eisner Hafen deckel gemacht	.40
ein Kiewel Ref gemacht	.15
ein Kiewel Ohr gemacht	.02
3 Pannen Fues gemacht	.24
ein Dreifus gemacht	.45
ein beind Kel gemacht	.20
ein Stembel gemacht	.15
ein Ebelscheler Gawel gemacht	.15
ein Redel gemacht	.03
20 flesch Hoken gemacht	.40
ein Meser gemacht	.31
ein Flesch Gawel gemacht	.25
ein Nehschraub gemacht	.37½

Repairs:

ein eisner Hafen geflickt	.10
ein Kiewel gebunden	.25
ein Spinrad geflickt	.12½
ein Kafemiel gescherft	.31
ein Buderfas geflickt	.12
ein Kiebel Heng geflickt	.04
ein Pan geflickt	.10
ein Lichterstock geflickt	.10

Most of these words need no explanation. **Pannen fues** were feet under a pan used in a fireplace; **ein dreifus,** a tripid under a kettle; **ein ebelscheler gawel,** a small fork to hold an apple on an applepeeler. What a **redel,** or small wheel, for three cents could have been is a puzzle, unless it was one of those tools used to trim the edge of pie dough. **Ein nehschraub** is now a real antique — it was a small vice used to hold a pin cushion.

To be concluded

VUN SCHUL TEACHERS

Mer schickt die Kinner in die Schul,
Sie lanne alles datt,
Was needich iss uff daere Welt,
Weisheit vun aller Satt.

Es macht nix aus wie dumm sie sin,
Verliddert aus em Grund,
Die teachers mache alles recht,
Schmaut, fleissich un gesund.

Es macht nix, was die Heemet iss,
Datt denke sie net draa;
Die teachers mache alles recht,
Sie hen en groosser Loh.

Un wann sie gehne letz am End
In schpeit vun viel Geduld,
Die Eltere sin immer schur
Die teachers sin die Schuld.

—Louise A. Weitzel

DER BUSCH

Iwwer der Wiss driwwe waar en Hiwwel un gans owwe uff dem Hiwwel waar der Busch. Des hot graad geguckt, ass wann der Hiwwel en grosser Kopp waer un der Busch waer die Haar.

Es mensch vun de Beem waare Keschte. O, was hen mir als Keschte gelese im Harrebscht! Nochdem ass ich gross waar un vun Heem iss der Japanese Scale kumme. In paar Yaahr waare all die Keschte-beem dod. Was fer en Verluscht waar des awwer!

Es waare en latt Keschte-eeche-beem im Busch. Wie die Keschte dod waare sin die Keschte-eeche awwer ans Waxe.

Ich un mei yingerer Bruder waare oft driwwe im Busch. Friehyaahrs hen mir die Hundshols-blumme als beguckt. Im Harrebscht hen mir als Keschte gelese. Ich hab net oft geyaagt, awwer mei Brieder hen.

Ee Daag waar ich awwer mit yaagge. Unser Hund hot en Haas reigedriwwe. Yuscht er hot der Haas zu schtarrig gschprengt. Ich hab uff den Haas gezielt mit meinre Schrotflint. Der Haas iss mir graad entgeegge kumme. Endlich iss es mir bang warre, er deet mir vanne in der Flintlaaf schluppe.

Ich hab graad uff ihn gericht un hab der Drigger gedrickt. Der Haas hot bumps gschtoppt. Mei Schuss hot ihm die vier Bee abschosse, un's gans Innergeweih rausgerisse. Sell waar's End vun sellem Haas.

Wie ich en kleener Bu waar hot unser Knecht uns ebbes gelannt. Mer hot kleene Lecher sehne kenne im Busch, wu en kleener Keffer en kleener Haufe Sand mittes darrichs Loch ruffgschafft hot. Mir hen uns noh als uff Hend un Fiess ghockt un hen gelockt.

Des iss was mir gsaat hen, "Kumm, — Mummli, Mummli, Mummli." Ich wunner heit noch, was sell gemeent hot. Wann mer Weil gelockt hot, iss en Keffer darrich der Sand ruff aus em Loch kumme. Wisst dihr, was en "Mummli" iss? Ich duh verhaftich aa net.

Gans owwe uffem Hiwwel waar en Acker klaar Land. Datt hen mir Grumbiere neigeplanst deel Yaahre. Ebmols aa Welschkann. Der Bodde owwe druff waar bedeckt mit Schtee, die Menschte so grooss ass en Hinkel — oi. Mei Paepp hot sich's unnernumme fer en pike mache drauss uff der Schtrooss. Der Wegmeeschder hot uns bezaahlt fer des.

Ich un mei Bruder un der Daadi sin ans Schtee - lese. Mir hen 97 Vier-geils-Wegge voll Schtee vun sellem Acker gelese. Wie mir es Land widder geblugt hen, waare graad so viel Schtee widder owwe druff kumme. Es iss uns so verleed warre, ass mir die Hecke un Danne widder uffwaxe hen losse.

Friehyaahrs hen mir als Sassafrass - Watzel gegraawe. Die hen mir als gekaut. Sell hot eem's Blut so dinn gemacht, ass eem die Naas nimmi schtoppe hot welle zu blute. Awwer Sassafrass waar immer gerechelt en gut Kraut fer einemme im Friehyaahr.

Der Kaschbar Hufnagel
vun der Lebanon News

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Editorials

Seize Fleeting Opportunity

The face of Nature is never the same but none of its changes are likely to come as rapidly as that in the coloration of the foliage in the autumn. The opportunity to seize its beauty must be taken at once for it can and often does reach its zenith and undergo decline in the matter of a few days.

This beautiful phenomenon occurs in our latitude at this general period of the year. It is good therefore to remind the earthlings, who are likely to spend most of their time among the other modern cave-dwellers in our cities that the 1957 Autumn Show has been at its height during the last few days. At the same time the hope can be held out that the show will continue during the weekend. With this goes the urge that it be enjoyed by as many persons as possible for, once it has become dull and drab its likeness will not be possible again for at least another year.

Happily the people of this community are situated most favorably for enjoyment of this annual natural phenomenon that occurs at this changing of the seasons. Our forests include vast numbers of trees such as maples, gumwood, dogwood that assume vividly brilliant color at this time of the year. In addition are shrubs and smaller trees such as the sumac that contribute to the riot of color. We have mountain ranges that by reason of their height set off this show to excellent advantage.

Virtually all our people have the opportunity to enjoy the vast panorama for car ownership is almost universal and leisure hours are abundant.

The entire Lehigh Valley has been ablaze with color in recent days. It is a scene such as all can enjoy. The weekend offers convenient opportunity for most persons to see it. Don't let the opportunity slip by and regret it when frost, rains and winds have denuded the forests and autumn's glory has become a thing of the past.

No Fear of Red Influx

Because, unfortunately, finger-printing has been associated in many minds with criminal deeds and criminals, something of a stigma has attached to any regulations by government to require such records except where crime or suspicion of crime is concerned.

The solid fact underlying the practice is that the finger-print is a virtually unimpeachable mark of identification. As one of Mark Twain's heroes stated: From the cradle to the grave man carries this unique and distinctive stamp of his maker.

Other features of identification can and do change. The finger print remains immutable and is absolute identification of its owner. Obviously however, identification cannot be established unless it be possible to compare a print with an earlier scientific record of the print. This may have been taken when its owner was a child or a young man in military service, or perhaps when accused of or convicted of crime.

So it has been that a regulation of the U. S. Department of State has required visitors to be finger-printed if they wished to secure visas to enter this country. But it has been internationally unpopular. Since most other nations have not asked this of American travelers, Europeans and others have been irritated by the American practice during the past fifteen years, or since the beginning of World War II.

Now the regulation has been rescinded because of the clamor and ill-will that it occasioned. This clamor emanated particulary from Russia whose boss, Mr. Khrushchev, said Russians would not visit this country because of the requirement.

Now the doors have been swung open for Russian visitors, but we doubt that they will come here in any considerable numbers. In the first place finger - printing hitherto has not kept Red spies out of this country. They have sifted thru our vast borders with Mexico and Canada. What work they have not been able to accomplish has been done pretty well for them by native and naturalized Americans who got into the Red spy rings. In the second place, Russia cannot want too many of her people, especially her intelligentsia outside the fanatical Communist Party ranks, to see conditions as they really are in the United States. This would be contradiction to forty years of Communist propaganda in the home land. We can be pretty certain that few if any visitors are coming from Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Poland.

More important however than any appeasement to that impudent and nasty man in the Kremlin is the effect of the change in regulations upon peoples other than the Russians. Only Liberia, Peru and Ecuador demand finger-prints on American passports. Scores of nations have not demanded them and few, if any of them, liked the idea as applied to their own nationals.

Honor for Great Work

It is a distinct honor to the Lehigh Valley in general, as it was an honor in particular to Congressman Francis E. Walter that the Netherlands government early in the week awarded the Order of Orange-Nassau to him for his "distinguished services to international migration."

This is a citation that is accorded to but very few persons and rarely to persons other than natives and citizens of Holland. But Congressman Walter, as an influential member of the International Committee on European Migration, during the years since the war, has made a distinctive and highly valuable contribution to the solution of many of Holland's population problems, as well as the problems of other countries.

Continuing effects of World War II have been felt by millions of people in refugee camps for refugees scattered in many countries of Europe. Americans know something of our own reluctance to accept any and all refugees who would like to come to these shores. They are apt to know less about the desire of these people to go anywhere just so that they will be provided with opportunity to have a future that is brighter than prospects in squalid camps.

It has been Mr. Walter's job in this international committee to secure agreement of some twenty nations to take immigrants in excess of the customary quotas and to give them the chance that they desire to have for life and happiness.

More than half a million people have been moved out of Europe, largely by ship, to distant parts of the world, since the committee was established. The movement continues for the camps are far from emptied and the transplantation of poverty-stricken, sick and aged people is a difficult and costly process.

Mr. Walter is our best informed person on this big international question. Successive administrations have chosen him to be the U. S. representative in carrying out our part of the program. Little Holland has acknowledged his capable and unselfish service in the way that it considers to be most effective and impressive. Some time our own Government should match the honors that our Dutch cousins have accorded Mr. Walter.

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.

Dear Sir:

Are the youngsters of today really "bad eggs?" I do not think so.

I am 16, and although I read these stories about juvenile delinquents, I also read about the other youngsters who are good, honest, square-dealing people.

These juvenile delinquents, as the police and adults call them, constitute only a small percentage of the young people of today; yet, people judge all of us by these few. I do not think this is fair for the following reasons.

First, a great majority of youngsters today are already working, not because they have to, but because they are trying to repay their parents for all they have done for them, and also to accumulate spending money for themselves.

Second, there are also many youngsters who are trying to better themselves in order to do the best work possible in the field they are studying.

Third, there are, too, many youngsters who try to better themselves but are unable to do so, but at least they try.

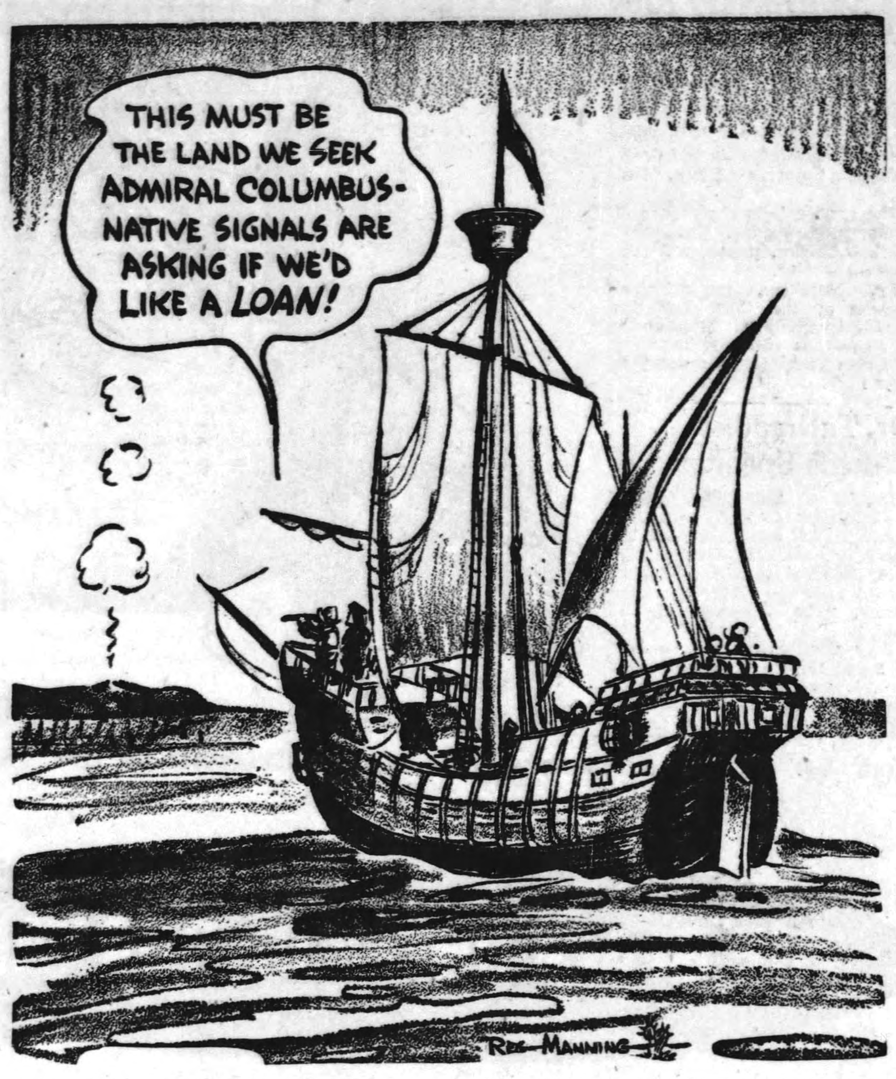
I believe that not all youngsters are, or will be, juvenile delinquents because so many of them are making the very efforts I have listed above.

Take a look at the youngsters around you and see for yourself what they are really like. Also, instead of always looking for the bad points in a person, try looking for the good ones.

Write your opinion, please do.

Rita Diehl,
825 Walnut St.
Emmaus.

Oct. 12, 1492



No Monopoly on Brains

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Everybody has had something to say about the satellite which Soviet Russia hurled into space and much of what has been said disregards the very simple fact that this accomplishment represents an enormous technical capacity by a nation which only 40 years ago possessed no or little technical capacity and which utilizes an economic system which we in the Western world have consistently insisted cannot produce anything new and great because individual initiative had been removed and the incentives to production had disappeared.

Having witnessed this spectacle of technical capacity and manufacturing know-how, it is essential that we recognize the truism that no people has a monopoly on brains and that no one system of life is the only system available to the human race. The significance of our system is that it recognizes that man is endowed with free will and possesses the right of freedom of choice. The Russians insist on a biological interpretation of man; therefore he need not be free.



Sokolsky

This cannot mean that we cringe before Soviet Russia or that we become panicky or that we destroy our standards of life either to accept the spiritual poverty of totalitarianism or the economic cost of manufacturing only for destruction. What it can mean for us, perhaps what it ought to mean for us, is that we recognize that we have become too sure of ourselves, almost fatuously sure of ourselves, and that therefore intellects have been permitted to grow less robust than they were in the days of Edison, Westinghouse, Steinmetz, Pupin, De Forest and all the other mechanical geniuses, including Henry Ford and the Wright brothers, who were not bogged down either by governmental or corporate bureaucracy. They were free individuals, taking the risks of failure — failure which came to others who also tried.

How It Happened

When lawyers and public relations counsel lay down policy for industrial progress, the slowing-up may become disastrous because their interests are defensive rather than aggressive. They prefer the status quo to controversial brilliance. Soviet Russia has been able to achieve the goal of setting off its satellite before we could get ours ready for several reasons, some good, some bad:

1. A totalitarian country can concentrate on a particular task in disregard of all other needs;

2. They therefore do not have to consider the pressure for consumers' goods which, in a free society, is both politically and socially important;

3. The control of a Soviet budget and the fiscal devices to support it are not subject to popular criticism and control;

4. There can be no quarrel among the governmental agencies as to which is to do what; those who question the wisdom of directives are not only immediately removed from office but they may, in the new dispensation, be exiled, as in the old one, they were killed. The most efficient method for the removal of opposition and difference of opinion is murder, which is available to them and not to us.

All this makes for effectiveness but it destroys human freedom. What we have now discovered is that so far as production is concerned, such a system not only works imitatively but it stimulates original thinking outside the political and social fields where originality remains forbidden.

More Study Needed

This requires study and analysis in the West; not imitation, adulation, or denial. A fact is a fact and the satellite is a fact. It spins in the vast heavenly void and beeps in time. It can be heard and will probably soon be seen. Therefore to say that it is not an achievement is the emotional response of sour grapes, not an intelligent reaction to a novel and historic phenomenon.

The propagandistic value of the satellite is obvious, but that will pass if nothing worse happens. The danger in the United States is that the drums will boom to make more of our boys engineers and to fill our scientific schools to capacity without regard to intelligence. This is a stupid approach to the problem because intelligence is not measured quantitatively. One Edison or Westinghouse is worth more than a classroom of misfits.

What we need to discover truthfully, without propaganda for any cause, is why we have fallen behind in what has obviously been our field. That we must know before we can catch up with the Russians who are beating us in our specialty.

(Copyright 1957)

1958's Car Buyers

By SYLVIA PORTER

A. R. finished paying off his loan on a 1955 model car this past August. Although he hasn't seen the new models, he plans to go to his neighborhood dealer this coming March and trade in his car for a 1958 on a new installment contract.

Says he: "The car is getting to the age where I'll be having trouble with it. I'm already spending big money on repairs. They don't make cars to last long these days."

R. F. has owned his 1956 automobile outright since he bought it. Although he hasn't seen the new models either, he also plans to go to his dealer in the spring, trade in for a '58.

Says he: "I like to trade in every couple of years. In fact, if I can see my way clear and I really like the new models, I may keep this one as a second car and take a loan to buy a new one."

Neither A. R. nor R.F. has told any poll-taker what he plans to do. Nor have they notified the dealers that they'll be buyers soon.

But when I interviewed them among a group I selected at random the other day, they were definite about their car buying plans.

Unless they are hit by an unanticipated financial blow between now and the spring, they'll be customers for cars. And unless 1958 autos aren't available in quantity because of devastating strikes in 1958, A.R. and R.F., will be typical of millions who'll buy new cars next year and who thus will be a mighty prop under the American economy.

Car-Happy Land

For as a new three - year study by the University of Michigan's researchers dramatically emphasizes, we are truly a car-happy land. And while we may not duplicate 1955's fabulous record soon again, sales of 6 million - plus cars a year are becoming "normal."

Three out of four car owners are in the car market at least once in every two years and eight months, the survey reveals. And the study shows that people like A.R. and R.F. who say they intend to buy cars usually follow through and do buy.

The owner of a relatively new car is the most likely buyer of another new car. During their 32 months of intensive research, the Michigan experts found that not only were 42 per cent of the families in the market for a car at least once; an additional 14 per cent bought twice and another 4 per cent bought three or more times.

The two - car owner is becoming a vital force in the automobile market and he'll become more and more so. One out of 10 American families now owns two or more cars, triple the percentage as recently as 1949. One out of three in the $7,500- and - over income bracket owns a minimum of two cars, almost double the percentage of only eight years ago.

Crucial Year Ahead

And a final major point: a significant percentage of people who when polled say they do not intend to buy cars go ahead and buy anyway. The number who told the researchers on a specific date that they didn't intend to buy a car and who then did buy comes to an impressive 20 per cent — leading the Michigan experts to the conclusion, "Unplanned purchases constitute an important part of total purchases."

To every one of us, this profile of the American auto buyer is of great importance, for what happens to the auto industry in 1958 will be crucial in deciding what happens to jobs and pay all over the land.

The auto industry alone uses about one - fifth of the nation's steel production, almost 65 per cent of the natural rubber and almost 62 per cent of the synthetic rubber production.

The motor transport industries alone account for one out of every seven jobs in the country, and more than 10 million are employed in auto manufacture or in industries directly allied to it.

All A.R. and R.F. and the 6 million - plus like them have to do to make 1958 a fine year in the auto industry is to act "normally."

And as a top auto man told a reporter recently, "If anyone had told us before the war that we'd be dissatisfied with 6 million cars in 1957 we'd have thought he was crazy."

(Copyright 1957)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

EXODUS 10:3-11

Moses and Aaron are ordered once more to appear before Pharaoh, to ask him: "How long wilt thou refuse to humble thyself before Me? Let My people go, that they may serve Me. Else, if thou refuse to let them go, I will bring locusts into thy land, which shall cover the face of the earth, that one cannot see the ground, and they shall eat that which escaped destruction by the hail.

"They shall eat the leaves from every tree; they shall fill thy houses, and those of all thy servants, and of all the Egyptians. Neither thy fathers nor thy fathers' fathers have seen such a plague of locusts in all their days." They then left Pharaoh, whose servants were much disturbed by the prospect of such a plague, for a plague of locusts is a terrible thing, as even certain sections of our country have experienced. (The word locusts can mean grasshoppers).

His servants then asked Pharaoh to yield to the demand of Moses and Aaron, who were promptly summoned into the presence of Pharaoh, who asked Moses who were to go to offer the sacrifices. He told him that all his people with their flocks would go. The King said that he would allow only the men to go. With this statement he drove Moses and Aaron from his presence.

Horoscope

Provided only that you apply yourself to your business and work hard, the year will witness considerable expansion. Today's child will be good-natured, cooperative, ambitious and intelligent. A happy, successful life seems assured.

South Mountain park, sprawling over some 15,000 acres of desert - mountain country in the Valley of the Sun resort land, is the world's largest municipally owned park, and a favorite picnic area.



IN DER SCHMID—1836-1840

By RAYMOND E. HOLLENBACH

Conclusion

For the Wagon Shed

There were far fewer vehicles on a farm than in post-Civil War days, and the wheelwright still did a lot of work involving these. However, as the word **wright** (which means woodworker) indicates, most of his work concerned the wooden parts and the blacksmith was called upon to put on the ironwork. Since the price of iron was high (as compared to the cost of labor) the poundage was carefully noted and had much to do with the ultimate price of the article. A large wagon, of the Conestoga type, required almost 750 pounds of iron—the broad tires alone weighing about 350 pounds. Here is some of the work done on vehicles and on the accessories thereto:

ein Wagen beschlagen, 743 Punt		$75.30
ein Wagen Bet beschlagen	.....	10.00
ein Wagen Stel beschlagen	.....	5.10
ein Reischeid beschlagen	.....	.25
ein Wog beschlagen	.....	.75
ein Schiltscheid beschlagen	.....	.25
ein Schemel beschlagen	.....	.55
ein Schliden beschlagen	.....	4.75
ein Jog beschlagen	.....	.25
ein Dreiwog beschlagen	.....	.25
ein Lana (also Lona) gemacht	...	.08
ein Gewerb und Sper gemacht	...	.60
ein Rausper gemacht, 8½ punt	...	1.00
Deichseiring gemacht, 16 Punt	...	1.90
ein Schubkarg gemacht	.....	4.50
2 Zugbenner gemacht	.....	.18
ein Sperket gemacht, 25 Punt		3.75
ein Vorwog Ket gemacht	.....	2.00
ein Habelket gemacht	.....	.50
ein Schel gemacht	.....	.08
4 grose Nod Kleg gemacht	.....	.10
ein Schliden gesolt, 38 Punt	.....	2.09
ein Wagen angestrigen	.....	1.25
4 Brede Reder gebunden	.....	4.00
8 Naben Ring gebunden	.....	.56
ein Grundschliden geflickt	.....	.50
Heuleitern geflickt	.....	.54
Holsleitern geflickt	.....	.96
ein Wib Stock geflickt	.....	.05

'S Reischeid is the front bodybolster of a wagon; **wog, schiltscheid** and **dreiwog** are double tree, single tree and triple tree; **schemelnagel,** a bolster pin. **Ein Lana,** or **Lona,** for 8 cents is puzzling, but it seems that this was a **Luense,** or linch pin. According to Lambert there is a Pennsylvania German word, **lone,** which has this meaning. Perhaps our readers can send in descriptions of **die rausper, vorwog ket, grundschliden, zugbenner** and other words that need explanation.

For the Tool House

In 1840 there already were small factories for making hand tools, but by far the greater number were still made to order in the blacksmith shop. In Berks County, for instance, there were two scythe factories which made about 2,000 scythes a year, and several other factories which specialized in making cutting tools such as axes and hatchets. However, many users were so particular about their tools that they did not like the "factory-made" product. Our unnamed blacksmith still made an occasional scythe for $1.00, and there were innumerable other jobs to be done on scythes — **verennert, gericht, geflickt, geschlifen** and **ausgeschlagen.** The **dengelstock** is frequently mentioned and, strangely, there is not a single mention of a sickle. It seems, therefore, that the cradle was used exclusively in cutting grain.

The following are some tools and implements which our smith made new:

ein Beiszang	.62½
ein Schlegel, 14 Punt	1.96
ein Zuschlag Hammer	1.00
ein Spaltgescher	3.50
ein Ax	1.50
2 Mesel	.37½
ein Grubhack	1.50
ein Koter	.20
ein Rinnenscheler	.80
ein Schrauwenzieger	.10
ein Hebeisen, 22 Punt	1.87
ein Posten Eisen, 17 Punt	2.04
5 Schauflen, 21 Punt	2.73
ein Glamboken	.10
ein Schabber	.10
2 Keidel	1.50
2 Scheidkeidel	1.75
ein Steinkeidel, 5¾ Punt	.80
11 Schrawen, 5 Punt	.75

Some of the work done on repairing, altering and sharpening was as follows:

ein Denbelstock gestalt	.12
ein Dengelstock aufgesetzt	.10
ein Schlegel gestalt	.40
ein Schneidmesser geflickt	.12
ein Steinboren gestalt	.20
ein Wartschaufel beschlagen	.31
ein Koter gescherft	.08
2 Mauer hemmer gescherft	.20
ein Wackenhammer gescherft	.10
ein bor Hammer gestalt	.50
ein Spalt Ax gescherft	.27
ein Koter und Pick gehitzt	.20
ein Darchschlag gescherft	.06

Some of these tools are readily identified, but others are not. What, for instance, is the difference between **hebeisen, posten eisen,** and **stoseisen** What is the difference between a **mauer hammer** and a **wackenhammer? Ein spalt ax** is a cutting tool for splitting logs into staves or shingles, but what is **ein spaltgescher?** Also, what is the meaning of **koter, glamhoken, schabber, scheidkeidel** and **steinkeidel?** What kind of **schrauwen** weighed almost one-half pound each? The **schauflen** were evidently made of wood, for they were **beschlagen.**

For the Barn and the Barnyard

Although barns and barnyards were not as well equipped as today, they required a lot of blacksmith work, because ready-made hardware was not available. When a new barn was built, all the barndoor hinges, smaller table - door hinges, latches, etc., were made to order. Here is one such order:

Benner und glowen gemacht, 327½ Punt	$37.66
vor 11½ sent das Punt	
Benner und glowen gemacht, 24½ punt	2.81½
Kandel Stiebel gemacht, 32 Punt	3.75½
Riegel und Hoken gemacht, 3½ Punt	.40
	$44.63

Also, there were doorposts and gateposts that had to be **beschlagen,** and the feed troughs were bound in iron. The barnyard pump had a **bumbenschwengel** that weighed 11 pounds and cost $1.15 and the **bumbenbox** or **bumbenstock** and the **bumbenspaut** were bound in iron.

Machinery around the barn was very limited. Nearly every barn had a **heuschroter** or **strobanck,** but in 1840 only one farmer out of every fifteen had a cornsheller, or **welschkarn mashien.** Fanning mills were pretty common, but the earlier ones were made entirely of wood, with the exception of the wire screens. Among the smaller tools which the blacksmith made and repaired are the following:

ein Heugawel gemacht	.62½
ein Mistgawel gemacht	.67
ein Schiddel gawel geflickt	.06
ein Misthoken gescherft	.09
ein Strohmesser geflickt	.15
ein Brand Eisen gemacht	.25
ein Heurober gemacht	.37½
ein Striegel geflickt	.10
ein Drogring gemacht	.12
16 Seyring gemacht	.16

Die schiddel gawel was a wooden fork used in separating straw from the chaff and grain. **Der Heurober** was a hook for pulling hay from a haystack or haymow. **'S Brand eisen** was a branding iron — an odd tool to use where nearly all fields were fenced. There were other things not definitely identified with the barn, like:

ein Keidelring gemacht	.10
ein par gewerb benner gemacht	.75
doren glowen gemacht, 9 Punt	1.17

The most important machine in the barn was the threshing machine, but these were not in general use, and most of the threshing was still done with the flail. In 1838, in all of Berks County, there were 100 threshing machines, or about one for every twenty farms. Since these machines were not on wheels, they probably were not moved very much from one barn to another. These machines did not separate the grain from the chaff, but merely separated the grain and chaff in one heap from the straw. The part of the machine that performed this work was called **der schiddler** because of its shaking action. Although only four of our unnamed blacksmith's customers had threshing machines, he had numerous calls for repairing this part of the machine.

For the Implements Used in the Field

When one thinks of the thousands of dollars needed to equip a modern farm, one wonders how it was possible for a hired hand to work a few years for wages and perhaps a few years for shares and then buy out his former employer. The answer, of course, is quite simple — there was so little machinery to buy. A plow and a harrow were the primary requirements; all else came in the category of luxuries, or conveniences let us say. Even plows were not yet standardized and many of the plows in use were still the old wooden type, with perhaps an iron plowshare but with only plates of iron on a wooden mouldboard. The work on plows was by far our blacksmith's most important job:

ein Pflug gemacht	$14.00
Pflug Eise gemacht, 141 Punt	14.80
ein Riester geflickt	.10
Ein Pflug beschlagen, 82 Punt	9.84
ein Schar gescherft	.17
ein Schar gemacht, 37½ Punt	4.47
ein Lanseid angelegt	.50
ein Seg angelegt, 10 Punt	1.76
ein Seg gewcherft	.06
ein Seg genast	.11

This list contains several interesting words. **Der riester** is not a patch of leather on a shoe as one might think, but the mouldboard of a plow with a patch of iron rivetted on it. **S Sech** is mentioned in Lambert's dictionary as the Pennsylvania German word for the coulter of a plow, but this is rarely heard today. It comes from the German word, **es Sech.** Oddly, in a book on farming published in Leipzig, Germany, in 1762, the word is spelled **Segg** and **Saeg.**

All harrows were of wood and put together in the form of an "A," and were bound or reinforced with iron. The teeth of the earliest harrows too were of wood, but the harrows made by our blacksmith had iron teeth weighing from one pound upwards. Other than plows and harrows, some farmers also had

ein Schaufel Eg
ein Schaufel Pflug
ein Welschkarn Pflug
ein Ausferger
ein Hoken Pflug
ein Wals
ein Schleef Regen

Even this simple requirement was far from being in general use. In 1838 about one out of two farmers had a horse-drawn cultivator, or **Schaufel Pflug,** and, in the same year, in all of Berks County there were only 53 horse-drawn hayrakes. These rakes were not mounted on wheels, but were dragged along on the ground, whence we got our Pennsylvania German name, **schleefrechen,** which we have retained to this day.

Miscellaneous and Unidentified Items

In addition to everything already mentioned, the list below are things we would like our readers to help us identify:

ein Keideluhr gemacht
ein Pytten Lack gemacht, 50 Punt
ein gras nagel gemacht
ein Welbam gebunden, 30 Punt
ein drick eise gemacht
ein drick stecken beschlagen
ein drick hewel beschlagen
ein feter gemacht
8 ladendreer gemacht
4 niednegel gemacht
12 Stiebel gemacht, 1½ Punt
8 Eisnegel geschlagen
6 Stabbers gemacht

Boyersford, Pa.
February 1957

Please send definitions for the above unusual words in care of Editor of the ECK, Morning Call, Allentown, Pa.

A PROPHECY

One of the scenes in the recent pageant "The Seed of the Harvest," marking the final feature in Bethlehem, Pa., of the 500th anniversary year of the Moravian Church was that of the great educator and Moravian Bishop, Johann Amos Comenius (real name Komenski), leading his small group of Moravian Brethren from Bohemia into Polish exile, where the "Hidden Seed" might be preserved for future sowing.

It brings to the mind of the Editor of the ECK a little known or forgotten poem by the Moravian poetess, Louise A. Weitzel, who lived until her death in 1934 in Lititz, Pa. Her Pennsylvania German dialect poems have frequently appeared in the ECK, but she was also a talented writer of English poems. In one of these, "The Prophecy," she commemorates the exiled Comenius. The poem, reprinted here, was included in a book of her poems "A Quiver of Arrows" published in Lititz, Pa. in 1908.

On the Bohemian mountains
Comenius stood, the seer.
Behind him lay the pleasant land
Which he still held so dear.
Before him lay the wide world,
An exile he had trod,
But to his country always true,
His brethren and his God.

The church he loved was scattered
In cave and forest lone.
Men had more confidence in beasts
Than kindred of their own.
Gone up in smoke and ashes
The work of hand and brain,
While happy home and prosperous town
The wanderer sought in vain.

But with unwavering courage
And faith undaunted yet,
Though by a legion doubts assailed
And trials hard beset,
He uttered the prediction
The centuries have proved true:
That Bohemia's rushed and outlawed church
Should blossom forth anew.

Count Zinzendorf, the noble,
Furnished the garden fair.
On German soil the "Hidden Seed"
Sprang up with proper care.
'Twas there Bohemia's exiles
Founded a home once more
Beyond the reach of cruel foes
And persecution sore.

The bones of old Komensky
Two hundred years have lain
Far from the land he loved so well
But never saw again,
And the church he served and honored
Has compassed sea and land
And works unceasing to this day
To keep her Lord's command.

SCHPOTYAAHR

Der Summer iss nau verbei
Un's Schpotyaahr nau iss surely do.
Die Schtrohhiet gehn zum closet nei
Bis alles voll — un was en show!

Die Bledder, die so grie un schee,
Warre geel, gehn dod, un falle ab,
Uff wieschder Dreck un alde Schtee,
Un mixe mit em Dreck un Schtaab.

Des Wetter nau des iss zu kalt
Fer lang uff der porch zu hocke,
Un O! was duhn die Beem im Wald
Die Gibbel biegge, nunner ducke.

Die scheene Veggel — net die Schpatze—
Sin fatt fer nooch der waarme South;
Ihr Fechte un ihr Schtrabatze
Iss nau verbei an unserm Haus.

Der John geht in der Busch, fer was?
Walniss lese, wie en guter Kall;
Yuscht finnt schier kenni un hot ken Schpass—
Wu sin sie dann? Geh, frog die Gschwall.

Des fancy Schtoft un Schockelschtiehl
Nau vun der porch all runner kummt;
Die iss gans leer un aa so kiehl;
Der Wind der blost bis alles brummt.

Im Schpotyaahr, eb der Froscht macht bloo,
Geh naus un hol was Gut fer esse;
Mach Sauerkraut un can was do,
Duh weck fers Vieh viel Sach fer fresse.

Am End vum Schpotyaahr oft watt's kalt,
Es kummt en Schtarm un diefer Schnee;
Waer Kleeder dann die waarm — net ald,
Net katze Schtrimp mit blose Bee!

—H. HORACE ROMIG

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Editorials

A Portent of Decline?

The millions of people who read about or witnessed Mike Todd's party for 18,000 guests in Madison Square Garden, New York, on Thursday night must have had a variety of reactions and very few of them favorable to its host, our modern Phineas T. Barnum. Certainly Barnum's fame as a showman was cast into oblivion by the highly imaginative motion picture producer of "Around the World in 80 Days." This free-spender had assets for operation that Barnum never dreamed of, including modern methods of communication that put the Madison Square Garden exhibition in a huge show window where all the nation could see and hear it.

As far as Mr. Todd was concerned it was a highly successful party. It not only advertised the first anniversary of an already extraordinarily successful motion picture but served to give the most favorable advance billing to another of his films that now is in the making. And it could not have embarrassed him financially even if 18,000 people ate and drank to their fill after an exhibition of circus acts and a fabulous pageant. Only an ancient "Roman holiday" or the more recent durbars of Hindu princes may have exceeded it in numbers of participants and garish display. Much of the expense was borne by publicity seekers who strove to "get into the big act" and contributed magnificent gifts, not forgetting a clowder of some 18 Siamese cats. And what costs were not covered by a lot of Mike's friends may be absorbed among the deductible income tax items of Mr. Todd's corporations.

Undoubtedly the huge party satisfied most of Mr. Todd's expectations. If his expectations included eclipse of such eminent party-givers as Elsa Maxwell and "Call Me Madam" Mesta they too appear to have been satisfied.

Apart however from being perhaps the biggest, most expensive and most garish party, and its advertising value for a pair of motion pictures, the question is whether any other valuable purpose was served.

An elder generation can recall a sensational party given around the turn of the century by Mrs. Bradley Martin of New York. It was exclusive as to its invitation list. It was an extraordinarily lavish and expensive party.

Its evident wastefulness and vain show of wealth were repugnant and insulting to the general public in a day when unemployment and poverty were rife thruout the land.

The good taste of such an event as Thursday night's party already is being challenged. Its conspicuous wastefulness and extravagance will be widely cited as evidences of decadence and decline. It will have furnished the theme for innumerable pulpit jeremiads and fulminations by moralists. Listen for the refrain:

Such were the portents of the fall of the Roman empire and other civilizations and cultures.

A Bite for Hand That Feeds

It is one of the contentions of Milovan Djilas, the former vice president of Yugoslavia (now a long - term political prisoner in that country), that Communism must have outside recognition for its success. Such recognition is essential to its theory of perfection.

Mr. Djilas wrote a lengthy book in condemnation of the system as a whole. This one point emphasizes the political wisdom of Chancellor Adenauer in his consistent refusal to recognize the East German Communist government. It likewise furnishes an explanation for the dogged determination of the United States to refuse recognition to Communist China by agreeing to admit her to the United Nations.

It is discouraging therefore to West Germany, to the United States and to the West in general that Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia has announced recognition of East Germany. Thereby he has slapped the West's face and given the heartiest encouragement to the Moscow - controlled government of East Germany.

It reemphasizes the fact that Tito is a Communist but one who is not permitting his country to be run from Moscow as is the case with all the iron curtain area. Altho Tito has been kept upon sound economic feet by loans and grants from the West and altho fundamental Communist practices have failed among his people, he continues belief in and practice of a philosophy that basically is the same as that of Khrushchev.

What is most serious is that this recognition of East Germany by Yugoslavia hurts instead of helps hopes of a reunion of all the German people under one government, not a Communist but a democratic government. Such reunion has been Adenauer's hope. It has been shared by the Germans of the West in all certainty and to large degree by the Germans in the East. To what degree, only a free election could determine. But free elections are far from political thinking east of the Elbe river.

Tito has again bitten the hand that has been feeding him.

Get Out and Walk

"Get out and walk" says Dr. Paul Dudley White, President Eisenhower's heart specialist. He addresses his professional advice not merely to the middle-aged and the aged and those of their number who have been threatened by coronary difficulties but to everybody who is not getting a sufficient amount of exercise.

Writing in the New York Times magazine, the eminent authority contends that exercise is as essential to good health as sleep, food, work, recreation and peace of mind. He himself, already a septuagenarian, is an energetic hiker, bike rider and wood chopper.

He speaks especially to young people who should expand their activities "beyond that of getting out of automobiles, buses, trains and planes." He recommends a return to the use of one's legs.

Dr. White explains that regular exercise helps build good muscle tone in the arms and legs and thus maintains an improved circulation of blood in the veins.

The compression of the veins by the skeletal muscles helps to pump the blood back into the heart, while soft muscles do not accomplish the job as well. They also increase the threat of blood clots, which could cause damage to the body, sometimes affecting the brain, causing paralysis.

Exercise also helps digestion, improves bowel function and "helps more to induce sleep than any medicine, highball or television show."

"Finally, and I believe most important of all," Dr. White said, "there is the beneficial effect of exercise on the nervous system and the psyche."

