THE MORNING CALL

David A. Miller, Publisher-Director 1895-1958

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J. Katharine Weiler, Treasurer; William D. Reimert, Managing Editor; John E. Weiler, Circulation Manager; R. J. Hummel, Business Manager.
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Editorials

Safety Is Paramount

Considerably more must be done to settle the strike that disrupted most of the nation's airlines for nearly a week than has been done to get the planes back into the air.

The real job facing presidential fact-finders, Labor Secretary Goldberg, the Congress and the unions themselves is to find ways to prevent groups like the flight engineers from penalizing the public by arrogantly flouting the law of the land, the orders of the courts and the directives of their own union.

More is involved in any strike of airline personnel than job security, seniority rights, union jurisdiction or any other economic issues. The safety of airline passengers is at stake.

Split-second decisions are made in the cockpit of a plane. A hundred or more lives may depend on these decisions. Regardless of how many men operate in the instrument-jammed control cabin they must work as a team. There is no time for argument or dissension. Jurisdictional disputes and the bitterness they generate cannot be tolerated on the flight deck.

Those who entrust their lives to pilots, flight engineers and ground crews are not concerned with seniority. They want the most capable men at all the controls. As jet planes replace an increasing number of propeller-driven craft, the men most skilled in their operation are not necessarily those with the longest experience in the air. There are some important instances in which techniques of operating the two types of planes differ sharply.

The President's new commission has an important task that is basic to all others. It must determine through impartial investigation the type of manning essential to the safest possible operation. When this is established both the unions and the airlines must accept it. If new legislation is necessary to make well-founded decisions stick, this will be the task of the Congress.

This is the approach those who ride the skyways and who expect to ride them have a right to expect. Their confidence in this means swift transportation dare not be further shaken.

Boost for Schuylkill

Prisons are not generally considered in the same economic category as new industries and not too many communities actively seek them.

There are sound economic reasons, however, for Pennsylvania to seriously consider building its proposed new Eastern State Correctional Institution in Schuylkill County.

This is the center of one of the most deeply distressed areas in the eastern part of the state. Its people need jobs and will continue to need them. Building a new prison to replace the ancient Eastern Penitentiary in Philadelphia would provide hundreds of construction jobs for a few years. Manning it with custodial and maintenance forces and supplying it ultimately would create many jobs on a permanent basis.

Schuylkill County is fairly central to the area the proposed new correctional institution would serve. Its geographic location and its other site advantages are considerably more appropriate and advantageous than crowded Philadelphia and its environs.

Not only is the land available, but the county commissioners have offered to give the commonwealth all the acreage necessary. This in itself should add weight to the proposal. Modern prisons cover wide areas. Both their site and construction costs are high.

This is the kind of project that should find ready support not only in Schuylkill County but in the adjoining counties also benefitting from the immediate and long term economic aid building and operating the prison would provide. It should be supported just as readily by all who are genuinely interested in helping those who want to continue living and working in one of the state's most depressed areas.

Mr. Creveling Is Back

Coincidental with the Allentown School Board's letter asking Ralph M. Creveling either to once again assume his responsibilities as a director or resign, his health apparently improved sufficiently for him to resume his duties.

He attended his first board meeting in nearly a year and evidently weathered it well. He has announced he will attend meetings regularly and will serve actively on all committees to which he is assigned.

As he himself put it, his doctor said he is in better health than he has been for three years and encouraged him to go back.

His return was officially noted "with satisfaction." It should have been. The job of the school board is too big and too important to be handicapped by prolonged absences of any of its members. No director of any vital volunteer board should place such an unnecessary additional burden on his fellow members.

Now that the school board has found what appears to be an effective remedy for situations of this kind, it should not hesitate to prescribe it if the need ever again arises.

Public Opinion

Prejudice Is Ugly

To the Editor:

Prejudice and stupidity, travelling hand in hand, roar down the turnpike of life like a giant rig out of control, crushing its victims with injustice and heartache.

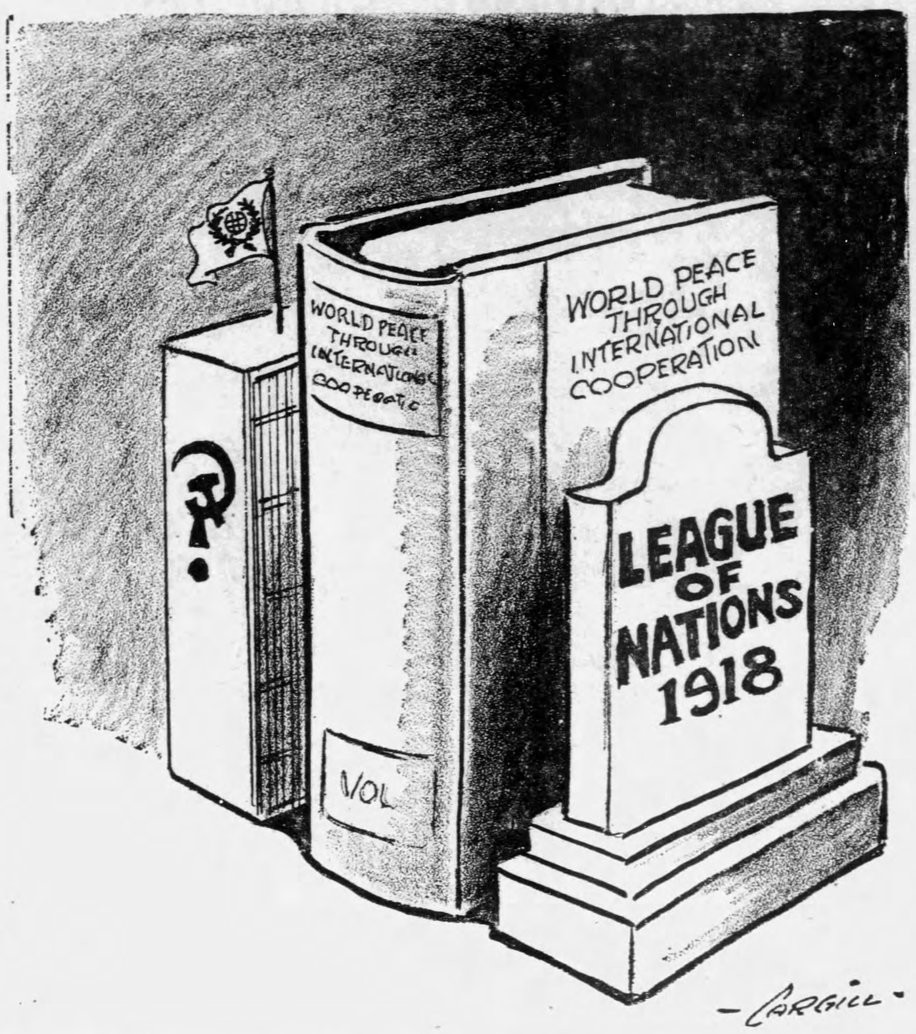
The word prejudice itself is ugly, and awkward to the tongue. Prejudice is defined as: prejudgment without due examination; unfavorable bias; injury to hurt, impair, or damage in any way.

Prejudice undermines our moral and social and political structure. Each time we tear down a minority group or restrict its deserved liberties, it becomes stronger and more united against the force which denies its equality. Prejudice is on the losing side of this tug of war.

Prejudice growing out of a personal injury or affront could have a justification, however slight. But mass prejudice without cause is beyond human understanding. Prejudice damages the practitioner more than it harms the person against whom it is directed. Man cannot degrade another without degrading himself.

Continued on Page 11, Column 1

Book Ends



An Airline for Ransom?

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Did the United States pay a "ransom" for the release of the two survivors of the RB-47 which was shot down over international waters by Russian airmen?

This question, which members of Congress started asking four weeks ago, now may be answered circumstantially by the news that the United States has agreed to resume negotiations with the Soviet government for the establishment of a Moscow-to-New York commercial air service.


Lawrence

These negotiations were suspended by President Eisenhower last July when the Moscow government imprisoned the two American flyers and refused to allow them even to be interviewed by American Embassy officials.

Ordered by Kennedy

The order to resume negotiations for the Moscow-to-New York flights is said to have come from President Kennedy himself direct to the Civil Aeronautics Board a few days ago. Some members of Congress who heard about it were surprised and inquired at the State Department, only to be told at first that officials there knew nothing about it.

The facts, however, are leaking. It develops that the Communist regime is very anxious to have direct access by air to New York City. This means that mail pouches from the Russian embassy and the Russian headquarters in New York at the United Nations can be transported by jet airplane direct to Moscow in a few hours. Obviously, if the Russian spy system uncovers anything of vital importance on the military side, the information can be conveyed the same day than has the United States. They have been pressing for it during the last several years, and, notwithstanding the U-2 incident and the collapse of the "summit" conference at Paris last May, the preliminary discussions by the Soviets for negotiations to set up the new air line were continued.

Asked this week about the status of the negotiations, one aviation official said:

"The main basis for not negotiating now has been removed. The whole question is getting a new look on both sides."

Naturally, American officials do not care to discuss in what way the release of the RB-47 flyers contributed to the resumption of the negotiations. The American people probably will never know the whole story. For this is the kind of thing that usually is not put into writing. In fact, a hint that the Moscow-to-New York air line might be established could have been given in one conversation between American and Russian diplomats, and arrangements for release of the RB-47 flyers could have been discussed on a separate occasion.

The only American company with a certificate to fly to Moscow direct is Pan-American Airways, which obtained this back in 1947. Doubtless there would be plenty of American passengers nowdays desirous of flying directly to the Soviet Union, but the big question is what the Russians will permit in the way of passengers or cargo for the return flights, especially since there is a curious policy of limitation on the travel of Russian citizens out of the Soviet Union.

It is conceded that the release of the RB-47 fliers has—to use President Kennedy's words—"removed a serious obstacle in the way of peaceful relations between the Soviet Union and the United States." But it will be wondered why, when the Soviets commit an inhumane act and violate the rules of international law, it then becomes incumbent on the United States—the victim of the attack—to make concessions to the aggressor. This will hardly be construed abroad as a sign of American resoluteness, and could easily be misinterpreted by the Russians as a measure of American weakness.

Reuther's Goals

By VICTOR RIESEL

While most national labor chiefs were broiling in the Florida sun, Walter Reuther was toiling in snow - avalanched northern cities on a problem close to his militant heart: "Organizing the un-organized" — unionizing the non-unionized by the millions.

For over eight months, in fact, the 53-year-old "youth" of labor's high command has been head of a little known three-man committee developing strategy for a national organizing campaign — sweeping in from California citrus and fruit ranches to tool plants in New York and Philadelphia.

No doubt the potential is enormous. On this take the word from Harry Van Arsdale, leader of New York City's Central Labor Council, who said the other day that there were more non-unionized workers in New York State than in "all ten Southern states together."

What disturbs Reuther considerably is the slowly vanishing American production and maintenance "job." Between 1953 and 1960 some 1,500,000 such tasks have disappeared from the American factory. Another 400,000 such jobs have been wiped off the nation's railroad system.

But — while the blue collar millions have been wiped out of production and maintenance in the factories and on the rails, there has been a dramatic increase of 600,000 white collar people in this very same field. These white collar people — replacing the men in denims and overalls — are the scientists, engineers, technicians, draftsmen and the office clerical "supporting" staff.

They are non-union. Reuther wants to change all that. And being Reuther, his horizons always are more distant. Researchers have told him that the greatest increase in any field since 1953 has occurred in the state, county and municipal area.

An additional 1,900,000 more workers have entered this non-federal public employment in the past eight years. Fully half the newcomers are teachers, school personnel and others associated with education.

Another leap forward since '53 has been the service area — where the lines are fuzzy. About 1,100,000 new workers have entered hotels, restaurants, laundries, gas stations, etc., since '53.

And still another potential organizing field has been the retail, wholesale and warehouse business — with a jump of 1,100,000 since the founding of the AFL-CIO. Add to this about 450,000 new clerical jobs, in banks and insurance companies.

There also is a new "Food and Beverage Dept.," just set up by 10 unions such as the meat cutters, hotel and restaurant employes and the bakers. They talk of unionizing "two to three million" possible new members.

These are the fields Reuther wants to invade. That's certain. What's not so certain is his ability to stir his colleagues into action. If he doesn't, then the "red head" and some of the former CIO unions may organize on their own.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

Question: My Sunday school teacher says that the story of Jonah, and other Bible miracles are allegorical. Is this the way you explain Bible miracles? K.L.

Answer: No, I never try to explain the miracles of the Bible. I have lived long enough to know that many things in life are miraculous, and inexplicable. Who has fathomed the fabulous miracle of human reproduction? Who can analyze and rationalize mother - love? Who can explain the subtle power of evil, or the miracle of self-sacrifice?

There was a time in my life when I had some honest doubts. But I went out into the mountains years ago with my Bible, and prayerfully sought a way to resolve my doubts. Finally, I made my decision. I said: "God, I don't understand everything in this book: but just as I have taken you by faith, I take this Book by faith." From that time on, the Word of God was like a sword in my hand. I had the strength of authority — not once have I ever tried to prove God, the Bible, or any of the miracles. I am content to let God know more than I do, and I have peace in my heart.

Unbelief is at the base of all our anxiety, but faith is the basis for peace. This goes for our relationship with God, and our relationships with man.

Accept the Bible by faith and a new dimension of living is opened to you.

to the Kremlin and the military staff here.

The Russians have been more eager to see the air link set up

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Gracious Living

What are the most essential things . . . that make for gracious living . . . well, first and foremost is the treasure . . . commonly called giving . . . you must give something of yourself . . . each day you're blessed with life . . . be understanding and sincere . . . these stem the tides of strife . . . be kind to those who round you dwell . . . practice true brotherhood . . . this tends to make a peaceful dell . . . of every neighborhood . . . put praise in place of ridicule . . . don't ever stoop to pry . . . keep your own home tidy . . . all these will beautify . . . it matters not if rich or poor . . . all can have gracious living . . . if faith and tenderness and love . . . compose what you are giving.

Horoscope

Hard workers will profit from dramatic opportunities. Today's child will find a future in automation.

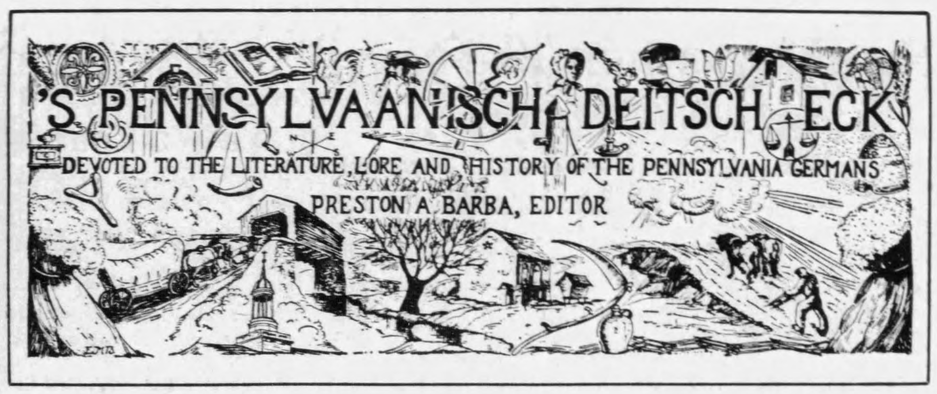
Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Rumor has it that there's a big new TV series in the works concerning high jinks in the ladies underwear business. It's called "The Unmentionables."

Every year a friend of Paul Lapolla gets a Valentine's Day card from his wife. It reads, "Guess WHO — and you'd better be RIGHT!"

Jim Backus has discovered a psychoanalyst who thinks of everything. His office is furnished in overwrought iron.



From Our Readers

Editor, Pennsylvania German Corner
Allentown Morning Call
Dear Sir,

Capetown, Union of South Africa, is the legislative capital of this bi-lingual country. Because of the bi-linguality of the country all publications must be in both English and Africaans. This latter language reminded me so much of our Pennsylvania "Dutch" that I thought you might be interested, therefore I am enclosing a newspaper with this letter.

You may well wonder what an Allentonian is doing in South Africa. I am aboard the USAS American Mariner, an Army ship, as Director of Field Operations, Project DAMP. The initials stand for Down-range Anti-missile Measurements Program. It is directed by the Army Rocket and Guided Missile Agency and sponsored by the Advanced Research Projects Agency. The purpose is to investigate the physical characteristics of ballistic missiles as they re-enter the earth's atmosphere after being launched from Cape Canaveral, Florida. We have, in effect, a floating electronics laboratory. The enclosed press release will give you any details you might desire.

It is a very interesting assignment and sometimes places me where history is being made. I was present in Dakar when the Mali Federation was dissolved on August 19 and Senegal declared its independence.

South Africa is not the contemporary Africa of the newsreels. It is a prosperous, well-ordered country comparing very favorably with our country. The climate is mild. The interior is well farmed by the thrifty "Dutch" and reminds me much of eastern Pennsylvania. The coast is rugged and compares with southern California.

Sincerely,
MAJOR QUENTIN C. SOPRANO

From the Press Release mentioned in the above letter we further learn that the U.S. Army Ship, American Mariner, a converted and refitted liberty Cargo Vessel of World War II, is an ocean-going scientific station that provides a wealth of information on the flight characteristics of medium and long range missiles.

Major Soprano is the army's representative on the ship. He oversees the operations to insure that contract objectives are satisfied. He maintains close liaison with the Army Rocket and Guided Missile Agency and reports the results of test monitoring.

The newspaper which Major Soprano sent to the editor of the ECK was Die Burger (laaste uitgawe), Kaapstad, Woensdag, 16. November 1960, in other words The Citizen (latest edition) Capetown, Wednesday, Nov. 16, 1960, printed in the Africaans. What must have impressed Major Soprano more than the similarity to our own local dialect was the importance of Africaans in the Union of South Africa. A number of years ago (March 25, 1939) we published in the Eck an article "Afrikaans and Pennsylvanisch" by Heinz Kloss in which the author traces the phenomenal growth of Africaans from an obscure Holland Dutch dialect into what is now the leading tongue of an immense Commonwealth in South Africa. Kloss suggests that our Pennsylvania German dialect be called "Pennsylvaanisch" analogous with "Africaans." While several of our local writers have tried to do so the terms "Pennsylvania German" and "Pennsylvania Dutch" are too deep-seated to admit of a third term.

The Dutch had settled in South Africa in the middle of the 17th century, only a little earlier than the beginning of the German settlements in Pennsylvania. They spread out, covering what became known as the Cape Province. This, together with other Boer settlements, came under the British flag after the Boer War (1899-1902). Their literary language had been the standard Holland Dutch (just as in Pennsylvania the literary language of the Pennsylvania Germans was High German in our colonial days and later.) But in everyday life the Boers spoke a dialect, which came to be known in the 19th century as Africaans.

About 1870 the standard Dutch was in process of decay. Since the Africaans was not written and the English not spoken (compare our own Pennsylvania German situation), the question was whether English would replace Africaans as a spoken tongue or whether Africaans should fill the place left free by the Dutch in the realm of letters. What might have happened here in Pennsylvania actually did happen in Dutch South Africa. In 1909 an Academy for the cultivation of Africaans was founded. In 1914 Africaans was legally permitted to be used as a medium of instruction in the public schools. Then the Church organizations approved of it as an official language from the pulpit (note here the services held in recent years in our local churches in our Pennsylvania German dialect). In 1925 Africaans became one of the official languages of the Dominion of South Africa. In 1932 the Bible appeared in Africaans. A little more than a century ago the despised tongue of a small groupl less in number than the Pennsylvania Germans at that time, is today the leading language of a great commonwealth. — Here is a random excerpt from the above newspaper: "Die vierjarige Charles Hawkins van Vanrhynsdorp, wat per ongeluk terpentyn gedrink het, het so goed herstel dat hy vandag die hospitaal kan verlaat (Four - year - old Charles Hawkins of the village of Vanrhyn, who accidentally drank some turpentine, is now again so well recovered that he can leave the hospital).—

We are gratefull to Major Soprano for his interesting letter.

THE USE OF GYPSUM ON PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN FARMS

The following record from an Account Book (1819 - 1831) of Jacob Anthony who operated a gristmill in Greenwich Township, Berks County, is a page out of the almost forgotten past when farmers treated their soil with an application of gypsum in order to raise a satisfactory crop of clover. The book contains similar records for the three preceding years. Since most of the names differ for each year, it appears that farmers made this application only in intermittent years. All the grinding was done in the month of April and the date "April 13th" is the day on which the operation commenced. The spelling is that of Jacob Anthony:

(**geschrathen** — Ger. **schroten,** to rough - grind; **ferdel,** Ger. **Viertel,** quarter; **donn,** Ger. **Tonne,** ton.,

Abril 13 im Iahr 1822 Giebs geschrathen

vor Johannes Breininger — 3 ferdel donn
Jacob Hausknecht — 1 ferdel donn
Johannes Zettelmaier — 1 ferdel donn
Martin Sondag — 3 ferdel donn
Philip Fischer — ein donn
Jacob Leyby — ein donn
Jacob Vocht — ein donn
Jacob Grinenwalt — halben donn
Johannes Steinhart — halben donn
Jacob Hefner — ein halben donn
Georg Straser — ein donn und ein halben
Johannes Koller — ein ferdel donn
Peter Schabbel — ein halben donn
Georg Dondag — 3 ferdel donn
Heinrich Diedrih — halben donn
Georg Diedrih — ein halben donn
Johannes Diedrih — ein ferdel donn
Martin Zettelmaier — ferdel donn
David Heinly — ein ferdel donn

The charge Anthony made for milling this gypsum was 15 shillings a ton, that is $2.00. It will be noted that the year was 1822 and United States Money had been in use for thirty years, but Anthony was still keeping his books in terms of the old Pennsylvania currency.

Most of the gypsum used in Pennsylvania at that time was imported from Nova Scotia. There were of course no railroads in Pennsylvania at that time, and the Schuylkill Canal was not yet in full operation. The gypsum was undoubtedly hauled to Greenwich Township from Philadelphia by wagon.

—RAYMOND E. HOLLENBACH
Royersford, Pa.

A later letter to the Editor of the Eck from Mr. Hollenbach concerning the use of gypsum of our Pennsylvania farmers brought further information. It was Richard Peters who first brought gypsum to the attention of most Pennsylvanians with his paper read before the Pennsylvania Society for Promoting Agriculture. This paper was published in 1797 or 1798, and is frequently mentioned by other writers. Mr. Peters said that the use of gypsum in Pennsylvania was first brought to his attention by one Jacob Barge. Jacob Barge was a German who was a more or less prominent personage around Philadelphia before and after the Revolution. According to Peters, Barge got the information about the use of gypsum from a "newlander" who had gone to Germany to secure indentured servants. It is just as likely that Barge got his information from one of these indentured servants, because he was constantly acting as an agent, buying and selling the indentures of such servants.

With the use of gypsum, or plaster of Paris as it was frequently called, a new chapter opened in the history of agriculture in Pennsylvania. Some years ago Mr. Hollenbach wrote a detailed article on the subject of gypsum. It appeared in the Eck (June 25 and July 2, 1949) under the title of "Gibs un Glee." In it he shows that our early Pennsylvania German pioneers were entirely dependent upon meadow lands for their supply of hay, and therefore those with little meadow land were restricted in cattle raising. It was only with the introduction of red clover and the use of gypsum that he learned to acquire hay also from his hills and uplands.

The cultivation of red clover is mentioned in England as early as 1683, but it was only some time after 1768 that a discovery became known that made the growing of clover such a success that it may be said to have revolutionized farming in Pennsylvania. It was the use of gypsum in the raising of clover.

Just when our Pennsylvania German farmers first began to use gypsum for the cultivation of clover seems to be controversial. William Strickland, an English traveller early in the 1800's, stated that the German farmers in Lancaster County were the first to use gypsum in this country. When Johann Schoepf, a German traveller, came through Northampton County in 1783, its use had apparently not yet reached there. At Nazareth he said "Their grass crops are insignificant, and during the winter they have to feed their cattle on turnips." But eleven years later when the French traveller Cazenove travelled through the same territory he finds that a marvelous change had taken place. At Bethlehem "the German farmers are beginning to sow a great deal of clover." In Whitehall Township "much clover is sown" and "plaster of Paris is good to grow clover," but he adds that "its price has gone up very much since the war; before it was ½ dollar a bushel and now it is a dollar a bushel, and they have to go and get it themselves in Philadelphia. For clover they manure in the proportion of four bushels per acre." He further writes, "They are all German farmers in this district; they are diligent and thrifty and become rich."

The amount of gypsum used per acre varied greatly. Generally it was spread broadcast at the rate of one or two bushels an acre, although there were instances where as much as six bushels were used. In pounds, it was reported at 80 or 120 pounds, or more, per acre. The total quantity a farmer needed each year was not very large, yet there were difficulties in obtaining even so little. As Cazenove stated, they had "to go and get it themselves in Philadelphia." John Krauss, in his account book tells how this was done. Every spring as soon as the roads could be used farmers hauled their marketable grain to Philadelphia and on one of the return trips brought their year's supply of gypsum rock — a half ton, a ton, or a ton and a half. In 1806 Krauss paid $15.00 for a ton and a half.

The first plaster used in the United States came from the Hill of Montmartre, near Paris, hence the name plaster of Paris. But later the main source of supply was Nova Scotia where American ships loaded the rock on the unpopulated, or sparsely populated, coast and hauled it away without paying anybody anything, which must have made it a profitable business. The total amount of plaster used reached large proportions. Some of it was carried on the Schuylkill and the Lehigh canals when they were completed, and later also on the railroads. In the season of 1833,2675 tons cleared on the canal at Easton for the Lehigh Valley. In addition to this, the farmers continued hauling in their own wagons.

The farmers bought the gypsum (the plaster) in rock form and had it ground at their local gristmills. Gypsum is number 2 on the mineralogist's scale of hardness, that is, it is next to chalk the softest rock. It was therefore easy for the miller to grind the rock with the same stones used to grind grain. Each spring the grinding of "gibs" was an important part of the miller's business. All the grinding was done from April to June, since the plaster had to be used soon after grinding to prevent it from getting hard and lumpy. Jacob Anthony's account book, from which we have a page at the beginning of this article, contains pages with nothing else but "giebs geschrothen" (have ground gypsum), at prices varying from one dollar to a dollar and a half per ton. Jacob Bittner, at Bittner's Corner, in 1850 charged a dollar and a half. Jacob Anthony had thirty or forty customers per season and the total amount ground averaged twenty tons per season.

The Pennsylvania German farmer stuck to the use of gypsum, lime and old-fashioned barnyard manure for a long time, but finally, with the increasing knowledge of agricultural science and the use of commercial fertilizers, he too put the old methods aside.

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Editorials

A Sound Case

John Henry Leh, one of this community's earliest and most vigorous aviation enthusiasts, made quite a point when he dedicated the newest improvements to the Allentown-Bethlehem-Easton Airport yesterday.

There would be no Western Electric plant in the Lehigh Valley today, he said with complete certainty of his facts, if there was no adequate airport. Chances of attracting any other major industries would be somewhat less than slim.

One comparison is significant. Through the years, something like $6,750,000 has been invested in the development of the airport. Of that amount, local taxing bodies have paid 35 per cent, something like $2,300,000.

Western Electric employs approximately 4,000 people. They live in every city, borough and township in Lehigh and Northampton counties. They come here daily from many communities beyond. Each year their payroll is considerably more than double the total the federal, state and local governments have invested in the airport in 30 years. It is more than six times what this facility has cost the five sponsoring municipalities through all the years. They spend it in these communities and create more jobs.

And this industry is just one of the scores depending on the A-B-E Airport for the speedy transportation of goods and personnel.

The Airport Authority should have no difficulty bolstering reasonable requests for equitable tax support for a facility so important to the economy of this community. It should have even less difficulty if the funds it now is seeking hold fair promise of making it self-sustaining.

A Day in History

Whether the events recorded in history are glorious or infamous, stimulating or disturbing, they are primarily important for the lessons they teach and the reminders they offer.

It is because of the lessons that can be learned that attention today is being centered on the 100th anniversary of the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln as the 16th President of the United States.

This nation never had been in as grave danger as it was on March 4, 1861. Seven of its 36 states had seceded. Steps already were well under way to form a separate nation within the boundaries of The United States. There were ominous rumbles of war.

Calmly, but without the slightest hint of uncertainty, Mr. Lincoln proclaimed the union to be unbroken and all the ordinances of secession to be legally void. Just as calmly and clearly he pledged that as President of the United States he would execute all the laws in all the states alike.

Through the four years of a bitter war that began little more than a month after Mr. Lincoln took office, this policy was never revised or enlarged. Although it occasionally has been challenged through the century, it never has been changed or altered. If it ever is, then the United States will cease to be a nation and a democracy that can exist only on the basis of equality under law will perish from this earth.

This is the great lesson the little drama to be enacted today in front of the Capitol again will emphasize. This is why today's centennial of one of the momentous days in the life of this nation is important to every inhabitant of each of its 50 states.

Save Your Job

While many forces in this community kept busy seeking to attract new industries, one was permanently lost. As efforts to create needed new employment were intensified, 25 existing jobs and the potential for some others disappeared.

Both the industry and the jobs vanished over night when fire destroyed a Southeast Allentown textile plant. The industry will not be replaced. For the moment, at least, those who worked in the mill that no longer exists will be added to the list of the unemployed.

Except for what fire officials now believe to have been a carelessly tossed cigarette they'd still be working. There would be pay checks next week and for weeks to come. The unemployment compensation checks some now will receive will be considerably less than the pay checks.

Jobs these days are hard to come by. It takes effort and time to attract new industries and to get them rolling. It takes almost as much time to rebuild those that can be restored and equip them to once again provide jobs and payrolls.

Fires represent substantial losses for owners of industries in spite of insurance they may carry. The losses are even more severe for those whose jobs are suddenly wiped out.

It's considerably easier for those who work in industries and shops and offices to take a few precautions and remain on a constant alert against the dangers of fire than to go looking for new jobs. For employes and for those who employ them, care is sound and realistic insurance.

What Others Say
Crow Moon Month

By HAYDN PEARSON

There are differing comments one can make concerning the third month and each additional year reaffirms their validity. March brings cold and blustery winds; it is an unpredictable interlude between true winter and hesitant spring. In many years it brings the worst blizzards.

But there are other things to be said. The sun is climbing toward the zenith and there are mild, mellow days when white clouds meander across the sky and water trickles down the sled tracks from the woodlot.

Gray-blue smoke billows from old, weathered saphouses and blue jays bugle as they flash above craggy maples. Chickadees come around and sing their sweet two-note spring song. Crows return from the southland and sit in the elms above the meadow brook. The countryman likes to see the big black birds as they rest in trees or poke over the brown fields for food.

The Winter King is reluctant to loosen his grip, but day by day he who is sensitive to the changes in the turning year can feel the chains relax. Day by day he sees more signs of the miracle soon to happen. One can hear, see, and feel the magic of awakening life.

The Crow Moon Month may come in like a lion and go out like a lamb, or it may be the other way around. A man has nothing to say about it. But if one's faith is based on the great verities, he knows that once again the ancient promise is being fulfilled.

Political P-T Boat



The Weapons Question

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Sometimes the obvious is overlooked. There has been, for instance, a lot of controversy in the press about a build-up of "conventional forces." Some fears have been expressed that nuclear weapons might not be stressed hereafter. It turns out that Secretary of State Dean Rusk has written a memorandum about it that has stirred up a good deal of curiosity. But he says emphatically that whatever is done on conventional arms will not lessen the importance of the arsenal of nuclear weapons.



Lawrence

How has all this discussion arisen? The answer seems very simple. A new secretary of defense, Robert McNamara, takes hold in the Pentagon. He has at his side a variety of advisers on military problems, giving him conflicting opinions as to what ought or ought not to be done. But, being an individual with a direct and penetrating mind, he asks, in effect, of the Department of State a natural question:

"What kind of war do you think we are likely to have in the next few years? Tell me, so I can give you the kind of force that can win that war, or at least keep the enemy from winning it."

So the secretary of state prepares a memorandum. It gives rise to an emphasis on "limited war," without perhaps stressing that much-controverted term. Anyway, rather belated attention now is being given to an appraisal of the strength of our conventional forces.

For several years now, in study groups and at meetings of governmental officials and a vast body of experts in the field of foreign policy throughout the United States, there has been a debate on theories of strategy. One of the leading exponents of the doctrine that it is important to prepare for "limited wars" is Henry A. Kissinger, director of Harvard's Defense Studies Center, who was recently appointed by President Kennedy as a consultant to him on national security problems. Dr. Kissinger wrote a book in 1957 called "Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy." It attracted much interest inside and outside governmental circles, for its main point was this: If a stalemate develops in nuclear weapons, what kind of military forces do the United States and its allies need for other kinds of war?

Important Debate

With more and more talk about negotiations for "arms control," especially in the field of nuclear weapons, it is quite natural that the planning boards, in and out of the government, should begin thinking about "limited wars" that might ensue. As an example, there wasn't a nuclear bomb dropped in the three-year Korean war, yet about 2,500,000 persons were killed or wounded in that conflict.

The real question today is whether a war of the Korean type may break out in Africa or the Middle East or the Far East. This is the basic issue that is troubling the Kennedy administration.

The new debate is of transcendent importance. It would be a mistake to suppress discussion, as some misguided members of Congress imply when they argue that the Rusk memorandum should not have been publicized. It is rather the essence of sensible policy to bring out in the open all broad aspects of strategy. For discussion could help the free world understand and appraise the Communist menace, and perhaps the peoples of the Soviet Union also would become informed on what their own government is doing to threaten their safety.

Attack on Hoover

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the FBI, was reappointed by President Kennedy and so far as anyone knows, he intends to remain on the job. However, "The Insider's Newsletter," says that some Washington "insiders" predict that Hoover will be out of the top FBI job by summer.

A direct inquiry brought no information of such a prediction but one can always wait for a summer to come. Hoover has given 40 years of his life to the FBI and undoubtedly expects to give more years.



Sokolsky

Why is it that the rumor is so often spread that J. Edgar Hoover will resign, when it is quite well known that he will not resign but could, of course, be dismissed by his chief, the Attorney - General. Hoover is not likely to make it easy for anyone by resigning because he does not choose to risk the integrity of the FBI by making it easy for anyone to use it politically.

The day must come when Hoover will not be able to continue in his job, for such a time comes to all men unless they die with their boots on. When that day comes, it would be J. Edgar Hoover's hope that his successor might be a person in the FBI and not some politician who could use this mighty agency of government to the disadvantage of the American people.

Whenver it has been proposed that the FBI be expanded into a national police force, Hoover has opposed it. He has also opposed amalgamating the FBI with the Secret Service, the Bureau of Narcotics, the investigative agencies of the Immigration Service and State Department, because it has always been his theory of operations that the only way to protect the people from a Gestapo-like organization is to limit its functions.

Sublte Campaign

Whereas, in the past, there have been direct attacks on J. Edgar Hoover, the current campaign is more subtle. It is devoted to creating an atmosphere of imminent departure. It is like suggesting that a man is about to die or is really dead already. It starts out with the assumption that a man is too old, that he ought to retire, or will soon retire.

So it is now with J. Edgar Hoover. There are some who are anxious for him to retire and to have some outsider, perhaps someone whose "green file" would make startling reading, chosen in his place. They spread this report that he is on bad terms with Robert Kennedy, the Attorney - General, who is Hoover's chief. Robert Kennedy is an astute man who has had long service in the investigative functions of Congress. Thus far, he has avoided any political mistakes or getting involved in a controversy with Congress. It is not likely that he will fall for the scheming and plotting which always go on in Washington as they do in every world capital. For to dismiss J. Edgar Hoover would start such a fracas as no one needs; surely not a person with political ambitions and political sense. Those who hopefully speculate on the prospect of Hoover's resignation have, I fear, been talking to the wrong insiders.

But then that is so generally true in any capital, particularly Washington, where the real insiders are those who work on the job rather than at a cocktail party.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: Is it true that cremation is not Biblical and therefore Christians should not allow their bodies to be burned in this way? R.G.

ANSWER: My answer to this question would not be an answer based upon a specific verse of Scripture for the Bible does not tell how we are to bury the dead, but rather it assumes that it will be done in the conventional ways.

The Christian church from the beginning, however, shunned cremation for two reasons. First of all, it was a well-established custom of paganism and the early Christians sought to depart from every pagan way of life. The fact that the pagans did it, however, does not make it wrong. It only indicates that the Christian was determined to be different in this as in other things. Second, it was because early Christians believed that the total destruction of the human body would make the resurrection impossible. They believed actually that the identical body put into the ground would be raised again.

In speaking of the resurrection, however, the Apostle Paul points out that "That which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but a bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain. But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him." It is clear, then, from the Scriptures that the resurrected body is going to be a wholly new thing. You can see, then, that the practice of cremation was shunned by early Christians in their desire to be different from pagans, but that actually it places no restriction upon God raising the dead any more than persons accidentally burned to death would not participate in the resurrection.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

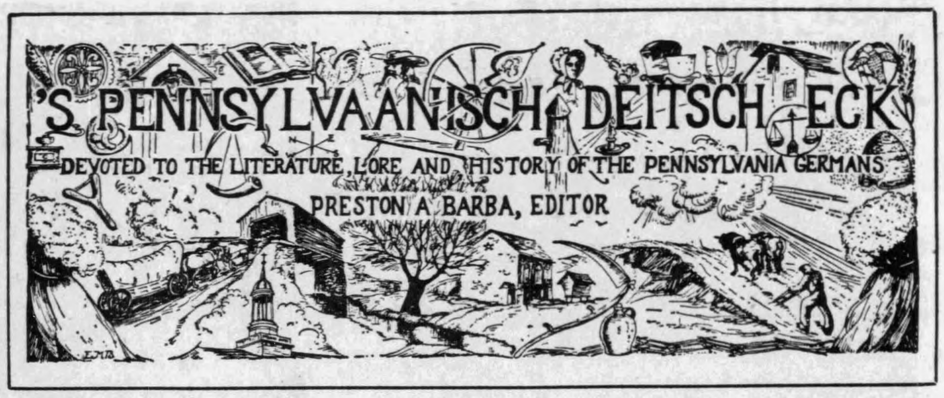
My Symphony

My symphony goes far beyond . . . the scope of worldly things . . . it is a blend of hopeful dreams . . . from which happiness springs . . . it takes me from the blue abyss . . . that overshadows life . . . giving me new faith to face . . . the torment and the strife . . . my symphony is likened to . . . wild waves upon the sea . . . a waterfall, a gentle breeze . . . the beauty of a tree . . . promise and fulfillment . . . woven into one . . . the moon, the stars, the rainbow's end . . . a blazing summer sun . . . my symphony touches my heart . . . with tenderness divine . . . the whole world listens to it . . . but my symphony is mine.

Horoscope

Check extravagance and drive carefully for a successful year. Today's child will be generous and impetuous.

Ancient Romans had corporations, mortgages, checking accounts and interest - bearing savings accounts.



ALLE SADDE WADDE

Wadde, Wadde, so viel Saddel Deel vun do un deel von dadde; Deel, die sin so wiescht verdreht, Ass sie niemand meh verschteht.

Today we offer our readers the following rarely heard Pennsylvania German words. Who will render us their meaning and illustrate their usage in dialect sentences?

DER ZIPPEL
DER ZETTEL
'S ZIPPCHE
'S ZEBBCHE
DER ZOTTEL
DIE GNIEKEHL
HUDDLICH (adverb)
DER HUDDELWISCH
NEPSEL spiele

Also, who will give us the Pennsylvania German words for the following English words?

SISTER-IN-LAW — ANKLE — WRIST — MANTELPIECE — SHELF — MID-WIFE — COWLICK — PEPPERS — IT DRIZZLES.

In the Eck for January 28 we offered the following words:

'S HUTTELSCHTROH — GNAEWWERE (verb) — DIE WIEHLMAUS — GAERWE (verb) — GARREWE (plural) — DER SCHWERDAADI — DIE SCHWIEGGERMUDDER — ES KISSELT.

We have received these replies:

From Raymond E. Kiebach, Reading: **'S Huttelschtroh** — This is short straw, neither **Sprau** (chaff) or **Langschtroh** (long straw). It is the kind of straw that is left where the threshing is done on the field, and the straw is removed through a blower and deposited in heaps. — **Nemm vun sellem Huttelschtroh fer de Sei ihre Bett.**

DIE WIEHLMAUS — This could be the mole. (It is.—Ed.) The mole is **en Maulwarf.** (Only another name. — Ed.) **Die Wiehlmaus hot alles verwiehlt im Salatschtick — Gnaewwere** — to gnaw — **Die Meis gnaewwere an de Welschkannkolwe. gaerwe** — to tan, like a hide — **Mer ziegge die Haut vum verreckte Gaul un lossen sie garrewe. — Garrewe** — This one is a puzzler for me. Could it be the yellow turnip (rutabaga) which we always called **golwerauwe** (No, it is the plural for die **Garb,** a sheaf of grain. — Ed.) — **der Schwer-daadi** — the father-in-law — **Der Schwerdaadi wuhnt im Schteddel, zeit ass er 's Bauereuffgewwe hot. — Die Schwiegermudder** — the mother-in-law — Die Schwieggermudder un ich kumme gut mit nanner fatt. — Es kisselt — It sleets — O ye, Schnee, Regge, Kalt, un nau iss es Kissel. O, du liewi Gundsau!

Mrs. Ida Shankweiler, Allentown, correctly gave **der Schwerdaadi** (father-in-law), **die Schwieggermudder** (mother-in-but confused **gaerwe** (to tan, also to whip) with **garrewe** (plural for Garb, sheaves of grain).

Margaret M. Roberts, Catasauqua, writes that it is a long time since she has heard any (P)ennsylvania German spoken and would be surprised if any of her answers are right. But, she declares, it was pastime anyway. She failed only with **Huttelschtroh** and **Garrewe.** For the others she wrote: **gnaewwere** — to gnaw — **Die Hund sin amme Gnoche gnaewwere. — Die Wiehlmaus** — the mole — **Die Katz hot en Wiehlmaus gfange draus im Hof.— Gaerwe** — to beat, to tan. **Der Mann dutt sei Bu wiescht gaerwe wann er ihm net folgt** Also, **In der Gaerwerei duhne sie Heid gaerwe fer Ledder mache. — Der Schwerdaadi** — father-in-law — **Em Harry sei Schwerdaadi iss en frommer Mann. Er geht fleissich in die Karrich. — Die Schwieggermudder** — mother-in-law — **Die yung Fraa un ihre Schwieggermudder kumme gut fatt mit nanner. — Es kisselt** — It sleets — **Wann es kisselt uff der Schnee, des macht alles glatt.** Here is an old rhyme: **Wann's schneet, watt's weiss; Wann's kisselt, gebt's Eis.**

Mrs. Fred N. Muthard, Fullerton, who says she is "not a very good Dutch speller" did very well: **'S Huttelschtroh** — short pieces of tangled straw— **'S Huttelschtroh macht gute Fassing fer Koppekisse. — gnaewerre** — to chew on— der Hund iss an selle Gnoche **gnaewwere. — Die Wiehlmaus** — the mole — **Die Wiehlmaus fresst die Blumme Zwiwwle. — gaerwe** — to tan — **Mer muss die Heid gaerwe fer Schuhledder mache.—Garrewe**—ditches or trenches (may be, but we have never heard it so used for **Farrichte** (furrows). Mer misse Garrewe mache fer unser Zelleri blanse. — **Der Schwerdaadi** — father-in-law — **Der Schwerdaadi iss noch em Schteddel. — Die Schwieggermudder** — mother-in-law — **Die Schwieggermudder iss en gudi Fraa.** — Es kisselt — it sleets — Es kisselt, un des macht der **Weg glatt fer faahre.**

Paul Wieand, Allentown, gives the following interpretations: **'S Huttelschtroh** — Years ago before the combine and grain was on shocks it was brought into the barn to thrash right away or stored till later. After the shocks were all brought in we went and raked the field, gleaning the grain. This we called "Es G'Huttel." So also we called the grain straw that was lying loose around the threshing machine. This "G'huttel" was thrashed last and gave us "Huttelschtroh." **Mir hen's Huttelschtroh net in der Bore geduh, awwer uffs Owwerdenn, so ass es aus em Weg waar uffem Dreschdenn.** — Gnaewwere — this has two meanings, both of which I have heard and used. One is, to gnaw, the other, to grumble or nag. — **Der Hund leit hinnichem Offe un gnaewwert amme Gnoche.— Die Alt iss die gans Zeit am gnaewwere fer mehner Geld hawwe.**

Die Wiehlmaus — I believe this is a local area word for mole. Here in Lehigh we call the mole **der Maulwarref.** — **Gaerwe** — to tan (as leather); also to beat (in fighting). Ich muss die Haschhaut gaerwe losse. — Ich kann ihn gaerwe, er iss glenner wie ich bin. (Interesting to observe that the verb **leddere** is also used in this sense of beating. —Ed.) — **Garrewe** — tanners (No, that would be **Gaerwer — Garrewe** is the plural of **Garb,** sheaf of grain, also spelt **Garwe.** Ed.) — **Der Schwerdaadi** — father-in-law — **Der Schwerdaadi helft mer Lattwarrig koche.— Die Schwieggermudder** — mother-in-inlaw—**Die Schwieggermudder hen mir als die Schwiermammi gheesse. — Es kisselt** — it sleets — **Es kisselt draus, noh schneet's widder, des watt mer leedich.—**

We refer once more to the rare word **der Speltz** (Ger Spelz) among our list on January 7. Our correspondent of many years, Raymond E. Hollenbach, is surprised that so few remember what **Speltz** is, even though it was only sparsely raised here in Pennsylvania. He informs us that in Wuerttemberg, Germany, the native heath of some of our Lutheran pioneers in Pennsylvania, it was a more important grain than wheat until about 1920. There it was known as "Dinkel." An authority on Pennsylvania agricultural lore and history Mr. Hollenbach then quotes a paragraph from the German edition of the American Agriculturist (Vol. XXL, 1862): "Spelz oder Dinkel ist wenig bekannt in diesem Lande, und in Folge vielfacher Anfragen von Seite unserer deutschen Abonnenten haben wir eine Quantitaet zur Vertheilung importiert. Man saet ihn im Fruehling zeitiger, als anderer Weizen. Er gedeiht auf gewoehnlichem Boden." This primitive form of wheat, sowed earlier than the regular wheat, and especially adapted for less fertile soil, seems never to have been favored. Mr. Hollenbach adds this interesting bit of information about the above mentioned farm paper, The American Agruculturist, once very popular among Lehigh County farmers. The German edition of it seems to have had its origin here in Allentown. In 1856 Trexler and Harlacher began the publication of a farm journal called "Das Bauern-Journal." When they sold the subscription list in 1858 it became the German edition of the American Agriculturist and as such it was published upwards of half a century.

EN UFFRUF

Die Deitsche Dichter falle ab,
Sin viel schunn in der Ruh;
'S macht in de letschte zwansich Yaahr
mancher die Aagge zu.

Die vorhaer hen ihr Aerwet gschafft,
Ihr Dienscht waar schee un gut;
Un yeders weist die Schproche-Pracht
In was er dichte duht.

Doch iss noch Blatz fer viele meh
So lang mer Deitsche finnd;
Es darf net kumme zumme End—
Des waer en Schand un Sind!

Dann uff! weckt uff, ihr gute Leit!
Ihr Dichter, macht eich draa!
In unser deitsche Literatur
Brauche mer Gedichte aa!

'S iss noch so viel mer schreiwe kann,
Wu schee die Mundaart farbt;
Des iss en Ruf uff eich gelegt—
Die Dichter - Kunscht net schtarbt!

—RALPH S. FUNK

From Our Readers

From W. Richard Stroh, Professor of Electrical Engineering at the University of Rochester, the following:

I am moved to take this opportunity to tell you how much I have enjoyed the ECK during the twelve or thirteen years I have been a subscriber. From my limited acquaintance with both the scholarly and popular publications in the Pennsylvania German field, I judge that your column has probably delighted more people and stimulated more thought than any other publication. Es lebe das ECK!

Excerpts from a letter written to the Circulation Department by Dr. Robert M. Kline, Lebanon: "I consider my collection of reprints of the ECK as being very valuable. After a busy day it is always refreshing to read one or two reprints. — I am extremely grateful to the Call-Chronicle for pubishing 'S ECK and making reprints available for interested people.

Ed. Note: The poem "Der Washington" in the Eck for Feb. 18, erroneously ascribed to Warren J. Shaub, was written by the Hon. David B. Brunner (1835-1903), newspaper writer who sometimes signed himself "Goethe von Berks."

DER LAWRENCE UN DER HUND

Wie ich im Kutzeschdeddel deheem waar
Im Yaahr achtzeh hunner sex un neinzich,
Do waar ich Glarrick imme hardware Schtor
Ge-eeggent beim Eugene Darrick eleenich.

En Kutschemacher Schapp waar im seem Gebei;
Der Blackschmitt Schapp waar graad hinnedro.
En Schmitt waar datt bei Naame Charley Fry;
Paar Rude weck waar die Hof Fens noh.

En grosser pole datt gschdanne hot
Paar Fuss vun sellere Hof Fens eweck
Fer die wires henke, un en Licht druff ghatt
Fer nachts Helling mache an sellem Eck.

En Schtubb waar schee abgedeelt im Schtor,
Wu ich drin gscholfe hab alle Nachde.
En gedreier grosser Hund bei mir waar,
Der mir als gholfe hot nachts zu wachde.

Der Darrick (deTurk) hot paar gleene Buwe ghatt,
Der John waar's eldscht, der anner Lawrence gheese.
Sie hen viel Zeit bei mir rumgebrocht datt,
Un waare net schloo fer Dricks uffzulese.

Sie waare awwer schmaude chaps gewest,
Sie hen mir oft helfe uffzubutze;
Net ball hen sie ebbes im Schtor verletzt,
Doch alsemol waare sie Nixnutze.

Der Lawrence hot en gleener Wagge ghatt;
Hot der Hund als an die Deixel gschpannt;
En Gscharr hot der aa fer Hund gemacht ghatt;
Awwer die Deixel hot em Hund in die Bee gelangt.

Des hot der Hund als baagi (balky) gemacht.
Noh frogt mich der Lawrence eb ich net kennt
En paar Lanne dro mache, un lacht;
Er hot arrig oft an Dricks gedenkt.

Ee Daag iss sei Paepp noch Philadelphia gange
Fer eizukaafe, un waar drei Daag fatt.
Der Lawrence hot graad vun de Lanne aagfange;
Saag ich, "die Lanne im Schtor sin zu gross fer datt."

Saagt er, "Ich weess wu gleene schtehne,
Sie schtehne am Blackschmitt hinne dro;
Ich hab sie datt schunn en gans Yaahr gsehne,"
Un schpringt ab un schleeft sie hinne noo.

Die waare fer'n pony, schmaal un kaz.
Hawwich gsaat, "Hoscht du gfrogt eb sie hawwe kennscht? —
"Ya, der Charley Fry, der mit sellem Schaz,
Saagt der Mann will sie nimmi, un der Naame genennt."

Ich mach sie fescht am Lawrence sei Waagge;
Der Hund eigschpannt un noh fatt gfaahre;
Was waar er so schdols dorum zu yaagge;
Der Hund uff eemol schpitzt sei Ohre.

Es schpringt en Katz an der Hof Fens naus;
Der Hund geht ab wie en Feier Schtrahl;
Der Wagge drefft den pole un er reisst sich
Aus seim Gscharr, awwer hot die Kaz verlore.

Die Lanne waare in Schticker verbroche.
Sei Paepp kummt heem der naegscht Daag;
'S hot gscheint er hot ebbes geroche,
Hot awwer gewiss net ee Watt gsaat.