"A five-mile walk," he said, "will do more good to an unhappy but healthy adult than all the medicine and psychology in the world."

Only exercise can assure a state of positive health, he said. And the difference between such a state and a state of mere existence could mean in an emergency the difference between life and death.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

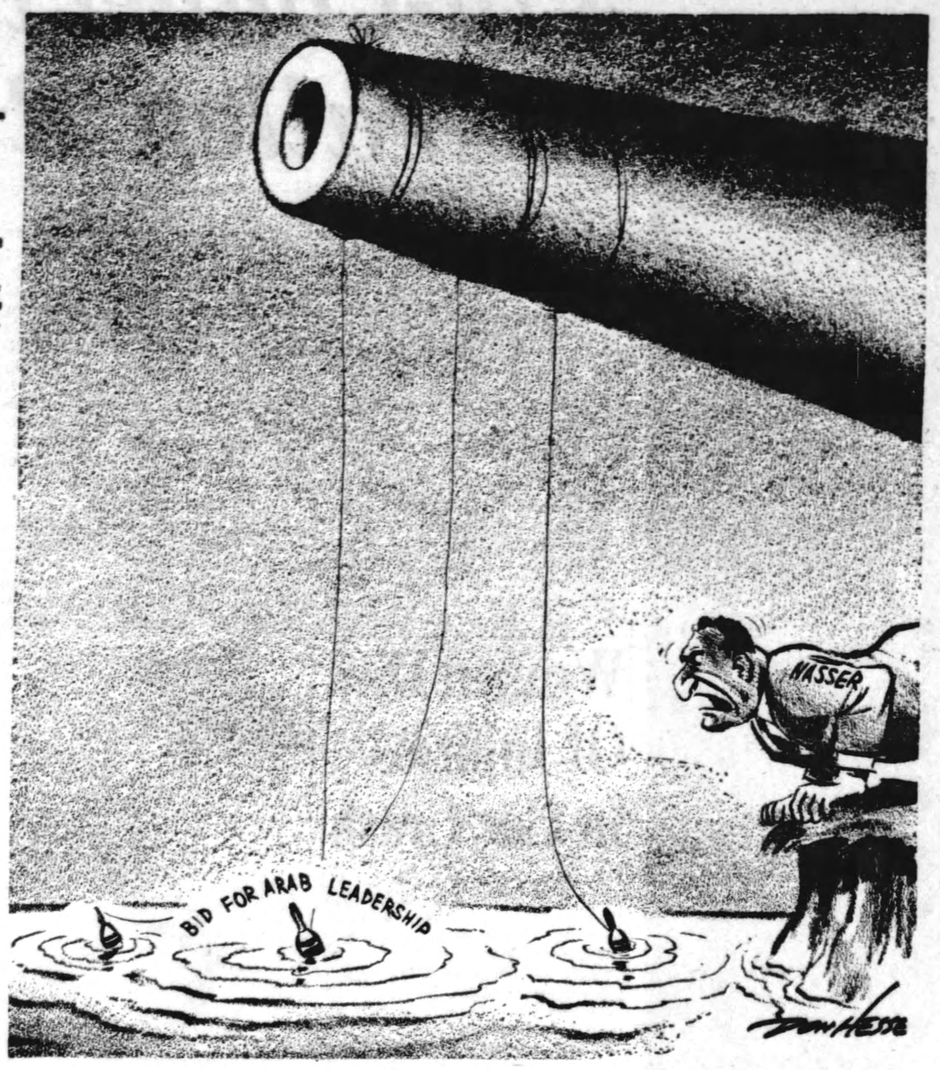
A LULLABY

Rock-a-by baby on grandmother's knee,
Grandma will swing you to rest;
Off to the land of the sugar plum tree,
Nestle on grandmother's breast.
Mother has gone to her club, baby dear.
Close now your pretty blue eyes.
Grandma will watch you and care for you here
While mamma works hard for a prize.

Mamma is playing at bridge, baby dear;
Grandma will rock you to sleep.
Hush, little one, you have nothing to fear;
Grandma her vigil will keep.
Grandma is near you, so travel away
And sail on the wonderful sea;
Go where the fairies are always at play;
Your mamma has left you to me.

(Copyright 1957)

'Come on You . . . Bite!'



World of Tomorrow

By DAVID LAWRENCE

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power. . .await alike the inevitable hour" —, these lines of Thomas Gray in his famous elegy came to mind as the nation's capital welcomes the Queen of the British Commonwealth. For, however much the ceremonies and celebrations here are a dramatic tribute to the steadfastness of Anglo-American relations, the fact remains that these are symbols of yesterday's world.

It is the world of today and tomorrow that gives concern to an anxious America and an anxious Britain.

Even as the Queen was saluting the colonial heritage of our country at Jamestown, Virginia, the secretary of state of the United States was issuing a warning to the rulers of the Soviet Union that, if Turkey is attacked, there will be retaliation by American military forces.



Lawrence

Mr. Dulles likened the situation to the period just before the Korean War broke out in 1950. But just before that event there were no such warnings. Instead, there was an ill-advised declaration that America considered Korea as outside the "defense perimeter" of the United States.

Maybe the stern words of Secretary Dulles are necessary to prevent a local war into which the rest of the world subsequently might be drawn.

Maybe the cynical attitude of some observers here that Mr. Dulles is bluffing and is engaging in a game of what they call "Brinkmanship" can encourage miscalculation by Moscow, just as the Nazis miscalculated when they assumed in 1939 that America would never enter the war. Maybe also the Soviet Union is just bold enough to follow up the recent dispatch of Egyptian troops to Syria with a maneuver which will turn the Arab world against Israel and start a fresh blaze in the Middle East.

Cementing Relations

This is the realism that confronts the world as the Queen's visit affords a good opportunity to cement America's relations with Britain, which were impaired during the Suez crisis of a year ago.

But in the background is another psychological force of tremendous proportions. It is the force of Russia's spectacular stunt in releasing a "satellite" that goes spinning around the earth. The reaction in America has been one of hurt pride at being beaten and also of grave fear of the portent of the Russian feat.

The hurt pride may be assuaged in the coming months as American scientists launch a satellite of their own. But the fear of the Soviet rulers and what they may capriciously do to disturb world peace will remain. Secretary Dulles showed himself to be very courageous when he lashed out at the Soviet rulers in his press conference Wednesday. Declaring that they quibble and equivocate and do not keep their agreements, he doubted that anything might be accomplished by more meetings "at the summit" or between Marshal Zhukov and President Eisenhower. He seemed to discourage any idea that something constructive now could come out of disarmament talks or from such four-hour conferences as he had with Foreign Minister Gromyko last Saturday.

It's a bleak prospect for tomorrow's world—a continuance of the tension that has prevailed for several years and a virtual certainty now that tax reduction for the American taxpayer will be abandoned as more and more billions have to be spent for armament.

Cause for Worry

For the United States has not been bluffed into submission and surrender, though, to be sure, since the "Sputnik" episode, it is discouraging to note that the cries for "peaceful coexistence" seem to be finding more favor with certain sections of American opinion which have always wanted to do business with the Communists.

The cold truth is that the world has cause for anxiety and worry. The Queen's visit is helpful because it brings two friendly peoples closer together. But it is the alliance and combination of the technical, the scientific, the military and the moral forces of the entire free world which now must be consummated if an effective "balance of power" to keep the peace is to be achieved.

Statesmanship—which doesn't mean narrow partisanship in foreign affairs such as so many of the self-styled spokesmen on the Democratic side are exhibiting — is an acute need. Maybe it is a time for a coalition conference of the sensible leaders of both parties to be summoned by the President to take the missile controversy out of politics and to forge inside America a new unity in international affairs. That's a pressing requirement for survival in tomorrow's world.

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2 Paces to Rear

By GEORGE DIXON

The thing about the royal visit that is causing me the most personal concern is that every time they hoof around officially, Prince Philip has to walk two paces behind his wife. As an old Aborigine, who lives by the law of the Mohawks, I consider that un-American.

I will admit the Queen might look a bit anachronistic trailing her husband shouldering a load of sticks, but this business of walking ahead of her man would never be tolerated in our enlightened tribe. The medicine men would look upon it as breaking down the very fundamentals of society.

I must confess that, in my own family, I stay in the background, but this is not from choice. And sympathetic acquaintances do not call me a "Royal Highness" for tolerating it. You ought to hear what they call me!

This country already is headed too far toward a matriarchal society without this imported incentive. I hate to think of the effect it will have upon our power-bloated Washington females when they see one of their sex successfully keeping her consort in the background.

I trust that Queen Elizabeth II does not insist upon extending this untribal custom to their horseback riding. If Prince Philip has to remain behind her it means he never gets to ride a winner. Willie Hartack would never stand for it.

I can picture the Duke of Edinburgh on a trailing mount, calling to bystanders, "Which way did she go?" If he has to remain behind her at all times he couldn't even put the spurs to his horse like that great American exponent of masculinity triumphant, the Lone Ranger, and yippee:

"I'll head her off at Eagle Pass!"

• • •

It is an axiom of our business that no attention whatsoever should be paid to anonymous letters because skulkers who snipe from hiding at persons standing out in the open are too contemptible to merit a second's consideration.

There is, moreover, a psychopathic pattern that runs through anonymous letters, either explicitly, or implicitly, the perpetrator, almost invariably, claims superiority over some other person, or group of persons.

In some instances the cowardly sneak complains of being forced to work for an employer who knows less about the business than he does. In others he wails of having to perform menial tasks for a social inferior, or of having to submit to catechizing from an intellectual inequal.

There are many other variations, but it always adds up to the same thing: the inferior striving to feel superior.

The other day I witnessed the obvious dregs of humanity picketing the White House. I referred to them as "Jasper Kasper and his white sublunacy group." In response I have just received a letter.

It bears an Arlington, Va. postmark. It is anonymous, and the handwriting seems to be feminine. It is herewith copied exactly, down to the last misspelling and mispunctuation, because I submit it proves beyond peradventure that the writer is superior to no one on earth:

"Dear Mr. Dixon (should be Nixon). It was with considerable interest when I read your fine col. your attempt at belitteling the pickets at the White (Black) House, it only goes to show just how lowe some writer's can get in trying to browbeet some fine Americans to please a few stinking ones, so you feel you are a good American, too eh?

"'Ha' as a reporter, you no doubt would make a very good handler of rotten garrbage — I am sure that my dad, who was a top editor for the best newspapers in the State of Kansas (for over 60 years) good old, segregation lover Ike's home state would have been more then pleased to have you grace the city desk in his office.

"He'd love your ideas I'm sure', they are so becomming for a good reporter.

"Keep up the fine work, pal, you and your dark brothers, will break down the American way of life yet, if you try hard enough (you think) yours. Devoted reader."

I rest my case.

(Copyright 1957)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Exodus 12:26-32.

One of the interesting moments in the Seder (the Jewish Passover service as the family is sitting around the table) is that when the children begin to ask the father as to the service. The answer to be given is recorded in v. 27: "It is the sacrifice of the Lord's Passover, who 'passed over' the houses of the children of Israel in Egypt when He smote the Egyptians, and delivered our houses."

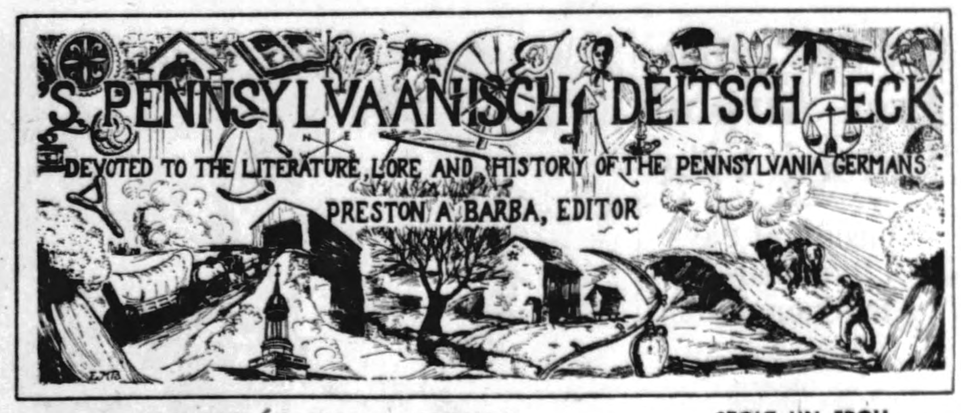
"And the people bowed the head and worshipped. So, at midnight, the Lord smote all the firstborn in the land of Egypt, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne unto the firstborn of the captive that was in the dungeon, and all the firstborn of cattle.

"And Pharaoh rose up in the night, he, and all his servants, and all the Egyptians: and there was a great cry in Egypt, for there was not a house where there was not one dead. So Pharaoh called for Moses and Aaron by night, and said: "Rise up, and get you forth from among my people, both ye and the children of Israel, and go, serve the Lord, as ye have said. Also take your flocks and your herds, as ye have said, and be gone, and bless me also," meaning no doubt, that never again might such a plague come upon him and upon his people.

Horoscope

Your business and financial affairs call for little comment except that domestic affairs may cause you heavy expense. Today's child will be shrewd, subtle, artistic and musical.

The turbines of modern fighter planes suck in 132,000 cubic feet of air every minute in flight.



EN BISSEL WOLLENWEBERISCH

By HEINZ KLOSS

"Wollenweberisch," or, in English, "Wollenweberese" would be a fitting name for that brand of written Pennsylvania German which strongly smacks of the High German. The name is derived from Ludwig August Wollenweber (1807-1888), a native of the Palatinate who came to Pennsylvania as a political refugee in the Thirties of the 19th Century. He was associated with a number of German newspapers but in later life retired from the newspaper business, devoting all his time to literary labors, first in Lebanon and later in Womelsdorf and Reading, Pa.

Most of Wollenweber's writings were in the High German, taking up, however, Pennsylvania German topics by preference. But he is also the author of one of the very first Pennsylvania German books, the **Gemaelde aus dem Pennsylvanischen Volksleben (1869),** which came out but one year after Rauch's **Campaign Breefa** and simultaneously with Rachel Bahn's **Poems.** Since the latter volume contained more English poems, and since Rauch's little volume was but a small pamphlet, Wollenweber's book retains the distinction of having been the first full-fledged book written entirely in Pennsylvania German or in what he believed to be the dialect. We need not here repeat the apt criticism of his language which Reichard gives in his **Pennsylvania German Dialect Writings** (1918, pp. 103-104). Far more important than the obvious shortcomings of his diction is the spirit pervading the book. He was truly familiar with life among the rural Pennsylvania Germans, and sincerely identified himself with them. Witness his poem "Ich bin e Pennsylvaenier" which even in our times appears frequently on the printed programs of **Versammlinge** and the like. He succeeded in catching something of the atmosphere of his adopted land and folk which counts more than any formal mastery of the tongue to which he was not native.

It is little known that he was also a columnist, writing over the pen-name "Der Alte vom Berge." The specimen of his prose which I here submit is from the "Banner of Berks" (Reading) for Dec. 1, 1874:

Womelsdorf 27. Nov. 1874

"Wie kummt es dass es so viele scheinheilige und heuchlerische Leute gebt," frug Nachbar Henn seine Nachbarn, als wir am Sonntag Abend gemiethlich um seinen Ofen sassen. Da ihm keiner der Anwesenden die Frage beantwortete, so hob er an un sagte: "Ich will euch eine Geschichte verzaehlen, die mir der den sie betroffen, mitgeteilt, un woraus ihr ziemlich genau ausfinne koennt, was die genau ausfinne koennt, was die Ursach der vielen Heuchelei ischt. Ja heut zu Dag ischt es ja, wie ihr selber wisst, zum Gebrauch worre, dass wann jemand Geschaefte mache will, er oft in die Kerchen und Betstunden lafe muss un sich verschwoere, dass er ken geistig Getraenk zu sich nehmen will, ah de Kopp herunner haenge losse wie en 30-jaehricher Gaul. Es muss ah der Parrer oft ins Haus inweitet und acht gewe werre, dass ihn die Nochbere ein—un ausgehn sehen, dann werd gleich gekrische, der Joe oder Pitt sei Familie sin arg religioes und fromme Leut, bei denne kummt gewiss der Segen Gottes. Awer nau zu meiner Geschicht.

"Ihr kennt doch alle de Jaeck Ofenrohr, der jetzt am obere Tulpehocken en schoene Farm egnet. Well, der Jaeck war immer en ufrichtiger, ehrlicher un fleissiger Mann, weil er awwer ken Kerchemann war un dann un wann en guter Whisky zu sich genumme un dabei lustig worre ischt, so haw ihn seine Nochbere, obschun sie gewisst, dass grosser Friede in seim Haus war un er en tuechtiger Schaffmann war, doch gehasst un haett er net, obschun er en gutgeschulter Kerl ischt, als Constabler gewaehlt werre koenne. Nau for en paar Jahre ischt viel Krankheit in sei Haus kumme, es sin ihm en paar Gaeul tod gange, er hot 3 Kueh un 4 Sei nochenander verlore un so ischt der Jaeck hinnersich kumme un in Schulde gerothe, do ischt er zu seine wohlhabige arg christliche Nochbere gange un hot sie um alles gebitt' sie sollte ihm ebbes Geld lehne, das er sich aus der Noth helfen koennt, es waer gross Elend bei ihm. Da war awer ken Mensch der ihm en Dahler lehne wollt un musst er noch die harte Worte hoere, wer net in die Kerch un Betstund geht un Whisky sauft, ischt nix werth, dem kann man nix anvertraue.

"Die so harte Worte, da er sich kener Ungerechtigkeit bewusst war, hawe ihn arg verdrosse un uf dem Hemweg hot er zu sich selber geschwaetzt: Die Welt will gehumbugt sein, ich sehe in unserer Zeit die Heuchler un Scheinheilige besser fortkomme als die ehrliche Leute, Jaeck Ofenrohr! geh a mol dran un spiel die Comedie, bat's nix, schad's nix. Wie er hehm kummt, sagt er seine Fra un Kinner, wir muesse uns bekehre. Sei Fra war ganz verschrocke, wie sie so Worte hoert un hot geglabt der Jaeck haet en Bissel zu viel Feuerwasser im Leib, wie er awer erzaehlt wie es ihm bei de Nochbere gegange ischt, war sie ganz mit ihm einverstanne. Freund Oferohr geht noch de saeme Owed zum Parrer un sagt ihm, dass er un sei Haus sich bekehre wollten un er soll es so schnell un so viel als moeglich bekannt machen. Da Jaeck's Nochbere all arge Kercheleut sin, so war am naechste Sundag die Kerch gedraengt voll, denn jeder wollte die reuigen Suender sehen. Nachdem die Familie auf dem Suenderbaenkel Platz genumme, hatt der duennbehnig, langhalsige Parrer, der wie en ausgepresster Lemon ausguckt, angefange uewer die Suender un Whisky Trinker zu dunnere, dass es ganz erbaermlich anzuhoere war un hot zuletzt gemehnt, es waer die hoechste Zeit gewese, dass die Suender gekomme waere for sich zu bekehre, awer der Jaeck hat net ufgeguckt, un die Kitt hot en Gesicht gemacht als wie die Katz wann's dunnert.

"Wie die Bekehrerei vorbei war, hawe die arg christliche Nochbere gemehnt, der Jack Ofenrohr daet jetzt so sauber ausgucke wie frisch gefallener Schnee, un kaum war die Woch um, so war dem Bekehrten von vielen Seiten Geld zu lehne angebote, was er ahgenomme un gleich seine dringendsten Schulden damit bezahlt. Der langbehnig Parre war anfangs taeglich im Haus, da ihm awer die Kitty ken gebacknes Hinkel uf de Tisch gestellt, noch Zeit gehabt sich mit ihm abzugewe, blieb er bald aus. Mit allem Fleiss ischt awer der Jack mit seine Buwe an die Erbet gange un am naechste April ware all sei Schulde bezahlt un er wieder en independenter Mann.

"Noch un noch ischt er immer weniger in die Kerch kumme un als en parr Nochbere ihm Vorwuerf darueber gemacht, hot er gemehnt, er haet, um net zu Grund zu gehn, lang genunk mit de Woelf heule un de Heuchler spiele muesse, so en Christentum waer nix wert. Die Kercheleut hawe sich dann davon geschliche als haet sie der Hund gebisse."

"Ja," hot der Nochber Daen gemehnt, "die Welt werd darch die Heuchler un Scheinheiligen arg verdorbe." — "Well," fuhr dann Nochberg Henn fort, "in der letschte Woch hab ich in Buesniss noch Stouchsburg gemuesst un weil der Jaeck Ofenrohr net weit davon abwohnt, un noch in meiner Verwandschaft ischt, do bin ich noch seiner Wohning, un ich kann euch sage, dass Alles in seinem Hof in der groessten Ordnung ischt. Die Kitt, en hartschaffiges Weibsmensch, ischt mir freundlich entgegekumme un hot net nachgelasse bis ich versproche bei ihne uewer Mittag zu bleiwe. Bald war ah der Jaeck bei der Hand un hot gemehnt, swaer ziemlich kalt un do muesst mer ebbes Warmes in den Leib nehme. Er holt en Bottle first rate Hunziker Olt Rye, setzt sich nebig mich un verzehlt sei Geschicht wie ich sie euch jetzt verzehlt hab un setzt noch dazu: 'Wie ich arm un in Noth war, sagte mei Nochbere swaer die Schuld, dass ich ken guter Christ sei, jetzt da es mir arg gut geht, ich mit kem vun all meine Nochbere tausche un ihr Geheul in der Kerch net meh hoere will, halte sie mich vor der Antichrist. Der Deiwel macht's de Leut recht.'"

(Wollenweber then winds up with a report in High German on a lecture Mayor Evans from Reading had held in Womelsdorf, and then signs:)

Ihr Alter vom Berge

You will have noticed that Wollenweber uses the Pennsylvania German only when quoting his "Nachbar Henn" but not when telling about Henn and his neighbors. In this however he is not entirely consistent, as witness his "hot der Nochber Daen gemehnt" at the beginning of the third paragraph. Also it is apparent that his Pennsylvania German teems with words and phrases taken bodily over from the High German. In such a sentence as "ich sehe in unserer Zeit die Heuchler un Scheinheilige besser fortkomme als die ehrliche Leute" there are only slight reminiscences of the dialect.

Wollenweber's newspaper letter is revealing also in that it shows a bitter hostility towards church life. This attitude was typical of many of the liberals that immigrated from Germany in the nineteenth century, but it rarely occurred among Pennsylvania Germans. I do not mean to infer that all Pennsylvania Germans were loyal church people, but few, if any, would have cried out against church-goers with such bitterness. In the preface of his book **Das Reich Gottes auf Erden dargestellt in Predigten nach den Epistein des Kirchen-jahres"** (1883), a collection of sermons, Wm. A. Helffrich points out that the arch-enemy of the church in Germany is atheism **(Unglauben)** while that of the German-American churches is indifferentism **(Nichtglauben).** Nor would the native Pennsylvania German thus emphatically have made the issue of non-temperance or "personal liberty" part of his belief in free thought. So despite his intimate association with the American-born German element in Pennsylvania Wollenweber displays a noticeable foreignness in outlook as well as in idiom which he obviously was never quite able to overcome.

(Some may wish to take exception to the author's last statement. Dr. Kloss has introduced the reader to Wollenweber, the columnist, but our readers have met Wollenweber before as the genial writer of historic narratives, the author of Mountain Mary, Two Faithful Comrades (Tale about the first Germans in Pennsylvania), Hard Times in Berks and Peter Muhlenberg, all of which have appeared in the ECK in English translation.—ED.)

STOLZ UN FROH

Ich bin e Pennsylvaenier,
Druff bin ich stolz un froh;
Das Land iss schoe, die Leut sin nett,
Bei Tschinks! ich mach schier en'ge Wett,
'S biet's ke Land der Welt.

Mir stamme vun de Deutsche her,
Druff bin ich a recht stolz;
Die Deutsche sin arg brave Leut,
Sin sparsam, fleiszig und gescheut,
Sie biet ke Volk der Welt.

Do guk nur ens de Garte an,
Wie Pennsylvaenie hesz!
Wachst do net Alles schoe un gut
Un hot net jeder g'sundes Blut?
'S biet's ke Land der Welt.

Un net allenig uf der Erd'
Wachst Alles schoe un gut;
A drunne gebt's so viel ihr wollt,
Kohle, Eise — meh werth wie Gold,
'S biet's ke Land der Welt.

—L. A. W.

DER HERBST

Der Herbst ischt do,
Ach was bin ich doch so froh!
Die Hitz die mich schier ufgezehrt—
Hat ufgehoert.

Der Herbst ischt do,
Ach was bin ich doch so froh!
Thu mich nau am Obst recht labe—
Gottes Gabe.

Der Herbst ischt do,
Ach was bin ich doch so froh!
Will mich gern an Erbet plage—
Un net klage.

Der Herbst ischt do,
Ach wie bin ich doch so froh!
Wo ich hin guk allentwege—
Gottes Sege.

Was macht so gluecklich jedes Land,
Ischt's net dem Herbst sei Segeshand?—
Bring er net alles was mer will,
Un alles in so groszer Fuell?—
Dabei ischt er a wunnerschoe,
Sell muss doch jeder zugesteh';
Drum lieber Herbst, dich loben wir,
Kommt doch so viels Gut's von dir.

IM HERBST

Viele Leut sin der Mening, dasz der Herbst a schoenere Johreszeit waer wie der Fruehling, un ich mehn schier a so. 'S Fruehjohr ischt so arg korz, un manchmol gebt's arg veraennerlich Wetter, un do kommt noch dezu, dasz mer immer dran denkt, dasz nau der Summer kommt, wo die Hitz de Schaffleut un Faulenzer plogt. Do ischt aber der Herbst en annerer Kerl, do ischt's net zu worm un a net zu kalt, ueberall wo mer hinguckt, Frucht un Obst un hinnedran der schoe Gedanke, dasz der Winter jetzt kommt, wo die Baure ausruhe un Brotwerscht dezu esse, un's junge Volk ans Schlittefahre un's Heire denkt.

(The above verses and prose have been reprinted from Wollenweber's rare little book "Gemaelde aus dem Pennsylvanischen Volksleben" published in Philadelphia and Leipzig, 1869).

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Editorials

Fitting Punishment

A group of boys earlier in the week had a lot of so-called "fun" when with crayons, soap and paste they smeared parked automobiles, walls and windows of a school house, church and stores. Thursday night they had the unexpected and unplanned "fun" of removing all traces of their mischief after abject apologies to the owners of the damaged property, as directed by police of the Allentown Juvenile Bureau.

In a word, the police have fitted the punishment to the misdeed. Seven boys (if they have a modicum of intelligence) learned a valuable lesson. That lesson well may be learned by all prospective mischief makers from the experience of these seven.

It is a timely lesson because the weekend's evening hours are likely to prompt a lot of the youngsters to engage in dangerous and destructive pranks. How costly such pranks can be will be learned by the aforementioned boys when it becomes known whether damaged automobiles will have to be repainted — information that will be conveyed to the parents of the boys by the police today. The police expect that the traditional rod will not be spared when the full extent of the harm that the boys committed becomes known.

Word should be passed around effectively to the effect that the police are going to require boys, and young men, to gather up all the mess that they create, repair all the damage that they can and pay for all repairs and replacements of damaged property whilh they are themselves unable to repair. And to top it off, the police will demand that apologies be made by offenders to those offended.

This is pretty strong medicine that the doctors in City Hall are getting ready for any and all miscreants. But it is the kind of medicine that ought to cure any youngster of the idea that "fun" is to be gained out of causing discomfort and loss to others. The knowledge that this medicine is going to be administered and that it will have to be swallowed should be a deterrent to the mischief makers.

Best Parade Ever on Monday

The institution that is the Halloween Parade was established initially in this city and for that and population reasons it has in general set standards for performance and participation when the annual festival occasion comes along.

This promises to be true again when on Monday evening thousands of our children and a lot of disguised elders will make merry as they wend their way from the Fair Grounds to the Hamilton St. business district.

In the early days of the institution, little could be known in advance of the makeup of the parade except that a horde of costumed children and a few adults would gather in the neighborhood of each and every school. After being marshalled by firemen and police they proceeded to a central point — 7th and Chew Sts., for many years. It was pretty much a catch-as-catch-can business.

In recent years, by a process of advance registration, the committee that plans the event has a very good idea as to the character and size of participating bodies. It then can assign them to divisions according to a well-worked-out pattern.

According to this advance registration prospects for perhaps the largest and finest parade are ahead of the thousands of our people who will throng to the parade route on Monday evening. They have enjoyed previous shows. They should really be getting the greatest treat on Monday for there will be 24 bands in the line of march, 22 well-drilled and beautifully costumed marching groups and 25 floats. Added to this will be the free lances — the swarms of little people in costumes ranging from the most delicate creations of fairyland to the rag-tag scareerows, ragamuffins and urchins who but recently could have come right out of a ragpicker's barrel.

A lot of thinking and planning, and a lot of time and energy are put into the thousands of costumes that will be worn by the participants in the parade on Monday evening. A lot of them may not look it, nevertheless it is a fact.

It always has been a big show. The Halloween Parade on Monday night gives promise of being the biggest. Pleasant memories of other years, if nothing else, guarantee a huge public turnout.

Turning Time Backward

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight" was the poet's way of expressing an unrealizable human desire — unrealizable until Daylight Saving came along.

Taking an hour, theoretically, out of our lives while the world was sleeping in the early morning of the last Sunday in April, the system restores that hour tomorrow.

This year time is turned backward by an hour at 2 a.m. Sunday. Theoretically a lost hour will have been restored. The poet's words will be fulfilled when Americans turn the hands of the clock back to 1 a.m.

So as we near the completion of another year of daylight saving it is timely to review general public opinion concerning its desirability. Certainly there has been a minimum of protest about the system during the months and weeks immediately preceding the setting ahead of the hands of clocks in April. And during the summer when the effects of the change were felt, protests were far outweighed by satisfactions gained from enjoyment of an extra hour of daylight at the close of the average work day. It is not to be overlooked either that extension of the system by a full month into October has generally been enjoyed and approved.

Perishing by the Sword

"All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword", is a Biblical promise that is recalled by readers of the story of the assassination yesterday of Albert Anastasia, a New York gangster, on the very same scene as that of the murder of Arnold Rothstein, a gambler, almost thirty years ago.

As in the early murder, yesterday's crime is seen as the vengeance of Gangland and the operation of its laws of requital for crime.

The victim of yesterday's assassination on five occasions was charged with murder and, altho in the shadow of New York's electric chair on one occasion, he "beat the rap," as the criminals say, in all the cases.

There was a world of good reason for believing that he was the head of the notorious "Murder, Inc.", the group of assassins who could be hired to kill anybody whom a client desired to have put out of the way. Some sixty murders committed in the New York area in a brief period of time were attributed to Murder, Inc., and Anastasia was said to have been the lord high executioner in about half of them. But so completely did the murderers conceal themselves from police discovery that few and minor were the convictions secured by prosecuting officers.

Gangland took its own, good, easy time in wiping out this enemy of society who for full forty years defied the laws of God and man. Gangland wiped him out in the same way that he is believed to have destroyed scores of his fellowmen who included persons unknown to him and slain for a price as well as members of his own vicious underworld in which he had been an imperious boss.

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.

REPLY BY MR. GIANELLI

Dear Editor—

Answering Allentown's fire inspector, George M. Kratzer, I want the taxpayers to know that his recent letter is "half-baked," the same as his answer to my original request.

I admitted that I had appealed to the wrong department but I did not admit that I had called him at his home. They came to my home and insisted that I write a letter apologizing to Mr. Kratzer. I have not, nor will I ever apologize to him for what he told me.

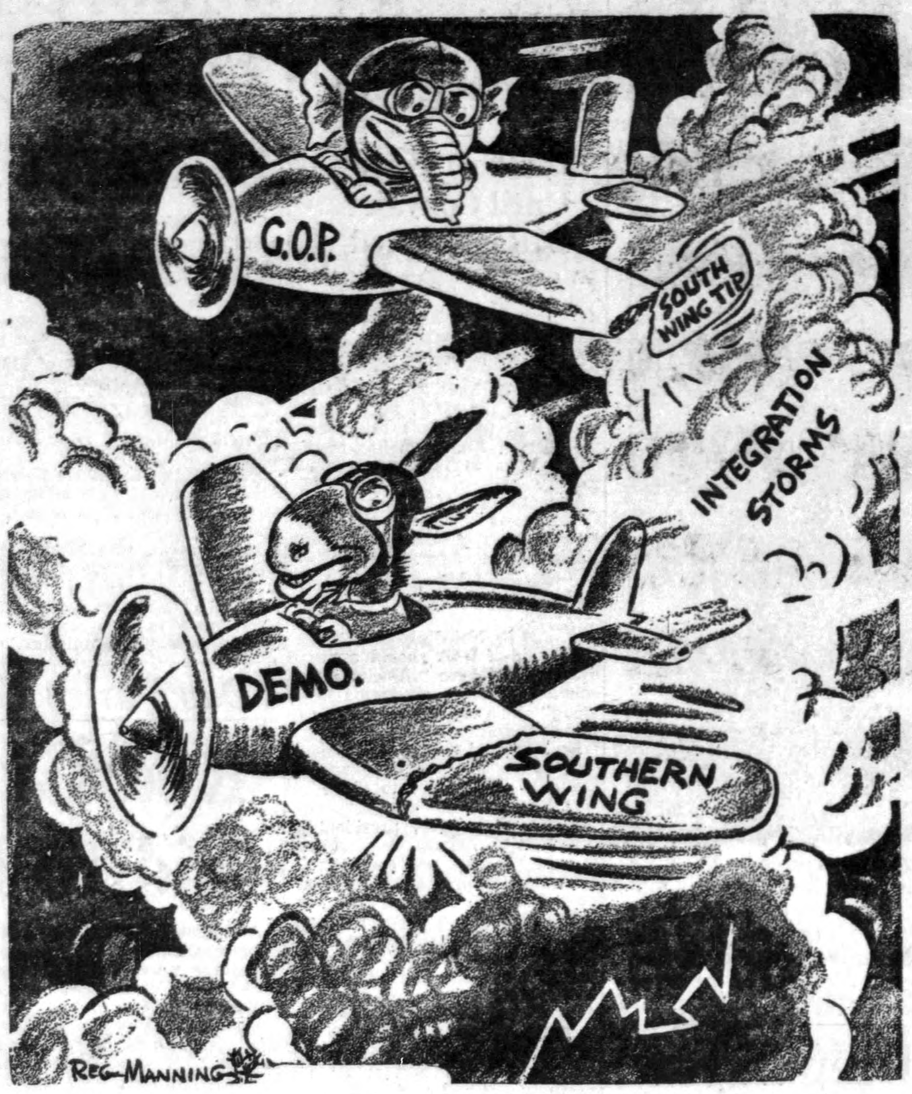
Again I want to stress the point that taxpayers have a right to expect the truth when we request information from a public servant. After all, we help to pay their salaries.

Hobart Giannelli
945 Oak St.

Horoscope

This is a most auspicious anniversary. Take reasonable risks and forge ahead. A happy romance or domestic event is probable. Today's child should be one of fortune's favorites, and as good-natured as lucky. May excel in any form of sport and possess abundant courage.

All Shook Up



Morale Building Tour

By DAVID LAWRENCE

President Eisenhower's decision to take the stump in defense of his administration is a concession to the "for-goodness-sake-do-something" school of thought. The decision is based on the theory that a half dozen speeches by the President in different parts of the country will boost the nation's morale and take its mind off the irritations, fears and misgivings arising out of the political and economic situation as well as the American dilemma in "outer space."

A president's leadership can be constructively helpful, provided it is persuasive and is based on sound policies. But there is very little that can be done when economic ills befall a country — the doom of an incumbent political party is foreshadowed anyway by the business trend. For the American voter still is influenced by his pocketbook irrespective of party affiliation.



Lawrence

If the elections were held today, the Republicans would elect less than 100 members of the House — almost as low a number as they had after the 1932 election, when Franklin Roosevelt won his first term. As things look now, it is likely that the Republicans will lose many seats in the Senate in the 1958 elections, and that the Democratic majority in both houses will be the biggest in recent years.

Thus, the Republican rural vote in such border states as Maryland, Kentucky, Oklahoma, Missouri and West Virginia has been alienated by the controversy over the use of troops in Arkansas. The Negro voters swinging to the Republican side in the Northern states will not offset the losses because economic considerations will keep the bulk of the Negro vote in the Democratic column.

It is, indeed, a political crisis of serious proportions that is causing the President, in the midst of some of the most pressing problems on the national as well as international front, to take time out to go to the country.

While Mr. Eisenhower cannot be a candidate for another term because of the constitutional limitation, he nevertheless has been rightly persuaded that he must do something to bolster the Republican party's failing cause. The 1960 presidential campaign will be fought on the Eisenhower record no matter who is the nominee of the party. The people will vote for or against the eight years of Eisenhower policies.

The 1958 congressional election is bound to introduce a new flock of presidential candidates, and it seems to be in the cards for some governor to be the Democratic nominee next time. Governor Meyner of New Jersey, Democrat, for instance, is being talked about considerably in political circles as a possible presidential candidate. He is expected to win in a big way next month in New Jersey, and this will boost his chances for 1960's presidential nominations.

Highly placed Democrats are arguing whether Adlai Stevenson can make it again. Opinions vary from those who think his two defeats would militate against him to those who insist he is still the best vote-getter in the party. Vice President Nixon is still out in front for the Republican nomination.

But the skirmishing in the more immediate contest — the congressional election — will intensify in the next session of Congress. The split inside the Democratic party is hardly remediable at this stage because of the defection of the Southern Democrats but, for purposes of the 1958 election, it isn't necessary for the Northern and Southern wings to reconcile their differences. Republican nominees will be on their own, and so will the Democratic nominees in each district or state.

Can President Eisenhower save the situation? There is little that he can do to alleviate the economic ills of the "readjustment" through which the country is slowly passing. There is more that he can do to offset the propaganda that his administration doesn't stand in high repute throughout the world. This is related to the changes in the international picture, especially the Middle East, which reflect fluctuations in the "cold war" rather than in American foreign policy. The visits of the Queen and Prime Minister Macmillan have helped immeasurably to mend Anglo-American relations.

The Eisenhower administration is on the defensive today largely because it has not learned the basic rule of politics, which is that public policies must be defended every day and counteroffensives undertaken constantly lest the battle in the court of public opinion be lost by default. The President is more to be pitied than scorned for the downturn in the political fortunes of his administration. Only a miracle can save the day, but miracles do sometimes happen in politics.

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Market Reaction

By SYLVIA PORTER

Does a man who has definite plans to buy a 1958 car decide to give the purchase a second thought because he reads on the front pages about the violent fluctuations in the stock market? Even though he himself doesn't own a single share of stock and is not directly involved?

Does a woman who intends to refurnish her living room on the installment plan next spring make up her mind that the old furniture can do for another year because she reads workers are being laid off from coast to coast due to cutbacks in defense spending? Even though her husband's job seems completely secure?

Does a corporation's board of directors which has blueprinted an expansion program call a special meeting to reappraise the program because the directors are reading about declines in factory orders, profits, commodity prices? Even though the corporation's own sales are rising and its expansion program appears as warranted today as three months ago? Can, in short, a "depressed" psychology send us speeding toward a downturn we need not have — a business recession which would be bitterly wasteful and terribly dangerous to the entire free world? Our psychological reaction to what is now going on in our economy will be vital in determining whether business is going to move from today's plateau into a new uptrend or a downtrend of possibly serious proportions.

Could Be Trouble

For to put it without quibbling, if the answer to the questions I've put here is "yes" we really can be in for trouble. Certainly, the man who owns the stocks feels "poorer" today than he did last July. The Stock Market has gone through the worst cleanout since 1946 despite the historic recovery on Wednesday; he may not have sold a share, but the very fact that he has lost money on paper makes him feel less enthusiastic.

Obviously, the woman whose husband has been laid off from his job is not going to buy things she doesn't have to buy. And understandably, the business firm in a major profit squeeze is going to reconsider all programs for spending. Still, the key question is not the psychology and actions of consumers and businesses already affected by the flattening out in our economy. The key question is the psychology and actions of those not yet affected — for these are the vast majority. The business statistics themselves continue impressively good.

But the headlines day after day are about layoffs of workers from Long Island to Long Beach. The reports day after day are about corporations which are finding making profits increasingly difficult even on record sales. And the wildly fluctuating Stock Market — first plunging, then skyrocketing — has now made the front pages.

Healthy

As the head of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, Alfred Hayes, put it the other day, "The greatest change in the last two or three months has been not in business statistics, which on the whole have changed very little, but in business sentiment, which has deteriorated appreciably." Hayes then added that he considers this change in sentiment "a healthy development, if held within reasonable limits . . ." But will the deterioration in sentiment be held "within reasonable limits?"

No statistician ever has found a way to chart accurately how you and I react to what we have been reading and hearing. It'll take a lot of time and a lot of stock price upswings to repair the damage done by the Stock Market's action since summer, and we, the consumers, are the mightiest prop of all under our prosperity. If we get bewildered and scared, the most carefully worked out projections will go into the ashcan.

Our goal is economic growth, not recession. Our great aim is an expanding, confident economy — not a stabilized dollar at the cost of a needless business slump. It is time for the Administration and the Federal Reserve Board to do their own reappraising of their anti-inflation policies in view of the danger of a psychological retreat by the public. And the time for this reappraisal is not tomorrow; it is today, Right now.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

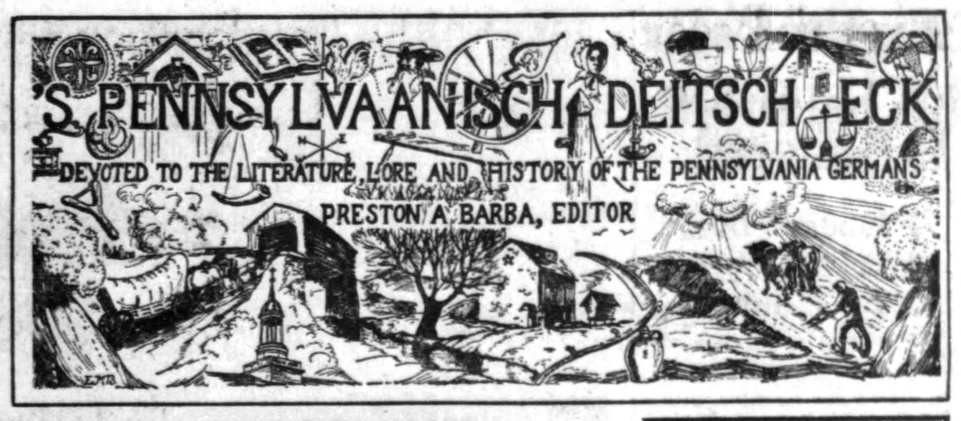
EXODUS 14:23-27

The verses for today present a most dramatic picture as the Egyptians pursue the children of Israel along the dry path through the midst of the Red Sea, even all Pharaoh's horses, his chariots, and his horsemen (how about Pharaoh in person?).

And it came to pass, that in the morning watch the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians, and took off their chariot wheels, that they drave them heavily, so that the Egyptians said: "Let us flee from the face of Israel, for the Lord fighteth for them against the Egyptians."

And the Lord said unto Moses: "Stretch out thine hand over the sea, that the waters may come again upon the Egyptians, upon their chariots, and upon their horsemen. And Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to his (its) strength when the morning appeared; and the Egyptians fled against it; and the Lord overthrew (the reference column says "shook off") the Egyptians in the midst of the sea."

In Psalm 106:2 we find this question: "Who can utter the mighty acts of the Lord?" Read verses 7-11 of the Psalm in this connection.



LATTWARRICK KOCHE

vum FRANKLIN D. SLIFER

'S ISS en gans anneri Luft. Sie riecht gans annerschder. 'S iss die Zeit vum Yaahr wann die Reife aafange falle un die Bledder zottle so eens ums anner vun de Beem. Die Sundaag-schule picnics sin verbei, un so aa iss es greesschte Deel vum Summer. Es Schpotyaahr iss widder ver der Dier, en arriye Zeit fer die Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche in verbeigangne Yaahre. Fer die Kinner waar als des die Zeit fer die Schule widder aafange, fer die Mammi schtaute Haus butze, un fer der Daadi die Soot naus mache. Oweds nooch der Schul hen als die Kinner die Windmiehl gedreht fer der Soot-weeze butze. Die Grumbiere waare zu lese, die Ebbel zu roppe, un iwwerdem iss es Welschkann-baschde abgange. Glei hot mer als Hickerniss un Walniss lese kenne, un Keschte schwinge. Un eb lang iss es ans Lattwarrick-koche gange. Sell waar als en grosser Daag, wann der Daadi verlosse hot mit re Zwee-geilsload Ebbel fer cider mache losse. Selle Owed sin die Nochbere beikumme fer die Schnitzing-paerdi. Was hen sie als Gschpass ghatte bei der Schnitzerei. Viel vun denne Sache kenne mir uns noch gut erinnere.

Wie ich so en Bu waar, bin ich mol mit meim Daadi noch der Miehl, zum Mike Achey naegscht an Milford Schkweer. Der Mike hot zu meim Daadi gsaat, "Sam, marye will ich Lattwarrick koche, un des Yaahr yuus ich ken Zucker." Secht mei Daadi, "Mike, wann du siesse Schnitz yuuscht, kannscht du verleicht weekkumme mit." Der Mike hot gsaat, er hett ken siesse Schnitz un er deet aa ken Zucker yuuse, un so hot er aa. Etliche Daag schpaeter bin ich un mei Daadi widder an die Miehl fer die Schrot hole. Es aerschte Ding ass mei Daadi gsaat hot, waar, "Mike, wie iss der Lattwarrick?" Noh awwer hot der Mike ausgsproche: "Sam, des iss arriyer Latwarrick. So hawwich mei Lebdaag kenner gekocht. Mit dem Lattwarrick kannscht du eenicher alder uffgedrickelter Hunsdreck mit fresse un brauchscht yuscht eemol schlucke." Sell waar so schier gaar wie der Mike gsaat hot — yuscht viel meh grefticher.

Ich hab schunn oft an selli Rod gedenkt: "Wann du siesse Schnitz yuuscht, kannscht du verleight wegkumme mit. Es gemaahnt mich viel an wie Gott die Menschheit macht. Er yuust immer viel siesse Schnitz un deel sin aa net so siess; sie sin nau net, ass mer saagge kann schlecht, awwer yuscht e bissel abschtennich. Ich denk an selli Fraa wu am Zurechtmache waar fer uff der Marrick geh. Sie hot ihre Dochter uff der garret gschickt fer Schnitz hole fer mit uff der Marrick nemme. Sie hot ihre Dochter eigscharreft fer der Sack Schnitz hole was gans hinne im Eck leit, net der was am Darrich-zuck henkt. Die Dochter hot gsaat, "Was macht's aus weller ass ich bring?" — "Ei," hot die Memm gsaat, "seller was hinne im Eck leit hot die Katz ihre Yunge drin ghatte dewinder, mer wolle selli aerscht verkaafe."

Un noh hot's aa Schnitz ass graad eweck schlecht sin. Ich hab bei me Bauer in der Kich ghockt un do waar en erbarmlicher Geruch im Haus. Noh secht der Bauer, "Riechscht du en Geruch?" Ich hab's net verleegle kenne, un ich hab saagge misse "Ya." Un graad datte hawwich ausgfunne, ass ee Ding iss, ass arriyer schtinkt, ass schlechte Schnitz, un sell iss Graut wann's am verfaule iss imme dunkel Keller. Un nau in denne Yaahre, ass ich am Breddiche bin, hawwich ausgfunne, ass noch ee Ding meh schtinkt ass wie Grautkepp, wann sie am Verfaule sin imme dunkele Keller, un sell iss schlechte Leit, Leit ass handiere im Dunkele, was net eischtimmt mit Gottes Wille. 'S iss eens vun meine Freind noch der Chicago Worlds Fair, schier fimfunzwansich Yaahr zerick. Er iss aardlich hatt ins Dunkele kumme. Wie er heem iss kumme, hot's gschtunke in seinre Familye un in der ganse Nochberschaft. Die schlechte Schnitz schtinke; datt kann mer sich druff verlosse. UN's hot genung vun selle Aaard.

Awwer's hot aa viel siesse Schnitz. Mer brauch yuscht e bissel lauwere fer heere iwwer wen, ass die Leit die beschte Schtories verzaehle; un oftmols sin sell graad die siesse Schnitz ass der lieb Gott gmacht hot: die Parre, die Doktor, die Loiyer, un die Bauere. Sie saagge die Parre hetten's gut, sie breichde yuscht ee Daag die Woch schaffe. Wie sie verzeehle vun sellem Parre wu zum Bauer iss kumme uff B'such un iss in der Brunne gschtatzt. Er hot madderlich gegrische fer Helf. Wie der Bauer ihn gheert hot, hot er geantwatt: "Sei net imme Huddel, mir breiche dich yo net bis der Sunndaag." Deel Leit breiche ewens die Parre noh net. Awwer loss yuscht eemol Krankheit odder Driebsal eireisse, noh kann der Parre net schwind genung kumme, eenichi Schtunn im Daag odder in der Nacht. Un so macht's graad bei de Doktor. Viel Leit graunse, ass die Doktor deede graad zu viel tschautsche; sie denke nie net draa wie viel Gut ass sie duhne. Graad wie seller Mann, wu sei Bee verbroche hot. Er hot gsaat, ass der Doktor hett ihm verschproche, ass er ihn widder am Laufe hett in sex Woche. Un er hot gsaat ass der Doktor hett's graad uff der Daag gedroffe. Secht er, "Sex Woche dernooch hawwich sei Bill grickt. Ich hab graad die Maschien verkaaft un bin ans Laafe." — Un so aa gleiche die Leit gude Schtories zu verzeehle vun de Loiyer. Viel vun eich wisse vun sellem groosse Dischpedaad ass der Martin Lutter un der Ulrich Zwingli ghatt hen im Schloss in Marburg, Deitschland, un sie hen net eenich warre kenne. Sie saagge sie hedde die Zeit widder en Dischbedaad ghatte im Himmel. Sin entweder zu viel Ludderische odder zu viel Refermierte (es kummt viel druff aa, wer die Gschicht verzeehlt) graad uff eemol in der Himmel kumme. Ee Sett odder die Anner iss e bissel iwwer die Lein kumme. Noh hett des Ding graad gschtaut, wu sie uffgewe hen ghatt in Marburg. Endlich hot eener vorgschlagge fer en Loiyer griegge fer mol des Ding zu settle. Die Saag iss sie hedde der gans Himmel ausgsucht un hedde ken Loiyer finne kenne. Un viel Schtories warre verzeehlt vun denne dumme Bauere, awwer sie sin net so dumm. Die Parre, die Doktor, die Loiyer, un die Bauere — die Leit kenne lache iwwer die Schtories, ass verzeehlt warre vun ihne, awwer viel vun ihne, verleicht net all, sin die siesse Schnitz in der Welt.

Der naegscht Daag nooch der Schnitzing Paerdi, noh iss als es Lattwarrick Koche fer Aernscht abgange. Drauss unnich em blooe Himmel sin als die Lattwarrick Kessel uffgschtellt warre. Wann's en scheener Daag waar iss als alles gut abgeloffe. Yuscht wann als en guder Regge uffkumme iss so halb nammidaags, noh waar's als en picnic. Der Waggeschopp iss als gschwind ausgeleert waare un die Latwarrick Kessel schnell dezu neigrickt warre, un alles iss widder zimmlich gut in der Gang kumme. Noh iss es widder ans Riehre gange, un alles waar widder recht un gut. Awwer wann der Wind noh der letzte Weg kumme iss, un der Schmok iss em darrich die Nass un in die Aagge, hot's als der Bock un der Bettel gebodde. Eenich ebber ass schunn helfe hot Latwarrick koche unnich so Umschtende krakgeelt net viel weeich der Hitz in de Hunsdaagge. Er iss yuscht Gott dankbaar ass ken Schmok debei iss. Awwer fer datte im Schmok schteh un riehre, do hot mer als glei geh misse drinke, odder schne eb die Briehglucke noch Wasser hen, odder eb der Bull noch recht aagebunne iss, un all so annere Sache, yuscht fer paar minutte aus dem wer der Daadi gegrische, "Buwe, bleiwen am Riehre." Sell iss aa gudi Rot zu de Kinner.

's sin viel Leit, ass net viel aus em Lewe mache kenne graad aus der Ursach, ass sie net am Riehre bleiwe kenne. Viel vun denne Leit sin yuscht graad nadierlich faul. Es gemaahnt mich an selli Fraa, wu en Mann ghatte hot, ass selle Weg gebore waar. Sie hot ihn net am Riehre halde kenne. Endlich iss der Mann gschtarrewe. Sie hot sei Karreber verbrenne losse un hot sei Esch in en Schtunneglaas. Noh hot sie des Ding uffs Mentel iwwers Feierhaut gschtellt. Noh hot sie gsaat, "Nau, Alder, gehscht du an die Arrewet." Mei guder Freind, der Al Kemp, verzeehlt die Schtori vum Davy un die Maria Moser vun der Lobachschtettler Kaerrich. Der Weg wie der Al secht, waar der Davy aa so en Mann ass net gegliche hot zu lang zu riehre uff eemol. Wie der Davy nuff kumme iss zu Yaahre iss er hatt grank warre. Ee Daag secht der Davy zu der Maria, "Maria, ich denk ich geh iwwerdem uff en langer hatter Weg." Die Maria waar gschwind bsunne un saagt: "Davy, loss dir's net verleed sei, es geht alldewegs der Barrig nunner."

Un do iss en Schtori vun me annere Mann ass am Riehre bleiwe hot kenne. Es hot en Mann eigschmisse fer en Schulversaryer Amt. Der Mann waar en guder, uffrichticher, hattschafficher Mensch. Es Schulboard hot sei Naame genumme un des Ding iwwerschwetzt. Awwer sie hen ihn net gedingt. Sie hen ausgfunne ass der Mann net lese un net schreiwe kann. Sie hen gsaat oftmols deede die Adders uffs Bord gschriwwe warre, un noh kennt er net lese was geduh sei sott warre. Ebbes hot der Mann duh misse fer en Lewe mache. Er hot ausgemacht er schtaut en gleener Schtor drunne uff em Eck. Er hot zimmlich gut geduh. Etliche Yaahr schpaeter geht er mol ee Daag noch der Benk un hot gfroogt fer zwee dausend Daaler lehne fer sei Bissnissblatz vergreessere. Die Benk hot ihm des Geld gewwe, un er hot's aa widder schnell zerickbezaahlt. Noh hot er widder weil fattgemacht un en arriye Bissniss geduh. Dann hot er ausgemacht nau geht er recht in die Bissniss. Er iss widder noch der Benk. Dessemol hoter der Bressident gfroogt fer fufzich dausend Daaler lehne fer recht in die Bissniss geh. Wie er em Bressident ausgelegt hot, was er nau im Sinn hett, hot der Bressident gsaat, "Ferwas witt du dann des Geld lehne, du hoscht yo meh wie sell do in der Benk? Nau geh draa un zieg fufzich dausend Daaler vun deim Geld aus der Benk un noh brauchscht du ken Indresse bezaahle." Der Mann waar arrig dankbar, ass der Bressident ihm die Rot gewwe hot un hot graad verwillicht fer des Ding selleweg zu duh. Wie der Bressident die Babiere am Uffziehe waar fer des Geld rausgriegge, hot er den Mann so aageguckt un gsaat, "Mann, wu waerscht du wann du lese un schreiwe kennscht." — "Ei," hot der Mann gsaat, "noh waer ich der Versaryer do hunne an der Schul un hett ken heller roder cent in der Benk." Der Mann hot net lese un net schreiwe kenne, awwer er hot gewisst wie am Riehre zu bleiwe.

Unsere Voreldere hen gewisst, was es meent fer am Riehre zu bleiwe. Die Sache waare net zu gut im alde Land, un sie sin ausgezogge. Sie sin iwwer der See un hen ihre Kessel widder iwwers Feier ghenkt un sin frisch ans Riehre — Bisch geglaart, Heiser un Scheire gebaut, Schule in der Gang grickt, un Kaerriche uffgschtellt. Alles iss widder gut gange, bis der Keenich die Leit zu hatt gedrickt hot. Awwer hen sie geriehrt: der Freiheitsgrieg gfochte. Un sell hot Leit genumme, ass gewisst hen was sie druffaus sin, Leit ass am Riehre gebliwwe sin, wieem Washington sei Soldaade an Valley Forge. Des hot sich bewisse, wie sie sell Babier uffgezogge hen uff der 4 July, 1776. Es hot alsnoch gschmokt, awwer sie hen fattgemacht bis sie der Grieg gewunne hen un en Regel uffgezogge wu heit noch schteht. Es arrigscht waar noch zu kumme: Grieg gschwischich unsere eegne Leit in dem Land. Es hot mol fer en Zeitlang geguckt ass wann des Land verrisse deed warre. Awwer unsere Voreldere hen fattgeriehrt bis Freiheit meglich waar fer alle Leit. Graad nau sin widder dunkele Wolke im Himmel. Unser Freiheit iss noch net sicher. Der Schmok iss alsemol aardlich dick un blendi Leit sinbang. Annere hen en schwerer Glaawe ass alsnoch genung am Riehre bleiwe bis Freiheit die gans Welt regiert. Des iss ken Zeit fer geh losse am Riehrschtecke.

Un noch eens: vaerzich, fufzich Yaahr zerick, wann die Leit ans Lattwarrick Koche sin gange, hen sie net gezechlt uff en acht-Schtunn Daag. Des waar en Arrewet ass gfoddert hot fer schaffe bis in die schpode Schtunne fun der Nacht. Mei Daadi hot als gsaat, "Schepp der Lattwarrick net raus bis er gaar iss." Un sell iss oftmols net gschehe ver de zehe Uhr in der Nacht. In unsere Zeit wann alles schtarrig geh muss, duhne mir oftmols zu gschwind reeche fer der Schepplеffel. As wie seller Mann, wu sich verdingt als Knecht zumme Bauer. Oweds nooch em Nachtesse hot der Knecht zum Bauer gsaat, "Wann's dir nix ausmacht, dann settle mir ab alle Owed, noh gebt's net so en verhenkt Ding." Graad so waar der Stadtmann wu raus uffs Land gezogge iss. Mol ee Daag hot er en Gluck gsetzt mit Oier. Der naegscht Marye iss er schunn naus fer die Bieblicher sehne. Mir lache iwwer so Leit, ass zu gschwind reeche fer der Schepplеffel, awwer verleicht lache mir yuscht iwwer uns selwert. Viel vun uns mache graad so dumme Schtreech. Es scheint 's iss die Nadur vum Mensch fer zu viel graadzu zu geh. Mir schneide zu viel Ecke raus. Bis es fadich iss, hen mir nix.

Es hot en Mann ebbes wie des gsaat: "Eenich ebbes ass waut iss zu duh, iss waut recht zu duh. Sell vergesse viel Leit. Sie mache ihre Sache yuscht so halwer. Sie reeche zu gschwind fer der Schepplеffel. Schier gaar alles, ass mer lest in der Marye Zeiding iss vun Leit ass der Lattwarrick rausgscheppt hen eb er gaar waar . . . Ich hab schunn oft gedenkt, es mecht viel besser bezaahle im End, wann Leit die Naas net so viel in die Zeidinge schtecke deede un deede bissel meh in der Schrift lese. Aardlich weit hinne in der Biewel iss en Schtori ass mir aaschteht. 'S iss die Schtori vumme Mann as Zelter gemacht hot. Paulus waar sei Naame. Awwer ich glaab ass der Mann aa gewisst hot wie Lattwarrick zu koche. Er hot en groossartich Lewe gfiehrt, en Lewe ass Gott un Mensch stols sei kenne mit. Wie Paulus gschpiert hot, ass des Ding zum End geht, hot er en yunger Mann verblaudert fer sei Arrewet uffzunemme, wu er sie uffgebt. In seim Geblauder zu dem Mann hot er des gsaat: "Ich hab en guder Kamp gfochte; ich hab mei Laaf vollendet; ich hab der Glaawe ghalte." — Die Wadde hen mir schunn all oft gheert un schunn viel driwwer gedenkt; awwer de efter ass mer sie heert un de lenger ass mer iwwer sie denkt, scheint's mir ass des yuscht en annerer Weg iss fer saagge: Ich bin eens vum liewe Gott seine siesse Schnitz; ich hab als fatt geriehrt darrich Hitz un Schmok — un ich hab nie net der Lattwarrick raus-gscheppt bis er gaar waar.

TO OUR READERS

It is a curious fact that in the literatures of the world the writing of verse has preceded that of prose. So too it has been in our Pennsylvania German dialect literature. Also there have always been more versifiers than writers of a sustained prose in our dialect literature.

In this issue of the ECK we are privileged to present in printed form a speech which the Rev. Dr. Franklin D. Slifer has presented a number of times and always with hearty responses on the part of his hearers. It was given for the first time at Pumpernickle Bill's LATTWARRICK PAERDI at Dorney Park on Labor Day, 1954; again at a Masonic VERSAMMLING held in Boyertown in the fall of 1955; at the GRUNDSAU LODGE, NUMMER 4 AN DER DOHEK, Quakertown, in February, 1956; and at the Dalmatia VERSAMMLING held in April, 1957—ED.

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Editorials

Mr. Bethlehem

Few men have made their mark on the Lehigh Valley — or on the nation for that matter — more indelibly than Eugene Gifford Grace, the man who at 81 has put aside his mantle as the nation's second largest steelmaker.

And few men have set a greater example for personal accomplishment, industrial leadership and community responsibility than this man who 58 years ago chose between fabulous offers for a career in professional baseball and a 15-cents-an-hour job as a crane operator for the company that 30 years later paid him a salary and bonus of $1.5 million a year.

Quite properly, Mr. Grace has been called "Mr. Bethlehem Steel" for Bethlehem Steel as it is today is largely the result of his vision, his courage, his leadership and his administrative acumen. During the 44 years he served either as president of the company, president of the corporation or chairman of its board, Bethlehem increased its production from less than 950,000 to more than 20 million tons a year and boosted its income and its employment levels accordingly.

The corporation which he served until yesterday as chief executive officer, also has become America's largest shipbuilding firm. It was one of this country's principal arsenals in two wars and has extended its operations into foreign lands.

Just as properly, however, he might be called "Mr. Lehigh," for he championed the development of his Alma Mater during his 32-year term as chairman of its board, just as he led the development of his own company. His own contributions to the university — probably the most generous of any individual's — and those of his company, set new standards and led to many other substantial gifts.

Quite properly, too, he might be called "Mr. St. Luke's Hospital" or "Mr. Saucon Valley Country Club" or "Mr. Lehigh Valley Patron of the Arts and Music," for all of them and many others shared his interest, his personal support and activity and his generosity.

Perhaps more than any other man he has earned the title "Mr. Bethlehem."

The community he served so well, the community that knows him for his many qualities of sincere friendliness, the community whose cause he espoused as he extended his other interests, well might give him that title — a title the Lehigh Valley hopes it will be his privilege to enjoy happily for as many years as may be given to him.

Lehigh County's Conscience

The people of Lehigh County have reason to be happy.

Together, they listened to their individual consciences. Together, they contributed $551,781 to help support the Red Feather services that support their way of life, that make this community the kind of community in which people like to live.

It is important — but not too important—that the Red Feather Fund is the largest ever raised in Lehigh County; important because every dollar is needed for the increasing services demanded of the Red Feather organizations.

It is important — but not too important — that for the third consecutive year the Red Feather Fund tops its goal; important because the people of Lehigh County, those who have been here for a long time and those who have joined them more recently, once again demonstrated that they can measure up to a challenge.

What really is important about the success of this year's Red Feather campaign and the success of the two previous years, however, is that in increasing numbers the people of Lehigh County are listening to their consciences; that each year more and more understand the need for the Red Feather services; that in each campaign more individuals, more organizations, more firms and business entities are willing to make fair share contributions rather than token donations, willing to assume their full responsibility for their own welfare, for the welfare of their fellows, and for the rounded life of the community.

There have, of course, been disappointments. Every member of the campaign organization has had them as he or she has encountered those who, either because of their lack of understanding or because of pure selfishness, have been unwilling to share fairly and in accordance with their means, in a community responsibility.

Fortunately, as the results of the last three campaigns have proven, this group is becoming more and more of a minority — a minority that in the forseeable future may all but disappear.

When it does, when the entire community realizes, as such a good segment of it now does, that a single contribution to the Red Feather Fund is divided among several score of organizations: that the work of each of these organizations is vital to the community as a whole and to every individual in it, half million dollar goals will be just a starting point and every organization will have the funds needed to do in full the kind of job every thoughtful citizen wants them to do.

When that time comes, every member of the community will hear his conscience — and will be even more greatly pleased with what he hears.

Men Over 45 Preferred

N. Y. World-Telegram

A refreshing item under a Fort Worth dateline tells of a firm which prefers to hire men between 45 and 65. Why? The boss says they're more serious-minded, past the stage of get-rich-quick schemes that fade out, and more productive than younger men.

The Texas firm doesn't consider this as paternalism, an old-age charity or anything of the sort. It insists that the men be qualified for the jobs.

Well, that's all any middle-aged job hunter could ask — to be considered on ability, not age.

We'd like to think that foolish barriers against applicants over 45, or over 40, sometimes even over 35, are beginning to sag and crumble. More of the Fort Worth attitude — accompanied by a loosening of ironclad insurance and pension rules — could help a lot.

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.

DEAR EDITOR:

Why all this furore about places of business being kept open on Sunday? Is America to be headed back into the Dark Ages? Why resurrect old "blue laws," which are unconstitutional and should be wiped out? Sunday closing of business by law is religious legislation. Why should anyone who operates a legitimate business and has it open on Sunday be forced to close it on that day when he is molesting no one? Keeping a store open on Sunday is not interfering with anyone else's observance of the day nor is it preventing anyone from attending church, for no one is being compelled to enter the establishment or to buy anything there. There are thousands of people who do not hold Sunday sacred, and should they not be permitted to exercise their God-given right of freedom to do as they please in religious matters without being coerced by religious fanatics? If others who do regard Sunday as sacred do not wish to patronize a business that is open on that day, it is their privilege to remain away from that place of business. Under our Federal Constitution, what right does anyone have to force another to close his shop for religious reasons? Don't we have freedom of worship guaranteed us? Though I may not agree with a man who does not choose to worship God on that day or any other day, or with another man's form of worship, I'll give my life to protect him in his right to freedom of choice in the matter, as long as he does not trample on another man's right. Why should anyone

Continued on Page 15, Column 2

Horoscope

Your business should make better progress, but be careful to be tactful, especially with older persons. Today's child will be of a kind, sympathetic nature, but should be taught self-confidence and trust in Providence. Literary ability may be evident.

'I Am Thinking of A Number!'



Burdens of Presidency

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Dwight Eisenhower upon occasion must look out through the White House windows and wonder whether there's a human being anywhere in the world with his cares and worries.

The reporters at this week's press conference asked the President whether the problems of public office sap his strength physically or mentally. Mr. Eisenhower replied:



Lawrence

"If you will go back to a year ago when the Egyptians seized the canal, and if you can point out a day since then that there hasn't been some critical problem placed upon my desk, I can't remember when it was. I will say this: I find it a bit wearing, but I find it endurable, if you have got the faith in America that I have."

This was but another way perhaps of saying that, despite the strain, Mr. Eisenhower must go on bearing the burden which the American people have placed on his shoulders, and that actually he isn't discouraged because he does have "faith in America."

What does this "faith" mean? It could be that he feels the American people do not expect him to accomplish the impossible, or they do not believe, as some critics imply, that he can single-handed control the destiny of mankind, much less control the behavior of the sinister men in the Kremlin whose recklessness and irresponsibility could at any moment plunge the whole world into war.

The tasks of every president are tremendous but they differ in intensity and acuteness. Thus it may seem paradoxical, but it is doubtless easier to direct a military organization in the midst of a hot war than it is to conduct the government of the United States in the midst of a cold war.

Reds Curb News

The Soviet regime not only conducts a censorship but it picks and chooses what representatives of newspapers it will permit to take up residence in Moscow and how much contact they can have with the Russian people. It controls rigidly the export of news.

The American system is far more difficult to operate than the Soviet system, yet few persons, of course, in America would want to see the Communist pattern followed here. Totalitarian government, of course can order a parliament to do its bidding, can force its workers to concentrate on missile projects while the standard of living goes down for the masses and can control any kind of political opposition through intimidation of opponents and by manipulation of the local press.

Many handicaps in dealing with public opinion make the job of the president of the United States in conducting foreign relations more difficult than is generally realized. Also the partisanship of the politicians is responsible for a propaganda which has for its object the gaining of votes in the election but which actually tends to hamstring government, undermine public confidence and produce disunity at the very time that unity is essential.

The wonder is that any progress is made at all by the democratic countries in the "cold war." For the same tactics of obstruction and confusion are to be observed in the politics of Britain and France — the selfishness of the ambitious and the narrow-mindedness of the partisan are often artificial barriers to the mobilization of a united public opinion even in time of crisis.

Has Faith in U.S.

President Eisenhower works hard. When he tries to get some recreation he is criticized and is blamed for lack of interest in his job. Naturally he makes mistakes. Who doesn't? What team goes through a season without errors?

Sometimes the passions aroused by governmental action make the errors unforgivable. Today the President is at a low point in his "popularity," but just as he has "faith in America," there are many millions who still have faith in him and pray that he will grow stronger in leadership and will benefit by his mistakes. For the secret of good government is team play and collaboration with others. "Hair-trigger" government and impulsive decisions on the basis of what one or two advisers tell the President to do isn't as good as government by collaboration with several advisers such as a cabinet or council.

Mr. Eisenhower's sense of fidelity to his job comes natural to a soldier — and he is undoubtedly discovering that the battles of peace are even more exacting than the battles of war. A nation critical can become a nation sympathetic as the President confides in the people more and more about the enormity of the tasks that face him and the world today.

(Copyright 1957)

Pigs and Khruschev

By VICTOR RIESEL

That British Socialist, "Nye" Bevan, who hopes he soon will be Britain's next prime minister, is a gentleman - farmer who fancies pigs and Khrushchev. But he doesn't like President Eisenhower.

This British Socialist told that to Khrushchev recently when they spoke as "one Marxist to another." The truth is that Bevan denounced Mr. Eisenhower as a capitalist militarist during his genial three-hour visit with the first secretary of the Communist Party of the USSR.

In fact, this man Bevan, who has talked of the President of the U. S. in more brutal and shocking terms than will be reported here, now is touring the U. S. and rather snidely telling his hosts that the time has come to get rid of the President.

Twice in the first three days of his American tour Bevan linked President Eisenhower to Gen. Zhukov, laughingly saying:

"It is a good thing that Zhukov was removed. Perhaps it is time that all World War II generals be retired to a very long vacation from politics."

It can be reported here that Bevan leaves no doubt in his listeners' minds that he refers to President Eisenhower.

This Socialist, who is treasurer of the British Labor Party and "foreign minister" in its "shadow cabinet," but who hopes to be prime minister of England in 1960, used the same occasions to mock Marshal Zhukov. Twice he said in effect:

"Zhukov was purged by Khrushchev because the marshal was too powerful. Furthermore, I recently read a speech of his which talked of static warfare, fixed positions and zigzag trenches. This is stupid in a day of missiles. It explains partly why Khrushchev purged him."

Then Bevan gets off his crack at President Eisenhower as gayly as a Londoner rolls up his umbrella after a squall on the mall.

The importance of Bevan's rudeness, so uncharacteristic of the British and so ungracious in a land which just played warm-hearted host to his Queen, lies in the virtual inevitability of his becoming the most powerful political figure in Britain sometime in 1960. The British elections will be called in October, 1959, I was told by a leading member of Parliament.

There is about as much chance of the Socialist British Labor Party losing this national balloting as there is of Ike smashing his best mashie. This means that for a full year Bevan, as foreign minister or prime minister, will be dealing with the White House — and the man he has ungraciously denounced and lampooned throughout the Communist world and now across our land.

Avoids Leftwingers

The irony of Bevan's tactic is his use of this American tour as an "Operation Switch." Bevan is carefully avoiding all American leftwing and Socialist circles. He has been careful to side-step even the Americans For Democratic Action. He has, at least until this moment also avoided contact with American labor circles.

It is positively true that Bevan deliberately rejected all invitations which might give him a leftwing coloration here—and methodically chose banking and industrial groups as his audiences. He is not so much interested in converting American merchant princes into Marxists as he is in convincing his colleagues at home that he really can get on, you know, with those American "fatheads." I can attest to the fact that the word is his.

He needs to show that there is much American friendship for him. There is a bloc inside the British Labor Party which wants him neither as prime minister nor foreign minister.

So, for a nation of public relations conscious persons, we are being taken in by a public relations operation Madison avenue abandoned with the stand-up mouthpiece telephone. If we permit the impression to get back to Britain that this gay chap is really being taken to our bosoms, we'll be putting him in office.

And let's not forget that we soon will have a mighty deep interest in that office — for we will be sharing some of our most vital scientific developments with 10 Downing Street.

This is the era of Sputnik, you know.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

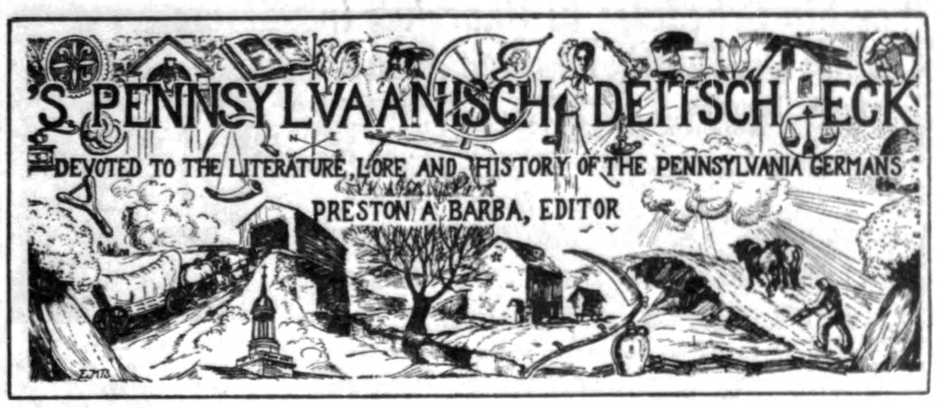
Joshua 2:9-13

Here we read what Rahab told the two spies whom Joshua had sent into Canaan, and into Jericho in particular, where Rahab lived. She had hidden them because the authorities were on their track, but the real reason why she hid them was that she believed that God willed that they should occupy Canaan.

"I know that the Lord hath given you the land," she said, "and that your terror is fallen upon us, and that all the inhabitants of the land faint (melt, as in Exodus 15:15) because of you. For we have heard how the Lord dried up the water of the Red Sea for you, when ye came out of Egypt; and what ye did unto the two kings of the Amorites, that were on the other side Jordan, Sihon and Og, whom ye utterly destroyed.

And as soon as we heard these things, our hearts did melt, neither did there remain any more courage in any man, because of you; for the Lord your God, He is God in heaven above, and in earth beneath. Now therefore, I pray you, swear unto me by the Lord, since I have shown you kindness, that ye will also show kindness unto my father's house.." In v. 13 she asks that they may save alive all of her family, father, mother, brethren and sisters.

First people to wear wigs were the early Egyptians. The Egyptians, incidentally, were expert wig-makers.



A DISCOVERY

The first novel about the Pennsylvania Germans, and which escaped the attention of our literary historians, was discovered recently in the files of the Atlantic Monthly, where it had remained hidden for upwards of a century. We owe this discovery to William L. Werner, Professor of English Literature at Pennsylvania State University. The story appears in the ECK for today.

Professor Werner, whose special field is American Literature, has long looked upon the literature about and by the Pennsylvania Germans as a part of the literature of America. He has frequently assigned topics in this field for M.A. theses and Ph.D. dissertations. Among these the following may interest our readers:

1.—"Pennsylvania German in the Reading Adler, 1837-57," by Mildred E. Runyeon, published in condensed form in the **Historical Review of Berks County**, April, 1937.

2.—"The Life and Works of Thomas Harter," by Dorothy Musser (Scheuermann), published in the **ECK** January 22 and 29, 1938 (condensed).

3.—"The Life and Works of Michael A. Gruber" by Donald S. Klopp, published in the **ECK**, April 9, 16, 23, 30, 1938 (condensed).

4.—"Elsie Singmaster," by Mrs. Mary Rice Hess, published in the **ECK**, June 16 to Sept 8, 1956.

5. — "Pennsylvania German Wit and Humor," by Leo A. Bressler, published in the **ECK**, March 23 to May 25, 1957.

6.—"A History and Index of the Pennsylvania German Magazine," by Sara Kathryn Kutz.

7. — "Pennsylvania German Customs in the Stories of Brooke Hanlon and Oma Almona Davies," by Esther M. LeGrand.

8.—"An Index of 's Pennsylvaanisch Deittsch **ECK** of the **Allentown Morning Call**, 1935-45." by Blanche Weisel.

SING DOCH MIT, MEI SEEL

Ach, wie Bledder hauche,
Uns aus Druwwel brauche—
Sing doch mit, mei Seel!
Wie Gedichte singe,
Goldrich Gsang uns bringe—
Sing doch mit, mei Seel!

Sing doch mit, mei Seel, un lern,
Was die Lieb bereit!
Yubelt siess vun nau un fern
In der Harrebscht Zeit!

Sanft un leis un net fer's Ohr,
Schtilling - weiss, doch geischtlich glor!
Sing doch mit, mei Seel!
'S iss Friehlings Vorgeschein,
Wie Kindheits Traum so rein!—
Sing doch mit, mei Seel!

Sing doch mit, mei Seel, un lern
Was die Lieb bereit!
Yubelt siess vun nah un fern
In der Harrebscht Zeit!
Bledder singe — ken eens verleed, ken bissel bang!
Dod heesst die Dier zu greesschte Freed — un lauter Gsang!

—DIE BUSCHAMSCHEL
Im Oktower, 1957

IWWER GSCHPUCKE UN HEXE

Dass es Gschpucke gebt, dass es Hexe gebt un dass es Braucher gebt, sell kann niemand verleegle, ass en gsunder Verschtand hot. Mer lest im Alde Teschtament, dass es Hexe gewwe hot. Die Hex vun Endor waar en wunnervolli Fraa gewest, un ihre Noochfolger sin heit noch in alle Schteddel zu finne. Ya, Hexe sin iwwerall zu finne, yuscht net drowwe in Massachusetts, wu sie bessere colleges un Etschoukaeschon hen. Datt hen sie die Hexe ghenkt, verbrennt odder verseeft, ennihau gans un gaar verdillicht.

Ya, es gebt Hexe, awwer es gebt aa iwwerall Gschpucke. Uffkors, es gebt unnerschiddliche Sadde Gschpucke, awwer die menschte sin vun Leit, ass schlecht waare in ihrem Lewe, un abaddich Leit ass Land gschtohle hen, misse gschpucke nooch ihrem Dod, bis dass ihre nidderdrechtiche Sache, ihre Schtehlerei un Heichlerei in ihrem Lewe recht gemacht watt.

En Mensch, ass Land schtehlt odder en Eckschtee muuft, daer muss der Eckschtee widder an der Blatz duh, eb dass er im Graab widder ruhe kann. Drowwe am Haasebaerrig hot's lange Yaahre gschpuckt. Der ald Elias Haas, hot's als fer alders gheesse, hett seinre Schweschder drei Acker vun ihrem Keschtebusch gschtohle, mit dem ass er der Eckschtee moll ee Nacht rausegegraawe hett un hett en baut drei hunnert Schritt weider niwwer neigegraawe.

Wie er mol dod waar, iss er oft gsehne warre rumlaafe im Busch mit em Eckschtee im Aarem, ass wann er ebbes suche deet. Im Summer un im Winter hen Leit en gsehne, un deel hen ihn aa gheert. "Wu soll ich en hie duh? Wu soll ich ihn hie duh?" hot er gelammediert unni Uffheeres, un des hot er saagge misse, bis dass es ihm ebber uff der recht Weg geandwatt hot un hot ihm gsaat, wu er der Eckschtee anne duh soll!