Der Mann kummt fer sei Lann der seeme Daag.
Hawwich gedenkt "Nau gebt's mol ebbes." —
Der Lawrence uu ich waare bissel verzaagt,
Awwer sei Paepp, hot's gscheint, hot ghatt ken Grebbes.

Was ich weess, hot sei Paepp Yuuch Darrick,
En paar Lanne gemacht griegge misse;
Der Lawrence un ich hen gemeent 's waer arrick;
Es naegscht Mol duhne mer besser wisse.

Des is die Schtori vum Lawrence seim Hund,
Wu er in seim gleene Wagge gschpannt hot;
Mit selle Lanne geht alles zu Grund —
Awwer net die Katz, wu alles verhaust hot

Kutztown, 1949

—H. WAYNE GRUBER
(By courtesy of Lawrence A. DeTurk)

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Editorials

Red China—Still a Foe

In spite of the arguments advocates of Red China's admission to the United Nations advance, the Peiping regime apparently prefers to play its role in world affairs as an outlaw.

It made this position clear once again this week when its emissaries turned a cold shoulder to each of President Kennedy's proposals looking toward improved relationships between the two nations. As on so many previous occasions, it wasn't even vaguely interested in the suggestion that the two governments agree to settle their differences without resorting to force.

As far as the United States is concerned, Mao Tse-tung is willing to negotiate even relatively minor matters only if this country deserts its Chinese Nationalist allies and weakens its own Pacific frontiers by giving up its commitments to join in the defense of Formosa. They are terms to which this nation cannot agree as long as it faces a belligerent foe.

Even in the face of this repeated performance, British officials and most members of the British Commonwealth of Nations are adding their weight to the view that no East-West disarmament pact would be realistic without including Red China. They offer not the slightest evidence, however, of the Peiping regime's willingness to consider such a pact or to abide by it either inside or outside the United Nations.

The only evidence the Red Chinese themselves provide of their regard for the U.N. is their all-out support for the bitter war against it in Korea.

The word amelioration does not exist in the lexicon of the Chinese Communists or in the language of any other power with world conquest as its single goal. Where life is cheap and even existence a hopeless and arduous chore, war is sometimes an opportunity to escape realities.

Not even in their relationships with the Russian Communists have the Red Chinese given the slightest indication of being willing to settle any issue on terms other than those completely their own.

Against such an aggressor no nation can survive unless it joins in building the strongest possible protective force. No potential aggressor can be permitted to sabotage such a force.

Strengthening Guidance

The Citizens Advisory Committee is at least the second community group to offer suggestions for strengthening pupil guidance at all grade levels in the Allentown schools. This alone adds weight to the importance of the study and the need for improvements.

For the most part, the latest report concerns itself primarily with the guidance offered by professional counsellors on the staffs of junior and senior high schools. It also points up the role of individual teachers in the elementary grades. In both areas it suggests additional help to provide more time for counsellors to work personally with pupils.

Two important areas of personal guidance and counselling are overlooked in the report. The one is the classroom teacher in the junior and senior high schools. The other is the parent.

In an earlier study, pupils who had been graduated from what then was the Allentown High School made some observations of their own concerning both the curriculum and the guidance program. Many said their most helpful school counselling came from their classroom teachers. Some urged more time for these teachers to counsel their own pupils in more than their specific subject fields.

Regardless of their aptitudes and skills, guidance counsellors know most pupils in large schools primarily through tests and rating cards, occasional interviews and the impressions of others. Too frequently the only ones they really know are those with immediately evident problems or opportunities.

There are other teachers who know pupils considerably better. They are the ones who meet them daily in classrooms, who measure their performance against their potentials. They can be the best counsellors and frequently are.

When there is good liaison between interested classroom teachers and interested parents, both the problems and the chores of staff guidance counsellors can be eased and their efforts made more effective. Allentown schools may find the best way to strengthen their guidance programs is to coordinate all of these elements more effectively. They have a common goal. It is to challenge all pupils to make the most of their talents and match them to their opportunities.

What Others Say

Subsidies Go On and On

Wall Street Journal

No one, we suppose, needs the new $80.9 billion federal budget as a reminder that government grows bigger and more costly each year. But the document does provide some clues as to how and why government grows.

Obviously, its growth is fed by the ambitions of so-called liberals and radical spenders who unfailingly advance new public "needs" requiring Federal subsidy. But the new is made worse by being piled atop the old. For Congress, having created a federal aid program for one presumed "need" or another, is thereafter loath to undo its handiwork. The subsidy becomes perpetual, and an annual appropriation is voted long after the need for it had disappeared —if, indeed, it ever existed.

Consider the Rural Electrification Administration, an adjunct of the Department of Agriculture born in New Deal days. In 1935, only 11 per cent of the nation's farms had central station electrical service; today 97 per cent of U.S. farms have it. Rural electrical cooperatives are growing by leaps and bounds, but only two new customers in 10 are farmers. More than half of the REA system's total power sales are to nonfarm users. If there ever was a need for the REA, it would appear to be long since met.

Yet it plans to spend some $340 million in fiscal 1962 and wants authority to borrow $255 million from the treasury. By law, it may do so at the rate of 2 per cent, which is less than the treasury itself must pay for its money. So, the REA proposes to expand off-farm electrification, at considerable direct and indirect cost to the taxpayer, and in competition with taxpaying public utilities.

And so this and similarly outmoded subsidies go on and on, and thus does big and wasteful government grow.

Horoscope

Avoid quarreling. Today's child will be very headstrong.

Where the Dawn Comes Up Like Thunder



Constitutional Issues

By DAVID LAWRENCE

There's a chance that, if a law is passed by Congress that provides funds only for public schools, its operation may be enjoined in the federal courts on the ground that it discriminates against parochial and other private schools.

The political strategists, led by President Kennedy, are already suggesting that the issue of loans to private and parochial schools be disposed of in a separate bill. But this is only a way to kill the measure. For it is not likely to get a majority in Congress unless it is part of the entire aid - to - education bill, which makes grants for school construction as well as for scholarships.


Lawrence

To be excluded from this particular measure is what is arousing widespread resentment among Catholics as well as non-Catholics who do not want to see the constitutional clause on the "establishment of a religion" used to deprive any citizens of benefits that other citizens enjoy.

Indeed, the Supreme Court of the United States in several cases has upheld the principle that it is a violation of the constitution for the government to demand the surrender of any constitutional right as a condition for sharing in welfare benefits. It is being argued, therefore, now that to say to the millions of Catholic parents that they must send their children to public schools — if they wish to receive certain financial benefits provided by the federal government — is, in effect, to ask them to forfeit their constitutional freedom of worship and thus to impose a penalty for choosing to educate their children in religious schools.

Other Aid

The government does not discriminate today, in granting tax exemptions, between church-owned property and any other kind of private property owned by a non-profit organization. This, of course, is a form of federal aid that parochial schools now enjoy. Federal money also is used to pay chaplains of all faiths in the military services of the United States.

In the case known as Zorach vs. Clauson, the Supreme Court held that a New York state law, permitting school children to be excused from regular classes certain hours each week to attend religious classes in private buildings elsewhere, was constitutional. Justice Douglas, speaking for the court, wrote:

"The first amendment, however, does not say that in every and all respects there shall be a separation of church and state.

"Otherwise the state and religion would be aliens to each other — hostile, suspicious, and even unfriendly. Churches could not be required to pay even property taxes. Municipalities would not be permitted to render police or fire protection to religious groups. Policemen who help parishioners into their places of worship would violate the constitution.

"Prayers in our legislative halls, the appeals to the Almighty in the messages of the Chief Executive; the proclamations making Thanksgiving Day a holiday; 'So help me God,' in our courtroom oaths — these and all other references to the Almighty that run through our laws, our public rituals, our ceremonies would be flouting the first amendment."

The Catholic spokesmen on the school issue are not asking for grants or gifts from the federal government, but simply low-interest loans to be used for school - building construction. To contend that the federal government cannot lend money to build a parochial school, because this might imply that the government is engaged in the "establishment of religion," is to raise the question of whether the grant of tax exemptions or the bestowal of scholarships on Catholic students under the "GI Bill of Rights" is a violation of the first amendment.

Certainly the 25,000,000 Catholic voters in the United States will not relish the idea that, because they happen to want their children to get religious education as a supplement to regular courses in elementary and secondary schools, they must lose the benefit of the taxes they themselves pay into the federal treasury which now are to be used to aid in increasing educational facilities throughout the country.

Red China Again

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Each year, when the General Assembly of the United Nations meets, Soviet Russia more or less strenuously proposes to have Red China seated in the United Nations. The United States always opposed this effort — also more or less strenuously depending upon the state of affairs. It has not always been clear that Soviet Russia really desired its great ally to sit in this international council, particularly in recent years when Red China has become a competitor rather than a collaborator of the Kremlin for leadership in the growing Soviet Universal State.

At any rate, the years have passed and Red China has not been admitted. The first nation to wage war against the United Nations has no place within the United Nations. The incongruity seems clear to all who believe in world order.

Nevertheless, Great Britain, on the plea of realism, favors the admission of Red China. The British are obsessed with the notion that they can achieve a split between Red China and Soviet Russia.

There is another factor in the British anxiety to recognize Red China and that is the prospect of trade. China was, once upon a time, one of Great Britain's best customers. The ports of Hong Kong, Shanghai, Tientsin and along the Yangtze River, Kiukiang and Hankow, were British dominated. The Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank dominated the economic life of China.

It was good to be a Britisher in China in the good old days. It meant power, authority and money. It meant being supported by the mightiest navy on earth. It meant being part of an elite.

Then came 1925. It was the year of the great anti-British boycott which started because a Sikh policeman shot a Chinese worker. That was the excuse just as every great historic event has an excuse and a reality. What actually had happened was that the Kuomintang, the Nationalist Party of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, had formed an alliance with Soviet Russia.

Not only was the boycott effective but the British lost most of their concessions in China.

For a short time thereafter the British regained some of their trade but in 1931, Japan made war upon China, a war which continued until 1945, when China, exhausted, mistreated by her allies, betrayed by her friends, had to continue battling against the Chinese Communists who, with the assistance of Soviet Russia, used the war to build their strength.

There is no basis for assuming that the British can regain this trade. Nevertheless, Hong Kong, which Red China could have taken, remained a British port and its trade has been very valuable to those who engage in it. There are Britishers who assume that there is still money to be made in Red China.

But that is no reason why the United States should change its attitude which is that if Red China comes in, the United States goes out. In fact, it is astonishing how many abstentions are counted each time this question comes to a vote — apparently many countries are ashamed to vote for it.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

The Ocean

Timeless is the ocean . . . mighty is its force . . . making mankind happy . . . causing him remorse . . . ever moving onward . . . slave unto the tide . . . land of sailing vessels . . . every sailor's pride . . . pond with depth unending . . . where the mermaids play . . . ruled by old King Neptune . . . who has much to say . . . spraying salty perfume . . . over every shore . . . joyful is the ocean . . . laughing with a roar . . . kissing sandy beaches . . washing them and then . . . leaving but a moment . . . to return again . . . home of many wonders . . . mammoth things and small . . . the ocean gives and takes away . . . God made it for us all.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: There are many things that I cannot understand about God. One thing I cannot understand about Him is how He can exist in three persons. Does that not mean that there are actually three Gods, or am I mistaken at this point? Can you help me understand all about God?

M.C.

ANSWER: A well known preacher recently made this statement, "If I could understand everything about God, I would turn my back on Him." What the preacher meant really was that because man's mind is finite and because God is infinite, it is never possible for man to fully understand God. With all of our knowledge of the Bible, we do not claim that we understand everything about God. All we claim is that man can understand all that is necessary in order that his sins might be forgiven and that we might know Him personally — and enjoy His fellowship. What the Bible teaches about the Trinity is that God who is One exists in three Persons. The very first verse in the Bible reads, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The word for God in the Hebrew language takes the plural form, "Elhoim." Many times in the New Testament the expression will be found — the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, such as when Jesus commanded the disciples to make disciples of all nations and baptize in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. (Matthew 28:19) These three, the Father, Son and Holy Spirit are One in wisdom, in knowledge, in holiness, in power, in will and in every other essential because they think alike, and act alike and are alike. The Bible teaches that they are One. That is what is meant by the Trinity . . . but we will never be able to fully understand or explain it!



ACROSS THE WALL

Dr. Elmer Ellsworth Schultz Johnson

By MILLEN BRAND

"I was born on Wednesday,
June twenty - sixth, eighteen
seventy-two,
in the small brick house, called
the 'bake house',
next to the larger brick house
of our family farm in New
Berlinville.
My grandmother, Elizabeth,
did some spinning, and would
let me turn the reel for her.
When I was four, she died,
I sat outside the large house
as she died,
and I recall my father coming
down
with a basin—so the spinning
passed on with her old hand.
That same summer my mother
bought me
my first pair of boots, with
bright leather tops.
I wore them to my other
grandparents' home,
that of Amos and Elizabeth
Schultz.
My Aunt Elizabeth had recently married
Josephus Gerhard, who was
then working
for my grandfather, and who
was there.
Before dinner Josephus sat
down with me
on a step of the rear staircase;
he gently touched the new shoe
top
and said, "Ei, was scheene
Schtiwwel."
He has been my well-beloved
uncle
for more than seventy years.
"My grandfather, Isaac,
told us about our name, how
Johnson
was the English of Yansen, or
Jansen,
and that Johnsons were in Pennsylvania
since sixteen eighty-four.
My great-great-grandfather,
Isaac's grandfather,
saw Washington at Germantown.
"Schooling has been much of
my life,
and the first experience was
early.
It came about through another
person.
Before I was born, my grandfather
took into his home a boy to
raise,
Ferdinand Hoffman, son of a
minister
at Falconer Swamp. We grew
close.
One day before I was five,
Ferdinand took me for a day to
school,
or maybe it was a half day.
There I sat between two boys,
Ferdinand and another boy,
yes, I heard them spell,
so that world opened. At five,
by permission I went to school,
carrying my own green-covered
primer, my ABC's.
My mother, Susannah, helped
me much,
much of my life as it is I owe
to her.
Our family have long, in the
struggle to live,
rested upon a firm belief
in the preeminence of Christ,
the Christ of the Sermon on
the Mount.
We believe in that and we
believe
in taking the upmost scruple
to preserve individual liberty.
My mother told me the stories
of our faith,
the story of Schwenckfeld and
the church,
and so I had my first church
history.
When I was eleven, my mother
died,
she who had always said
she would see I got an education.
I lost hope then, yes, before
long
I left school and worked on
my father's farm,
then I helped three years at
my uncle's mill.
It was there I drove the flour
route.
One day after the many hours
of work
and after sweeping up the mill,
I happened to open two books
on the floor.
I sensed somebody was looking
at me.
I looked up—my uncle was
there,
the one from an adjacent farm.
I tried to hide the books
under some bags,
but he insisted on seeing them,
and, so, they were school books,
they were a geometry and a
Latin.
He said, 'Elmer, do you want
to study?'
I said I did.
He said, 'I'm afraid we've
neglected you.
Your mother prayed you might
go to school,
and you are going to go.'
He called my other uncle.
Together they went to my
grandfather. The next day my
grandfather called me at one
o'clock.
He said he had heard of my
work at the mill,
he said the years of work were
not wasted.
I was mature, I knew what
life was,
and I would study so much the
better.
'Here behind the wall of the
hills we are still provincial.
We need now one to go out,
and bring the world back to us.'
He said I should have ten
years' education,
and as he would not live to see
it through,
he put the money in my hand.
He told me where I was to go:
so many years in Perkiomen
Seminary,
then Princeton was a good
school
with good men to study under,
I should go there, he said.
And last he spoke of New
England and its different religious ideas.
'You go there, you'll be safe.
Go to the Hartford Theological Seminary.'
So he laid out the work.
Three years later he died.
I faithfully carried the work
through."
Ten years of study, ten years
more in Europe,
where he did Schwenkfelder
research,
then home, back from beyond
the hills.
At home he took a local pastorate, the Reformed Mennonite
Church in Bally,
there to serve the rest of his
life.
He built a house in the valley
and lives there still.
Around him are Bibles, psalters, hymnals,
the personal family Bibles of
the valley,
the valley that he knows and
loves,
the people of his faith.
He went beyond the wall and
returned.

DR. JOHNSON IN GERMANY

"Some wonder that here in
Bally
I have as a friend the local
priest
and that I have the privilege
of going anywhere in the Catholic church,
that shrine of Pennsylvania
Catholics.
"When I first went to Germany
to do research on Caspar
Schwenckfeld
and to help get Schwenckfeld's
writings published
in a complete edition —
all is published now, in fifteen
volumes —
I was most afraid of the Catholic hierarchy.
I feared they would block my
labors
by closing to me the doors to
documents,
preventing me from finding
needed facts.
"It was with this fear I went
to Breslau,
to Cardinal Bertram, then
Archbishop, young,
two years younger than I,
a most learned Catholic scholar.
I said 'I'm a Schwenckfelder,
from Pennsylvania,
residing in Wolfenbuettel',
and so I gave him my credentials.
Immediately he opened to me
the Episcopal Archives with
their documents,
letting all know I was to use
them.
The Privy Councillor, Canon
Jungnitz,
said, 'Thrice welcome, thrice
welcome,'
and there was assigned, to help
me,
a priest named Griepenkerl,
a man of a beautiful character
who devoted himself to me.
So I remained three weeks
and it opened a world locked
to me before.
The priest Griepenkerl is dead,
the Privy Councillor is dead,
but the memory is not dead.
In the years following, a bond
sprang up
between me and that Catholic,
a fellowship in bond so thick
that it lasts yet.
He wrote once a line in a book
for me:
'Der Zweck all unsers Forschens
muss die Wahrheit sein.'
'The purpose of all our research
must be to find the truth!
"Then I went to Bavaria,
so full of Catholics, the place
of Schwenckfeld's exile for
thirty-nine years.
From Ulm, one day I was to
go to a certain village.
I took a train at five-thirty
to Erbach,
then walked six hours westward
on the north bank of the Danube, close to the river,
and came to the little village
of Oepfingen.
When I reached it, it was
empty, chickens and pigeons the
only life,
not a soul to be seen.
I went toward the church
which stood high above the
Danube's sweep —
and a woman and a boy
appeared
obviously on the way to the
church to receive the priest's
closing blessing.
The woman said 'Gesegnet sei
Jesus Christus.'
Just then the whole village
dropped out of church,
and I went aside, not to disturb
them, then went to the parish
house.
A sister fetched the 'Father'.
He stood in his cloak with
folded arms.
'What can I do for you?' he
said.
I said I was a Schwenckfelder from Pennsylvania
and he said, 'Then I know what
you want,'
and took me to the church
altar and said, 'Behind that
altar —'
'You would say, "Behind that
altar stands Schwenckfeld,"
I said, 'but it is not so.'
I drew out then a pen sketch
I had
of a handsome black marble
statue of Schwenckfeld's most
eminent patron,
Lutz von Freyberg. It was the
statue.
The Priest admitted the error,
and so we began to talk.
The priest invited me to dinner, but I said my time was
limited and I must continue on
my way.
The priest then refused to
leave me.
He walked two hours in his
gown.
When I said his soup was
getting cold,
he said, 'My soup I can eat
tomorrow.
You I can only have now.'
When at last we parted, he
stood watching me
with his hand raised in farewell, and as long as I was in
sight, his hand was raised.
"Another priest, from the
village of Justingen,
took me to see the ruins
of von Freyberg's castle which
Wallenstein
destroyed in sixteen twenty-six,
at the same time, it may be,
destroying Schwenckfeld's library.
The ruins were on a rocky cliff
in an immense park now a cow
pasture.
We could see fragments of
wall,
trees that were once ornamental trees,
traces of roads and paths.
We sat on the ruins, among
walls and arches,
and watched the sun go down.
Below in the tops of trees
we could see the outline of the
railroad on which I must return. Night came.
We talked together till
midnight
of religion, church history, such
things
as would come to us on such
a night,
then the priest took my hand
and led me by the light only
of stars
down the precipice to the
meadow below,
taking care that I should be
safe. Then:
'Here our ways part. Mine goes
back up the mountain to my
village and my people—
yours goes toward the light and
the railroad station
and at last home to your
Schwenckfelder people.
It may be our ways will never
again cross, but I am convinced we will meet in the life
hereafter.'
"The Catholics sometimes said
to me, about Schwenckfeld,
'We can never make up for
what we did to him.
He condemned our errors, not
our church.'
"In all religions is a common
something —
what it is exactly I do not
know—
but it is greater thar the
differences.
Unless I believed that, I would
believe nothing.
Although for years I held a
Mennonite pastorate, I never
united in that church,
but stayed, as before, a
Schwenkfelder,
believeing it to be the right
thing.
What my mother and my
people taught
was in my heart, so I kept to it.
Others keep to their own."

ELMER E. S. JOHNSON

Millen Brand's poem "Across the Wall" is a memorial to the late Dr. Elmer E. S. Johnson, illustrious scion of that little group of Silesian Schwenkfelder, who, after long persecutions, in 1734 fled to Pennsylvania where they found peace and freedom in the Perkiomen Valley. Although he remained all his life a member of the Schwenkfelder Church, Dr. Johnson was at the same time active as scholar, clergyman and theologian far beyond the confines of his immediate allegiance. He was graduated from Perkiomen School in 1895, from Princeton in 1899 and from the Hartford Theological Seminary in 1902. From 1904 to 1919 he, together with his family, lived in Germany, occupied in research together with Dr. Chester D. Hartranft in preparing for the publication of the letters and theological treatises of the great Reformer, Caspar Schwenckfeld von Ossig. Later he was to become Editor-in-Chief of what is now known as the **Corpus Schwenkfeldianorum**, certainly one of the great publishing undertakings of our day, all the more remarkable, inasmuch as it was undertaken by a very small church body. It is only now, after more than half a century, coming to completion. The first 15 volumes were published during the lifetime of Dr. Johnson. The final volumes 16, 17, 18 are about to be published. Volume 15, destroyed during World War II, had to be reprinted.

In 1921 Dr. Johnson became a member of the faculty of Hartford Theological Seminary. In 1923 he was named Waldo Professor of Medieval, Reformation and Modern Church History. He was retired in 1943 as Professor Emeritus. During all these years he commuted between Hartford and his home in Hereford. At the same time he was for 25 years pastor of the Hereford Mennonite Church at Bally. He spent his last years in the Perkiomen Valley of his ancestors, beloved by all who knew him.

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David A. Miller, Publisher-Director 1895-1958

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GORDON B. FISTER, Associate Editor

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TELEPHONE HE 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES

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

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Editorials

Sound Operations

An agency like the Allentown Authority is a handy gadget to have around. It is considerably more progressive and far-sighted than those voters who, once they have the facilities they want in their own areas, care little about what happens in any other part of the community.

The usefulness of the Authority again is being demonstrated by its willingness to finance expansion of the city's sanitary sewers into areas long overdue for this service and to improve and protect the public water supply.

It does these things by the simple expedient of borrowing money for immediate and urgently needed projects. It amortizes these loans from the revenues the projects bring in. It conserves the city's tax dollars and borrowing capacity for other needed improvements.

Actually, the Authority now owns the Allentown water supply and distribution system and the sewage collection and disposal facilities. The city operates them and pays as rental the money it collects for the services they provide. The rents and the reimbursements pay the financing charges and over a specific number of years will clear the indebtedness.

Since 1948, the Authority has borrowed $4,450,000 for the expansion of the water system and has spent $5,101,789 on improving and extending it. It has borrowed and spent something like $2 million for sewer construction. Total current indebtedness is approximately $5.5 million, just about a million less than was borrowed.

Its operations are sound, sensible and financially strong. It saves Allentown money. At the same time it paces the city's progress and gives its people services long overdue.

It would be just as sound for Allentown voters to authorize a bond issue to make permanent improvements long overdue on many streets. This would be far more economical and decidedly more advantageous than continuing to pour hundreds of thousands of dollars down potholes on repairs that sometimes last a year.

Deserved Honor

We are proud to join the Allentown Recreation Commission and so many others who know the record of its activities in commending the proposal to name Allentown's newest park and playground in honor of Percy B. Ruhe.

For nearly 60 years prior to his retirement some months ago, Mr. Ruhe was the editor of this newspaper. For nearly as many years he led a continuing public and personal campaign for the building of parks and playgrounds and the development of recreation areas.

He earned the right to be known as the "father of the playground system" when he and his wife established Fountain Park, the first of this community's many public recreation areas. He maintained it as an editor, a private citizen and a member of the Recreation Commission by continually seeking the interest of others in extending this kind of public program.

Among those whose assistance he sought and won was the late Gen. Harry C. Trexler. The generous support provided under the terms of the Trexler will continues his lifetime interest which Mr. Ruhe initially won. It makes possible many more recreational facilities than those for which the community itself is paying.

Of the many honors Percy Ruhe has merited through a lifetime of service to the people of Allentown and the Lehigh Valley, the one now proposed is the most significant. It is with real pride that we endorse it and the least of our reasons is that he now is the editor emeritus of this newspaper.

Here Is Happiness

For those who would experience the real joys reserved for those who bring happiness to others, the Good Shepherd Home offers many personal opportunities.

The happiness Mr. and Mrs. Creston Bachman have found in making the life of one handicapped youngster richer and more meaningful is just one example. They have done it by giving him an overflowing measure of the love and care and attention generally reserved for parents.

The 13-year-old boy to whom they are devoting so much of their time, their energy and attention is just learning to walk. They are helping him. He spends happy weekends with them at their modest home. They visit him. They take him on pleasant drives. Recently they shared a Florida vacation with him.

They haven't done these things for praise or glory. They do them simply because this is the way in which they find their own happiness.

For those who might help themselves by finding happiness in the same way, there aren't enough youngsters to go around. But there are some and they always will need to know there are others who care.

Only those who in their own ways show they care enjoy the rich and rewarding satisfactions. Because there are those who do, the Good Shepherd Home is able to serve as it has for more than a half century.

What Others Say

Which Is True Justice?

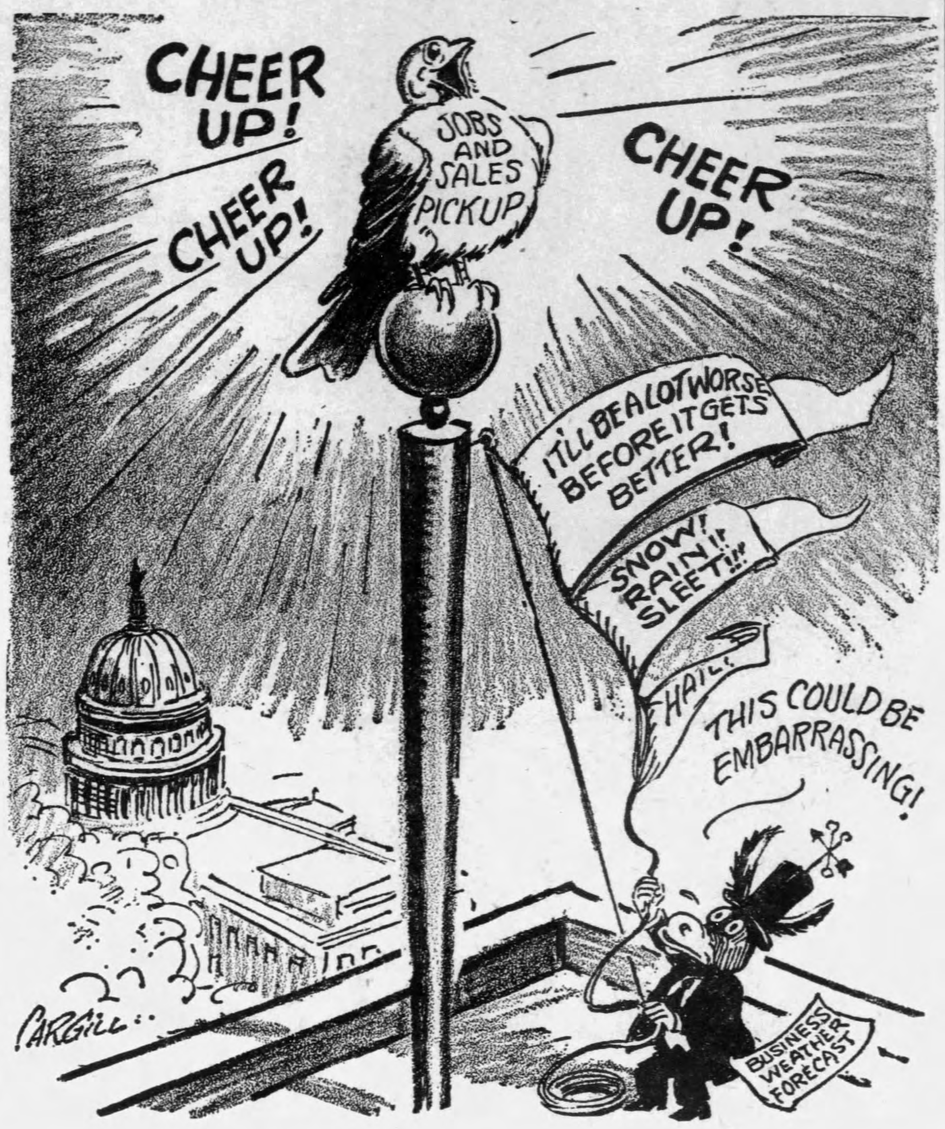
Hartford, Conn. Courant

Not too many months ago a motorist in Eastern Connecticut sideswiped a state police car, driving it off the road. There followed a hot pursuit with the driver zigzagging all over the road until he was finally caught. When his record was checked it was found that just a couple of years before in almost exactly the same spot he had collided head on with an innocent motorist who was out driving with his family. The innocent man was killed leaving a widow and small child. But when the culprit appeared before the court to be charged with the second offense the defense attorney pleaded righteously that the man had stayed completely out of trouble ever since he killed his first victim until he nearly killed the state policeman, two years later.

Contrast this point of view with that expressed in a recent dispatch from Kingston, Jamaica. According to this story a chauffeur was recently arrested for driving dangerously and driving while under the influence of liquor. He was fined a few pounds and his license was suspended for 50 years.

Which attitude, we wonder, expresses more completely the idea of true justice?

First Robin



Too Quiet Diplomacy

By DAVID LAWRENCE

There are some strange goings-on at the United Nations these days so far as the United States is concerned. "Quiet diplomacy" appears to be operating with a cover of secret maneuvering. The American people are in the dark about it all.

Adlai Stevenson, American representative at the U.N., is the big question mark. Why, it is being asked on Capitol Hill, did he favor voting with the Soviet Union and against Great Britain and France on the Security Council to meddle in the internal affairs of Portugal in her African territory of Angola?



Lawrence

Why also has Mr. Stevenson been trading privately with Foreign Minister Gromyko of the Soviets about dropping the resolution concerning Hungary in exchange for the cutting-down of the program of debate on other issues which America presumably wants to avoid?

Since when is public discussion an evil thing in international affairs, especially when human rights are involved?

If there are sound reasons from a diplomatic viewpoint to engage in such a barter deal, these have not been revealed, and that's why members of Congress are beginning to express their concern over what's happening.

Portugal is an ally of the West. It is a member of NATO. It owns the Azores and permits American military forces to use these islands for air bases and naval anchorages on the mid-Atlantic. Why did the United States take the risk of antagonizing Portugal?

Another question that arises is why an internal question, such as trouble in Angola, was considered by Adlai Stevenson to be one that the United States should agree to have investigated by the United Nations. It might develop that some of the U.N. members would like to investigate how America handles its "segregation" problems in the South.

A tendency to disregard the difference between internal and external questions has long been noted among groups or factions inside a country seeking outside sympathy. Thus, for many decades even the political parties in this country, in their national platforms, openly expressed sympathy for the aspirations of the Irish people for freedom and independence. This offended the London government, but at no time did the United States Government ever take any official action or express publicly any sentiment of that kind.

Indeed, the Democratic platform in the early days of the century proclaimed sympathy with the Boers in South Africa when they were fighting to throw off the British yoke and gain independence. So it's not unusual for public opinion to be expressed on any subject, whether of an internal or external nature.

Risks arise, however, when governments take the position that it is proper to inquire into the operations of another government with which peaceful relations are being maintained. If the internal action threatens peace, it is, of course, a different story. That's one of the reasons, incidentally, for the U.N. operation in the Congo today. There used to be a time when individual nations sent military expeditions into troubled areas to protect the lives and property of their own citizens. This function has been theoretically transferred lately to the U.N., though the latter organization by no means has found an effective way as yet to discharge its new responsibilities.

The people of the United States are deeply concerned over the freedom of the peoples of Hungary and the other Soviet "colonial" states. But the indications now are that Adlai Stevenson has about given up any idea of championing the rights of Hungary and appears to be willing to keep the issue off the U.N. agenda indefinitely.

So the United States winds up in the paradoxical position of being willing to offend little Portugal by inquiring into her internal affairs, but of appearing to be afraid to antagonize big Russia by insisting on a public inquiry into what is happening in Hungary and in other countries behind the Iron Curtain.

Key Records

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

It was at the Teheran Conference (1943) that Stalin first met Roosevelt and Churchill together. Churchill had been to Russia earlier and he met the Georgian; however, to Roosevelt he was not known. It is clear from what is available about Teheran that it was at this meeting that Roosevelt agreed to give to Stalin a large part of Europe and Asia. Although the Yalta Conference occurred after Teheran, the Yalta Papers have been published by the State Department but Teheran is still supposed to be secret.



Sokolsky

Recently, it was stated and denied that General Eisenhower, when he left the White House, took the Teheran Papers with him. Eisenhower said that he had not done so. These are State Department documents, still secret, and General Eisenhower, as a private citizen, has no more right to them than you or I. His denial must be taken on its face and it must be assumed that all these documents are in their proper place in the State Department archives and that they will one day be published.

However, it needs to be noted that they cannot be destroyed because the British and Russians have these Teheran Papers and some, if not all of them, have been seen by private persons in this country and elsewhere. The only purpose for suppressing them would be to save the reputations of the persons who attended this conference. Congress has authorized their publication; nevertheless, they have been suppressed. From the standpoint of history, nobody's reputation can ever be saved by violating documents because the historian ultimately gets at the facts.

Until the Teheran Papers are published completely, most of the judgments of the American people on the relations between the United States and Soviet Russia will be based on lack of accurate information.

The Key

There must be a purpose in suppressing these documents. Is it to save the reputations of Franklin D. Roosevelt and Winston Churchill or of General George Marshall?

The public official who set up the Teheran Conference was Averell Harriman, presently President Kennedy's roving Ambassador. Harriman has matured considerably since his early days in public life. He is one of the few top men alive to tell the tale. The American people have the right to know what happened at this conference that changed the world and that laid down principles and agreements over which the Cold War has been continuous since 1945.

To understand the character of the Cold War and the Russian insistence that it be prolonged, even against their interests, one is forced to believe that there must be a reason for their attitude. That reason is to be found in the Teheran Papers. As one reads the Yalta Papers, it becomes clear that Yalta was a prolongation and a correction of Teheran. But what happened at Potsdam, where Harry Truman, unfamiliar with both the Teheran and Yalta Conferences, was confronted by prior agreements? He never agreed to a Summit Conference after that. President Eisenhower went to one Summit Conference and came off with little benefit and at the second one he was abused and belittled. What cards does Khrushchev hold that he dared to humiliate the President of the United States? I think the answer will be found in the Teheran Papers.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Fleeting Flight

We tried to gather stardust . . . one dreamy summer night . . . two hearts reaching for heaven . . . realm of profound delight . . . ours was a sweet beginning . . . a sojourn to the moon . . . there were happy moments . . . and tender songs to croon . . . young lovers venture onward . . . where others fear to tread . . . their hearts rule their emotions . . . it has been truly said . . . a burning kiss, a warm embrace . . . these were the prelude to . . . the fleeting flight to paradise . . . that fate made us pursue . . . we searched for bliss unending . . . the kind true lovers know . . . but now the dream is over . . . lost in the long ago.

Horoscope

A quiet year is foreseen, one favorable to courtship or marriage. Today's child will be favored.

My Answer

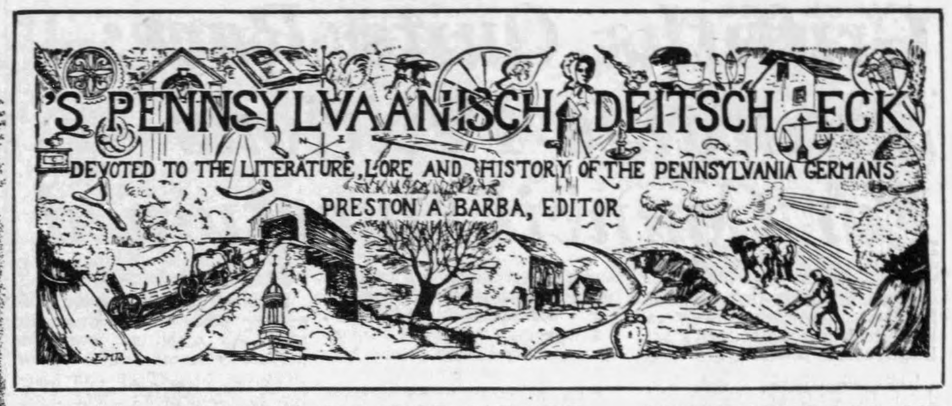
By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: I am an Episcopalian and my wife is Pentecostal. Our children are inclined toward my church, and this is making some division in our family. What can we do?

U.H.

ANSWER: It is not my place to tell people what church to attend. In all my years of evangelism I have never urged people to join a particular denomination. The important thing is for everyone to get into a church where they can grow spiritually, and every man must determine this for himself.

In regard to your situation, this is something you must work out for yourself, as a family. It would seem under the present circumstances, that since your children seem to favor your church, that a simple solution would be for your wife to attend with the rest of the family. But, this would of course, be her decision to make.



THE CHURCH IN THE HEART

By MILLEN BRAND

The little band of Schwenkfelder refugees had been harbored for a time by the Moravians at Herrnhut, but in 1733 the Elector of Saxony issued a decree banishing them from the country. They now sought refuge, like many others had done, in Penn's land beyond the sea. In the following poem Millen Brand writes about their voyage.

THE VOYAGE

Count Zinzendorf's Herrnhut,
that little babel of the sects,
poorly honeyed, yet that had
been hope, failed them. The
driven Schwenkfelders found no
hope there, and turned west.

Sunday, April 19th, seventeen
hundred and thirty-three they
left at noon for the Elbe, thirteen souls. Three days later,
they engaged for their river
passage, so down the river in
two boats past the ropes of the
vines with their early tendrils
like horns of snails singing loss,
loss, and rapture: DEO GRATIA.

Delays on sandbars, always
sand, always shallows as if the
grudging fluss had not enough
water, merely that, to free
them. Sometimes on the sandbanks, they got off to lighten
the boat, sometimes stayed on
in hope and haste.

So the curving land went past,
Pirna, Dresden fortified,
and always forts and castles
rising along the occasional
cliffs, each prolonging a cliff
face with terror. To Torgau
and on Sunday ("Jubilate")
to Wittenberg, fifteen miles.

The next Sunday ("Cantate")
in the afternoon they passed
Schnakenburg, rinsed with
flame, flat with its ugliness
since four years before
when with a roar echoing war,
it fell down in its own heat.

And now May lifted its heat
and spread it out in a mist,
the only fire that always comes
with love, floating like a cup of
flowers out to them on the water. Quiet. Then wind. Either
no wind or too much wind.
The sails hummed, and in the
narrow river limits the steersman could not keep the course.

One mile above Hamburg
they caught again on a sandbar
and had to wait for high tide.
Night. Now four boatmen coming from Altona out of the low
morning mist and the diffused
city. The Van der Smissens,
"incomparably nobleminded people," gave them kindness, food:
of bread 16 loaves, 2 Holland
casks, 2 pots of butter, 2 roasts.

From Hamburg they took a
vessel going to Amsterdam, so
they met the first coasts of the
sea.

David Schultze wrote in his
diary: "May 14th. . . we sailed
toward the sea and reached it
in the afternoon."
They sailed on through the entire night.
Now the first sea sickness, the
prelude of the deeper sicknesses
that came from the slowness,
the cobalt gloom, the contagion
of close air rising from the
wood, from the clothes, from
the presence of so many
"souls" in the dark crossing
chamber.
Melchior Krauss died May 28th
vero ad finem. True to the end.
Yet belief. Yet strength and
trust and belief.

At Amsterdam, the Dutch
port, they stopped in the joyful
morning of the nodding sky-net
of masts, and disembarked,
loading the baggage on a
Treckshuyt or draw-boat which
went behind slow-gaited horses
to Haarlem, to their friends
there.
Six Schwenkfelders joined them
there. At Haarlem, Cornelius
Van Putten who had a pleasure
garden, entertained them with
wine and tea, a second benefactor among the Dutch "mercantiles" whose memory followed them west, a round face
among the screens and bright
red bricks.

June 16th they left Haarlem,
sailing all night on the Haarlem
sea, and as the early morning
raised thin lights behind the
shore, they passed by Leyden
and the Hague, and came in the
afternoon to Rotterdam.
They, who all their lives had
been at home, floated now from
city to city, with reefing, unreefing, calling doubt along the
reefing ropes.
At Rotterdam they boarded a
final ship, the **Pennsylvania Merchant,** English captained,
sprung large and gorged:
155 tons cargo
and over three hundred passengers. The great sides worn and
heavy, the great hollow took
them in. The Gravendeel pilots,
boarding, were not pleased at
the overcrowding which perhaps had weighed the ship so
that it stuck on a sandbank
like the river boats, setting out.

July 5th, they reached the
ocean and everybody began to
vomit. Now wind and wind and
wind. Now the dependence on
that element that emerges from
the variable sky angry, sudden,
occasional, steady, sweet-stealing, shy, most abominable,
flat-handed, whistling death.
The water ran hard with its
white crests, and when, July
9th, the wind blew harder,
they went further backwards
than forwards.

It slowed. Both ships slowed
and the Captain lowered a boat,
rowing on the pews of the
waves toward the newcomer.
The word:
only four days from land!
The word was enough for rejoicing, a ship four days from
Rhode Island, but more — half
a bag of apples!
The Captain brought the apples
up the side and the sight of
that freshness, that red, that
blessed new world to be eaten
maddened all. He threw one.
They fell in heaps. They fought
to get it. He threw another and
they rushed and fought, they
screamed for the beautiful
apples.
The next day "Winter's wife"
died and in the darkening evening was buried in the sea.

Storm clouds. Rain and thunder, and after thunder, heavy
waves rose. All sails were
furled, and the rudder fastened.
A burst of sea broke some shutter bolts and shouted in, wetting
beds, loud in the dark. Stopped
and again loudened outside.
They lay in dark,
captain, crew, and passengers,
wet in the wet bedclothes.
In the morning, David looked
out and to him it seemed the
waves were "as though they
sailed among high mountains
covered with snow." On deck
only one sailor tied fast to
watch the rudder.
And roar and roar and shudder.
A dav later the storm went
down and in the following calm
the Captain ordered a kettle of
rice so the smell of its hot
steam comforted the people.
They ate.
Now a good breeze, stiff and
steady, carried them to the
west.

At midnight, the 22nd,
the first soundings for land
were made, 150 rods and no
bottom.
The next morning 55 rods, then
20, but still no land in sight.
At four in the afternoon, afraid
of the coming dark,
afraid of the "stream called
Delaware"
with sandbars in its mouth,
as the night came on,
the Captain reefed and lay by,
waiting for morning to go in.
The great sails sea - rent and
mended lapped on the spars.
Few slept. Many even sang in
the dark, sending their voices
toward the land and breathing
over the last gap of water lassitudes and hungers, and prayer.
Auf Seel, auf, auf, was zauderst du.
This was the half-understood
home, strange land, uncertain
hope, this was where God had
carried them. Now at their feet
tide water moved and with it,
the earth - tinged shadings of
the quieted waves. The dark
shook.

In the morning, fog spilled
toward them smelling of the
continent behind, and they advanced in the fog under the
slow push of the wind and at
noon saw land.
The pilots came out to them.
Yet before the entry of the
river they were held by a last
storm sudden in coming and
sudden in going, more terrible
than any before so that it
seemed an augury of terror before a land dreamed of as
peace.
Yet the water no longer had
its former power of the deep,
and unknown they had reached
salvation.

The 25th they sailed gently in.
They had ended their journey
across "the very big sea."
Yes, it was "The Ende with
God."
So they sang. So they wept.

ABOUT MILLEN BRAND

Today we offer our readers another poem by the wellknown poet and novelist, Millen Brand. In a recent letter to the Editor of the Eck the poet wrote:

"For twenty years now I've been writing a book of Poetry about the Pennsylvania Germans to be called LOCAL LIVES. It is reaching, in manuscript, to the desperate total of about 600 pages, and it still is unfinished. It consists mainly of mementoes and records of the lives of people along Butter Dahl (Butter Valley, Perkiomen), written with the loving wish that the contribution of each of them to this earth should be remembered. I lived on Crow Hill above Bally for ten years and am myself descended from Pennsylvania German stock via the Myers family on my mother's side. My material has come mainly by word of mouth, but I've also been helped by Andrew Berky and the Schwenkfelder Library in Pennsburg and its resources and publications. Ralph Berky has long been a mentor and friend of the book, and the Reverend Elmer Johnson appears in it in many places and was unceasingly helpful as long as he lived."

Included in the poet's long cycle of poems LOCAL LIVES is also one, still unfinished, about our beloved dialect poet John Birmelin.

Millen Brand is the author of the novel THE OUTWARD ROOM (1937), a selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Since then he has written THE HEROES, ALBERT SEARS, and SOME LOVE, SOME HUNGER. With Frank Partos he wrote the screenplay THE SNAKE PIT. His short stories are included in a number of anthologies and his poetry appears in quality magazines.

"The Voyage" and "Across the Wall" (the latter in the last Eck) were both first published in the Beloit Poetry Journal (Summer, 1955), and are here reprinted by courtesy of the Editorial Board of that magazine.—Ed.

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David A. Miller, Publisher-Director 1895-1958

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Editorials

Decision on Laos

The decision on which way the scales are to be tipped as the world's peace is precariously balanced in Laos apparently must be made by Mr. Khrushchev.

This nation, President Kennedy indicated quite clearly, has made its own decision. It has treaty obligations to deal with aggression in the tiny Southeast Asia kingdom and no one should doubt its resolution to stand by them.

It is both eager and willing to negotiate a peaceful settlement. This will be possible, however, only if there is a cessation of armed attacks on the recognized government by externally supported Communists.

The same points of view were taken by President Eisenhower on several occasions. They also were put on the record by Mr. Nixon.

Proposals for negotiations through which peace may be accomplished have been made by the British. Premier Nehru of India has been asked to use his own good offices to bring about the cease fire agreement under which they can be conducted. He has expressed willingness to cooperate in any way possible and may have a key role.

Mr. Khrushchev apparently has only two choices:

He can call off the support that is making it possible for the Communists to continue their attack on the Laotian government and then sit down at the conference table to negotiate the issues involved. This would not strengthen his relationships with the Red Chinese who have reasons of their own to egg him on.

He can continue supporting and supplying the rebel forces and face a military showdown with the United States. This could result in a full-scale war.

As President Kennedy brought these issues down to the point where the decision must be made by the Kremlin, he spoke kindly but firmly. He left no doubt that this nation wants a peaceful settlement and seeks nothing more than the neutral and completely independent Laotian state guaranteed by the 1954 Geneva treaty on French Indo-China to which the Russians are a party. He did not address Mr. Khrushchev directly and he made clear he was issuing no ultimatum.

He spoke, however, as this nation was deploying the military forces it would need to support the Laotian government in its battle against aggression. Although these preparations and any plans to use the forces quite properly are being guarded, there has been no letup in assembling them.

If Mr. Khrushchev has been seeking to test the young new American President, his purpose has been accomplished.

Mr. Kennedy spoke without rancor or bitterness, but with a candor and a conviction that left no grounds for doubting either his position or that of his country. And as he spoke, he prepared to act if Mr. Khrushchev's decision demands action to be taken.

Movies Dig Own Grave

The movie industry just doesn't seem to be able to help itself.

Capable of producing masterpieces of art and inspiration, it nevertheless prefers to pander to the lowest public tastes.

A sampling of current show titles and descriptions is illustrative of what we mean:

"Go Naked into the World," "Portrait of a Sinner," (the face of innocence, the image of evil), "The Immoral Mr. Teas" (see a peeping Tom's dream of ravishing beauty), "Never on a Sunday," "The Bramble Bush," (the novel that was hailed . . . denounced . . . and 5 million people read it.) Frequently illustrations on posters, and in advertisements are even more lurid than accompanying words.

If the movie industry as a whole and those who run theaters and book the pictures they show are wondering why their business is not what they would like it to be, they need look no further than their product for a single compelling reason.

Fortunately, most movies are never as bad as they are advertised to be, but that is no excuse for descending to the lowest levels to attract customers. This sort of thing is bound to result in diminishing patronage on the part of an increasing number of decent people who are disgusted with cheap sex appeal. And it is also certain to create more insistent demands for stricter censorship.

There is no substitute for good taste. It is about time the motion picture industry subscribes to a little of it.

Although we believe the responsibility of censorship is essentially that of the industry, these newspapers have taken steps in consultation with local movie interests to curb the excessive poor taste of recent movie advertising. We believe this is our responsibility as a family newspaper and we hope the motion picture exhibitors will cooperate in the public interest.

Freedom of Press

The Kremlin has just issued a new definition of the free press.

Censorship of news dispatches filed by foreign correspondents in Russia, in effect almost continuously since the revolution in 1917, has been lifted.

It sounds good but for one reservation: Correspondents who file reports not satisfactory to the Soviets are subject to expulsion.

That's just another way of saying: "Write it my way, boys, or else!"

Wonder what Mr. K. would say if Mr. Salinger imposed the same restrictions on the Russian correspondents assigned to White House press conferences?

Public Opinion

Ordinance Not Invalid

To the Editor:

On March 8, 1961, you published a story about the release of one Eugene Martz, a resident of Catasauqua, in which you stated that the borough ordinance under which he had been fined and convicted was declared invalid. This is not a legal fact since no ruling has been handed down by any court declaring it so to be. This ordinance was in relation to disorderly conduct. I would like to have you publish the true facts about our ordinance.

First of all it is not invalid.

Continued on Page 7, Column 1

Siamese Twins of 1961



The Soviet Is Testing

By DAVID LAWRENCE

It's the same old story: the Moscow regime is testing the United States government to see if it stands firm in Laos or will acquiesce in further encroachments in southeast Asia by Soviet-controlled forces.

Laos is just a proving ground — an opportunity to find out whether the United States under the Kennedy administration is less courageous than it was under the Eisenhower administration. Oddly enough, the situation today is almost parallel to what it was just seven years ago, when a major crisis arose in southeast Asia as Communists forces launched an all-out attack against the French in Indo-China.



Lawrence

A four-power conference subsequently was held at Geneva to settle the dispute by drawing a line between the northern and southern sections of Viet Nam, giving a large territory to the Communists and "neutralizing" neighboring Laos and Cambodia. Shortly before the conference, when Vice-President Nixon made a speech hinting at military action by the United States, he was promptly assailed by the Democrats, including Sen. Kennedy, of Massachusetts.

Here is a paraphrase of what Mr. Nixon said in an off-the-record talk to the American Society of Newspaper Editors on April 16, 1954, as published at the time:

"The United States as a leader of the free world cannot afford further retreat in Asia. It is hoped the United States will not have to send troops there, but if this government cannot avoid it, the Administration must face up to the situation and dispatch forces."

Dulles Made Policy

The State Department, in a formal announcement immediately thereafter, said that Mr. Nixon had not enunciated any new policy, and referred to a speech by Secretary of State Dulles a few weeks before in which he had said:

"Under the conditions of today the imposition of southeast Asia of the political system of Communist Russia and its Chinese Communist ally, by whatever means, would be a grave threat to the whole free community. The United States feels that that possibility should not be tacitly accepted, but should be met by United action. This might involve risks, but these risks are far less than those that will face us a few years from now if we dare not be resolute today."