Moll ee Nacht iss der Hans Bauersack heem vum Haasebaerrig un waar so ebaut drei Vaddel im Tee. Im Deich drunne, so newe am dunkle Busch. — es waar halwer ee Uhr in der Nacht — sehnt er der ald Elias Haas mit me lange Kalkschtee im Aarem geegge ihn zulaafe. Wie gsaat, der Hans waar ebaut drei Vaddel im Tee un sell hot ihm Schpunk un Mut gewwe. Er schtellt sich hinner en dicker Weiss-eeche un waart bis der Schpuck naegscht waar. Dann hot er ihn heere blaudere un saagge: "Wu soll ich ihn hie duh? Wu soll ich ihn hie duh?"

Dann iss der Hannes uff eemol hinnich em Baam raus gschteppt un hot ewwe graad raus gschwetzt:

"Wu du en anne duh sollscht? Ei, du dummer, verschtohlener Dunner, duh en anne, wu'd en grickt hoscht!"

Sell hot's Ding gsettelt. Der ald Haas hot der Schtee widder an der recht Blatz un dernoh hot er ruhgge kenne im Graab. Nooch sellem hot niemand sei Gschpuck meh gsehne.

Verzeehlt vum Wendell Kitzmiller (Dr. Ezra Grumbine, 1845-1923)

THE FIRST NOVEL ABOUT THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS

by WILLIAM L. WERNER

PEOPLE usually think that American fiction about the Pennsylvania Germans started in the late 19th century and flourished in the 20th century in the novels of Elsie Singmaster and Helen R. Martin. This was at the end of the local color period that had begun in the late 1860's with Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp" and Mark Twain's "The Jumping Frog."

But looking through the files of the Atlantic Monthly, I discovered what seems to be the first novel about the Pennsylvania Germans: "The Foe in the Household" by Caroline Chesebrough (or Chesebro') It ran serially in the Atlantic from March through December, 1869, and was published in book form by Estes, Lauriat and James R. Osgood Co., Boston, 1871.

I asked one of my Penn State graduate students, Miss Loa Jane Packard, in the spring of 1955 to find out more about the obscure author, and a year later I asked another graduate student, Frank Heavner, to try to determine the geographical location of the story. What follows is the fruit of their researches with additions by Dr. Barba and myself.

Miss Chesebrough was not a Pennsylvania German and probably never lived in Pennsylvania. She was born in March 1825 in Canandaigua, New York, and was educated there. At the age of 23 she began writing stories and articles for such famous magazines as the Knickerbocker, Putnam's, Harper's and the Atlantic. The first of her many books of fiction, "Dreamland by Daylight," appeared in 1852. Her stories, sentimental and moralistic like those of Mrs. Stowe and other feminine authors then, were very popular in serial and book form. She wrote of a variety of settings and for both adults and children; at least one, "Das Blockhaus in dem Berge," was in German (New York, 1871). Yet writing was only a leisure-time occupation; from 1865 until her death in 1873, she taught English at the Packer Collegiate Institute in Brooklyn, N. Y.

The New York Daily Tribune gave her a glowing obituary notice, Feb. 19, 1873. It said in part: "She possessed rare mental endowments which placed her in the front rank of American novelists . . . Her various works of fiction evidenced an order of thought, even of genius, which is seldom exhibited in our native literature, and which is not measured by the degree of popular success which crowned her efforts . . . The keenness of her perceptive faculties was softened and irradiated by the tender glow of ideal sentiment. . ."

I quote Miss Packard's summary of her only Pennsylvania German novel. "The Foe in the Household" deals with the Mennonite church and its people. It is mainly concerned with the struggle that the younger members meet when they fall in love or marry outside their strictly governed church. The setting is a valley in Pennsylvania where the two main businesses are farming and coal mining.

"The protagonist is Delia Rolfe Holcombe. She is the daughter of a Mennonite bishop and she secretly marries a young mining engineer and heir, Edward Rolfe. The couple intend to make the marriage known after the death of Delia's father, but Rolfe is killed a few months after the marriage. She bears him a daughter, Edna, while she is visiting away from her community.

"When she returns without the child, she is encouraged by her father to marry a rising young minister of the Mennonite sect. She refuses for seven years, but is finally persuaded to marry Friend Holcombe, and she bears him a daughter, Rosa. Her first daughter is returned to the community and adopted by Delia and her husband.

"With this as a background, the rest of the novel is concerned with her struggles with her conscience and with her fears that Father Trost — the Methodist minister who married her and Rolfe — will reveal her secret in one of his bitter attacks against her church. Since she is now a leader and her husband a bishop in the Mennonite church, revelation of her secret will bring disgrace and riricule on her church.

"A fortune-hunter from the mining operations, John Eagan, wants to marry the daughter Edna and moves the story to a climax by demanding for Edna the property to which she is the rightful heiress. Delia then con-

fesses her marriage and asks the Mennonite congregation for forgiveness. Remembering her many kind and good deeds, they forgive her; after the first shock, she is reconciled with her husband and dies in peace. Edna finds a true "gentleman" instead of the fortune-hunter, and Father Trost repents his hatred of the Mennonites before he dies. All through the story a moralizing country doctor moves, freely commenting and advising on the events."

Mr. Heavner, discussing the location of the story, says, "The red shale, anthracite and iron ore combination in the descriptions strongly suggests the area where Lebanon, Dauphin and Schuylkill Counties come together. The Cornwall iron mine is very little south of this region, the anthracite veins extend almost to that mine, and red shale runs irregularly through the area.

"Swatara, the chief town in the novel, is the name of a town and a creek north of Hershey; the Blue Mountains are not far away; and "Ancaster" and "Hollandsburgh" suggest Lancaster and Holland to the southeast."

Mr. Heavner, Dr. Barba and I all agree that Miss Chesebrough intended her "Swatara" to be in the real Swatara region, but that she had never been there. There is no detailed local color. There are only the faintest traces of language coloration and colloquialisms. The descriptions of dress are not detailed; the lack of buttons is mentioned, but "uncouth bonnets" and "simple garb" are not very informative.

Most indicative of Miss Chesebrought's unfamiliarity with her characters is her confusion of "Pennsylvania Dutch" with Holland Dutch. She writes, "Some Dutch blood flowed in Mary's veins," and "scrubbing with Dutch ardor" and of "the honest Hollander," a common error among outsiders who confuse "Deutsch" with Dutch.

As one reads this novel in the Atlantic Monthly for 1869, one cannot avoid running across an article on "Pennsylvania Dutch" by Mrs. Phebe Earle Gibbons in the October issue. Though also an outsider she lived for a time in Bird-in-Hand, Lancaster County, and knew details of dress, speech, religion, food, games, etc. She knew that the Pennsylvania Dutch were really Germans. Though her article drew some unfavorable comments in Pennsylvania and Ohio (as Earl Robacker reports in his "Pennsylvania German Literature"), it was so generally popular that Mrs. Gibbons later wrote additional articles and published a book, "Pennsylvania Dutch and Other Essays," in 1872.

One question remains for curious readers: what brought this novel and this essay suddenly and simultaneously to this Boston magazine? The editor of the Atlantic from 1861 to 1870 was James T. Fields, also well known as a publisher, the man who had induced Hawthorne to make a novel out of "The Scarlet Letter" manuscript in 1849. He knew little about the Pennsylvania Germans and had no interest in them.

But his assistant editor in 1869 was William Dean Howells, and "from April to November 1869, Fields turned over his editorial duties to assistant editor Howells and vacationed with Annie (Mrs. Fields) in Europe." Howells had grown up in Ohio, his mother was Mary Dean, and her mother was a Pennsylvania German of the Dock family of Harrisburg, Pa.

No doubt the Chesebrough novel had been contracted for by Fields before he left for Europe; the author was well known to Atlantic readers. Whether the appearance of her Pennsylvania German novel aroused Mrs. Gibbons to submit her article, we do not know, but the time from the first installment of the serial in March to the appearance of the article in October (seven months) would be about right for such a deduction.

We can see Howells as one factor in engineering a rise in interest in the Pennsylvania Germans in 1869. In the same year Wollenweber's "Gemaelde aus dem Pennsylvanischen Volksleben" was published in Philadelphia. Mrs. Gibbons's articles continued in the Atlantic; Lippincott published her book in Philadelphia in 1872, and Howells reviewed it favorably in the October Atlantic. "The Foe in the Household" appeared in book form in 1871. Harbaugh's "Harfe" had been published in 1870; S. S. Haldeman's linguistic study, "Pennsylvania Dutch" appeared in London and Philadelphia in 1872. Rachel Bahn's little book of "Poems" was issued in York in 1869.

We have then a much earlier date for the first novel about the Pennsylvania Germans, and a new year, 1869, as the beginning of general American interest in Pennsylvania German culture.

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Editorials

Two-Way Traffic on S. 8th St.

Happily Allentown law is not like that of the ancient Medes and Persians concerning which the Prophet Daniel wrote that it "altereth not." Change is made here as time and circumstance show to be wise.

Only a short while ago one-way traffic, northwardly, was established as the rule on 8th St., from the 8th St. bridge to Hamilton. It was agreed at the time that it would be a purely experimental move and that the change from a two-way to a one-way street was to be given the acid test of experience over a reasonable period of time.

That period of time now would seem to have come to an end. The open verdict of the Traffic Commission, after many weeks of study and the verdict of business interests in that neighborhood has been arrived at. It now is in the hands of the judges in this matter — City Council.

The verdict favors return to the two-way system, but with modifications calculated to speed the movement of traffic which of course was a primary purpose in establishment of the one-way system. The modifications which must be determined by City Council if changes are to be made will provide for abolition of all parking upon one or both sides of the street in the two-block area.

The issue is clear: Traffic which seeks out this street is especially heavy both northwardly and southwardly. It can be expected to increase in volume with the slightest encouragement. Heavy flow of traffic in both directions cannot be handled with speed and efficiency if there be constant parking of cars and movement of cars into and out of spaces on one or both sides of the street.

Four lanes are required frequently for two - way traffic upon this street. It is obvious that two of those lanes cannot be occupied at the same time by immobile objects such as parked cars.

Airport Issue Won

There is rejoicing in Lehigh Valley aviation circles and especially around the Allentown-Bethlehem-Easton Airport over the election in Easton on Tuesday of Charles F. Stecker who was chosen to a City Council seat after having made public support for the Airport an issue.

This is taken to be a significant straw in the wind of public opinion. Easton, together with four other municipal governments — Northampton County, Lehigh County, Bethlehem and Allentown — is considering continuing support for extension of the Airport. Since such support was an issue before Easton's citizenry during the campaign, the election of Mr. Stecker is significant. This was especially so because it was contrary to the political trend in this city and county both in registrations and election results.

Our people know the importance that lies in the development of airplanes both for military and public transportation purposes. They know that the age of the jet-propelled plane is right at our door. Within comparatively few months commercial planes of this type may be in the service of lines that use the A-B-E Airport but will not be able to land here unless improvements and extensions already planned and agreed upon with the national and state government can be made. The same thing is true of military planes which might have to use the local field in the event of emergencies.

Easton's voters apparently saw all this. Easton's voters like those in the other municipalities know that every dollar that is spent by the municipalities will be more than matched by our governments because of national interest in our local Airport. Easton's voters cut across party lines extensively to give approval not only to a respected educator but to his platform which strongly supported aviation development for the entire Lehigh Valley.

Another Fake Exposed

The ease with which Bossman Khrushchev turns on war scares is matched only by the ease with which he turns them off, as is illustrared in the recent excitement about a war which he declared was about to be declared by Turkey against Syria.

For days on end Russian propaganda in press and on the air kicked Turkey around and battered the name of the United States as the war mongers who were pushing Turkey into a fray with her neighbor.

The poor dupes in Syria reacted to all this bluster and adopted emergency measures to meet an invasion that was merely an invention Khrushchev. President Nasser of Egypt sent a small number of troops to Syria in a gesture of support.

Appeal was made to the United Nations to institute an immediate investigation into Turkey's alleged warlike preparations and steps to that end seemed to be pretty well on the way. King Saud offered to mediate the alleged differences between Syria and Turkey and was repudiated by Syria.

Meanwhile in Turkey, where officialdom and people might have been expected to be experiencing excitement and alarm, there was quiet and lack of any emergency action, according to newsmen who hurried into that country. The people were taking interest only in the national elections. They had no fear that Russia would instigate a war and then send Russian troops to support Syria. The Turks immediately pronounced the entire business a lot of bluff and bombast.

Then Khrushchev and entourage made a surprise visit to the Turkish embassy in Moscow, drank vodka with the boys and made statements to the press which called off the entire propaganda business. He had suddenly become something like a big brother to the Turks and pooh-poohed all talk of war.

But climax came in the United Nations where the entire matter of an investigation was suddenly called off in a gesture that was face-saving for Syria, but an eloquent acknowledgement that the world saw thru the flimsy schemes of Russia to foment trouble in the Near East.

Khrushchev pulled out the carpet from under the feet of Syria and treated her dupe as all other dupes of his have been treated in the past and can expect to be treated in the future.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Exodus 16:22-30

Complaint was brought to Moses that some were gathering twice as much bread on the sixth day as had been commanded. But Moses told them that on the sixth day of the week they were to gather twice as much as on the previous five days, according to the command of the Lord in v. 23.

"Tomorrow is the rest of the holy sabbath unto the Lord; bake that which ye will bake today, and seethe (boil) what ye will boil; and that which remaineth over lay up for you to be kept until the morning."

And they laid it up till the morning, as Moses bade; and it did not become foul, and there were no worms in it. According to verse 25 there was to be no manna in the field on the sabbath day, so they were to prepare the victuals for the seventh day on the sixth day.

And it came to pass that there went out some of the people on the seventh day for to gather, and thy found none. And the Lord said to Moses: "How long refuse ye to keep My commandments and My laws? See, for that the Lord hath given you the sabbath, therefore He giveth you on the sixth day the bread of two days."

So the people rested on the seventh day. The Lord still asks one seventh of our time for rest and for worship—but there are still those who 'carry on business as usual' on the Lord's Day.

Horoscope

Help will come to you from unexpected sources. You should have a fairly successful year, in spite of possible opposition, especially from an older person. Today's child will be able to see good possibilities in any situation.

As the Saints Go Marching In



President Reassures Nation

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Words of reassurance and action — this is what the American people expected of President Eisenhower, and they were given both in his nation-wide address Thursday night.

A high sense of urgency was reflected by the President, but he counseled against any idea "that we should mount our charger and try to ride off in all directions at once."

The inevitable steps, the logical steps in the orderly functioning of a great government meeting an unprecedented crisis, have been outlined by the President. America, he declared, is behind in some things in military weapons but ahead in others. America is safe in that it has a massive power of resistance to attack, and this is a deterrent against the success of any sudden action by an enemy. The key paragraph in the President's address was this:



Lippmann

"It is my conviction, supported by trusted scientific and military advisers, that, although the Soviets are quite likely ahead in some missile and special areas, and are obviously ahead of us in satellite development, as of today the overall military strength of the free world is distinctly greater than that of the Communist countries. We must see to it that whatever advantages they have are temporary only."

Thus is the challenge accepted and a warning given. The President's outline of the power of the United States in a military sense was dramatic. Few people realize that America has overseas bases from which intermediate - range missiles can be fired instantly and that this is more important as a measure of defense than even an intercontinental missile may be when it is perfected. For short distances permit frequent sorties, and the enemy will know that the net effect of its recent exploits is to tighten the NATO alliance and assure the permanence of American missile bases overseas.

The power of our strategic-air defense was emphasized by the President when he said:

"One B-52 can carry as much destructive capacity as was delivered by all the bombers in all the years of World War II combined."

The Chief Executive spoke particularly of the atomic submarines and the huge naval carriers "with the most powerful nuclear weapons and bombers of great range to deliver them."

There was no doubt, when the President finished his address, that he had given the first authoritative summary of the entire military power of the United States in the world today. Guided missiles are in production. Intermediate - range missiles have been tested successfully over a range of 3,500 miles. While an intercontinental missile is required, the President pointed out, nevertheless, that because of our bases overseas, "an intermediate - range missile is for some purposes as good as an intercontinental missile."

Mr. Eisenhower didn't question whether Russia could bring back a missile from outer space but preferred to say it this way: "One difficult obstacle on the way to producing a useful long-range weapon is that of bringing a missile back from outer space without its burning up like a meteor, because of friction with the earth's atmosphere."

There's the real point of all the talk about the "Sputnik" as a military weapon. Much can be learned from these spectacular experiments, but the problem of guiding a missle from outer space to a specific target has already been solved by the United States.

Mr. Eisenhower was right in paying a compliment to Soviet Russia's scientific achievements. It was the courteous thing to do. But he was careful to say that the military significance of the "Sputnik" in itself was not great, though much might be learned from the experiments for future use.

Challenge

Appointment of Dr. James R. Killian, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, as special assistant to the President on matters of science will be well received by the country as he is an outstanding man in the scientific world. Coordination of missile research inside the Department of Defense is also a step forward. But the most important thing about the President's address was its positiveness, its call for an abandonment of partisanship in this matter and the stirring appeal he made for peace.

"What the world needs today," he said, "even more than a giant leap into outer space is a giant step toward peace."

This is the real challenge. For the President notes that "Soviet expansionist aims have not changed." Offsetting this, the President tells the world in tones of supreme confidence:

"Eternal vigilance and increased free world military power, backed by our combined economic and spiritual strength, provide the only answer to this threat until the Soviet leaders themselves cease to consume their resources in warlike and expansionist purposes and turn them to the well-being of their own people."

The American view is that salvation for the world must come in the inevitable recognition by the Soviet people that they are being deprived of food to pay for weapons of war and that removal of the ruthless rulers in Moscow is absolutely essential to the peace of all peoples.

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Dulles Unworried

By GEORGE DIXON

There are times when I make myself stay away from a John Foster Dulles press conference because I do not believe that a Washington reporter should live only for his own amusement. These are serious times, and one should think of something besides fun and frolic.

But the lure of gaiety pulled me and a bunch of other pleasure-mad scriveners to the Secretary of State's first Sputnik II get - together. I am delighted I went because I learned that Mr. Dulles is not really worried about a thing, and if he isn't really worried about a thing I am not going to be either. Nobody is going to be able to say that I am sadder than John Foster Dulles.



Dulles

The joyful jamboree was conducted on a little higher plane than I am accustomed to, but as nearly as I could translate, the Secretary of State said it is true that Russia is ahead of us in the missile race, but what the heck, it may be only temporary. What more would you want to make you jump for joy?

The heartening fellow told us he hopes Russia's lead will not last, adding that he feels confident this country can catch up. He reminded us, however, that he is not a military man and that if we wanted the real McCoy on whether there is any chance of us ever catching up we should go to some other source. I tell you, the man's optimism is infectious.

Our whole session with the Secretary of State was one of practically unalloyed revelry. We were admitted to the State Department without bearing a single gift, not even for the deputy chief of protocol. I wanted to bring some rich, flowing robes for Mr. Dulles as I think he would be de rigueur in rich, flowing robes, but I was told he wouldn't be allowed to wear them because all gift robes to State Department people have to be impounded, and it would not look right for a cabinet officer to be walking around in an impounded robe.

A fellow named Baum, from Gilead, La., sent me some frankincense and myrrh from his late autumn crop, and I wanted to bestow some on the State Department, hoping things would smell better, but I was told they would have to go into the gift pound too. Consequently I went empty-handed, and I trust our diplomats will not compare me invidiously with King Saud.

Before Mr. Dulles joined us, we were instructed that if we asked a question we must first identify ourselves by name and paper, just as we are required to do at President Eisenhower's press conferences. When Mr. Dulles arrived we asked him why he was doing this and he said he thought we liked hearing our names mentioned.

A number of my colleagues, who have never displayed overweening modesty at Mr. Eisenhower's conferences, protested that they did not care to have the practice extended to Mr. Dulles' seminars. They argued that it slowed a press conference because people who really had nothing to ask were tempted to get up and ask anyway, for the personal publicity. I felt that this was carrying frankness a bit to extremes, but it worked.

Mr. Dulles beamed, giving some of us rather a sharp turn, and said he would hold the order in abeyance until he had given the matter deeper thought. Consequently I cannot tell you who asked some of the questions, which may strike you as a pity.

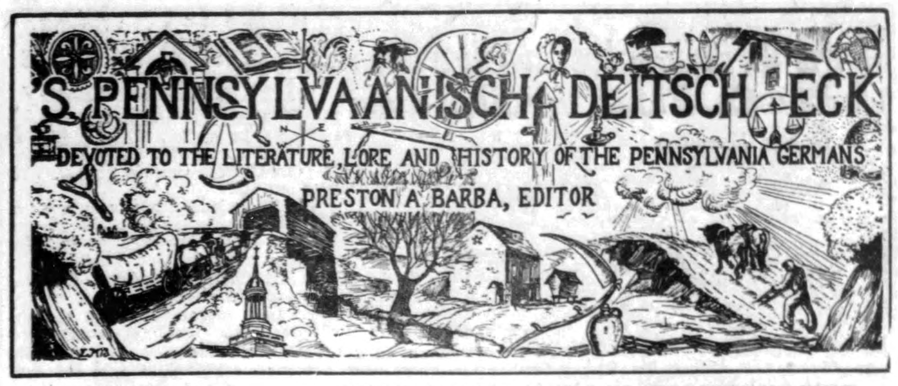
An anonymous individual named Chalmers Roberts of the Washington Post and Times Herald asked about Sputnik II, but Mr. Dulles replied that he is not a military man. This was news. He also astounded us no end by declaring that he has plenty of problems, but that the development of missiles is not one of them. I had always thought of him as so intercontinentally ballistic.

The whole tenor of the conference was so cheery, though, that we left with not a care in the world. It would have done your heart good to see our happy, vacant, faces as we piled laughingly out of the State Department.

The only question the Secretary of State's press conference seemed to leave unanswered is why President Eisenhower does not get behind a crash program to go to the moon. One would think the moon would be Ike's idea of a heavenly vacation spot. In its lighter air and lesser gravity he might chip a mashie niblick birdie into a par-12 crater.

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FIRST



WIE DIE ALDE NOOCH DER HEIO SIN

Vum Edward Hermany

Apropos of Professor Schreiber's valuable article "Pennsylvania German Pioneers in Ohio" is the poem "Wie die Alde Nooch der Heio sin" by Edward Hermany (1832-96), illustrious son of Lynn Township in Lehigh, whose satirical poems are unique in our dialect literature.

How does it happen that so many Pennsylvania German families in eastern Pennsylvania today have distant cousins in Ohio? Ohio attained statehood in 1803, but it was only after the conclusion of the War of 1812, which put an end to the warfare between the Indian and the white man, that the interior forest wilderness was penetrated by prospective settlers in large numbers. Of these many came from Pennsylvania. The descendants of those German pioneers who had settled in Pennsylvania in the first half of the 18th century, were now attracted to Ohio, where they believed they could acquire cheaper and more fertile lands.

What it meant to sever the old ties in Pennsylvania, cross the Alleghenies by wagons laden with household possessions, clear the forest and establish new homes in those early years of the 19th century, these are the experiences out of which Hermany has fashioned his poem. It was found among the literary remains of the poet and published for the first time in the ECK for January 8, 1938. We believe it deserves to be reprinted here together with Professor Schreiber's article, the first installment of which appears in the ECK for today. —ED.

Wie unsre Vedder ihre Vedder,
Un unsre Midder ihre Midder,
In alle Sadde wexlich Wedder,
In Kelt un Hitz so hie un widder
Vun Linndaun an der Alde Laani,
Vun Heidelbaerrick bis nooch Allbaani,
Vun Baerricks un Lecha am "Blue Mounty,"
Nooch Tschaeckson Daunschip, Droombel County
Aus Pennsylvéeni nooch der Heio,
Mit gleene Kinner in der Beio
Gedraewwelt sin ver lange Yaahre,
Sell sing ich heid!

Am Schpitze Baerrick waar's Land uff Heife,
Am Pinnacle Baerrick doch gans zu schteenich;
Vum Dohnords Kopp iss nix zu peife,
Datt waare Sand un Grubbse Keenich;
Am Tschochri waar's voll Gnowwloch Deeler,
Voll Kessel un voll annre Fehler;
Am Bloe Baerrick waar's Land "gebroche,"
Un des un sell vum Grund zu "boche."
'S waar iwwerall voll darre Hiwwel,
Un bei de Baure aafangs iwwel;
Drum hen die meenschte ihr Blandaasche
Feel ghatt, un do un datt Kuraasche
Hot eener ghatt fer abzugratze
Naus nooch der West.

S hot gheesse, datt waer's Land gans ewe,
Der schwaz Grund achtzeh Fuss dief nunner!
Mit bissel schaffe kennt mer lewe,
Un wie's Sach waxe daet waer'n Wunner.
'S hot waerklich ee so'n Alder gschwore —
Vum Bralle budder-glatt gewore —
Die Frucht deet sich so dick datt schtocke,
Dass net en Meisel drin kennt hocke!
Der Weeze, der deet nie net fehle,
Ee hunnert Buschel kennt mer zaehle
Zu yedem Acker yaehrlich, hendich!
Waer's gheert hot, der waer gans lewendich
Fer in die "Heio Schteet" zu ziegge —
Gedenkt, dass Mensche kennte liegge,
Hot niemand an der Alde Laani
In sellre Zeit!

Die Meening waar, fer's recht zu singe,
Dass iwwer Baerrye un darch Deeler,
'N Gaul fimf Woche lang misst schpringe
Fer in die Heio naus! Der Fehler
Iss nooch un nooch vergesse warre—
Mer breicht ihn nimmi uffzuschtarre.
Der letscht ald Kall, den ich will nenne,
Hot's yuscht in vaerzeh Daag duh kenne!
Verschteh mich awwer recht, nau widde?
Ich saag dir, seller iss geridde.
Vun "Ewwer Linndaun" un "Blue Mounty"
Nooch Tschaeckson Daunschip, Droombel County,
Sei vaerzeh Daag un vaerzeh Nachte,
Schtoddi Feier fatt, un nie net sachte!
Bedenk's! Der Sosgehenna Rewwer
Un Allginny Baerrick, voll wilde Ewwer,
Die waare doch im Weg. — Die Heio
Waar weit vun do!

To be Continued

GLOSSARY: Droombel, Trumbull County, Ohio; grubbose, brush, scrub; boche, to boast, Blondaasche, plantation, farm; feel, for sale; Hohre, tiling for drainage; versehteerzt, sold at auction; Allginny, Allegheny.

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN PIONEERS IN OHIO

by William I. Schreiber

THE history of the State of Ohio begins in 1787 with the declaration by Congress of the "Magna Charta" of the Northwest Territory of the lands bordered by the Ohio River. The two fundamental decrees of the abolition of involuntary service and the separation of Church and State in this Northwest Territory arrested the attention of all liberty loving people. Adding to these the claim that the soil of this new Territory yielded the highest crops by merely sowing and reaping immigrants were attracted not only from the whole Atlantic seaboard but also from many foreign lands. Caleb Atwater, the earliest historian of Ohio, could write therefore: "Made of such ingredients it is easy to conceive, that with the addition of the young, the enterprising, athletic, bold, daring and ambitious, of all states, of all countries, the whole mass would be such as never was found anywhere else in the world." The population of the state increased from a bare 3,000 in 1791 to 230,760 in 1810, and it was just short of the Million mark by 1830. Already in 1803, in the year of the granting of statehood, Th. M. Harris in his **Journey to Ohio** preceived Ohio's prosperity to be due to the absence of slavery in contrast with, for instance, Virginia where "every planter depends upon his negroes for the cultivation of his lands; but in the state of Ohio, where slavery is not allowed, every farmer tills his ground himself." For Harris it is the use of one's hands that makes the settler also use his head, in contrast with the master who uses his head to use the hands of others, thereby not adding to inventiveness and new methods of cultivation.

The settling of the state occurred in three main lines: pioneers from New England occupied the northern and western part of the state; those from Virginia and the Carolinas moved into the southern counties along the Ohio River; comparatively late came the Pennsylvanians and foreigners who settled in the middle belt and certain outer border towns. By far the greater number of people coming into center section were known as the Pennsylvania Dutch, Pennsylvania Germans, Swiss and Quakers. The number of all the "Dutch" in Wayne County was estimated in 1875 to comprise about three fourths of the population and is no doubt higher in Holmes County.

The counties located in the interior middle section were still a forbidding forest wilderness when the state as such had already been organized. The so-called "Backbone counties" of Stark, with cities of Canton, Massilon, Akron, Mansfield, Wooster, Summit, Wayne, Holmes, Richland and Ashland, are known as such not only for their geographic location on the southern declivity of the dividing ridge between the Great Lakes Region and the Ohio and Mississippi Basin. Industriously and especially agriculturally they rank first in the state. Concerning the topography of the present counties the flowing waters, deep lakes and immense glaciers had left their unmistakable imprint in rolling hills and alluvial planes and a soil easily worked and drained and adapted to almost any cash crop. Formerly the foremost wheat counties of the State they have yielded somewhat to the proximity of the cities and have become the main suppliers of eggs and poultry, milk, butter, and "Swiss" cheese for the large urban centers. Their potato fields are reputed to be the largest east of the Mississippi and almost totally in the hands of Dutch. Added to the natural fertility are the economic advantages of having located within their borders or nearby the great centers of Ohio's industrial and metropolitan wealth.

The counties located in the interior forbidding wilderness of the state were only slowly opened up. In fact, the contemporaries called this region the "dark and bloody ground." The Indian would not let himself be deprived of his easily accessible food supply and of freedom of movement. The invader who, although friendly and peaceable at first, soon proved himself too aggressive and restrictive. The successful uprisings against Generals Hamar and St. Clair foreboded ill for any white settler. To "Mad" Anthony Wayne must be given credit for Ohio's rapid development after he had won a decisive victory over the organized and assembled hordes of Indians on August 3rd, 1795. After this date only isolated and local attacks remained to be feared. Small wonder therefore that this territory became a so-called "school of heroism." No doubt it brought forth its share of adventurous men from the Atlantic coast. The difficulty of its settlement added to its glory.

The internecine warfare and rivalry between Redman and white man was at last abandoned with the successful conclusion of the War of 1812. Only now the settler's interests could be entirely centered upon the full development and exploitation of this newly found forest home. The men engaged in this venture were not and could not be "an association of coach trimmers, guilders, carvers, peruckmakers and friseurs, but a thrifty, iron-clad, metalfisted legion of laborers; a brain-born irresistible army of thinkers and workers; a sweeping, slashing myriad of forest breakers and cord-wood artisans, modelling out of the rude elements the thousand - aisled temple of civilization. Here was no room for artificial figures, brainless swells, votaries of every gewgaw and bauble of fashion or folly. The women were not painted puppets, varnished inanities, enameled statuary, stuffed skeletons, dainty toys, and sickly butterflies," wrote Ben Douglass, Wayne County's first historian.

The dense forests of the "backbone counties" were too threatening for the first comers to the new frontier. More inviting regions along the southern and eastern fringes of the state and along the larger streams had beckoned their first adventures in establishing a permanent home. Only slowly a penetration of the interior of the state could be dared. There was as yet not a single white man in what is now Wayne County when statehood was granted to this section of the Northwest Territory in 1803. The earliest isolated settler in the county is recorded at the rather late date of 1805. Only three more homesteads are known of the following year. So slow was this pressing forward at first that the second official Ohio census of 1810 has no indication of any settlement within the county of at least 250 inhabitants. By 1825 however every section of the county had been claimed, the 16 townships had been established, each with its own administration.

The inpouring after 1812 (the decisive defeat of the Redman) was a swift and steady one. Many of the eastern states gave a fair sprinkling of men and women versed in the ways of pioneering and democracy. Pennsylvania gave the largest share. Hardly a county of Pennsylvania is missing in the records. They range from Bedford, Berks, Bucks, Chester, Cumberland, Fayette, Lehigh, Mifflin, Somerset, Lancaster, Lebanon, Washington, Westmoreland, York.

Some settlers had come from abroad, had settled in Pennsylvania first and then moved further west. A typical example is Frederick Galehouse (ancestor of the family which produced the seed house and the baseball player Galehouse) who had been born in Baden, Germany, in 1781, had been brought to Cumberland County, Pa., in 1786 and was one of the first white men in Wayne County after 1806. Many were free men who found the East too densely populated and land too scarce and too expensive. Others had been "indentured" men and women, who took advantage of the West upon their release; others again were descendents of such bondmen. Of interest is the case of the relative of a prominent Wooster famliy whose ancestor had left Hamburg early in the seventeen hundreds and was sold into servitude for seven years during which he made three unsuccessful attempts to escape. When at last he crossed the Allegheny mountains to stop in Fayette County, he had six children, two of whom were carried on saddle bags on horseback. One of his grandsons started the family line in Wayne County among the first of its settlers. Similar is the case of Philip Brown who as an orphan at the age of 14 was "bound out" for seven years as an apprentice blacksmith, in Somerset County. He became the first German Baptist preacher in Wayne County. Interesting too it is that when a Pennsylvanian came here and was not of German descend that fact had definitely to be indicated even in the case of Jonas Douglass, where the name could have said enough. In his biography it is expressly stated: "Although a native of Pennsylvania he was of Scotch-Irish parentage."

Whatever the motives for leaving the native land, here on the newly opened frontier each had an opportunity to acquire property and to live according to the dictates of his conscience. Here each could work as he wished and be self sufficient in his own manner. Here the immigrant from abroad and the American from the eastern seaboard had the same rights and privileges of holding land as citizens of a new country, to have a solid, free-hold property right on the best and cheapest land west of the Alleghenies. The native American historian Ben Douglass, although he feels superior, nevertheless confesses with pride: "They all came to make a livelihood, not to spend a fortune; to work with their heads and hands, not to employ the heads and hands of others. Hence we are annoyed with very few drones and loungers, compared with other states."

The trek to the new claim in the forest was a trial of which the last part proved the more difficult. Many are the accounts about the exodus of the pioneer from his eastern home, but of the vicissitudes encountered upon arrival not too much is known. Where, in the eastern states, roads, taverns, and co-travelers often added to the comfort or discomfort as the case may have been, with the approach of the Ohio River each settler was on his own.

To be Continued

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Editorials

Don't Nibble Take-Home Pay

"To tax, or not to tax, that is the question" at this season of the year when our City Council engages in its annual soliloquy concerning the budget and how to raise the money to pay for its thousands of items.

Naturally steady growth of population numbers and the expansion of the city's people to its outermost areas bring problems of development and public service that add to the budget items and vastly increase total budget costs over those of preceding years.

Happily for the city basic revenue sources such as real estate have expanded with population increase. Unimproved property yields far less than improved. During the past year many are the properties whose assessments have been increased because population has grown and additional housing has been provided for the population increase. Yet this far from meets budget needs. Accordingly City Council faces a fortnight of headaches.

Every department head has his own ambitious plans for improvements, in addition to sustaining established practices and services. There is natural reluctance to discard plans and shatter hopes for new and improved services.

But, somehow or other City Council from year to year has gone thru such travail. Then along about the last week of November or the first week of December, after much interdepartmental jockeying, nibbling at items large and small or even hacking away heartlessly at pet projects and their budget demands, the municipal body comes up with a balanced budget for the forthcoming year. It has worked out in this way before. It is likely to work out in this way again.

Of course City Council could with one fell stroke solve all its problems and have money to spare if it were to follow the general trend of imposing a wage tax. Our neighbor, Bethlehem, set the pace for communities of the Lehigh Valley and seems likely to have no financial worries this year nor is likely to have any as long as wage deductions pour into its treasury from every business and industry.

Up to this time, Allentown City Council has resisted the temptation to take this easy way out of its difficulties. Its membership seems to be committed to continue a policy which will be popular with every wage - earner who does not want to experience another amputation of his take - home pay.

The temper of City Council up to this time at least has been to resist the temptation to adopt the lucrative wage tax, collected without charge to a municipality by employers. The hope must be that council will not be driven to it as a last resource.

Goodby to Thankless Job

Announcement from Richard Dressell that he will step down and out as warden of the jail at the ending of the year does not appear to have been unwelcome tidings for the Board of Prison Inspectors for they did nothing apparently to change the decision.

Certainly the jail has furnished more than its share of trouble in local affairs. That Mr. Dressell is determined to get out of a spot upon which the blazing light of public interest is centered so often is easy to understand. Any normal man could be expected to react as he is doing to the innuendoes and backbitings that have gone on around the holder of his difficult job during recent years.

There is considerable public opinion which inclines to the belief that there are too many bosses in the jail business and of course it has been a rare day that petty politics haven't had their fingers in it all.

That Mr. Dressell is more to be pitied than censored is the opinion of those who have made some little effort to come to an understanding of the tangled web of petty stories and incidents that have come out of the brownstone mansion at Linden and 4th Sts.

A new regime can be expected shortly. The best that can be wished for it is that it will be able to function as the traditional new broom. At best the dealings with restless, vigorous, freedom-loving men who are held in durance vile and against their strong wills are difficult business. Petty politics and a lot of other petty circumstances with origins both from within and outside the jail have done nothing to ease administrative difficulties. It should be a happy day for Mr. Dressell when he says goodbye to it all.

A Low Price Tag on TB

It has often been pointed out that public health has a price tag and that, if the public wishes to buy, it can be purchased.

The most striking example of this fact in the recent memory of man was the discovery of the Salk vaccine. This followed upon an elaborate national plan of research by scientists in many institutions who worked along a variety of lines. The scientists were permitted virtually to spend as much time and money upon their programs as they saw fit and as they believed would hasten achievement of the desired end — an almost absolute preventive of the disease.

No one hereabouts need go far to check the results of Salk vaccine. A call to the Allentown Hospital, to which polio patients have been taken in large numbers in other years from all points in this area will reveal that not one new polio patient was received during the year 1957. National results were almost equally gratifying.

Locally we have another experience with the ability of the people to buy public health. This is the case of tuberculosis against which unremitting fight has been waged for years. Striking results are evidenced in the emptying of the tuberculosis sanitarium conducted by the Roman Catholic Church at Limeport. Parallel with this has been the emptying and closing of State Institutions for the care of tuberculosis victims.

That the fight against TB has however, not yet been won is reemphasized for our people who during this week have been receiving sheets of Christmas seals from the Lehigh County Tuberculosis Society. In addition, people in many of our communities have had almost daily reminder of the Society's continuous campaign by the arrival in their midst of that big automobile and its staff of nurses and equipment for taking chest X-ray pictures.

Annually entire communities receive the services of the Society for the early detection of a disease that can blight the lives of entire families and, by early treatment, can be entirely cured.

Christmas seal sales alone can keep that big motor truck moving all around in our community. It will bring with it light, life and hope for those who have incipient cases of TB and cheerful reassurance to all others who are photographed that they are in good health.

The price tag for safety against TB is remarkably small. It is the price of a Christmas seal.

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.

Dear Sirs—I quite agree with Mr. or Mrs. C. R. W. and would suggest that he add the Great Allentown Fair to his list.

What I do not understand is how our Senators and Representatives in Harrisburg single out the automobile dealers for enforced Sunday closing and let just about everybody else operate. Also, since when has our government begun to restrict private enterprise? The bigger their business, the more three per cent tax they will collect.

I think it is time to abolish the outmoded Puritan blue laws here in Pennsylvania.

H. J. Krusinski
Coopersburg R 1

• • •

School Lots for Parking

Dear Editor — When is a school yard not a school yard? The answer: When it is a parking lot.

I am referring to the Hunsicker building and its so-called playground. Recently a sign was posted there stating: "Positively no ball playing in school yard."

This building has been unoccupied for more thas a year and the children around here go to the Herbst building some blocks distant and in going have to cross at least two busy streets. Is it fair to ask them to go that far for their play?

In addition, boys play ball on Church St., a narrow but a very busy street, and they are chased by property owners. They can not very often play on the Hunsicker grounds because six or seven cars generally

Continued on Page 26, Column 1

'Fasten Your Seat Belts'



President's 'Tough' Speech

By DAVID LAWRENCE

President Eisenhower's speech in Oklahoma City was in some respects the most sensational he has delivered on international affairs in his entire administration.

Coming, as it does, after the summary removal of Marshal Zhukov, the address sharply points America's conception that a dictator now rules Soviet Russia. It serves a warning that the United States does not trust the present regime in Moscow and will not be dissuaded from defense preparations either by threats or by soothing words from the Communists. The President said:


Lawrence

"You may recall there was once a dictator named Hitler who also said he would bury us. He wrote a long, dull book telling precisely how he was going to do it. Not enough people took him at his word. We shall not make that mistake again."

The reference to Hitler's remark recalls the comment, "We will bury you," as expressed to Western diplomats by Khrushchev a few weeks ago at a cocktail party in Moscow, when he was discussing the Soviet's military prowess.

The fact that the President now calls attention publicly to this threat by Khrushchev is one of the most significant changes in recent policy here. Heretofore statements and speeches by the President or the Secretary of State have been couched in implicit rather than explicit phrases. There has been a general avoidance of such words as "dictatorship" in any specific reference to individuals.

But apparently, with the emergence of Khrushchev as the master tyrant evidenced by the removal of war hero Zhukov, there now is a tendency to rely less on the kid-glove treatment. This is a salutary happening, because the real way to prevent the next world war is to encourage the people of Soviet Russia to get rid of the existing dictatorship, which can plunge them into war at any moment.

The President referred specifically in his speech to the "rigorous educational system and technological achievements" of the Soviets, but added:

Slavery

"We see all this happening under a political philosophy that postpones again and again the promise to each man that he will be allowed to be himself, and to enjoy, according to his own desires, the fruits of his own labor."

This is a vivid description of slavery. The President is, in effect, telling the world and particularly the people of Soviet Russia that whatever they may achieve in a material way does them little good — for they have no individual freedom. It's the core of the whole problem of Communist tyranny which is celebrated now as the 40th anniversary of a "revolution" whose fruits have been denied to the people of the Soviet Union.

Mr. Eisenhower mentioned the "dramatic evidence" of "some remarkable material achievements" recently, and undoubtedly he was referring to the launching of the "Sputniks" as he said:

"When such competence in things material is at the service of leaders who have so little regard for things human, and who command the power of an empire, there is danger ahead for free men everywhere. That, my friends, is the reason why the American people have been so aroused about the earth satellites."

This is plain speaking, and the words of the President should be read carefully in every so-called "uncommitted" or "neutral" country, for it is evident that if the Communists could conquer the Western Allies, there would be little chance for freedom anywhere else. The President expressed a national doctrine of fearlessness and self-confidence as follows:

Warns of Dictators

"The real strength with which the self-governing democracies have met the tests of history is something denied to dictatorships. It is found in the quality of our life, and the vigor of our ideals. It manifests itself in the ever-astonishing capacity of free men for voluntary heroism, sacrifice and accomplishment when the chips are down.

"This is the weapon which has meant eventual downfall for every dictator who has made the familiar mistake of thinking all democracies 'soft'."

The President laid it on the line for the whole world to read when he declared:

"International communism has demonstrated repeatedly that its leaders are quite willing to launch aggression by violence upon other countries. They are even more ready to expand by propaganda and subversion, economic penetration and exploitation. Mostly, they use a combination of all three methods."

This is a courageous President speaking for a courageous people, and any idea that the "Sputniks" have intimidated the American people may be discarded.

The President says "free men will meet the challenge" and, in effect, he calls on the Russian people to join us in vindication of the human spirit. For the theme of Mr. Eisenhower's whole warning to Soviet Russia and the free world is epitomized in the words of the Scriptures: "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and he lose his own soul?"

(Copyright 1957)

Harry's Streak

By GEORGE DIXON

Harry S. Truman is having a wonderful time. This accrues to him rightfully because the former President of the United States has an enviable human quality which enables him to inhale deep - draught satisfaction from life. He has such a lovably wholesome mean streak.

He bounced into the nation's capital the other day, headlights beaming with jovial malice, and flung the same kind of stones at the White House familiars that those sorely - carbuncled successors of Job once threw at him.

Harry S. (as in square accounts) declared he had established a coordinated missile program but that it was broken up after he left the White House. This made the headlines, as he may have possibly anticipated, but he also had a wonderful time with a bunch of his old cronies divesting himself of gleeful jibes at the Eisenhower Administration that went unreported.

When he met with the old gang at the Mayflower he was asked to sign a guest book. He set the spirit of the occasion by signing himself, "Harry S. Truman, retired farmer." Then he threw his arms around John L. Lewis, the United Mine Workers chieftain, who once delivered a private accolade that the only living Democratic ex-President cherishes above all the flattery and fawning ever paid him.

"The Eyebrows" was discussing the relative presidential attributes of Truman and the Sen. Robert A. Taft, the late Mr. Republican, and summed up in favor of the Democratic standard bearer by saying:

"Taft is lacking in one great human quality that Truman has in super-abundance. Bob Taft is not vindictive. But Harry Truman is as mean as the devil himself."

As if in appreciation of this, Truman declared shortly thereafter that he wouldn't appoint John L. Lewis dogcatcher. "The Eyebrows" recalled this after Truman bear-hugged him at the reunion. John L., an old eyebrow-for-an-eyebrow retaliationist himself, panicked Harry and his pals by observing drolly:

"If I were dogcatcher there would be more brains in the dog department than the State Department."

Truman spoke kindly of Matthew J. Connelly, his former appointment secretary, who is now appealing conviction in an income tax matter, which places him in a slightly different category from his successor, Bernard M. Shanley, although both may be dissatisfied with the disposition of their cases. Ike's ex-appointment secretary is appealing too — to be Republican senator from Democratically-backslid New Jersey.

Mr. Truman also told about the troubles they used to have with "Pincushion." He explained that he could never remember the name of a Russian ambassador and called him "Pincushion." One time he invited "Pincushion" to a White House dinner, but the envoy — who we subsequently figured must have been Alexander S. Panyushkin — flatly declined. Truman recalled he had instructed Connelly, "Tell the — to go to —," and that when the appointment secretary relayed this to the State Department, the chief of protocol wailed:

"How do I put that into diplomatic language?"

(Copyright 1957)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Exodus 19:1-6

In the third month after Israel had left Egypt, they arrived at Mount Sinai. After their arrival, Moses went up, perhaps on to one of the many neighboring peaks, and God spoke to him from the highest one, Sinai itself, v. 11, saying: "Thus shalt thou say to the house of Jacob, and tell the children of Israel: Ye have seen what I did to the Egyptians, and how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto Myself."

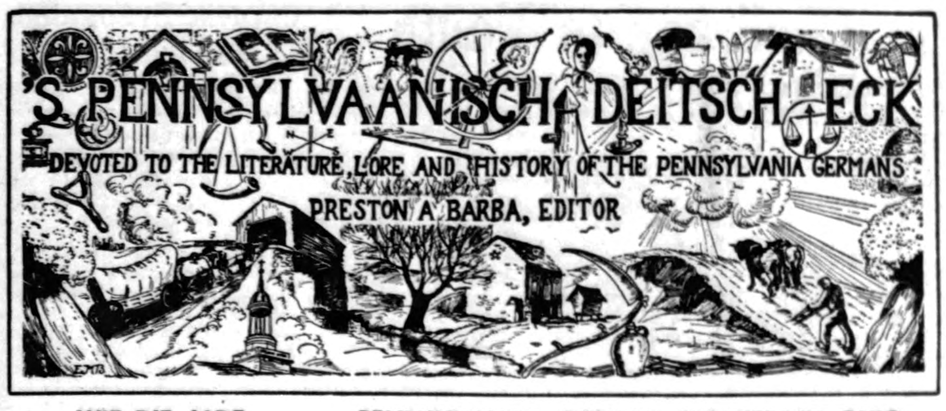
The eagles' wings are figurative, and denote the strong and loving care of God. The eagle watches over its young in the most careful manner, flying under them when it leads them from the nest, lest they should fall upon the rocks and be injured or destroyed (Deut. 32:11)

"And brought you unto Myself" means that God brought Israel under His protection and His especial care. If Israel will respond to His care for them by keeping His covenant which He was about to make with them, they would be His own possession (the meaning of 'peculiar treasure' in v. 5) above all people.

For this meaning see also 1 Peter 2:9. They were to be a kingdom of priests, and a holy nation. It is interesting, the same phrases describing the New Testament Church in 1 Peter 2:9.

Horoscope

Try to get along with people who disagree with you, rather than antagonizing them. A promotion is possible and you should have otherwise average fortune. Today's child will be very methodical, probably scientifically inclined.



WIE DIE ALDE NOOCH DER HEIO SIN

Vum Edward Hermany

Continued

In the first part of Hermany's poem in last week's ECK we saw native farmers in Lynn and along the Blue Mountains preparing to migrate westward to the more fertile lands in the new states of Ohio, in the early years of the 19th Century. They first send three or four young men in advance to prepare the way, to find suitable lands and put up temporary huts. They return. The unmarried seek young girls who will undertake the great adventure with them and the married have "vendu," auction sales, keeping only what they need and can take with them. Several years elapse before they are finally ready for the long journey.

In the second part of the poem the wives are busy baking big supplies of bread and "Gwidder Weckcher." Spinning wheels, applebutter kettles, featherbeds, dough troughs, the old clock and the Bible are packed into the wagons and the caravan moves on, many days and nights, across the Susquehanna, through the dread Alleghenies. At last they have arrived in Trumbull County in Ohio. On their new lands they prosper and in future years think back to their hard labors on the lean farms in Upper Lynn and at the foot of the Pinnacle. But the poet adds a final ironic note: they never hesitate to return without delay to Pennsylvania to claim their parental inheritance.

Gewehnlich sin e paar minanner
Gereest; die Wildernis waar
gfaehrlich;
Wann ebbes fehlt, helft eem der
anner—
N Kummeraad dutt's gern un
ehrlich.
Paar Mannsleit meen ich, drei
bis viere,
Sin aerscht mol naus uff's
Schpeckuliere,
Fer'n fedder Blatz im Busch
zu finne,
Un hen aafange sich zu schinne,
Zu hacke un zu brenne heftich
Mit Aarm gans willich un aa
greftich;
Un hen, fer'n bissel Land zu
glore —
Sich schier verrumminiert mit
Rohre,
Un waare schteif in alle Gnoche
Schunn eb der Grund waar uff-
gebroche.
Un bis e wennich Weeze drauss
waar—
Uu unner Dach en rissich Haus
waar -
N Blockhaus schmokich un
gebrechlich,
Dann waare sie erbarmlich
schwechlich,
Schier yeder grank fer Penn-
sylveeni,
Un aa fer'n Fraa!

Noh sin sie uff der Heemweg
gange,
Nooch Linndaun an der Alde
Laani,
Un hen zu suche frisch aa-
gfange,
Vun Heidelbaerrick bis nooch
Allbaani,
Fer gsunde Meed in alle Ecke,
Die willens waare aus de Hecke
Un aus de Schtee un aus de
Grubbse,
Mit in die "Heio Schteet" zu
hubbse,
Un datt die Blockhitt uffzu-
raame!
Sie hen sie aa als hendich
gfunne,
Die Meed zu heiere recht gut
gsunne,
Doch waare sie net leicht zu
biegge,
Graad vun der Mammi wegzu-
ziegge;
Un deelmols hot mer's waerk-
lich gsehne
Die Weiwer duhn's gans anner-
scht meene,
Ass wie die Meedcher hen!
Wie iwwel
Waar's noh dem Mann am
darre Hiwwel;
Eb alles gschickt waar fer die
Heio,
Waar schunn en Gleenes in der
Beio,
Un Hausrot do un datt uff Hei-
fe—
Wie bringt er 'n fatt?

So gehn e paar Yaahr druff
mit Waarte,
Mit bissel Schaffe un mit
Grummle;
Un iwwerdem, ass wie im Gaar-
de
Im Friehyaahr sich die Blumme
dummle,
So kummt ee Bobbel nooch em
annre,
So kummt ee Druwwel nooch
em annre,
Un des un sell dutt ihn noch
baddere,
Un losst ihn's Ziegge nie net
addre,
So dass darch selli Zeit am
Hiwwel
Sei Sache gehn erbarmlich
iwwel;
Un endlich muss er'n Heisel
lehne
Fer all sei Hausrot un sei
Gleene!
'S iss gaar ken Blatz meh bei
de Alde —
Die Mammi kann sie nimmi
palte,
Sie hen ball alles, was sie
breiche,
Un kennte's mache wie die
Reiche,
Wann yuscht ihr Heio Land deet
leie
Beim Daadi seinre Bauereie!
Doch's Winsche macht ken
Hiwwel ewe,
Un iwwerm Waarte muss mer
lewe,
Un endlich dutt sich's schicke
aa mol
Vun Pennsylveeni fattzuricke
Un in die Heio Schteet zu
ziegge —
Weit, weit vun heem!

Doch 's aerscht watt paarmol
Vendu ghalte,
Verschteegt im Haus un an der
Scheier—
Was wott mer mit dem Gfrees,
dem alde?
Drauss in der Heio iss nix deier.
Mer kennt's aa nie gut mit sich
schlebbe,
Un doch gewiss, 's dutt em
grebbe,
Die alte Schtiehl un Benk un
Effe,
Die Backkarb un die Millich-
heffe,
Die geele Eckschenk gans voll
Deller,
Die Ziwwer un Schtenner im
Keller,
'S ald Schpinnraad un der
Lattwaerrick Kessel,
Der Budderbock un's Essigfessel
Die Fedderdecke un die Zieche,
Wu nooch de Urgroosseldre
rieche,
Zurick zu losse—an so Breise!—
Mer muss doch aa sei Heem-
gfiehl weise!
Drum watt ee Wagge voll ge-
keitelt,
Bis in die Deck nuff vollge-
keitelt,
Fer Sache die mer nie kann
schpaare,
Mit vun der Heemet weckzu-
faahre!—
Wie Wanduhr un paar gude
Bicher,
Die Biewel aa, die macht em
sicher,
Die grooss ald Backmult un die
Beio,
Die misse mit naus in die Heio-
Der Bullhund un der grooss ald
Kaader
Aa—alle zwee!

Noch eemol watt fer Aernscht
gebacke,
Bloobaeryer Leeb un "Gwidder
Weckcher,"
Die kann mer hendich zamme
packe
Un schtoppe in die gleene Eck-
cher.
Mit so "Gebeckels" kennt mer
yaagge,
Darch Sindflut, Regge, vaerzich
Daagge,
Un glaawe duh ich, unne Zerre,
Ken Grimmelche deet sauer
warre.
So hen sie uff die Reis gebacke
Ihr Brod un Kuche hatt wie
Wacke
Fer Meegge gsund un zeh wie
Ledder
In alle Sadde wexlich Wedder!
Wann alles reddi iss zu
schtaerte,
Noh kummt die Nochberschaft
in Haerde,
Un guckt un gafft un lacht un
bebbert,
Un greischt "Sie wolle fatt —
mer losst sie!"
Un wischt mit zwee Hend in
de Aagge,
Un hot em End noch des zu
saagge:
"Gebt acht uffs Bobbel un die
Beio!—
"Booh! Booh! nau gehn sie
nooch der Heio,
"Booh! Booh! vun Linndaun am
Blue Mounty
"Nooch Tschaeckson Daunschip,
Droombel County,
"Mer sehne sie sei Lewe nimmi-
Booh! Heio! Wah!"

To be Concluded

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN PIONEERS IN OHIO

by William I. Schreiber

Continued

Fortunately, members of a family, friends or neighbors would often travel together. Just as often adventure westward was an individual or at least a one family undertaking. There are records of well-established fathers in Pennsylvania who would accompany their sons to Ohio to assist them in getting started with a home of their own. Thus Harry Lash drove his son in a wagon with tools and furnishings, built a log cabin 18 x 18 feet and then left the son with $5.00 in cash. However, the latter was not able to raise within the first year the necessary $2.50 in taxes in spite of clearing 10 acres of land. The father had to come again to the rescue of the boy. Sons reaching maturity would move away from home unassisted. At times a relative had dared the first staking of a claim and then invited others to come and look for suitable locations while enjoying his hospitality. Thus, a Valentine Ault from York and Washington Counties had visited an uncle here, but unfortunately had to spend the first night in the new land in a tree and "stayed on it all night," as he said himself, on account of the many wolves.

Game was plentiful and formed the chief food, but domestic animals were extremely difficult to raise in these early wild surroundings. They were too great an attraction for wolves and bears which seemed ineradicable. Even when sheep and hogs were kept close to the homestead and watched over by dogs they fell prey to these animals. Michael Totten lost eleven of his flock of twelve sheep in one winter's night. As late as 1824-25 the pioneers of the neighboring Summit County (Akron) to the East held s everal "drives." One of them resulted in a count of 26 bears.

It is interesting to note that the historian W. H. Hunter in his **Influence of Pennsylvania in Ohio** confines himself exclusively to the contributions the Scotch - Irish of Pennsylvania have made. However, he cannot close his long eulogy without giving some credit to the so-called "Palatinate Germans" for the introduction of the long rifle, which "made possible the settlement of Ohio by the Scotch - Irish of Pennsylvania. The long rifle," he continued, "was brought into the interior of the state by German Immigrants; it was a true weapon, and with it the Indian fighters became marksmen. When a pioneer went out with a long rifle and a dozen charges, he returned with that number of game or the unused bullets."

The pioneer at first followed the Indian trails and had to cut a road through the woods to reach his claim with his ox or horse-drawn wagon. The women had to help in this labor. For the children this trip was frequently beset with danger to life and limb. Many times it was safer for them to walk than to ride and to be injured by the rocking and shaking of the vehicle. There are instances recorded where the young men would come here first to build a cabin on their new land and then return after a year or two to fetch the family or even to acquire a wife. So did among others the German brothers John and Reuben Newkirk in 1814. When the newly wedded couples came into this neighborhood, however, they found one of the streams so swollen that further passage seemed impossible. At last the men decided to swim across with the horses. Vines tied from the horses to the wagons on the other side then pulled the rest of the possessions over. Jakob Planck, a miller by trade whose flour was the pride of the early inhabitants of Wayne County, had come here to prepare a home and then went back in 1821 to Mifflin County, Pa., to fetch his wife and eleven children.

Intriguing is the story of one earlier pioneer, Michael Culler. He came into this wilderness in 1815 and bought the cabin and section of land of a pioneer by the name of Zimmer who had been murdered by Indians. His plot in the wilderness is described in this wise: "The banks of streams resembled a vast greenhouse, where choice flowers, glowering shrubs, and plants of every variety peculiar to this climate might be seen growing in wild luxuriance, diffusing their fragrance on the passing gale. The trees being in full leaf with an undergrowth of shrubbery, pea-vines, and sedge grass, intertwined by wild grape vines; and in the glades, black haw, red haw, and plum trees in abundance; and all echoing with the merry songs of birds, and the chatter of squirrels, leaping from branch to branch, saluting the pioneers or hunter, rendered the scene a veritable paradise. Thus young Culler went back East to invite a young lady to accompany him to his cabin, to share his joys and his sorrows, in his newly discovered paradise of flowers, beautiful streams, blooming forests, and rich land, in which dwelt Indians, wild animals, and serpents of all kinds." The parents of the young lady did not think this was a choice to make, but she admired the young man for telling the truth, and being of a strong will and a brave heart she answered him: "She would freely go to the wilds of Ohio, and share his joys and griefs, amid the serenades of wolves and the terrific screams of the wild cat." And so she did, and they both lived to a ripe old age, he dying in 1872 and she following him the next year.

The long journey from their old homes undoubtedly had given the settlers added strength for the trials ahead, and the impossibility of retracing these hardships so fortunately overcome must have made the labor in the new fields somewhat easier. Without question it is true that "the bold only left, and the weak never arrived." What civilization they had left, if it was worth it, could be introduced within the newly found wilderness; whatever affluence they had known, the natural riches of the soil could soon restore it; whatever splendor of field and garden they had foregone, here it could be restored; and the native hut or wigwam could be shaped into the home or village known before.

Concerning the coming here of the German speaking peoples, there are discernable certain contrasts between Central Europe and Ohio of the Northwest Territory. Slavery and involuntary service were to be unknown here, yet the constant threat of Indian warfare coupled with the dangers of attacks by wild beasts prevented the rapid penetration of this forest region. Gradually these perils were overcome. By the end of the War of 1812 almost every remaining obstacle and hazard was removed. On the other side of the Atlantic the French Revolution had promised much and had raised the hopes of many people, but the constant threat of religious intolerance, nuisance laws, and arbitrary feudal lords, the havoc and devastation of the Napoleonic wars accompanied by crop failures, and finally social and political upheaval and oppression drove men of good will, of deep religious conviction, and lovers of freedom to this new land that proclaimed a "New World." Thus when the barriers that had prevented a successful and fruitful occupation of the middle section of North America had been removed and when the forces that had made life in the "Old World" too hazardous and insecure, conditions of life inextricably embedded in European civilization, then began the great inundation of this country. It is also interesting to note the parallel between the settling of Ohio and the emigration of the German speaking peoples. The increase in the population of the state reached its greatest stride about the middle of the century at the same time that the flight from Europe reached its highest point.

To be Concluded

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Editorials

Crash Missile Program

During the war one of the best-kept secrets was the goal of a government-established organization known as Manhattan District Engineering Project. Scientists were assembled to carry out a "crash" program for the building of the then generally undreamed-of atom bomb.

Not until the first bomb fell upon Japan did manufacturers of a thousand and one items begin to suspect that their products, shipped to some innocent-looking address but under great secrecy, had gone into some phase of the vast industry and its final product—the A bomb.

In somewhat similar fashion a "crash" or emergency missiles program is undoubtedly getting under way with the appointment of Dr. James R. Killian as "Secretary of Science" by President Eisenhower. It is the kind of program that Democratic spokesmen particularly have been urging, together with a heavy spending commitment necessary for a mammoth achievement.

Sen. Henry M. Jackson (D-Wash.) in a floor speech of Feb. 1, 1956 warned: "We do not have an over-all, full-time, high-level administrator (of the missile programs), even though we know that the success of our wartime atomic program was due largely to the fact that one man, Gen. Leslie Groves, was given full and complete authority." Groves, of course, had been in command of the Manhattan Project.

In the official account of the Manhattan District, Prof. H. D. Smyth of Princeton tells of the creation of "a new district in the Corps of Engineers to carry on special work (atomic bombs) assigned to it." For security reasons, it was known as the "DSM Project" — Development of Substitute Materials.

Prof. Ralph E. Lapp in a more informal version has noted the "chagrin of Army officials when they undertook the Manhattan Project assignment in the summer of 1942 thinking it was a straightforward construction-production job, only to discover that the fundamental plant processes had yet to be tested in practical operation."

The initial problem was one of theoretical mathematics and nuclear physics; the goal, of course, to build the bomb. But by 1945, the Manhattan District was conducting fundamental research studies in nuclear physics, general physics, radiation chemistry, nuclear chemistry, product chemistry, general chemistry, metallurgy, engineering, general biology, and clinical problems dealing with radial pathology and hematology. A new missiles project, if adequately suppled with money, could branch out in the same hydra-like fashion, perhaps with the same fruitful results.

A Great State for Hunting

The statistics now have been compiled and it has now been made known that during the season for hunters with bow and arrow the surprising number of such sportsmen who took out licenses in Pennsylvania was 55,521.

If there had been any fears on the part of the gunners that the State's herd of deer would be decimated by this growing army of Robin Hoods, then it should be known also that their total take was only 1268 deer, or about two deer per hundred hunters.

Opening day saw the largest turnout of the bow and arrow boys and girls in our history. This was to have been expected from the fact that the licensed archers have increased rapidly in numbers, namely a thousand per cent since 1951 when their number was only 5542.

Field officers of the Game Commission described the behavior of the bow and arrow hunters as "generally good". A few game law violators were apprehended, however. Some archers "stretched" the hunting hours too far, and there were apprehensions for spotlighting deer while in possession of a bow before the opening hour. One man, anxious for a first-kill prize, shot a deer with a firearm, than forced an arrow into the bullet hole to make it appear the animal was arrow-killed.

Three non-fatal accidents, all self-inflicted, were reported early in the bowmen's 1957 deer season.

But the bowmen undoubtedly had a good time of it even if heavy bags were few and far between. A lot of them who had near hits can be expected to continue their training at the butts where the members of our archery clubs will spend much of their spare time during the open season of the year.

Next in the category of specialized hunting will be the quest for bear which a surprising number of men will engage in, beginning on Monday morning at 7 and continuing to early evening on November 30.

All the reports from the rugged, forested northern counties indicate that the black bear population has not declined in recent years and so there is likelihood that the figures of bears taken in 1956—335—will at least be approximated this year.

Both these sets of statistics again prompt the astonishment that even after two centuries of extensive development of our state and spread of our vast population, big game persists in such large numbers and permits pursuits that generally are identified only with primevally wild country.

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.

Sunday and Religious Law

To the Editor—

It would be well for the citizens of Allentown and Bethlehem to think seriously before enacting any Sunday laws. Sunday laws are religious laws. By no logical system of reasoning can they be classified as anything else. Civil Sunday laws are unchristian, and if enforced take away from man his God-given rights.

Sunday has no claim to superiority above other days, except by claim made by it devotees that it is a day of worship and rest, a sacred day. Remove this, and Sunday stands on a par with all other days. Leave this, and Sunday appears as a religious day, and all laws concerning its observance are seen in their true light as religious laws.

Furthermore, Sunday is not the day of worship set aside in the Ten Commandments of God. James Cardinal Gibbons, author of "Faith of Our Fathers," a Catholic work, says on pages 111, 112: "But you may read the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, and you will not find a single line authorizing the sanctification of Sunday. The Scriptures enforce the religious observance of Saturday, a day we never sanctify."

All history teaches that the worst religious persecutions and tyrannies had apparently innocent beginnings. The proper object of government is to protect all persons in the enjoyment of their religious as well as civil rights, and not to determine for any whether they shall esteem one day above another, or esteem all days holy.

We do not believe it is the legitimate province of any government to determine what religion is true or what is false. If the principle is once established that religion, or religious observance, shall be interwoven with our legislative acts, we must pursue it to its ultimatum. If the government has a right to enforce a religious enactment with respect to the observance of a day of rest, why may it not do so concerning baptism? Further, if the state can decide on matters of a rest day, why not also decide concerning the Lord's Supper, and attempt to tell the citizens how often and when the communion shall be received?

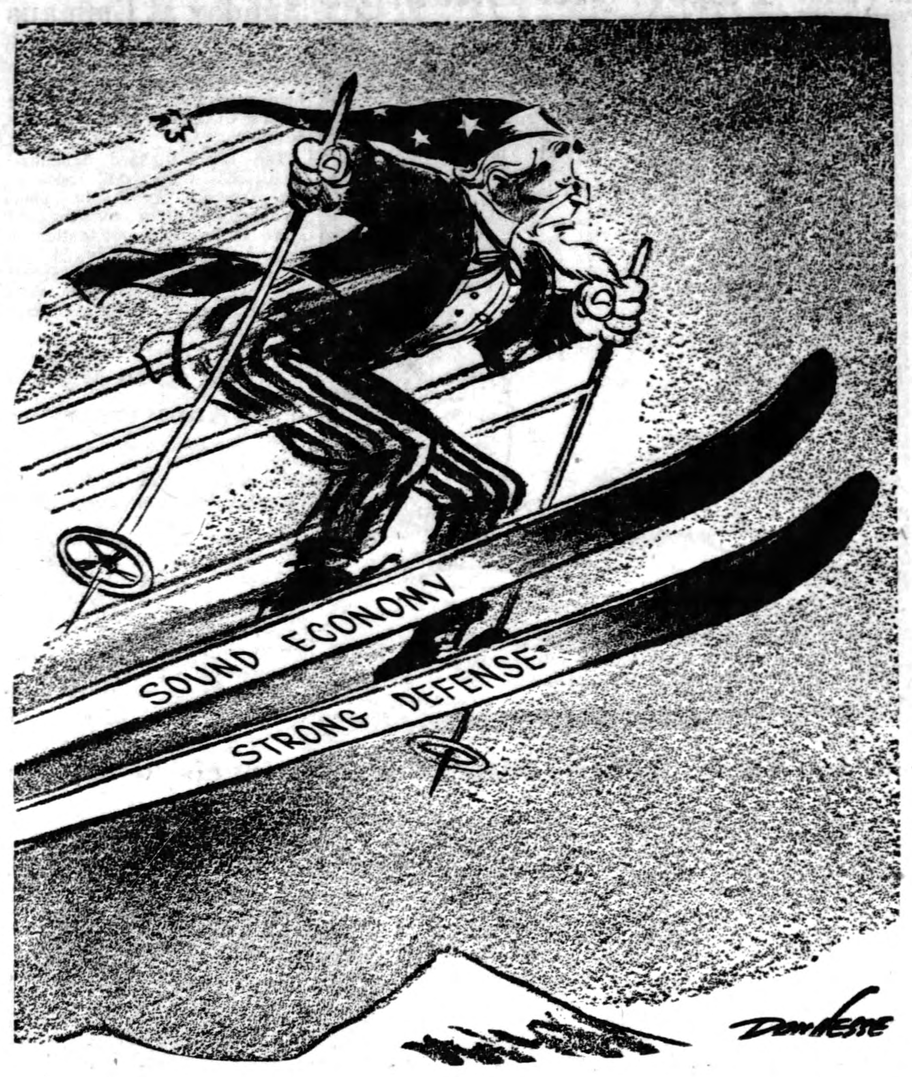
Thomas Jefferson, in his "Act For Establishing Religious Freedom," declares "that Almighty God hath created the mind free; that all attempts to influence it by temporal punishment or burdens, or by civil incapacitations, tend only to beget habits of hypocrisy and meanness, and are a departure from the plan of of the holy Author of our religion, who being Lord both of body and mind, yet chose not to propagate it by coercion on either, as was His almighty power to do." (Collection of the Laws of Virginia, by H. W. Hening, Vol XII, p. 84.)

The attempt to use the arm of the law to punish infractions of religious law, places in the hands of men that which belong alone to God. It presupposes the power of men to read the minds and judge the motives of their fellows.

Sunday observance is a religious act, and can be of worth only while done as a matter of conscience. It is worth repeating that all Sunday laws are unchristian.

Very sincerely yours,
Geo. E. Taylor
7710 Carroll Ave.
Washington

Needs Both for a Safe Landing



Many Questions Unanswered

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Realism is still rare here in the appraisal of policies that must prevail if America is to defend herself promptly against sudden attack by missiles or nuclear weapons of any kind. For the big issue — when exactly can the order be given for retaliatory action against attack—has never been resolved.

Secretary of State Dulles, answering a question at a news conference at Chicago, said that retaliation from bases abroad would be instantaneous if there were another attack "like Pearl Harbor." But behind that statement are many unanswered questions such as these:


Lawrence

1. While the United States itself is committed to instant retaliation if an attack occurs against any member country of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, is it necessary to get the permission of an Allied nation before American forces can fire weapons from overseas bases?

2. If permission must be obtained from local civilian authorities, does this mean that the British or French parliaments, for example, must give their consent, and how long a delay would this occasion while New York or Chicago was being bombed?

These two points have long been argued, and military men usually have answer4d positively that there would be no delay. They have been assuming instant cooperation from parliamentary bodies.

In the North Atlantic Treaty, Congress has already authorized the President to use American military forces to resist any attack. The treaty, in effect, says that an attack on any member of NATO is an attack against the United States. Under the Constitution, the President has the power to use the military forces at once to repel any attack against the United States.

President Has Power

By construing the interests of the United States as the same thing as the territory of the United States, Congress, in ratifying the NATO treaty in 1949, consented to the instant exercise of the war power by the executive. Presumably any military operations thereafter would result in a resolution by Congress ratifying a "state of war." This happened in the case of Pearl Harbor, when the executive ordered counterattacks and then received confirming authority from Congress a few days later.

But this is not the kind of set-up which today prevails in the parliamentary bodies abroad. No advance authorization has been given by either the British or French parliament to allow American commanders at bases in those countries to use their weapons in retaliation. The Communists have relied on this gap, and military men here have been uneasy about it, despite assurances from London and Paris that in an emergency of this sort there wouldn't be any question about granting the necessary authority.

It will be noted that Secretary Dulles in his remarks at Chicago says that the forces of the United States stationed abroad are so intermingled with allied forces already — and presumably would be integrated even more under the proposed establishment by NATO of intermediate bases for missiles — that it would be natural for the Americans to retaliate immediately. The United States government is assuming it can take the retaliatory action anyhow and depend on the good faith of its Allies to ratify the steps when once taken.

Up to now, on the other hand, there has been a dependence on the Strategic Air Command in the United States, which it has been supposed would retaliate directly with intercontinental bombers. It wasn't so important heretofore whether any retaliatory steps were taken first from overseas bases. As it was assumed that, once the intercontinental bombers operating from American soil went into action, all the military forces stationed in Europe, both of the United States and its Allies, would be immediately plunged into a state of war anyhow.

With the threat, however, of the intercontinental missile which might come from Russia at a speed of thousands of miles per hour, the United States finds it more than ever necessary to use shorter-range missles operating from NATO bases overseas. This opens anew the question of authority to function from such bases. It will not be enough to leave the matter hanging in the air, as in past conferences on the subject, with the vague assurance that the civilian parliaments will act in due time. Realism requires that this critical issue be faced squarely at the NATO conference to be attended by President Eisenhower in Paris next month.

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Strange Bedfellows

By GEORGE DIXON

It is my pious hope that Adlai Stevenson and John Foster Dulles are not sacrificing their natural distaste for each other in vain. If nothing constructive comes of this eerie fraternization it will be a doleful setback to the strange new spirit of abnegation that is struggling to life in the land.

The collaboration of the Democratic party's two-time loser for the presidency with the GOP secretary of state should appeal to the best in us, if there is any left. It could be as inspiring as the lion lying down with the lamb, or the mongoose taking the cobra to lunch.

It will be a crying shame if it all comes to naught, because success would have proved to this torn world that anyone can get along with anyone else, if one will only submerge his antipathies. I would surmise that if you scoured the universe, even unto the milky way, you would not find two bodies as antipathetic as Adlai and John Foster.

If he was catering to his own inclinations, Dulles would as soon have Stevenson as an Atlantic Pact consultant as publicly beseech his predecessor, Dean Acheson, to tutor him at night on how to be a secretary of state.

Conversely, if Adlai was thinking only of himself, instead of running amok with altruism, he would not care to sit in the same ball park with John Foster, much less at the same conference table.

But both are now practicing the wonderful old doctrine of give and take. Each feels, in his selfless way, that he has to take more than he gives.

The alliance of Stevenson and Dulles, which would have been regarded as a grotesque mesalliance only a few weeks ago, typifies the new spirit that is arising among us. Critics are wooing critics. Adversaries are huddling with adversaries. You'd almost think we were afraid of something.

There are features to the Stevenson-Dulles entente, however, that are not as bizarre as they may seem at first glance. After all, it may be easier for John Foster Dulles to get a NATO policy squared away with Adlai E. Stevenson than Thomas E. Dewey.

Conversely, it may be easier for Stevenson to get a NATO policy squared away with Dulles than for him to square anything with Harry S. Truman. And it may be easier for Dulles and Stevenson to get yesses and noes out of each other than any kind of answer out of Ike.

The letter that President Eisenhower sent to the man he twice defeated for the big job seemed a gem that ought to be preserved in a museum as the Kohinoor of Ambiguity. Ike wrote Adlai, "I am delighted that you and Foster will be getting together on Monday" and then voiced the hope that he would be out of Washington before Monday.

As my bride said, in winning the inter-state redundancy championship in Albuquerque in 1951, "that could be very ambiguous double entendre, meaning double talk."

The coalition is almost too out of this world for our mundane minds to grasp. It is as supernatural as if Perle Mesta had called in Gwen Cafritz as special consultant on whom to snub at their next joint party. Who would have dreamed that when the Russians unloosed Sputniks I and II, those arrows in the air would have taken a tangential flight and shot both Dulles and Stevenson in their awareness?

Khrushchev has done more to bring our politicos together than the Republicans and Democrats could ever do.

Six more Sputniks, and Harry Truman will be invited to the White House — accompanied by General MacArthur.

(Copyright 1957)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Exodus 20:7

The third Word or Commandment reads as follows: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," to which is added: "For the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain."

It is interesting to note that God is speaking the words of the first two Commandments, but, beginning with the third, God is spoken of in the third person. Verses 18 and 19 may explain this. The people were frightened by the thunderings and lightnings and the noise of the trumpet as God was speaking to them, v. 18, so that they asked Moses, as mediator, to do the speaking: "Let not God speak with us, lest we die" is their plea, v. 19.

God could not be seen with the physical eye, so He made known the glory of His nature in His name (Ex. 3:14-15), and this was not to be abused by His people.

This Commandment prohibits all employment of the name of God for vain and unworthy objects, as trivial swearing in ordinary speech, whereas the true employment of the name of God is confined to invocation, prayer, praise, and thanksgiving which proceeds from a pure and believing heart.

Even the law of the state allows a person taking an oath at court to say "I affirm" instead of "I swear."

Horoscope

The picture for you is excellent; play your hunches and your business should expand. Today's child will be good-natured and light-hearted. Also highly intelligent, he would find electronics a good field.

Factographs

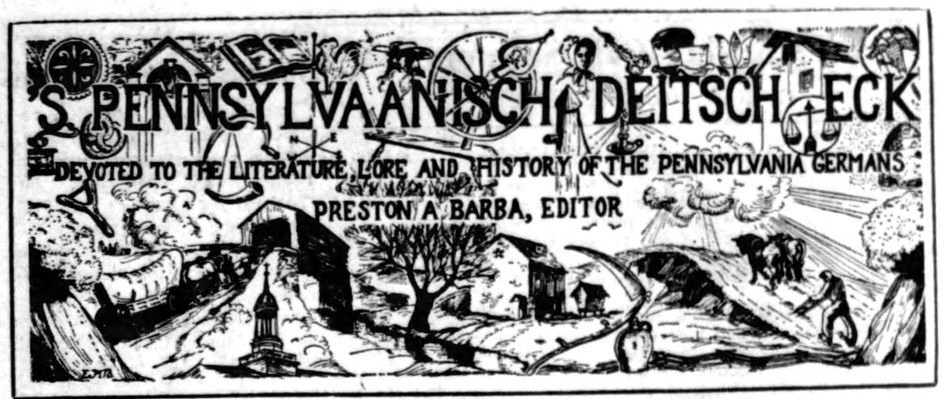
In Roman times May was regarded as an unlucky month for marriages.

• • •

The Russian alphabet has more letters than the English alphabet.

• • •

Dogs have sweat glands on on the soles of their paws.



WIE DIE ALDE NOOCH DER HEIO SIN

Vum Edward Hermany

Conclusion

In the concluding verses of Hermany's narrative poem we see our Pennsylvania Pioneers enduring many hardships as they journey westward across the Alleghenies (Allginny) for seven long weeks. But at last they arrive at their destination in Trumbull County, Ohio, where they clear the land and in the course of the years become prosperous farmers. They often look out upon their fair acres and compare them with the lean farmlands they left behind in Lynn Township in upper Lehigh and along the Pinnacle and Blue Mountains in Berks way back "Im dumme deitsche Pennsylveeni." The poet slyly adds that they do not always fail to return promptly to Pennsylvania to claim the heritage of their deceased parents.