Dulles Criticized

Mr. Dulles was criticized as indulging in "Brinkmanship," and on April 20—just four days after the Nixon speech—Sen. Kennedy said:

"The American people should be told the truth about the situation in the Far East . . . for if Secretary Dulles' and Vice-President Nixon's words are to be taken at their face value, we are about to enter the jungle and do battle with the tiger. . .

"But I do believe it both proper and necessary that those who bear responsibility should indicate in advance the course of action that should be adopted."

Mr. Kennedy, as a Presidential candidate, said to the American Legion convention at Miami on Oct. 18, 1960, that the Soviets were moving in to take control of various countries by subversion, "and we sit back —that is my dispute with this Administration." He declared:

"And without a soldier crossing into those countries, without a shot being fired, by the change of mind of a paratroop commander in Laos, a country which we spent more money in per capita than any other country in the world, a country where we spent $300,000,000, where we have been paying the army for the last two years, they are about to seize control of Laos, and not a Communist soldier or a Russian soldier has crossed the boundary of Laos.

"I want to make it very clear to Mr. Khrushchev and to anyone else who wonders, I will not cut our present commitments to the cause of freedom if I am elected President of the United States anywhere in the world—the Formosa Straits, Latin America, Africa, Asia — I support our present effort to build strength, not merely to hold the line but to expand freedom all around the globe."

Mr. Kennedy, as President of the United States, now is face to face with a situation similar to that which confronted his predecessor. He bears the responsibility now. Nikita Khrushchev may have wondered whether what was said to the American Legion was just "campaign oratory" or whether it was the forerunner of a militant policy.

As the Soviet government makes the test in Laos, Americans, irrespective of party, will today support the President if his pledge of last October is fulfilled. But to avoid military action and to go into an international conference is one thing, and to prevent such an international conference from dividing up another independent country—which, like North Viet Nam in Indo-China, can be used as another Communist base for infiltration and guerrilla warfare against "neutral" neighbors—is something else again. Yet this is the clew to the effectiveness of the policy on Laos announced by President Kennedy at his press conference today.

Growing Trend

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Numerous organizations appear all over the country which have a conservative tinge. Not all of them are philosophically or politically oriented, but what is interesting is that there are so many of them; that they range from college groups to adults; and that while they do not yet show up in labor unions or women's clubs, they form their own associations which take on appreciable sizes.

Some day some one will appear who will mobilize this conservative force politically and produce a third party of great strength and large numbers. In fact, such an element is developing in the Republican Party under the leadership of Senator Barry Goldwater who will undoubtedly be a Republican candidate for the Presidency at the 1964 Convention. Senator Barry Goldwater represents the increasing conservative strength among intellectuals. Richard Nixon would surely have been elected had he recognized the conservative ground-swell.

This trend is serious and sincere. It does not matter that some of its expressions are absurd. Again, the day is not far distant when a philosophic leader will appear among them, a 20th Century Alexander Hamilton, who can state the Conservative cause in terms that are understandable and pertinent and relate themselves to the course of events.

The focus is still on criticism rather than upon a constructive program. Criticism is not sufficient to generate enthusiasm for a cause; there must be positive thinking, and that will come, too. It will come principally out of younger people who are rejecting the frozen terminology of the New Deal and of Keynesian economics and are asking the pertinent questions relating to the greatness of the United States in 1917 and 1941 and its meekness today when the most it can beg for is neutralism. These younger people ask whether Soviet Russia is really so strong and the United States so weak.

President Kennedy seems to be missing the strength and potency of this ground-swell. His second and third echelon appointments give the impression of an alliance with the A.D.A.

One cannot expect a Democrat to be as conservative as, say, Herbert Hoover, but it is not to be expected that, in 1961, the concepts of 1933 will be popular with the nation. This never happens. Each generation uses its own idiom and speaks its own language and most often resents the immediate past against which it rebels. The present younger generation in this country is very critical of the failures of recent Administrations. The questions they ask will have to be answered before the 1964 election.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: The Book of Revelation has always fascinated me. Yet its symbolic language is mystifying and puzzling. Why did God have such an important book written in such obscure language? W. F.

ANSWER: The Book of Revelation was not written for the world but for the Church. Its purpose is to show unto His servants and to the Church things which are to come to pass in the future. This Book will seem like a jumble to the man whose heart and intellect have not been touched and enlightened by the Holy Spirit. There is a "Language of Canaan" understood only by those who have been made "partakers." Again and again we read the word, "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches." The Scripture says that the "natural man understandeth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him. Neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned" (I Corinthians 2:14). Perhaps this is one of the reasons why much of the language of this book is symbolic. Only the most spiritual can even begin to unlock its mysterious key. It is interesting to note that of the 404 verses in Revelation, 265 of them contain Old Testament language. The Book of Revelation has three times as many references to, and quotations from, the Old Testament as any other book in the New Testament. There is a special blessing and reward promised to those who study and understand this Book. It is significant that the Church is beginning to study it once again.

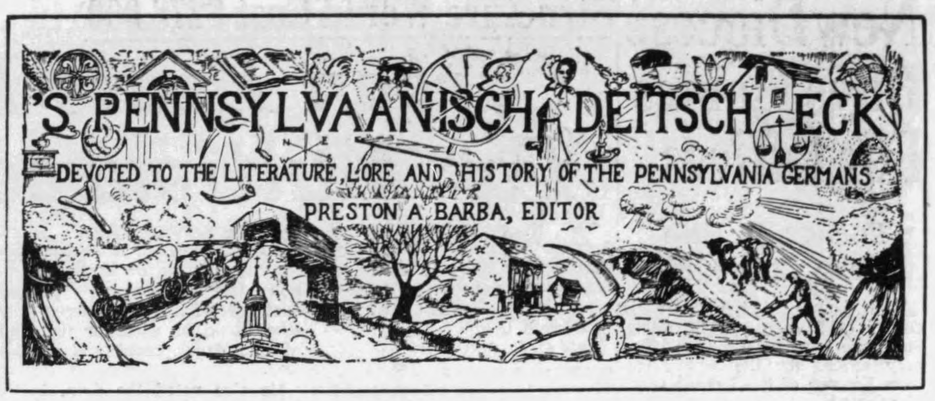
Horoscope

Slow but sure is your motto this year; don't force things. Today's child will be fretful.

Factographs

Grand Coulee dam contains more than 22 million tons of concrete.

Brazil has about seven million horses.



THE NEW LIGHT

By MARY GEISS SEIFERT

This little prose idyl of rural life in Berks County when the darkness was still banished by the light of candle or "Schmutzamschel" is told with charming artlessness. The author, born on a farm near Bernville more than half a century ago, informs the editor of the Eck that the events in the story are true even though not necessarily in the same sequence. Although the names have been changed, the characters were contemporaries of her grandparents.—Ed.

SARAH ANN pressed the soil about the roots of the last geranium, firmly but tenderly. She had cherished these sturdy plants in the sunny kitchen window all during the long winter and now they made a brave display of red, pink and white blooms and soft green leaves against a background of whitewashed fence. Along the border gay Johny-jump-ups lifted their cunning faces and almost seemed to dance upon their stems.

The stocks and verbenas were thriving in their shell bordered beds, and as she looked about her, Sarah Ann's beauty loving soul was satisfied.

The newly white - washed fence, grape arbor, bake oven and tree trunks looked white and clean against the background of green lawn. How glad she was that she had prevailed upon Mr. Greim to mow the grass with his scythe yesterday.

Well she knew that that had been her only chance this week. This was Wednesday and tonight he would go to Bernville for his copy of the "Reading Adler", which was brought from Reading once a week by stage. During the next few days he would spend all of his leisure time in reading the news and discussing them with his farmer neighbors.

When Sarah Ann had first come to the Greim home, a little more than a year before, the flower beds had been so choked with weeds and so badly neglected that they seemed almost hopeless. However, she possessed her share of that love for order and beauty that is so typically Pennsylvania German.

This same love for beauty prompted the farmer to place many colored stars and circles upon his big red barns and made his wife spend many hours patiently stitching bits of brightly colored calico into intricate designs for her lovely applique and patchwork quilts. This same love for order and beauty that has made the farm homes of Eastern Pennsylvania the best kept in the country, prompted Sarah Ann to dig and weed, prune and transplant until the flowers responded to her love and care.

The iris along the walk, the lilacs and spice bushes had rewarded her handsomely and the yellow spray rosebush was a mass of soft greens and yellows. The clumps of hollyhocks and tiger lillies and the June roses were clambering over the porch railing and the garden fence gave promise of beauty yet to come.

Much as she loved the yard, Sarah Ann could not linger long for she had a great many things to do today if she wished to carry out her plans for tomorrow. She knew that Mr. Greim and his daughter Betsey were planning to drive to Reading the next day to transact some business and visit Betsey's aunt, and she meant to have the whole long day to herself.

She had been up bright and early that morning, fed the chickens, milked the cows and set the big stone crocks of milk into the spring to cool. The cream from yesterday's milk had been churned and the butter molded into pats, weighing a half pound. Each pat was stamped with a lovely tulip design and placed into a small wooden tub on the springhouse floor.

Sarah Ann's hands flew faster than ever this morning. She wanted to hurry with her work so that she would have time to take the butter to the store in Bernville today instead of Thursday as she usually did. Then she could buy her material and have all of the next day to make her dress. Oh yes, she meant to have a new dress. The following Sunday was Whitsunday and any woman that did not have a new dress by Whitsunday was either very poor or very careless.

She started a fire in the bake-oven, and hurried into the house to knead and set the loaves, covered with a snowy cloth into a warm place to raise.

Next she set the house in shining order. This was not hard to do for Sarah Ann had just finished her spring house cleaning and, like all good Pennsylvania German housekeepers, her house, garden and wardrobe must be in shining order by Whitsunday.

The walls and ceiling of every room had been whitewashed and the floors scrubbed white with strong lye soap. The tinware was scoured with silver sand until it shone, all the household linens carefully washed and bleached, and a fresh supply of soap and tallow candles made. Sarah Ann was only twenty but she was as good a housekeeper as many women twice her age.

But now the bread was raised just enough, so she hurried out to the bakeoven, raked out the hot embers and removed the last bits of charcoal and ashes with a long handled brush. Then she placed the loaves of bread inside and carefully closed the heavy iron door.

Next she hurried to the garden. Here too was order and beauty. The vegetables were responding so well to Sarah Ann's energetic hoeing and weeding that it seemed that they had caught her enthusiasm for getting things done and were growing for the mere joy of it.

Quickly she gathered the apple twigs that Mr. Greim had placed by the garden gate when he had pruned the orchard. She placed the twigs several inches apart along the rows of young peas for supports and then turned to her remaining task, the strawberry bed. This, too, must be thoroughly weeded and cultivated before Sarah Ann could feel that her spring work was really completed.

As her hands wrestled with the weeds, her mind was occupied with other things. There should be three ruffles on the skirt of her new dress and deep folds over the hips. She would buy several extra yards of material to be sure of having enough. There should be tucks and pleats in the waist and very full sleeves.

At the neckline she would use the lace collar that had been on her mother's wedding dress. She had always cherished that bit of lovely lace and saved it for a special occasion. Now she felt that that special time had come. Had not Charles Clay asked her to dance with him on Battalion Day?

Battalion Day always came on the Monday following Whitsunday. Then the militia was on dress parade and all the people, for miles around, came to watch them drill and take part in the festivities that followed.

Sarah Ann had missed this gala event for a number of years. Ever since her mother's death, five years before, she had been her father's housekeeper and cared for her younger brothers and sisters. Her father's house had always been filled with guests over this important weekend and she had been too busy and too tired with cooking and dishwashing to take any part in the festivities.

This year, however, was to be different. Mr. Greim had promised that there would be no guests at his house on Battalion Day and Betsey and Sarah Ann were to enjoy the day to the full.

And now, wonder of wonders, Charles Clay had asked her to share Battalion Day with him. Tall, dark, handsome Charles was the only son of one of the more prosperous farmers. Sarah Ann considered him quite a man of the world for he visited Reading quite frequently and had even made several business trips to Philadelphia for his father.

Charles who was much admired by all the girls had chosen her, plain, ordinary Sarah Ann, who in her own opinion was neither very pretty nor very clever. She had been housekeeping and working for others for so long that she felt older than her twenty years. She did not realize that she was really quite pretty with her hazel eyes and her wavy light brown hair that turned to burnished gold in the sunlight. She made a lovely picture as she busied herself in the garden, even in her homespun dress. There was a flush on her cheek, a sweet smile upon her lips, and a great light in her eyes as she thought about the lovely thing that had come into her life.

She knew just how her dress would look with its pleats, ruffles and lace collar, for she had selected the material, a sweet rose sprigged muslin, several weeks ago. She must take only the tiniest of stitches and make sure that the sleeves and ruffles were set just right so that Charles need not be ashamed of her.

Could it be that Charles loved her just a little? It was a long time since that first Sunday she had caught him watching her in church. He had often been her partner in the games at the quilting bees and carpet rag parties. All during the past winter he had always managed to find a place for her next to himself in the big sleigh at the sleighing parties.

Now he had chosen her for Battalion Day. Oh, if she were only pretty and fine enough for him. She would wear the cameo pin that had been her great grandmother's. Sarah Ann was reminded once again that both great grandmother and the pin had a narrow escape during the French and Indian War.

At the first warning of an Indian attack, great grandmother had rushed into the cabin for the pin that her own mother had given her in Germany and had arrived at Fort Northkill just in the nick of time.

It was very warm in the garden and as Sarah Ann arose to rest her cramped muscles and pushed back her damp curls, she saw Betsey sitting in the shade of the big cherry tree with her embroidery. For a moment her heart rebelled. It did not seem fair that she had to do all the hard work while Betsey did as she pleased. Betsey certainly was not living up to her share of the bargain.

When Betsey's mother had died, a little more than a year before, her father had asked Sarah Ann to live at his house and be a companion to Betsey. She had been glad to come for her own father was planning to remarry and she was fond of Betsey, for their mothers had been girlhood friends. Mr. Greim had intended that the girls share the work. Soon, however, energetic, practical Sarah Ann found herself assuming all the responsibility.

(To Be Concluded)

WU BISCHT, FRIEHYAAHR?

Ach Friehyaahr, du lieblich Friehyaahr,
Wu weilscht du dann so lang?
Mir waarten fer dei Sunneschein,
Un fer dei Feggelgsang.

Mir warrten fer dei Felder grie,
Un Bletter uff de Beem;
Mir waarten fer dei Blumme schee,
Wu macht die Welt genehm.

Mir waarten fer der Klee im Feld,
Mit wusslich Haase drin;
Un fer der schee bloo Himmel, wu
Die wollich Wolke sin.

Mir waarten fer der Schadde kiehl
Datt drunne an der Grick;
Un ach, schick gschwind die Fischezeit —
Farelle unnich die Brick.

Was winsch' mir fer der schee Geruch
Vum Feld wann Hoi gemacht;
Die Welle iwwers Weedsefeld
Vum Wind so leis un sacht.

Mir waarten fer der Friehyaahrs Mond,
Die Eil un Wipperwill;
Die Laabfrosch, Grixel, Hawwergees,
Wann alles iss recht schtill.

Wu bischt du, Friehyaahr, saag mir wu?
Wu haltscht dich uff so lang?
Ach, kumm gschwind mit deim Sunneschein,
Un bring dei Feggelgsang!

10. Maerz 1955 —RALPH S. FUNK

DIE AMSCHEL IM SCHNEE

Zwee Daag verm Paddy sel Daag (der 17. Maerz)hab ich mei Bruder Paul bsucht. Es hot gsiemt ass wann der Summer schier do waer.

Draus im Paul seim Hof waar en scheeni dicki Amschel mit re rote Bruscht. Ich hab gsaat, "Ich hoff 's bleibt waarm, schunscht kennt selli Amschel en hatte Zeit hawwe."

Well, der naegscht Daag hot's aardlich gschneet. Dann waar's ee Daag schee, awwer dann hot's widder wunnerbaar gschneet. Un es iss ebbes bassiert ass mer net oft erfaahrt im Winter. Es hot gewittert un gewedderleecht un gschneet un all uff eemol.

Ich hab an die aarm Amschel gedenkt im Paul seim Hof. Was hot's gewwe mit ihre? Ich hab en klee Schtick gschriwwe ass sich reimt iwwer selli aarm Amschel:

Der Nordwind duht blose,
Verleicht gebt's noch Schlose,
Schnee, Kissel un Regge,
Un anner wiescht Wetter.

Selli Amschel, paar Daag zerick,
Mit re Bruscht rot un dick,
Wu iss sie nau im Schnee
Mit 'm Blitz un Dunnerwetter?

Die Amschel will gern heem
Aus de Cocoaniss Beem;
Noh schtaert sie aus zu frieh
Un kummt zu gschwind hie.

Nau ziegt sie's Knick ei
Un zittert, meiner drei;
Iss hungerich un kalt,
Un watt verleicht net alt.

O Amschel, halt Geduld!
Nemm du gaar net die Schuld,
Weil des Friehyaahr so schpot
Dich bringt in die gross Not.

Glei watt's waarm un lieb
Un nimmi so oft drieb;
Noh wascht widder gsund,
Mit Bruscht so rot un rund.

—Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News

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TELEPHONE HE 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES

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Editorials

The First Step

There is no question about the importance of the administration's bill to provide aid for rejuvenating the depressed areas now scattered across this country. There is little doubt about the need for the $394 million both the Senate and the House now have approved for loans and grants to communities where unemployment for too long has been a scourge.

If there are any doubts, they concern only the false hopes the program may raise and the limits of what can be done with the funds available.

The bill itself will not establish new industries to boost employment in Pennsylvania's hard coal fields or in the soft coal areas of West Virginia. It will simply give the communities urgently needing jobs greater opportunity to attract the industries able to provide them.

Funds for loans to induce new industries to come into depressed areas are limited. The $200 million provided for this purpose, even if matched by the industries, would provide plants to employ no more than 100,000 workers.

To attract them, some depressed communities will need more than money to help build the plants. They will have to provide adequate water supplies and perhaps sewage facilities. They may have to level culm banks and build streets and access roads. For such purposes in all the areas needing help, the bill provides $100 million in loans and $75 million in grants. This will help, but it also will do little more than scratch the surface.

Then there is the matter of training men whose lifelong experience has been in digging and processing coal in the skills of making shoes, producing tires or manning electronic assembly lines. For this the bill provides $4.5 million and $10 million for the subsistence of those in training. Willingness to learn and to adjust also is essential. No legislation can provide it.

The President's program, made possible by the support of Republican as well as Democratic legislators, is one step toward solving the problems of the depressed areas. It is, however, only a first step. The others will have to be taken by those communities willing to do sometihng to help themselves.

Love and Red Tape

There's a lot of loyalty, a lot of devotion, a lot of love, a good measure of heartache and a bundle of red tape in the story of Tom On Jr., his mother, his father and their friends the Yick Chus.

Love and devotion are written on every page of the 17-year struggle of Tom On Sr., a Chinese-born American citizen to bring his Chinese wife and their American son to the home he wanted them to share in Allentown. The loyalty is inscribed almost as deeply in the support he received from the Yick Chus, from George Boyle, director of the Americanization Bureau, and from other friends. Their struggle spans some 20 years.

The heartache is the red tape that made it impossible for Tom On Sr. to see his dreams of uniting his family come true. Just 41 days before he died nearly five years ago, he was reunited with his wife. It had taken 17 years for them to prove their marriage to the satisfaction of American consular officials in Hong Kong to which they fled from Communist China.

This week, his wife was united with the son she hadn't seen for more than five years. It had taken him more years to prove he was the American son of an American father.

Succeeding American consuls who served in Hong Kong had a duty to perform. There were immigration laws to be upheld and what records there were had been lost in fleeing from the Reds. That they performed these duties zealously in the case of the Tom Ons goes without question. Happily for Tom Junior and his mother, duty finally was tempered with compassion.

What Others Say

Just a Different Tax Collector

Reading Eagle

A proposition espoused here several months ago by Councilman William A. Ruoff has found an echo in Harrisburg where a bill has been submitted to the legislature calling for local taxation of property owned by public utilities.

The bill provides that property of utilities be taxable for all local purposes. Exempt would be the tracks of street railway companies and railroads, and the lines and pipes for transmission of water, electric power, messages, oil and natural or artificial gas, along with the rights of way on which such structures are located.

At casual examination, the proposition appears attractive. Further consideration, however, raises substantial questions.

The Metropolitan Edison Co., for example, has an office building in Muhlenberg Township and a number of generating stations elsewhere. The Bell Telephone Co. maintains exchange and office buildings in Reading. The Reading Railroad has two stations in Reading, together with extensive shops.

If each of these were taxed, one might sepculate, they would produce considerable revenues for schools and for municipal treasuries.

But who would pay those taxes? The utilities? Or their customers?

Take the Pennsylvania Power and Light Co., as an illustration. It has a large and impressive office building in Allentown. That building now is exempted from taxes levied in Allentown. The company serves a large fraction of Berks County. The income, and consequently the profits, of utilities are carefully regulated by the Pennsylvania Public Utility Commission. Thus, any increase in the cost of running utilities is promptly reflected in fees they charge for the services they provide.

If the office building of the PP&L in Allentown were taxed, therefore, patrons of that utility in Berks County soon would be helping to pay for operation of Allentown schools and for other municipal services there — services from which local customers derive no benefit at all.

So, too, with each utility. MECO customers throughout Berks County would help to pay Muhlenberg Township taxes; subscribers of the Bell Telephone Co. throughout the county would help to pay city taxes.

In some instances, at least, the proposal would evolve into a practice of robbing Peter to pay Paul. Reading taxpayers would derive benefits of a tax on the 'phone company; but they, in turn, would help contribute to Muhlenberg Township in the form of the taxes it imposed on the electric company.

It's doubtful that any real gain could be accomplished, because added revenue here would be diminished by added outlays there.

Essentially, the only accomplishment that might reasonably be expected through such a proposal would be a change in the identity of the tax collector. Instead of making payments directly to a public official so designated, higher taxes would be paid by all of us as part of the bills we get for electric, telephone and other services provided by public utilities.

Would You Believe It?



New Look at Prestige

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Not long ago much was heard about the so-called decline in America's "prestige" aboard. The Kennedy administration has been in office now a little more than two months, and it is doubtful whether any polls are being taken to measure America's "prestige" in at least two countries — Portugal and Holland — Both of which are members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

For the anti-American demonstrations around the United States embassy in Lisbon in the last few days — with crowds estimated at 50,000— have emphasized the bitter feeling that has arisen in Portugal over the fateful vote that Adlai Stevenson, with the approval of President Kennedy, cast recently in the United Nations. By that vote, this country took a position at the side of Soviet Russia in calling for an inquiry into the internal affairs of Portugal — the handling of problems arising inside Angola, which is a Portuguese overseas province in Africa. Great Britain and France abstained from voting.



Lawrence

Within the last twenty-four hours comes a Reuters news service dispatch from the Hague, quoting a Dutch newspaper's report that "competent circles" there are holding Under Secretary of State Chester Bowls responsible for America's refusal to attend the installation of the first representative council in the Dutch colony of New Guinea. This was to mark a step toward self-government but evidently displeases Indonesia, which has demanded that it be permitted to annex Dutch New Guinea outright, though the island is 2,000 miles away from the capital of Indonesia.

The newspaper "De Volkskrant" said that the United States informed the Dutch government on March 21 that it would send a representative to the ceremony, but four days later suddenly withdrew its acceptance in a "remarkable change of face."

The State Department, of course, is being defended as trying to win friends in Africa and Asia, especially among the "neutralist" powers. "The Washington Post," for instance, said editorially the other day:

"It is neither easy nor pleasant to differ from an ally; and Portugal has been a friend of the United States and a loyal member of NATO. But an alliance undertaken in mutual defense does not and cannot bind each member to sanction all actions of another member or to agree automatically on policies outside the treaty area."

But, unfortunately, other peoples are not always likely to sympathize with such a viewpoint. Instead, they develop feelings of antagonism and unfriendliness. Thus America's intervention in the Suez dispute in 1956 on the side of Nasser of Egypt, and against Great Britain, France and Israel, may have saved all three countries from guerrilla warfare of costly proportions but the public-opinion polls in Britain, for instance, during the Eisenhower administration undoubtedly registered a drop of several points because of that action of the United States.

Also, there's no telling why President de Gaulle today is so uncooperative with American policies and has been giving the cold shoulder to some of the Kennedy proposals, especially in relation to Laos. But this is being speculated on abroad as one of the unfortunate results of Mr. Kennedy's letter about Algeria, written during the campaign which was interpreted abroad as anti-French.

There was a time when major governments confined their diplomacy to external affairs and when these governments did not interfere in the internal affairs of other countries unless a threat to international peace was involved. What's happening in Angola or in New Guinea is hardly a threat to the peace of the United States, and that's why it seems difficult to understand why President Kennedy is permitting his subordinate officials to mess up relations with allied governments, thus considerably reducing the prestige of the United States among peoples hitherto friendly to this country.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: I have read somewhere that Christ died for the sins of the whole world, and if that is true, why do preachers make such an issue of the fact that many people are going to be lost and why do they continue to call them to repentance? R.C.

ANSWER: The particular scripture that you seem to have in mind is found in I John 2:2 where it is written, "And he is the propitiation for our sins: and not for our sins only, but also for the whole world."

Or you may be thinking of the scripture in John 4:42 where the Samaritans said about Jesus, "Now we believe, not because of thy speaking: for we have heard for ourselves and know that this is indeed the Saviour of the world."

Scriptures such as this mean that when Jesus came into the world He did make salvation possible for every person without respect of his race or cultural background. He is in the truest sense the Saviour of the world because He has been offered to the whole world. The reason many people will not participate in the blessing that He came to secure through His death and resurrection is that they reject Him as their Saviour and will not have Him. Therefore, although He is potentially the Saviour of every man. He is not so in the experience of those who have finally and definitely rejected Him. Any man can have all of his sins forgiven if in repenteance and faith he trusts in Christ. But if he is condemned, it is a condemnation that he has deliberately asked for and accepted completely on his own responsibility.

TV Potentials

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY

David Sarnoff, chairman of R.C.A., is gifted with imagination and prescience. He has now come up with a very useful idea. Let me quote him:

"Through a blend of electronic computation and communication techniques, it would be possible to establish a National Medical Clearing House which could serve as a central repository for all the latest medical information. By a combination of communications circuits, every major hospital and medical school in the country could be tied into this Clearing House.

"If a doctor in a San Francisco hospital sought the source of information on a particular subject, he would simply dial a number. Instantly, a relevant bibliography would flash on a television - like screen before him. Then, when he made his choice of a particular article, he could dial again and get a microfilm version of the article on his screen."

The real point of all this is that knowledge is being accumulated too rapidly even for the specialists to know a subject in its entirety. Research is done in a thousand places and one place has just reached the moment when something is found that can save a life. But that something has not yet worked its way into medical literature. Yet this one little fact might give a sick person a few more years of life.

The top doctors like the top men in any profession are very busy and hard to get to. Hospitals do not readily interchange staffs. Nevertheless there is always one man, brilliant, imaginative, projecting his ideas far beyond the moment, who can save a life even by a suggestion. In the critical moments between life and death, the miraculous does occur, and the miraculous is often a great mind that hits the spot.

This is particularly true in the treatment of cancers about which so much is now known and so many lives are being saved. Sarnoff's proposal will be established because it is logical. The day may come when an excellent doctor worried about a detail will be able to call a central clearing house to ask who knows about this.

What General Sarnoff is really calling our attention to is the need for total utilization of all the developments in science which are now at our disposal. He recognized that such a device as color television may be used for much more than exhibiting the art of Bob Hope or Red Skelton to say nothing of Zsa Zsa Gabor. Already television is being used to teach many subjects. The time will come when public demand will require the television companies and the so-called sponsors to use this device for something more than theater, although theater has its place. But does it always have to be murder?

I sometimes wonder if General Sarnoff ever watches television to see the hours frittered away in miserable trivialities surely unfit for his grandchildren. It must be worrisome to think of what can be done with this medium that is not being done and the responsibility for telling the public of its possibilities is up to the television industry. The day may come when this device too will be used to save lives.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Understand

One of the greatest attributes . . . a person can possess . . . is true understanding . . . of another's stress . . . not everyone is capable . . . of giving this great gift . . . that never fails to constitute . . . a perfect mental lift . . . most people are self-centered . . . they cannot spare the time . . . to give life tender meaning . . . and add reason to rhyme . . . but if they stand to benefit . . . they're waiting at the door . . . and, with clever actions . . . they pretend to adore . . . it isn't hard to recognize . . . blessed tenderness . . . from the cunning masquerade . . . of a false caress . . . so when a fellow traveler . . . burns from trouble's brand . . . you can ease his heartache if . . . you try to understand.

Horoscope

Refuse all unnecessary risks; will be energetic.



THE NEW LIGHT

By MARY GEISS SEIFERT

(Conclusion)

Sarah Ann journeyed to Bernville, bent on having a new dress, for any Pennsylvania German girl who had no new dress for Whitsuntide was either very poor or very careless, and Sarah Ann was neither. Then, too, had not Charles Clay asked her to dance with him on Battalion Day, that gala event which always came on Whitmonday? She knew just how that dress of rose sprigged muslin would look on her with all its pleats and ruffles and lace. But then—!

SARAH ANN was happy in her work but longed for time to sew and to learn to read and write better. Her one great ambition was that she might visit the shops in Reading. Reading was only fifteen miles away, but Sarah Ann had never been there. And now for the first time in her life she wished that she might have a silk dress. Betsey had several. If she could only have a simple one!

The thought persisted as Sarah Ann attacked the weeds once more. Why couldn't she have a silk dress? She was sure that she had money enough, for she had saved her small earnings carefully. She knew that Sam Miller had some lovely silk material in his store. She had often admired the silk but had never thought of buying any, for it seemed too grand for a plain girl like herself.

Now, however, things looked differently. A silk dress was none too fine to dance with Charles on Battalion Day. She would have a silk dress. She knew the very pattern she wanted, a soft silvery gray with sprigs of moss roses and tiny green leaves and almost stiff enough to stand alone.

"I am going to have a silk dress, a real silk dress to dance with Charles on Battalion Day", sang Sarah Ann's heart as she finished weeding and went to look at her bread.

She hurried her preparations for the noon meal. Thick slices of ham from the smokehouse, potatoes, boiled and fried in the ham drippings, crisp lettuce, radishes and onions from the garden, milk and butter from the springhouse, jellies and pickles, bread and pies from the pantry. The task seemed endless, but at last the meal was over, the dishes washed, and Sarah Ann was free.

In a very short while she was bathed and dressed and made a sweet picture in her pretty print dress with her covered basket on her arm. In the basket were the pats of butter, each carefully wrapped in cabbage leaves rinsed in cold spring water.

Sarah Ann loved the two mile walk to town and usually watched for new flowers or birds. Sometimes she stopped at the Snyder farm for a drink of water and to exchange a bit of gossip with Molly Snyder. Today, however, her mind was such a jumble of Charles, gray silk, moss roses and Battalion Day that she hardly noticed anything along the way.

There was just one shadow in her bright dreams of Battalion Day. She knew that at the end of the day she would have to entertain Charles in the kitchen with its straight chairs and bare floor. Betsey would have the big parlor with its crocheted curtains, rag rugs, horsehair furniture and the shelf with its album, shells, dried grasses and other ornaments.

Sarah Ann was not one to be unhappy long and when she reached Bernville she hurried to Sam Miller's store. She was surprised not to find anyone in the store although there were several horses tied to the hitching posts outside. There was the usual jumble of plows and crackers, nails and muslins, sugar, guns, pots and pans and everything a farmer and his family might need. But Mr. Miller and his clerks were nowhere in sight.

Finally Sarah Ann walked to the rear of the store where she knew the silk materials were kept. There in a little alcove where Mr. Miller had his desk, she saw the proprietor, the clerks, and several customers, watching a stranger demonstrate a new kind of light which he said was ever so much better than a fat lamp or a candle.

He had a low flat glass bottle filled with oil. Instead of a cork, there was a queer shaped contraption made of tin with a wick inside. The stranger demonstrated how this must be fastened to the bottle with the wick extending into the oil.

A lighted match was applied to the other end of the wick and a glass cylinder placed over the lighted wick to cut the draft. The result was a light that did not flicker like a candle and was much brighter than any Sarah Ann had ever seen.

"What crazy thing will they think up next?" asked the village loafer as he turned away.

"Someone is always inventing some new contraption to get people to spend their money", was the comment of Pete, the hostler. Pete was never willing to spend any money for the necessities of life and new inventions were no temptation to him.

The doctor, who liked to join his cronies as they gathered in the village store to discuss the affairs of the day, whenever he had a moment of leisure, was more favorably impressed. "A light like that in every house would result in less suffering from headaches", he said. "The flickering light of candles causes more eystrains which result in headaches", added the schoolmaster. "I am sure there would be more perfect papers."

"Much good that would do if the light would explode and burn their houses over their heads. Candles were good enough for my parents and they are good enough for me", said an old farmer.

"Oh, this lamp will not explode", interrupted the salesman. "In fact a candle is much more dangerous because its flame is not protected." "That is true", added another farmer, "I am sure that my Amanda would like a light like this. She is always complaining about candles dripping on her linens and carpets." "That's just it", said the salesman. "This oil lamp is not only brighter but also cleaner and safer than candles."

Gradually, as Sarah Ann became more and more interested in the conversation, the silk dress was forgotten. When the salesman asked, "Who wants to be the first in Bernville to own an oil lamp", Sarah Ann was as surprised as anyone else to hear her voice answering "I would like to buy the lamp".

It had suddenly occurred to her that with such a wonderful lamp she would not be ashamed of the kitchen. The salesman showed her again how to light and refill the lamp. In due time the lamp was paid for, wrapped and put in Sarah Ann's basket with an extra bottle of oil.

And now she suddenly realized that she did not have money enough left to buy the silk dress. After a moment of regret, she bought the rose sprigged muslin as she had originally planned. She was pleased to find that she had enough money for some pretty buttons and a new ribbon for her hair.

All during the next day she cut and basted, fitted and sewed tiny stitches, hardly taking time to eat. Before Betsey and her father returned, the dress was completed.

Sarah Ann slipped it on and went into Betsey's room that she moght see herself in the long mirror. She was well pleased. The folds hung gracefully and the lace collar and cameo pin were lovely finishing touches.

She turned the dress inside out, carefully hung it over two nails on the wall of her room and covered it with an old sheet.

Then she got out the new lamp and lighted it. She was just a bit afraid of what might happen, but when she applied the lighted match, it shone as brightly and as steadily as it had in the store. After carefully hiding her treasure she went about her preparations for the evening meal.

Battalion Day dawned bright and clear, and when the Greims and Sarah Ann arrived at the Eagle Hotel, they found the town full of people. Mr. Greim busied himself with his horse. Betsey was immediately surrounded by a group of her friends and for a moment Sarah Ann was left standing alone beside the carriage.

Before she could decide just what to do Charles was at her side. He had been fussing with his horse's harness at a neighboring hitching post, and waiting for just such an opportunity. "It's still early", he said. "The militia will not start drilling for another two hours, shall we take a walk?"

As Sarah Ann walked beside Charles down Main Street, she was sure that she was the happiest girl in the county. Charles was not ashamed of her even if she did not have a silk dress. She saw some of the other girls cast envious glances in her direction and knew that they would have been proud to take her place. How wonderful that he had chosen to devote the morning to her alone!

He was telling her about his recent trip to Reading and describing some of the things he had seen in the shops. "I saw some nice looking dresses in the shop windows", he continued, "but not one as pretty as yours. I'll bet that is the prettiest dress the village dressmaker has ever made." — "Much you know about dresses", said Sarah Ann, smiling in happy pride, "or you would know that the silk dresses that Betsey and her friends are wearing are ever so much prettier than mine."

And now they were leaving Main Street and following the road leading to the Union Canal. "I still say this is the prettiest dress and you are the prettiest girl in town today", said Charles. "Stop your teasing," said Sarah Ann," and please don't make fun of this little muslin dress that I made myself."

"Do you mean that you made that dress all by yourself," asked Charles as he drew her beside him on the bench in front of the White Storehouse. "What clever little hands", he added taking her hands firmly in his own as they leaned agaonst the old willow tree by the bench and watched the waters of the canal in silence.

When Charles looked at Sarah Ann again there was something in his eyes that told her he was not teasing. "Sarah Ann", he said, "the land that father has given me is cleared and much of it is under cultivation. I meant to build the house before I spoke to you, but any girl as clever as you deserves to plan her own home."

Sarah Ann studied the tips of her shoes in happy confusoon. Just what could Charles be talking about?"

"Father says there is plenty of stone on the land", he continued. Do you like a stone house, or would you rather have brick?" Still Sarah Ann did not answer. "Look at me, Sarah Ann," said Charles. "Look at me and tell me which you like the better, a stone or a brick house?" Sarah Ann timidly raised her eyes to the level of his chin. "That depends upon the girl", she answered. "Sarah Ann, don't you know? You are the girl. You are the only girl in the world for me. It's your house I have been talking about, yours and mine. Surely, you must have known. It's been you and I for quite a long time, you know. Look at me, Sarah Ann. Tell me, do you think you could love me just a little?" Instead of looking at him, Sarah Ann hid her face against his shoulder. "Oh Charles," she whispered, "I think I have always loved you."

Time sped swiftly as they planned their new home. "I want a stone house" said Sarah Ann. "We can dig the stone from our own land and build it ourselves. You plan the house and I'll do the building," corrected Charles.

They were in the midst of planning a trip to Reading to buy their furniture when the bugle call reminded Charles that he must take his place in the militia.

Sarah Ann was proud as she watched the militia march and countermarch. Not one in the group was taller or handsomer or had a finer bearing than her Charles. After the drilling she and Charles joined in the games and the feasting and Sarah Ann felt sure that never before had any girl been so happy.

That evening as she walked with Charles past the candlelit parlor to the dark kitchen, she felt no pang of jealousy. Charles struck a match and was surprised to find the new lamp instead of a candle.

"Where did you get it", he asked. "I bought it at Sam Miller's store", replied Sarah Ann simply as if it were an everyday occurrence. "I have seen several of these new coal oil lamps in the Reading stores and meant to buy one for mother's birthday" said Charles, "but I did not know that Sam Miller had any in his store."— "He doesn't", said Sarah Ann, "for I bought the only one the salesman brought to the store".

Aroused by the strange new odor of coal oil Mr. Greim came to investigate and Betsey and her friend joined the group. "What goes on?" asked Mr. Greim, "What gives it?" Charles explained about the coal oil lamps he had seen in Reading and Sarah Ann felt herself quote a heroine.

When he proudly smiled and said, "It takes a clever girl like my Sarah Ann to discover and make use of new conveniences", she was sure that she would rather be a girl in sprigged muslin with a coal oil lamp than a girl in silk with a candle.

The End

ER LEBT

Des Heilands Werk iss nau vollendt,
Die Sindeschuld bezaahlt;
Die Zeit im Graab iss nau am End,
Der Dod verliert sei G'walt.

Die Weiwer kumme ans Graab hie,
Mit Aagge draenevoll,
Un wunnere, wer dann fer sie
Der Schtee weg rolle soll.

Der Schtee waar awwer nimmi datt!
Ach, was iss do geschehne?
Der Kaerper Jesu waar aa fatt,
Un des bringt frische Draene.

Mit schwere Herze gehen sie
Noch ihre Heemet zu;
Dann kummt en Mann, den froogge sie:
"Was hoscht mit Ihm geduh?"

Dann guckt er uff sie zaartlich hie,
Un saaft yuscht: "Ma-r-i-a".
"Rabboni! Meeschter!" saagt noh sie,
"Mei Freind! Mei Heiland aa!"

Uff Oschtre soll mer freehlich sei;
Ken Dodesengel schwebt
Iwwer Kreiz un Graab. 'S iss verbei —
Der Haerr, der Heiland lebt!

Er saagt so sanft: "Glaab yuscht an mich,
Noh soll es dir gut sei,
Do in der Welt un ewichlich,
Wann du bleibscht mir getrei"

—FRANK H. OBERHOLTZER

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Editorials

Why the Delay?

The so-called Lindbergh law which makes it a federal offense to cross state lines to commit kidnaping did not entirely relegate this crime to legal tomes or history books. It has, however, been effective in bringing about a sharp reduction.

New laws Atty. Gen. Robert F. Kennedy wants Congress to enact to curb racketeering will not end all the crimes in this category. They will, however, give sharp pause to those whose nefarious actions breed violence and murder as they milk Americans in every income bracket.

Five of the new proposals are similar to those Congress for one reason or another refused to pass when they were recommended by Mr. Kennedy's predecessor. All of them are designed to deny racket barons their essential tools and bring them under the jurisdiction of federal enforcement agents and federal courts.

They would, for example, make it possible for the FBI to swoop down on a basketball pool operator in Lehigh County or a horse parlor in Schuylkill County and take anyone using interstate telephone or telegraph lines to ply these trades into federal courts. The kingpins could be arrested regardless of whether they were holed up in command posts and counting houses in Palm Beach, Chicago or Hollywood. Any attempt to coerce witnesses would be a federal offense. Prosecutors would present evidence to federal grand juries rather than to county panels.

These laws are necessary, Atty. Gen. Kennedy insists, because in some areas traditional enforcement has been corrupted, because in others the rackets have outgrown local authorities, because they have become too widespread, too well-organized and too rich. Atty. Gen. Rodgers made substantially the same plea for similar powers during the previous administration.

This is the second time in recent years members of Congress have been given the opportunity to stand up and be counted on a matter that should be completely beyond politics. This is the second time they have been asked for laws necessary to battle crime from its grass roots dens to its gold coast palaces.

Sooner or later, a good many Americans are going to ask why, in the face of the convincing evidence at hand, such action has so long been delayed.

Anglo-American Unity

In their days together, President Kennedy and Prime Minister Macmillan are doing more than talking about what their nations can and must do together in Laos and Berlin, in Geneva and at the United Nations, in South Viet Nam and in the Congo.

They are making it just as clear as Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill did in their own times that if this is to be a world of order, these two nations must stand together. If need be, they once again must be prepared and willing to fight together against a common enemy.

It is important for the Washington conferences to leave this impact on freedom loving people on both sides of the Atlantic. It is just as important for a complete and convincing understanding of it to penetrate the iron curtain.

Mr. Khrushchev's techniques are neither baffling nor mysterious. Every feint, every new threat is recognized as an attempt to drive a chink in the armor of the great western powers or to separate them from one or more of their allies. He may not understand that Britain and the United States can bicker on relatively petty matters and still stand together when the chips are down. He should be familiar with enough history, however, to know that when these two nations stand firmly together no combination of forces ever has been able to defeat them.

Once again in Washington, the leaders of the British and American nations have drawn a sharp line. Loudly enough for Mr. Khrushchev to hear, they have told the free German nation they will fully maintain their position in West Berlin. They have been equally firm in their stand on Laos and in their support of Mr. Hammarskjold and the United Nations edicts in the Congo.

Obviously, they are not handing Mr. Khrushchev a transcript of their talks or a blueprint of the plans evolving from them. They are, however, saying once again that they are united in the common cause of preserving their own freedom and assuring it to others.

This stand is more than a tradition and a heritage. It is a necessity. People of both nations must understand that it is.

What Others Say
Speak Fang-Bulu?

(Milwaukee Journal)

Rising unemployment or no, there are still jobs going begging for people who qualify. Right now there are any number of openings for those who can speak certain languages — Ewe, Fang-Bulu, Ganda, Berber of even Geez.

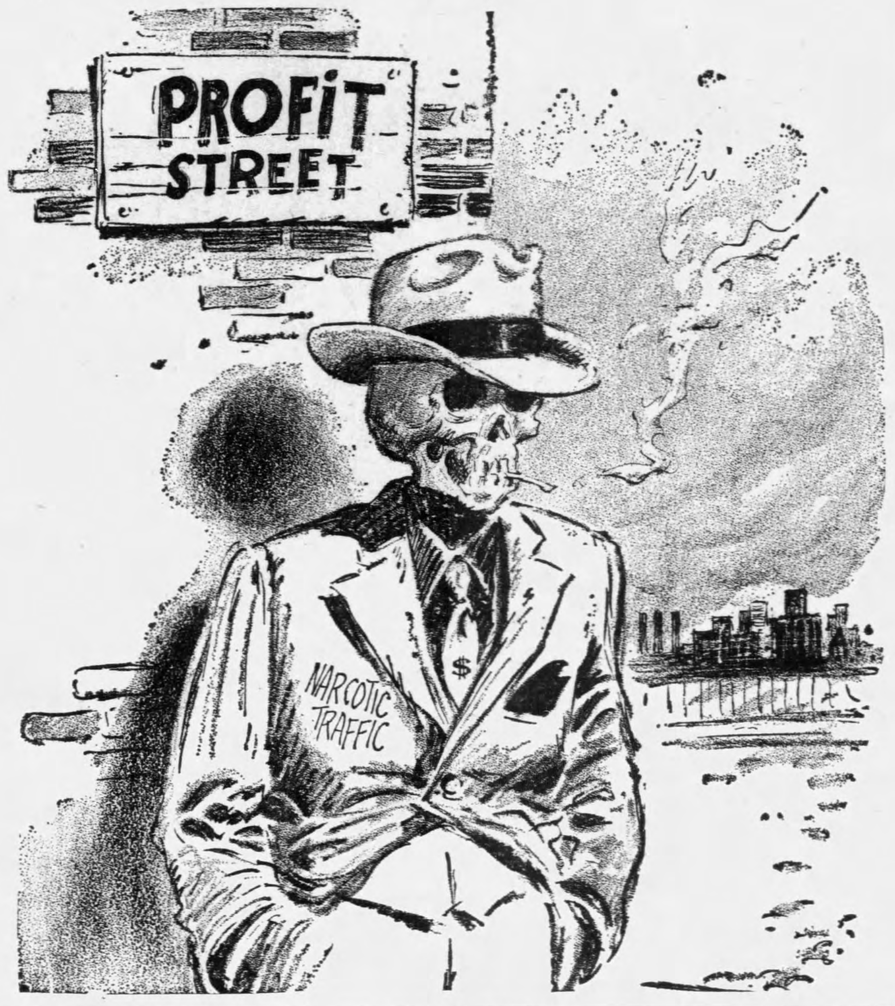
These are among many African languages that the State Department is particularly interested in. Not that its personnel shortages exist only in those who speak these languages. The department is also looking for prospective foreign service officers who can speak Laotian, Thai and a whole string of dialects and languages used in India Many private companies with branches overseas are in the market, too.

Some of the languages are so little known that textbooks have to be written before they can even be taught. Right now, an exchange student at Indiana University from Ghana is sitting down regularly with a graduate student who is carefully recording Tshi, which is spoken by about three million Africans. Once the alphabet and vocabulary and pronunciations are recorded we'll have the start of a textbook for students who want to learn Tshi.

There are a number of State Department and Office of Education programs to encourage language study, with particular emphasis on the more obscure languages. In this school year, according to the Wall Street Journal, the office of education has awarded $1,675,000 in 472 language fellowships. That compares with $500,000 for 171 scholarships last year and an estimated $2,950,000 for 750 starting next summer.

The State Department, after July 31, is going to give bonuses of $150 to $1,575 a year to foreign service officers who use and keep up knowledge of some 31 "hard" languages — such as Amharic, Kurdish and Urdu.

Watching All the Laws Go By



Dealing With Experts

By DAVID LAWRENCE

It is opportune to put into perspective President Kennedy's venture into personal diplomacy. His talks in Washington with Prime Minister Macmillan and Chancellor Adenauer and the later visit which Mr. Kennedy plans to make for conferences with President de Gaulle in Paris are the direct result of the American Presidential election — a change in personnel here and maybe in international policy.

Mr. Macmillan is an old hand — an experienced diplomat — and Mr. de Gaulle and Mr. Adenauer have a long - time background in international controversies. The big question is how these experienced diplomats will bargain and trade in the next few months with the relatively inexperienced President of the United States.


Lawrence

For Mr. Kennedy has let it be known that he himself is going to handle negotiations on the big problems. He has some able advisers who have been in government for some time, but not one has the intimate knowledge of the American government's long and at times difficult negotiations with our allies that President Eisenhower and the members of the National Security Council obtained in the last eight years.

A Matter of Trades

Diplomacy is, of course, often a matter of trades and reciprocal concessions. The British, for instance, know that the Red China problem is acutely controversial in the United States. It isn't in Britain, and the Macmillan government can take any position it pleases on that question, advancing or retreating, but the United States cannot. So the British diplomats will argue for something they are anxious to get from America and trade if off for a willingness to let the Red China problem ride for a while.

What do the British really want? What do the French want? What do the Germans want? Obviously, they want issues settled in a way that will benefit them on the economic side. The key to many a problem confronting the Conservative government in Britain is increased export trade for British companies. In making a settlement in Southeast Asia, benefits to British trade and maintaining friendly relations with Red China — so as to preserve territorial possession of Hong Kong for Britain — are both more important than they appear to be on the surface.

'Practical' Policy

Indeed, a close look at the diplomacy of our European allies today brings out the materialistic rather than the idealistic motivation. Thus, British spokesmen are ready to forget the 157,000 casualties suffered by the American people in the Korean War and are prepared to brush aside the ideals proclaimed by the United Nations when, by formal resolution, it pronounced Red China an "aggressor." To ignore the past is what is called "practical" and "realistic" policy. It goes along with the viewpoints expressed by some so-called "liberals" in the United States, who say that Red China must be recognized as a "fact." But so is the aggression by Red China in Korea a "fact," and so is the tyranny imposed today by the Communists on the Chinese people. Is America's anti-colonial zeal to be confined to Portuguese Angola and the Congo?

The real concern here is whether President Kennedy will succumb to these new doctrines called "liberal," or whether he will stand up for American idealism when he is confronted by European statesmen.

The sad truth is that Mr. Kennedy has to go to school to get all the background of what has happened in the last eight years. He was to learn by actual contact with the European diplomats just what kind of game they play. He would have been better advised to avoid the spectacular meetings at the top for a while and to have communicated through ambassadors for several months until he acquired an intimate background.

The Nazi Party

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

When a body of Americans calls itself the "American Nazi Party" it is guilty of an absurdity. An American cannot be a Nazi. A Nazi is a German National Socialist, a follower of Adolf Hitler, against whom the United States declared war. This so-called American organization uses the Swastika as an emblem.


Sokolsky

The State of Virginia, in giving the "American Nazi Party" a charter, joined in this absurdity. There may be some explanation for this, but whatever it may be, it is an absurdity. The leader of this organization, George Lincoln Rockwell, tries to look, to dress, to act like Hitler which makes him ridiculous because Rockwell comes from Maine not from Austria. Hitler was funny. An imitation Hitler is more funny.

There are several ways of looking at this movement:

1. They are sincere men and women who, having become distressed or disgusted by their environment, are rebelling against society and adopt Hitler as a model;
2. That they are mad;
3. That they are insincere opportunists trying to make a dishonest dollar by a gimmick;
4. That they are agents for some neo-Nazi faction in Germany;
5. That they are witting or unwitting agents for Soviet Russia which is setting up similar groups in many countries at the present time.

Which of these assumptions or which combination of them is correct, I do not know. But it is obvious that the "American Nazi Party" is a nuisance and cannot be treated otherwise. Wherever it goes, it creates a storm of protest, often of a violent physical turn.

Not a Right

The right of association is Constitutional, but it is not absolute. It is impossible, for instance, to charter Murder, Inc., nor is it permissible for anarchists to organize to assassinate the President of the United States.