Nau sin sie uff der Rees gans eenich,
Un duhn sich helfe wie sie kenne,
Im Freie un im Busch alleenich;
Ee Daag dutt sie die Sunn verbrenne,
De naegschte dutt der Nordwind blose,
De naegschte rabbelt's arg mit Schloosse,
Ee Daag dutt's barmelmaessich schtaawe,
De naegschte geht's bis an die Naawe.
Un Dreck der Wagge schpritzt un schblattert
Dass Geil un Mensche schrecklich baddert!
Ee Daag, do muss er iwwer Schtumpe,
De naegschte in de Schtee rum bumpe—
De naegschte iwwer Graewe hubbere,
Dass Fraa un Kinner schnubbere!
Ee Daag geht's nuff bis in die Wolke—
Baerrick nuff, dochgegge in die Wolke—
De naegschte nunner in der Abgrund—
Dochgegge nunner in der Abgrund!
Un so mit weddeleinisch babble,
Duhn sie vun Daag zu Daag fattrabble,
Un heere iwwer allem Bebbre
Ihr gleene Gwidder Weckcher glebbre,
Un sin zufridde mit dem Faahre,
Un wunnre wieviel, dass noch waare
Nooch Friehschtick in der groosse Backmult—
Bloobaeryer Leeb noch in der Backmult!
O, Sosgehenna, sell macht Sarye
Fer unser Draewlers alle Marye,
Bis sie der hoche Baerrick Allginny
Sin driwwer drauss!

Deel Nachte hen sie drauss im Freie
Graad unnerm Himmel zu guartiere,
Datt duhn sie naegscht beinanner leie,
Un alle alde alde Schlich browiere.
Der Bullhund un der groo ald Kaader,
Die mache deelmols bissel Haader,
Un "Mammi! Mammi!" greischt en Gleenes,
Un "Daadi! Daadi!" greischt en Gleenes—
Sunscht weider nix dutt sie verschteere,
Un zimmlich glei kannscht widder heere,
Deel uff, deel unnerm Wagge schnarrickse,
Un "Riewe koche" bis sie warrickse!
Die Weibsleit draame nachts vun Insche,
Un sehne maryets was sie winsche,
Verzehle's allfert iwwerm Esse,
Der Blatz fer Ebbes zu vergesse!
Deel Nachte duhn sie "Ladsching" suche
Am Wattshaus, wu die Kinner fluche,
Dief in der Wildernis am Hiwwel,
Wu'd's Wasser ziegscht mit Kett un Kiwwel,
Un wu vum Hunde un vum Yaagge
En yedre ebbes hot zu saagge;
Deel Nachte beime faule Seddler,
Der awwer Hoffning hot en Schdeddler
In kazer Zeit un reich zu warre,
Mit dem duhn sie en wennich zaerre,
Un dann watt widder abgedroddelt,
Un langsam fatt un fatt gezoddelt,
Die siwwe lange, lange Woche,
Mit gaar kem Backe, wennich Kuche—
Vum Graewwel uff der schwaze Boddem
In der Heio!

Nau sin sie drauss im Weschte,
In Droombel County in der Heio,
Un uff ihrm Land, vum allerbeschte,
Hen sie die Backmult un die Beio,
Der Bullhund un der Kaader
Bei nanner leie unni Haader!
Sie hen der Sosgehenna Rewwer
Un Allginny Baerrick, voll wilde Ewwer,
Weid hinner sich in Pennsylveeni,
Im dumme, deitsche Pennsylveeni!
Verbei iss Druwwel un Gezacker,
Sie hen schunn datt paar hunnert Acker,
Borairy Land in lauder Weeze—
Borairy Land in lauder Weeze!

Sell heert mer so im allgemeine—
Die Sache gehn net datt beim Gleene,
Ass wie do an der Alde Laani,
Am Pinnacle Baerrick, Allbaani—
Do wu mer's Land sehnt wie en Wandschtee,
Un macht die Fense noch vun Sandschtee—
Wu, wann mer 'n gleener Bu sehnt naus geh
Mit Geil un Hokebluck sehnt naus geh,
Un frogt ihn, "Well, was witte schaffe?"
Dann dutt er net lang um sich gaffe;
Er secht graad raus, "Ei, blugge un heile!"—
Doch was soll ich mich noch verweile,
Mit Gnowwloch un mit Schpitzeweddrich,
Un mit Fimffingergraut yuscht dreiebleddrich,
Am Tschochri Baerrick un Dohnardskebbche,
Un aa am Blooe Baerrick, ich Drebbche?—
Mei Leit sin drauss im Droombel County,
Verlache 's Bauere am Blue Mounty,
Un kumme doch fer Erbschaft pinktlich
Aus der Heio!

"Mer sehne sie sei Lewe nimmi-Booh! Heio! Wah!"

GLOSSARY: Droombel, Trumbull County, Ohio; Allginny, Allegheny; Schpitzeweddrich, ribgrass; Fimffingergraut, cinquefoil; Gwidder Weckcher (who can inform us?)

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN PIONEERS IN OHIO

by William I. Schreiber

Conclusion

The German speaking Mennonites were the largest single group to come into this section of Ohio. Although there have been many defections and departures from the customs and language of the original settlers one group known as the Amish is still the largest outstanding ethnic and religious group within the state. It is easy to see why the Mennonites should come into this neighborhood. Here they found the hills and dales not unlike their native homes. They found above all a soil which they knew from long experience to be most suitable for their sort of life in rural surroundings. Abundant, clear springs and hardwood trees like oak, maple, and walnut, were to them unmistakable signs of future reward for hard labor. Had not their whole past history of persecution and wanderings made them keen to the indices with which nature reveals its inner secrets! After all these men of toil were not looking for quick riches but mainly for a haven; they wanted not rest and ease, but respite from interference of men. Here these were to be found. Their whole past life seemed to have made the labor in the new wilderness somewhat easier. They settled in isolated localities and then gradually spread over the counties Holmes, Wayne, Tuscarrawas and Stark.

The main Pennsylvania Amish Mennonite line began in 1807 when a party under the leadership of Jakob (Jockle) Miller was sent from Sommerset County to scout for new land. From Pittsburgh the party went down the Ohio River and up the Mississippi to Iowa. However, the men could not reach a decision as to where to stake a claim. On their return trip which they made over-land they passed through the Killbuck valley and finally through Holmes and Tuscarawas Counties. This seemed to be the new land for them. In a very few years the settlement grew and spread and is still overflowing. These pioneers and their successors were blessed with an abundance of hard work, of energy and also large families.

At present there are various genealogies of original Amish Mennonite families available. For instance the family tree of Jeremiah Miller, the seventh child among twelve, and third generation of Samuel Mueller who had arrived on the ship CHANCE in Philadelphia on November 1, 1763, with 192 other passengers from the Canton Berne, Switzerland, and who was brought to Ohio in 1819 at the age of two, has now more than 261 descendants. A slightly younger brother Joni Miller, born in 1824 has a progeny now exceeding 550 descendants. The small Amish Mennonite colony at Shanesville, in Tuscarawas County, Ohio, a short distance from the Wayne County line, has grown in spite of many splits and desertions into a compact community comprising now in excess of thirty-four districts or "Gemei" and the largest such settlement in America.

The group of immigrants coming directly from abroad was heralded by Benedict Schraag (Schrock) who settled in Green township, the most fertile section of Wayne County, just northeast of Wooster. It is not surprising that he sent letters full of praise to the brethren left behind. Soon they followed. The good news spread throughout the Emmenthal region, Canton Berne, Switzerland, and north into the Jura mountains in Alsace and the Palatinate. A famine during the years 1816-17 following the hardships of the War of Liberation made the majority of the Sonnenberg congregation of the Jura and many from Alsace emigrate. Isaac Sommer, David Kirchhofer, Peter and Ulrich Lehmann with their families were next to follow. Then the flood began which eventually filled the county and only abated in 1837. Sonnenberg, Chester, and Chippewa and other communities had been founded, and but little land was left.

When still more arrivals came others began to look for cheaper land and wider spaces further west and Wayne County flowed over into western Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. The leader was Michael Neuenschwander. He had been born in 1778 in the Alsace; on May 15, 1823, he left his native home for America. In fifteen days he reached Paris, by June 5 he was in Le Havre. His fifth child was born on the ship EOLUS on June 11. After 43 sailing days he arrived safely at New London, Conn. Hs itinerary took him to New York, Amboy, Easton, Bethlehem, Reading, Harrisburg, Bedford, Greensburg, and Pittsburgh. Here one of his children died. After a week he resumed his journey to Beavertown, then to Canton, Ohio, and finally he reached Little Chippewa Creek, Green township, on October 4, 1823. The entire voyage had taken nearly six months. Some of his descendents stayed here and still go under the name of Neuenschwander. Others who had removed Westward with him however returned later as Doctors of Medicine and Philosophy under the name of Neiswander.

David Houmard has left us different details of his journey. His trip from Canton Berne, Switzerland, took 17 weeks and one day. He brought wife, father and mother, and a total outfit of baggage including a wagon, footed in round numbers, 1,765 pounds. He came up the Hudson River to Albany, was one of the first foreigners to sail the Erie Canal and then took a boat to Cleveland, Ohio. Here he bought a yoke of oxen for $36.00 and drove to his destination in Wayne County.

It is worthy of note that in this section of Ohio alone there are more Mennonites than there are at the present time in all of Switzerland, their original home.

It is more remarkable that the German Poet Schiller in his famous play **William Tell** describes the settling of the Forest Cantons of Switzerland, which had taken place ages past, as it was happening at that very time thousands of miles away in a strange land America. In the famous Ruetli scene Stauffacher, who could be any Wayne Countian by the name of Stauffer narrates:

They view'd the country, found it rich in wood
Discover'd goodly springs, and felt as they
Were in their own dear native land once more.
Then they resolved to settle on the spot;
Erected there the ancient town of Schwytz; (Kidron, Sonnenberg, and others)
And many a day of toil had they to clear
The tangled brake and forest's spreading roots.
Meanwhile their numbers grew, the soil became
Unequal to sustain them. . .
Yet ever mindful of their parent stem,
The men of Schwytz, from all the stranger race,
That since that time have settled in the land,
Each other recognize. Their hearts still know,
And beat fraternally to kindred blood. . .

The College of Wooster
Wooster, Ohio

NARYETS SCHUNSCHT

Es gebt Sache an deel Bletz ass es naryets schunscht gewwe kennt. Wu die Kelt nie net weiter nunner kummt ass wie zweeundreissich, datt kann's ken Eis gewwe. Es waar moll en Amerikaaner drunne in Siam. Sell heesse sie alleweil Thailand. Er hot de Leit datt verzehlt, dass wu er deheem waer, deet's Wasser winders so hatt warre ass mer driwwer laa fe kennt. Sie hen ihm des net geglaabt, weil's nie ken Eis gewwe hot in Siam. Allegebott hen sie ihre Kepp gegloppt fer weise, ass der Amerikaaner narrisch sei muss.

Well, so gebt's aa Gschwetz do rum, ass es naryets shunscht gebt. Letscht Woch in der Lebanon News ihre Druckerei hen ich un en Mann un en Meedel mit nanner gschwetzt. Es Meedel hot mich gemaant vun re Breddich, ass ich katzlich gebreddicht hab. Der Tittel vun daere Breddich waar "Ebenezer."

"Was meent sell Watt Ebenezer"? hot's Meedel mich gfroogt. "Ich hab schunn oft sell Lied helfe singe 'Here I raise my Ebenezer.' Awwer ich weess net, was es Watt meent."

Des Watt iss aa in der Biewel. Die Israeliter hen sich frei gfochte vun de Philistiner. Noh hot der alt Samuel en Schteh uffgschtellt un hot ihn Ebenezer gheesse. Mir deede saagge, er hot en Monument uffgschtellt.

Ebenezer meent 'Bis hie haer hot der Herr gholfe.' In annere Wadde, es waer kens vun uns do, wann der gut Gott uns net ghowe hett in seinre Hand.

Naddwestlich vun Lebanon uff der Lickdale Schtrooss iss en klee Schtedtel. Es waere en Latt Leit datt drin, wann mer all die Dode mitzehle deet. Awwer die Lewendiche sin vun de beschte Mensche. Des klee Schtedtel heesst Ebenezer.

Moll ee Chrischtdaag he ndie Poschtoffis Kalls in Lebanon en Kaart grickt ass gedirekt waar zu ebber in **Epineca.** Sie hen die Kaart graad noch Ebenezer gshickt, un sell waar aa, so will ich iwwer der Damm geh, der recht Blatz. Sell hett naryets schunscht vorfalle kenne, ass wie graad do rum — **DER KASCHBAR HUFNAGEL vun der Lebanon News.**

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Editorials

An Added Blessing

There are more reasons for giving thanks than the scores of blessings that were counted as the people of the Lehigh Valley joined Americans everywhere in their traditional day of thanksgiving.

Once again it was the good fortune of the Lehigh Valley—of its people and its communities, individually and collectively—to pass a heavily traveled holiday without a single traffic fatality and with a minimum of highway accidents.

And it is their good fortune, too, to note yesterday's announcement by the National Safety Council that if present trends continue for another month the year may end with 1,000 less highway deaths in America than were recorded last year.

The nation's frightening highway toll, on the increase for so many years, is not the responsibility of communities, of governments or of organizations such as the Safety Council and its affiliated groups. It is the responsibility of individuals, individuals who drive cars and trucks and motorcycles, who ride bicycles, who walk along streets and highways or who cross them.

They hold their own lives—and the lives of others—in their hands. They write the accident record of the Lehigh Valley and of the nation—and its safety record, too.

Once again, over this holiday, they have demonstrated that they can drive with care, that they can save pain and suffering and heartaches and lives.

For this, as well as for the fact that they wrote the Thanksgiving Day record they did, they have added reasons for giving thanks.

And the thanks will be multiplied many times if for the rest of the year—for many more months to come—they can continue to write the same record.

To date, over this holiday, they have demonstrated that it can be done. And if it can be done for a single day, it can be done indefinitely.

But it can be done only if each individual recognizes and assumes his individual responsibility. It is a responsibility each should and must assume to perpetuate the record of this year's Day of Thanksgiving.

Power vs. Population

The governments of the great nations are still practicing the politics of power as if there lay the key to the lasting security and betterment of mankind.

But a rising mountain of evidence suggests that they are misdirecting their efforts. While they stiffen their power with ever more ruinous armament, tremendous problems are engulfing their peoples.

The greatest of these is the population explosion. It may in truth be basic to all the others. And it could work with deadlier effect upon the governments of the world than the most devastating nuclear burst.

If there are men on Mars and they have any means of observing life on this earth, they must be amused at the irony of our situation.

We are involved in economic and social changes so vast that they ought to command the full minds and energies of the world's ablest men. To meet these changes calls for an unexampled spirit of dedication, for undiluted effort, and for a supreme exercise of human imagination.

Yet for the most part we are treating these changes as if they were some kind of minor tropical storm which will never reach our shores.

In the Kremlin, men warped by outdated notions of power and its fruits go on building great engines of war. They may not really want to use them, but they clearly want to make the world tremble before them, and to find global conquest down this path of fear.

We in the West believe, with good reason, that we have no safe course but to balance this threat, to blunt the Kremlin's aggressiveness by matching its potential for ruin. So we, too, devote ourselves heavily to armaments and treaties for defense and aid that helps defense.

All the while this frantic race goes on at accelerating speed, a greater race is in progress. In America, in Russia, in China, in India and almost every habitable spot on this earth, human numbers soar dizzily.

India, a nation trying to lift itself to higher levels of living, says frankly and with no little bewilderment: "We've got to run just to stand still." Economic planners barely get the economic base raised up when they find the advance offset by new gains in population.

The dilemma has long afflicted Asia. What is staggering is the scale of growth there now, and the fact that even wealthy America is no longer immune to the population shock wave.

Armaments can have no effect on this spreading swarm of humanity, except as pestilence has had in earlier times.

The world needs disarmament not simply so it may avoid war. It needs the chance to devote its full human and physical resources to finding an enduring means of bringing the world's peoples into balance with the world they live in.

This is an assignment for an era, and one that commands priority above all other human enterprises, if humanity is to survive and prosper.

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.

Guard Religious Liberty

Dear Sir—

I sat as an observer in the recent panel discussion on Sunday sales, sponsored by the Lehigh Valley Retail Grocers' Association, held in the Lehigh Valley Dairy Building on November 20.

I would like to take this opportunity to pass on to you a word of commendation on the way the meeting was covered in the newspapers. It was a completely unbiased and impartial report — nothing was added or taken away.

I feel that extreme caution and careful study must be given to legislation, such as was proposed at that meeting, lest we open the door to more drastic Sunday legislation which would be unconstitutional and could only lead to persecution.

Let us guard well our religious liberty which is our American heritage. Eternal vigilance is the price of freedom.

Sincerely yours,
Earl S. Grube
Coopersburg R. 2

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Exodus 20:17

The last of the Ten Commandments reads as follows: Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house. Thou shalt not covet they neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

If there be those who think that the series of the Ten Commandments closes in an anticlimax, they should study history and discover that covetousness can readily be the root from which every possible sin can spring.

The sin of Ahab and Jezebel in yesterday's meditation was covetousness, which led to false witness against their neighbor, then to murder, and finally to stealing the adjoining vineyard of Naboth. David's great sin, coveting his neighbor's wife, Bath-sheba, (2 Samuel 11 and 12) led to adultery and then to the death of her husband, Uriah.

One should read Psalm 51 at this point, for in it David pours out his heart in great grief, contrition, and repentance. In Colossians 3:5, covetousness is called idolatry. In Ephesians 5:3 covetousness is not to be named among the saints, that is, the Christians of the Ephesian Church.

In Mark 7:21, 22 covetousness is classified among the most heinous sins, such as evil thoughts, adulteries, thefts, murders, deceit, pride, foolishness, etc., all proceeding out of the heart of the natural man.

No Such Thing as Coasting Uphill



White House Candor

By DAVID LAWRENCE

There is one thing that will have to be conceded by partisans and captious critics — the Republican Administration certainly has shown unparalleled candor in disclosing to the American people the facts concerning the illnesses of President Eisenhower.

Only this week — in an Associated Press dispatch from Boston — are the American people being told for the first time that Franklin D. Roosevelt suffered a series of "strokes" and that the officials of a Democratic Administration continuously concealed the truth from the people over a long period. The news now is distributed nationally that Dr. Charles W. Robertson, assistant professor of surgery at Boston University, who has made a special study of the facts about the illnesses of presidents, wrote in the Boston Medical Quarterly as follows:

"It seems quite plain that Roosevelt suffered a series of small strokes in 1943 and 1944. This general downward trend continued to such a degree that a full-time secret service body guard was placed over Vice President Harry Truman about March 1, 1945. (Roosevelt died April 12, 1945).


Lawrence

"Roosevelt had one small cerebral vascular accident in March 1945, and, while convalescing from this, suffered a terminal stroke as he was having some sketches made for a portrait."

Dr. Robertson goes back even to earlier periods in Roosevelt's Administration as he adds:

"It is reported that in the summer of 1938 he suffered the first of a series of small strokes from which recovery was quick and complete. It was midway through the war, in 1943, that a definite physical change in Roosevelt's appearance was obvious to everyone, particularly after a trip to Cairo and a conference in Teheran late in 1943."

Here was the commander-in-chief of the armed forces of the United States in the midst of World War II doggedly carrying on despite previous "cerebral vascular accidents" somewhat similar to the one just experienced by President Eisenhower. There was no call for resignation then and no demand that the Vice President take over as "acting president." This may have been because the people did not know the truth. Actually some of the newsmen did know — there was plenty of "inside gossip" — but the facts were not printed because of a deference to the presidential office which since seems to have been abandoned.

Churchill's Case

Prime Minister Churchill, while at the head of the British government, suffered a series of small strokes and in 1953 a severe one. The British people weren't told about it. The press in London, which now calls on Eisenhower to "resign," wasn't articulate then. It was in 1955 that the Prime Minister revealed casually to the House of Commons that two years before he had had for a time "a very serious illness which paralyzed me completely, physically."

Knowledge of Churchill's experience undoubtedly was in President Eisenhower's mind when in his press conference of April 3, 1957, he said:

"There could be a case where a man would have a stroke that is slight from which he could recover. We have great statesmen in the world today that have recovered from a couple of them and carried on for years."

It is natural for officialdom in Britain to keep quiet about personal health matters affecting a prime minister but in America the opposite now is the practice. There sometimes is a delay, as happened for a few hours this week when the White House staff described the President's indisposition as a slight "chill" and gave no further details until the next day. But before 24 hours had passed all the facts were disclosed on the authority of the physicians in attendance.

Nevertheless Senator Monroney of Oklahoma, Democrat, was quick to issue a public criticism of the White House for not telling the whole story promptly.

No Outcries

The Republican senators of yesteryears were not so demanding. No such outcries were heard when the Democratic Administration withheld the true facts about Mr. Roosevelt's health, though on Capitol Hill during March 1945 at least one Democratic senator — David Walsh of Massachusetts — who was close to the Boston doctors, relayed some of the same information to his colleagues in Congress and to a few newsmen. They didn't print it.

The best way, it is often argued, is to tell all the facts at the time they are happening. One cannot help wondering, however, what might have been the advantages to the nerves of the world, and to the panicky sellers in the markets, if somehow the news of the President's "chill" on Monday had been withheld at least until after he had recovered sufficiently to go to church on Thanksgiving Day. The case for deliberateness, with full details a few days afterwards, will certainly gain adherents now versus the demand for hour-by-hour bulletins and voluble press conferences that speculate on what Divine Providence has in mind.

(Copyrigh, 1957)

Nixon and Labor

By VICTOR RIESEL

Richard Nixon walks through this moment of grim history with many friends — but virtually none is a labor leader. To report that his relationship with influential union chiefs is at its coolest is to understate.

With the President ill and Dick Nixon most certainly directing much of the ponderous behind - the - scenes government machinery, this coolness may break into wide open feuding. This could well disrupt a little known working arrangement some of the national labor leaders have had with the White House.

Out of this arrangement has come agreement on many issues including new laws to end the labor abuses reported in scorching headlines this past year. Such laws can be passed only if there is the kind of informal meeting of minds which comes from cordial conversations between a few powerful leaders of two traditionally opposing forces — the Republican Party and the national labor movement, in this case.

Such laws could come only from compromise developed in amiable off-the - record talks. Such laws would not survive a knockdown fight in Congress if they did not have the backing which Dwight D. Eisenhower privately promised to give them.

There were such talks between Mr. Eisenhower and George Meany, AFL - CIO president, it is reported. Meany has been on extremely cordial terms with the President. He has gone to the White House both on business and social calls.

Indeed, on the night the President became ill, Meany was one of the special guests at the dinner for King Mohammed V, of Morocco.

Certainly Mr. Eisenhower invited Meany over because the labor chief has had considerable influence in keeping Morocco, and Tunisia, too, on America's side. But Meany also came as a friend.

There is no such relationship with Richard Nixon. This is not the fault of either Nixon or Meany. Mr. Nixon, as recently as a few weeks ago, for example, sought out some of the top officials of the AFL-CIO. Mr. Nixon had worked with them on many projects. He had cooperated with them in the campaign to integrate Negro workers into any plant with contracts from the government. There might have been an easing of the feud with the vice president which began when some union delegates booed him during his address to the 1953 AFL convention.

But then Mr. Nixon decided to swing into the New Jersey election campaign against Democratic Gov. Robert Meyner. That was his duty as he saw it. But the national labor leaders took a dim view of the Vice President's speeches. Hour after hour he seemed to attack the labor people in all his talks during his swing through the state.

Just a few days ago, as a result of this campaign, the AFL-CIO declared open war on Mr. Nixon. Their words are strong. They always are in the labor press. But they are nonetheless significant, despite their anger. In the Nov. 23 edition of the AFL - CIO News, official publication of the 16 million member federation, there appears the following in the editorial column — obviously not without the approval of labor's national chiefs:

". . . Vice President Nixon toured the state seeking to exploit the McClellan Committee hearings by talking vaguely about 'racketeers' — although he never precisely said that the Jersey pro-Meyner leaders were among the 'racketeers' . . . Instead of curling up under this protracted and intense assault, most leaders of New Jersey labor recognized that they were faced with what amounted to a campaign of blackmail — an effort to drive them out of the political field.

"They redoubled their expenditures of energy and manpower. They rallied more and more people to work before the election and on election day to get labor's story told to the voters and to get the voters to the polls."

Behind the scenes there were conferences which spoke of a constant fight on Mr. Nixon. The Jersey campaign neutralized four years of Mr. Nixon's efforts to set up some kind of working arrangement with the labor leaders.

But the chill has set in and it will take more than the heat of fast moving history to melt it.

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Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

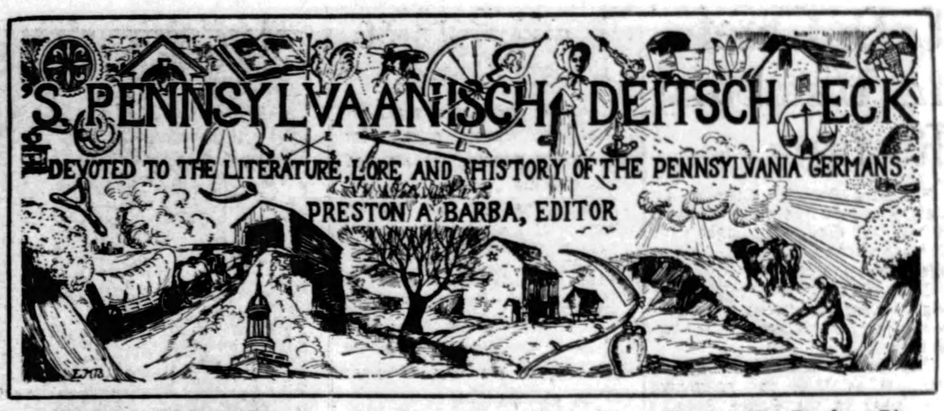
Emmet Watson woke up one morning in the heavily curtained guest room of a small English inn. He could not get his lamp lighted, so he summoned the chambermaid. "I had a fine sleep," he reported, "but now I'd like to read a bit, and want this lamp fixed as quickly as possible."

"I'm sorry I cannot oblige you, sir," she said, "but in this village, there is no wick for the rested."

(Copyright 1957)

Horoscope

Your personal life will bring you much happiness this year, although you may encounter obstacles in business. Today's child will be kind and sympathetic; teach him optimism to prevent worry.



WENDELL KITZMILLER'S
THANKSGIVING

The Advent of General Prosperity —Wendell Invites His Pastor to the Thanksgiving Dinner—Wendell Has Shot the Wrong Turkey —Pastor Mohler Has Carving Difficulties—The Turkey Lands in Sarah Jane's Lap.

Sidder ass der McKinley drin iss, sin der Sarah Jane ihre Welschhinkel crops so gut gerode, ass mir uff die notion sin kumme des Yaahr moll en geroschder Welsch-haahne zu hawwe uffem Bressident McKinley sei Sanksgiving Daag.

Die Sarah Jane hot's aerscht wennich degeegge gekickt, weil die turkeys ihre personal property sin, awwer wie ich ihre gsaat hab, ass es die fashion iss, abaddich unnich de Weibsleit wu zu de clubs gheere, noh hot sie's verwillicht.

Sie hot awwer insist druff, ass mer ebber eilaade vun der Schtadt, fer's wennich hochaardich gucke mache. "Watt's de matter mit Felty Oxereider," hot der glee Adam gsaat, "geb em Felty un der Bevvy en invite. Selli brauchscht aa yuscht ee Weg faahre. Sie laafe raus un ich faahr sie heem oweds. faahre!"

"All right!" hot die Sarah Jane gsaat, "Awwer der Parre Mohler muss aa eigelaade warre, un sell sin not aa genunk. Zu wiffelt sin mer no? Du, Wendell, bischt eens, un ich bin zwee"—

"Schunn drei!" hot die glee Mary Ann nei geblafftst.

"Du bischt ruhich, odder du wascht gaar net gezeehlt un grickscht nix vum turkey!" hot ihre Memm gsaat. "Mir sin zu fimft, un's Oxreiders zwee, waere siwwe; un der Parre Mohler un sei Fraa mache neine. Well, yuscht so ass 's kee dreizeh sin, schunscht deet ebber schtarrewe eb's Yaahr rum geht,"

"Ich weess ebber ass schtarrebt hennihau," hot der glee Adam gsaat.

"Waer?" frogt die Sarah Jane.

"Wei, der Welsch-haahne! hot der glee Adam gsaat, un hot sich no gschwind naus gemacht, schunscht hett sei Mudder ihm e paar ausgewischt.

So hen mer agreed, un so hen mir geduh. 'M Dunnerschdaag Marye graad nooch em Marye Esse bin ich un der glee Adam naus fer der Welsch-haahne fange, awwer er iss graad nuff uff's Seischtall Dach gflogge un iss aa net runner fer sich fange losse. Mer hot gemeent, er hett's gewisst, ass 's Sanksgiving Daag waar, un koxe mit Welschkann hot aa net gholfe!

Ich bin no nei ins Haus un hab mei single-laafichi revolver gholt, hab gelaade mit Schrot un hab en bletzlich uffem Bodde leie ghatt — darrich die zwee Aagge gschosse mit eem Schrot!

Baut acht Uhr waare 's Felty Oxreiders alle beed haus, un die Bevvy hot der Sarah Jane gholfe in der Kich. Die zwee hen ausgemacht, sie wotte der Welsh - haahne schtoppe mit Sauerkraut, un sell hot mich aardlich gut gsuut Die Sarah Jane hot gemeent Eyschters waere meh toni, awwer die Bevvy hot gsaat Eyschters deede net alle Leit esse, un Sauerkraut deet eenich ebber gleiche. 'S iss awwer aa waahr! 'S Eyschters-Esse muss gelannt sei, so ass wie' Duwack tschaae, un 's kann net eenicher Kall lanne.

Der Weg wie der Felty der Bauch ghowe hot allegebott mit zwee Hend, un wie er sei Aagge noch der Kich gschmisse hot, waar ich zimmlich schur, ass er nix zu-marye gesse hot ghatt, un um ebaut halwer zwelfe bin ich selwer so hungerich warre, ass ich 's schier nimmi schtende hab kenne, un no bin ich moll naus in die Kich, awwer ich hab gewinscht ich waer net naus. Die Sarah Jane waar arrig excite un wie sie mich erblickt hot, saagt sie:

"Wendell Kitzmiller, wann's net en Feierdaag waer, dann deet ich saagge, du waerscht en Ox ass alle Daag dummer watt!"

"Wei, was iss nau letz, Sarah Jane?"

"Wei, du bischt gange un hoscht der alt Welsch-haahne gschosse un gekeppt, un der iss nein Yaahr un en halb alt! Er iss graad so alt, ass der glee Adam. Sie sin der seem Daag uff die Welt kumme, un wie lang denkscht, ass es nemmt den weech zu griegge?'

Der Parre Mohler un sei Fraa sin kumme am zwelf Uhr un ich hab gsehne, ass sie aa schunn hungerich sin. Der Mohler iss en Satt vumme Dud un scheedelt sei Haar in der mit, un sei Fraa faahrt uff me Seibickel in der Woch. Sie iss em Parre sei zwetti Fraa un sie kummt vun Fildelfi, wu schier all die schmaerte Leit herkumme.

Ich hab sie entertain-e misse dieweil ass der Mohler un der Felty freewill un predestination ge-discussed ben, un sie hot mich die dummschte questions gfrogt, ass ich sei Lewe gheert hab. Sie hot gewunnert, eb ich en Kuh hett, ass Buttermillich gewwe deet, un eb sie viel gucke deet, ass wie die annere Kieh, wu die concentrated Millich gewwe!

Noh hot sie mich gfrogt, eb der Breis vun hayseed aa nuff waer gange sidder ass der McKinley Bressident iss, un eb ich die Rotriewe schunn abgedrosche hett! Ich hab sie gedauert, ass sie so unvergleichlich dumm iss, wann sie schunn en craettyeet iss vun der high school! Sie hot gewunnert, eb mer viel Schof schlachte un was mer deete mit de Ribbe. Sie grickt der gripp so oft un sie hett gheert Schofribbe Tee waer so gut defor, un wann mir widder en Schlof schlachte deede, sette mer die Ribbe darre fer sie fer Tee mache devoo!

'S iss schier drei Uhr warre bis die Sara Jane un die Bevvy der Roscht uff em Disch hen ghatt, un noch en Schisselvoll Sauerkraut newe draa, was net in der turkey gange iss. Mer hen uns net lang heesse gelosst bis mer um der Disch rum gsotze hen. Der glee Adam waar's aerscht an seim Blatz am Disch. Der Parre Mohler hot net viel Zeit verseimt mit me lange Gebeed. Er hot 's gans katz gemacht un sell waar mir recht un ich denk de annere aa. Wie er uffgschtanne iss fer der Roosch zu verschneide, hen die Bevvy un die Sara Jane nanner aageguckt.

Ich kann net gut carve-e, un ich hab mich excused un hab em Parre 's Messer un die Gawwel annegelangt, weil die Parre, als en tschenrel Ding gut sin an alle Satt Vedder Vieh zu verschaffe.

Er waar 's graad willich vunweegge ass er gewisst hot, ass er sich no selwer nemme kann, was fer en Schtick ass er will. Wie er der Welsch - haahne aaschteche hot wolle, hot er die Gawwel net darrich die Haut schiewe kenne, un no hen die Bevvy un die Sara Jane widder Aagge gemacht geegge nanner.

Dann grickt der Parre die Gawwel besser fescht un will sie in der Roosch nei renne, un noh hot's ebbes gewwe! Der Welsch-haahne iss abgerutscht uff der Schissel un iss wedder die gravy bowl gfaahre, ass die Helft vun der gravy em Felty iwwer der Hemmer Bussem gschpritzt iss un der Roosch iss uff em Disch naus gschkeet bis er in der Sara Jane ihre Schooss geruckt iss!

"Bruder Kitzmiller, 's iss me yedere Karriche Bruder sei dooti fer scharrefe Messer un Gawwle zu hawwe, wann er sei Parre eilaad zu me turkey Roosch!"

Ich hab gsaat verleicht waer en hatchet besser, awwer die Sara Jane hot ihre Aagge uff mich gedreht uff en farrichterlicher Weg, hot der Welschhaahne widder uff die Schissel un hot gsaat:

"Der Wendell hot vergesse die Inschtrumente zu schleife, awwer er un der Felty kenne nau noch geh fer sie scharrefe, un dieweil ass sie datt draa sin, will ich der Roosch noch emoll in der Offe duh, ass er net kalt watt!"

Sie hot ihn no uff die gliediche Kohle fer en halb Schtunn, dieweil ass ich un der Felty am Schleife waare, un no hot der Mohler 's widder gebrowiert.

Der Welsch-haahne iss net gans gesse warre. Er waar zu zeh! Awwer 's Sauerkraut, un die Buhne, un der Grumbiere Saess, un die Ebbelboi, un die Karrebse Coster un die gravy — des Gedings iss zimmlich all ge-consumed warre un hot yuscht ebaut gelangt.

Der glee Adam hot marrickunswaddich Schtoft zu sich gschafft. Wie er faddich waar, hot er en Bauch ghatt so rund ass en Butter Fass un er hot gemeent, er deet sei Lewe nimmi hungerich warre!

'S naegscht Mol will die Sara Jane selwer der Welsch-haahne keppe, odder will hennihau debei sei fer sehne ass net widder en nein - yaehricher gschlacht watt!

WENDELL KITZMILLER
(Dr. Ezra Grumbine, 1845-1924)

Vatter, Mir Danken Dir
(Nooch Ralph Waldo Emerson)

Fer Blumm wu blieht an unser Fiess,
Vatter, mir danken Dir;
Fer's Graas wu waxt so frisch un siess,
Vatter, mir danken Dir;
Fer Voggel-Gsang un Iem im Glee,
Alles m er sehn' un heeren schee,
Vatter im Himmel, mir danken Dir.

Fer Wasser glaar un Himmel bloo,
Vatter, mir danken Dir;
Fer Schadde kiehl, wu sucht mer noo,
Vatter, mir danken Dir:
Fer duftich, leiser Wind genehm,
Fer Scheeheit vun de bliehend' Beem,
Vatter im Himmel, mir danken Dir.

Fer Sunn wu Marye-Helling macht,
Vatter, mir danken Dir;
Fer Schutz un Ruh darch dunkli Nacht,
Vatter, mir danken Dir;
Fer Freind un Lieb un Herrlichkeit—
Alles Dei Gnaade schenkt uns heit,
Vatter im Himmel, mir danken Dir.

Iwwersetzt vum RALPH F. FUNK

EVAN HOLBEN
Teller of Tall Tales

Few, if any, of our readers will remember Evan Holben, in his day a prominent Attorney at Law in Allentown, Pa.

Evan Holben, the son of Jacob Holben, a former Sheriff of Lehigh County, was born Nov. 26, 1837, at Holbensville, Lehigh County, Pa. In his early years he learned the trade of iron founding and milling. He had but scanty means and little opportunity of acquiring an education. For a short time (1860-61) he taught school and then read law in the office of the Hon. John D. Stiles. He was admitted to the Bar, April 7, 1862. For nine months he served as a private in Company D, 176th Regiment, P.M. In the years 1865-67 he was solicitor for the Sheriff of Lehigh County. In 1876 he was elected State Senator for two years and was reelected for four years in 1878. He continued for many years to practice law in Allentown. Evan Holben died on June 3, 1918 and is buried in West End Cemetery.

A little book "Stories and Reminiscences" by Evan Holben, Vol. I, was published in Allentown in 1902. A second volume was to follow in 1903. The latter the editor has never seen.

In the Preface to his "Stories and Reminiscences" Evan Holben scatters the following grains of salt: "Stories are not the wisdom of the foolish for the edification of the more foolish — in other words, anything funny, grotesque or ludicrous is always palatable and the man who thinks he never did anything foolish isn't wise enough to know folly. — It may be remarked, that it is sometimes hard to tell how much wit it requires to avoid being ridiculous. — Often certain stories are looked upon as new, when in fact they are simply new applications of old ones. — It has been said, that a story-writer or teller is as natural a plagiarist as a woman is a smuggler. —No one can tell the age of a good story, for all any one knows it may be co-eval with original sin. — It is stoutly asserted that there are, comparatively speaking, but few original stories, but Providence has not as yet condescended to reveal them."

Since many of Holben's stories are told of Pennsylvania German characters against a Pennsylvania locale, we take the liberty of reprinting such from time to time. Today we offer the following:

The Sheriff of Lehigh

He was a man possessing common sense in an uncommon degree, and during the summer of 18 — was kept very busy in the discharge of his official duties, especially in making arrangements to hang a prisoner, and could not attend to the routine business of his farm. One of the Sheriff's cows was delivered of a calf, which refused to suck or drink. He was consulted and he resolved to give the matter his personal attention, well knowing that a man can attend to his own business best and to do a thing, was to do it and be done with it. "To-begin at the beginning" as the crane said when he swallowed the eel's head first, he began to proceed with the fullest confidence of success, no doubt thinking that a Sheriff, commissioned to hang a fellow creature, ought to be able to make a calf drink.

After several vain attempts to induce the calf to suck, he procured a pail full of milk and tried to make it drink, but all coaxing failed. Though a mild and meek man, he lost his sweet temper, and grasping the poor animal by its ears he rammed its head into the milk, saying, "Confound you, miserable calf, if you had been Sheriff of Lehigh County half as long as I have been, it would not be necessary to coax you to drink."

A Pair of Accommodating Candidates

Not a generation ago in one of the Pennsylvania counties the contest for the nomination for District Attorney was very spirited; it was nip and tug between two competitors, both of whom were campaign hustlers, "equalled by few and excelled by none," and whilst the fight was on, it was difficult to say, whether the hound or the fox, as it were, was ahead in the race, both were in it up to the hub.

At the convention, however, one of them declined, whether for the reason he gave, or because he had fears of being slaughtered in the house of his friends and preferred to back out to being knocked out. He said: "Gentlemen of the convention! I withdraw from the contest for the sake of preserving peace and harmony in the party; I have made as vigorant and gallant a fight as I could, I permitted no grass to grow under my feet and left no stone unturned. For instance: but a few days ago I called on farmer Schneider, who was at that time engaged in milking a vicious cow with an unweaned calf; I offered my assistance. We pushed the cow against the barn and I held her by the horns, whilst he milked her; I asked him: "My friend Schneider, have you seen my competitor lately?" he replied: "Yes, only a few minutes ago." — "You know where he is now?" I asked. "Yes, just now he is behind the barn, holding the calf."

Applejack in Lehigh

He was a farmer and applejack distiller. He had made money, not out of the applejack but out of the water he put into it. He resided in a community which favored, if not total abstinence, at least moderation. He was called to an account and the church council lexowed him. He pleaded confession and avoidance and after a vast deal of hemming, hawing and shrugging, he admitted that he indulged in the titillating beverage on two occasions and said: "I drink moderately; I like applejack, but I drink it only on two occasions and that is when I have sourkraut and speck for dinner and when I have no sourkraut and speck for dinner."

From "Stories and Reminiscence" by Evan Holben Vol. 1, 1902, Allentown, Pa.

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Editorials

Talk When Right Time Comes

It was bad enough for American scientific and military prestige when Russia fired a satellite known as Sputnik two months ago. It was a matter for even keener embarrassment when a second and a far larger satellite known as Sputnik II was sent off into space, followed by chortlings from Moscow that have been echoing around the world ever since to American discomfiture.

But now comes the climax to American humiliation: Failure of the American experimental satellite known as Vanguard to get off the ground when it was fired yesterday off Cape Canaveral, Florida. In fact the rocket exploded in its earliest stage.

Now we shall have to wait for another month or so until another Vanguard is assembled and readied for projection into outer space, if all then goes well.

A pity it is that there has been widest publicity concerning the project during the past two months. American hopes of demonstrating that the Reds have nothing that America cannot match were raised high. Russia probably had her own difficulties in Sputnik's early days. But not a sound, not a peep, got thru the iron curtain to record the mistakes and perhaps some failures. All that the outside world was permitted to hear was the successes, the "beep, beep, beep" of Sputnik I.

Our hopes now have been sadly dashed. Piled upon us will be Soviet sneers and the avalanche of propaganda that Moscow can release worldwide at a moment's notice.

Not the least factor in all this unfavorable propaganda against the United States is the fact that while Russia hurled a thousand-pound satellite into space, our Vanguard, which weighed only a little over three pounds, didn't do as well as a child's Fourth of July rocket.

One can imagine the consternation in the Pentagon where Russia's challenge to space supremacy had to be accepted two months ago and acted upon with all possible speed. Perhaps it was this very demand for haste which most was responsible for yesterday's failure.

Tomorrow however is another day. From lessons learned yesterday, it may be possible to make the next launching of an outer space rocket a success. From this time on it may be good to adopt the suggestion of that Texas congressman that "we keep our mouths shut until we do something. Then let the people look into the sky and see for themselves."

Dangers in Snowshoveling

The considerable downfall of snow on Wednesday and Thursday brought on one death locally but how many hearts were damaged seriously by overzealous shovelers will never be known. Later on such victims will perhaps look back upon December 5 as that ill-fated day.

Every year physicians warn their patients and the public about danger inherent in overexertion, especially in snowshoveling. Every year the exhilaration provided by snappy cold air and the challenge of a cleanup job prompt men to overdo themselves. Hearts already weak and damaged can thus be damaged further. Hearts hitherto considered sound as a dollar may not be able to sustain extraordinary stresses and experience initial breakdown.

Under any and all conditions it will be the part of wisdom to go slow with the snowshoveling. Nothing is to be gained by rushing the job. Much may be lost. And if the pavement is not immediately cleared comfort can be taken in the knowledge that the job will wait. Probably within a few hours sun and warmer air will do a cleanup job more effectively than the busiest of all the eager beavers among our snowshoveling population.

Our Two Counties in Step

Easily the leading topic of this community's conversation yesterday was the program, announced on Thursday, for prevention of retail selling on Sundays.

What can be a matter of deep satisfaction for our people is that our sister counties—Northampton and Lehigh — see eye to eye in this matter. Their district attorneys have determined to act along similar lines in attack upon the issue.

It was incorrectly stated here yesterday that Northampton's District Attorney had attended the meeting of Lehigh's District Attorney with representatives of all Lehigh County law enforcement bodies. However Mr. Edward G. Ruyak undoubtedly attended in spirit for his announced plans are parallel with those of our Paul McGinley.

These two men give every indication of acting as a team that is going to pull together. Their pronouncements to the law enforcement officials are virtually carbon copies. Both have indicated that they mean business. And they are not going to wait until after Christmas or until the General Assembly convenes in 1959 to be bolstered by new laws applicable to Sunday retail selling in Pennsylvania.

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.

Tribute To Courage

DEAR SIR:

Yesterday you published my letter in which I pointed up what I believed to be the general public reaction regarding Hess Bros. proposed Sunday opening. In it I also suggested the course of action Mr. Hess could take to save the day.

It is a great tribute to the religious convictions of our fine citizens that they made known their objections to the point where a Sunday opening would have been foolhardy.

It is an equally great tribute to the courage of Max Hess that he would reverse the flow of events after they had gone so far. Only a big man could take this stand. Max Hess proved to be that big.

I congratulate him for it.

Sincerely yours,
Hubert H. Bury, C.L.U.

Day of Worship, Rest

DEAR EDITOR—

As a "Christopher" I would like to submit a composition by one James Keller which I think your readers will appreciate.

"Those people who are not governed by God, will be ruled by tyrants!"

"Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath day," is the simple

Continued on Page 24, Column 1

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Lamentations 3

There is something interesting about the Book of Lamentations if we will notice the number of verses in each chapter. The first, second, fourth and fifth chapters have 22 verses each, the number of letters in the Hebrew alphabet.

Chapter three has three times 22 verses, that is 66. What we cannot see in the English translation is that we have a series of "acrostic" chapters, excluding chapter five, which is not. By acrostic we mean that the initial letters of the 22 verses are in the order of the letters of the Hebrew alphabet, an aid, no doubt for those who would wish to memorize them.

In chapter three the first three verses begin with the first letter (aleph) of the Hebrew alphabet; the next three verses with the second letter, and so on to the end of the chapter, the last three verses beginning with the last letter of the alphabet.

Turning to the 119th Psalm, we find the eight verses instead of three in each section beginning with the same letter of the Hebrew alphabet, and also in the order of the letters of the Hebrew alphabet. In this Psalm we also find the names of the Hebrew letters given in our English Bible. (More about this tomorrow).

Horoscope

Though the first part of the year may bring obstacles, perseverance should see you through. Today's child will be of great intelligence.

Can I Help Ease That Load?



Presidential Sniping New Low

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Some of the Democrats in prominent political positions inside and outside of Congress have struck a new low in partisan politics. Their sniping attacks on President Eisenhower, with innuendoes about his incapacity to serve, are in bad taste and lacking in the usual courtesies of public life.

Dwight Eisenhower himself plays fair — he has never stooped to dirty politics. He never makes personal attacks. He stands above such things. While he has made some mistakes in public policy — due perhaps to unwise advice from his own official family — he is not the kind of man who will ever fail to perform the duties of his office conscientiously.

One reason is that the President has been a soldier during most of his career. He understands what is meant by fidelity to the United States because he has risked his life on many occasions to protect the forces of his country on the battlefield. To say that General Eisenhower would for one moment shirk his duty as President and commander-in-chief is to besmirch the record of a man who served successfully as the supreme commander of Allied armies, navies and air forces in the greatest war of all history.



Lawrence

President Eisenhower has this week spent many hours with the legislative leaders of both parties, discussing all-important questions of public policy. Though several of the Democrats who attended the meetings spoke graciously afterward of how well the President looked and said he showed no signs either in speech or in appearance that indicated any ill effects of his recent mishap, there were other Democrats — not at the meetings —who spoke later on the television or issued public statements calling on Mr. Eisenhower to resign.

Resignation Demand

The question of what functions shall be taken over by a vice president when a president is temporarily unable to perform his duties can always be discussed properly as a hypothetical case. But the current discussion has not been confined solely to possible contingencies. It has gone further into the realm of demand that the President now leave his office just because he has had a number of illnesses.

The American people reelected Dwight Eisenhower by overwhelming vote a year ago after they were fully informed about his illnesses of the past. The people hoped, as do millions of Americans today, that Divine Providence will spare their leader. There is nothing in the Constitution which says a president, in order to be eligible to serve, must be well 365 days in a year, or that he must shake hands with delegations that want to visit him, or that he must sign every paper or document in the executive operation. Congress can relieve a president of many perfunctory tasks and should do so. But no law can give him power to delegate temporarily all his major responsibilities as President. A constitutional amendment would be required.

The man elected as Chief Executive is directed by existing law to make many decisions in specific matters, but there is nothing in the Constitution which says he must do all the policy - making or that he must hold conferences with anyone. He could, if he wished, refrain from conferences altogether and require written memoranda from his cabinet officers and other advisers. The job of being president has grown in many ways, but basically it is not the number of minutes the President gives to each caller or adviser or even his ability to move around Washington from place to place that measures his capacity to discharge the duties of his office. It is the action he takes as specified under the Constitution. His alone is the power of final decision, and this cannot at present be delegated.

Iconoclasts

There is nothing in the Constitution which says a president must be able, as a part of his duties, to travel to Europe or Asia or anywhere else to confer with foreign governments. Ambassadors are provided for that purpose, and foreign leaders can come here if they like.

The main idea now, of course, among the Democratic politicians is to get rid of Ike. For, despite the iconoclasts of partisan inspiration, Dwight Eisenhower is regarded still by millions of people as a man of balance and good sense. He is the strongest power in the court of public opinion faced by the Democrats even if he can't run again. His hand at the wheel of the ship of state has for five years now kept America out of a major war and also out of little wars. His influence counts for more in world councils today than that of any other leader in the democracies.

It would be tragic if Mr. Eisenhower's services were lost to the nation and particularly if he were goaded into retirement by the vicious tactics of the politicians. There were many prayers on Thanksgiving Day for President Eisenhower. There is need of prayers, too, for those in political life who have forgotten the Christian virtues of love of one's "enemy" as well as the traditional rules of sportsmanship toward an adversary.

(Copyright 1957)

Day With Benson

By GEORGE DIXON

Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson called a press conference the other day to assure us that no matter what anybody said, thought, or suspected, there was nothing to it.

This was reassuring, because we feared there might be some truth in it. I forget what it was we feared there might be some truth in, but it must have been something, don't you think?

So far as I was concerned, Ez's press conference involved two mysteries. The first was why he called it. The second, why I went. It must have also mystified one of my relatives, because she telephoned me at the office later and said: "Where have you been?"

"Ezra Taft Benson's," I replied.

"Don't be ridiculous," she snapped. "Where have you been?"

Ordinarily I would have felt she was exercising excessive editorial direction, but in this instance I had to concede that her attitude was both logical and justified. It really was ridiculous spending that much of a working day with Ez when all he had to say about what was happening to him was that nothing was happening to him.



Benson

I would not want you to imply from this that I do not find Ez's company personally enjoyable. He is a ball of fun, as any farmer knows who has played with his farm policies. He is a good man, with a heart of golden bantam, and if I had time of my own to spare, there is nothing I would like better than to sit all day with him beneath the bough, asking him if he was going to resign as secretary of agriculture.

But I hardly feel it is giving my employers a fair shake to use their time listening to him say he won't quit. It seems so superfluous. If he stays there, we can see it for ourselves, at least on clear days. Why does he figure he has to keep on saying it?

Mr. Benson's vehemence in declaring that he wouldn't go, even if the wagon came, struck me as being overdone. In all the time I have been in Washington —which is now so long that I can remember when John Quincy was a better known Adams than Sherman — I have never heard a member of the President's cabinet make a negative statement so positively.

Ezra stood before us with fierce eyes, his voice shaking with emotion. His fieriness was startling, because we had never heard of the kindly Mormon elder spurting flame before, not even the time he was flying back to Washington from a Wisconsin dairy congress and the hostess told him she didn't have milk aboard the plane, just whisky. As we used to say in the good old rustic days before farmers learned to speak English: "It sho' looked like sumpun musta riled him up."

It was kind of terrifying, watching the usually pink-cheeked Ez get so all-fired red. He was not placated when one of our quiz covey—an unpleasant fellow who got his early training as a gadfly asking his old man mean questions — inquired if the secretary had cleared his statement with the White House.

Ez came as near to snapping as anyone in the crowd could remember. He snipped:

"I cleared this with no one. This is my own statement."

This was received with shocked silence. Some of us edged away from him furtively, afraid he might be struck down with fire and brimstone.

For an Eisenhower cabineteer to talk like that is practically heresy.

I just wish the overwrought Secretary of Agriculture had said something informative; if only that there are still more farms in the country than the city. I've got to have some justification for going to his place. I don't want to get a reputation for bumming my time away at the Department of Agriculture. As a noted cotton factor once summed it up so succinctly: "Anyone who does that has a past, but no futures."

Moreover, I consider it foolhardy to draw the attention of the Department of Agriculture to myself. I don't want an agent snooping around our backyard, ordering me to reduce our poison ivy acreage.

(Copyright 1957)

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The manager of a burlesque show parried his wife's telephoned demand that he come home pronto for a delayed supper with a soothing, "Take it easy, hon. I'll be home in two shakes."

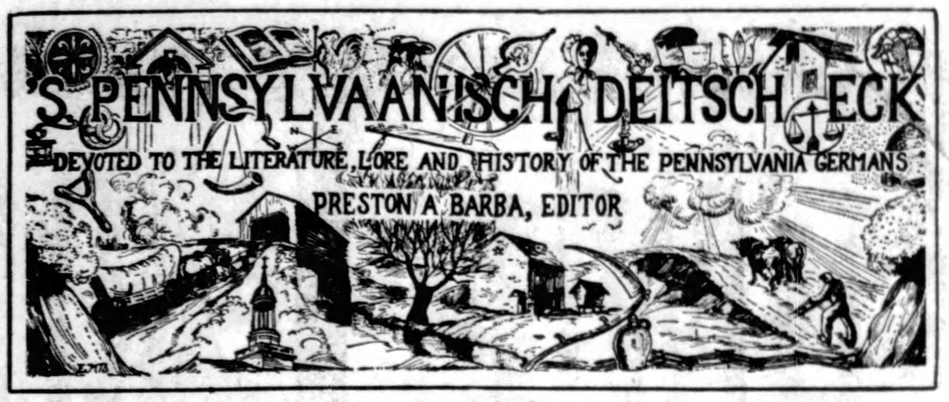
• • •

A country journalist had a sign over his desk that read "Obituary Editor." In due course, his son took over the post with the sign changed to "Son of Obituary Editor."

• • •

The tax bureau at Albany, N. Y., received a letter from an an onymous taxpayer admitting he had cheated on his income tax for three successive years, and was so bothered by his conscience, he couldn't sleep. His letter concluded, "I enclose 50 dollars. If I still can't sleep, I'll send the balance."

(Copyright 1957)



A TRIBUTE

To the Pennsylvania German Farmer

Blood-brother, son of sowers,
Seekers of oak-ladened, lime-sweetened soil,
Fruit of workers in hill-shadows bent
And prayers of plants in seasons of sun,
I seek you when land lies sleep-locked
To trace in soul-stillness the way-scent
Down the labyrinth of ghost-made stealth
To join the unlettered dweller in valleys
Who, hearing no longer the call of the hunter,
Made forests his fields, tamed the fleet
And husbanded earth, his matrix matter.
Yet in the undialed hour of mind I hear
With you, dinning the inner ear, the horn,
Hill-born, mountain-fed, Esau-sent,
And we become soul-brothers of thunder,
Pulsing the ridges above the plain,
Churning pool waters to flowing-
Cana-filled with love's blood-letting—
Arc-welded by the mark of Christ,
Haunted by the mark of Cain,
Hunted to the hill by horn-call,
And feet tamed to straight furrow
Throb with thunder, out-stride fear
And the furrow-wound of seeding.

WALTER E. BOYER
The Pennsylvania State University

DER WINTER KUMMT

Der haarich Winter kummt
Un schleicht am Himmel ruff;
Verloss dich druff, er brummt,
Un spielt sei Liedche uff!

Schafft Hols un Kohle bei,
Un Futter fer dei Vieh;
Dann kannscht du ruhich sei,
Un farrichscht dich werklich nie.

Fang fleissich nau schunn aa,
Versarrig dei ganses Haus;
Es zehrt dir manches draa,
Der Mensch un aa — die Maus!

Waer's immer un ewich en Hitz,
Waer's immer un ewich en Kelt,
Des gaebt en schlechter Sitz—
Wer meecht dann so en Welt?

'S watt drieb un regnisch nau,
Un's geht em Winter zu;
Die Nachtluft watt schunn rau,
Un bringt uns siessi Ruh.

Die Hitz iss nau verbei,
Un's greislich Schwitze aa;
Ich schick mich ruhich nei
Un saag vergniecht: Hei yaa!

—ELI KELLER
(1825 - 1919)

Church Services in the Dialect

It is gratifying to know that an increasing number of churches in eastern Pennsylvania annually hold services in the Pennsylvania German dialect. These services speak to the heart. For the older generation they evoke nostalgic memories; for the younger they suggest a rightful heritage. The latest to come to the attention of your Editor is that held for the first time on November 7 by the congregation of the New Zion's Church at New Bethel, in Berks, together with the congregation of the so-called Eck, or Corner Church, also in Berks. The joint service of these two congregations is to be held next year at the Eck Church. The service was conducted by the Rev. Merrill Q. Ressler and the Rev. Clarence Rahn. Among the hymns sung were "Ich brauch Dich alle Schtunn," the Rev. Ralph E. Starr's translation of "I need Thee every hour," and Dr. Arthur D. Graeff's translation, "Jesus, ich leb zu Dir," of Henry Harbaugh's well-known hymn "Jesus, I live to Thee." This excellent translation reads as follows:

Jesus, ich leb zu Dir,
Des liebscht un bescht bischt Du;
Mei Lewe Dir, Dei Lewe mir—
In Dei Lieb iss mei Ruh.

Jesus, ich schtaerb zu Dir,
Wann endlich kummt mei Zeit;
Zu schtaerwe Dir iss Lewe mir
In meinre Ewichkeit.

Doch Lewe odder Dod,
Ich weess net 's Bescht zu duh;
Zu lewe Dir iss Friede mir—
Der Dod bringt ewich Ruh.

Lewe odder Schtaerwe, Haerr,
Ich frog yuscht Dei zu sei;
Mei Lewe Dir, Dei Lewe mir,
Macht Himmel immer mei.

We also have before us the program of the popular **Versammling** held annually at the old Haine Reformed Church (1766) in Heidelberg Township, Berks County. The fourteenth **Versammling** was held there on October 12. It was a dinner meeting with a secular program. The chief address of the evening "Was gebt's mit unsere Yunge?" (What is to become of our young people?) was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Pierce E. Swope of Lebanon, Pa. Among the songs sung on this occasion were John Birmelin's widely sung translation of "America" and Arthur D. Graeff's adaptation of "America the Beautiful" with its interesting local color, which we reprint here:

O Pennsylvaanisch Land wie schee!
Du bischt mir aagenehm!
Un ich verloss dich nimmi meh,
Ich bleib graad do deheem!

Chorus

In Barricks un in Lengeschter,
Un aa in alt Lechaa:
In Lebanon un Nordhampton
Un annere Kaunties aa!

Do wuhne Leit gans unne Schtreit,
Mir schicke uns all gleich;
Mir schaffe hatt un esse satt—
Gewiss, mir sin all reich.

Mir hen die Bloo-e Barriye,
Die scheene Felder grie;
Mir hen die hoche Karriche,
Hurrah fer Liberty!

Der Uncle Sam finnt uns gedrei-
Mir duhne unser Flicht!
Do in de Deeler sin mir frei,
Un schaue Himmels Licht!

THANKSGIVING ISN'T CHRISTMAS

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

MRS. EICHELBERGER was a woman after Benjamin Franklin's own heart — she saved daylight both summer and winter. When, standing at the telephone on Thanksgiving Day, consternation on her face, despair in her voice, she saw Henry Ide's long car enter the lane, it was her twelve o'clock and everyone else's eleven. She laughed excitedly — what a day for Henry Ide to come!

She wore a dark blue dress and neckerchief and a transparent white cap, small and beautifully made. An all-enveloping green gingham apron protected a less voluminous but still large white apron. Her eyes were blue, her smoothly parted hair was dark brown.

She was a Mennonite, but not an Amish Mennonite, and the rule of her meeting did not forbid her rolling her hair a little over each ear. The dark curve of her hair, the bright rose of her cheek, the smooth cream of her neck, gave her a beauty not counteracted by the green apron.

She was looking neither at the telephone nor at the clock, nor at the stove, nor at Pop, sitting at a far window, the Lancaster almanac in his hands, nor at the long table set for dinner and extending pretty well from wall to wall, nor at the kitchen table and the stove, laden with vegetables prepared for cooking. She looked through the telephone and the wall to New Holland ten miles away. The fields between her and New Holland, a short time ago covered abundantly with wheat and corn and tobacco, bore now a crop of white which filled the hollows and lay deep on the level. A wind was rising; the smooth surface began to show light arabesques.

The table might well have held her attention, or that of anyone else. On the stiffly starched cloth were laid places for twelve — Pop; John and Melinda and their two older children; Levi and Sally and their older child; David and Ethel; finally, the queer but interesting and attractive outlanders, Mr. and Mrs. Hugger. By 'outlanders' Mrs. Eichelberger meant persons not born in Lancaster County.

There was an apparent omission — there was no place for Mrs. Eichelberger. The omission was deliberate — Mrs. Eichelberger would eat after the others finished, not because she was afraid of the number thirteen, but because no one could wait on so many guests and sit at the same time. Melinda and Sally and Ethel would jump up when their aid was required; there was no doubt that obliging little Mrs. Hugger would jump up also when she was needed, or before. But Mrs. Eichelberger would stand throughout.

"For one thing, I can't eat and jump so round," she said. "It shakes me too much up. For another, I know how to do. I had once such a shussle to help; she forgot the salt in the second peas and cut her pie in wedges that wouldn't cover a saucer. The folks, they thought their Mom was getting old—or mean."

The places at the table were not the only accommodation for Mrs. Eichelberger's family; in the bedroom opening from the kitchen stood two cradles and on the broad bed lay two tiny pillows.

Now, at her twelve o'clock, Mrs. Eichelberger shifted her weight from one foot to the other and leaned her elbow on the telephone shelf. Her feet were, though she would have refused to confess it, a little tired. She had risen at four by her time to prepare for dinner at twelve by her children's time. It put an extra hour into the morning.

She had begun to telephone at her eight, which was Levi's and Sally's seven. They lived far away, almost as far as York County, which was separated from Lancaster by the Susquehanna River. Even at that early hour she had had a little trouble reaching Levi and Sally.

"Hello!" she shouted. "Central!"

Central did not answer.

"Hello!" she called again.

Still Central did not answer. She jiggled the hook. "Hello! Hello!"

"Number?" asked Central briskly.

"I gave it." Mrs. Eichelberger gave it again. When she was excited she could not remember how to shape her lips and protrude her tongue slightly between her teeth to say th. "Sree, one, one eight."

"Your number?"

Mrs. Eichelberger was always astonished because Central could not remember her number. As she waited she contemplated the table, which even at her eight o'clock and the world's seven was ready for her guests.

"Sally!" she called at last, joyfully. "My, I tried long to get you! Haven't you started yet, Sally?"

"Levi says," said Sally, and that was all that Sally said. In vain Mrs. Eichelberger called. "Perhaps Levi told her to get quick in the auto," she thought, knowing that that was inadequate explanation for Sally's failure to proceed. "Central!" she called. "Central!"

At her ten o'clock she tried for the third time to get David and Ethel. The turkey was long since in the stove, four pies having yielded their places. The kitchen was scented with the odor of spices and of browning turkey.

"Ach, Essle! she called. The plain people no longer used only Bible names; there was a Doris Zook and a Gladys Ebersole and a Silvia Kleibscheidel. There would no doubt be Sheilas and Yvonnes presently. Perhaps eventually there would be girls called Freddie and Teddie and Bobbie. It was sorrowful to think of.

Ethel did not mind being called "Essle" — almost everyone called her "Essle," but she hated being called "Asle," which was the pronunciation of **Esel**, German for mule.

"Ach, Essle!" called Mrs. Eichelberger, again, rapturously. "Have I then got you?"

It was not Ethel whom she got — it was nobody. She thought of the turkey, a twenty-pounder, of the ham and mashed potatoes and the gravy and the corn pudding and the tomatoes and the buttered beets and the sauerkraut and the bread and the chow — not a dog but a pickle — and the piccalili and the hot slaw and the spreads and the pies — mince and pumpkin — and the cherry custard.

"Central!" she called, shaking the hook as a dog his bone.

At her eleven o'clock she tried again, frantically, first Levi and Sally, then David and Ethel, then John and Melinda. By this time Pop had come into the kitchen and sat down by the window to study the almanac. He had exchanged his boots for shoes and had shed the old overcoat in which he had tried without success to keep the path to the barn clear. The small area of cheek which showed above his thick beard was burned red by the wind and the stinging snow.

"You can give just so well now as later up, Mom," he said in the metallic tone of the deaf. "It says here the last week in November will contain a period of storm, possibly severe cold and high wind."

"You could a said that before," snapped Mrs. Eichelberger, unreasonably.

Pop said nothing.

"Of course you can't change Thanksgiving because it might give bad weather," acknowledged Mrs. Eichelberger, now sure of her th's. "That's something else again." There was certainly a faint tinkle of the telephone bell — she turned like a shot. "Hello! Hello! Sure it's Mom." She pressed her plump bosom against the shelf. "Ach, how it spites me! Hello! Hello! All right! Yes, I hear. Ach, no! Hello!"

She turned to face Pop. "John's can't come, near as they are," she announced. "The lane's drifted tight shut. John's thought David's could perhaps get to them. They can't even do that. John says Thanksgiving isn't Christmas, but I am sure put out."

Half an hour later, as Henry Ide's car turned into the lane, Levi's Sally called faintly.

"It's no go, Mom. We started and we had to turn back."

"The others can't come, either," wailed Mrs. Eichelberger. "What will I do with this eatings?"

The Huggers can come — ain't so" called Sally.

"Yes, they can. They — "Mrs. Eichelberger interrupted herself. "Sally" she screamed. "Believe it or not, the Pest is in the lane! He comes in his limousine. It pushes the snow like a plough. He missed the gate by a hair!"

As though Sally's laughter strengthened the current, her voice came clearly. "He's God's gift to you today, Mom. And you like him, no matter what you say — you know you do. Thanksgiving isn't Christmas, Mom — we'll be there Christmas. It can't throw two such snows. Let him have the picture and buy yourself such an electric washer. You washed long enough by hand. You do that, Mom!"

"An electric washer! His money would buy no washer, not one tenth part of a washer. I—" Mrs. Eichelberger realized that she was talking over a dead wire. Pop had not heard the roaring of the car, bucking the snow on low gear. "Look once the window out, Pop!" shouted Mrs. Eichelberger. "See what the Lord sent us to eat turkey."

To Be Continued

THE MORNING CALL

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Editorials

Great Work by Civil Defense

That the thousands of women and men enlisted in various Civil Defense activities have been taking their jobs seriously and that they have been studying carefully the roles that they are expected to take in emergencies was superbly illustrated in the behavior of the Wind Gap Civil Defense groups early on Thursday evening when it became known that a plane had crashed somewhere in their Blue Mountain area.

There was nothing simulated in this instance of the call to the various C.D. organizations in that section. Instead a hazy but fully developed problem was presented for solution. The only known factors were that a plane, otherwise unidentified, had almost certainly crashed somewhere in the area northwest of Wind Gap.

Almost within minutes of the report of a crash, made by a farmer who had come out of the rugged hill country after seeing the flash and hearing the noise of a terrific explosion, Civil Defense auxiliary police and firemen and rescue squads had been mobilized. Deploying over the general area that the farmer had reported to the Civil Defense people discovery of some of the plane was made in 65 minutes. Continuing their systematic search the men combed the entire area in which the fragments of the plane were scattered and found the bodies of the two victims, young officers operating out of the Willow Grove Naval Air Station.

Our newsmen, who covered the scene of the wreck, came home on Thursday night full of admiration for the Wind Gap Civil Defense people, their thoro organization and the speed and intelligence with which every man in every unit operated.

Wreckage in accidents like this one often is not found for weeks, if ever. The Wind Gap boys had found it all in little more than an hour and they had collected just about every fragment of mute testimony that will have to be used in determining the causes of the accident.

And the newsmen, who also plodded thru the trackless forests and over the rugged terrain, especially appreciated the speed and thoroness of operations as they too experienced and plunged thru the dense fog that lay low upon the mountainside.

Our Civil Defense units almost daily surprise and please with the variety of deeds that they perform for the public. While their training contemplates public service in cases of emergency, they are flexibly turning it to common, every-day calls for help.

They are doing a great job in the public interest. If at times some of these noble volunteers become a bit discouraged with training and disciplines that may seem unlikely ever to be called upon, events like that at Wind Gap on Thursday night should give them new cheer and new design for keeping up their good work.

Not all their work gets into the news, as was the case on Thursday night. It cannot all be flashy performance. But the people, who see the more conspicuous work, must be prompted to think of the routine tasks and the daily disciplines that make conspicuous work possible when call comes to the Civil Defense units.

Wow, What a Blow!

That was a terrific jolt which Allentown experienced yesterday when a jury in a Federal Court in Philadelphia assessed the City for $125,000 damages after a trial charging negligence that resulted in a motor mishap.

There is a major item never contemplated by the City Fathers in the preparation of a budget and their decisions on tax levies to meet municipal expenses.

Nothing like it has ever occurred to any administration and every taxpayer can believe that it must have taken the councilmen's breath, just as it made the taxpayer himself gasp.

The City, unlike many individuals and corporations, carried no insurance coverage in a matter like this. In fact it is doubtful that any cities have protection and that any insuring companies carry policies in this category. And if companies, like Lloyds of London, which is said to provide insurance against any contingency, do issue policies it can be believed that premiums would be prohibitive.

What About Your Insurance?

"Will my health insurance cover this medical expense?"

This has become an all-too-familiar question asked by patients of doctors and hospital admission offices.

A recent study reveals the startling fact that while 120,000,000 Americans now have some form of health cost protection, relatively few people pay attention to exactly what their policies provide.

Much of this can be explained by the fact that an estimated 80 per cent of these insured Americans are protected under group programs, according to the Health Insurance Institute. Such health insurance policies are usually part of over - all employe benefits, and it is a natural thing not to pay much attention to these provisions before an emergency arises.

The Health Insurance Institute suggests that all policyholders review their policies periodically. Family health insurance needs vary from time to time according to changing requirements. For example, children come of age, local hospital rates change. In addition, new developments in the health insurance field make such periodic reviews doubly important.

Many people who may have considered themselves uninsurable can now in fact obtain some form of health cost protection. Even such major diseases as cancer, heart disease, and diabetes are now, in many cases, insurable.

One of the least understood principles in health insurance involves the provision regarding the renewal conditions of the policy.

A cancellable type policy, usually renewable on a year-to-year basis, carries the advantage of lower cost and frequently offers a broader coverage of insurance risks.

Similar to term life insurance, cancellable health insurance policies represent a sound buy for a given period of time. As a matter of practice most companies renew this type ot policy except in cases of fraud.

Non-cancellable health insurance, available for over 50 years, is valid for long periods or for life. This type of policy states that premiums will not be raised throughout the duration of the policy.

Because of the extended risks undertaken by the insuring companies, non-cancellable policies generally are apt to be somewhat higher in cost.

Non-cancellable forms of accident and sickness insurance are becoming generally available, as more people desire this form of permanent protection. No matter what form of health cost coverage is desired, according to the Health Insurance Institute, it is now becoming increasingly obtainable. The ultimate goal of the insurance companies is to provide maximum protection for the greatest number of people.

Whatever type policy you pick, the Institute advises, "you can save yourself a lot of grief by being fully aware of what you have in the way of health insurance."

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.

Close All, Big and Little

Dear Editor—

Why do we hear so much about the Two Guys from Harrison in the last few weeks and alleged violations of the Blue Laws when, for years, this same thing was going on in this county?

This trouble started when the Two Guys undersold their Hamilton St. competitors. This put the pressure on the D. A. He had no choice but to crack down on the Two Guys.

Now, Mr. D. A.: Let's be fair. Close them all if that is what you are driving for; not only the big ones but the little fellow from whom you can buy a baseball, or a game, or a small gift. These are small items, but the sale still is a violation.

I was surprised to see so many pickets out around the Two Guys. I thought there was a limit allowed to a picket line. From a distance it looked like an army. Then to see another union in a picket line was a surprise to me.

Mr. Warner Sensinger says he did not order men from Local 677 to picket. That makes me wonder why he was there and I ask why did he "order" them away when Police Chief Luther Kline said he would have to open the entrance ways?

Mr. Sensinger, this kind of thing is not good.

Roy Edwards
Allentown R 3.

One Christmas Story—



NATO Fanfare Important

By DAVID LAWRENCE

They didn't really need to hold a conference of the heads of the 15 NATO governments just to work out the communique that was finally issued at Paris with unanimous agreement. Everything that was decided could have been worked out through the regular diplomatic channels without any fanfare.

But fanfare is important nowadays. The big thing now is world-wide propaganda. In the six days that news flowed from the Paris meeting, the whole world got the impression of an alliance of free nations unafraid, an alliance ready to combine its military strength for defense, yet an alliance that is ready to discard armament the moment it becomes apparent that a dependable agreement can be reached with the other side.

This correspondent happens to have a short-wave radio set that brings in broadcasts from every part of the world. Listening every night to the voices of broad casters in the different countries of Europe, Asia and the two Americas, and then listening also to the attempts by radio Moscow to belittle what was being done by NATO at Paris, gives a realistic feeling about the battle of the air waves.



Lawrence

There is no doubt that propaganda today is all-powerful. It is regrettable that Congress doesn't see it that way and, instead, practices a niggardly policy with respect to the money needed by the "Voice of America." Its broadcasts, of course, could be improved immeasurably, but it is too bad that there are not more friends on Capitol Hill to appropriate enough money to send authoritative information around the world, especially to places not reached by the regular news services or where the news, as sent by the major press associations in the world to the local press, is ordered suppressed by the governments in power.

U.S. Gains Prestige

America derived a good deal of prestige from the NATO meeting at Paris. There were, of course, the usual attempts by the Communists to picture the Allies as out of harmony with the United States. But this was to be expected, and so also were the short-sighted comments by some of the political opposition parties inside a number of the free countries.

One wonders whether love of country or patriotism means anything nowadays to the selfish partisans striving to win political power for themselves. It seems incredible that a motion would be made this very week in the British Parliament by the left-wing Socialists to bring about the cancellation of American bases for missiles and the stock-piling of nuclear weapons. It is discouraging to note that in America there are Democrats of prominence in both Houses of Congress always ready to issue statements disparaging what their own government has done abroad—as if the American people will believe the worst, just because political opponents give voice to it.

President Tops

President Eisenhower came out pretty well at Paris, even though he disappointed the prophets of gloom, who only a couple of weeks ago had drawn word pictures of a man utterly incapable of holding office or of excercising leadership.

There is no doubt that Mr. Eisenhower's friendly personality had its effect in the formal sessions and in private meetings with the heads of state. He doesn't charm his listeners by oratory or by fancy phrases. But he does have the faculty of breathing a spirit of conciliation and sincerity that wins him the administration and the confidence of the members of a conference such as was held this week at Paris.

While the same tangible results could doubtless have been accomplished by a conference of the foreign ministers of the same 15 countries, it was a "plus" in many ways that the President could be there, because it certainly added to the drama and propaganda value of the occasion.

To get the key to future events, it isn't the words of the all-inclusive communique which will need to be examined. It is what the political opposition in some of the West European countries — much of it insidiously inspired by Communist infiltrators — does in the court of public opinion. Their struggle to prevent the establishment of American missile bases in Europe, along with the stockpiling of nuclear weapons, has just begun. The Communists will leave no stone unturned to accomplish their ends.

It will require the resoluteness of every government, whose spokesmen must conduct an aggressive campaign in the press and radio within each country, to prevent the Communists from persuading the average man that the West is bent on war, when the truth is it is striving only to build up enough deterrent power to prevent another world war.

(Copyright 1957)

Power of Suggestion

By GEORGE DIXON

Sen. Charles E. Potter wishes he could implant subliminal suggestions in the voters of Michigan to re-elect him next year, but he believes that his opposition might employ this new projection into the subconscious technique too, and he doesn't want to get into a subliminally - suggestive war.

Consequently the first thing the politically hard - pressed GOP solon is going to do after Congress reconvenes Jan. 7 is insist that he and his fellow legislators be given an opportunity to look more closely into the fantastic "invisible propaganda" invention.

The people behind this new brain - piercer were scheduled to give a demonstration before the Federal Communications Commission more than two weeks ago. But they stalled, explaining they had encountered technical difficulties. Senator Potter declares there is going to be no further stalling after Congress returns to action, if he can do anything about it.

The new mental break-through has inspired almost as many witticisms as the Sputniks, and seems to be just about as understandable to the non-scientific mind. I don't pretend to fathom it at all. About all I have been able to get is that they have some kind of projector which flashes messages on and off a television screen so fast (1-3000th of a second duration) that the eye cannot read them. But they nevertheless get through, somehow, to the subconscious.

I trust the Communications Commission will hearken to the Michigan solon and force the subliminal projection people to expose their entire bag of tricks without undue delay. Subconscious suggestion is palpably too dangerous a weapon to be widely accessible in an election year.

All the representatives and one - third of the senators come up for election in 1958. It would be nice if some of them were elected by voters who could see what they were doing.

Senator Potter says that, as a member of the Senate Communications Subcommittee, he feels he has an obligation to American televiewers who may not care to have their heads invaded in this flashy manner. He says he is going to ask the FCC to invite members of Congress to a demonstration of subliminal projection so the lawmakers may decide if there ought to be a law.

The FCC has tentatively taken the stand that it can control it. It believes it can impose ethical rules so that no telecaster can employ the new technique without warning viewers at the beginning of a program that they are about to be subjected to subliminal suggestion.

This may be so, but suppose the subliminal projectionists implanted the suggestion with the communications commissioners that they shut their eyes to the trick? They might even inject ideas into the commissioners, although unsuccessful applicants for television station franchises contend this is beyond the bounds of possibility, even by stealth.

If subliminal projection is as effective as the projectionists claim, and suggestions can be flashed into people faster than they can read them, it could well revolutionize our whole American way of life. We might be made to unconsciously absorb the suggestion that it is always Christmas and normal to be flat broke.

An innocent little child might abominate boiled tapioca, but be victimized by the tapioca trust into believing he couldn't be happy another minute without a bibful of the stuff. Senator Potter, for instance, is alarmed lest a teetotaler, viewing a television program, become unaccountably assailed by a craving for a large economy-size can of dry beer.

There are indications that Senator Potter may be a victim of subliminal projection himself. The GOP solon keeps seeing Democrats in his subconscious.

Oh, gosh! I think I'm a victim too. All the time I've been sitting here, struggling to concentrate on this column, I've been assailed by an overpowering desire to wash my clothes whiter than ever before.

(Copyright 1957)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 2:13-17.

Yesterday we stated that after the Preacher had finished speaking to his audience, the shepherds, the choir appeared to sing their anthem. The choir, according to verse 13, consisted of a multitude of the heavenly host, suddenly appearing, praising God, and saying: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will to men."

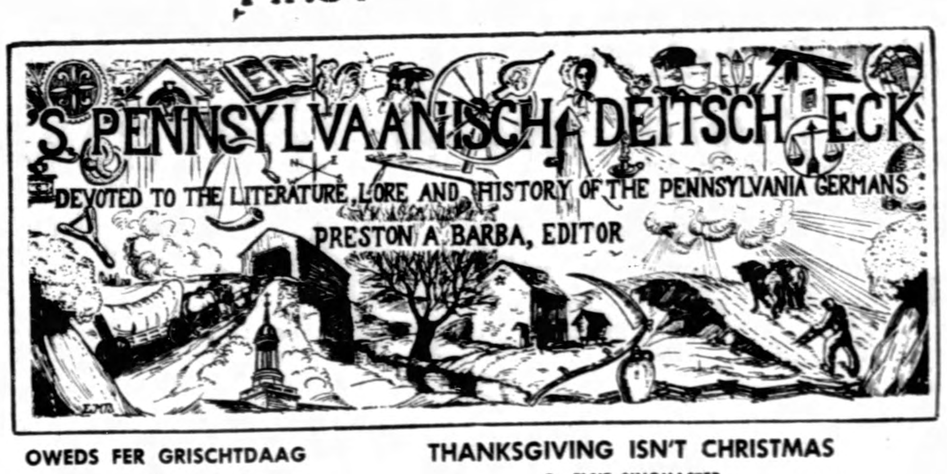
There is a different reading in some older manuscripts a difference of only one letter, which can then mean "peace to men of good will," as the Douai Version reads. (And would that there were more good will in the world today: there would be less tension, and fewer rumors of war).