The assumption that a street corner orator is within his rights if he carries an American flag is nonsense; he may carry the flag to denounce it, to assault it.

When the State of Virginia granted the American Nazi Party a charter, some official was not thinking clearly. He would not have granted such a document to anybody during World War II.

The Nazi, a socialist party not very different in basic ideology from the Communists, added a racial touch to their program. The reason that Hitler needed racism was that socialism is not politically dramatic. To feed the populace, something must be added. Hitler added genocide. His program was to kill Jews and thus add the excitement of murder to his brand of socialism. He managed to kill 6,000,000 of them.

A Nazi therefore is a National Socialist who accepts racism as a creed and who believes that murder is justifiable if it is committed wholesale and by orders of the Party.

The danger of all this in this country is that the victims will not submit and wherever the American Nazi Party or its leaders appear, others appear to take them on. This means riots. Such disorders are not needed here and generally public authorities put them down with fire-hose although machine guns are at times also used. Who needs it?

Exhibitionism and egotism are amusing until they become a bore.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

What We Are

It matters not who we may be ... a beggar or a king ... it's what we are that really counts ... over everything ... it's the honesty and goodness ... woven in a person's heart ... that has the magic power ... to set them far apart ... position may be power ... but it doesn't make a man ... it's the little things of living ... that compose God's wondrous plan ... those who practice understanding ... fill this life with tenderness ... yes, the gift of understanding ... is a warm and sweet caress ... these are just some of the treasures ... that fill this life with cheer ... it's not who we are but what we are ... that counts most, while we are here.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: What is purity of Heart? I hear much about this in the church I attend, but in a world like we live in, I can hardly conceive of an absolute "pure heart." O.W.

ANSWER: I am glad that your church is concerned about making men's hearts pure. I wish more people were interested in "interior decorating," rather than the frivolous and transient things of life. Civilization as we know it is declining partially because we are losing our appreciation for spiritual and moral values.

Purity of heart is something that only God can accomplish. The Bible says: "If we confess our sins unto Him, he is faithful and just to forgive our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." God not only forgives our sins, but through Christ He gives us a new nature. As Paul said: "Old things are passed away, and all things are become new." Purity of heart is a miracle of God. You are right when you say you can't conceive of it in a world like we live in — this is an "other-world" experience. It is the kingdom of heaven descending to earth. It is "Christ in you, the hope of glory."

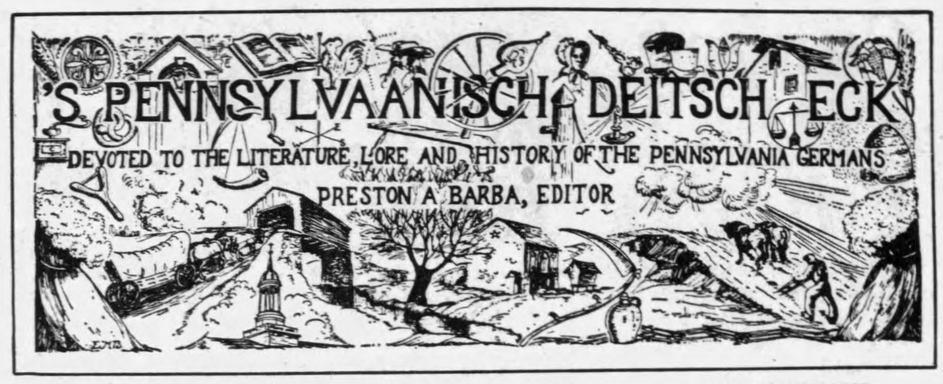
You would do well to listen carefully to what your minister has to say about purity of heart, because all of us were born with impure heart. "All have sinned," declares the Scriptures, but in Christ we have forgiveness and cleansing. His grace prepares us to live in a pure place, with redeemed, pure people, forever.

Horoscope

The year ends better than it begins. Today's child will be delicate.

Factographs

From 1940 to 1960, the number of United States teen-agers increased about four million to 28,856,000.



BOOK REVIEW

BLACK ROCK: Mining Folklore of the Pennsylvania Dutch. By George Korson. The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, Md. Pp. 453. $7.50.

Ever since 1789, when Dr. Benjamin Rush, distinguished surgeon and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, wrote "An Account of the Manners of the German Inhabitants of Pennsylvania", it has been taken for granted that the Pennsylvania Germans were primarily tillers of the soil. It remained for George Korson, historian and folklorist, to prove that the Pennsylvania Germans, traditionally an agricultural people, played an important part in the discovery of anthracite coal in eastern Pennsylvania, in the development of the mining industry there and in the subsequent building of canals and railroads as transportation avenues for that industry.

In the presentation of this obscure chapter in the cultural history of the Pennsylvania Germans the author has preferred to follow Dunne's Mr. Dooley's concept of history, when he says: "It any wan comes along with a histhry iv Greece or Rome that'll show me th' people fightin', gettin' dhrunk, makin' love, gettin' married, owin' th' grocery man an' bein' without hard-coal, I'll believe they was a Greece or Rome, but not befure. . ." Mr. Dooley would have been pleased with George Korson.

This work was begun at a time when twilight had already descended upon the coal industry after more than a century of intensive activity, but the author did not lack for material. A skilled researcher in Pennsylvania history and folklore over many years, he left no printed sources in the way of local histories, newspapers and industrial reports unturned. From these, and from his many tape recordings on the part of aged informants the author culled what he believed to be interesting, significant and characteristic of the Pennsylvania Germans. As a scholar of integrity he distinguishes between fact and fancy, engaged not so much in disentangling the threads of history and of lore, but rather to interweave them into a whole fabric.

And yet the further one follows his fascinating narrative the more one is inclined to believe that the subtitle of this book is a misnomer and that Korson the historian has outdone Korson the folklorist. That he himself sensed this, would seem to be indicated in the first defensive paragraphs of the Preface, in which he expresses his belief in the functional view of folklore, namely, that folklore, as expressed in the words of Louis C. Jones, Director of the New York State Historical Association, is the most fragile kind of history . . . that it is the part of history which is unwritten, until somebody takes the trouble to preserve it.

In his first well documented chapter the author denudes the legendary discoverer of anthracite coal who has long held a place beside such American folk heroes as Paul Bunyan and Johnny Appleseed and proves Philip Ginder to have been a German immigrant from the Palatinate who took his oath of allegiance in Philadelphia in 1746; that he established himself as a miller in the Mahoning Valley 45(!) years later, a respected trustee of the Reformed Church congregation; that he was not the first to discover anthracite coal; and that in 1791 he accidentally came upon anthracite coal, not while hunting game, as the legend goes, but while looking for conglomerate rock from which to cut his millstones. If the tax lists of "over-the-mountain" settlers include the name of Philip Kinder as early as 1754 one can only wonder that he took up milling in 1791: and further, where those early settlers procured stones for their gristmills in the intervening years. It could hardly have been unknown to them that millstones of high quality were being quarried in Lancaster County as early as the 1770's.

In considering the various spellings of the hero's name, the author finds "Ginter" most frequent in print, but for himself accepts "Ginder", apparently without realizing that both forms are only a Palatine dialect coloration of vowel and consonant of "Guenther" (also without **h**), common both as a German given name and family name, from the Old High German components **gund** (battle) and **heri** (host or army).

It would be interesting to know whether the term "stone coal" derives from the German "Steinkohlen" (anthracite was known in Germany since the twelfth century) in distinction to lignite and bituminous coal, and whether it even suggested the title of the book.

In the next eight chapters Korson sets forth the history of the anthracite coal industry with special emphasis upon the part the Pennsylvania "Dutch" have taken in it. We need only to mention successive chapters to denote the scope of the material: When Anthracite Made Steel; The World's Largest Canal System; Cradle of American Railroading; Monopoly Takes Over — a fascinating narrative burgeoning forth a wealth of details, interesting though frequently irrelevant, in which the modicum of mining lore of the Pennsylvania Germans becomes submerged. The author's vast erudition and the amazing virtuosity exhibited in the presentation of his material is nowhere better illustrated than on the two pages 164 and 165, in the course of which we learn about the pioneer settlers of Lykens Valley; about Simon Gratz, founder of the town of Gratz, scion of a prominent Jewish Philadelphia family, descendant "like other Pennsylvania Dutch" from eighteenth-century immigrants from Germany, whose father Michael, together with his brother Barnard, emigrated from Silesia and landed in Philadelphia in 1756. The adventurous Michael became a large owner in Virginia and also in the Mohawk Valley where he founded Gratzburg and may have sold a portion of it to James Fenimore Cooper's father for the latter's settlement of Cooperstown. Another of Michael's twelve children was Rebecca Gratz (1781-1869), generally recognized as the original of the famous Rebecca in Sir Walter Scott's novel Ivanhoe, Scott having heard through Washington Irving about Rebecca's charm and beauty, about her social work in Philadelphia and about her loyalty to her Jewish religion, even to the extent of sacrificing a possibly happy marriage. Michael's sons Simon and Hyman, commission merchants and brokers in Philadelphia, in 1798 purchased a red-brick building at the southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, an historic house, for in 1776 Thomas Jefferson occupied the entire second floor in the front room of which he wrote the Declaration of Independence! **Multum in parvo.** Perhaps some readers would settle for less but more straight-line information about the mining lore of the Pennsylvania Germans.

It becomes apparent that all this was but to serve as an historic background. In the remaining chapters the author now focuses upon a comparatively small area, namely, the West End of Schuylkill County, where he believes the Pennsylvania German miners who commute between their farms and the coal mines are the best conveyors of their folklore. We read about their folkways: their cookery, their dialect and "Dutchisms", their courtship and marriage (not overlooking the perennial subject of bundling), their folk medicine and powwowing, most of it familiar and common to all Pennsylvania German areas, but now interspersed with ghost stories, mule driver legends (including the Molly Maguires as well as "Der Ewich Yaeger" and **Elbedritsche Fange,** age-old folk property), a veritable potpourri, interesting enough, but only too easily leading to the notion that it adds up to a distinctive mining lore of the Pennsylvania Germans. In all this the author seems not to have drawn a sharp line between what is lore and what is folklore, between common folk property and what is unique and solely mining folklore of the Pennsylvania "Dutch", miners.

Research for the material compiled in this book was made possible under a three year Guggenheim grant. He feels that the results have been gratifying in all types except in Folksong and Balladry. Why did the Pennsylvania German coalminers not create mining songs as did their British, Welsh, Scottish and Irish fellow American miners? (See Korson's Songs and Ballads of the Anthracite Miner, N.Y., 1927). It is a question that awaits an answer.

This book was brought to publication with the assistance of a grant from the Ford Foundation. A part of the edition was furnished with a Foreword by Homer T. Rosenberger, President of the Pennsylvania German Society and distributed among its members as Vol. 59 of its publications. It is dedicated to the late William S. Troxell, the beloved dialect columnist known far and wide as "Pumpernickel Bill".

Despite its rather slender content with respect to the mining folklore of the Pennsylvania Germans, in a stricter connotation of that term, this book will remain a unique and generous contribution to our **Americana.**

—PRESTON A. BARBA

ERINNERUNG

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

—LLOYD A. MOLL

IM BERGELAND

Apropos of George Korson's BLACK ROCK, reviewed in the Eck today, are the following verses. Even though the mountain sides are scarred by the hand of man, farm lands laid waste and dotted now with rude shanties housing a racial "mischmasch" of English, German, Welsh and Irish coal miners, the poet's heart still clings to those mountain heights.—Ed.

Do wohnt mer in dem Bergeland,
Es froogt sich mol—warum?
Die Berge sin so greislich hoch,
Die Vaelleys sin so krumm;
Die Felse sin gar schrecklich gross —
'S iss alles rau un wild.
Fer zaarte Leit iss so en Land
En waahres Yammerbild.

Nau harch emol des Gschwetz do aa —
'S iss Englisch, Deitsch un Welsch;
En bissel French kummt aa dezu,
Un Irish Kauderwelsch.
Hello, was des en Mischwasch iss,
Do werd mer yo ball schei;
En mancher nemmt gewiss sei Hut
Un schpringt, bei meiner Trei.

Guckt nau yuscht mol die Miners aa!
Die sin so schwarz wie Blaeck;
Mer meecht sowohl en Neger sei!
Vun so was will ich weck.
Do kumme gwiss kee Gentleleit
Aus denne Lecher raus.
Wer Kohle graawe will, der kann —
Ich bin net datt druff aus.

Es gebt so wennich Baureland
In daere Gegend do,
Un wann mer ebbes esse will,
Bezaahlt mer aa dernoh.
Des iss ken Blatz fer faule Leit,
Mitaus sie hen viel Geld;
Die Loafers gehe als ball fatt
In 'n anner Deel der Welt.

Do nunner noch Phildelphy hie
Iss alles schee un neiss;
Die Schtedt, die sin so arrig gross,
Die Leit, die sin so weiss.
Do denkt en mancher Gentlemann:
"Die Berge meegge geh";
Yuscht wann's an Kohle fehlt, ihr Kerls,
Dann iss der Henker los.

Well, well, so iss es ewwe nau,
En yeder hot sei Sinn;
Es muss en wennich gschpassich sei
Wann ich net yuscht so bin,
Ich weess net was die Ursach iss,
Ich fiehl's do in meim Herz;
Des Bergeland, do henk ich draa,
Un 's Rausgeh macht mir Schmerz.

Verleicht sin es scheene, griene Beem,
Verleicht sin 's Felsewend;
Es iss verleicht die reine Luft—
Mer greift 's net mit de Hend.
Well, sei 's nau graad yuscht was es will,
Des macht mer gaar nix aus;
Des Bergeland, des gleich ich gut,
Do geh ich noch net raus.

Die bleeche Schtedtler schtecke mer
Mol gut in Cities drin;
Ins scheene eewene Baureland
Do will ich aa net hin.
Die Welt maag schunscht viel scheener sei,
Do hab ich gaar nix draa;
Waer fatt geh will, der geh yuscht hie,
Ich bleib noch bissel do.

—REV. ISAAC E. GRAEFF

EN SCHWEIZER DUTZEND

Sie hen als gsaat fer lenger wann mer en Dutzend Kuche, Weck odder Bretzels kaaft hett vum Becker hett er als en extraa Schtick mitgewwe, noh hett mer dreizeh grickt fer en Dutzend. Sell waar so lang zerick ass ich's vergesse hab. Heitesdaags grickt mer zwelfe fer en Dutzend un ken Schtick meh. Nee, es watt ken extraa Schtick neigschmisse.

In Englisch, wann mer dreizeh grickt hot fer en Dutzend, hen sie als gsaat, sell waer "A baker's dozen." Mir Deitsche hen des als en Schweizer Dutzend gheese. Ich weess net ferwas. Verleicht weil die Schweizer arrig freigewwich sin.

Die alte Daagge waare als lieblich. Die Bissnissleit hen eem ebmols ebbes gewwe fer en Schenkaasche (present.) Ich un en Klarrick im Kleederschtor hen doyetz do driwwer ghandelt.

Ich hab en Paar Hossedraeger gebraucht. Er hot alle Sadde fer mich gelegt. Wie ich an der Preiszettel geguckt hab, iss es mir gans verleed warre. Ich hab endlich en Paar kaaft fer zwee Daaler. Sell hot mir bissel wehgeduh. Ich un der Klarrick hen noh gschwetzt vun der alte Zeit. Wann mer en Suit Kleeder Kaaft hot, hen sie als en Paar Hossedraeger neigschmisse fer nix. Awwer Selli Zeite sin bei Gosch verbei.

Der Mann wa Brod gebacke hot, iss als ans Haus kumme paar Mol die Woch mit Geil un Wagge. Fer alle Leeb Brod ass mer kaaft hen, hot er en Bretzel neigschmisse fer gut Moos. Es Brod waar als fimf Cent der Leeb un die scheene groosse Kichlin waare als zehe Cent's Dutzend. Oft hot mer noh noch en Schweizer Dutzend grickt. So gebt's nimmi viel Sache — doch hot's noch en Latt gutmeeniche Leit.

Der Kaschbar Hofnagel vun der Lebanon News

THE MORNING CALL

David A. Miller, Publisher-Director 1895-1958

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Editorials

This Shrinking World

Announcement by United Airlines of increased service at the Allentown - Bethlehem - Easton airport effective April 30 will bring the total number of daily flights to 18.

Considering the size of planes now in use, this means a tremendous potential of passenger traffic. It reflects also the constant growth of the local airport as an important medium of transportation.

Residents of the Lehigh Valley will soon be within only a few hours travel time of the West Coast and most European capitals, not to mention an ever-increasing number of American cities.

These are facilities we take for granted. But we do not think often enough that such things don't just happen. It took a lot of planning and a lot of doing and a lot of stamina to withstand the disappointments of the years to bring about this fine community asset.

Not a few of us remember when the small group of men who raised the first $150,000 to purchase the land on which the airport was established were called visionaries and worse. This something to recall as you step on a plane in Allentown at 4:05 in the afternoon and arrive in San Francisco in time for a good night's sleep. It is something to recall also when you are tempted to brush off all proposals for community improvement because the need for them seems so far away.

Make Use of Canal

By no means in the realm of the visionary is the proposal of several state agencies to take over the Lehigh River Canal in cooperation with local groups and develop it as a recreational area.

This fine stretch of waterway running 40 miles from Lehigh Gap to Easton has been abandoned for all practical purposes these many years. But as a number of groups have demonstrated, it can easily be transformed into a recreational area literally thousands of persons could use for a great portion of every year.

Unless the canal is put to some such practical use, it is bound to deteriorate into a liability. Now, while it is reasonably intact, is the time to act, especially if every community involved will volunteer to make its stretch of the canal a part of its park and recreational system.

At Last!

For some weeks now the true trout fisherman has been going about with a far away look in his eye. In fact, ever since the new calendars for 1961 came out, the date, April 15, has been boldly circled. Long since he has warned his good wife not to make any social commitments for this weekend, and preferably for no other weekend between now and Labor Day.

Meanwhile, he has been digging out his tackle, oiling reels, greasing lines, sorting flies, mending waders, varnishing rods and generally making a nuisance of himself about the house as he demands in loud and irritable tones to know what nitwit hid his precious fishing equipment. As it turns out, no one did. It's usually right in the corner of the attic or cellar where he threw it last fall. But wise wives have long since learned there is no use arguing the point.

For the trout fisherman is a strange creature, full of contradictions and perverseness.

He will scream all winter over the slightest draught of cold air, but on April 15, he will wade waist deep in freezing streams without the slightest qualm.

For eight months of the year, he will consider himself put upon if he has to walk more than a block for any purpose. But on opening day, he will cheerfully walk five miles over the most difficult terrain in heavy boots and loaded down with enough equipment for a polar expedition.

Between fall and spring he will be a bear cat on diet. Let the trout season begin, though, and his ulcers will suddenly disappear, and his intake of forbidden food and drink becomes nothing short of prodigious. Many persons erroneously believe all a trout fisherman does is fish.

Well, this is his day. Long before sunrise he arose voluntarily without benefit of better half or alarm clock, slipped out into the cold, grey dawn, took his place at a favorite spot along his favorite stream. There this perverse creature indulged in his idea of fun until he caught the limit or collapsed from exhaustion.

Monday he will be back on the job, his head full of cold, his back full of kinks, his ulcer throbbing, but his disposition will be fine; for his mind will be on the big one that got away or better yet the big one that didn't get away.

And if you should question his sanity he will simply smile knowingly, serene in his knowledge that the good Lord must have intended man to spend more time fishing, or he would not have made the world two thirds water and one third land.

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. Letters will not be published without a legitimate signature. The right to condense is reserved by the publishers.

Help Us to Comprehend

To the Editor:

On reading the editorial entitled "Man in Space" in today's Morning Call, I felt impelled to send you the prayer that I wrote.

Hevenly Father, we pray that Thou wilt help us to live by Thy precepts. Through faith, prayer and deed help and guide us in Thy ways. We pray that through Thee all men learn to live together in love and brotherhood. As we send our rockets higher and higher into Thy heaven, and lift the veil on the horizons of space, cleanse us of all false ideologies. Keep our minds and our spirits free, so that we shall not be enslaved by the threat of destruction by the awesome weapons of our invention. Teach us to dwell together in unity, so that we may be worthy to approach the stairway to Thy stars, as we seek to comprehend the mysteries of Thy universe. Amen.

It is always encouraging and often inspiring to read the fine editorials in your paper, and this one particularly should provoke profound thought in all your readers.

Mrs. Esther Klein
10 S. West St.
Allentown, Pa.

Cosmonaut Columbus



Race in Inventions

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Not by any means the greatest "feat" in world history, but in many respects the biggest disgrace — this is another way to look at the successful launching of a man into outer space by the Soviets.

Millions of human beings in Russia live six to a room in slums and in hovels, while millions of others work in slave-labor camps. Billions of dollars that should be expended to lift the living standards of a nation are spent instead for one of the most spectacular propaganda stunts of all times.



Lawrence

For what else is it? Is human life improved because a small vehicle travels in the sky at about the same distance from the earth as New York is from Wilmington or Baltimore? Was human life any further advanced because in 1957 the first "Sputnik" sped around the earth in an hour and a half?

Today the United States continues to have 22 "Sputniks" in orbit around the globe and the Russians have one. Has any human being felt any benefit from such stunts? President Kennedy stated, in a nutshell, at his Wednesday press conference the simple truth about the Soviet's cruel disregard of human welfare as it concentrates on propaganda stunts. He said:

"A dictatorship enjoys advantages in this kind of competition over a short period, by its ability to mobilize its resources for a specific purpose."

This is the real reason for the Soviet achievement in sending the first man into outer space. The United States could have done it even earlier if it had decided to take away from other necessary things the money to spend on space research.

As it is, the people of the Soviet Union are deprived of the benefits of better living. It is significant that one of the big rewards to the new "hero of the Soviet Union" is that he will be permitted to have a four-room apartment for himself, wife and two children, instead of the two rooms he has heretofore been allotted.

Also, this same dictatorship, by concentrating so much money annually on military weapons, has caused the United States likewise to spend large sums. In the end, people everywhere suffer. Can it be said that a dictatorship which is responsible for such deprivation and such disregard of what is truly human welfare now deserves the plaudits of the world for having sent a man high into space before any other nation could do it?

President Kennedy put his finger on what ought really to be giving concern to the world — inventions that will help human beings to a better life. He rightly said at his press conference:

'I've said that I thought that if we could ever competitively at a cheap rate get fresh water from salt water, that it would be in the long-range interests of humanity which would really dwarf any other scientific accomplishment."

The President gave credit to the Russian scientists, but he emphasized also the truly sinister aspects of the Soviet concentration on propaganda stunts. He said:

"I do not regard the first man in space as a sign of the weakening of the free world. But I do regard the total mobilization of man and things for the service of the Communist bloc over the last years as a source of great danger to us. And I would say we're going to have to live with that danger and hazard through much of the rest of this century."

As the President of the United States really sees it, therefore, the sending of a man into space around the earth gets big headlines and is exploited by Nikita Khrushchev throughout the world as a vindication of communism, but, after all, viewed in its true light, the episode only emphasizes what a dictatorship can do with the fruits of the labor of its enslaved citizens.

America invented the first airplane but not the first jet. America perfected the first atom bomb, too, but who can exult over that? Inventions that help humanity — like the Salk vaccine or the cure for yellow fever or the eventual cure for cancer — these are achievements that can mean much for mankind.

But as for advances in flying, the Soviets know that sending the U-2's across Russia 12 miles above ground for nearly four years was indeed real progress in the field of reconnaissance and protection against attack. The U-2 has been replaced now by new "satellites" which can photograph today as well as did the U-2.

So goes the race in inventions. In the not-far-distant future, the United States, too, will be sending a man around the world a couple hundred miles above ground. Some day also there'll be a flight to the moon and to other planets. But, as a practical matter, these stunts cost vast sums and the question is whether humanity can afford them.

Silenced Songfest

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Life in any large city is drab for young people and particularly so for New Yorkers where there seems to be never anywhere to go. That is, to go spontaneously, without pre-arrangement, without the wear and tear of dressing up.

And so, for 17 years, young people have been foregathering in the fountain of Washington Square on a Sunday afternoon to sing folk songs. I do not know who started all this, but it grew so that many came and boy met girl, and mandolins and guitars were brought along. There was a spirit of gaiety and of belonging, although occasionally there, as anywhere else, a bum came among the sheep, a heroin pusher, or an unsavory individual seeking a mate or something like that. Of course, such will be found in any large crowd in New York and one place is as good or bad as another.



Sokolsky

For 17 years, these songfests continued and nobody much bothered about it. The Beatniks came with their whiskers and their gals wore long hair and all their faces were grubby which is their symbol of revolt —but it is better to rebel by not using lipstick than to rebel by throwing bombs.

Youth will rebel and these do it by singing folk songs and reciting drab poetry, the kind that depends not upon the depth of thought but upon a sort of onomatopoeia which is hereabouts fashionable, although not as competently done as by Edgar Allan Poe.

And so, of a Sunday, they sang and the police were silent. During most of the 17 years, the commissioner of parks in New York City was Robert Moses, the great builder. Robert Moses has a sense of humor as well as wit. No one asked his consent for these folks to sing, but he said nothing about it.

In a word, he winked his eye at the rule that to do almost anything in a park one needs a permit. Moses believed that parks were for people, and if the people wanted to sing, surely it was better for their souls than to move about moodily counting their shekels. So he let them sing.

But now, in New York, there is a new commissioner of parks, Newbold Morris, who is tall and handsome and correct in his conduct but whose sense of humor is negative. Whereas Moses could be guilty of a belly-laugh, Morris politely smiles.

At any rate, he told the police to stop the singing, lest the grass and shrubs suffer. And the police commissioner fell in with Morris' plot to silence the singing with the result that the police struck at these young people with clubs and pictures were taken of it all and now Khrushchev can circulate these pictures all over the earth showing how the American police club the common people, even the bearded ones, whose only crime is that they want to sing.

God save us from stuffed shirts.

Horoscope

A critically important year lies ahead. Today's child will be sensitive.

The polygraph, or lie detector, may help doctors spot candidates for coronary diseases. In a recent test, the coronary patients showed marked respirtory deformities and were more fidgety.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

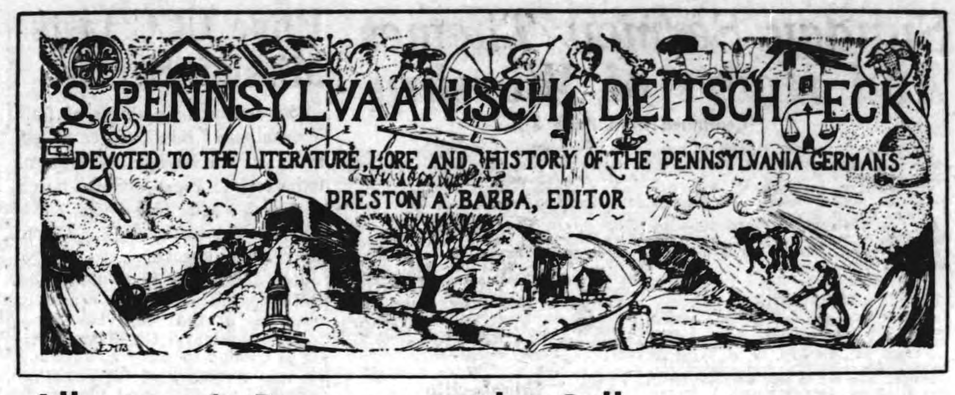
QUESTION: We have two daughters, and my wife is quite obviously partial to the younger. She nags our other daughter endlessly, and I fear that she is forming a complex that will follow her through later life. What can I do? U.S.

ANSWER: One of the most tragic things that can happen in family life is for one child to be loved above another. Children have a great capacity for, and are sensitive to, love. It is by far the greatest hunger of their lives, and if they are not shown affection, grave consequences could follow.

I think you should have a quiet talk with your wife about this matter. Point out to her that each child has its own personality and lovable characteristics, if she will but look for them. I have five children, each is different, but I love them all equally.

I would not be a proper father if I favored one above the other. Children are the first to sense partiality on the part of a parent, and the breach formed thereby could exist throughout the years. Parent-child compatibility simply cannot exist where partiality is present.

If God only loved the lovely ones, where would most of us be?



Allentown's Response to the Call

THE ALLEN INFANTRY IN 1861

By JAMES L. SCHAADT, Esquire

Our contribution to the Centennial Commemoration of the Civil War is the following history of Allen Infantry, First Defenders, as written by the Hon. James L. Schaadt and published in the May number of the Pennsylvania German Magazine, 1911. The author was born Dec. 21, 1856, near Ironton, North Whitehall Twp., the son of Capt. David Schaadt and Caroline S. Schaadt. David Schaadt served as First Lieutenant, Whitehall Troop, from Oct. 16, 1862 to Aug. 16, 1863, Captain of Co. D, 176th Penna. and in 1863 was elected Treasurer of Lehigh County. His son, the Hon James A. Schaadt, attended Allentown Academy and Muhlenberg College (1874), studied law and was admitted to the Lehigh County Courts April 10, 1878. He served as Mayor of Allentown 1899 to 1902.



THOMAS YEAGER

First Defender, Captain Allen Infantry, April 18th, 1861. Captain Allen Infantry 1859-1861. Major 53d Penna. Volunteer Infantry, Nov. 7, 1861. Killed in battle at Fair Oaks, Virginia, June 1, 1862.

ON THE 13th of April, 1861, being the day following the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and two days previous to the call of President Lincoln for 75,000 volunteers, the citizens of Northampton and Lehigh Counties called and held a public meeting in the Square at Easton, "to consider the posture of affairs and to take measures for the support of the National Government". Eloquent and patriotic speeches were made and the First Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers was formed as the result of the meeting.

There were then in existence three military companies at Allentown: The Jordan Artillerists, commanded by Captain (later Major) W. H. Gausler; the Allen Rifles, organized in 1849 and commanded by Captain (later Colonel) T. H. Good; and the Allen Infantry, organized about 1859 and commanded by Captain (later Major) Thomas Yeager. The Artillerists and the Rifles consolidated and became company I of the First Regiment, and with the other companies of the regiment, were mustered in on April 20, 1861, Captain Good having been chosen lieutenant colonel of the regiment. Captain Gausler was selected to command Company I.

No sooner had the news of the attack on Fort Sumter come to Allentown than Captain Yeager of the Allen Infantry hurried to Harrisburg and tendered the services of himself and his command to Governor Curtin. He received one of the first, if not the first, captain's commission issued for the Civil War, and with it in his pocket he hurried back to Allentown and called upon his company for volunteers to defend the National Capitol, then threatened by the Secessionists.

The company had been organized in 1859, held regular drills, and had arrived at a fair stage of efficiency in Scott's Tactics. The uniform was of gray cloth with black and gold bullion trimmings. The company paraded for the first time in the new uniform on Washington's birthday, 1861, at Philadelphia, on the occasion of the raising of the Flag over Independence Hall by President Lincoln, and with the Allen Rifles and the Jordan Artillerists accompanied the President to Harrisburg. The men of the Allen Infantry carried old-fashioned flint-lock guns with bayonets. The guns were generally ineffective and unreliable. "They kicked and spit in our faces," as one of the survivors says. The company was not otherwise equipped for the field, the men having neither greatcoats nor blankets, knapsacks or canteens. The meeting and drill room was in an upper story of what was later No. 716 Hamilton Street, Allentown.

On coming back from Harrisburg on the evening of the 16th April, Captain Yeager opened the list for volunteers in the company's armory and called upon the members of his command to enlist for the service of the United States. Men, especially young men, left furrow and workshop and office in obedience to the call, and by noon of the next day 47 had signed the roll. The excited populace crowded the armory and the streets; but Captain Yeager determined to go that afternoon without waiting for more signers. The citizens packed a box with necessary articles of clothing, charged themselves with the care and support of the families of the departing men, and prepared a farewell dinner at the Eagle Hotel, Market (now Monument or Center Square), placing under each plate a five - dollar note, contributed by citizens. Unfortunately these notes being issued by local state banks had no purchasing power when afterwards presented in Washington.

What with excitement, what with tears of parting, the dinner stood untasted, and at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 17th of April the gallant band of volunteers, headed by Captain Yeager and surrounded and followed by a shouting, cheering, crying crowd of citizens, marched down Hamilton Street, lightly covered with snow, to the East Penn Junction and took train to Harrisburg. Most of the volunteers then regarded the journey as a pleasant change from daily occupations, a picnic and agreeable visit to the National Capitol; a very few, more serious, realized it was the beginning of war with its horrors, cruelties and privations.

Those who had signed the list on that memorable day in April were:

1.—John E. Webster
2.—William Kress
3.—Solomon Goeble
4.—Joseph T. Wilt
5.—Jonathan W. Reber
6.—Samuel Schneck
7.—William Ruhe
8.—Henry Storch
9.—Daniel Kramer
10.—Charles A. Schaffer
11.—John Hook
12.—David Jacobs
13.—Nathaniel Hillegas
14.—M. W. Leisenring
15.—Edwin Gross
16.—George S. Keiper
17.—Franklin Leh
18.—Charles Dietrich
19.—James Geidner
20.—Ernest Rottman
21.—M. R. Fuller
22.—Gideon Frederick
23.—Allen Wetherhold
24.—Edwin H. Miller
25.—Norman H. Cole
26.—George W. Rhoads
27.—Benneville Wieand
28.—William Early
29.—M. H. Sigman
30.—Darius Weiss
31.—George Hoxworth
32.—William Wagner
33.—John Romig
34.—Charles A. Peiffer
35.—William Wolf
36.—Ignatz Gresser
37.—James Wilson
38.—Lewis Seip
39.—Milton Dunlap
40.—William G. Frame
41.—Edwin Hittle
42.—Wilson H. Derr
43.—Joseph Hettinger
44.—William Scott Davis
45.—Joseph Weiss
46.—George F. Henry
47.—Conrad Shlatterdach

At Reading Adolphus and Enville Schadler, and at Lebanon John E. Uhler, joined the company. They did not sign the list, but their names appear on Bates' Official Roll.

At Harrisburg Captain Yeager, strict disciplinarian that he was, expelled one of his men for disobedience. "I stripped him myself in the middle of the street, taking the whole uniform from him and left him naked except pantaloons, stockings and shirt, and took all his money that he received at Allentown except ten cents." So wrote Captain Yeager about this two days later. The total number of men who marched on April 18 with Captain Yeager through Baltimore was 49.

The railroad journey from Allentown to Harrisburg was marked by no incident, except the gathering of crowds at the different stations along the road, and their cheering. The company arrived at Harrisburg about 8 p.m., and bivouacked at the Old Pennsylvania Depot with the Ringgold Light Artillery of Reading, the Logan Guards of Lewistown, the Washington Artillery and the National Light Infantry of Pottsville. At 1 o'clock in the morning of Thursday, April 18, General Keim ordered Captain Yeager to go on immediately to Washington with loaded guns. Upon the captain's objection that the guns were not in proper condition, had no locks and no flints, the general remarked that they would be good for clubs.

No one in the company except Captain Yeager anticipated the startling experience they were to pass through that day. Early the same morning, after breakfast furnished through the generosity of Rev. Jeremiah Schindel, senator from Lehigh, the five companies were mustered into the service of the United States by Captain Seneca G. Simmons, 7th Infantry, and with a detachment of 50 men of Company H, 5th Artillery, under command of Lieutenant Pemberton, later the General commanding at Vicksburg, and after the war sometime a resident of Allentown, embarked at 8:10 a.m. on two Northern Central trains of 21 cars, for Baltimore, where they arrived at 2 p.m., again without incident, except that the loyal cheers which greeted the train were more frequently mixed with unfriendly greetings from the believers in the doctrine of state's rights, who resented the passage of an armed force without permission, as an invasion of their beloved state of Maryland. But the train arrived near the city without any overt acts of hostility beyond the waving of Rebel flags at a college for women.

Information of the leaving of the troop train had been telegraphed from Harrisburg to Baltimore, and when the news became generally known, large crowds assembled on the streets, and the greatest excitement prevailed. The crowds spent the hours of waiting for the arrival of the train in singing "Dixie" and noisily cheering for the Confederacy. At 9 o'clock a meeting of the military organization known as the Maryland National Volunteers was held and inflammatory speeches made.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



From a drawing by Eleanor Barba

Allen Infantry marching down Hamilton Street, April 17, 1861, to take train to Harrisburg.

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Editorials

School Tax Dollars

Quite apparently, Allentown school directors and some of the school district's employes aren't talking quite the same language.

Less than a month ago, the president of the board of education and the chairman of its finance committee spoke hopefully of "holding the line" on taxes for the coming year. With the support of other board members, they called for an "austerity program" to help the district improve its financial position. Prospects appeared encouraging for taxpayers.

The tentative budget now before the board is quite different. It suggests the possibility of a $574,000 increase in school costs and a tax hike that would boost the rate from the current level of $20 per $1,000 of assessed value to $22.

If all current programs, services and jobs are essential to a rounded program of education, the present board can do little about $300,000 of the suggested increase. Approximately $275,000 represents salary increases for teachers, administrators, custodians and other employes to which the board is committed by its present schedule of increments. Debt service also will be $23,000 higher than this year because of building costs for which additional funds were borrowed.

The board does, however, have discretionary power over more than $275,000 of the increases that have been proposed. This includes $106,000 in salary adjustments teachers, janitors and other school employes have requested in addition to their mandated increases.

It also has the prerogative to determine whether all present programs and services are either essential or justifiable and whether any others should be added.

This community and all others are deserving of the best program of public education they are able to support.

There is a difference, however, between justifying a good program and arguing for one that encompasses the ultimate goals of educational planners. This is the distinction school boards must make.

Tax Changes

Many of Mr. Kennedy's messages to the Congress have a common and commendable theme. They are beamed at legislation he hopes will stimulate the American economy by creating more jobs and more markets for the products of this nation's industry.

There is another common quality about many of the messages dealing with pressing economic and social problems. In spite of the urgency he emphasizes, they are cluttered with controversial roadblocks certain to delay or ultimately prevent their enactment into law.

His long anticipated tax message was no exception. By his own admission it was a spotty proposal and put off for at least another year any major overhaul of archaic tax laws. It placed his proposals for cumbersome withholding taxes on dividends and interest in the same urgent category as plugging tax loopholes and stimulating industrial expansion by tax write-offs.

Industry long has sought revision of the antiquated formula under which it calculates tax credits for depreciation of aging plants and equipment. Economists and tax experts frequently have testified the present allowances and methods for determining them are inequitable and stifling to needed new investment.

Mr. Kennedy has brushed all these recommendations aside. He has substituted his highly debatable plan to offer industries tax credits on investments in new plants and equipment. His proposals to extend withholding taxes and deprive small investors of their tax credit on limited dividends will further cloud the issue.

The President has every right to make his proposals and to argue for them. He will, however, accomplish his broad objectives far more expeditiously and effectively when he is ready and willing to listen to other arguments and perhaps to compromise.

Yardstick for Schools

Projects like those in the Lehigh Valley Science Fair are more than a yardstick for measuring the scientific aptitudes and accomplishments of the pupils who develop them. They are among the indexes available to laymen for judging the broad characteristics of schools.

Good representation in such academic programs indicates pupils have been inspired and challenged by teachers willing to put time of their own into guiding the extra - curricular activities of their pupils. When projects are completed there is evidence they have been taught the importance of meeting the responsibilities they have accepted.

A well - presented project is a tribute to every teacher who had a part in developing the pupil who created it. More than scientific knowledge is involved. Familiarity with techniques and methods of research and investigation is increasingly important. Spelling, grammar, English composition, art and vocational skills are essential to make effective use of what has been gathered from textbooks and classroom discussions.

There are many other yardsticks for measuring these kills and talents. Few combine so many or present them to the public so effectively and dramatically as the annual display of projects now known as a science fair.

The best indication of its effectiveness is its use by thousands of schools in hundreds of communities in every state in the nation. All but a half-dozen of them have come into existence since Lehigh Valley teachers and schools pioneered this movement 15 years ago.

Public Opinion

Who Made Country Great?

To the Editor:

Just what does our Mr. Francis E. Walter of Pennsylvania think he is accomplishing in opposing the proposal to increase tourist business from foreign countries?

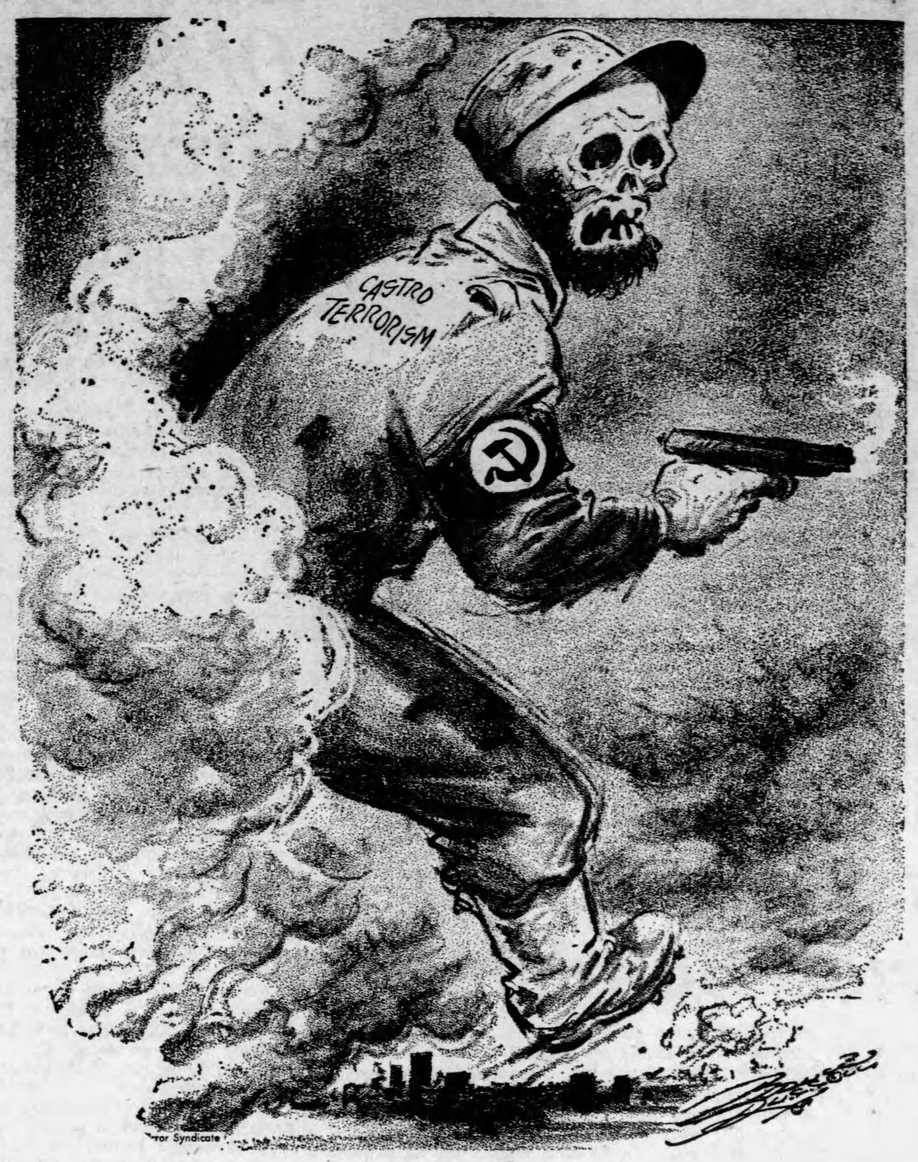
His theme in this regard is that this bill if passed, may allow undesirables, spies, etc. to infiltrate our fair land in the guise of tourists.

By now, all of us are pretty much aware Mr. Khrushchev has not depended on this media for his information.

If Mr. Walter had been chair-

Continued on Page 7, Column 1

His Man in Havana



President's Blunt Warning

By DAVID LAWRENCE

President Kennedy made a great speech at the meeting in Washington of the American Society of Newspaper Editors. It was great because he served notice on the Soviet Union that the United States would fight, if necessary, to resist Communist encroachment in this hemisphere.

The address was notable, moreover, because Mr. Kennedy reaffirmed the doctrine of all preceding presidents from Monroe to Eisenhower, who have insisted that this hemisphere must remain free from European domination.



Lawrence

Perhaps the most significant passage, however, was the clear warning to the states of Central and South America that they are in more danger than is the United States, and that they must face realistically their obligation to join with this country in defense of the hemisphere.

Mr. Kennedy by implication urged the Inter-American states to stop dragging their feet and to recognize that the issue is one of survival for them, too.

For several months now, Communist influence in various countries to the South has produced friction, and even anti-American demonstrations at a time when hemispheric solidarity was more than ever necessary.

Plain Facts

Mr. Kennedy in his speech made it plain that armed intervention was not necessarily barred if circumstances should develop that would require it. He said:

"Any unilateral American intervention, in the absence of an external attack upon ourselves or any ally, would have been contrary to our traditions and to our international obligations. But let the record show that our restraint is not inexhaustible. Should it ever appear that the inter-American doctrine of non-interference merely conceals or excuses a policy of non-action — if the nations of this hemisphere should fail to meet their commitments against outside Communist penetration — then I want it clearly understood that this government will not hesitate in meeting its primary obligations which are to the security of our nation."

What the President didn't say explicitly, but did imply, was that the situation inside the Central and South American states might be such that the Communists would be able to prevent cooperation with the United States, and that hence this country would have to act alone, if necessary, in order to save the other countries.

The real point the President stressed with respect to the Inter-American states is that their own security is in far greater danger than that of this country. He said:

"It is clear that this nation, in concert with all the free nations of this hemisphere, must take an ever closer and more realistic look at the menace of external Communist intervention and domination in Cuba.

"The American people are not complacent about Iron Curtain tanks and planes less than 90 miles from their shores. But a nation of Cuba's size is less a threat to our survival than it is a base for subverting the survival of other free nations throughout the hemisphere. It is not primarily our interest or our security but theirs which is now today in the greater peril. It is for their sake, as well as our own, that we must show our will . . .

"Together we must build a hemisphere where freedom can flourish; and where any free nation under outside attack of any kind can be assured that all of our resources stand ready to respond to any request for assistance.'

This warning has long been overdue. Mr. Kennedy described accurately the Communist technique all over the world, and showed the true significance of the Communist tactics in the cold war. He said that everything, heretofore, has been focused on military operations and military strategy, when, as a matter of fact, Communist subversion is such that, as he put it, "our security may be lost without the firing of a single missile or the crossing of a single border."

Mr. Kennedy made a pledge to the world that the United States intends to intensify its efforts and re-examine its forces and tactics in order to fight effectively the Communist subversion, penetration and infiltration in the free world.

Does it mean war? It could mean war if the Soviets chose to commit an overt act in this hemisphere. So far as the United States is concerned, it has served notice through its President that there is to be no compromise or surrender. His concluding words were a challenge, as he said:

"I am determined upon our system's survival and success, regardless of the cost and regardless of the peril."

Latin Revolution

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Revolutions follow a general pattern although each one is particular in some manner due to the character of the people and the geography of the country. The American Revolution was more in the nature of a civil war, for although the United States freed itself from Great Britain, it retained British Common Law as a basis for its legal system and the American constitution was influenced by the changing character of the British constitution.

The French Revolution was a social explosion which sought to alter the mode of life of the French people. On the other hand, the European revolutions in the 1830s and 1848 were principally political and economic.



Sokolsky

The Russian revolution of 1917 was one of the most profound in the history of man. What it introduced was not merely a political and economic change but a total alteration in human concepts in all phases of human thought and activity.

Marxism is not only a revolutionary movement; it is a religious movement in the sense that it seeks to substitute humanism for deism; the law of necessity for moral law; the scientific approach to philosophy rather than a moral approach.

Soviet Russia regards adherence to its dialectical materialistic philosophy, generally referred to as Marxism-Leninism, as the only practical (scientific) method of achieving ends.

Although Marxism is pragmatic, it rejects American pragmatism as no longer useful to accomplish its major end, which is the conquest of all mankind by its own philosophy.

The Russian revolution has been astonishingly and unexpectedly successful in many fields. In an era of scientific discovery and development, Marxism is understandable by intellectuals throughout the world.

This has proved to be a major practical advantage for the Russians, for in every country, the leadership elements have tended to keep an open ear to a Marxian interpretation of various intellectual disciplines.

Such a revolution as the Cuban must be stripped of its nonsense to be understood. Take off Fidel's whiskers and his drab uniform, get rid of Raul's pony-tail and Che's sneer and look at the Cuban revolution as a Marxian effort to contain the United States.

Those who talk about the authentic and autonomous hemispheric revolution talk nonsense, because what they see is a reformist effort such as Jane Addams produced at Hull House in Chicago rather than a political operation against the United States, which is the fact.

From this standpoint, Castro has not developed a revolution at all. He has seized territory on behalf of the Soviet Universal State, imported a large number of Chinese, Czech and Polish Communists to show him how to operate a dictatorship and to keep within the Marxian line.

It is unfortunate that the State Department and the CIA tolerated Castro's seizure of Cuba on the absurd doctrine that there are good and bad dictators and that someone in Washington has a magnet with which he can select a good or a bad dictator. Castro has turned out to be the worst that Washington has yet selected.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: In Matthew 23:37 Christ said; "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but ye would not!" Who was Christ talking to? Was it the people back then or is he talking to people today? A.L.

ANSWER: Jerusalem was the holy city. It was the center of culture, and the capitol of religious activity. Ironic, wasn't it, that it was a religious city that rejected Him!

But, we must remember that Christ's burden was not only for Jerusalem, but for religious people of all ages who embrace his doctrines, but reject His person. That was the mistake of Judas, and the mistake of many today.

Marginal Christians, half-hearted disciples, and lukewarm followers still hinder the progress of His cause. Now as then He says; "O people who are religious in a way, how often would I have gathered you unto me, but you would not."

Christ needs men and women who will forsake "all" and follow Him, without reservations. He pleads for, He longs for, He prays for such discipleship.

Horoscope

Avoid all unnecessary risks and quarrels. Mark time. Today's child will be delicate.



Allentown's Response to the Call

THE ALLEN INFANTRY IN 1861

By JAMES L. SCHAADT, Esquire

(Continued)

Information of the leaving of the troop train had been telegraphed from Harrisburg to Baltimore, and when the news became generally known, large crowds assembled on the streets, and the greatest excitement prevailed. The crowds spent the hours of waiting for the arrival of the train in singing "Dixie" and noisily cheering for the Confederacy. At 9 o'clock a meeting of the military organization known as the Maryland National Volunteers was held and inflammatory speeches made. Sentiment in Baltimore was divided; there were union men and there were Southern sympathizers. All were, however, equally infuriated by the announcement that Northern troops were actually invading "The sacred soil of Maryland". The mayor of Baltimore at the time was George W. Brown, and the marshal of police, George B. Kane, both men of determined courage and inflexible honesty, and to them, notwithstanding their strong Southern sympathies, and to the police department, must be awarded the credit of safely conducting the five companies without loss of life, from one depot to the other, a distance of between two and three miles, through the streets of the city filled with an excited mob.

Arriving at Canton, a suburb of Baltimore, the regulars and the volunteers disembarked. The workmen from a foundry in the neighborhood and a crowd of about a thousand collected in the twinkling of an eye, and cries of "Fight! Fight!" drew the attention of our volunteers, who were still of the opinion that they were on a pleasure trip; and, bent on enjoying every sensation of the journey, eagerly looked for the fight which they supposed was going on in the crowd. But Captain McKnight of the Ringgold Artillery, a veteran of the Mexican War, at once recognized the animus of the crowd to be directed against the new arrivals, and he ordered the soldiers back into their cars, the regulars alone remaining on their ground. In a very short time Marshal Kane appeared with a large force of city police, to escort the soldiers to Bolton Station.

The devoted band, now first realizing that their trip was not going to be altogether a picnic, formed in close column of two, with the regulars at the head. According to Bates, the Allen Infantry held the center of the column; according to their survivors, they were the rear company. Captain Yeager was without lieutenants and he detailed Privates William Kress and William Ruhe, two of the tallest men, to protect the rear of the company. The mob, on seeing the formation of the column and the march begun, were driven into a frenzy. At every step its numbers increased; and when Lieutenant Pemberton and his regulars left the head of the column and filed off towards Fort McHenry, the mob lashed itself into a perfect fury. Roughs and toughs, longshoremen, gamblers, floaters, idlers, red-hot secessionists, as well as men ordinarily sober and steady, crowded upon, pushed and hustled the little band and made effort to break the thin line. Some, mounted upon horses, were prevented with difficulty by the policemen from riding down the volunteers.

The mob heaped insults upon the men, taunted them, cursed them; called to them, "Let the police go and we will lick you"; "You will never get beck to Pennsylvania"; "Abolitionists, convicts, stone them, kill them"; "What muskets; no locks, no powder"; "Abe Lincoln's militia; see their left feet"; "Hurrah for Jeff Davis"; "Hurrah for South Carolina".

Bolder ones among the rioters got some of the soldiers by the coat tails and jerked them about; hissed at them, spit upon them, and even struck them with their fists. No picnic now any more. It was a severe trial for the volunteers with not a charge of ball or powder in their pouches; a fortunate circumstance, as it proved in the end, for a single shot would have roused the twenty thousand rioters into uncontrollable fury, and in spite of police protection, not one of the 530 volunteers would have escaped with his life. They pushed steadily forward, with the useless firearms at the support and obedient to the command of their officers, answered not a word to the galling insults. The policemen, flanking the column held the mob in check and saved several of the soldiers from becoming its victims.

As the column neared its destination, the rioters fired bricks and stones, brandished knives and pistols, and it required all the efforts of the policemen to keep them in check. The painful march finally came to an end, wonderful to relate, without any fatalities, although numbers of the men bore bruises on their limbs and bodies. Privates Hittle and Gresser were seriously lamed. Private Jacobs while going into the car was struck upon the mouth with a brick and lost his teeth, and, falling unconscious, fractured his left wrist. Private Derr was struck on the ear with a brick and is deaf to this day from the blow. He, however, returned the compliment to his assailant by striking at him with the butt end of his gun or lock, which tore off the latter's ear. Fortunately the cars into which the infantry clambered were box or freight cars not furnished with seats, but whose wooden roof and sides protected the volunteers from the shower of cobbles and bricks now rained upon them by the rioters, more than ever infuriated at seeing their prey escape. Powder had been sprinkled by the mob on the floor of the cars in the hope that a soldier carelessly striking a match in the darkened interior of the freight car might blow himself and his companions to perdition. They escaped also this danger, and finally, after a conflict between the engineer and some of the rioters, the train moved off, passed over the Pratt Street bridge, which had been set on fire, and at 7 o'clock in the evening landed the Allen Infantry with the other four companies at Washington, to the great joy and relief of the President and all loyal men.

For, although the five companies numbered but 530 men, the morning newspapers of Washington, by the dexterous use of an additional cipher, made the number 5300, sufficent to deter the Rebel soldiers, drilling on the opposite bank of the Potomac, in their design to besiege Washington and the Capitol building; and by the time Rebel spies and sympathizers in the city communicated the real number of the Capitol's defenders, other volunteers, notably the Sixth Massachusetts and the Seventh New York, arrived in sufficient numbers to prevent the capture of the city.

The five companies were quartered in the Capitol, the Allen Infantry being assigned to Vice President Breckenridge's room, leading off from the Senate Chamber. The buildings were at once barricaded on the inside with 30,000 barrels of flour, contraband of war, seized by order of the President, which was piled at doors and windows; on the outside, with barrels of cement, iron pipes and boiler plate. Two entrances were left open.

The Pennsylvanians were at once visited by Speaker Galusha A. Grow, Secretary of War Simon Cameron, Colonel John W. Forney, Hon. James Campbell of Pottsville, and other Pennsylvanians living in the city, all of whom were proud that the soldiers of the Keystone State were the first to arrive for the defense of the National Capitol.

On April 19th, the men of the Allen Infantry were provided with minie muskets from Harper's Ferry Arsenal and ball ammunition, and were visited the same day by President Lincoln, who shook hands with every man, and Secretary of State Seward. The President personally directed an army surgeon to attend to Privates Jacobs and Gresser and the other injured men and requested them to go to a hospital, but they all refused, preferring to stay with their company. Washington doctors and a Miss Bache gave them attention and medical supplies. At first provisions were short, but Senator Schindel of Lehigh County came to their relief. The men were also without underclothing, the box containing the necessary things which had been purchased for them at home at Renninger's store by citizens having been stolen at Baltimore by the mob.

The ladies of Allentown learning of their need in this respect shipped a large box of shirts, underclothing and socks to the company during the next ten days. The men settled down and prepared to make themselves as comfortable as possible in their quarters in the Capitol building. Two large bake ovens were erected in the basement and 10,000 loaves of bread baked every other day. But in the twelve days they occupied the Capitol the men of the infantry never lived quite comfortably. Provisions were scarce, meals meagre; fresh meat and vegetables were wanting; the pork furnished was green and unpalatable. All the more welcome, therefore, were the supplies which came from home, according to letters from the soldiers, as the apples and the fresh country eggs sent them (among others) by George Roth, grandfather of George R. Roth of The Leader, a farmer and ardent Union man of North Whitehall Township. Water connections were made with the river and water works. They stayed in these quarters until May 1, drilling daily, guarding the Capitol, and preparing for the siege daily expected to be begun by the Rebels.

Within a few days after their arrival at the Capitol the organization of the company was completed by the election of James M. Wilson as first lieutenant and First Sergeant Joseph T. Wilt as second lieutenant, and the appointment of Privates Solomon Goebel as second sergeant, Wm. Wolf as first corporal, John E. Webster as second corporal, Ignatz Gresser as third corporal and Daniel Kramer as fourth corporal. On April 30 Lieutenant Wilson went back to the ranks and Lieutenant Wilt was elected first lieutenant and Sergeant Goebel second lieutenant. Corporal Webster then became first sergeant and served until June 25, when he was discharged by order of the War Department and Private Charles W. Abbott was appointed first sergeant in his place, and George F. Henry was the musician. Stephen Schwartz and George Junker came from Allentown and joined the company during the first week it was in Washington. The latter, while going through Baltimore, was arrested, and secured his release by pretending to be a deserter from Camp Curtin at Harrisburg, on his way to join the Rebel army. Twenty - eight members of Small's Philadelphia Brigade, who made their way through Baltimore with the Sixth Massachusetts, when their brigade turned back from Baltimore, were by order of the War Department assigned to and mustered into the Allen Infantry. Charles W. Abbott was mustered in on May 9.

No battalion or regimental organization of the five original companies was made until the end of April or beginning of May, and the denomination of First Regiment which justly belonged to them was given to other companies. The proper numerical designation being impossible, the companies were called at times the Advance Regiment, at other times the Cameron Regiment. Out of the Ringgold Artillery and the Pottsville Light Infantry a new company was formed and out of the Washington Artillery at Pottsville and Logan Guards another company was formed. To the five original companies thus increased to seven, three companies were added, recruited at Harrisburg, Doylestown and Carbondale. These ten companies became the 25th Regiment, of which Lieutenant Henry L. Cake of Pottsville was elected the colonel, Captain John V. Selheimer of Lewistown lieutenant colonel, and Hon. James H. Campbell of Pottsville major. The Allen Infantry became Company G of the regiment. The lieutenant colonelcy of the regiment had been offered to Captain Yeager, but he declined, having promised his men to remain with them. The Ringgold Band of Reading was mustered in as the Regimental Band.

(To be concluded)

THE CAPTURE of JEFF DAVIS

Air: The Quilting Party

By EUGENE T. JOHNSTON

(Apropos of the centenary celebrations is this ballad written during the Civil War. We copied it from an old broadside published by H. DeMarsan, 54 Chatham Street, New York and lent us by courtesy of Lawrence A. DeTurk, Kutztown, Pa.)

Poor Jeff's career is at an end;
He was quickly overtaken,
On his way to that Sequestered Spot,
Where he ran to save his bacon.
When he heard of Bobby Lee's mishap,
He jumped into the saddle:
And for the shores of Mexico,
He made a grand skedaddle.

Chorus

But Uncle Sam now holds him fast
And ere long we shall see, sirs,
This Arch-Traitor dangling in the air,
On a sour apple-tree, sirs.

This pink of Southern Chivalry,
Head of a defunct nation,
Whom nothing else would satisfy,
But freedom or extermination:
When he saw a squad of Northern Yanks
Coming close behind, sirs,
He threw off his masculine attire
For his wife's crinoline, sirs.

Chorus

Then he made tracks for the woods,
Closely followed by the guard, sirs;
For Samuel's boys made up their minds
To take the big reward, sirs.
His identity was clear enough,
When through the woods he'd scoot, sirs,
The dress, being short, exposed to view
A pair of spurs and boots, Sirs.

Chorus

Of pride, oh! what a fall was there. .
After all Jeff's idle vaunting:
He'd dictate peace on Bunker Hill,
The Stars and Bars a flaunting!
But he tried the courage of the North,
And never knew them falter;
But now he'll try another tie. .
A Yankee hempen halter!

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David A. Miller, Publisher-Director 1895-1958

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TELEPHONE HE 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES

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Editorials

The Right to Know

Most of the nation's newspapers, this one included, will not find it difficult to agree with President Kennedy's contention that the American people must be informed within the limits suggested by the requirements of their own security.

They will need to know, however, what these limits are. They are one thing when war has been declared but something quite different when forces more insidious than armies threaten from every side.

Actually, there is nothing new in the President's challenge to the press "to heed the duty of self-restraint" in presenting the news. Newspapers need only point to the record of the voluntary restraints they effectively imposed on themselves through all the years of World War II.

The only real differences the President and the press may experience in this instance lie in what Mr. Kennedy and his aides believe should be published and what newspapers believe it is the right of the people to know. The free American press has zealously guarded this right since it received its constitutional mandate. It has sought to preserve it at every level of government, in every area of national and community life.

Mr. Kennedy made clear he was not suggesting any new forms of censorship or security classifications. He apparently left it up to the nation's publishers, editors and reporters to balance what he called "the need for far greater public information" against what he described as "the need for far greater official secrecy."

Conscionable newspapers, dedicated to preserving this nation's heritage of freedom and liberty, have made this distinction before. Generally they have exercised the restraint of which the President spoke. They cannot, however, be held responsible for the public utterances of officials who either deliberately or unconsciously speak out of turn.

If the press can be held accountable for any part of the fiasco of the abortive Cuban invasion, it is largely because it was not taken into the confidence of the government. Whatever briefing it had came from intentional or unintentional leaks.

Newspapers rarely intentionally betray confidences. They are particularly wary when the nation's safety is threatened as it is by the forces of world communism. When responsible officials make facts known to them, there seldom are any difficulties about how they should be presented or interpreted.

They welcome, therefore, the President's acknowledgment that he shares with them the "obligation to inform and alert the American people — to make certain they possess all the facts they need, and understand them as well—the perils, the prospects, the purposes of our programs and the choices we face."

This, too, was a part of his message to the nation's press.

She Won't Be Idle

To many of us it seems as though just two or three years have gone by since we first walked into The Morning Call newsroom to find Frances Weishampel ready with a warm welcome and a lift over the early bumps.

It seems as impossible to us as it must to others, that she has been at her desk for more than 35 years and now, by her own choice, is ready to enjoy the retirement she has earned.

Somehow or other, she always has been the most youthful member of the newsroom staff. There has been life and zip and pep in whatever she did, even if it was voicing an occasional gripe. There was warmth and friendship, too. Not even the most mundane chore curbed her exuberance or distorted her perspective.

We suspect she has remained young because she has enjoyed her job. We know she enjoyed it primarily because it gave her a vehicle for meeting people and for being helpful to them. The smallest news item was important to her because she knew its importance to someone else.

She will be missed in the newsroom and by those who frequent it either personally or by telephone not only because of the job she did but because of the way she did it. She will be envied, too, because those who know her recognize she will enjoy her retirement in the years ahead. She'll enjoy it because she won't be idle. She couldn't be.

Hospital Research

St. Luke's Hospital has given proper recognition to the potentials of its staff by amending its bylaws to recognize research as a prime objective.

Not a few of the many highly competent physicians and specialists who practice at this and other major hospitals in the area, long have been quietly engaged in work of this kind. Some have made distinctive contributions to the increasing techniques of the healing arts.

St. Luke's now has given a definite challenge to all who have access to its facilities to intensify their efforts to find even more means to prevent or combat the ills that still plague man. The action suggests that at least some of the funds collected locally for medical research also can be spent locally. Facilities are available. More will be willing to use them if necessary technical assistance is provided.

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. Letters will not be published without a legitimate signature. The right to condense is reserved by the publishers.

Art in the Streets

To the Editor:

In Sunday, April 16, Call-Chronicle there was a beautiful colored rendition of the new downtown plaza, showing the Lehigh County Court House dominating the scene. This is beautiful, but there was one thing lacking. And that is a piece of statuary in the rather large area in front of the entrance.

In Europe there is a greater consciouness to the encouragement of art. In Switzerland, for example, there is a law that no public building can be erected without at least one per cent of the total cost going

Continued on Page 7, Column 4

Hey Kids, Wanna Puff?



Federal Control Pattern?

By DAVID LAWRENCE

President Kennedy may have dealt a fatal blow to the movement to obtain money from the federal government to subsidize public schools. He has just demanded that the legislature of a sovereign state — Virginia — be compelled to take punitive action against a single county for failing to open its schools or else abandon the whole public-school system throughout the state. In view of this development, will Congress now take a chance and appropriate money that gives a bureau in Washington potential power over the operation of the public schools throughout the United States?



Lawrence

To tell a state how it must appropriate its funds, how it shall set up its own system of education, and what steps it must take to satisfy the federal government's demands is unprecedented in American history. Yet this, in effect, is the authority sought by the Department of Justice, with the approval of the President, in applying to a federal court for an order against the State of Virginia.

The step is far-reaching. It could mean that in the future the federal government could even tell a state it must have a uniform system of government applying to every county or city. It so happens that the State of Virginia permits its counties and independent cities to adopt, as they choose, various forms of executive management or control by boards of supervisors elected by the people. But, under the theory just applied by the U.S. Department of Justice, the counties and municipalities would not be permitted to have their own forms of local government, but would have to adopt a system uniform throughout the state. If any county or city deviated, it would be in danger of being compelled to accept an order of the federal government in Washington served upon the state through the courts.

This doctrine is, of course, based upon the concept of the Fourteenth Amendment which the Supreme Court of the United States proclaimed in its "desegregation" decisions in 1954. The point was made then that "equal protection of the laws" means equal application of state laws to children attending public schools. But there is nothing in the Fourteenth Amendment or anywhere else in the Constitution which says that the federal government may tell a state it cannot provide funds to keep its public schools open in 97 counties and 32 independent cities because a single county happens to close such schools. This is an obvious form of punitive action that can readily be repeated by an executive order directing any state which accepts federal funds to operate all its schools according to standards laid down by a federal bureau.

Interference

For months now, the lobbyists for federal aid to education and the politicians who hope to get votes through promised increases in teachers' salaries have been denying that any form of federal control of education would be involved in current proposals for financial aid to state schools. But now it turns out that, without any specific right granted through existing law, an executive order could be issued — or a court decree sought by direct intervention of the federal government — telling a state how to run its educational system.

The federal government is demanding not only that a state reopen public schools in a particular county but that it shall stop state and county tuition grants for the use of parents who send their children to private schools and cease to pay from state funds for the "maintenance and operation of public schools anywhere in Virginia" as long as the public schools in one county are closed.

This can only mean that the federal government now feels it can interfere in any tuition grants, fellowships, scholarships or other forms of aid if it doesn't like the way the states operate such educational programs. It is certainly something novel for the federal government to tell state legislatures how to spend their money.

If the federal government can tell the State of Virginia that it cannot provide funds for its public schools unless it makes every county and city conform to a pattern approved by the federal government, then constitutional government, as it has been known since the founding of the Republic, will indeed have vanished. Government by executive order or court decree will have supplanted acts of Congress and the laws of 50 state legislatures.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: Our minister is starting a series of sermons on the Book of Revelation. We have already noticed tremendous interest in the community in this subject. Don't you think there needs to be more preaching from the Book of Revelation?

W. F.

ANSWER: Yes, I most certainly do, though I confess that until recently I had preached very little from this important book.

The Book of Revelation indicates that God has a plan for the ages which is to sum up all things in Christ to make Him head over all things. He is to become King of kings and Lord of lords, and to make the kingdoms of this world the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ. That is God's program. "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is done in heaven; For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever." Thus even in the Lord's prayer you have God's plan of the ages.

It is because the Church of Christ has a most vital and important part to play in the execution and carrying out of this plan that the Book of Revelation was written primarily to the Church.

The glorious thing the Book of Revelation teaches is that God's plan will ultimately triumph over conflict, struggle, antagonism, battle war — but when the smoke of conflict has been blown away, we see Christ and the forces of righteousness triumph.

Conversations

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

A dinner party is amusing when the conversation is exciting or brilliant or gay. When it can be a bore, particularly when one has to make a point with emphasis of voice and gesture. Might just as well listen to connubial instructions.



Sokolsky

Always at dinners, the discussions are topical and everybody seems to be well-informed on all topics, even if the preparation is neither knowledgeable nor meaningful. Keep it up, so that there is no deadly lull in the conversation. Suppose, you do not know what you are talking about — it does not matter as long as what you say is currently fashionable.

At this moment, the popular subjects are Cuba, Eichmann, Caroline Kennedy and the John Birch Society.

As for Cuba, the argument these days is that we have to go it alone but we don't want war. How do you go it alone without war — that is a very bad question to ask. It is fashionable to say that we should go it alone without war. Next month, war may not be currently conformable. Then those who opposed war will be in favor of war, provided that their men folks will be let off.

As for Eichmann, his trial is getting to be dull. A funny little man in a glass cage being tried for killing 6,000,000 persons is an interesting show for a week or two. The prolongation of the trial, the legalisms, do not make exciting conversation. What can one say about Eichmann? It was all said so cogently in the Biblical text of Esther when Haman was the exterminator and Ahasuerus (Artaxerxes) was King of Persia. Man always kills men whether it is the Nazi who kills Jews, the Mau Mau who kill whoever stands in the way, Russians who slaughter Hungarians, Turks who murder Greeks, Greeks who murder Turks — the history of the human race is a prolonged tale of murder, individual and mass. Little Eichmann evokes neither hatred nor sympathy, sitting in the glass cage, he looks like a shnook.

It Goes On

Before television, talk had to be entertaining; otherwise one went to sleep. Today, the easiest way to avoid boredom is to turn on television — at least, you can see a murder or a war picture or a missile being hurled into the air. Television spoiled the Eichmann case as a conversation piece. Perry Mason conducts a much more interesting trial and his witnesses look alive. Eichmann is given no make-up and he already looks half dead.

So one turns to Caroline's ducks and that is good talk because every mamma can talk about dogs and rabbits and hamsters and other objects of special affection and concentrated kindness. You can never tell about children. Some of them get gawky and others take on blubber. And some are shy and others are fresh. And all that leads to talk about pediatricians, schools, clothes and clever talk.

And so, the evening progresses until those who are still permitted to smoke weary of it all and wink to their spouses to go home. It has been pleasant enough to listen to the inexpert obiter about all sorts of dicta and one sometimes wonders if geography is not something that still needs to be studied in where Mali is.

Horoscope

Do not lose unexpected gain by impetuous action. Today's child will be magnetic.

Tierra del Fuego means "Land of Fire" but the South American island bearing this name has chilling winds and damp cold. Discoverer Magellan named it for the Indian bonfires burning along the coast day and night.



Allentown's Response to the Call

THE ALLEN INFANTRY IN 1861

By JAMES L. SCHAADT, Esquire

(Conclusion)

On the first day of May the company was transferred with Captain McDonald's Pottsville Light Infantry, Company D, Captain McCormick's ompany F, Captain Davis' Company I, and Captain Dart's Company K to the United States Arsenal, two miles south of the city, opposite Apexandria on the Potomac, for the purpose of guarding the large quantity of valuable war materials, including 70,000 stand of arms and heavy guns with powder and ammunition there stored. The company (Allen Infantry) was quartered at first on the second story of the penitentiary, which formed a part of the Arsenal, and later in rooms of the Arsenal. Here they were later formed into a battalion and the Ringgold Artillery, Company A and Captain Nagle's Company C, and under Major Ramsay, commandant at the Arsenal, were regularly drilled in Hardee's Tactics, and instructed in target practice and skirmish drill by Lieutenant Mears of the U. S. Army. The daily routine consisted of reveille at 5 a.m., drill at 6, breakfast at 7, guard mountain at 8, dinner at 12, drill at 5, followed by dress parade, supper at 7, tatoo at 9 and taps at 9:45. Army rations were served. On May 10 regular army uniforms were issued to the men, consisting of blue pantaloons and frock coat, fatigue coat, forage cap, great coat, blue or red woolen shirt, two pairs of cotton stockings, two pairs of cotton drawers, two pairs shoes, knapsack, haversack and canteen. These were the first uniforms issued to exchange them for the gray uniforms they had been wearing, to which they took a dislike because of its resemblance to the Confederate gray. During this tour of duty the Allen Infantry and Captain McKnight's Ringgold Artillery were detailed on June 8 to cross the Long Bridge and to unload from the boats some 30 large and heavy cannon, and mount them on their carriages in the intrenchments at Arlington Heights.

On the 29th of June the Allen Infantry, Captain Yeager, with the companies of Captains McDonald, McCormick, Davis and Dart, marched under Lieutenant Colonel Selheimer to Rockville, which they reached the next day, where they slept in the Fair building, but because of the heavy rain did not go any farther that day. They were provided with tents, ambulances, transportation wagons and all necessary camp equipage. Colonel Cake assumed charge. The next day, Monday morning, the battalion marched to Poolesville, reporting to Colonel Stone in charge of the Rockville expedition; then marched to Point Rocks, Sandy Hook, Harpers Ferry, where on the 4th of July some skirmishing took place with the Rebels, then occupying it. It was expected that an assault would be made on the morning of the 6th, but other orders being received, the command marched to Williamsport and across the Potomac to Martinsburg, where it went into camp.

On the 15th the brigade marched to Bunker Hill and encamped there. Here again it was expected that a general engagement would take place, but on the morning of the 17th the brigade moved to Charlestown, the Allen Infantry camping in the same field where John Brown and his comrades had been hanged. The next day the battalion moved to Harpers Ferry and camped there. The terms of enlistment having expired, General Patterson thanked them and directed them to move by way of Baltimore to Harrisburg, where the entire regiment assembled on the 20th day of July, and was mustered out on the 23rd.

On the next day, July 24, Captain Yeager and the Infantry were received at home by the entire populace of Allentown, with bands of music and an address by the Hon. Robert E. Wright, and were escorted into town amid the ringing of bells and shouts of joy. A banquet again awaited them at Schneck's Eagle Hotel; but this did not remain untasted like the parting dinner three months before. Captain Yeager on the 27th of July delivered the discharge to his men, dated Harrisburg, July 23. The muster-out-roll contains the following 78 names with the ages of the men:

Thomas Yeager, Captain, 35
Joseph T. Wilt, First Lieutenant, 21
Solomon Goebel, 2nd Lieutenant, 29
John E. Webster, First Sergeant, 38
John W. Winne, Second Sergeant, 22
William Wagner, Third Sergeant, 21
Henry W. Sawyer, 4th Sergeant. 26
George Junker, Fifth Sergeant, 26
Wm. Wolf, First Corporal, 23
William Kress, Second Corporal, 24
Ignatz Gresser, Third Corporal, 25
Daniel Kramer, Fourth Corporal, 25
George F. Henry, Drummer, 32

Privates

Charles W. Abbott, 27
Theodore Anderson, 31
Francis Bach, 23
Henry Cake, 24
Norman H. Cole, 18
Charles Dietrich, 18
Milton H. Dunlap, 18
Wilson Henry Derr, 18
Ephraim C. Dore, 28
William Early, 22
William T. Frame, 28
Matthew I. Fuller, 34
Gideon Frederick, 42
Charles Clayton Frazer, 25
Edwin Gross, 25
James Geidner, 44
Otto P. Greipp, 21
John Hawl, 33
Nathaniel Hillegass, 31
George Hoxworth, 30
Joseph Hettinger, 22
Edwin M. Hittle, 19
John F. Hoffman, 25
Joseph Hauser, 58
David Jacobs, 22
George Keiper, 18
Alexander Kercher, 19
Isaac Lapp, 19
Maximilia, Lakemeyer, 21
Paul Lieberman, 34
Martin Leisenring, 18
Franklin Leh, 19
Edwin Miller, 28
Thomas McAllister, 21
Henry McNulty, 24
Ch$rles Orban, 37
Samuel Garner, 33
Charles A. Pfeiffer, 18
William S. Ruhe, 51
John Romig, 28
Ernest Rottman, 44
George W. Rhoads, 29
Jonathan Reber, 27
Lewis G. Seip, 26
Henry Storch, 19
Marcus Sigman, 21
Charles A. Schiffert, 18
Samuel Schneck, 20
Stephen Schwartz, 21
Adolph Schneider, 23
Ermill Schneider, 18
Francis Schaffer, 24
Charles Spring, 28
Charles Schwartz, 19
Adolph Stefast, 35
John Uhler, 19
Martin Veith, 23
John Weber, 26
Darius Weiss, 18
Benneville Wieand, 18
Allen Wetherhold, 18
Joseph Weiss, 26
James M. Wilson, 44
Frederick Zuck, 22

Private Benneville Wieand is carried on the roll as captain's servant. The following are marked discharged or dropped: Daniel Kramer, May 7, 1861; L. G. Seip, May 25, 1961, on surgeon's certificate, approved by Brigadier General Mansfield; Henry McAnnulty, April 28, 1861; Franklin Leh and William Scott Davis, May 9, 1861; John E. Webster, June 25, 1861; Norman H. Cole, Milton H. Dunlap and Charles A. Pfeiffer on May 31, 1861, by order of the War Department. Pfeiffer afterwards enlisted in Company 8 of the 47th P.V., was wounded at Winchester and was honorably discharged December 25, 1965. Dunlap enlisted in the Regular Army, and has never been heard of since. The men were paid on July 31, by Major A. M. Sallade, Paymaster, U.S.A. Each private received $37.36 in gold. Many of them re-enlisted in other commands, especially the 47th, 53rd and 128th P.V., and attained distinction. Sergeant Charles W. Abbott became lieutenant colonel of the 47th P.V. Sergeant George Junker commanded Company K of the same regiment and died Oct. 25, 1862, of wounds received in the Battle of Pocotaligo. Private Nathanael Hillegass enlisted in Company K, 54th P.V. and died of wounds received at Winchester. Harry W. Sawyer, became a captain in a New Jersdy cavalry regiment, was taken prisoner, but escaped just as he was about to be hanged by the Rebels in retaliation.

The gallant Captain Yeager was presented by his men with a fine and costly sword in token of the love and respect they bore him. He became major of the 53rd Regiment P.V., and gave his life for the Flag he loved at the battle of Fair Oaks on the 1st of June 1862. His remains were recovered about four weeks after the battle and respose in Union Cemetery, Allentown. The sword he wore on the march through Baltimore is now in possession of the family of Corporal William Wolf. Yeager Post No. 13, G.A.R. was named after him.

Major Yeager was a brave, impetuous soldier. With him to think was to act. With clear vision he saw the immeasurable advantage the Secessionists would gain by seizing Washington and the public buildings, and judging them by his own methods he expected they would at once take the defenseless city. Not a moment must be lost; patriots must at once rush to the defense of their Capitol. So with all the men he could hastily assemble, unprepared as they were, he hurried to the point of the expected attack. Two days after arriving at Washington he writes:

"If the Northern men take the stand in this matter that I did we will between now and three months march back to our native firesides with the minies on our shoulders, drums beating, trumpets sounding and playing 'Hail Columbia,' and the Stars and Stripes in our hands. But this stand our people of the free states must take immediately. Let them come in citizen's dress as passengers; they can be organized here . . . The only way is for the North to concentrate their troops in divisions and encamp on the Pennsylvania state line and discipline their raw troops, and, whenever ready, go and demand of Baltimore the right to transit to the Capitol of the country; if refused, lay Baltimore and Annapolis in ashes. That is the only plan. Then Washington can get as many, northern troops as they want."

A rare and indomitable spirit this!

No more ardent patriot lives in this country than the phlegmatic Pennsylvania German. It fills the cup of bitterness to the brim for Massachusetts to realize that the First Defenders of the National Capitol came from that section of Pennsylvania, upon whose inhabitants the descendants of Puritan New England have always looked as slow and stupid and "illiterate." The men of Massachusetts are no less patriotic than those of Pennsylvania; but the fact remains that five organized, uniformed and equipped companies of Pennsylvania militia, located in four towns separated at some distance from each other, not members of one battalion or regiment, were, however, actuated about the same early moment by a like patriotic impulse to rush to the defense of their country imperiled by traitors. The Pennsylvania companies arrived at Washington at 7 p.m., April 18, 1861; the Massachusetts Sixth arrived there 24 hours later, on the 19th.

The merit of greater promptness belongs to the Pennsylvania soldiers. And so it was understood at the time. The thanks of the country were tendered by the Congress of the United States on the 22nd of July, 1861, to the five companies, as the Capital's First Defenders, and on the 4th of July, 1866, Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War in 1961, wrote:

"I certify that the Pottsville National Light Infantry was the first company of volunteers whose services were offered for the defense of the Capitol. A telegram reachd th War Department on the 13th making the tender — it was immediately accepted. The company reached Washington on the 18th of April, with four additional companies from Pennsylvania, and these were the first troops to reach the seat of government at the beginning of the War of the Rebellion."

No one at this date will dispute that the five companies of Pennsylvania deserve the honor, the glory and the credit of having been the first to defend the National Capital. While their service was bloodless, yet they were prepared and ready at all times to shed their blood in that defense; and no one can deny that their prompt appearance in Washington preserved the public buildings, the public records, and the government, to the Union; nor can any one deny that the result of the war would in all probability have been entirely different if the Secessionist forces had first occupied and taken them. The march of the 530 Pennsylvanians, insufficiently armed and supported only by patriotic fervor, through hostile Baltimore, and their prompt occupation of the halls of Congress in Rebel-infested Washington, will rank them in history with the 300 who defended the pass of Thermopylae, and the 600 who charged at Balaklava.

All honor, then, in all time to come to Captain Yeager and his Pennsylvania German fellow - citizens of the Allen Infantry for the part they took in this glorious achievement. Their action will ever be a matter of pride and the source of patriotic inspiration in our community.

And so, in all time to come, the example of the First Defenders will remain an inspiration to patriotism whenever our Flag and our country again need prompt, ready and unhesitating defenders.

FRIEHYOHR

Die Kelt iss voriwwer,
Der Winter iss vorbei;
Die Baem sin am Bliehe
Un alles watt nei.

Die Mannsleit sin am Gaerdle,
Die Weibsleit butz Haus;
Die Kinner schpiele Glicker
Un alles will naus.

'S iss iwwerall am Baue,
Sie bluugge uffem Feld;
Die Aerwet watt blendi
Un Leit hen meh Geld.

Die Oschterblumme bliehe,
Es Graas watt schunn grie;
Die Feggel sin am Peife
Un singe schpaet un frieh.

'S waer gut wann der Winter
Mit sich nemme daet
Die Saerye die baddere
Deel Leit frieh un schpaet.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

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Editorials

'A O.K. All the Way'

Seldom in all the history of this nation has there been a public drama as strikingly realistic as the one played out yesterday morning from Cape Canaveral.

Rarely have as many Americans prayed so fervently at any given moment as in those tense minutes when this nation's first astronaut waited to be blasted into space and took his perilous ride across the chartless space above the earth's atmosphere.

Never except when victorious armies were able to proclaim the end of wars have any words been as welcome as the "A O.K. All the Way" that kept coming from the tiny hurtling capsule.

This nation had elected to make its first attempt at a manned entry into space the hard way. Except for the technical secrets it still guards, its plans were stripped of mystery. Commander Alan B. Shepard Jr. had been identified as the astronaut tagged for the first ride. His face was familiar when he stepped into the capsule and just as easily recognizable when he left it.

Thousands, including the press of the world and scientists from many nations, were at the launching site. So were television cameras and radio microphones plugged in to world-wide hookups. The site of the intended rendezvous with the recovery fleet had been pinpointed months ago.

There wasn't the slightest chance to avoid the criticism of cynics or scoffers if the first shot of its kind from this side of the iron curtain failed. There wasn't any more chance of casting doubts on it if it succeeded. There was no curtain.

It is important that this nation's first effort at a manned space flight were so magnificently successful, perhaps far in excess of the most optimistic hopes. It is important that a heroic American survived it to give clear testimony of man's endurance and his ability to function beyond the realms of the earth or the sky. It is important that the competence of American scientists and the skills of American workmen and technicians employed in a free society again have been convincingly demonstrated.

It is just as important that this nation and its scientists were willing to take the calculated risks they did openly and without cover. There now are no shadows over their magnificent accomplishment.

This is just one of the major differences between the United States of America and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Once again it has been preserved.

Cause for Concern

There has been real concern and rightly so about this nation's lagging employment.

There has been considerably less concern, particularly in official quarters, about the lagging returns of the industries that employ the vast labor forces and provide their payrolls.

During the first quarter of the year, when unemployment hit a low of something like 7 per cent of the available labor force, 429 of the nation's industries reported earnings 22.4 per cent below those of the matching period in 1960. But for the 156 per cent gain recorded by eight aircraft makers, the drop would have been considerably more severe.

A Wall Street Journal survey of 38 production and service areas showed gains in only 10. In addition to aircraft manufacturers they included office equipment producers up 31.7 per cent; petroleum products, 15.8 per cent; movies and movie theaters, 13.2 per cent; distillers 10.3 per cent and finance companies, dairy products, utilities, tobacco, copper and other metal products all up less than 10 per cent.

Steel, off 73.9 per cent, and textiles and building materials, both down a bit more than 50 per cent, took the biggest beatings.

Industry has two primary responsibilities in the American economy. One is to provide payroll for a maximum number of Americans who invest their labor and their energies in its products and services. The other is to provide earnings for those who invest their savings to furnish the tools the labor force uses.

The close relationship between the two is clearly demonstrated by the two sets of figures. Without incentive to those with savings to invest there will be few new tools for the increasing number who must be added to payrolls. Without payrolls, there would be no profits.

No government can make whipping boys of either of these two elements of production if it expects the economy and prosperity of its people to expand.

What Others Say
The Tide Comes In

By HAYDN PEARSON

Twice in each day the tides of the restless sea surge against the shore and recede again. Once in each annual cycle, the irresistible tide of new life surges over hills and valleys, upland fields and pasture hillsides of the northern half of the nation.

No man can foretell precisely when true spring will arrive, but usually the green tide gathers definite momentum early in the fifth month and spreads a rich, glowing hue over the countryside.

You can see, smell and hear the signs of the new season. Fiddleheads uncurl brown-gold heads along the roadsides; shadbush flings its white blossoms to the sunny air. There's a heady fragrance of freshplowed soil and the sweet aroma of lilacs. Each dawn there is added volume to the birds' symphony, building rapidly toward the fortissimo climax at mid-month.

Some years spring comes slowly. There are seasons when it seems to arrive overnight after a cold, raw April. Man grows impatient after a time of chilly and rainy weather and restlessly waits for the benediction of May.

But nature is never impatient. For thousands of years spring has been coming to our land and a few days variation in schedule is a matter of little moment. The important point is that spring always comes; the tide always mounts toward that memorable climax in June - year's longest day. It is one of the verities upon which a man can depend. Man, impatient, restless and tangled in skeins of his own weaving, will some day learn to live in the ordered peace that Nature offers as an example.

IN THE OPEN!



The Minimum Wage Bill

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The possibility of a setback in business is not a pleasant thing to discuss. But what has just been hailed as a "victory" for President Kennedy, when Congress passed the new minimum-wage bill, could turn out to be a measure that actually prolongs the present recession.

Up to now, it has always been thought to be the better part of wisdom to keep wage rates stable during a recession and wait for better times. But the Democrats in Congress have just taken a step which not only affects the 24,000,000 workers who are covered by minimum - wage laws but provides labor unions with the excuse to start a demand for a general wage increase.


Lawrence

Instead of permitting the nation to treat the wounds it has received as a result of the dislocation of the national economy by the steel strike, the unions which have the support of the Kennedy Administration now have driven ahead to start a wave of wage increases.

The larger businesses will not be hurt as much as will small business. The new minimum-wage law will cause the loss of jobs to many persons now employed. Small businesses generally will not be able to pay the increased wage and will have to cut down the number of employes.

It was something of a surprise to see the House vote go up to 230 from the 216 affirmative votes cast on March 24. The opposition vote dropped from 203 to 196. What caused this shift?

The answer is that the Administration played its political cards shrewdly, especially among House members from the South. The White House announced the other day that it is going to do something to alleviate the woes of the textile industry by providing quotas on foreign imports. This interests the South. Likewise, cotton-gin employes were exempted. This also helped to win southern votes.

A concession was also made to operators of laundries by exempting their workers. Though this hurts Negro employes, the result nevertheless was to gain votes in the South. The whole incident is being pictured as a blow to the coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats. Apparently the administration has the political wherewithal to break down the Democratic Party's conservatives in the South. The significance of what has just happened is that, by throwing a bone here and there, a number of votes in the House were obtained by the Administration for the minimum-wage bill.

The first of a series of increases will go into effect within four months for at least 2,500,000 workers. Perhaps the biggest consequence will come in handling wage scales above the minimum. This is hardly the opportune moment for readjusting wage scales on a broad basis. But the Administration has plowed ahead irrespective of consequences. The unemployment compensation rolls will soon tell the story in increased applicants.

But shouldn't the minimum wage be increased? Certainly there is every reason for providing higher and higher compensation for everyone who has to face the decreasing purchasing power of the dollar. But there is a good time for such an adjustment and a bad time. Recession months are not an occasion for further deterioration of the employment rolls. The period should be used to build a sound and stable economy so that wage increases will be paid out of an expanding prosperity and increased national growth.

The tragic part of the story is that, when the present recession drags on or is followed after a brief recovery by another dip, the cry will be for more spending by government. Yet the incentives so essential to a genuine recovery are being neglected, and the drift is toward more and more makeshift remedies and distortions of the wage structure.

Be Realistic

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

This is in response to a letter from a lady in Louisiana, who writes:

"Without knowing much about the Russians, I am sure that their development and accomplishments are spotty and I think we should be told about it.

"I know that their development has been remarkable but what about theirs in comparison to ours?


Sokolsky

"I imagine that they lack aesthetic sense. Their interests are limited in their scope. They set a goal and achieve it, but there are more goals than are heard of in their philosophy.

"Do you realize how wonderful we are? I would hate to turn a middle class Russian loose among the second hand stores and tell her to develop a home. An American woman can develop a charming home with soap boxes and a little paint. Our working girls have the grooming and good taste of debutantes. Things like that are not superficial. They require admirable qualities."

Perhaps the weakness in our position as regards Soviet Russia is that we have underestimated the Russians. The assumption in the above letter is that the Russians are barbarians, although there is a history of more than a thousand years of culture and civilization of a very high order. As long as we believe that every Russian is a moujik, we shall continue to underestimate the peoples who live in the vast area which is marked Russian on the map.

How can anyone say that the Russians lack an aesthetic sense, by which, I assume that my correspondent means that the Russians have produced nothing in the various fields of art. One need only know Russian music, Rimsky - Korsakov, Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff, to mention only a few pre-Bolshevik composers; or in literature, Tolstoy, Gorki, Chekhov, merely to scratch the surface of the subject. In science, the Russians and Poles have a long and important history, including Copernicus (a Pole), Mendeleyev who worked out the table of valences, and among moderns many others.

I am not listing the wonders of Russia. That is their job. I am denouncing the ignorance of those who believe that wisdom and knowledge can be the monopoly of any one people.

It is not lessening the structure of the United States to recognize that there have been about 8,000 years or more of written history, whereas we have been on this continent only three centuries.

Someone spread the notion that there is some extraordinary gift called know-how which is exclusively American. We have been shocked to discover that know-how is exclusive to no people; that what one people knows is soon known to all.

We need a more realistic attitude toward ourselves and toward the rest of the world. We need to recognize that we are one fact in a vast geography and a long history and that we dare not exaggerate our own importance or underestimate the values of other nations. There is no greater peril than ignorance overlaid by emotions particularly when we reject knowledge to prove an assumption. The error of the past 40 years in our relations with Soviet Russia and Soviet satellites is that we have been unwilling to believe the truth about them because the proof did not sound true.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: If a Christian should find a drunk man and the man when sober is a good friend of his, do you think he should pass the man up, and not help him? K.W.

ANSWER: Am I to assume that you were the drunk man? If so, perhaps your Christian friend thought by recognizing you in that condition it would be embarrassing to you, and that the best thing to do was to act like he didn't see you. Or, perhaps, he didn't see you at all. In that case you should be thankful, for that saved you embarrassment.

Have you ever thought of trying to help yourself? Too many alcoholics look for sympathy — in fact, many doctors dealing with alcoholics consider that self-pity or desire for attention is one of the chief motivations of over - drinking. Drinking makes you ill, and an ill person always gets sympathy, even if it is caused by intemperance. Around the corner from you is a church, and although the church does not major in the rehabilitation of alcoholics, the faith they proclaim does. The alcoholic is weighed down with a lack of faith — lack of faith in himself, lack of faith in God. The solution to your problem is to draw strength from God. "You can do all things through Christ." To refuse to go to Him who can give you strength is to sink deeper into self-pity.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Evening

These are the dreamy hours . . . time of peaceful rest . . . when we can refresh ourselves . . . for tomorrow's test . . . these are the happy moments . . . space of precious time . . . when there is tender meaning . . . to life's complex rhyme . . . as evening shadows lengthen . . . troubles seem to end . . . love begins to blossom . . . waning hopes ascend . . . there's magic in a sunset . . . there's wonder in the stars . . . that calms our fears and dries our tears . . . and heals the daily scars . . . so we treasure every measure . . . as the song of evening plays . . . till at last we fall asleep . . . to dream of future days.

Horoscope

Property gain is likely to be yours this year. Today's child will be extremely talented.



ALLE SADDE WADDE

Wadde, Wadde, so viel Sadde!
Deel vun do un deel vun dadde;
Deel, die sin so wiescht verdreht,
Ass sie niemand meh verschteht.

Who will provide us with the English for the following Pennsylvania German words and illustrate their usage in dialect sentences?

'S Yochbord
die Bless
saeddi (a child's word)
'S Gawwelgraas
schaufle (verb)
die Rotruhr
der Drechderkuche
baecksi (a child's word)

Also, who will give us the Pennsylvania German for "ceiling" and for "undertaker"?

In the ECK for March 4 we had offered the following dialect words with request for their English equivalents: **Der Zippel, der Zettel, 's Zippche, 's Zebbche, der Zottel, die Gniekehl, huddlich** (adverb), **der Huddelwisch, Nepsel spiele.**

Also we asked for the Pennsylvania German of the following English words: **sister-in-law, ankle, wrist, mantelpiece, shelf, midwife, cowlick, peppers, it drizzles.**

We are grateful to the following informants for their responses. From Margaret M. Roberts, Catasauqua: **Der Zippel,** the tip — **Er hot der Zippel vun seim Finger verlore iwwerm Schaffe.** — Also it can mean a foolish person — **Der aarm Zippel glaabt alles was er heert.** — **Der Zettel,** the tag— **Der Zettel am Rock saagt er waer vun Woll gemacht.** — It is also the name for warp in the weaving of carpet. — **'s Zippche,** a small bird- **sehnscht du sell Zippche gans drauss uffem Abbelbaam?** — **' sZebbche,** tonsil (no, the uvula-Ed.)—**Der Zottel** — tatter — **Der Frack wu so schee waar, iss nau yuscht meh en alter Zottel.** — **Die Gniekehl** — inside of the knee (meaning the hollow of the knee.-Ed.) — **Huddlich** — disorderly — **Bei ihre muss alles huddlich geh. Sie nemmt sich net die Zeit fer's recht duh.— Der Huddelwisch** — a careless person always in a hurry — **Seller alt Huddelwisch waar mol widder paar Minutte do heit,— Nepsel** — a game played with a short piece of wood tapered at both ends. Strike it with a stick and it flies into the air. — **Yaahre zerick hen mir als Nepsel gschpielt.**

From Raymond E. Kiebach, Reading, contributor to the Eck over many years: **Der Zippel**— a foolish person — **Der Will, der Zippel, laaft im Regge rum unne Hut odder Kapp.** — **Der Zettel** — a small piece of paper to write on, also a ticket, a note, a memo — **Mir misse en Denkzettel am Benny sei Naas henke, wann er so vergesslich iss.** Also, it denotes a weaver's warp or yarn — **John, seller Zettel musscht der lange Weg in der Webschtuhl duh.** — **'s Zippche** — ich weess gewiss net (see the Rev. Wm. J. Rupp's definition) — **'s Zebbche** — the uvula; the small, fleshy, conical body projecting downward from the middle of the soft palate. Rauch defines it as the epiglottis, but I am inclined to disagree with him. — **Es Zebbche iss im Hals.** — **Der Zottel,** a rag or tatters — **En Rock? huh, sell iss yuscht en Zottel.** (If this were "die' **Zottel** I would define it as a strumpet). — **die Gniekehl,** the hock; the joint in the hind leg of the horse above the fetlock joint corresponding to the ankle in man, but raised from the ground and protruding back — **Der Gaul iss lahm an seim recht Kniekehl** (but used also to denote the hollow of the knee joint in man.-Ed.)— **huddlich,** clumsy or badly done —**Der Pitt hot en huddlicher Weg zu schaffe.** It might also mean ragged, but for this a better word would be "zottlich".— **der Huddelwisch,** a person who does his work in an unsatisfactory manner — **Was? du witt die Betz Seideschpeck heiere? Geh mer weck. Die iss viel zu viel vun me Huddelwisch.** — **Nepsel spiele,** to play tip cat. We called it "nipsy". — **Der Schulmeeschter hot 's Nepsel spiele verbotte.** — For sister-in-law we always said **"Bruders Fraa.** — Ankle, **der Knechel.**— Wrist — the German is "das Handgelenk", but I know no dialect word for it. — Shelf, we always called it by the English "shelf". — Midwife, Rauch defines it as "wawrtfraw". I do not recall any specific dialect name for this, for "Abwartin" is a practical nurse who took care of a woman "im Kindbett". It seems there is little mention of a midwife in accounts of our pioneer Pennsylvania Germans as the doctors were early upon the scene. I have always believed that "die Berg Maria", the legendary Mountain Mary of the Oley Hills, was a midwife as well as a "Gegreider Doktor". — Cowlick, a pompadour, or tuft of hair brushed up over the forehead (hardly; see Rev. Wm. J. Rupp's definition below. Ed.) —Peppers, die Peffer, a garden vegetable. — **It drizzles, es newwelt or Es dutt so feischtenglich reggere.**

Leonard E. Shupp, Fullerton, a reader of the Eck over many years, says **Schweschder-in-law** for sister-in-law; **Mantel** for mantelpiece; **en Schpritzer** for a drizzle; **Schelf** for shelf; and **Kuhschleck** for cowlick. It is evident that Mr. Shupp's dialect, like that of many other Pennsylvania Germans, has become considerably anglicized.

From Professor Paul V. Kunkel, Cedar Crest College: Sister-in-law, **die Schweirin,** but also **die Bruders Fraa.** — Ankle, **der Fuss Knochel.** — Wrist, **der Hand Knochel.** — Mantelpiece, **des Mantelschtick.** — Shelf, **die Hank** (used for a hanging shelf in the cellar on which to place food. Ed.) — Midwife, **die Abwardfraa.** — Peppers, **die Peffere** Mr. Kunkle writes that he does not understand why this word should be included here, although he has heard that another word is used in Lancaster County. (The Editor wished to know whether there are any of his readers who still erroneously call peppers mangoes). — It drizzles — more than one expression is used, but the exact differences and distinctions do not seem to be very clear. I list the following in the order most frequently heard: Es dutt. **gans fei newwele; es spritzt; es dutt gans fei reggere.**

Here the dialect words and their definitions: **Der Zippel,** the tip or top. — **Die SiessKasche finnt mer im Zippel vum Baam. —Der Wind hot der Zippel vum Karrichetann runner geblose.— Der Zettel,** warp, also the ticket **—Mer schneit Lumbe uff fer der Zettel fer Lumbe Kaerpet mache** (no, the cut rags are used on the loom as the woof. Ed.). **Wann du die Zettel verlierscht, kannscht die Sache net in die Fair duh fer abweise.— 'S Zippche** the chipping sparrow (spizella passerina) — duh mir net die Zippche schiesse, sie fresse manche Warrem. En Zippche iss net en Zaunschlipper (wren) awwer viel Leit meene es waer. — **'S Zebbche,** epiglottis (see Rupp below) — **Ich hab Kalt un mei Zebbche iss so gschwolle, dass ich ball net schlucke kann.** — **Der Zottel,** the rag; also a person wearing tattered and torn clothing, because of slovenly habits — **Der alt Zottel! Er hot all sei Geld versoffe un nau muss er in Zottele rum laafe.** — **Die Gniekehl,** the back of the knee, especially the posteruciate ligament — **Ich hab's in de Gniekehl. Ich bin des Zwiwwele schtecke net gewehnt.** — **Huddlich,** in a hasty and erratic manner — Wann du so huddlich bischt, verbrechscht du mannich Schtick Gscharr. — **Der Huddelwisch,** a wet rag fastened to a broomstick or pole, used to sweep or swab) out the ashes and embers quickly from the floor of the old - fashioned bake-oven, immediately before the risen bread dough, etc. was put in the oven for baking. — **Grick mol der Huddelwisch un wisch der Backoffe aus. Er iss nau heess gnung fer 's Brod neiduh.** — **Nepsel schpiele (or Nipsel),** a batting and running game played by children, using a whittled, wooden shuttle or cock, pointed at both ends, which when rested on the earth or a small stone, is batted into the air by hitting one of the pointed ends thereof with a wooden bat, and then while flying through the air it is hit and the batsman runs for a base. — **Die Buwe hen der ganse Nammidaag Nepsel gschpielt.**

The Rev. Frederick Weiser, Lancaster, writes that one of his informants used the word **Hebamm** (High German **Hebamme**) for midwife and another used the verb **abwaarde,** for midwifery. And the Rev. Warren C. Heinly of Lancaster has heard **Noetmemm, Noetmutter, Noetfraa** and **Noetweib** for midwife (one who helps in time of need).