This chant of the angels is called the Gloria in Excelsis. After the choir had returned to heaven and the service had concluded, the shepherds said one to another: "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. It is interesting to note that in this case the audience was moved to do something about what they had heard.

So they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe which was lying in a manger. But they did more, for when they found it to be as the Preacher had said, they told it to others — good missionaries they were.

Horoscope

The stars favor you again this year, both in business and domestic life. Today's child will be capable of dedication to a great work.



OWEDS FER GRISCHTDAAG

(In January, 1943 the Woman's Club of Allentown held a "Pennsylvania Dutch Festival." As part of an after-dinner program three sketches, "Oweds fer Grischtdaag," "'S is weggelehnt," and "Owed fer Neiyohr" were enacted by the Paul R. Wieand Players. These sketches are rich in the lore and customs that prevailed among the Pennsylvania Germans in former days. The first of these is here published.)

Yoscht, the father, sits at the table with quill and colored inks, recording the last of his children in the family Bible. **Mammi,** the grandmother, sits and works on a patchwork quilt. **Maria** the mother, and some of the children are busy trimming the tree with cookies, cotton and candy canes. **Elsie and Nathi** are in their nighties and are off stage.

Yoscht: Nau loss mich sehne, gelle, der Nathi iss Sunndaags gebore?

Maria: Ya, die Mammi hot yo gsaat er deet sauwer un schtols warre. All die Sunndaags-Bobbelcher solle ebbes Feines sei.

Mammi: Was bin ich so froh, ass er net Mittwochs gebore iss. Die Mittwochskinner gucke fer der Sunndaag vannenaus un hinnenoh. Un gewehnerhand sin sie bissel faul. (Pause). Un weesscht, 'n Kind ass im Grischt-munet gebore iss, sehnt Gschpucke.

Maria: Ya, sell iss was der Paepp als gsaat hot (giving Kassy her clean underwear). Kass, nau gehscht graad un duscht dei sauwere Unnergleeder aa. Du weesscht ass mer sie net wexele sott zwische Grischtdaag un Neiyohr, schunscht grickt mer der Gretz un Gschwaere, un du bischt behaft. (Kassy leaves with underwear and Maria gets cookies ready).

Olly (the farm help: (Coming in with bag of oats and some corn on the cob) Ich hab nau deel Hawwer gfasst un do iss aa deel Welschkann.

Yoscht: Nau duscht aa deel Hoi raus vor der Vorschuss an de Scheier, so ass der Duft recht druff kann. Noh bleibt unser Vieh 's gans Yohr gsund.

Mammi: Un du weesscht, Olly, 's watt a a net ausgemischt, schunscht misse mer dod Vieh naus duh.

Maria: Sally, nemm den Karreb mit de Kichelcher mit naus un henk 'n uff die Weschlein, so ass mer aa ebbes esse kenne marye frieh, ass druff gedaat warre iss darrich die Grischtdaags-Nacht. Noh bleiwe mer aa gsund (Exit Sally).

Mammi (calling after Sally: Un mach dich glei do rei, der Belsnickel watt glei kumme. Ich will hoffe der Olly h alt sich net zu lang an der Scheier uff. Die Nacht um zwelf Uhr dutt's Vieh sich all verreegge un schwetzt mitnanner, un mer sott sie aa nie net ablauere.

Kassi (Rushing in and buttoning dress): Der Belsnickel kummt die Schtrooss runner. Ich hab die Belle gheert.

Maria: Elly, hol die gleene Kinner, sie sin im Bett. Sie wolle aa der Belsnickel sehne. (Elly exits. Sleighbells are heard coming closer. Excitement in the house. Father closes Bible and Mammi lays her patchwork aside. Becky runs to window).

Becky: Oi, Gremmi, er hot 'n langi Fitz. (Belsnickel hits on window pane with his whip. Elly brings in Elsie and Nathi in their nighties. The children huddle to mother. All take seats except Yoscht who opens the door and lets Belsnickel in).

Belsnickel (Santa Claus): Enters with a whip and a big bag. He is dressed in an old fur cap and long black coat with white cotton on sleeves and bottom edge) Ei! Ei! Ei! do hot's yo blendi Kinner. Wie sin die Gleene? Ich denk schmaert? Es sin die Groosse ass lidderlich sin. (He hands some peanuts to the small ones who have cuddled around Mammi for protection. He throws peanuts on the floor and the older ones scramble for t hem. Belsnickel uses whip when they try to get them. Some are sitting under the table and grab for the peanuts when Belsnickel isn't looking).

Mammi: Nathi, saag dei Schtick zum Belsnickel unwann's schee saagscht, grickscht verleicht zwee Schtickер candy.

Nathi: (Recites) Aa, Bee, Zee,
Die Katz leit im Schnee;
Der Schnee geht weck,
Die Katz leit im Dreck.

Belsnickel: Sell iss schee — do iss 'n orange. (Pulling Becky out from under the table) Un was kannscht du saagge? Wann'd nix saagscht, grickscht Schlaeg.

Becky: (She recites 'S iss die Nacht fer Grischtdaag).

Belsnickel: Sell iss genung—do iss dei Orange.

Der Belsnickel bringt eich noch meh die Nacht (Elly tries to grab some more peanuts) Ich hab gheert du waerscht aardlich lidderlich (Begins to whip her and follows her around the room).

Yoscht: Ya, die Elly watt alsemol faul un will ihre Aerwet net duh.

Belsnickel (using whip) 'So-o! Witt besser sei un dei Aerwet duh? (Elly yells Ya! Ya!) Du musscht mir verschpreche uff de Gnie (She kneels) Nau saag dei Gebeed.

Elly (kneels and prays):
Oweds wann ich schlofe geh,
Vazeh Engel mit mir geh,
Zwee zu Kopp,
Zwee zu Fuss,
Zwee zu link
Zwee zu recht,
Zwee die mich decke,
Zwee die mich wecke,
Zwee die mich weise,
In das himmlische Paradies.
Amen.

Belsnickel (Gives her an orange) Ich hoff du folligscht dei Eldre nau. Well, ich muss nau geh. Mache 's gut un halliche Grischtdaagge!

Curtain

THANKSGIVING ISN'T CHRISTMAS

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

Conclusion

III

At her one o'clock, which was Ide's twelve, Mrs. Eichelberger opened the stairway door. Six places had been removed from the table, but the table was not shortened. There was exactly the same amount of food to be placed on it — why not leave it as it was? "We shall have for once elbowroom," said she to herself.

Haverstock was here and the Huggers, all hanging their snow-sprinkled coats on the pegs on the door. The wind had risen still more; there were drifts against the fences. Powerful Haverstock had done more than help Mrs. Hugger — he had carried her. The Huggers were slender, dark people, not, Mrs. Hugger to the contrary, very young. They looked worried except when their eyes fell on the turkey or on the Eichelbergers. A city person would have said they were charming people — Mrs. Eichelberger did not know that word. She would have said, and had said, many times, "They are for sure nice!" Their clothes were a little shabby.

Mrs. Eichelberger put her head into the stairway. "Come on down," she called. "Time to give her good-bye."

Ide descended in a dream. He looked at the Eichelbergers and at the Huggers and blinked, as though by so doing he could recover full consciousness.

"This here is Mr. Ide," said Mrs. Eichelberger. "These here are Mr. and Mrs. Hugger."

Ide washed his hands at the sink, then shook hands with the Huggers. He looked a little surprised, but he got no chance to say even "How do you do?" so prompt and voluminous was the flow of Mrs. Eichelberger's speech.

"This man is picture-crazy," said she. "He likes best of anything in the world to sit in the attic and look at my poor great-gran'mom. I never look at her — her n eck is too bare. He wants always to buy her; he thinks well of her."

"Always' is the word," said Ide gloomily. "Twenty t imes I've been here."

Pop carved the turkey, Mrs. Eichelberger served the vegetables. The vegetables overflowed the large dinner plates; happily, Mrs. Eichelberger owned many side dishes. There were side dishes in place, both saucers and plates.

"Put your mashed potatoes on such a side plate," she directed, passing the vegetable dishes. "Then the sauerkraut over the top — that's the right way. Then get them mixed, yet not altogether mixed."

Ide came out of his brown study into his usual mood or gayety; Haverstock put in a few shy words. Mr. and Mrs. Hugger talked and laughed a great deal, as though they had not for a long time indulged in just this kind of talk and laughter. Their speech was a little odd, not in form or idiom, but in accent. Pop did not talk much; he meant to, and did, eat a great deal, and mastication was difficult. Mrs. Eichelberger talked most of the time; through her speech ran a refrain. "Ach, eat!" she urged. "Ach, eat!" she pleaded. "Ach, don't make me ashamed of my cooking!"

Ide studied Hugger's face from the side — it w s slender, dark, beautifully modeled. Hugger's gestures were very unlike Ide's deliberate motions and equally unlike Mrs. Eichelberger's swift jerks of elbow and forearm. His wrist turned lightly; once he lifted his hand and it was as though a bird fluttered. When he talked to Ide or to anyone else he seemed to give all that was in him.

"French," t hought Ide. "Strange to find him here."

Turning his head, Hugger met Ide's gaze so squarely that he felt that he must have been staring at Ide. "Mrs. Eichelberger has never told me about her great - grandmother," he said to cover his confusion.

"No?" said Ide. "After I've eaten one more slice of turkey and a spoonful of filling and three pieces of pie, I'll take you to see her."

Mrs. Eichelberger laughed. "He makes free with my house," she said. In her heart a plan was forming. "It's 'Thanksgiving isn't Christmas, but I'm going to give him a present. I'm going to give him my great - gran'mom without any money passing. None of my children or grand-children need a great-gran'mom with such a bare neck."

Ide and Hugger climbed the stairs and after a long time descended. Their voices could be heard meanwhile rising and falling.

"What do you think of that for a Pennsylvania German artist, a coppersmith by trade, untrained except by himself?"

"Amazing!" commented Hugger. "Amazing for anybody. There are faults of technique, many of them, but there she is —to break the heart."

"Exactly" said Ide. "She's often broken mine."

"Are you going to get her?"

Ide shrugged his shoulders. "I've been trying for fifteen years."

"Does anybody else know about her?"

"It's known that she once existed and then that she vanished."

"How did you find her?"

Ide imitated Mrs. Eichelberger's delightful vernacular. "Ach, I chust stopped once by!"

Down in the kitchen Ide reached for his overcoat. "I'm going to Mr. Hugger's house with him, Mrs. Eichelberger, to see his portrait of you."

"I have a milk bucket in each hand," answered Mrs. Eichelberger. "You could well use your time otherwise."

Hugger threw back his head and laughed. The grace of the gesture caught Ide's eye.

"Mr. Hugger," he said, suddenly, "how do you spell your name?"

Hugger laughed a little and flushed. His eye met his wife's and both bestowed a fleeting glance on Mrs. Eichelberger. "H-u-g-e-r," he said.

"Huger!" cried Ide. "Not Huger!" He gave the name a pronunciation stran g Moetr s. Eichelberger. It sounded like "U-gee;" she was mortified by Mrs. Ide's ignorance.

"There was a French artist of that name in whose hands one could safely put oid paintings for restoration," went on Ide excitedly. "He was a genius. I've often wished I could find him. He couldn't have been your father!"

Mr. Hugger nodded.

"What became of him?" Ide did n't wait for an answer. "The war?" Again Hugger nodded.

"Were you his pupil? Can you d o t he same kind of work?"

"I try to."

"Is it that you know Hugger's pop?" demanded Mrs. Eichelberger, agape.

"I know his name well. It is n't a week since I heard him talked about and regretted."

"See, I knew they were somebody!" cried Mrs. Eichelberger.

IV

Ide opened the door and took Hugger by the arm and they went out. The snowplough was chugging in the road, the sun was breaking through the clouds, a rush of pure air filled the room.

"It seems too good to be true!" cried Ide as the door closed.

Mrs. Eichelberger and Mrs. Hugger washed the dishes and Haverstock went out to clear the snow from the porch and the path to the barn. Pop sat by the window, his chin on his breast. When he opened his eyes and saw Haverstock send the snow flying, he smiled beatifically.

The sun was declining when Ide and Hugger came back, Mrs. Hugger saw them coming and called to Mrs. Eichelberger. "They have their arms full of canvases!"

"Good!" approved Mrs. Eichelberger. "He could easy buy half a dozen." But Mrs. Eichelberger was not quite happy — suppose this new art made her present of no value! She was embarrassed when Ide again pronounced Hugger's name, Ide was an educated man; it was queer for him to make such a mistake. He was excited — that was the reason.

"I'm going to take Mr. and Mrs. Huger back to Philadelphia with me if Mrs. Huger consents," said Ide. "What a day, Mrs. Eichelberger!"

Mrs. Eichelberger hurried to speak. She was a little jealous of the Huggers. "Thanksgiving isn't Christmas," she said. "But I'm going to give you—"

She paused while Ide took out his billfold. It could n't be that Ide, who had such good manners, would offer to pay for his dinner!" Then he need never come back," she thought. "Never in this world!"

Ide laid a green slip on the table. "Let me take her," he coaxed.

Mrs. Eichelberger's lips parted. In absolute stupefaction she bent her head above the green slip. Her th's vanished; it was days before she recovered them.

"Eichholtz was such a coppersmiss!" she gasped. "He made coffeepots and teakettles. He painted pictures, but he painted signs, too. He was well known around here!"

"That's all true," said Ide. "And he was well known a long distance from here."

Mrs. Eichelberger seized Ide by the arm. "But it says sree sousand dollars! I'll give her to you for nosing! I'll—" Mrs. Eichelberger halted. There was a mortgage on John's house and there was to be a third baby at Levi's and she hoped there would soon be a first baby at David's. Also, David wanted to move his chicken house and put it to its proper use, and that was expensive. "I'll—" she said, and stopped.

"Give her to me for nothing!" mocked Ide. "Nonsense!"

"But sree sousand!" protested Mrs. Eichelberger again. "You talked about sree, and I sought you meant sree, not sree sousand!"

"Three thousand," said Ide, pronouncing the th's with care. "That's what she's worth."

"Du liever Friede!" cried Mrs. Eichelberger. "My, but Sanksgiving beats Christmas!"

THE END

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Editorials

Sales Tax Chiselers

The Sales Tax Bureau has begun a crackdown on alleged delinquents with the filing of liens in the total amount of $125,000 against about 150 business concerns. What has been begun upon this considerable scale is to be continued widely and extensively, according to the Department of Revenue heads.

This is only right and proper. Every cent of tax which is paid upon sales by purchasers immediately is the property of Pennsylvania and not that of the merchant or the business which has received it. He, or she, is merely the agent for the state in the collection of this tax. Accordingly any money that is withheld is withheld from the state whose property it is.

Apart from this, the state needs the money. The tax was enacted to yield needed revenues. Estimates of the yield entered into the budgeting of state funds for all the commonwealth's purposes. If there be wholesale chiseling upon returns, the budget needs will suffer.

While some "little fellows" may look upon their amount of collections as insignificant, the grand total of the "little fellows' " collections is a mighty sum. This the state badly needs. It should not be forced to collect the money by the power of the law. This of course is true for the big fellows as well, some of whom apparently have not been averse to withholding the 3c tax per dollar which was paid to them as agents for Pennsylvania.

The state sales tax has been in operation long enough for every businessman to be fully aware of the way to collect and record it and of the items that must be taxed and those that are not. No longer can there be a plea of ignorance of the law and confusion as to what items to tax and how much that tax shall be, or for delinquency in settling up with Harrisburg in due time and in the proper amounts.

Helpful Branch Banks

Opening yesterday of another branch bank by the First National Bank of this city continues the trend of the city's splendid financial institutions to take their facilities into every outlying section and to make it easier and more convenient for suburbanites to do their banking business.

How greatly this convenience has been appreciated by old and new customers of the banks has been demonstrated at every branch which has been set up. Not only have suburbanites and outlying business people flocked to these institutions but even central city area people have found it time-saving and convenient to drive to the branches where there is abundance of parking space plus curb service, in addition to just about every banking facility provided by a central downtown bank.

It is a trend that is good for our people in the encouragement that it gives them to maintain good banking relationships. It is evidently good for the banks themselves since they are continuing the trend by entering new areas. It is good for the city and its traffic problem for certainly thousands of trips which daily are made by business people and individuals to the banks, and to the banks only, now are diverted from the central business areas to the outlying areas where the branches are located.

Such trips brought little retail business to the shops. But they did call for parking spaces, both curb and lot, for the period of time required for banking transactions. This space thus is made available for shoppers in the retail establishments and there must be some consequent easing of the parking problem.

Are We Not All Brethren?

Acting as their representative, Councilman Samuel Fenstermacher did what the people of Allentown certainly most heartily approve when he provided water service to the people of Bethlehem who temporarily are bothered by muddied water that is disagreeable to the taste.

It was a neighborly act, prompted by the neighborly feeling which exists between our sister cities and their people. It is an outward, visible sign of the many other good relationships which have been established and maintained, particularly by our municipal governments. It is a good omen for continuing good relationships between all our municipalities. This is important inasmuch as our municipalities, geographically and in many other ways constitute one large community with common problems, interests and aims.

Bethlehem has been unfortunate. Compelled to reach out for enlarged water supply to fill its enormous Wild Creek reservoir it has gathered water supplies which currently are roiled. It should be a temporary condition at the most.

In the meantime Allentown water will be available at the taps which have been placed on fire hydrants on the Allentown-Bethlehem boundary line. In addition friendly business institutions are bringing considerable supply to easily available spots. There also can be recourse to some of those fine springs on South Mountain around which some of the earliest development in Bethlehem's history sprang up.

A Queen's Message

(New York Times)

Commemorating the first broadcast made to Britons throughout the world twenty-five years ago by her grandfather, Queen Elizabeth at this holiday season again addressed her people and the world. Times have changed. She was on television and came, as she said, into the homes of those who listened. This was not some remote voice, some disembodied proclaimer of well-known things. It was a person speaking personally. She is the Queen, but she did not adopt the trappings of royalty. She said the things that all of us want and need to hear. Listen to this:

"Today we need a special kind of courage, not the kind needed in battle, but a kind that makes us stand up for everything that we know is right, everything that is true and honest. We need the kind of courage that can withstand the subtle corruption of the cynics so that we can show the world that we're not afraid of the future. It has always been easy to hate and destroy. To build and to cherish is much more difficult."

This is homely speech and homely meaning. Queen Elizabeth is voicing effectively what many persons have been thinking. Our prodigious concern with techniques, in one field or another, can be hurtful if only because it is short of the whole truth. We need to be reminded that we cannot, as Queen Elizabeth said, simply throw away whole systems of ethics and ideals as if they were outworn machinery.

Christmas time is right for this sort of message. The message, itself, was right for the time and for the circumstances.

Today's Text

By DR. A. R. FRITSCH

John 8:12

Having quoted two passages yesterday from Isaiah referring to the Gentiles who were living in the darkness of heathenism, but on whom the light streaming from God's Son was to shine, we turn to a third passage in Isaiah 60:1-2 in which the prophet, looking forward to that glorious day, addresses Israel thus: "Arise, shine for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

"For, behold the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."

It was in Bethlehem of Judaea that Jesus was born, and in Matthew 2 the Magi, the so-called Wise Men, came to behold the young Christ - child. In Matthew 4:16, Jesus, now 30 years of age, is beginning His preaching ministry, saying, as He quotes Isaiah: "The people which sat in darkness saw great light, and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death, light is sprung up."

In John 8:12 Jesus says: "I am the light of the world; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

Whose Friend Was He?



Indonesia Being Plundered

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Organized brigandage in Indonesia — the theft of private property and an attempt to use the loot as blackmail against a foreign government — has hardly a parallel in international crime.

For several days now the news dispatches have told of the confiscation of the property of Dutch citizens who live in Indonesia —formerly the Dutch East Indies — but there has not been a single protest from the major powers of the world against what is probably the handiwork of the Communists.

Indonesia is the creature of the United States and her Allies who helped the island empire to achieve independence from Dutch rule in 1949. The cry of "colonialism" had been raised, and the Department of State, under the Truman administration, did everything it could to bring about the separation of the Dutch from the island possessions where, during many hundred years, Holland's investors have aided in the development of such resources as rubber and petroleum.

Confiscation of the property of foreigners is nothing new in the world, but in international law the precedents require that adequate compensation be made to the lawful owners. In this case not only has no such provision for payment been made, but the Indonesian government is threatening not to pay at all unless the Dutch investors bring pressure to bear on their own government to relinquish possession of another colony — Dutch New Guinea — thousands of miles away.



Lawrence

This is such a shocking example of gangsterism that it will cause many a "liberal" who has inveighed against "colonialism" in the last decade to wonder whether the sequel thereto is truly an independent democracy that fulfills its obligations or a government that merely does the bidding of a worse type of master — namely, the Communist imperialists.

Red Infiltration

Inside Indonesia, where the Communists have insidiously infiltrated and now openly manifest their control through so-called elections, there is a beginning of a virile resistance to the Reds. President Sukarno, who at this critical time is taking a leave of absence from the country presumably for health reasons, undoubtedly became so deeply involved himself with the local Communists that he decided it would be better to leave the situation to right itself during his absence. There is talk that he may never return.

The demand that Dutch New Guinea be given up arouses opposition in Australia, which has control over the other half of that island in the Pacific. From a strategic standpoint, the Western nations cannot very well stand by and see a Communist-dominated government acquiring such an important naval position in Southeast Asia.

If Holland had not been occupied by the Nazis during World War II and her fleet had not been scuttled, she might today have been able to make a naval demonstration against Indonesia. But the government at the Hague can do little except to urge the democracies of the world to take a good look at the fruits of their anti-colonial policies. Certainly the 80 million people of Indonesia are today much worse off than they were under Dutch rule.

Internal Friction

The economic situation in Indonesia is very bad as a direct result of the friction inside the government and because of the seizure of Dutch property amounting to more than a billion dollars in value.

All the important trade and business activities and all the communications between the various islands in the Indonesian group have been carried on heretofore by Dutch citizens. To uproot all this suddenly is to bring a crisis to the little nation that must cause the governments of the world, especially the United States, to wonder if a continuation of enlightened "colonialism," such as the Dutch furnished, would not have really been much better for the average inhabitant of this colonial area than red rule is today under a puppet government which obeys Moscow's agents.

In recent weeks the anti-Communist sentiment inside Indonesia has been rising, and it is important for the non-Communist countries not to become entangled in the internal situation there. But certainly the time has come to champion the principle of simple honesty in international affairs as against the stealing of private property, coupled with brazen demands to extort political concessions from a foreign government as the price of recovering the stolen property.

It makes many observers wonder whether the same thing isn't likely to happen in Algeria, where French interests have built up a big colony only to find themselves now being forced out by a nationalist movement also fanned to a frenzy by Communist intrigue.

(Copyright, 1957)

Nixon Running Mate

By VICTOR RIESEL

The Republican high command already is grooming a running mate for Richard Nixon in the 1960 Presidential election. The man who will run with Dick Nixon, if there is no change in strategy, is a southern senator, out of the bluegrass of Kentucky. He is Sen. Thurston B. Morton, a "new" Republican, whom the liberals and labor people believe they will have to strain to criticize.

All this still is in the talking stage. But Senator Morton has the support of President Eisenhower and Meade Alcorn, chairman of the Republican National Committee.

There is nothing nebulous about this report. From the highest GOP councils word has leaked that there have been these definite top level discussions. Though little - known throughout the country, Senator Morton has been a quiet liaison between the Senate and the White House. He is considered an astute politician and strategist. He has been a member of the House, and assistant secretary of state.

Now 50 years old, the junior Senator from Kentucky is a most unconservative conservative. When the story leaked, this reporter checked with unions which have strong contingents in Kentucky — unions which would chew out a Republican as quickly as they could say "Down With Taft-Hartley."



SEN. MORTON

Yet, in the words of one national labor political strategist, Morton was described as a "Wayne Morse kind of Republican — well, maybe not quite, but close."

"In the old days in the House, he voted wrong seven times out of seven but he's learning," the official said while scanning labor's political records. "Recently in the Senate, by our score, he was right on five key votes and wrong on two, which we consider a pretty good record."

As far as labor is concerned, Morton voted "right" on nine foreign policy votes, wrong on two and was absent once last year. The labor people see him with an "excellent" record on civil-rights. He comes from Louisville where school integration has been so smooth and free of violence that the labor people hold it up as a model for other communities.

Though Morton's name comes as a surprise, the selection of such a possible running mate for Nixon fits into the pattern of activity designed by the Vice-President since President Eisenhower's illness.

Nixon and his advisers believe that much of the nation thinks of him as a right wing conservative. They know that labor people are almost unanimously opposed to him. The Vice-President is believed to feel that he must at least neutralize this sentiment and win some support from the nation's bloc of independent voters if he is to win in 1960.

In the past few weeks he has conferred with Labor Secretary James Mitchell on these problems. He has also been in contact with labor leaders across the country. And he has visited with some long considered his most bitter critics.

Mr. Nixon has no hope of winning their support. But apparently he believes he can convince them he has made a fight and will battle in the next three years for some of their demands.

Though Mr. Nixon can't hope to crack the organized labor opposition to him, the strategy of a Nixon-Morton ticket obviously is aimed at cracking the South. By 1960 there will be a terrific industrial influx into the southern states. With the dispersal of big new automatic factories and engine and missiles plants will come tens of thousands of new workers. In some southern communities and states it is possible that they may be the balance of political power.

This is happening in Florida, just as it has developed in Kentucky and other Dixie states. In many of these plants there will be Negro workers. Mr. Nixon is very active on the integration front, working closely with some national labor chiefs on the project. Undoubtedly this will win his ticket considerable support.

There still are some three years between the formulation of the Nixon-Morton ticket and its nomination — but if what is being discussed now in and around the White House develops, Morton will be the campaigner to go after the southern bloc while not irritating northerners.

(Copyright 1957)

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Clarence Darrow once won a difficult case for a society queen. "Dear Mr. Darrow," she gushed. "How can I ever show my appreciation?" He assured her, "Ever since the Phoenicians invented money, there has been only one answer to that question."

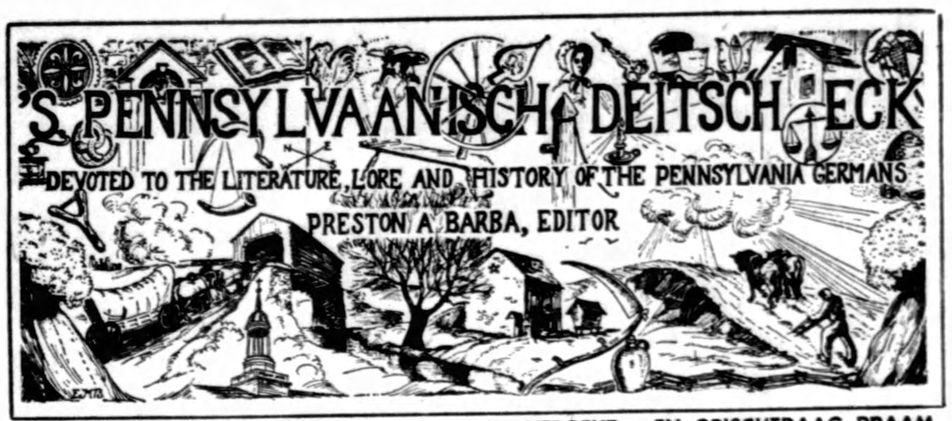
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"All work and no plagiarism," Judge Jacob Braude reminds us, "makes a mighty dull speech."

(Copyright 1957)

Horoscope

Be persistent in coping with minor difficulties and they will be overcome. Today's child will have ambition and a mind for detail; he may have difficulty subordinating himself.



WENDELL KITZMILLER

Writes Today About Fools, Especially Fools With Guns and What Has Happened to One Such Fool

Saag du! Hoscht dei Lewe achtgewwe, wie viel narrische Leit, ass es gebt in der Welt, un iewen net weit vun deheem? Un hoscht schunn gsehne, wie viel Sadde narrische Leit, ass es hot iewen yuscht unnich deine Bekannte un unnich deinre Freindschaft? Wann d' net hoscht, dann geb nau mol wennich acht. Vleicht kannscht sogaar eener odder e paar in deinere Familye finne, un wann's dich noch am End selwer iss!

Nau wann ich wennich kunsidder, dann falle mir en halb Dutzend Sadde Narrische in der Sinn, ewwe graad do alleweil. Moll fer eens sin die football-Narre. Not datt sin die baseball-Narre, un die Hunds-Narre — un die Schitz-Narre.



Die Schitz-Narre sin die Sadd Narre, wu ich alleweil im Aag hab, un wu ich mei Schtick driwwe schreiwe will. Un en bully gut Schtick iss es, wann 's schunn ken Grumbiere gewwe hot em letschte Summer.

Die Schitz-Narre sin so 's mensch in der Schtadt deheem, awwer mer sehnt sie oft do am Haase Barrick. 'S waar eener do die letscht Woch un wie ich ihn sehne hab kumme, hab ich graad die glee Mary Ann nausgschickt mit ihrem Pickterkodak, wu sie vum Ludder Harpel kaaft hot fer Pickters nemme. 'Saerscht Mol ass sie en snapshot grickt hot vun ihm, waar driwwe im Schkweier Lawbuck seim Weedfeld. Der Schkweier hot yuscht sei Mascht-loos naus gelosst ins Weedfeld un datt hot er der Schitz-Narr aagedroffe un hot



en vun Wunner aageguckt. Ich kann dir saagge, er waar uffgeduh uff die reguleeschun Manier. Leggins un gaiters an de Fiess, rot-groo-er Wammes, rundi Kapp, fancyer gamebag, en dobbel-laaficher Britsch-loder uff der Axel un en Meerschaum-peif im Maul. Es waar en Kall, ass schee guckt uff me fortigraph, awwer vuh Schiesse hot er nix gewisst.

"Saag, Daadi," hot er zum Schkweier gsaat, "Ich denk mer darf schiesse do uff Ihrem Land?"

O ya, ich hab nix degeegge," secht der Lawbuck, "yuscht ich deet net gleiche, wann du mir mei yunge Haahne schiesse deetscht odder mei Mascht-loos datt."

"O, of course net, Daadi, ich schiess nix ass wie game.



Weesscht ken Gschwarrel odder Eechhaase?"

"Yo," secht der Schkweier, "s hockt eens do uff dem Beerebaam."

Dann will ich 's net verlogge hawwe, reisst der Dingrich sei Flint vun der Axel runner un



Whizz! Bang!! kracht's uff eemol, un en gansi Handvoll Nummer acht Schrot fliegge darrich em alde Lawbuck sei Schtitz. Es Gschwarrli iss die Gibble nuffgschprunge, ass wann's halwer verschrocke waer!

Nau wann der alt Lawbuck net Schkweier waer un waer net en friedlicher Mann, dann hett er den dumme gleene Schwarneeder iwwer 's Gnie geboogge un hett em sei Hinnerdeel darrich gebletscht. 'S waar noch sei alder "fur" Hut, wu sei Urgroossdaadi iwwer der See gebrocht hot in 1762, wie er bei der Drupp redemptioners waar, un iss zum Yockel Gross verkaaft warre in Fildelfy. Der ewerscht Schtock vum Hut waar zu Huttle un Fetze verschosse.

"Yunger, du settscht besser acht gewwe wie du dei Gwehr hendelscht. Ich hett en groossi notion un fine dich fer die Bix noch mir zu point-e!" secht der Schkweier, "datt kummt nau en Haas zugschprunge — ferwas schiesscht seller net?"

Der aarmselich glee Dunner waar so verschrocke un excited ass er net gewisst hot was er duht, un eb dass er die situation recht verschteh hot kenne, iss der Haas mit all force ihm in die Gniekehl gschprunge, der Britsch-loder iss losgange mit em annerer Laaf un hot die alt Mascht-loos mausedod gschosse uff em Blacke!

"Bischt du nau net en roder gleener Deiwel! Hoscht du mer net yuscht ford do verschproche, du wottscht mer kee sei un Hinkel schiesse? Un nau was hoscht du geduh? Die naegscht Woch hen mer schlachte wolle! Was meenscht bei dem? Was witt duh vunweegge damitsches?"

"O well nau, Daadi, halt mich net zu hatt. Ich hab mei Britschloder noch net verzaahlt, un

mei salary im Schtor, wu ich Klarrick bin, iss yuscht baut genunk fer meinre Fraa ihre hats zu bezaahle un—"

"Wiffel Geld hoscht im Sack?" frogt der Schkweier.

"Yuscht siwwe Cent," secht der Hunder.

"Raus mit," hot der Lawbuck gsaat. "Nau losscht du mir dei Bix do, un dei kattritsch belt, un dei gaiters un dei gamebag, not kannscht heem geh. Wann du dei Bix widder hawwe witt, dann bringscht du mir elf Daaler fer die Sau. Ich bhalt awwer die Sau un mach Wascht fer uff der Schtadtmarrick. Mei Hut will ich dich nix tschautsche defor. Ich geb en zu der Historical Society un kaaf mer en annerer.

"Nau mach dich heem un wann'd widder uff mei Land kummscht mit me Britsch-loder ob dass du lanne duscht zu schiesse, dann verbrech ich dir alle Gnoche in deim eelendiche Kaerperli. Schtell die Bix datt wedder die Fens un yuscht fatt nau unni meh Weses odder Kumblimente!"

WENDELL KITZMILLER
(Dr. Ezra Grumbine, 1845-1923)

ES ALT YAAHR VERGEHT

Es alt Yaahr vergeht,
Hot alle Daag verlebt;
Denken mol driwwer,
Eb es vergeht.

Waar ebbes drin,
As net drin sei sott?
Daet mer 's verennere
Odder losse was es hot?

Daet mer meh nei duh,
Wann mer kennt?
Es waer noch Blatz,
Wammer 's recht bedenkt.

Nau geht's dahie,
Nemmt Lewe un Dod
Mit in die Vergangenheit—
Des wissen mer yo.

Es Neiyaahr iss do—
Was waerd es bringe,
Lache odder Ernscht,
Heile odder Singe?

Mer kann so viel
In dem Yaahr nei duh:
Haerrlich sei, freindlich sei,
Geheert aa dazu.

Wann mer browiere,
Dann halt es viel;
Browiere macht es
Lewe wie en Schpiel.

Mer sin yuscht wie Boppe,
Wu uff der Aerd sin;
Vun eem Blatz zum annere,
Do geht mer hin.

Mache selwer Druwwel,
Koschten Freede all aus—
Gott segne es Neiyaahr
Zu unserm Gebrauch.

Locus Daal
ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER

EN GRISCHTDAAG DRAAM

Die Sache was mer draamt, sin oftmols wunnerbaar un hen en diefe Bedeitung fer unser Gut. So will die Buschamschel eich heit verzehle, was sie erfaahre hot im Schlummer die anner Nacht.

Es waar Dissember Vollicht—am Feierblatz im Larricheland — umringt mit Beem alsfert grie — un all voll Winter-veggel, alle Sadde — versammelt fer ihr Grischtfescht.

In me Neschtli uff me Zedarbaam, vun Moos gebaut un Schpinnewewer, geleint mit Dischtel-flaum — un in dem Neschtli waar des wusslichscht Bewi Veggelchi; die Bruschtfeddere waare weiss mit me blooe Ranft; die Fliggel waare rot — rot wie Maryerot; der Buckel waar vun Gold — der Hals grie wie Zelaat im Moi — der Schwans waar en gleener Reggeboogge — der Schnawwel gefarrebt wie Kalifornia Drauwe — un sei Aagge waare wie der Owetschtann, all des umringt wie der Mond in re dinne Schneewolk, fer en Bild so lieblich — 's iss net zu saagge wie. Un die Luft waar gelind wie im Friehyaahr, wann die Buxblumme wacker warre — un de Veggel ihre Hallelujah Chorus — ei! ei! ei! Wann der Handel de Veggel ihre Hallelujah Chorus gheert hett, hett er sich gschemmt mit seim! Iewens die Grabb hot gsunge un 's hot mit eigschtimmt!

Nooch em Chorus sin sie eens noch em annre unne an der Zedarbaam gflogge un hen en Gschenk datt hiegelegt. Es aerscht kumme die wilde Ende un die Schneegens un mache en gross Bett vun Bruschtfeddere um der gans Baam rum; dernoh leegge die Woodpecker Babble-rinn drum rum; dernoh iwwer die Feddere leegge die weiss - heisiche Schpatze en Deck vun Buchele - bledder-un datt druff hen die annre Veggel ihre Gschenk hiegelegt; der Guthaerr bringt en Eechelnuss; die Amschel bringt en Wusch rote Hundshols - beere; der Bloovoggel en weissi Fleddermaus; der Goldfink en Endiftie Blaat; die Nachteil en Feldmeisel; der Schpottvoggel—un wie er hiefliegt waar alles meiselschtill — der schpielt dernoh (all yuscht nohgemacht uffkors) "Schtille Nacht, heiliche Nacht!" Un der Aryelschpieler vun Sankt Johannes hett's net besser duh kenne; sell iss verleicht wu der Schpottvoggel 's gelannt hot; un all die annre Veggel hen mitgsunge. Der Tschickedie fliegt dernoh ans Neschtli un bosst des Bewiveggelchi — un, glaawe's odder net, des Veggelchi hot gflappt, un all die Veggel datt hen mitgflaapt — un iwwerm Flappe kummt en diefi, siessi Schtimm vun owwich em Zedarbaam haer: "Des iss mei beliebtes Veggelche. Nemmt's zu Herze un loss es waxe datt. Lannt vun ihm was mei Wille iss fer eich. Folgt ihm un so sollt ihr all mei Veggel sei, gesegent un beliebt wie des Veggelchi."—

Dann waar mei Draam verbei. Awwer wie ich driwwer denk — die viele Veggel datt am Zedarbaam, wu's Nescht mit dem gleene Veggelche waar — un wie sie all ihre Gschenke gebrocht hen, e bissel vun dem un vun sellem wie es waxt in Busch un Feld — dann bin ich demiedich un dankbar fer was die Veggel Yaahr ei Yaahr aus aa fer uns all duhne.

Im Dissember, 1957
—DIE BUSCHAMSCHEL

NO REGULAR FIGHT

Many years ago one of Berks County's young lads migrated to Chicago. He was a strongly timbered chap and by no means "lobbish." One day he locked horns with one of the boys of the windy city. He was arrested and tried for assault and battery. Before he went into court he employed a lawyer who asked him, "did you have a fight?" — "Oh no, no regular fight," he answered. At the trial the prosecutor testified that he had been knocked down five times. This was news to the lawyer. When he was placed on the stand he gave an unvarnished tale of the whole scrimmage. Says he: "That fellow sitting over there told me that he could lick me. I told him that was a game that two could play at. He told me that I was a Dutch sourkraut eater from Pennsylvania. I didn't care about that. Then he said I was a liar and a runaway, and I didn't care about that either. But then he called me a Dutch son-of-a-, and then I knocked him down four or five times; it may have been five times, I am not sure about that, but we had no regular fight; I only knocked him down four or five times." The judge leaned over towards the boy and asked, "My young man, what do you mean by saying, "we had no regular fight?' — "I will tell you, Judge; I come from Berks County, Pennsylvania, and when we fight there we take off our hats, cravats, coats, and jackets, and tie our suspenders around our waists, and then fight until one hollers enough; this is what we call regular fight. But I and the fellow over there had no regular fight; I only knocked him down four or five times. We do not count this a regular fight. We call it no fight at all." The presiding judge was highly pleased to learn what a regular fight was in Old Berks, and it is very evident that he had a warm side for the young Dutchman, for he left the decision of the law and the facts to the jury who after a short deliberation rendered a verdict of "No Regular Fight."

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