The Rev. William J. Rupp, Souderton, widely known as the genial **Buschgnibbel** of Town and Country, has sent us the following very informative definitions: **Der Zippel,** the tiny tip or end of something; often the useless end of something — **Er hot der Zippel abgebroche — Es waar so'n gleener Zippel draa ass nix gebatt hot.** — An indelicate use of the word — Geb acht odder ich grick dich am Zippel! — Also it may refer to a foolish, simple or funny person—**Du Zippeldu** or sometimes as a term of endearment, which changes its meaning. It is sometimes confused with **Gippel** (a tree top)—**Die schenschte Ebbel waare gans drowwe im Zippel vum Baam,** but still correct, for it can mean point, top, topmost tip or branch, etc. — **Es Zebbche,** sometimes akin to **Zippel** and **Zoppe.** Specifically it is the fleshy piece that hangs down from the back roof of the mouth. Generally it can be any fleshy, skin-like, wart - like or mole-like bit. It can refer to anything small and rather useless, such as a bit of cloth or of skin, a loose mole on the skin, or any kind of pendant skin — **Der Yung hot so'n Zebbche newe am Ohr ghatte, noh hen mir es abgebunne.** Sometimes the same as in **Es henkt so'n Zoppe draa,** here synonymous with **Zebbche.** — **Es Zippche,** the chipping sparrow specifically; generally any small chirping bird; sometimes the song sparrow, the goldfinch, the tree sparrow, even some of the warblers — **Es Zippche sucht sich Geilshaar fer in sei Nescht im Roseschtock.** — **Der Zettel,** the warp in weaving, as **Kaerpet Zettel.** Also any record, list, note, memorandum, invoice, bill of lading, label, ticket, piece of paper. Currently used in **Fuder Zettel** at Versammlinge for a menu or bill of fare — **Nau waart, noh gewwich dir en Zettel, noh wann du heem kumscht, weesscht was du kaaft hoscht!** But it is not the same as receipt. — **Der Zottel,** any sloppy, careless, or ragged man (or woman). Hence any tramp, even a stray dog or tomcat. Also a rag, **Zottel Lumbe,** or tattered clothing, especially a torn coat, jacket or sweater — **Datt, duh seller Zottel aa, noh macht's nix aus wann er aa dreckich watt!** Also in **Zottelwisch,** a sloppy woman, a dust rag, any rag, etc. Generally it refers to any rag, torn clothing, rag doll, miscellaneous cloth.—**Huddlich,** helter-skelter, carelessly, all mixed up, too hasty and without care or caution — **Sie sin zu huddlich druff nei gange un die Frucht iss net recht gschockt warre,** and **Es iss alles zu huddlich gange un bis faddich waar, waar nix recht.** — **Die Gniekehl** (I pronounce it **Gniekell**) is the underside or backside of the knee joint — **Iwwerm Grumbeere lese, hawwich's uff eemol hinne in die Gniekell grickt, ass ich nimmi uff gekennt hab.**

Sister-in-law, **Schwogern** or **Schwaegern.** (Note: father-in-law for me is **Schwardaadi,** not **Schwerdaadi,** nor **Schwaerdaadi,** and sometimes only **Schwar.**— Ankle, **Gnechel** or **Fussgnechel. Gnechel** is also used for any joint or knuckle. I know no other name for wrist, except **Gnechel.** — Mantelpiece, **Mantel** or **Montel** or **Mondel** (the HG **Gesims** seems never to have been adopted in our dialect. Ed.) — Shelf, **Schelft** or **Schelfd.** — Midwife, **Abwoartern** rather than **Abwartern.** More recently, **Die Fraa ass kummt** fer die Aerwet schaffe. The midwife was replaced by the woman who came in to do the housework, while the physician took over. — Cowlick, en **Warwel** or **Waerwel** — **Unser Kuh hot en Warwel midde uff der Schtarn.** Der Ed Fogel hot mol gsaat, des waer was die Kieh uf em Buckel hette. **Warwel** is also the name for a wooden or iron turn-button on a door or gate, to keep it closed. **Mir hen en Warwel immer en Driller gheessel Warwel** also has other meanings. Generally it has to do with some peculiar arrangement of the hair on front or back of the head. **Mit seim Warwel datt vanne guckt's ass wann die Kuh ihn gschleckt hett.** — Peppers, **Peffer or Paeffer.** — It drizzles, **Es iss am Suddle!**

IM MOI

Denk yuscht mol draa,
mei liewer Freind!
Der Monet Moi hot eenundreissich Daagge,
Un sie sin all so siess mit Blumme geleint —
Mer kann's gaar net in Wadde saagge!
Ken Wunner zu der Friehlingszeit
Hot die Aerd en Gsang!
Sei schtill! Sei schtill!
Mei Freind, sei schtill!
Haerrich yuscht mol hie!
Der Newwel grie im Moi
Yubelt unser Selichkeit.

—DIE BUSCHAMSCHEL
(Ralph Berky)

CAPTURE of SALLY DAVIS

Air: Kingdom Coming
Written by John P. Larkin

O Ladies, have you seen Jeff Davis?
He changed his name of late;
He ran away, the other day,
From Old Virginia State.
He heard the Yankee soldiers coming,
While sitting in his pew;
He cried aloud, with all his strength:
O Lord! What shall I do?

Chorus

Jeff Davis says: Now don't!
I've changed my name to Sal:
You will not hurt me, now, I'm sure;
For I wear a Balmoral!

He seized his gold, as a miser would,
And started out of town,
For fear the Yankees should him take.
His wife lent him her gown,
To make him unknown still more;
He wore her hoops and balmoral. . .
And then, to make it all complete,
He changed his name to Sal!

Chorus

Now, Jeff was caught in his disguise,
Likewise with all his spoil,
For just one little accident:
His boots. . . were not the style.
He cursed, and swore, and drew his knife,
And brandished it so high;
Yet, he was not man enough
On the battle-field to die!

Chorus

Oh! shame on Jeff to disguise himself,
In a cause so good and just!
Where is the man, four years ago,
In God did place his trust?
We find him at his Country's Bar,
To answer for his crime . . .
So let his fate be a warning to all
Young men, in future time!

Chorus

The above Civil War Song was popular among the soldiers wearing the blue, in which they ridiculed Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy. He was arrested on May 10, 1865 and imprisoned in Fort Moultrie. In the next year he was indicted for treason, but with the end of the Civil War, the trial was never pressed. We copied the song from an old broadside, published by H. DeMarsan, 54 Chatham St., New York City, and lent to us by Lawrence A. DeTurk.—Ed.

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Editorials

Must Be a Better Way

The news of Vice-president Johnson traveling in the Far East promising American aid of all kinds with a lavish hand, is slightly less than terrifying.

This is what we have been doing for years without satisfactory result. There must be a better way of strengthening our alliances than pouring our billions down a one-way creek.

Naturally, the people of Viet Nam cheer Mr. Johnson loudly and greet him as one of them, coming as he does with his arms laden with gift promises and his lips with assurances of cooperation in the fight against communism. Santa Claus by any other name looks just as sweet, even in a country where they never heard of him.

"Unfortunately," the Christian Monitor says, "the buying of time tends to become a habit—an end not a means."

The catastrophe in Laos is still fresh enough in our minds to indicate a great need for more effective programs of fighting communism.

So far we have been successful in winning governments to our side. We have yet to win many of the masses in these so-called friendly countries. Until we do, we can expect further disappointment and embarrassment.

Good will tours are a fine gesture, but they are not enough, especially when our promises come back to haunt us as they have had a habit of doing in late years.

Still Not Convinced

Doubts continue to rise concerning the Russian man-in-orbit flight.

Alton L. Blakeslee, Associated Press Science writer, reviewed these doubts in a special story in last night's Evening Chronicle.

Besides announcement that a man had been put in orbit and the world was permitted to see the reception given Gagarin in Moscow, little else is known.

Did Gagarin land with a parachute or inside the capsule? When did he make the flight? Where did he land? Did he have a porthole, or three portholes, or none at all? And, if the latter, how did he see the "beautiful view" of which he spoke?

These are but a few of the details which a layman would like to know about the trip. The scientist could ask a hundred more questions.

Of course, the chances are that Gagarin did orbit the earth, just as the Russians say he did, but just suppose it were a fabrication! And the United States had really regained its supremacy in space!

Can you imagine the goings-on in Moscow if America's man-in-space flight of last Friday had really been the first? By this time, plenty of heads would have fallen and the heat would be on for the entire scientific community, as it has never been before.

But as we said above, the chances are that everything they say happened, did happen.

We can perhaps take comfort in the fact that Russian secrecy and Russian bombast are signs of an inferiority complex. And that's a factor in fighting a war, cold or hot.

Lift for Hospitals

Pennsylvania's hospitals must have been greatly cheered by the announcement yesterday that Gov. Lawrence will ask the legislature to implement the federal program of medical care for the needy aged. This, in addition to the estimated 62,000 persons 65 and over who will benefit by the move, who too must have been cheered.

The federal program, known as the Kerr-Mills Bill, was passed during the latter days of the Eisenhower administration. Gov. Lawrence has delayed taking advantage of the millions of dollars which the federal government will make available in the hope that the Kennedy administration would put across the program linked to Social Security on which it campaigned.

The word from Washington must not have been too optimistic on the immediate chances of this highly controversial issue being passed by Congress. The Kerr-Mills Bill having gone into effect on Oct. 1, the governor has thus already delayed better than seven months before putting Pennsylvania's needy aged in line for its benefits.

Since the payments will go to the health-care vendors, and not to the individual beneficiary, the hospitals have a big stake in the new program.

Nineteen per cent of the free patients in Pennsylvania's voluntary hospitals are 65 years and over, but they account for 31 per cent of the total of 600,000 days of free care provided. The number of persons 65 and over is 9.7 per cent of the state's population, but the average stay of this group is twice as long as the group under 65 years of age.

The benefits of the Kerr-Mills program will also aid sectarian hospitals, although the Constitution of Pennsylvania prohibits direct aid. The method of reimbursement is not considered a direct appropriation.

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. Letters will not be published without a legitimate signature. The right to condense is reserved by the publishers.

Doesn't Need Fluoride

To the Editor:

I want to write about putting fluoride in the water.

I think we have enough chemicals in the water all ready. Now if all those that want fluoride in the water, why don't they switch to that toothpaste with fluoride and let those that don't want it decide for themselves. Let's look at it straight—if all those who want fluoride use that toothpaste, we may be able to get a toothpaste factory in Allentown to relieve unemployment which we have plenty of. We could use the money it costs to help finance such a project.

I did not have a cavity in my teeth in 20 years and until I do, I do not need any fluoride.

L. M. Gombert
342 S. Franklin St.
Allentown, Pa.

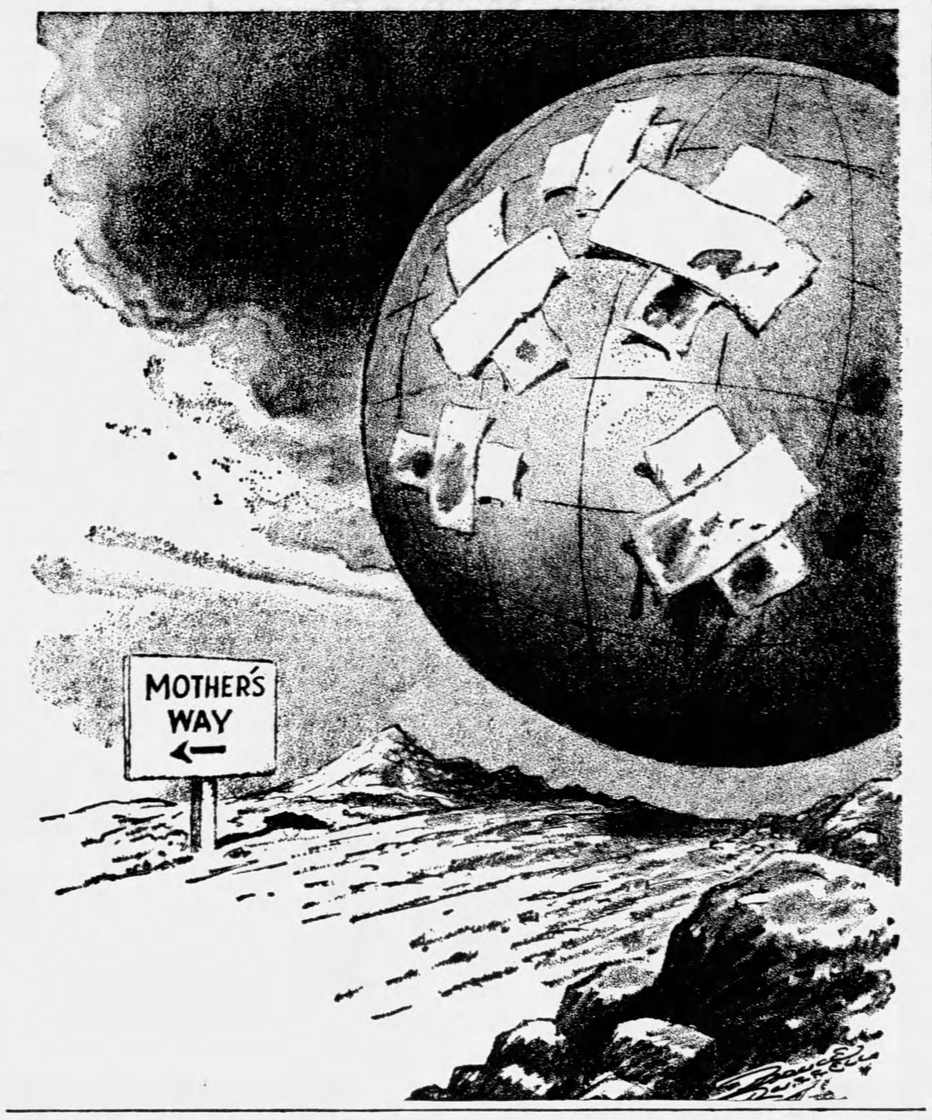
Bring Me Safely Home

To the Editor:

After reading this item I'm

Continued on Page 13, Column 4

A Sure Road to Peace



Rule by Executive Order

By DAVID LAWRENCE

A new form of dictatorship is arising in America. It is "government by executive order."

It means that, without the enactment of a single amendment to the Constitution or any new laws by Congress, President Kennedy can put out of business any company that refuses to obey the edicts he has just issued.



Lawrence

Every department of the government that buys anything from business — whether it be pencils or paper clips or typewriters or window shades or guns or mechanical parts of a defense weapon — must abide by the decree issued by the President.

Every time the government authorizes a purchase — even a subscription for a daily newspaper — the company must accept as a part of the order an agreement which says:

"The contractor will not discriminate against any employe or applicant for employment because of race, creed, color, or national origin. The contractor will take affirmative action to ensure that applicants are employed, and that employes are treated during employment, without regard to their race, creed, color, or national origin.

"Such action shall include, but not be limited to, the following: employment, upgrading, demotion or transfer; recruitment or recruitment advertising, layoff or termination; rates of pay or other forms of compensation; and selection for training, including apprenticeship.

The contractor agrees to post in conspicuous places, available to employes and applicants for employment, notices to be provided by the contracting officer setting forth the provisions of this nondiscrimination clause.

No Discrimination

"The contractor will, in all solicitations or advertisements for employes placed by or on behalf of the contractor, state that all qualified applicants will receive consideration for employment without regard to race, creed, color, or national origin . . .

"The contractor will comply with all provisions of executive order No. 10925 of March 6, 1961, and of the rules, regulations, and relevant orders of the President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity created thereby.

"The contractor will furnish all information and reports required by executive order No. 10925 of March 6, 1961, and by the rules, regulations, and orders of said committee, or pursuant thereto, and will permit access to his books, records, and accounts by the contracting agency and the committee for purposes of investigation to ascertain compliance with such rules, regulations, and orders.

"In the event of the contractor's non-compliance with the non-discrimination clauses of this contract or with any of the said rules, regulations, or orders, this contract may be canceled in whole or part and the contractor may be declared ineligible for further government contracts in accordance with procedures authorized in executive order No. 10925 of March 6, 1961, and such other sanctions may be imposed and remedies invoked as provided in the said executive order or by rule, regulation, or order of the president's committee on equal employment opportunity, or as otherwise provided by law."

This extraordinary document has been received by tens of thousands of companies and individuals who do business of any kind with the federal government. But the most sensational feature is in the last paragraph, which says:

"The contractor will include the provisions of the foregoing paragraphs (1) through (6) in every subcontract or purchase order unless exempted by rules, regulations, or orders of the President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity issued pursuant to section 303 of executive Order No. 10925 of March 6, 1961, so that such provisions will be binding upon each subcontractor or vendor.

"The contractor will take such action with respect to any subcontract or purchase order as the contracting agency may direct as a means of enforcing such provisions, including sanctions for non-compliance."

The Fourteenth Amendment to the constitution — from which the alleged authority in the whole nondiscrimination controversy has been derived — says that "The Congress shall have power to enforce, by appropriate legislation, the provisions of this article." But President Kennedy has let it be known that he doesn't need any more laws on "civil rights."

He is using instead the device of the executive order, even though bills to set up a Federal Fair Employment Practices Commission have been defeated several times by Congress. No law has been passed to govern the relations of contractors to the government or their methods of hiring employes.

So coercion and compulsion now are to be used to obtain compliance with executive orders and decrees, and the only recourse the injured citizen will have is to the Congress and his fellow citizens, who alone can put an end to dictatorial government.

A Lost Friend

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

In these days of semi-idleness and feather - bedding, loyalty and selflessness are hardly to be expected. But it does occur and it makes a tremendous difference.

Nearly 20 years ago, a young lady, Helen Patt, walked into my office and said that she would like to work for me. I did not know why.



Sokolsky

She had always wanted to work as secretary to a writer, she said. Very doubtfully, I employed her. She stayed nearly 20 years until she died, always my closest friend, always loyal, always understanding.

She grew from a young lady into a woman. She developed a personality so that many preferred to speak to her on the telephone. I often wondered about these telephone friendships. Yet, when she was in her terminal illness, these telephone friends came to see her, sent her encouraging letters and flowers.

Perhaps it is a characteristic of our civilization that we become pals without seeing each other. At any rate, she knew, in her last weeks, that these voices she had heard on the telephone for nearly 20 years, were real persons and real friends.

Patsy was one called a "Girl Friday," or an "assistant" or anything you like. Actually she was the inevitable development of our society, a woman devoted to her boss, who gave up everything in this life, not for a job, but for her boss' career.

There are such women who watch their men get married, try to keep things going smoothly; remind their men when their marriage anniversary to another woman occurs; perhaps watch the boss go through a divorce and marry another who is no better than the other.

It is perhaps a lonely life for many of these remarkable women but they find a joy in the growth and development of the man they serve. Often there are deep disappointments.

I knew such a secretary whose boss died and she never could find another. Those who gave her employment, she found too small, too picayune. I know another girl who, when her boss died, found herself pushed aside; his successor had a girl of his own. There was no place for her.

When a man loses such a girl he faces difficulties beyond imagination. He has permitted himself to become dependent regarding the minutiae of his life and he no longer knows where to look for a pencil or a pad of paper, where to buy a theater ticket, or where to order flowers.

He does not remember birthdays. He has a problem of reconstruction which seems to him to be insuperable, but somehow one manages in these matters as families do when there is a great loss. Life goes on and the errors of omission and commission are soon enough corrected.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: What do you think of divorced people remarrying? M. I.

ANSWER: I receive more questions on this subject than any other. It is not important what I think of divorced people remarrying — but it is extremely important what our Lord thinks of it. He warned: "Whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery."

Christ was very outspoken on the problem of divorce. He recognized it as a trap set by Satan to wreck the home-life of millions. It has been one of the major social problems of history, and today we are breaking history's records for broken homes.

Most lawyers know that few divorces are really justified, but they are ethically bound to following the wishes of their clients. The prevalence of divorce and the subsequent deterioration of the home life was one of the great causes of the fall of the Roman Empire.

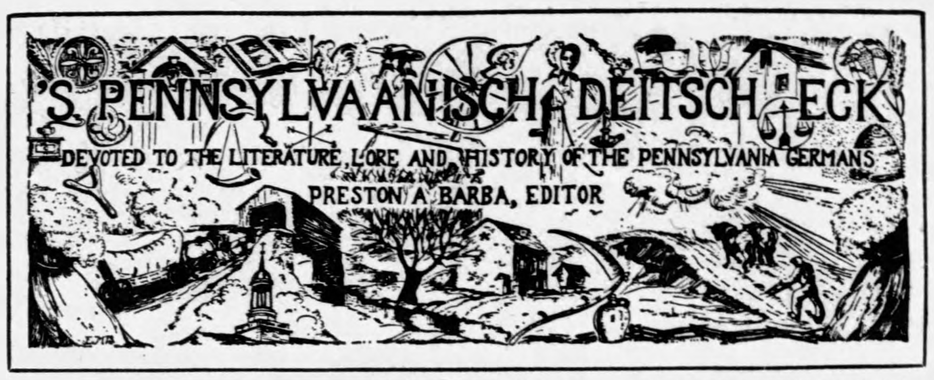
Sociologists are concerned about this problem and many fear it is a crack in our moral armor that will never be repaired. Let us hope that more couples will heed Christ's warning about the dangers of quick and self-motivated divorce.

Whether to remarry depends on the circumstances of the divorce!

Horoscope

Avoid quarrels and take no chances when driving; the year is successful. Today's child will be proud.

American zoos pay as much as $5,000 for a young gorilla. Fewer than 60 are exhibited in the United States.



ABOUT TONGUE TWISTERS

Reading recently Maurice A. Mook's article "Tongue Tanglers," published in the Journal of American Folklore for December, 1959, we came upon a number of familiar tongue teasers such as "How much wood could a woodchuck chuck, if a woodchuck could chuck wood?" and "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers", as well as less familiar ones, such as "Sister Sue sells seashells by the seashore"; "He thrusts his fists against the posts, And still insists he sees the ghosts"; "A fly and a flea in a flue,' etc., all of which were meant to be spoken rapidly. Whether called tongue tanglers, tongue teasers or twisters, they always provoked much merriment, especially at parties in the rural communities.

We were reminded of similar tongue teasers, which A. R. Horne had introduced in his Pennsylvania German Manual in 1875, not for entertainment but for instructing those thick-tongued Pennsylvania Germans who had difficulty in the use of certain consonants. To teach the two sounds of **s**, the hissing and the buzzing sounds he recommends a repetition of such sentences as:

"Choose a useful position, and rise in history, above the base hisses of disrespectfulasses, to unceasing praise", and "He fell on the ice and hurt his eyes".

To distinguish between the two sounds of **th** (heard in **thing** and **then**), he suggests, "I thought I sought the thick sick man in the South"; "The sea ceaseth and that sufficeth us"; and "Demosthenes practiceth callisthenics."

Those who confuse **v** and **w** are to practice such sentences as:

"Virgie wants to visit Wilkes-Barre"; "We were very well aware that the wag was void of wisdom/".

And for those who have trouble with **wh:** "The Prince of Wales caught whales'; "He wets his whetstone with wine, and whines when he cuts the vines."

But we are also fortunate in having tongue teasers in the Pennsylvania German dialect.

The late Edwin C. Miller of Macungie wrote these verses:

Wu gehscht hie?—Noch Diddel die dinn,
Wu summers die Elbedritschelcher sinn;
Wu der Dischtelfink zwillert zum Zwickelzwack,
Un der Schwalm zwitschert zum Zwitter;
Wu's Lamm lammediert zum Lappes,
Un der Laerrich zwillert zum Zwaerrich;
Wu der Zwacker zuzappt der Zuwwer,
Un der Baryer barrigt zum Barrig;
Wu der Schnee es Weissgraut weissmacht,
Un der Dichter sei Gedichte gedichdich dicht
Zum Zwickel, zum Zwackel,
Zum Hanniwackel.

In John Birmelin's **Mammi Gans Buch,** delightful translations of Mother Goose rhymes, we find this:

Der Pitter Peifer pickt'n Peck voll Pickel Peffer;
En Peck voll Pickel Peffer pickt der Pitter;
Wann Pitter Peifer'n Peck voll Pickel Peffer pickt,
Wu sin die Pickel Peffer was der Pitter Peifer pickt?

And this translation of "When a Twister A-Twisting, Will Twist Him a Twist":

Wann en Dreher, beim Drehe, en Zwaern zammerdreht,
Des Gedreh vumme Dreh dutt er dreimol neidrehe;
Wann eens vun de drei im Gedreh sich uffdreht,
Des verdreht im Gedreh die annere Zwee;
Dann dreht er mol uff was im Zwaern sich verdreht
Un dreht widder zamme die Zwee im Gedreh,
Noh dreht er noch zweemol der Zwaern vun de Zwee;
Die Zwee was im Drehe sich frieher verdreht
Beim Drehe vum Zwaern, die dutt er uffdrehe,
Un zwischich de Zwee dreht er noch eeni meh,
Noh waerre zum Zwaern die Drei zammegedreht.

But Birmelin's virtuosity in the use of our dialect is nowhere better illustrated than in his own original tongue twisters, that he gathered up under the general title "Buchschtaaweschpielerei" (alphabet playfulness), of which we print the following:

Der Hummel, er brummelt
Wu's blummich un sunnich;
Er grummelt un dummelt
Un sammelt sich Hunnich.

Grosse, Grodde, grisslich, gruschdich,
Grindich, gretzich, grohlich grie;
Grexe, graunze, greische greddich,
Graddle graad am Graawe hie.

'm Bennwell Bichel sei batzicher Babbegoi
Babbelt un bobbert fer'n Boddel voll Brandewei.
Basst net der Brandewei besser fer'n Bickel?
Un brauch net der Bickel en bissel fer's Bauchweh?
Dem Babbegoi belst er mol basslich der Buckel,
Noh bettelt der Babbegoi, blabbert un brutzt,
Un bambelt un baerzelt un blaudert un blinkt,
Bis endlich der Bickel die Boddel doch bringt;
Dem Babbegoi'n Beint, dem Bickel en Beint,
Un Bickel un Babbegoi bleiwe doch Freind.

Hocher Haufe Holz hockt am Heisel hinnerm Hof,
Hunnerd Haase hocke hinnerm hoche Haufe Holz;
Hawwich Haase heere huschde hinnerm hoche Haufe Holz?
Hol im Haus der Hund un hetz 'n hinnich hunnerd Haase,
Hunnerd Haase hupse hinnich Hecke hie un haer.

Wiedich wilde, wieschde Weschpe!
Weeschte wu die Weschpe neschte?
Weschpenescht im Giwwelend,
Weschpeneschter an de Wend;
Wieschder, wilder Weschpedeiwel,
Winzich, wunzich Weschpeweiwel;
Weschpedeiwel gnawwert und gnewert und
Weschpeweiwel wiehlt un wewwert;
Wottschte wull die Weschpe zaerre,
Wann die Weschpe wiedich waerre?
Waerrschte vun de Weschp verwischt,
Weist die Weschp dir was du bischt

—P. A. B.

CIVIL WAR ECHOES

Mer kumme, Fater Abraham

Mer kumme, Fater Abraham—
Drei hunnert taused meh!
Fon Mississippi's windend Schtrom
Un fon Neu England Bay:
Mer losse Plug un Schop zurueck,
Un Weib un Kinder, theuer,
Mit Herze foll—unschprechlich, ach!
Un Thraene heess wie Feuer:
Mer schaue net dohinne rum,
Nur forwaerts jetz, allee;
Mer kumme, Fater Abraham,
Drei hunnert taused meh!

Chorus

Mer kumme, ja mer kumme,
Der Union bei zu schteh;
Mer kumme, Fater Abraham,
Drei hunnert taused meh
Mer kumme, Fater Abraham—
Drei hunnert taused meh!

Wann 'd schauscht g' enuewer Huegel,
Dort, noerdlich, werscht du seh
Der Schtab, der schwebt uff Huegel —
Wie Wolge, in der Hoeh:
Jetz reist der Wind en Bahne
Dorch die schwebend Schtabewand,
Un schwebt der Freiheits Fahne,
Die Glorie unsers Land;
Die Bajonette glaenze Flamm,
Die Baend schpielt Music, schoe,
Mer kumme, ja mer kumme,
Drei hunnert taused meh.

Mer kumme, ja, mer kumme,
Der Union bei zu schteh,
Mer kumme, Fater Abraham,
Drei hunnert taused meh!
Mer kumme, ja, mer kumme,
Drei hunnert taused meh.

Zusatz

Nun, aber, Fater Abraham,
Du rufscht uns nimmermehr;
Mer kumme nimme "marching on",
Mit Schnappsaeck un Gewehr.

Der Rebels Krieg, der isch forbei,
Un Janus Tempel zu;
Die arme Schklafe sin all frei,
Un 's Land hot Fried un Ruh.

Manchem Friedhofs Tannebaam —
Uff manchem Denkmalschtee,
Schteht's gschriewe, Fater Abraham,
Mer kumme nimmermeh!

Gleich uff deim grosse Marborschtam,
Errichtet dir zur Ehr,
Dort leest mer, Fater Abraham,
Du rufscht uns nimmermehr!

Fon Anfang bis zum End dem Kreig —
Fon Sumpter's donnernd Fescht —
Zu Appomattox Ueberlief,
War's Kampf, fon erscht zu letscht.

Fereinigt, wieder, Fater, jetzt,
Mag's immer bleiwe so —
Ee Gott, ee Land, ee Schtaats Gesetz,
Ee Flag—Rot, Weiss un Blo!

Translated from the English of Jas. G. Gibbons by H. L. Fischer, in Kurzweil un Zeitfertreib, York, Pa. 1896.

IN DER HINNERSCHT SCHTUBB

(For Mother's Day)

Sie hockt datt in der hinnerscht Schtubb
Un guckt zum Fenschter naus;
Doch sehnen driebe Aagge kaum
Was bissel aageht draus.

Nee, sie's net blind, sie brauch ken Brill
Fer Zeiding lese heit;
Doch weil sie hockt do, guckt sie zrick
In die Vergangenheit.

Sie weist Gewicht vun viele Yaahr,
Vun Sarrig un Mieh gewiss;
Gewarwer sin in Hend un Fiess
Verdreht vun Rummedis.

Was denkt sie? Ya, des niemand weiss
Was kummt in ihre Sinn;
Mer kann yuscht zweiwle, sell iss all,
Was iss im Draame drin.

Vleicht iss es ihre Yugendzeit—
Wie sie en Meedel waar
Mit rote Backe, Aagge bloo,
Un scheene braune Haahr.

Die Buwe wu sie als gekennt,
Un dem sie'n Heemet macht,
Ihr Lieb die lange Yaahre darch—
Ihr Heile un Gelacht.

Die Kinner — ya, 's waar'n drei devun,
Wu kummen mit der Zeit;
Die Aerwet, Sarrig un Angscht gekoscht
Mit denne yunge Leit.

Wie sie als gschprunge kumme sin
Fer Esse, dann un wann,
Fer'n Dreescht, wann ebbes gschehne iss,
Wie yuscht en Mammi kann.

Un was die Yaahre zehren—wel,
Es scheint yo yuscht paar Yaahr,
Do waar'n sie glee, sin gheiert nau,
Un hen aa grooe Haahr.

Sie hen ihr eegner Druwwel nau,
Un alsemol scheint's graad
Wie wann die Mammi waer im Weg,
Seit sie iss nimmi Maad.

Sie heessen sie nau gans "aus date" —
Altfrenkisch in Manier;
Sie basst yuscht der Vergangenheit —
Es schemmt die Kinner schier.

Des iss en schweres Lewe un
En hatti, raui Welt,
Mit wennich Dank un Mitgefiehl —
Vleicht efters noch deel Gschellt.

Sie denkt die Sache iwwer un
Es macht ihr Aagge drieb;
Sie hen sie gschowe "uff der Shelf" —
Vergange Kinnerlieb.

So'n Sach leit neegscht zu ihrem Herz,
Un 's dutt re mechtich weh
Wie Zeite enn're alles rum —
'S iss gaar net zu verschteh.

Hett ihr eier Mammi noch bei eich,
Dann schetzt sie wie ihr sett;
Ihr wisst net was die Zukunft bringt —
Wie lang ihr sie noch hett.

Schiebt sie net in die hinnerscht Schtubb,
Zu hocke gans allee,
Un fiehle sie iss net verlangt—
Ya, yuscht en Druwwel meh.

Loss sie ihr Elt net reihe, schtatts
Helf re mit gschwinde Fiess;
Halt sie in Ehr, un mach mit Lieb
Ihr letschte Yaahre siess.

1951 —RALPH S. FUNK

BETE AM DISCH

Es watt oft gsaat, dass es in Oley Tauschip, Berks Kaunty, scheene, grosse Bauereie un fette Oschse gebt. Sell iss waahr, awwer sell iss net alles. Es gebt datt aa viel gute un fromme Leit. Vor deel Yaahre zerick waar en gewisser Mann vun Oley uff ere Jury in der Court in Reading. En Jury muss beisamme bleiwe bis ihr Kaes deseit iss. Die Juryleit misse am seeme Disch esse un darrefe mit niemand iwwer die Kaes schwetze. In dem Fall hen sich die Juryleit an der Disch gehockt un dann en Gebet gsprochе. Dann hen sie gesse. Eeener vun de Juryleit hot gedenkt, er misst den Mann aus Oley en wennich retze weegge seim Gebet un saagt zu ihm: "Ich denk, in Oley bet alles wann's ans Esse geht?" Der Oley Mann antwortet schnell :"Nee, die Sel net!" Sell waar's end vum Gspraech.

DIE KANZEL ISS UMGFALLE

Die Schtori kummt vun Lechaa Kaunty. Veralters waare schier alle Kanzele in de Kaerriche uff der seem Plan gemacht. Sie hen die Schaep vumme Weiglaas ghatt. Sie waare wedder die Mauer genagelt. In ere Kaerrich in Lechaa Kaunty waar die alt Kanzel los warre. Der Parre hot es oft dem Kaerricheraat gsaat ghatt. Er hot gsaat, eemol fallt die Kanzel um. Awwer sie hen sell net geglaabt un behaapt, die Kanzel waer all recht. Eemol wie der Parre am Preddiche waar un ziemlich lebhaft waare waar, fallt die Kanzel um un der Parre barzelt naus in der Gang. Er schpringt uff un saagt: "Datt leit nau eier verschinnerter Rappelkaschte. Ich hab's euch gsaat ghatt."

—DANIEL MILLER

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Editorials

The Memory Will Linger

There will be a tug at the heartstrings of many an Allentonian when the Wright School closes its doors next month after 47 years as a small but effective part of Allentown's educational system.

For all but four years of its existence, this private institution, which specialized in individual attention to the needs of pupils, was headed by Mrs. Ada Wright, its founder, and its success and its curriculum were a reflection of her personality and ideals.

Mrs. Wright's successors have found it financially impractical to continue operation and have decided to close the institution and dispose of its properties rather than contend with the problems of deficit financing.

But long after this happens the memory will linger on of a cultured and gracious woman who by example and precept touched so deeply the lives of two generations of pupils whose fortune it was to come under her kindly influence.

The Sensible Way

Commendable is the word for the program announced yesterday by a group of Lehigh countians to raise funds by private subscription so that the Allentown Free Library's bookmobile can continue operation through 1961.

The only thing that was ever wrong with the bookmobile idea was that it was undertaken under federal financing without proper provision for future costs.

Since it was designed to serve primarily sections of the county without library service, it should properly be financed by those communities which benefit from it and not by the taxpayers of Allentown or by Lehigh County taxes, half of which Allentown property owners pay.

The popularity of the bookmobile has been amply demonstrated almost wherever it has gone. Children and adults use its facilities heavily. It is only sensible that the movement to keep the bookmobile alive should be initiated by those whom it serves.

The tremendous surge of population to the suburbs in recent years has created demands for services of this type as well as others and it is good to know suburbanites are becoming aware of their responsibilities. There is no reason why every community enjoying library facilities should not make a contribution in some way to make this possible, whether through individual donations or local taxes.

Theater at Home

The campaign for subscribers to the plays to be presented next season in Symphony Hall by the Broadway Theatre League of the Lehigh Valley is under way.

This will be the second season marking the return of legitimate theater to Allentown.

The initial effort brought a grand response from the many persons throughout the Lehigh Valley who yearn for good professional theater and have no way of satisfying that yearning than to travel to New York or Philadelphia.

Last season's policy called for two performances on a single night. This year there will be only one performance; also there will be no seats available at the box office for individual plays. The goal of the campaign is no less than the full capacity of Symphony Hall.

Thus, the theater has at last completely adopted the policy of Community Concerts, a policy that has been successful for more than three decades. The guaranteed audience idea has brought outstanding musical attractions to cities and towns throughout the country.

The same thing is happening in the theater, and the theater lovers of the nation who have been deprived of their favorite entertainment since the demise of one-night stand road tours years and years ago will again be served.

We bespeak for the men and women workers of the Broadway Theater League of the Lehigh Valley another successful campaign.

What Others Say

Catching Up on Pollution

Harrisburg Patriot

As far back as 1958 newsmen attending a space seminar at Pennsylvania State University heard Dr. Ernest Stuhlinger, a member of Dr. Wernher von Braun's team, talk of the dangers of polluting space with garbage and other waste products during space flights.

Even at the dawn of the space age then, scientists were at work figuring out how to avoid a form of space pollution which could imperil future space travelers. Such foresight certainly was lacking way back when mankind was making other technological breakthroughs.

For here, in down-to-earth 1961, Americans still haven't conquered the problems caused by pollution of our air and water supplies. We're still trying to catch up, much less get ahead.

We find Congress now considering legislation that would virtually double federal participation in the clean streams program. Pennsylvania ranks second among the states that benefit from this federal aid, added to our own extensive state programs.

In Pennsylvania, air pollution also is a problem. The "pure" air we breathe no longer is pure because of all the contaminants pumped into it by an ever - expanding population and technology. Last year legislation established an Air Pollution Commission in the commonwealth as the latest move to combat this problem.

The other day in Harrisburg, the vice chairman of the commission, Dr. Allen D. Brandt, said that whatever regulations will be needed in this field won't come "on a willy-nilly or across-the-board basis" but will be designed to solve specific air pollution problems."

His words serve as a reminder that all Pennsylvanians can do something concrete about stream and air pollution, while they only can read about fanciful space problems that only a handful of scientists and Astronauts can possibly solve.

Each of us can acquaint ourselves with the habits and practices that pollute our air and streams. Understanding the regulations designed to prevent further contamination and to minimize present threats to our health — and obeying them — is only a common-sense step to take.

Horoscope

Do not lend money readily. Today's child will be lively and bold.

Ducks have a transparent membrane to pull over their eyes when in flight — like goggles.

The Road From Cuba to Laos



Integration at Social Events

By DAVID LAWRENCE

An agitation started by spokesmen for the Kennedy administration is stirring up quite a controversy not only over the admission of Negroes to private clubs but their inclusion at cocktail parties and dinners in private homes.

The idea of "token" participation seems to have been rejected as unsatisfactory by many advocates of "integration," the argument being that to select a few is a kind of hypocrisy and that full participation on the basis of the proportion to population is much more equitable.


Lawrence

About 54 per cent of the population of the National Capital is Negro, so it is being argued that there must be "equality" and that a failure to provide an equal number of Negroes at cocktail parties and at official as well as private dinners is a form of "discrimination."

Two members of the Kennedy cabinet have spoken out on the subject of admission of Negroes to private clubs, but there has been no indication from them as to the quantitative formula to be used in determining how many should be admitted.

Nor is there any clarification as yet as to what the Kennedy administration intends to do to coerce the private clubs to do its bidding. Taking away tax exemptions is one device often mentioned.

The public discussion was started by Atty. Gen. Robert Kennedy and Secretary of Labor Arthur Goldberg. Bob Kennedy in a television interview spoke of private clubs here that do not admit Negroes, and added:

"And, as I say, if we're going to practice what we preach we're going to have to take steps forward in all sections of the United States."

Secretary Goldberg, in a public address recently in New York, said:

"I find it difficult to understand why, in the houses I have frequented socially, the dinner parties, the cocktail parties, I have rarely seen Negroes as guests. This is particularly marked among intellectuals and liberals in our large cities, particularly in New York City and Chicago. Are there no Negro writers, composers, artists, academicians with whom one can break bread, with whom one can engage in intellectual discourse?"

There are, of course, many of us, irrespective of race or creed or color, who are never able to engage in "intellectual discourse" anyway, but, assuming that there are a fortunate few who can do so, the question arises as to what the administration in Washington has to do with it.

The Supreme Court of the United States in recent decisions has upheld "freedom of association" for individuals, but this was in a case involving alleged Communists, rather than non-Communists, so perhaps it doesn't apply to everybody.

Maybe the first thing to do is to get the facts. If there be inside the Kennedy administration many officials who are capable of engaging in "intellectual discourse," then indeed it might be asked whether lately they have been inviting any Negro couples to their cocktail parties and dinners.

So far as is known, the times that Negroes are prominent in official functions are rare—usually only when ambassadors from African nations are being entertained. Certainly no one has heard of an equal number of Negroes and whites being present at any official dinners and receptions to which the general public have been invited.

Many official functions have been held in Washington recently at which no Negroes were present. In political - campaign years, there are some of course. Political dinners by the Republicans have for decades included some of the Negro politicians and their wives.

Only in more recent times have the Democrats in the North done the same. But, as far as is known, the Kennedy administration has not invited any quotas of Negroes for cocktail parties or dinners, though it could be that no functions have been held as yet at which "Negro writers, composers, artists, academicians" could find anyone with whom they could engage in "intellectual discourse."

What's needed around Washington, to be sure, are some standards and formulas to take care of the weighty problem of the invitation lists for dinners and cocktail parties — there do not seem to be enough worries to go around besides Laos and Cuba.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: I am a teenager, and my parents insist in making all my decisions for me. Shouldn't kids in their teens be allowed to make all their decisions? W.T.

ANSWER: Decisions on such subjects as spending, dates, vocation, etc. involve responsibility. Irresponsible persons have no right to make all decisions. I realize that the "new psychology" advocates letting a child have his way — but actually, if teen-agers or younger children were allowed to make all their decisions, it would drive them mad.

When a parent says "no," they are not trying to rob youth of all its joy. They are making a judgment based on experience and in the best interest of one that they love dearly. When the Bible says, "Honor thy father and mother," it is not making a blind, arbitrary statement. It is saying, "Respect those with greater knowledge, greater experience, and greater love."

Look at the delinquent, and a delinquent is one who makes all his decisions (for nobody loves him enough to guide him). Is he happy? No, he is the most miserable kid in the world.

Thank God for parents who love you enough to guide you in your early decisions. The future holds enough independence for you, and making your own decisions isn't as much fun as you imagine.

Sweet Dreams

By GEORGE DIXON

Sen. Alexander Wiley of Wisconsin wrung my emotions dry with a dramatic appeal to the nation to observe National Barbershop Harmony Week. "The time has come, after the performance by the Astronaut, for us to have more singing," he told a suddenly-hushed chamber. The exhortation so drained me I knew I could find revitalization only in sleep.

I climbed from the overhanging press balcony into the relaxation room and stretched out on one of the long leather settees that are provided for us, unknowingly, by the taxpayers.

In my sleep, I dreamed that Senate minority leader Everett Dirksen was rehearsing the patter for one of the Ev and Charlie shows with House minority leader Charles Halleck. I cocked one eye, and knew I was still dreaming, because perched on an edge of the scarred table on which are arranged the day's press releases, I seemed to perceive Ev.

Sleep - drugged rationality made me mutter to myself:

"Ev wouldn't come to us; he'd have us come to him — and, if he did come to us, he'd take the most imposing chair, not perch on the handouts."

Then this figment of my dreams said: "I'm up to my ears in extra curriculums." This jerked me wide awake because he wasn't up to his ears in extra curriculums; he was sitting on them. I realized my dream was indeed Ev in the flesh.

He explained there wasn't much pressing business on the floor of the Senate, which no one disputed, so he thought he would take advantage of this to give us an informal filling-in on what the Senate Republican Policy Committee was up to.

Ev has tortoiseshell glasses, with frames thick enough to use up a couple of tortoises. He twirled these — and said there was a chance Congress could make a getaway by the end of July, "if there wasn't too protracted a resurrection of Rule 22."

"What's Rule 22?" I whispered to Columnist William S. White.

"Cloture," he replied, out of the corner of his mouth.

"What's cloture?"

"Making people stop talking," he said, giving me a look.

Ev continued his run-down of what the Republicans were up to but I dozed off again. When I woke up he was gone,

I went over to look at the curriculums Dirksen had said he was up to his ears in. The first throwaway made me wish I was still dreaming. The waking nightmare stated that Republican Sen. Kenneth B. Keating of New York had collaborated with Democratic Sen. Philip A. Hart of Michigan on a bill to exempt from the anti-trust laws "the preservation of public confidence in the honesty of sports contests."

The GOP leader had been squatting on four other handouts. This may tax your credence, but two of them were from Democratic National Chairman John M. Bailey, and the other two from assistant Republican National Chairman Clare B. Williams. He'd been sitting on a full chairman, but only half a chairlady.

If only I'd had some "No Doze" pills I'd be able to tell you what the Senate Republican Policy Committee is up to.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Don't Cry

Come close to me, my darling . . . I'll calm your doubts and fears . . . with tenderness and warm embrace . . . I'll kiss away your tears . . . there is no trouble great enough . . . to wet your loving eyes . . . tell your daddy all about . . . the clouds that dim your skies . . . I realize how big things seem . . . to little folks like you . . . my long years of experience . . . will serve to see you through . . . remember, I was once a child . . . I walked the road you're on . . . I know that it is darkest . . . just before the dawn . . . so let me see you smile again . . . come on, now, at least try . . . it breaks my heart each time I see . . . a little angel cry.



A Pennsylvania German Patriot

Barbara Hauer Fritchie

"Shoot if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said

The inhabitants of Frederick, Maryland point with justifiable pride to two graves in their midst: one, that of Francis Scott Key (1780 - 1843), noted author of "The Star Spangled Banner" in Mt. Olivet Cemetery; the other, that of Barbara Fritchie, in the German Reformed Cemetery. The small shaft of marble, with the profile of an aged woman, bears the inscription: Barbara Fritchie, Died December 18th, 1862.

The very next year after her death the Atlantic Monthly for October, 1863, contained John Greenleaf Whittier's stirring ballad "Barbara Frietchie (the poet spelled the family name with an "e"). Appearing in the midst of the Civil War, it moved the hearts of a nation. For generations of American school children it was a favorite poem for Friday afternoon recitations.

But who was Barbara Fritchie? Few knew then and few know now that she was Barbara Hauer, a Pennsylvania German girl, the daughter of Nicholas and Catharine Hauer of Lancaster, Pa. The records of the German Reformed Church in Lancaster show that Barbara was born there on December 3, 1766.

During the American Revolution the Hauer family, like other German families of eastern Pennsylvania in those days, migrated to Maryland and settled in the town of Frederick. Here Barbara, or "Bewwy" as she was known by her family and among her friends, grew to womanhood. The years passed. Already a spinster, she married a much younger man, one John C. Fritchie, a native of Frederick and by trade a glove manufacturer. They took residence in a small, one-and-a-half story house fronting on West Frederick Street. In this house John C. Fritchie carried on his trade and in a modest way they prospered. After her husband's death, November 10, 1849, Widow Barbara continued to live here until her own death on December 18, 1862.

It was from the attic window of this little house (now an historic shrine) that she waved the Union flag, the episode that inspired the poet to write his famous poem.

But did Barbara, or did she not defiantly wave the Stars and Stripes in the face of Stonewall Jackson, the Confederate Commander, "riding ahead" of his Rebel forces? Historians differ as to the facts in the case. It is apparent that the Quaker poet used his rightful poetic license. Apparently he thought "four score years and ten" were enough years for any patriot, but in 1862 old Dame Barbara was 95.

For further biographical material we quote the following from a long article "Barbara Hauer Fritchie" by the late Rev. P. C. Croll, which appeared in The Pennsylvania German Magazine for October, 1903:

"Concerning the absolute reliability of the incident that gave Whittier basis for his famous poem we prefer to let Mrs. Fritchie's biographer speak. That she was in every sense a woman, from whom such heroism might be expected, is admitted by all who knew her, and that a similar occurrence took place is an acknowledged fact. The incident was reported in the newspapers and Mrs. Emma D. E. Southworth, the distinguished authoress of Washington, D. C., communicated the facts to the famous Quaker singer of freedom and her friends. Says Mr. Nixdorff:

'In the early days of the Rebellion, when one disaster after another had befallen the Union army, and other patriotic hearts were almost overwhelmed with grief and beginning to despond; when matters looked so dark, so portentious, she stood entirely unmoved, displaying the greatest composure imaginable. Her loyalty to the country of her birth was one of most pronounced character. She never suffered that country to be spoken of in her presence in a disparaging way, without at once and in a most earnest manner resenting it. Yes, those small, bright eyes would flash with excitement and indignation and her usual calmness change to that of resolution and strong determination, until the offensive remark was recalled, which was invariably done, for all knew that she meant what she said in her inmost soul. She realized that in 'Union there is strength,' and believed in it with her whole heart. —

'On Wednesday morning, September 10th, 1862, the Confederate army began to move out of Frederick.

'General Jackson's corps was in the advance. As they passed out West Patrick street, I stood at the front of my dwelling looking at regiment after regiment, clad in gray or brown uniforms, as they marched past for several hours. So intent was I in noticing and reflecting on this lamentable action of the people against the best government on earth, that I lost sight of what was going on at Mrs. Fritchie's, although her residence was not a square distant from my own. But this I do believe, that if the opportunity was presented she did not fail to improve it, for I do not think she would have taken a backward step though confronted by their entire army. In the language of Mrs. Abbott, 'Aunt Fritchie was fearless and very patriotic. A single incident will show the spirit animating her. On one occasion a number of Confederate soldiers halted and sat down on the porch in front of her dwelling and were drinking water brought from the spring nearby. To this she had not the least objection, but before leaving they began speaking in a derogatory manner of her beloved country. In a moment she arose and passing to the front door she bade them clear themselves and applied the cane with which she used to walk, in the most vigorous manner, clearing the porch in a few minutes of every man upon it. I am inclined to believe from inquiry that General Jackson on the day the Confederates passed through Frederick, did not pass by the dwelling of Mrs. Fritchie. It appears tht he left his soldiers at the east end of the city, to call on the Rev. Dr. John B. Ross, pastor of the Presbyterian church, the wife of whom was the daughter of Ex - Governor McDowell of Virginia, with whom he was well acquainted. It being early in the morning it is declared he wrote the following note, and slipped it under the front door of Dr. Ross's dwelling: 'Rev. John B. Ross: Regret not being able to see you and Mrs. Ross, but could not expect to have that pleasure at so unseasonable, an hour. (Signed T. J. Jackson.)

'Dr. Ross resided on West Second Street, and it is stated that General Jackson, on leaving Dr. Ross's residence rode on to what is known as Bentz street, commonly called Mill alley, which leads out into Patrick street, a short distance beyond or on the west side of Mrs. Fritchie's residence. I measured the distance from Mill alley to her dwelling and found it to be sixty - three yards. Grant that it was not General Jackson, might it not have been some other officer in command? If so, it would not change the principle involved. I have, however, no personal knowledge of its occurrence. This I do know: called for a moment from my front door that morning to see a friend, I happened to look up the street, and saw a very intelligent lady, a neighbor, standing on her front porch with a small United States flag in her hand waving it and making apparently the most earnest remarks to a Confederate officer who had ridden his horse over on the pavement up to the porch where she was standing. I was afterward assured by those who had the pleasure of being present, that such glowing words of patriotism fell from the lips of Mrs. Quantrell that the officer looked on, and listened with wonder and surprise, and whilst he was present would not allow the men to do her the least harm. After his departure, however, some of the soldiers belonging to the army came and knocked the flag from her hand, breaking the staff into several pieces.

'If this occurred at Mrs. Mary Quantrell's we should not be astonished at anything said to have taken place at any other point.

'On the 12th of September General McClellan's army entered Frederick City. The advance was under the command of General Burnside. As they moved up West Patrick Street on the National pike leading westward, they passed Mrs. Fritchie's residence. She was standing at one of the front windows of her dwelling, leaning on her cane. Beside her stood her relative, Miss Julia Hanshew, now Mrs. John N. Abbott, and Miss Yoner. As she stood y the window she waved her hand time and again to express her joy. Miss Yoner, no doubt at Mrs. Fritchie's request, went into the adjoining room and brought forth Mrs. Fritchie's flag. The old lady grasped it and stood at the window waving it. As she waved her flag the soldiers were perfectly delighted, some of them loudly cheering her, others ran to the window and as soon as they got near enough grasped her by the hand and said 'God bless you, old lady, may you live long, you dear old soul.' And then cheer after cheer was given as our noble soldiers marched along. That same silk flag I had in my hands only a short time since. Among those who shook hands with her that day was the beloved and valiant General Reno.'

Thus wrote her biographer Nixdorff. In the words of the Rev. Mr. Croll "We must therefore conclude that, if in all particulars, the incident as given by the poet, be not literally true, the estimate that the poem puts upon Mrs. Fritchie's patriotism and valor is not to be discounted by a single whit."

However the external facts, it was the gentle Quaker poet John Greenleaf Whittier who gave Barbara Hauer, the Pennsylvania German girl from Lancaster immortality. Nearly a century has passed since they laid the 96 - year old Dame Barbara in her grave but still today her beloved Stars and Stripes wave over her grave—

And ever the stars above look down
On the stars below in Frederick Town.

BARBARA FRITCHIE

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach - tree fruited deep.

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the Eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early Fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall;

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Fritchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!" — the dust-brown ranks stood fast,
"Fire!" — out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word;

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Fritchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Fritchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

The Atlantic Monthly, October, 1863 (Whittier spelled the name "Frietchie." We have conformed with the common spelling.)

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Editorials

Best Stop—Home

Political commentators all over the country have been speculating in recent days as to the most important stop made by Vice President Johnson on his promise-making jaunt into the Asian countries. Some thought it was Thailand. Others picked India.

Our own choice of the most important stop of the vice president is the one he made upon his return to Washington. It is high time he came home.

If, as he himself said, Mr. Johnson assured the people in the countries he visited "at the President's request," that the American people "shall make any sacrifice, risk any danger that the protection of liberty may call for," he was talking too much. This is the kind of stuff that has been getting us into trouble all over the world for a long time, and it is not peculiar to the present administration.

A look at what happened while he was on tour is revealing. One wag has noted that Mr. Johnson kissed a baby in Formosa and immediately the Korean government collapsed. But all joking aside, we did look mighty silly when after all of the vice president's big talk, the country on which we have spent $3 billion, aside from military expenses, found its government overthrown because of dictatorial policies and a collapsing economy.

Nor did we look any better when on the heels of the Johnson tour, Communist forces made an incursion into Pakistan and the Red Chinese sent a special liberation army to the borders of South Viet Nam, which we are sworn to defend under a previous arrangement. Then there is Laos, in itself a major embarrassment.

The vice president is right when he says, as he did in his press interview, that we cannot attack our East Asian problem piecemeal.

We need a sound, workable policy that will hold up. We need to be sure the countries we are aiding really want to preserve freedom themselves. It is not enough to know they have not asked for American troops. We need to be sure, as Mr. Johnson said, that what money we do send abroad reaches the masses and corrects their economic difficulties.

Until our policy is better established and until we are much more sure of some of these things, we had best keep our free-wheeling promise makers at home.

Man of Many Parts

News of the death of George Wharton Pepper recalled for many a name which for years was outstanding on every list of distinguished Pennsylvanians.

Although its lustre dimmed as he advanced to the grand age of 94, it was given to him to continue in active life for a far longer period than is privileged to most men. In this he was aided by a giant mentality and a giant physique.

Essentially a lawyer — and one of the truly great lawyers this state has produced — his interests and his achievements represented a wide catholicity.

For a brief four years he served Pennsylvania as a United States senator, his only brush with politics. Instead, he played the role of citizen to whom active participation in community and civic affairs is a must. To him no citizen could remain aloof from the events and the problems of the times, in his city, his state or nation, and to their solution George Wharton Pepper had much to offer.

When his name headed up a movement, the average Pennsylvanian knew it was in good hands.

Philadelphia in 1954 bestowed on him the Philadelphia Award and no more worthy an honoree was ever chosen.

Won't Change Value

The "long green" just might some day be joined by the "long red," "the long blue," and the "long yellow."

It has been proposed that United States paper money be given different colors to make the various denominations more easily recognizable in making change and in sorting and counting.

The dollar bill would remain as it is but the $5 bill could be printed in red, the $10 bill in blue and the $20 bill in yellow. Just what colors would be given the $50 bill, the $100 bill or the $1,000 bill was not stated in the news account, but certainly they would have to be something special.

The changes in the color of our money have been recommended by the new lady treasurer of the United States, Elizabeth Rudell Smith.

Treasury officials are said to be cool to the idea because of the confusion it would cause. Most certainly there would be plenty of confusion, especially if the government would issue the new colored money without first exchanging it for the old. Trying to handle the two at the same time could be a headache, whether you have much or little to handle.

On the other hand, to make the exchange the government would have to proclaim a "Change Your Money Day" and can you picture everybody scrambling around getting the money together, from tin boxes, under floor boards, mattresses, safe deposit boxes, baby's banks, not to mention the old pants pocket?

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. Letters will not be published without a legitimate signature. The right to condense is reserved by the publishers.

What Kind of People Are We

To the Editor:

After hearing a fine speaker and seeing the movie, "Operation Abolition" I feel moved to write you a letter. I was appalled to see how students were incited to riot by the Communists. The violent and barbaric behavior of those students and the same sort of actions of people in Montgomery, Alabama, and elsewhere make me realize that it is not impossible for communism to prevail in the United States.

I think of our Hungarian friends who were deserted when they needed us most. There is our neighbor, Cuba, which we

Continued on Page 7, Column 3

Overshadowed



President's Speech Confusing

By DAVID LAWRENCE

There was an impression of confusion and disorder in the way President Kennedy's address to Congress was prepared for delivery and in the actual delivery.

The joint session of the Senate and House didn't hear verbatim the speech which was distributed by the White House to the press about three hours earlier.

Whole sections — approximately 1,500 words — were deleted or changed as the President spoke. The reason given is that this was necessary so as not to use up too much television time. Mr. Kennedy spoke for 44 minutes.



Lawrence

After it was over, the announcement was made by the White House that the "Congressional Record" would publish the full text of the speech, including not only the brief passages which the President added extemporaneously but also the sections which were eliminated as he spoke.

What then becomes the official text of the President's speech? What was transmitted to the Congress of the United States as the official recommendation of the Chief Executive? Does the "interpolated" version constitute an official expression?

Often in the past a president has made slight changes as he spoke or has added a sentence or two here and there, but the "Congressional Record" would usually print the stenographic report of what was actually said.

Perhaps it was a good thing Mr. Kennedy did some editing. For in the prepared copy given to the press there occurs this puzzling statement:

"Too often we have accepted a merely defensive role. Too often we have let ourselves appear as friends of the status quo — and the status quo may be $50 a year. Meanwhile the pressures of the totalitarian conspiracy mount higher every day, as one nation after another, by internal more often than external means, finds its freedom under attack."

What does the "$50 a year" have to do with it?

As delivered, the address was more than 6,000 words in length. Anything that runs 44 minutes tends to tire the audience, and it was apparent that many members of Congress received the speech in a rather indifferent mood — judging by the relatively few manifestations of applause in comparison with the numerous outbursts when Mr. Kennedy appeared last time before a joint session.

It was most unfortunate that the President decided to cover so much ground in a single message. For it would have been far more effective if he had devoted a separate message or communication on different days to each of the important topics that he discussed. Thus, the problem of outer space and the importance of research, including the prospective trip to the moon by some American astronaut, would have made more of an impression on Congress if it had been the subject of a single message.

As it was, Mr. Kennedy tried to cover too much ground, and perhaps the reason was that he is going to Europe soon and sought to get off his mind and into the minds of members of Congress the point of view of the administration on many things.

Or perhaps it was the desire for publicity through television that caused the President's advisers to persude him to deliver an omnibus message. The orderly conduct of the government's business and the need for a thorough presentation of current issues to the Congress should, it would seem, outweigh the passion for television exposures.

There is really little new in the President's address. He asks for more federal appropriations. He hopes that the budget will not be too far out of balance. He is pleased that economic recovery is on the way. He is right also in asking for the small amount of money needed for the U.S. Information Agency broadcasts to other countries.

As for the major recommendations about military reorganization and defense programs, these were presented by Mr. Kennedy in very general terms. The program he recommends for manpower development and training, to give several hundred thousands of workers new occupational skills, is a step in the right direction.

With respect to the coming meetings with Premier Khrushchev, Mr. Kennedy insisted in his message that "no formal agenda is planned and no negotiations will be undertaken" but that there is to be a "personal exchange of views." He added:

"Yet it is important to know that our patience at the bargaining table is nearly inexhaustible, though our credulity is limited — that our hopes for peace are unfailing, while our determination to protect our security is resolute."

These are generalities—more words added to the thousands that have been uttered in recent weeks in the hope of impressing Khrushchev.

Plank Bridges

By HAYDN S. PEARSON

Remember the old, splintered, weathered plank bridge across the brook? Remember how the planks rattled when the Morgan roader trotted across in the shafts of the democrat?

Old plank bridges are disappearing. Modern traffic requires cement and steel, but time was when plank bridges were important.

After first settlers came into a region, the pathmaster laid out the roads, winding around the hills and shoulders of low mountains, dropping down into valleys and ravines where clear-water brooks sang on their way to a distant sea.

Men with ox teams brought big rocks for abutments; they laid stringers of oak, chestnut or maple and over the stringers placed heavy planks. Sometimes guard rails were built; sometimes logs were rolled into place at the sides of the bridge.

Boys liked to explore beneath the bridges and in bare feet edged slowly along slippery, mossy stones. Sometimes big trout lived beneath the bridge; sometimes a lad saw a water snake go slithering unhurriedly away downstream, head high, resembling the picture of the fabled sea serpent in the Book of World Wonders.

No longer do buggies and buckboards, democrats and fringe-top surreys rattle weathered planks. No longer do iron-shod horses scuff a splintery path across the planks.

The old plank bridges are gone, along with buffalo robes, horse blankets and stylish buggy whips. The humble, unpretentious structures played their role well.

The bridges and their builders are part of the great drama, still playing, that has made a nation from a wilderness.

Horoscope

Quiet progress should ensue, with domestic bliss. Today's child will be artistic.

Virtue an Accident?

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

A friend recently complimented me on some action of mine that he thought was generous. "I don't want any credit for that," I said. "It was easy to do."

"Now, don't be modest," he answered. I let the subject drop because there wasn't time to explain what I meant. But I wasn't being modest — either genuinely or falsely so.

It seems to me that we deserve, and should take, no credit whatsoever for actions that are natural and congenial to our nature and temperament. Such "virtues" are simply lucky accidents of birth, like superior eyesight, fine muscular coordination or inherent musical ability.

The person who is chaste by nature runs the risk of getting swollen with pride if he attributes his chastity to some spiritual virtue on his part. Likewise, a person who is not acquisitive and who finds it easy to give things to others is making a dangerous error in calling himself generous.

It is only those good acts that cut across the grain of our nature and temperament that deserve credit — those acts that do not come easily, that represent the resolute overcoming of some native tendency to their contrary.

Take two men of equal affluence. One may be able to donate $10,000 to a charity without blinking an eyelash; the other may find it painful to give away $100. Which one is the more virtuous in a deep sense? I would say the man who overcomes his ingrained frugality, even though the sum he gives is smaller.

In some areas, the world is dimly aware of this contradiction. For example, we smile at the woman who maintains her honor if we suspect that she doesn't like men very much in the first place.

If she is never really tempted, her "virtue" is meaningless — for virtue is an act of the will that guides the reason, and allows the reason to curb the unruly appetites.

Or, in regard to liquor, I have absolutely no right to feel smug or superior about my abstemiousness. I simply don't like to drink. But my friend who is an ex-alcoholic deserves all the credit in the world for overcoming the habit.

Were our positions reversed — had I been afflicted with an excessive appetite for liquor — I am not sure I would have had his strength and courage.

It is in this context that the Biblical injunction, "Judge not that ye be not judged," takes on meaning in depth. Until we really know the inner dynamics of another personality, we cannot judge by actions alone without becoming cold, shallow and sterile moralizers.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

An insurance agent received this inquiry from a lady in Wichita: "If I take out one of your special policies on my husband's life, exactly what will I get if he dies?" The agent replied: "If he dies naturally, $10,000. If he dies accidentally, $20,000. If he dies intentionally, 30 years."



ALLE SADDE WADDE

Wadde, Wadde, so viel Sadde!
Deel vun do un deel vun dadde;
Deel, die sin so wiescht verdreht,
Ass sie niemand meh verschteht.

In the Eck for May 6 we offered our readers the following unusual dialect words: **'s Yochbord — die Bless — saeddi** (a child's word) — **'s Gawwelgraas — schaufle** (verb) — die Rot-**ruhr — der Drechderkuche — baecksi** (a child's word), with request for definitions and illustrations. We have received the following replies:

From Raymond E. Kiebach, Reading: **'S Yochbord** and **die Bless** are both strangers to me. **— Saeddi,** a child's word, was used by my grandmother, but that was fifty years ago and I do not recall its meaning. If I were to hazard a guess, I would say it meant "thanks." — **'S Gawwelgraas,** crab grass — **Es Gawwelgraas stoppt 's Auswesche, awwer gebt Umzahl Sume devun. — Die Rotruhr,** the bloody flux or dysentery; in the Tulpehocken area we always said "die Rhur." — **Baecksi,** a child's word — No good, bad, maybe ugly — **Sell kannscht net esse; baecksi, schmeiss es weck. — Ceiling** — I know of no specific dialect word. I asked "dutch" carpenters and they all say "ceiling." When I used **Zimmerdeck,** they just looked at me with a dull expression. — **Undertaker** — never heard a dialect word for it. My bi-lingual 1843 dictionary gives **Unternehmer** or Leichenbesorger (the former is not used, but both Leichenbesorger and Begaebnisbesorger are used in HG today. Ed.)

Mrs. Lynn Rau, Quakertown, writes: From your list of dialect words there are four with which I am sure I can help you. **Saeddi** — When I was a child we were taught to say **saeddi** for "thank you." It was too much for the youngster just starting to talk, to say "Ich bedank mich fer des," when given candy, fruit, or pennies; it was shorter to say **saeddi. —** The second is **schaufle.** We were told at table not to **schaufel** our food. In other words not to stuff it in our mouths, or to eat too fast. — The third is **baecksi,** which was used for something the folks didn't want children to put in their mouths. **Schteck sell net in dei Maul, sell iss baecksi.** It was also used frequently by mothers to wean babies, after having put something bad-tasting on their nipples. The fourth is **der Drechderkuche,** a sort of pancake. The batter was poured on to the griddle through a funnel, but I am not so sure just how, never having seen it done (please see definitions below). —

Leonard E. Shupp, Fullerton, submits the following: Undertaker, **der Laademacher** or **der Laademann. — Midwife, die alt Grenni, die Aernmutter, die Abwartmutter. — Der Drechderkuche,** funnel cake (baked each year at the Kutztown Folk Festival).

Stanley J. Kleppinger, Allentown, writes that he enjoys many things in the Eck and is interested in "Alle Sadde Wadde," then lists the following: **S Yochbord,** the board on which the yoke is fastened (see Paul Kunkle's definition below(**Saeddi,** childish for "thanky" or "thank you." When a child receives a gift, the parents say, **"Nau saag saeddi" — Baecksi,** dirty. When a child picks something from the floor and wants to put it in his mouth, the parent says **"baecksi." —** For ceiling my book says **Deck,** but I disagree. Sixty years ago we always called it ceiling.—There are various words for undertaker — **Laademacher, Unnernemmer.** — Regarding "Nepsel" we always called it **Nipsi** (English, tip-cat).

With reference to a dialect word for mantel or mantel piece the Editor stated that it seemed the HG **Gesims** had never been adopted in the dialect. The Rev. William Rupp points out that **Gesims (Gsiems)** is a familiar word, often used in the dialect. In his family it meant the molding that topped the wainscoting in the room and also the name for windowsills, other moldings and even shelves, but he does not recall hearing it used for mantel. He hopes to write further on this point.

Professor Paul V. Kunkel, Cedar Crest College, has accepted the challenge to write in the dialect: Du hoscht mer zugerode fer browiere des Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch zu schreiwe. Nau hoscht du Dir des Elend uff der Hals gelaade. Du saagscht ich misst die Wadde schpelle mit "phonics." Des browier ich, awwer so en Katzegegreisch dass ich ghatt hab, bis ich fabdich waar, hot all die Moikeffer dorum verkehrt. Iewens die Fleddermeis meene die Schnooge un Aerdfleeh deeden deitsche "phonic" brumme un sie hen ihre Fangzaeh dreieckich gfeilt so dass sie ihre Driebsaal besser auslosse kennde un fliegge dorum so grumm als en Garrickziegger. Dei Aerwet iss net verlore. — Awwer do si ndie neie Wadde un ihre Meening, wie ich sie weess. Verleicht kannscht du ebbes debei aawenne.

'S Yochbord, a wooden board approximately six to eight inches wide and sixteen inches long tied to, chained to, or hung over the horns of a bull or cow. This board hung down partly covering the eyes of the animal and serving as a blinder, allowing the animal to graze and eat, but preventing it from seeing the top of the fence, thus acting as a deterrent to jumping fences. **Ich hab awwer nau mol unser Fensetschumper gfixt. Ich hab re en Yochbord uff die Haerner ghenkt. — die Bless,** the upper front part of the head containing the forehead — **Der Paepp hot em Sam en feieriches uff die Bless gschlage fer sei Wammes in der Drek leegge.** I postulate that this word is closely related to **der Bless,** a white spot on the forehead of a horse (net en Baldi Gaul). **'S Hutschel hot en Bless uff der Schtann** (Interesting, but Ed. has also heard **die Bless** for the latter). **— Saeddi,** thank you, thanks. **— Was saagscht du zum Onkel Tom fer's Kaendi? Saag saeddi!** At a later age the child was taught to say **daenki.** (according to the lexicograpber Marcus Lambert, this word is probably a corruption of "Sag Dank"). — **'S Gawwelgraas,** large crab grass, or Finger Grass (Syntherisma sanguinalis or Panicum sanguinale). A grass with three to twelve racemes, native to middle and southern Europe. **Gawwelgraas** may also be Thin Grass, a variety of Bent Grass (Agrostis perennans). — **Wann mer eem sei Gsicht schtreicht mit em Kopp vun Gawwelgraas iss es en feiner Gekitzel als wann mer en Schtick Kitzelgraas nemmt. — Schaufle,** to scoop up or into. — **Mer nemmt en Schaufel fer Weeze uffschaufle fer in Seck duh.** Also, **Ess manierlich. Du schaufelscht dei Esse nei wie die Ende es Welschkann neischaufle.** (To this might be added **schaufle,** to hoe or harrow — **Net yuscht Welschkann, awwer Grumbiere, Tomats, Duwack un anner Schtoff misse aa gschaufelt** sei (Kaschbar Hufnagel). Ed. — **Die Rotruhr,** dysenteric diarrhea with bloody stool, of either amoebic or bacillary origin. It was fairly common during the Civil War, especially among prisoners of war, and was found associated with malaria during the Spanish American War. The continuous loss of blood was so enervating that many died therefrom. — **Manche vun unser Soldaade sin zerick kumme vum Grieg un hen die Rotruhr mitgebrocht un manche in de Brisson sin gschtarwe draa.** — Der **Drechderkuche,** funnelcake. A pancake batter is allowed to flow from a handled funnel (or also from a **Schaumleffel**) into deep hot frying fat. By spiraling the funnel fairly rapidly a thin spiral cake about six inches in diameter was formed — **En guter Drechderkuche muss dinn sei, darrich gebacke, und muss en Latt Oier un guter Butter drin hawwe.** — Baecksi, not good, not desirable. Frequently used to discourage a child from eating something, or taking something in his mouth for sucking or tasting. Frequently the adult used substitution therapy on the child by offering something to replace the **baecksi** substance. — **Baecksi! Baecksi! Do, nemm des fer draa suckle. Seller Grund iss baecksi.** — Ceiling, **die Sieling.** However, one of our older paperhangers years ago declared that **die Sieling** was "zu Englishc He insisted the word should be **die Deck.** — Undertaker. There is no direct or single translation of this word to the best of my knowledge and belief. In olden times there were no morticians. When someone became ill the family tried **Gegreider,** sent for **der Doktor,** or called **der Braucher.** If the patient died, the family declared him dead. Then certain tradesmen entered the picture. **Der Laademacher,** or maker of coffins, was consulted; **der Graabmacher,** or grave digger, was given instructions, **en Leichtbesteller** or **Leichtvorgeher** made the arrangements for the funeral and acquainted the relatives, neighbors and friends of the occasion; and **die Kochweiwer** were asked to come to prepare the feast which followed the funeral. (Here might be added the preparation of the corpse, by the **Dodeausleegger, usually** done by some members of the family, or kin, or neighbor. Ed). If the family was well to do they might even hire an embalmer, **der Eibalsemierer. Der Knecht,** or man servant on the farm, took care of the feeding and grooming of the horses. Today the words **Leichtbeschteller, Laademacher** (in Berks and Lancaster Counties), and **der Leichtvorgeher** are still used. I cannot help at this point passing on a coined word by an acquaintance of mine of some years back who frequently formed a new and interesting word when "her Dutch got all." On one occasion she remarked, "Sie hen kaum gewaart. **bis er dod waar, eb sie gschickt hen fer der Dodemacher."**

DER MOI

Im Moi do kumme
Die Bletter un Blumme,
Was iss es doch immer im Moi so schee!
'S iss alles so freehligh,
Mer fiehlt sich so selich,
Es macht em en Freed
fer naus zu geh!

—John Birmelin

BARBARA FRITCHIE

Aus griene Felder, mit Frichte reich,
In der Morge Kuehle, im scheene Deich,

Ummauert bei griene Hiwwel dart,
Stehn die Kircheturm der Frederick Stadt.

Mit Eppel un Pershing Beem rings umkehrt,
Ke Land meh lieblich uff ganser Erd!

Herrlich schtreckt's vor wie'n Gottes Garte,
Zu de hung'riche Aage der Rebel Soldate,

Wie seller September Morge frieh
Marcht iwwer der Berg der General Lee—

Iwwer der Berg die Rebels sin kumme,
Mit Geil un Mann die Stadt eigenumme.

Meh as vaerzig Flags, wie rote Fechthahne,
Iwwerall flattern die Rebel Fahne

Im Morge Wind; die Mittags Sonn,
Die seht ke eenziger Union Mann.

Dann kummt die alt Barbara Fritchie vor,
Gebeicht mit ihr achtzig un zehn Yohr;

In ganser Stadt herzhaftigscht von alle,
So g'schwind is der Union Flag gefalle

Hot sie 'n widder nuf, in ihr Fenschter naus;
'S war noch ee trei Herz in sellem Haus.

Die Schtrosse ruf kummt der Rebel Schritt,
Der Stonewall Jackson, am head, reit mit.

Unner seim Hutranft, wie er geht,
Blickt links un rechts: der alt Flag seht.

"Halt!" die schtaawige ranks schtehn schtill;
"Fire!" die Bichse mache ihr laut Gebrill.

Es brecht das Fenschter zu Schtickere nei,
Es reisst der Fahne zu Zottle fei.

Schnell wie er fallt, vum Schtock abbruch,
Die Barbara greift das seidich Duch.

Sie lehnt weit naus iwwers Fenschter Schwell
Un schittelt der Fahne hoch un schnell.

"Schiess, wann du witt, der alt gro Kopp,
Dei Lands Flag schpaar!" un uf an ab

Weht sie den Flag. Wie'n Schatte vars Licht
Die Schamroeth ziegt iwwer sei Gsicht.

Ihr That un Warte mache ihm Schmerz,
Sei besseri Natur erquickt im Herz.

"Wer'n Haar uf sell'm weisse Kopp verletzt,
Geht tot wie'n Hund!" hot's gheesse yetzt.

Darch Frederick Schtross, der ganse Dag,
Soldate Schritt die Ohre schlag.

Der gans Dag lang der alt Flag schwebt,
Vun Rebel Haend net aageregt.

Die Schtreefe flattern hie un her
Im treie Wind, der liebt sie sehr.

Sanft Owetlicht schtrahlt iwwer Berg,
En Liebesgruss zu Barbaras Werk.

Ihr Werk is in dere Welt verbei;
Un Rebel Soldate yetz widder trei!

Hoch Ehr zu der Bewwey! Um ihr Wille weint,
Ee Thraen uf's Grab ihr Rebel Feind.

In Friede losst ruhe ihre Schtaab;
Freiheits Fahne uf ihrem Graab.

Friede, Ordnung, Gerechtigkeit
Ziegt um dei Zeeche des Lands Freiheit;

Un immer die Lichter aus Himmels Ferne
Guck'n runner mit Lieb uf dei erdische Schterne!

Translated from Whittier's ballad by Lee L. Grumbine (1845-1923)

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Editorials

Enforcement Is Due

Philadelphia's city solicitor apparently operates on the premise that he has the authority to determine which of the Commonwealth's statutes are to be enforced and which can be ignored.

He has suggested city police defer arrests for violations of Pennsylvania's Blue Laws until those who differ with the recent 8-1 decision of the highest court of the land have an opportunity to petition for a new hearing. He would, accordingly, permit Sunday sales to continue in spite of the law prohibiting them and the quite clear decision of the U.S. Supreme Court upholding its constitutionality.

This is both a strange and a dangerous concept of law enforcement.

Officials who believe their powers are as broad as those the Philadelphia city solicitor has assumed could pose some very real and interesting problems. They might, for example, direct police to allow obviously drunken drivers to continue menacing lives while a single appeal on a conviction challenging this law made its tedious progress through the courts. They might encourage breaking any other law through the simple expedient of suggesting police close their eyes to violations.

This fortunately is not the attitude of most other area law enforcement officers whose statements are on record. District Attorney Spencer of Bucks County and District Attorney Herster of Northampton County are among those who have directed police departments to enforce Sunday Blue Laws. District Attorney Joseph of Lehigh County has promised to prosecute any arrests made by police. He has not said what he will do if police fail to act. State Atty. Gen. Anne Alpern has advised all district attorneys to proceed with enforcement.

Even without her advice, law enforcement officers have little choice. It is their sworn duty to uphold and enforce all the laws of the Commonwealth, the Sunday Blue Laws among them.

The Masters Meet

Someone has suggested the Kennedy-Khrushchev conferences beginning today might develop into a verbal slugfest.

President Kennedy has let it be known he doesn't intend to varnish his remarks with diplomatic niceties. Admittedly he lacks some of the seasoning he himself would have preferred before undertaking such a momentous meeting. Just as surely, he comes to Vienna with increased strength and new confidence gained through his apparently successful talks with the usually stubborn President DeGaulle.

The word from Moscow is that Chairman Khrushchev intends to announce Communist world domination as a reality and a fact of life. For whatever it's worth, his own word is that if there is good will much can be achieved within a short time.

Both men probably will come out sparring for position. There'll be a feint here and there as they feel each other out. If there's going to be any rough talk, we're certain Mr. Khrushchev will have to start it. If he does, we're betting our man will not be on the receiving end too long before he returns better than he takes.

Bookmobile Decision

There never has been any real issue about the convenience the Bookmobile offers those who live in communities without their own public library facilities. The only question has been whether those eligible for the service are willing to pay the cost.

This question should be answered effectively by the response to the current campaign for the $15,000 necessary to keep the traveling library on the road for the remainder of the year. The answer could determine the long range future of the service the Allentown Free Library has been offering on an experimental basis with the support of federal funds.

A successful campaign should do more than assure the operation of the Bookmobile for the next six months. A generous and broad response should convince taxing authorities of the boroughs and townships whose people are served that they are willing to assume the cost and spread it equitably.

In spite of the letters that have been written and the public appeals the library board and staff have made, the current campaign for voluntary contributions is the first opportunity those the bookmobile serves have to indicate whether they are willing to pay the cost. Their response should be significant.

They are being asked for considerably less than the people of Allentown have paid through the years as they supported library services for the broad community through city, school district and county taxes.

What Others Say

The Floodgates of Folly

Wall Street Journal

According to a small but influential school of thought, the main flaw in American foreign-aid policy is precisely that it is American. The United States, it's argued, ought to take a more expansive and disinterested view of the world's needs, and channel more of its aid through the United Nations.

While there's plenty wrong with U.S. aid-policy, it's hard to see where it has failed because of a narrow self-interest. On the contrary, billions have been wasted because no one in Washington had a very clear idea of how those dollars should serve the national interest.

In any event, the U.N. is about the last place to look for disinterested do-gooders. Nations assemble there to advance their own interests; any dollars poured into the U.N. common pot are doled out only after the most selfish scrambling. So what the proponents of aid through the U.N. are really asking is not that U.S. aid be disinterested, but that other interests be substituted for our own.

Consider what this means in practice. Last week, the U.N. Special Fund approved a $1,157,600 grant to Castro's Cuba to "improve" agriculture. The U.S. is but one of 18 members of the Fund, composed of Western, Communist and neutral nations, but it puts up 40 per cent of the cash. Overridden in the Fund's councils, the U.S. now stands committed to supply the bulk of this U.N. gift to the regime it has branded a clear and present danger to the Western Hemisphere.

As it is, little enough control is exercised over U.S. dollars distributed by Washington. But pumping aid through the U.N. clearly opens the floodgates to folly.

Chef' Salad



Mr. Eisenhower's Speech

By DAVID LAWRENCE

It's always a significant event when spokesmen of the party out of power give their size-up of what the party in power is doing.



Lawrence

Former President Eisenhower's remarks at the testimonial dinner here honoring Republican members of Congress tell at least what the chief executive who left office a little more than four months ago thinks of the succeeding administration. Mr. Eisenhower used the implicit rather than the explicit style of expression, but it was not difficult to discern his meaning.

Many people, as a matter of fact, who supported the Republican ticket have been wondering why the Republicans in Congress have not been more vocal and more pointed in their criticisms. The speech of former President Eisenhower was dignified but nonetheless penetrating. Here is a passage, for instance, where the inference is clear, though the words are restrained:

"I was proud when, in recent crises, members of our party did not attempt to criticize, condemn or belittle those in authority. This we did even though some seemed disposed falsely to blame us. We did not scurry about in search of a 'scape goat.' We decry anyone's efforts to do so. Here I pay my personal tribute to the United States Joint Chiefs of Staff, all the members of which body I have known long and well. It is my conviction that America possesses no group of men more dedicated, more patriotic and more capable in meeting grave responsibility."

It was in domestic affairs generally, however, that the former President expressed his most vehement criticism. He said:

"What, exactly, do we stand for here at home? We Republicans see Mr. American in his high station as a free, self-reliant, proud individual. We are convinced that he can plan his own life and spend his own money better than some possibly benevolent bureaucrat can in his behalf. Any action that weakens any citizen's self-respect is wrong. That is the reason we oppose the ever-increasing concentration of power in Washington.

"All agree it is criminal for one man to steal from another. But over-powerful government can rob the individual just as surely — only the scale is grander, the stakes are greater, and the loss far more tragic. For what is stolen by paternalistic government is that precious compound of initiative, independence and self-respect that distinguishes a man from the mob, a person from a number, a freeman from the slave. . . .

"We Republicans take our stand for the individual!. . .

"We are against programs that erode away citizen, local and state self-reliance. Federal payment of teachers' salaries—as distinguished from needed construction — is a case in point.

"We are against the insulting concept of government by big brother. Excessive public housing, rampant public power, federalized youth programs are cases in point.

"But as we fight the unwise, we Republicans proudly stand for positive programs in every area of public concern. We have long stood for advances in such programs as education, agriculture, minimum wage, medical care and area redevelopment. But here is the great difference — our Republican watchword is 'responsible progress.' . . .

"I look in vain, and with deep concern, for fiscal responsibility today in public affairs. As I note the mounting expenditures, I often think how easy it is to buy things when you're spending the other fellow's money."

On the whole, Mr. Eisenhower gave his party some good advice, but he might have selected and emphasized above all else one issue — that inflation that, unless checked, will make the dollar worth less and less as the prices of almost everything rise due to excessive spending by the federal government. That's what may affect the next election more than any other issue.

Expense Accounts

By SYLVIA PORTER

There's now hardly a chance that President Kennedy's much-touted and feared package of tax reforms will be voted by Congress this year. Time alone is running powerfully against this. The antagonism to key parts of the package is simply too great to permit easy compromises.

But this doesn't mean that businessmen who are understandably horrified at the government's attack on their deductions for travel and entertainment expenses can relax. The next few weeks actually could be the most "dangerous" for legislation that would impose the most drastic tax curbs ever on business expenses accounts.

The reason is that before the end of this month, Congress must pass a law extending present corporate tax and certain excise tax rates for one year. If it doesn't pass this law, these rates would automatically go down July 1 and this would be considered intolerable at this stage.

Have you any concept of just how far the Administration has gone with its proposals to erase expense account abuses? I suspect most people haven't; so here's a brief outline of what would happen:

Entertainment expenses would not be deductible AT ALL.

Businessmen could claim deductions for business gifts only up to $10 per person per year.

A businessman traveling for business purposes could deduct for his meals and lodging only up to $30 a day.

A businessman furnishing food and beverages to business guests could deduct only between $4 and $7 per guest per day, and even this would be allowed only if the food and beverages were served during business discussions on specific matters. The purpose couldn't be good will.

This is tough! This explains the howl of protest from businessmen across-the-board. This is the background for warnings that such curbs would create a "wasteland" in hotel and restaurant dining rooms, cripple the huge, vital convention business, slash earnings — and a result, yield a lot less in taxes than the Administration thinks.

Of course, there's no doubt that the expense account is being used by many as a tax dodge. A basis for the Kennedy proposals was a survey of 38,000 business returns by the Internal Revenue Service last year. On a towering 58 per cent of the returns, deductions for travel and entertainment expenses were disallowed. In almost two-thirds of the cases the reason was the expense was personal, not business.

But there is a valid question whether the solution to the abuses is a crackdown so harsh that it could in fact send a dreadful shudder through the entire economy. Stricter administration of the present law could achieve an immense amount by itself. This already is occurring, is producing results and there will be much more of the same.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Sea Captain

The other day while on a trip . . . that took me to the shore . . . I met an old sea captain . . . who would set sail no more . . . he told me many wondrous things . . . about the ocean's charm . . . and stacks of golden memories . . . were tattooed on each arm . . . this rugged individual . . . with weather-beaten face . . . had a warm and winning smile . . . likened to love's embrace . . . oh what a treasure chest of dreams . . . the captain had amassed . . . each port of call was woven in . . . his schooner of the past . . . and I, a willing prisoner . . . listened to every word . . . he spun the most enchanting yarns . . . that I have ever heard.

Horoscope

The year begins better than it ends. Today's child will be very successful.

My Answer

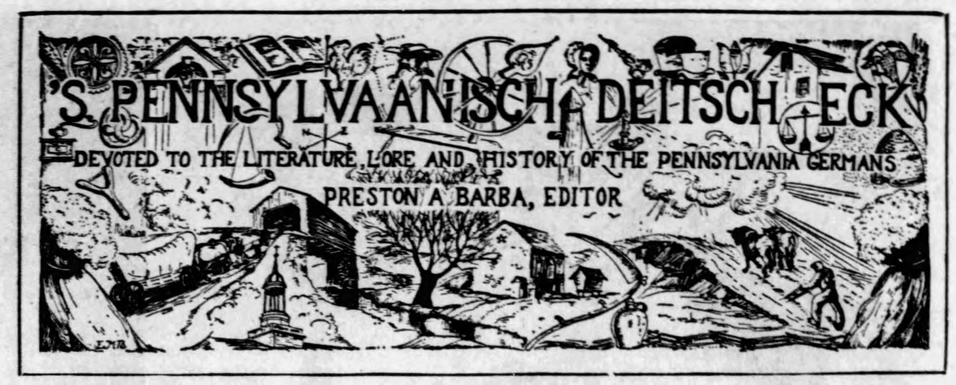
By BILLY GRAHAM

Question: My son was a brilliant lawyer but the vicious circle of an unhappy marriage and too much drinking has led to disaster. I want to help him but am at a loss to know where to start. D. C.

Answer: You should have started before he was born. It may be almost too late from the human point of view to salvage him now — yet there is hope! It is never too late for God's mercy and grace. Therefore you must love him and pray for him. The Scripture promises that "effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." I have seen many evidences during my ministry that God especially answers the prayers of burdened mothers. Perhaps you will not live to see the answer to your prayer — but God will answer!

There are many mothers indulging every whim of their children now but 20 years from now they will be singing your mournful song. Some mothers want their children to have everything their hearts desire. It is unfair to trust children out into the world thinking that the world is "their oyster," and that they should grasp for everything they want regardless of anyone else. Many times divorce, alcoholism, et cetera, are a result of failure to train a child in the way he should go.

It will take a great deal of doing to undo all of that, but the things that are impossible with man are possible with God.



THOMAS BRENDLE FOLKLORIST

Tomorrow (June 4), the Rev. Thomas Brendle retires from the active ministry after fifty years of service as a clergyman of the United Church of Christ (earlier known as the Reformed Church in the U.S.). On May 19 nearly 400 residents of Laury's, Cementon and Egypt assembled in Wotring's Hall, Schnecksville, to honor their revered pastor who had served them faithfully during 35 years as pastor of the Egypt parish.

Though beloved as a laborer in the vineyards of the Lord during half a century, posterity will give him a more enduring place among American folklorists. For his devotion to the folklore of the Pennsylvania Germans through a large part of his life as an avid collector, researcher and writer he has come to be deservedly known as the Dean of Pennsylvania German folklorists.

The Rev. Thomas Royce Brendle was born September 15, 1889, in the old Steinmetz home at Schaefferstown, Lebanon County, Pa., the son of the late Thomas Brendle and his wife Mary, nee Bomberger. After graduation from the Schaefferstown High School he entered Albright College, where he remained until his senior year when he matriculated at Franklin & Marshall College, from which he received his A.B. degree in 1908. He was graduated from the Lancaster Theological Seminary in 1911, whereupon he was licensed to preach by Lebanon Classis of the Reformed Church in the U. S. In the same years he accepted a pastorate at Abilene, Kansas (home of the Eisenhowers), thus beginning his ministry in the state where Moses Dissinger, the famed Evangelical preacher, had ended his ministry in 1883. Here he preached for two years at a mission church, under the aegis of the Home Mission Board. Thence he was called to Old Goshenhoppen. On July 28, 1913, he was installed as pastor of the historic Old Goshenhoppen charge in the Perkiomen Valley. This charge consisted of the Sumneytown, Old Goshenhoppen and Keelor's congregations. From 1913 to 1926 he resided with his family in Green Lane.

It was while living here in the Sumneytown region that he seriously began his work as historian, folklorist and naturalist, and began his now vast accumulation of field notes. Every significant item — words, phrases, sayings, proverbs, superstitions, beliefs, folktales, names, place names, stories, humor, historical data — the greatest range of subject matter interesting and significant to the antiquarian, naturalist, historian and folklorists, whether in German, in Pennsylvania German or English, were recorded. This collection of field notes now comprising some fifty volumes, is estimated to include some 70,000 items and is believed to be the only thing of its kind in America, certainly so far as material relating to the Pennsylvania Germans is concerned. This irreplaceable collection will always remain a veritable gold mine for future folklorists.

On January 4, 1921 Thomas Brendle helped to organize the Historical and Natural Science Society of the Perkiomen Region, in which he was associated with such noted scholars and antiquarians as Dr. W. A. Kline, Frank F. Huber, Calvin M. DeLong, and the late Dr. Elmer E. S. Johnson. The Society began to publish THE PERKIOMEN REGION, the first issue of which appeared on December 1, 1921, with Thomas Brendle as editor. In the first issue of this magazine the editor wrote the following statement of purpose: "The Historical and Natural Science Society of the Perkiomen Region, in publishing this magazine, desires to bring before the public hitherto unpublished facts relating to the history and to the natural science of the country drained by the Perkiomen Creek and its tributaries."

Thus his years in the Perkiomen Valley, together with his upbringing in Lebanon County, provide the clue to the nature of Brendle's work from that time on. Many articles in the PERKIOMEN REGION were from his own pen. Here, for example appeared the first list of Pennsylvania German names for birds to appear in print (December, 1923). He listed 76 dialect names for 62 species of birds.

In 1935 Brendle was elected a Director of the Pennsylvania German Society and from 1944 until 1961 served as the Secretary of that Society. He also served as the Society's book editor from 1944 to 1952.

Thomas Brendle's published works include the following:

"Plant Names and Plant Lore Among the Pennsylvania Germans," 1928, in collaboration with David E. Lick of the famed Lick family of Lebanon County. Published as Volume 33 of the Publications of the Pennsylvania German Society.

"Folk Medicine Among the Pennsylvania Germans," 1935, in collaboration with the noted Pottsville antiquarian, Claude W. Unger, Volume 45 of the PGS publications.

"Pennsylvania German Folktales, Legends, Once - Upon-a-Time Stories, Maxims and Sayings," 1944, in collaboration with William S. (Pumpernickle Bill) Troxell. Volume 50 of the PGS publications.

"Moses Dissinger, Evangelist and Patriot," 1959. In Volume 58 of the PGS Publications.

"Pennsylvania German Songs," a chapter in George Korson's book "Pennsylvania Legends," written in collaboration with William S. Troxell. This chapter tells the story of recording and collecting Pennsylvania German folksongs which Brendle, Troxell and Paul R. Wieand did in the years 1935 to 1940. Several hundred such songs, or variants of them, were collected in the Pennsylvania German countryside during those years. This invaluable collection of recordings was recently presented to Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, by Thomas Brendle; so also his vast collection of field notes, his notebooks, manuscripts, historical items, etc.

In addition to the above he has also contributed articles to the PENNSYLVANIA DUTCHMAN and PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE. For the latter he acted as editorial consultant in the field of folklore.

Thomas Brendle, together with Dr. Balliet, Troxell and several others, was the inspiration for the organization of the original Grundsow Lodge un der Lecha. In the winter of 1934 these men met and discussed the matter of having a genuine Grundsow Lodge to perpetuate the Pennsylvania German dialect, its humor, traditions, customs, heritage, etc. typical of the area and not like the so-called Groundhog Lodges in Quarryville and Punxsutawney. A year later, in 1935, the first "Fersomling" of the Lodge was held. Attesting to the popularity of the plan, eleven other such lodges have since been added to the list, the twelfth as recently as 1960.

Thomas Brendle is currently working on the manuscript of another volume on Pennsylvania German folk medicine, as a supplement to his earlier work on folk medicine. The PGS has scheduled it for publication as soon as it is completed.

After June 10 Thomas Brendle and his wife Anna Sarah, nee Schwartz, will make their home with a son in Buffalo, New York.

On the Battlefield of Gettysburg July 9, 1863

The following description of the battlefield of Gettysburg by an eyewitness appears here for the first time in the English language, and as such deserves a place among the many other memorials during this centenary year of the Civil War. We have translated it from the Rev. William A. Helffrich's **LEBENSBILD aus dem Pennsylvanisch-Deutschen Predigerstand: oder Wahrheit in Licht und Schatten. Herausgegeben von N.W.A. und W. U. Helffrich, Allentown, Pa. 1906.** This, the most notable book written in the German language by a Pennsylvania German, is far more than the mere factual biography of a rural country pastor. The author was born Aug. 20, 1827 and died March 17, 1894. He is buried in the cemetery of the Ziegel's Church, Lehigh County, where his father and grandfather preceded him as pastors.

The battle of Gettysburg, fought July 1-3, 1863, was the turning point of the Civil War. The Federal Army of the Potomac, under General Meade, numbered 82,000, and the Confederate Army under General Lee, numbered some 73,000 men. During the three days of battle the Federal Army lost 3072 killed, 14,497 wounded, and 5434 captured or missing. The Confederate Army, according to offical reports, lost 2592 killed, 12,709 wounded, and 5150 captured or missing.

Here is what Pastor Helffrich wrote about his visit to the Gettysburg battlefield:

"During the last days of June, when people, their hearts throbbing with anxiety, were waiting to hear what designs the Rebel General Robert E. Lee, had upon Pennsylvania, we suddenly received the news that a terrible battle was pending near Gettysburg. Everybody was in suspense, but the good citizens of Gettysburg themselves were terrified. On the evening of July 5 came the report that the battle had been won and the General with his great army defeated.

"I now decided to go and see the battlefield. On July 7 I had to do a funeral service in Longswamp. I hitched my ponies to the carriage, and invited my brother-in-law, Edwin Fogel, to ride along and visit with me the battlefield of Gettysburg. First I conducted the funeral service, after which we drove across the hills in the direction of Reading. When we reached Reading toward evening all the bells of the city were ringing. The reports about Gettysburg and other victories were now officially confirmed. On that same evening we reached Reamstown in Lancaster County, where we lodged for the night.

"On the following day we came to Lancaster, took dinner there and then drove through a terrible rain to Columbia. There the bridge across the Susquehanna had been destroyed by fire, but a ferry had been constructed, which transported us across the river while the rain was descending from the heavens in veritable cloudbursts. Fortunately we did not have to wait too long for the ferry. Besides us on the ferry boat were some five other large wagons hauling provisions for the army. We crossed the wide river on the wretched little conveyance with considerable anxiety. We passed Little York betimes and toward evening reached a village about 8 miles on this side of Gettysburg and there we spent the night. Here we already met with some wounded soldiers bedded there. A captain was there, who carried on terribly about the rebels. He was boasting about the victory, and could not understand "how the devil could have fetched them so quickly — the way they were dispatched on Round Top where he was stationed."

"The inn was full of guests, who, like ourselves, were visiting the battlefield. All the beds were occupied as well as the floors. Even the porch was lying full of people. Their horses were hitched along the fences.

"Early the next morning we drove toward Gettysburg. The nearer we came the more desolate everything appeared. The grainfields, not yet harvested, were trodden down like highways and the fences along the street were cleared away.

"We passed the railway station, near a brook, before we reached Gettysburg by the York highway; here on every side lay lightly wounded soldiers waiting for transportation to more adequate hospitals. The whole situation offered a sad prospect. And now we entered Gettysburg itself. The town was likewise devastated; windows and doors of houses were beaten in and canon balls had struck holes through the brick walls, through one wall and out the other. We drove up the hill to the cemetery, then up Baltimore Street along the woods, until we reached an intersecting highway which led us down to Round Top; following this road we came into the woods at Round Top. From there we drove on through the woods and across the fields — there were no longer any fences anywhere — up to the stone wall where the battle had raged most intensely.

"Below the town we crossed the valley and the highway to the Lutheran college, and then we made a curve and again got back on the York road.

"The sight of the battlefield was ghastly. The cemetery was wrecked from the shooting. Everything — monuments, tombstones, iron fences around burial plots — all lay in chaotic ruin. The soldiers who had fallen in the vicinity of the town were buried, but down about Round Top many rebels still lay unburied and in various stages of decomposition. And on every hand where Rebel companies had surrendered their guns — thousands of them — they remained piled up in pyramids. The horses that fell in battle still lay all around unburied. They were becoming bloated. All of them were taking one and the same position: as the body begins to bloat the upper hind leg rises up and thus they all take the same form, and the many legs sticking up give the battlefield a strange aspect. Horses lay scattered about the cemetery in such numbers that we had to search our way out among them.

"When we came up to the stone wall the military on duty there called our attention to the great dangers of our journey on account of the many shells that were still lying about unexploded.

"The rebel hospital was situated in the college building. We entered there in order to make the rounds. But already outside the door, where the arms and legs that had been amputated that day were piled up in heaps, I got sick at my stomach; I managed to walk through several rooms and that was all — so these were the fruits of the war! a thought that accompanied me everywhere I went. In the afternoon we noticed in the air the smell of decomposition which began to rise from the dead horses and the blood-drenched earth.

"About three o'clock in the afternoon we started back on our homeward journey and reached Little York that evening. Here one of my horses fell sick. We had not been able to get feed for the horses in Gettysburg and only some five miles further on our home road did we manage to get some rye at a farmhouse. The horse overfed itself and became sick. With great effort we managed to get to Lancaster on the following day. Here I left the sick horse and Edwin Fogel remained behind in Lancaster for a week, while I continued home with the other horse. The sick horse died in Lancaster."

These were the paragraphs the Rev. William A. Helffrich entered among many other experiences in his autobiography, LEBENSBILD aus dem Pennsylvanisch-Deutschen Predigerstand, with the sub-title The Truth in Light and in Shadow.—ED.

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Editorials

More Good Omens

Because geographical boundaries in the Lehigh Valley are so nebulous, what's good for Allentown or Bethlehem or Catasauqua or Northampton is good for the broad community of which they are integral parts.

It is good for all of them that Mack Trucks has decided to remain in Allentown and augment the operations already here. It is tremendously satisfying that Roller - Smith, an old name in Bethlehem, is returning.

Before this company was sold and withdrawn from the Bethlehem industrial scene three years ago, it ranked third among the nation's producers of precision switchboard and portable instruments. The local interests responsible for the return are confident this status will be regained. It is particularly significant that those bringing it back never lost faith either in the quality of the products or in their ability to produce them.

The faith these two industries have demonstrated in Allentown and Bethlehem in the past two days and the major expansion Western Electric is undertaking for itself and Bell Laboratories augur well for the continued economic well-being of these communities. They do more than provide jobs. They help establish an attractive climate for even greater growth in an area ready for it.

Old Communist Line

There should be no surprise that the Communist Party in the United States plans open defiance of the laws of the nation and the recent rulings of the Supreme Court making many of them subject to prosecution as criminals.

Those who espouse the cause of communism always have trumpeted their defiance of the laws they were unable to subvert for their own nefarious purposes. Their announced refusal to identify the fellow travelers actively associated in efforts to overthrow the government of the nation under whose laws they seek protection is no exception.

This is the customary pattern of hardened criminals. They seldom surrender or admit their guilt. They rarely identify their accomplices.

The Communists loose in America are not planning a bank stick-up. They are not peddling narcotics to a relative handful of dupes. They seek to dope an entire nation until they can rob all its people of their priceless heritages.

Of all the criminals still at large, those who advocate the overthrow of the government of the United States are the most dangerous. No time should be lost ferreting them out and keeping them where they can do no harm.

Wings for Man

It's entirely too soon to think about scrapping commuter trains and buses, but their years may be limited.

Successful tests of rocket belts that ultimately may give men the personal wings they long have coveted suggests an era when suburbanites will be able to take off from their patios, soar over housetops and highways like sparrows and reach their downtown shops and offices with little more effort than it takes to ride an escalator.

This no longer is strictly a fanciful page from a volume of Buck Rogers science fiction. Relatively simple rocket belts developed for the Army Transportation Research Command already have been used in 30 controlled free flights.

The current device, worn like a girdle without any special protective apparel, has been termed a "feasibility model."

At the moment, the results are not too unlike those demonstrated by the Wright brothers nearly 60 years ago when they made the first successful flight in a power - driven heavier - than - air machine. The most recent free flight rocket - powered birdman flew 360 feet horizontally at a speed of approximately 20 miles an hour. In December 1903 Wilbur and Orville Wright barely got their machine off the ground at Kitty Hawk. By 1905 they remained aloft an hour and a half and traveled 24 miles.

There's no telling what the next two or three years will bring. In a quarter century or less, if the pace of the development of the airplane is maintained, rocket belt girdles just may be sold in department stores and there could be hydrogen peroxide filling stations in every neighborhood. Buck Rogers is likely to be lots more of a reality than he is today.

What Others Say
'Rugged Individualist'

Sonoma County, Cal. Medical Society Bulletin

A young man lived with his parents in a public housing development.

He attended public school, rode the free school bus and participated in the free lunch program.

He entered the Army and upon discharge kept his national service life insurance. He then enrolled in the state university under the GI bill, working part time for the state to supplement his GI check.

Upon graduation he married a public health nurse and bought a farm with an FHA loan, then obtained a RFC loan to go into business. A baby was born in a ranch with the aid of a GI loan and obtained emergency feed from the government.

Later he put part of his land in the Soil Bank and the payments helped pay off his debts. His parents lived very comfortably on the ranch with their Social Security and old-age assistance checks.

The county agent showed him how to terrace it, then the government paid part of the cost of a pond and stocked it with fish. The government guaranteed him a sale for his farm products.

He signed a petition seeking federal assistance in developing an industrial project to help the economy of his area. He was a leader in obtaining the new federal building, and went to Washington with a group to ask Congress to build a great dam costing millions so that the area could get cheap electricity.

Then, one day, he wrote his congressman a letter of protest:

"I wish to protest excessive government spending and high taxes. I believe in rugged individualism. I think people should stand on their own two feet without expecting handouts. I am opposed to all socialistic trends."

Horoscope

Refuse needless risks, especially when traveling. Today's child will be cultured.

Summit in Washington



The President's Job

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Everybody is sorry to learn that President Kennedy's back is giving him trouble again. Though only 44 years old, he still suffers occasionally from a strain developed in college-day athletics. It was aggravated by a war injury.

But the President's health has been a source of worry lately for other reasons. Many people here feel he has been working too hard. This is, perhaps, a natural tendency for a new President. There is so much to do — so much to learn — that it produces a kind of impatience, if not impulsiveness.


Lawrence

Mr. Kennedy has never been the executive of a large organization and therefore has had little experience with the problem of delegating responsibility to others. He likes to do things himself — to get at questions firsthand and to communicate directly with subordinates in the government who are handling a problem rather than go through their superiors.

This is a commendable desire but, unfortunately, in government as well as in business, there is a limit to what the top executive can afford to do with his time every day if he doesn't want to become unduly engrossed in detail. After a while the executive who tries to do too much in a day finds that he really hasn't much time to think.

Mr. Kennedy has nearly 30 advisers around him — mostly young men — who report to him directly. They have no particular titles but do special tasks for him. He doesn't mind if they conflict with one another in jurisdiction.

The President is also a smart politician. He knows how to keep his political fences in good repair not only in Congress but in the political organizations in the various states. Hence, he is on the telephone himself a good deal more than most other presidents in recent years have been. It all adds up, however, to an effort to do too much in too short a time.

Understandable Hurry

It is understandable that Mr. Kennedy would want to accomplish as much as he can in the shortest time possible. But the success of his administration will not be judged by the quantity of laws he has gotten through Congress or the number of speeches he has delivered. It will be appraised on the quality of his performance. Individual activities — such as the Cuban fiasco — could have more bearing on how the voters react to an administration than a large amount of welfare legislation. It will be recalled that the late President William Howard Taft made a creditable record on legislation but served only a single term.

Mr. Kennedy will never be begrudged the taking of time to formulate policies. The country doesn't expect him to solve overnight all the problems he inherited from preceding administrations. The country does expect its President to take plenty of time to think through what he is doing.

The President's decision, moreover, to rush off to Canada, France, Austria and Britain, together with his readiness to make all sorts of speeches and participate in many a ceremonial affair here and abroad, merely emphasizes a point made again and again — that a President of the United States should be less of a showman or participant in ceremonials, and instead should give almost all of his time to quiet conferences with his cabinet and experienced counselors.

The number of men around Mr. Kennedy who are of the "eager beaver" type — but who know little about government and the history of the United States in particular fields of public policy — is larger than it should be. This necessarily prevents an orderly functioning of the presidency, and it is the kind of thing that, in the end, could wear out a President's vitality and endurance.

Complete rest regularly becomes a necessity for a president. Despite the carping of the critics about golf-playing and week ends away from the White House, this is the only way a president can really get the relaxation from tension that is so necessary to good health.

Popularity

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Personal popularity has the political value of making it smoother for a President to carry his program to completion. An unpopular President may be the rightest man in all this world but Congress always responds to the voice of the people as it should, and if the people, do not like the President, for one reason or another, Congress will fight him.


Sokolsky

John Kennedy, as a candidate, was not particularly popular. Neither was his opponent, Richard Nixon. Kennedy was elected by a small popular vote, which translated into political terms ordinarily would mean that he would not exercise much influence over Congress.

Then came the first hundred days. John Kennedy developed a personal popularity of major political significance. The general sentiment was that he ought to be given a chance.

The spell of popularity continued to swell until the Cuban fiasco which hurt President Kennedy's reputation, particularly as he assumed full responsibility instead of firing those who were really responsible for errors of judgment and of commission. Many who had looked upon Kennedy as a possible Moses, took a second look at him and critics became numerous.

The White House sped up its public relations program, emphasizing the glorious womanhood of Mrs. Kennedy, the charm of Caroline, the brilliance of Bobby. But it did not work. Kennedy remained adamant. He would not risk a war over Berlin because of any action he might take in Cuba.

Again many stepped back to ask whether Kennedy was strong enough, mature enough to head this nation. Criticism was no longer only political; it became personal.

Then he went to Europe, to Paris, Vienna and London and conquered a continent by his personality, his culture, his charm, his surprising knowledge and his wife. It was a public relations job but an extraordinarily brilliant one. Without a single misstep, without an iota of cheapness, President and Mrs. Kennedy captured the hearts of the masses. In Great Britain, this was particularly fortunate, because the British have been moving away from us in many directions. It is more important for the United States, from a practical standpoint, that half a million Londoners came out to shout themselves hoarse for Jack and Jackie, than that Khrushchev should have behaved like a gentleman, which he did. Londoners do not shout for foreigners very readily.

Mass popularity is a major quality in international relations. Winston Churchill could do no wrong, could say nothing untoward, so far as the American people are concerned.

Actually, President Kennedy did not achieve an agreement about anything. Even his understanding with Prime Minister Macmillan is only a repetition of an already established position. Nevertheless the enthusiasm of the British people for President Kennedy and his wife re-established a cordiality which even Franklin D. Roosevelt did not achieve in Great Britain. That popularity can stand the United States in good stead in the forthcoming discussions, particularly as it becomes increasingly necessary for this country to find a unification of policy with Great Britain.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Good Thoughts

Thinking good thoughts is a step . . . in the right direction . . . this, in itself, can cause your heart . . . to glow with deep affection . . . good thoughts, although invisible . . . promote true brotherhood . . . and anyone who harbors them . . . is always understood . . . of Lord, instill within us all . . . the power to think right . . . thoughts are the seeds that flower deeds . . . aglow with honor bright . . . all things stem from the minds of men . . . may all our thoughts be pure . . . for only in this way will we . . . gain strength to long endure . . . I cannot stress too highly . . . the worth of what I pen . . . and I will guarantee good thoughts . . . pay a big dividend . . . each day try to think positive . . . be honest and sincere . . . by doing this, I'm sure you'll find . . . a pathway paved with cheer.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

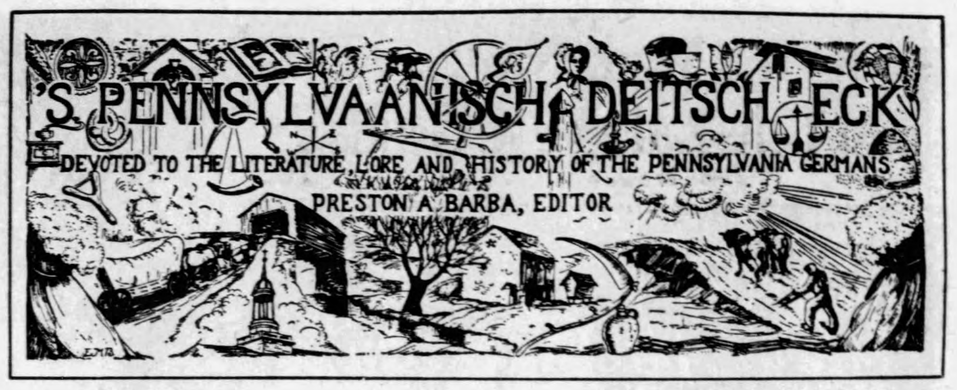
QUESTION: Why don't you give up? The "stuff" you are giving people has been rejected by modern, intelligent man. With your talent, you could make some valuable contribution to civilization. Think it over. J. L.

ANSWER: Were you appointed the spokesman for modern, intelligent man? My observation has been precisely the opposite — I find people of intelligence and perception at the "end of their tether," and forced to look to a Power beyond themselves for an intelligent explanation of life and the universe in which we live.

I, along with thousands, was "at sea" spiritually, philosophically and morally. Christ became a force which completedly altered the course and direction of my life. I would be an ingrate if I refused to share this Truth which saved my life, with others.

As the "freethinker" which you profess to be, I shall be very interested in finding out what "valuable contributions" you have made to the world we live in. Incidentally, the "stuff" which I proclaim is as relevant to people today as it was when Christ was on earth.

But the grace of God is sufficient even for you. God loves you and will gladly change your attitudes if you will let Him.



FRIEHYOHR

Ach Friehyohr, ach Friehyohr,
Was bischt mir so lieb!
Wann es Wetter iss schee
Un Himmel net drieb.

Wann die Erd widder weckt,
Es Graas widder grie,
Un die Blumme rumher—
Was schenner wie die?

Nau weisen sich Bletter
Drauss rum un deheem;
Die Blumme uff Kasche-
Un uff Eppelbeem.

Die Ronn laaft so herrlich
Do am Haus verbei;
'S iss glei aa die Zeit dass
Farelle sin frei.

Der Bauer iss luschtich
Am Schaffe im Feld;
Des macht ihm sei Lewe
Un aa bissel Geld.

Die Veggel duhn singe—
Aa die gans Nadur;
Der Hund iss am Blaffe
Uff 're Haaseschpur.

Es iss gaar ken End was
Mer saagge kennt do;
Ich selwer bin herrlich
Un 's Herz schwellt mer so

Weil es Wetter iss schee
Un Himmel net drieb;
Ach Friehyohr, ach Friehyaohr,
Was bischt du mir lieb!

—RALPH S. FUNK

DID BARBARA SAY IT?

Under the title "A Pennsylvania German Patriot" in the ECK for May 20 we published a biographical account of Barbara, nee Hauer, Fritchie, together with John Greenleaf Whittier's stirring ballad "Barbara Fritchie." In the ECK for May 27 we also published Dr. Lee L. Grumbine's dialect translation of the same.

There are modern historians who take an almost sadistic delight in debunking long cherished versions of historic events and characters.

Through the courtesy of Dr. D. Geo. Knecht we received recently a faded newspaper clipping from a Richmond, Va. newspaper of 1942. It reports the contents of an article in the September 1942 issue of the Maryland Historical Magazine entitled "Barbara Frietschie" by Dorothy M. and William R. Quynn. It offers a carefully documented summary of the controversy over the flag-waving incident that supposedly took place in Frederick, Md. on September 10, 1962.

It appears that the authors had access to early family records, so that the spelling of the name as "Frietschie" is presumably correct.

But was there any shooting in Frederick town? And did Stonewall Jackson leading his Confederate soldiers march past Barbara's house? Did she defiantly wave the Stars and Stripes? And did she exclaim:

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head
But spare your country's flag," she said.

The newspaper clipping from a Richmond paper reports the findings of Dorothy M. and William R. Quynn. The results of their research are that there was no shooting; that Stonewall Jackson did not pass by the Frietschie house; that Barbara did wave a flag, but not at the Confederates.

Still more startling is their assertion that Barbara was probably psychopathic. The basis of the Quynns' psychopathic theory is a somwhat sordid chapter in the history of the Frietschie family. Barbara's husband, John Casper Frietschie, son of Casper Frietschie, was Barbara's senior by twenty years. It seems that shortly after John's birth and during the Revolutionary War, his father Casper became involved in a loyalist plot, whose object was to aid the British with supplies, wagons and horses. Casper was charged with being one of the leaders and, after trial and conviction, he and two other conspirators were hanged, drawn and quartered on August 17, 1781.

Our two researchers, Dorothy M. and William R. Quynn, express the theory that Barbara, sensitive to the stigma attached to her husband's family, felt an urge to blot out this stigma through public displays of patriotism. An expression of this urge would be the waving of the American flag. But if this theory is to be considered seriously, it is clear that it needs professional support. The Quynns consulted Dr. M. H. Greenhill, of the department of psychiatry of the Duke University Medical School, who, according to the Quynns replied that "such behavior came in the class of rebellious actions indulged in by persons of her history, in so far as we know it."

Further, the Quynns are quite definitely of the opinion that there wasn't any shooting, the poet Whittier to the contrary notwithstanding. For, if there had been any shooting, everybody in the town of Frederick would have known about it, but such shooting appears in no contemporary accounts.

There were, to be sure, lots of stories about flag waving, but they refer not to the days the Confederates were in Frederick, but to the arrival of the Federals several days later. The Quynns accept the story that Barbara waved a flag at the Federals and that she presented one to General Reno. The general was killed at South Mountain shortly thereafter and the flag adorned his coffin and was retained by the family as the original Frietschie flag, but it was a large banner and not the "silken scarf" that is described by the poet.

Perhaps we shall never know whether Barbara Hauer, the Pennsylvania German girl born in Lancaster, Pa. in 1766, now, in 1862, at the age of 95 waved the Stars and Stripes in the face of Stonewall Jackson and his Confederate soldiers, but let us in the meanwhile accept the gentle Quaker poet's version, for he must have believed that if Stonewall Jackson did pass Barbara's house in Frederick, and that if Barbara, seeing that all the other Federal flags had been shot down, waved her own little flag from her attic window, and if Barbara said "Shoot, if you must this old gray head," then surely Stonewall Jackson, gallant southern gentleman that he was, could only have said "Who touches a hair of yon gray head, dies like a dog! March on!" — Who can doubt it????!!!

DIE BARBARA FRITCHIE

Barbara Hauer, third child of Nicholas and Catharine Hauer, was born in Lancaster, Pa., Dec. 3, 1766, and was baptized on Dec. 14, 1766, by the Rev. William Hendel, Sr., as the records of the old German Reformed Church in Lancaster show. The Hauer family with other Germans from Eastern Pennsylvania, later migrated to Maryland and settled in the town of Frederick. There Barbara married a Mr. John C. Fritchie. This Pennsylvania German girl became the patriot whom the Quaker poet John Greenleaf Whittier immortalized in the well-known ballad (see the ECK for May 20, 1961), first published in the Atlantic Monthly for October, 1863.

It is altogether fitting that Barbara's heroic deed should also be sung in the dialect which she herself spoke. The following verses were written by the inimitable John Birmelin. They were first published in the ECK for October 14, 1942 but are reprinted here in this Centennial Year of the Civil War.—ED.

In Frederick Schtadt en scheener Daag—
September—glaar un kiehl;
Doch waar, bei allem Sunneschein,
En gaar karyoses Gfiehl.

'S waar ewwe Grieg in unserm Land—
Gewiss en beesi Zeit—
Un alles in der Frederick Schtadt
Gedreie Union Leit.

Die Rebbels waare uff em Weeg,
Viel dausend, hot mer gheert;
Un was iss ewwe do zu duh?
'S iss niemand, ass ne wehrt.

Sie ziegge darrich die Schtroosse rei,
Deel waarn uff miede Geil;
En Deel mit Schnapsack un Muschkeet,
Die gehn zu Fuss derweil.

Dann kumme die Kanone schwer,
So langsam beigerollt;
Un Pulwerwegge, Kichegfrees,
Sin hinnenooch gedrollt.

An manchem Haus waar 'n Union Flag,
Den holt mer dabber rei;
Fer'n henke losse, waer kee Gschpass,
Des kennt doch gfaehrlich sei.

Die Leit waarn ewwe gans verscheecht,
'S hot niemand sich gemuckt
Mit Rebbels wimmelt's in der Schtadt,
Do schteht mer yuscht un guckt.

So geht's bis an die Patrick Schtrooss,
Un schier am letschde Haus,
Datt henkt en groosser Union Flag
Zum Schpeicherfenschder raus.

Ya, datte wuhnt en aldi Fraa
Vun iwwer neinzich Yaahr;
Die Barbara Fritchie iss net bang,
Sie weess yo nix vun Gfaahr.

Sie waar en gudi, aldi Seel,
Verleicht e bissel grobb;
Un handelt aa gewehnlich nooch
Ihr'm deitsche, dicke Kopp.

Der Rebbelschtrom, der welst sich hie,
Do iss kee Rascht, kee Ruh;
Die Barbara am Fenschder schteht
Un guckt dem Ding mol zu.

Der Stonewall Jackson reit verbei
Un hot den Flag erblickt;
Hot seine Aagge gnapps gedraut,
Sich wennich vorgebickt;

Noh ziegt er mol der Sewel raus,
Er greischt de Rebbels "Halt!"
Un uffs Kommando hen die Rilps
Mol feierich druff gegnallt.

Die Barbara, im hella Zann,
Hot sich net lang bedenkt,
Der Flag gepackt mit aller Kraft
Un hie un haere gschwenkt.

"Ihr Lumbesindel kummt mer recht!
Losst mir den Flag yuscht sei!
Ihr seid fer seller Flag zu schlecht,
Ich bin ihm noch gedrei!

"Ich weess ich bin schunn alt un groo —
Ya, schiesst mich, wann ihr wollt!
Dann saagt mer eich doch ewich noh,
Dass ihr eich schemme sollt!" —

Do saagt der Jackson, gans verdutzt,
"Sie iss uff ihrem Grund;
Un waer aa yuscht noch eemol schiesst,
Soll schtaerwe wie en Hund!"

In Friede ziegt die Rebbelschaar
Verbei an sellem Haus;
Am Owed waar dann endlich Ruh
Un all zum Schtedtel drauss.

Die Barbara hot den Flag bedracht,
Die Schtanne, weiss uff bloo—
Die Draene hen im Aag gelacht,
Ihr waar im Haerz so froh.

Die Barbara Fritchie, lengscht im Graab,
Verdient hot sie die Ruh;
Ihr Flag mit Rot un Weiss un Bloo,
Der weht noch immerzu!

GELD FER DIE KAERRICH

'S waar mol en Parre, ass en wunnerbaare Zeit ghatt hot mit seine Gemeensglieder. Sie sin dann un wann zum Gottesdienscht kumme, awwer sie waare wunnerbaar langsam fer Geld in der Karreb leegge wann die Vorschteher rum kumme sin.

'S alt Schprichwatt heesst "Geld regiert die Welt." Die Kaerrich iss in der Welt un es nemmt Geld fer en Kaerrich im Gang halde. Der Parrehot sei Glieder alle Sunndaag abgekanselt un ihne gsaat sie misste besser bezaahle. Des sin sie leedich warre. Mol ee Sunndaag iss eener uffgschtanne un hot gsaat, "Parre, du hoscht schunn oft gsaat des Evangelium waer frei, gell?" Sell hot der Parre bissel gschnarrt. Awwer er waar net langsam uffem Drigger un hot geandwatt, "Ya, mei liewer Bruder, des Wasser drauss uffem Barrig iss aa frei. Awwer mer muss Peife eigraawe fers Wasser in die Heiser griegge. Un sell koscht Geld. So iss es aa mit 'm Evangelium. Es koscht en Latt fer's zu eich bringe."

Do howwe wu mir wuhne, wisse mer sell. Es Wasser laaft zamme, drowwe iwwerm Bloo Barrig, awwer es nemmt en Damm fer's Wasser sammele un Peife fer's Wasser in unser Heiser fiehre.

Deel Kaerricheleit warne ihre Parre sie sette nix saagge vun Geld iwwerm Breddiche. Es hot mol en geiziger Mann gsaat, "Parre, ferwas schaffscht du immer fer Geld? Du settscht schaffe fer die Seele." Der Parre hot gsaat, "Ich kann ken Seel esse. Un wann all die Seele so maagger waere wie deine iss, dann daet's en hunnert Seele nemme fer ee Iems."

Ya, die Kaerrich schteht uff der Aerd un was sie brauch, koscht Geld. Darum misse mir Glieder dief in der Sack lange un hazlich bleche wann der Karreb rumkummt. Wisst dihr Leit ass der Geiz viel Leit aus em Himmel halt?

—Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News

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David A. Miller, Publisher-Director 1895-1958

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Editorials

Protect America's Vista

The question of whether Pennsylvania and other states with magnificent vistas are to be encouraged to have uncluttered views of them now is up to the United States House of Representatives.

By a decisive 55-38 vote, the Senate trimmed the sails of persistent lobbyists who believe billboards along interstate express highways are more important and interesting than the mountains, the hills, the valleys and the plains these new broad arteries of travel bring into perspective.

Legislatures of Pennsylvania and 14 other states have taken similar action. They voted to accept the federal road building bonus the Senate measure continues in return for banning billboards from the rights of way of interstate highways built with federal aid.

The House measure obstructs the view. The multi-billion dollar highway financing bill it recently passed does not include the anti-billboard provision it enacted three years ago. Unless it approves the amendment the Senate wrote into the bill after its own public works committee turned it down, the bonus will expire at the end of this month. In its place will be more billboards cluttering a steadily increasing number of highway miles.

Reasons for continuing this provision are as valid now as when the measure was originally adopted. The vistas from the new federal-state highways become increasingly magnificent as more miles of them are opened to travelers. Billboards will obstruct this view of America. In the opinion of many, they also increase the driving hazards the new highways are meant to diminish.

The reasons for continuing the provision are particularly good for Pennsylvania. Few states can match its scenic glories. It also stands to save an extra five or six million dollars of its own normal 10 per cent share of the interstate highway costs.

When the Congress originally enacted this statute, it was in response to an avalanche of voter mail from all parts of the country. If another deluge is needed to convince members of the House to correct an omission that most certainly wasn't an oversight, it should be forthcoming.

Never Too Many

Among the chief advantages of playgrounds, opening in Allentown on Monday, is having them close enough to population centers to make them convenient and as safe as possible for children of all appropriate ages.

Establishment of a supervised recreation area at the former Coffield Stadium at the rear of William Allen High School, is a step in this direction. It offers facilities to youngsters who otherwise would be required to travel many blocks, some of them fraught with serious traffic hazards, to find a safe play area to while away their leisure summer hours.

Little cost is involved. The softball diamond, the macadam basketball court and the volley ball courts are already there. They have been provided by the school district for the high school's intramural program. Other equipment is being moved from the Harrison-Morton grounds, unusable this year because of construction activities. Total costs for the 2½ month playground season will be under $1,000.

The cost of this playground and all others is insignificant in comparison with serious injuries a single youngster might suffer playing on the streets or in other unsuitable areas. If anything, Allentown and all other communities need more of them with programs interesting and diversified enough to attract a maximum number of their out-of-school children.

A Happy Memory

There is more than the usual spirit of friendship and good neighborliness in the plans of coworkers of the late Paul T. Frantz to complete building the house on which he spent most of his leisure hours before his death last April in a flaming oil truck explosion.

The party a dozen Gulf Oil Corp. employes are planning is not an act of charity. It is simply, as one of them put it and the others quickly agreed, their way of thanking their former associate for the favors he always was willing to do for them and for others.

For his family, the house on which he himself worked diligently for three years will be more than a monument to his thought and care and labors for them. It will be a memorial to the kind of man he was in his associations with his fellows and the esteem this spirit earned him. Few men, regardless of their position or their means, could leave a greater heritage or treasure.

What Others Say

Where Were the Parents?

Washington Evening Star

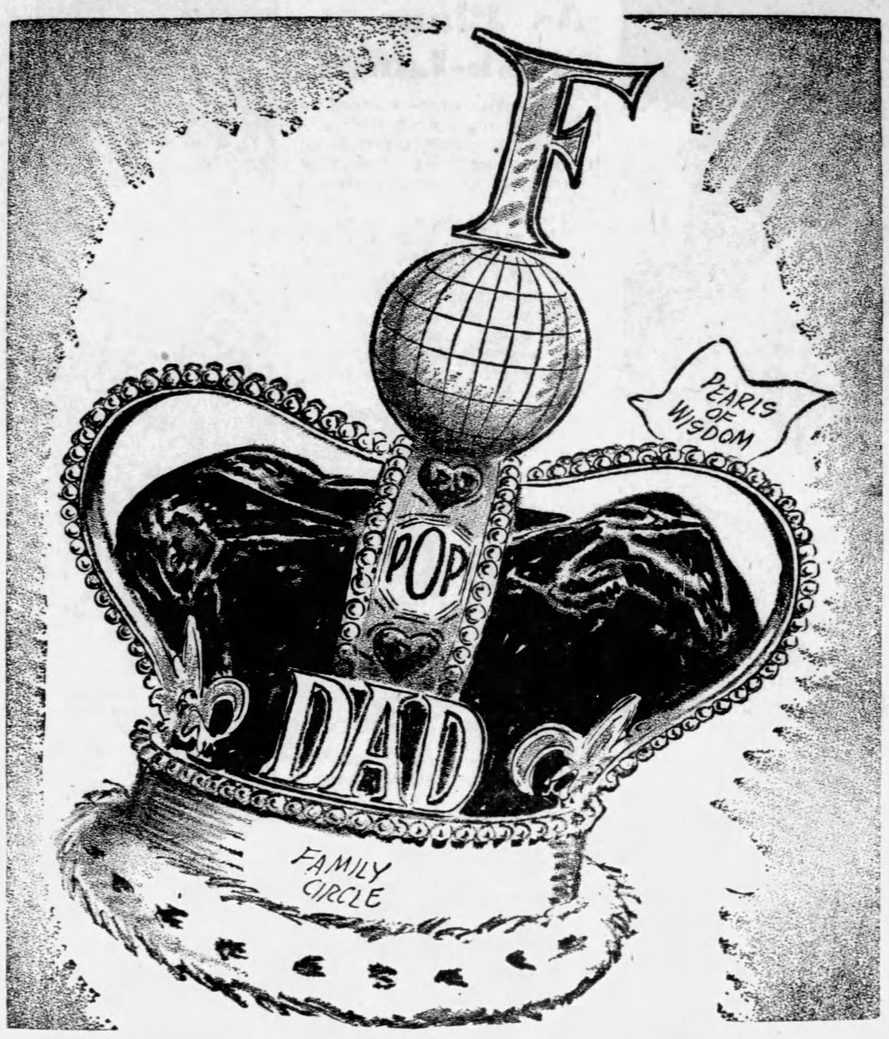
An Associated Press dispatch told how fourteen New York City youths "laughed and shrugged their shoulders" as they admitted committing from 450 to 500 burglaries netting up "to $100,000" during the past two years. The story said that all but one of the group, ranging in age from 14 to 22, were from well - to - do homes, most of them owning cars and receiving generous allowances from their families. Where were the parents of these youths when all the depredations were being carried on over so long a periods? What did the fathers and mothers regard as more important than exercising their responsibilities as dutiful parents?

Certainly these boys could not have been skulking in alleys, breaking into stores and homes at small hours of the night and presumably bringing their loot home preparatory to "fencing" it if parents had been properly supervising the comings and goings of the youths. Perhaps some of the parents assumed that they provided good homes, pocket money and automobiles for their offspring. But the records of every juvenile court reveal that this is not enough—that delinquency is not confined to the slums. It can happen in the best of homes — if parents neglect their responsibilities as maintainers of family discipline and as exemplars of good citizenship.

Horoscope

Originality brings a quietly successful year. Today's child will be of gambling nature.

Father Size



Moscow's War of Hate

By DAVID LAWRENCE

All around the world the Communist propaganda war continues to fill the press and the air waves with words that twist and distort the peaceful purposes of the United States.

Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev has just taken advantage of the publicity build-up which President Kennedy gave him by going to a conference with him alone at Vienna. A nationwide television speech inside Russia — something rare — is used by the Soviet ruler to stir up animosity against the United States. It was broadcast by radio at the same time throughout the world.



Lawrence

Coincidentally, Fidel Castro, coached by Moscow, has heaped insult after insult on the United States by increasing his demand for "indemnity" for the "invasion" of Cuba. Hence, the ransom price for releasing the prisoners has gone up from around $2.5 million, which was supposed to be the value of the tractors Castro wanted, to approximately $28 million. America's prestige will take another nosedive if the United States States Government encourages any more efforts to appease Castro.

Coincidentally, also there are anti-American demonstrations in Venezuela and Chile which are inspired by Moscow and conducted by Communists.

Coincidentally, moreover, the conferences at Geneva on a nuclear - test ban and on Laos drag on without tangible result. The Communists have issued an ultimatum — they demand that the nuclear - testing issue be merged with the disarmament question, which means many more months of futile negotiation. They insist also that the West surrender on Laos and let the government there be turned over to a so-called "neutral" government — which means one dominated by the Communists.

But the outstanding propaganda stunt is the Khrushchev speech. It was billed as a "report to the nation" paralleling that of President Kennedy. There were noticeable differences in the Soviet viewpoint as presented to the American people by Mr. Kennedy and that which the Soviet premier gave on Thursday to the people throughout Europe.

It is apparent that Mr. Kennedy's euphemistic statement that "no major decision was either planned or taken" and that there was no "ultimatum" presented on Berlin must be taken now with a grain of salt. For the Soviet premier in his speech sets forth a deadline — the end of the current year. At that time, if no surrender has been made on West Berlin by the West, a peace treaty between Moscow and the East German republic will be signed.

Such a step means a challenge to possible war. For the West has said it will resist any attempt by the East German authorities to interfere with the access routes that must be used by the West in order to get in and out of Berlin.

The situation is well summed up in a dispatch from Reuters news service from Moscow, as follows:

"Western observers in Moscow said it seemed evident that all Kennedy's arguments in Vienna for the Western viewpoint had made little difference to Khrushchev's thinking."

Indeed, the Soviet premier cluding to the same points he made before the conference with President Kennedy. The Russian ruler professes, of course, to be pleased with the idea of "summit" meetings.

But what the Soviet ruler no doubt really meant was that the occasion gave him a theatrical setting for the subsequent delivery of his diatribes against the United States. It gave him a world-wide forum thereafter in which to repeat his false statements about the Western position on disarmament, nuclear testing and the Berlin issue.

Nikita Khrushchev, like Adolf Hitler, knows that the West wants peace now — at almost any price. Western governments again give the impression that they are willing to make concessions through "negotiation" rather than take steps that could lead to war. History shows that, in the end, the effort to avoid a showdown brings on war itself. Acts, not words, will be decisive now in avoiding war.

Merited Awards

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

Every spring, as you know, is the time for annual awards of all kinds — the Oscars, the Emmies, the Tonies and the Pulitzers. All these awards go to more or less famous people for their contributions to the arts or the world of entertainment.

This year I would like to inaugurate my own awards — call them what you like — to unknown and undistinguished citizens who nevertheless deserve recognition for behaving in a manner that places them beyond and above the run of common humanity.

For instance, there is Oswald Q. Flab. Although an obscure filing clerk for a company manufacturing library paste, Flab is a unique citizen in one respect. When depositing a letter in a mailbox, he never gives the flap an extra jiggle just to make sure the letter slides down the slot.

Comparable to him in self-assurance and dignity is Garish Gamut, the widely-known inscape painter. Gamut has never in his life pressed an elevator button that someone has just pressed a moment before his arrival. He just stands and waits for the elevator to come, secure in the knowledge that the previous waiters have done a good job of pressing.

We must add to our gallery of minor greatness the name of Alphonse Levy-McPherson, the financier. When he buys his daily paper at the newstand, he takes the first paper off the top and deposits his coins. He doesn't slither out the second or third paper from the top. They all have the same cross-word-puzzle, anyway.

We must not forget Crashaw Donne, who writes captive verse for the ladies' journals. Unlike the rest of us mortals, when Donne looks at his wristwatch to learn the time, and a moment later someone (having seen him do this) asks him the time, he replies promptly, "3:47" without having to look at his watch again. Who among us can do the same?

There are many more, but space is running out, and awards become cheapened if they are too profuse. We are, however, accepting nominations for next year's accolades. Drop them in the mailbox — and don't jiggle!

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

Question: I heard you say in a sermon; "You're a sinner, I'm a sinner, we're all sinners." If that is true, what do you have to offer if your faith doesn't give you victory over sin? C.D.

Answer: Yes, I have said that. We are all sinners, either 'sinners saved by Grace,' or sinners not yet saved by Grace.

Paul said; "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." If Paul called himself the 'chief of sinners,' where does that put me and you?

"But by saying 'we are sinners' does not infer that we are wilfully engaging in sin. Basically, we must identify with those who are not yet in Christ, for "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.'

My wife's name was Bell before she was married to me, a Graham. In a sense she is still a Bell, for although she is my wife, she is still her father's daughter. If anyone asked; "Are you a Bell? She would answer 'yes,' because she was born a "Bell." But, because of a vow she made at an altar of God, she is actually a Graham. By nature, a Bell; by pledge, a Graham. So it is with Christians. By nature we are sinners — by Grace we are Christians. Hence, we can all say; "I am a sinner — saved by Grace."

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

A Father

A father must be able . . . to guide his family . . . by setting an example . . . of trust and loyalty . . . he must be able to provide . . . necessities of life . . . a home, where those he loves can keep . . . away from worldly strife . . . a father must be ready . . . to answer every call . . . always there to lean on . . . when needed most of all . . . a father must be strong and yet . . . tender all the way . . . putting love in place of hate . . . no matter come what may . . . a father's job is hard to do . . . but recompense is great. . .God, guide the fathers of the world . . . keep them faithful and straight.

Rocking Chairs

By HAYDN PEARSON

Seems as though the dictionary could do a bit better than simply "a chair mounted on rockers." A rocking chair is one of the more important inventions that contribute inexpensively and efficiently to a man's comfort.

One is not dogmatically opposed to al these complicated chair - resembling contraptions that elevate a man's feet above his head, or that shake and jiggle him into relaxed submission. But a rocking chair soothes and comforts, and puts a man into a frame of mind so that he feels there is still some hope for the world.

After a satisfying dinner of crisp fried salt pork, boiled potoes and rick milk gravy with little streams of butter lacing it, plus a quarter of a juicy, flavorful rhubarb pie, it is good to go out to the screened porch and rock a spell.

Whether a rocking chair should be upholstered, with "beautiful, carved feet, artistic design, full spring seat and back, elegant enough for the best appointed home" or whether the most comfortable rocker is made "of the best selected reed with closely woven seat and back" is a matter of choice.

The important point is that a renaissance of rocking chairs would help alleviate frustrations, sooth tensions and induce an optimistic perspective. Wide-



BOOK NOTES

FOUR FIRSTS IN BERKS — 1861. Issued by the Historical Society of Berks County and the Ladies Auxiliary of that Society as a partial form of observance of the Great Centennia; of the Civil War 1961-1965.— Compiled by Arthur D. Graeff. Art work by Ralph D. Dunkelberger. Photography by Wayne E. Homan. 1961. pp. 36. $1.00 (To be obtained from the Historical Society of Berks County, Reading, Pa.)

Many pertinent publications mark the centenary of the Civil War. Of particular local interest is Dr. Graeff's "Four Firsts in Berks - 1861."

On April 15, two days after the fall of Fort Sumter, Abraham Lincoln issued his first call for troops. He requested 75,000 volunteers. The long disastrous years of the Civil War had begun. Even among the northern states remaining loyal to the Union there was no absolute unity. But now everywhere, from Maine to Minnesota, volunteer companies were in process of organization in response to the President's call.

The first five volunteer companies to reach Harrisburg, en route for Washington, after the President's call were the Logan Guards from Lewistown, Mifflin County; the Washington Artillery from Pottsville; the National Light Infantry, also from Pottsville; the Allen Infantry from Allentown; and the Ringgold Light Artillery from Reading. These five companies, comprising 486 men, came to be known as The First Defenders.

According to James L. Schaadt, in his "History of the Allen Infantry," (see ECK for April 15, 22, and 29) Captain Yeager led his gallant band of volunteers down Hamilton Street, Alentown, and boarded the train for Harrisburg on the afternoon of April 16. But Dr. Graeff gives such convincing documentary evidence that the Ringgold Artillery arrived at Harrisburg between 8 and 8:30 o'clock, on the evening of April 16, that there seems to be no doubt that the men of the Ringgold Artillery were the first to arrive there. Between their arrival at Harrisburg and their departure for Washington the four other volunteer companies mentioned above also reached Harrisburg.

However historians may disagree who were the "first" of The First Defenders, the fact remains that all five Pennsylvania companies entrained for Washington on April 18 and arrived in the capital on the same day.

But Berks is proud of three other "firsts": the Ringgold Band as the first regimental band. Organized in 1852 it was at first known as the American Independent Brass Band of Reading. In 1856 the name was changed to The Ringgold Artillery Cornet Band and became closely associated with the Ringgold Artillery. On May 4, 1861 the Berks and Schuylkill Journal reported that the Ringgold band had accepted a call as a regimental band. Early in June 1960 its officers petitioned the Congress of the United States to have a commemorative stamp issued in honor of the first band to respond to the President's call in 1861, in which petition they were supported by a resolution adopted by the Pennsylvania State Senate on June 7, 1960.

Dr. Graeff also gives proof that Reading can justly claim that the women of Reading were the first to form a Ladies Aid Society for the purpose of providing the soldiers with necessities during their military service.

And fourthly, as though Berks were not already honored enough, the historian shows that the original flag carried by the Ringgold Artillery, and now proudly displayed in the Rotunda of the State Capitol at Harrisburg, was the first United States flag to enter Washington on April 18, 1861.

Local patriotism is a laudable virtue, even among historians. When accompanied by such excellent documentation as Dr. Graeff offers there is little that one can do about it.

The booklet is enhanced by many fine illustrations, some of them of unusual historical significance. — P.A.B.

Percy Ruhe, Editor Emeritus of the Morning Call, sent the Editor of the ECK a letter he had recently received from friends in Holland. From it we cull the following interesting paragraph:

"I want to ask you a favour! I am studying English at the University of Amsterdam. We have been discussing Pennsylvania Dutch. I told the Professor that there still was a newspaper edited in that language and almost he didn't believe me. Could you please send me some samples?"

Could it be that Percy Ruhe's correspondent in Amsterdam, like so many others, is laboring with the age-old error that our "Pennsylvania Dutch" is Dutch? — An error that many aid in perpetuating—Samples of the ECK and of the "Dutch" of the Roving Reporter of the Allentown Morning Call have been sent to Amsterdam.

THE LIESERS AND THE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION

By RAYMOND E. KIEBACH

THE LIESERS were not the earliest, but among the earliest, converts of the itinerant preacher, Jacob Albright whose motto was "Holiness to the Lord." Later (1816) his followers, known as Albrecht's Leute were formally organized as The Evangelical Association; actually they were German Methodists.

There is enough documentation, even of the earliest days, to establish the part the Liesers played in this religious revival among the Pennsylvania Germans.

First of all, we will, set forth the accounts as given by the various writers. As the power of the printed word goes far beyond its time, therefore, it behooves us to consider and discuss these different versions with a view of reconciling the discrepancies, correcting those that are obviously in error, and to add such additional information that will augment and clarify the words of these individual authors.

In 1857 the Evangelical Press at Cleveland, Ohio, published the "Geschichte der Evangelische Gemeinschaft," by Rev. Wm. W. Orwig. The English edition entitled, "A History of the Evangelical Association" appeared the following year.

In the English edition we find on p. 20, "in which some conversions took place, especially in the neighborhood of Buchwalter's and Liesser's in Berks County," and then goes on to tell us on p. 21, "the first three of these societies or classes were formed in the counties of Northampton, Berks and Bucks, one near Quakertown, called Walter's class, the other near the Colebrook - Dale ironworks, called Liesser's class, and the third in Northampton Co. called Phillip's class."

"On the day of Pentecost," as stated on page 22, "in 1802, Mr. Albright commenced his first general meeting, at Samuel Liesser's, sen. which was richly blessed of God . . . "

Pentecost or Whitsunday is a festival in commemoration of the descent of the Holy Spirit, observed on the seventh Sunday after Easter. In 1802 it occured on June 6th. It is called Pfingsten in the German and Pingsta in the Penna. German.

In the next paragraph, "In 1803, the membership had risen to 40 and another young man, Abraham Liesser by name, also one of Albright's converts, commenced to preach."

On November 3rd (Thursday) of that year, a council was called to introduce a better regulation (p. 23). There were seventeen persons present. The group solemnly ordained Jacob Albright to the ministry and presented him with a written certificate, signed by all persons present, containing their recognition of him as their teacher. They declared the Holy Scriptures of the Old and the New Testament as their rule of faith and practice.

This in the opinion of Rev. Orwig was the "organization proper of the Evangelical Association, although it had its rise three years earlier, by the formation of several societies.

The following year (1804) found A. Liesser and J. Walter laboring on the Northumberland and Centre, Pa. circuits. In 1805 as related on p. 28, "As early as this year the little flock lost one of its pastors by death—the young brother Abraham Liesser was called from the walls of Zion to his everlasting home. He was an humble, pious and promising youth . . ."

"Albright and his Co-workers," in German, by Rev. Reuben Yeakel, appeared in 1879. His account of the beginning or early years is very similar to that of his predecessor, Rev. Orwig. There is no need to repeat.

When Albright organized his followers into classes he was following the method used by the Methodist Church in the United States due to the lack of ministers. Rev. Joseph Henry Dubbs in the "Historic Manual of the Reformed Church in the United States," (1885) p. 218, says, "the Reformed Church in Germany had earlier employed the class method, under the guidance of class leaders, some of whom subsequently became earnest ministers."

"The Life and Labors of John Seybert, first bishop of the Evangelical Association by Rev. Samuel P. Sprang (1888) does not mention the Liesers by name, but he does refer to the meeting of 1803, (p. 198) when he quotes from the account of Rev. Yeakel. Landmarks of the Evangelical Association (1888) by Sylvanus Charles Breyfogel under the heading of 1803 (p. 13) says, "Abraham Liesser, another young man, entered the work as preacher on probation under the direction of Albright." He also speaks of the ordaining of Albright on November 5th, and the written license given him which was signed by all persons present, including John Walter, and Abraham Liesser, and fourteen other persons.

Under the year (1804) p. 14, he writes, "The circuits were confined mainly to Berks and Northampton counties, but the preachers extended their operations into Northumberland and Centre. The traveling preachers were Jacob Albright elder, and John Walter and Abraham Lieser on trial."

The following year, (1805), p. 15, he says, "Abraham Lieser died during the year."

"The trustees," quoting Rev. Ammon Stapleton in "Flashlights on Evangelical History," (1908) p. 8, "were leading men of the church. (Conrad) Phillips was one of the first to receive Albright prior to 1800, in Northampton County. He was present and assisted in the ordination of Albright at Leeser's in 1803. In 1811 he and his aged father, George Phillips, who was also present at the above meeting, removed to (now) Winfield, adjoining Byer's, six miles west of New Berlin. He died in 1806."

From "Montgomery's History of Berks County," (1909) Vol. 1, p. 48, "Evangelical. — This sect was started by Jacob Albright in 1800, after he had preached several years, and the first tangible results of his religious work were made to appear in the eastern part of Berks County, near the Colebrookdale Iron Works. In that vicinity he had preached in the homes of Samuel Lieser, Joseph Buchwalter and Abraham Buchwalter, and the second class of the organized body had come to be formed out of the members of the families of the three persons named, with Mr. Lieser as the class leader. In a similar manner, the work was extended throughout the State."

In the American Church History Series," Vol. 12, under the heading Evangelical Association. "Jacob Albright had preached about four years when he organized his followers into classes that met at the homes of the members to conduct their services. On of these was known as Liesser's class in Berks Co. near the Colebrookdale Iron Works and the members of the class lived close by.

"In 1802, Abraham Liesser, a youth, made his first effort to preach. The first council was held on Nov. 3, 1803 when Albright was consecrated to the ministry by John Walter and Abraham Liesser with prayer and the laying on of hands after the manner of consecrating St. Paul.

"Abraham Liesser died in 1805, still a young man of much promise." The Evangelical Association written by Bishop Thomas Bowman for "Robert's History of Lehigh County," (1914) Vol. 1, p. 524, to wit, "The first General Assembly was held on Nov. 3, 1803 in the home of Samuel Liesser, in Colebrookdale, Berks Co., Pa. Here a permanent organization was effected, the Holy Bible was adopted as a rule of faith and Albright ordained as a minister."

In this same edition, Vol. 3, p. 807, in a biography of the Lieser (Liesser, Lesser) Family, is a quotation, from "Stapleton's Flashlights of Evangelical Church History," as follows: "Samuel Liesser was an early settler in Colebrookdale township, Berks County. In 1798 he lived near the Colebrookdale Iron Works. He and his wife and two children became members of Rev. Jacob Albright's second class in 1800. In 1803 the first council of the Evangelical Church met at the home of Samuel Liesser, in Berks county. Tradition states that he was related to Frederick Leaser, of Liberty Bell, fame, of Lynn township. 'Father' Liesser was widely known as a man of exemplary piety. He died in the early part of the century. His wife Anna, died in 1838, at the ripe age of 82 years."

Rev. Abraham Stapleton in "A Wonderful Story of Old Time Evangelical Evangelism" (1917) p. 131, has this to say: "Rev. Abraham Lieser a co-worker with Albright, was a son of Benedict Leeser, born at the old Leeser homestead, two miles west of Barto, Berks County in 1770. He was a brother of Samuel Lieser at whose house he was ordained in 1803. He had a family when Albright first visited the community, although a prominent member of the Huff Church nearby he was one of the first to open his home for the Evangelists. He was a very gifted and consecrated man — early in 1803 Albright made his an assistant evangelist. He was the second to take the field under Albright's direction (John Walter first).

In 1803 he with his young coworker John Walter ordained his spiritual father as a minister in the house of his brother Samuel Lieser. He was never in robust health and could not long endure the hardships of an itinerant life. Broken in health, he retired from the field in the spring of 1805 and soon thereafter passed to his eternal reward at the early age of 34 years. He was survived by his wife and three children. He died like Albright, Miller and Walter of consumption caused by hardships and exposure."

(To Be Concluded)

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Editorials

The Patient's Right

In polling its 12,000 members to determine whether they want closer working ties with the state's 1,300 osteopaths, the Pennsylvania Medical Society is facing the inevitable. It should not be delayed.

What the good doctors seem to have failed to note in recent years is that while they have been refusing to recognize osteopaths as professional equals the public has in a big way. Osteopathy continues to grow in patronage and confidence because it has served effectively and well.

If there was a time when osteopathic standards of education and training and the work of osteopathic hospitals left something to be desired, that day has long passed. The attitude of the American Medical Association and many of its members can, therefore, be classed as nothing more than obstructionism.

Refusal of the Lehigh County Medical Society to make reports from the detection center it operates jointly with the local Cancer Society available to osteopaths is typical of how ridiculous this obstructionism can be. Certainly the Cancer Society receives many contributions from osteopathic patients. The stand of the Medical Society is tantamount to refusing patients their right to choose their own doctors, which is one of the strongest arguments the AMA uses in opposing socialized medicine.

By dint of hard work and devotion, osteopaths have earned their place in the world of healing arts. Realism dictates that the medical profession recognize this.

The Nation's Enemies

This nation has more real and potential enemies than those who operate behind the iron and bamboo curtains or jump at the signals called by the Kremlin. It has some who make no pretenses of negotiating and who never suggest a summit conference.

A few of them were exposed the other day when the self-styled leader of the "American Republican Army" and perhaps all of his troops were picked up and their arsenal confiscated. They freely admitted dynamiting vital communications towers to settle a peeve and get publicity for something they called a cause.

It's not enough to label them as crackpots and dismiss the incident with a shrug. There are plenty of crackpots with other peeves around. If they become bold enough or are given the incentive they can do many times the damage. Both the tools and the targets are handy, too often without even the simplest protection or safeguards. For the nation's safety, more than the FBI and police must remain vigilant against them.

There are some who do not regard their actions as harmful to the nation, to its people or to its prestige.

They include those in the mob of 200 that battled police in a tiny Wisconsin village after a day of sports car racing last weekend. They include the hoodlums who turned a high school graduation celebration in Detroit into a riot. They include those who sold the kids the booze or the beer that hopped them up.

There are many others. Some will be found this weekend tearing along streets and highways as if they were their own private speedways. Their toll of lives, unless this weekend proves an exception, once again will be staggering.

Against such enemies of America, the President of the United States is powerless. Only they themselves can avoid the designation and by avoiding it prove themselves to be good Americans, worthy of its opportunities and heritages.

Worthy Successors

It is decidedly to the credit of political governments that when it becomes necessary to name men to responsible key jobs these appointments can be made on merit. Such appointments have just been made in Allentown.

Both William A. Jacoby, who will succeed Earle W. Meckley as city engineer, and John A. Borowski, who takes over from Andrew K. Wilson as manager of the Allentown office of the Bureau of Employment Security have earned their new positions. They have worked and trained for them. They can be expected to carry on in the best traditions of their predecessors and establish even broader patterns of service.

Jacoby's tenure in the city's Bureau of Engineering is only three years less than that of the man who has been its chief. Like Meckley, he is thoroughly familiar with both its accomplishments and its problems. As far as the functioning of the bureau is concerned, the change in command should be scarcely noticeable.

Borowski has served in the Commonwealth's Bureau of Employment Security a few months longer than Wilson. All but a few months of his tenure have been in the Allentown office. He knows the area, its people and the opportunities it offers them.

Both men know the standards their predecessors have set. Both have the training and the experience and the ability to match them. Their appointments on the basis of merit rather than political expediency are as commendable as the records of their predecessors.

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. Letters will not be published without a legitimate signature. The right to condense is reserved by the publishers.

Objections Not Valid

To the Editor:

In Thursday's Morning Call there appeared an article with three main objections to a 12-month school system. I wish to answer these criticisms.

The first objection is that the students and teachers need vacations as much as industrial workers. This is true but: When the repetition has been eliminated and the school material properly presented a semester can be completed in 15 weeks or 75 school days. With 3 semesters a year this allows 7 weeks off for such things as being snowbound, holidays, Christmas - New Year vacation, Eas-

Continued on Page 7, Column 2

How Soon the Next Eruption?



The Conflicts of Berlin

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Artificiality over the Berlin issue prevails on both sides.

Basically, neither side really believes that the other is going to war as a consequence of the Berlin issue. But the Soviet premier knows that, if he signs a peace treaty with East Germany, the initiative afterward in a military action will have to come from the Western Allies. The mere signing of a treaty between the Soviet Union and East Germany's so-called "republic" isn't an act of war or a threat of war. But if the East German government, at the behest of Moscow, starts interfering some day with the routes of access to West Berlin, military force could be used by the Western Allies to protect the transportation of any supplies or the movements of their forces to and from the city.



Lawrence

Somehow the idea that any shooting war will come of it all seems at this moment to be somewhat illusory. There isn't the mobilization for war on either side that would naturally precede the kind of crisis being envisaged in so many press dispatches and in television commentaries today.

The real debate is in the court of world opinion. The Soviet premier knows this and is trying to make his proposed program with respect to Berlin seem a part of an effort merely to bring about a "reunification" of Germany — something he really doesn't want. What he does want is to embarrass the West and divert attention from other areas of the world where the Communists are infiltrating.

The Western Allies, on the other hand, feel firmly grounded in their contention that the Berlin issue involves a matter of good faith and the honoring of agreements made when World War II came to an end.

Double Role

Evidently the Soviet premier is well aware of the double role played by the Communists in that war. His latest speech was made on the occasion of the 20th anniversary of Hitler's attack on the Soviets — June 22, 1941 — after the Communists had given him military assistance for the first 22 months of World War II. The Soviets — as Hitler's ally — thus helped to protect the Nazi armies from attacks which could otherwise have kept them very busy on a front in Eastern Europe. As it was, the Nazi dictator was given a free hand to overrun Holland and Belgium and to attack France and Great Britain in Western Europe. France could not have been conquered if there had been an eastern front to give battle to Hitler's armies. In fact, World War II might never have occurred if the Communist government in Moscow had not double-crossed Britain and France and made an alliance with Hitler just a few weeks before he attacked Poland in September 1939.

Premier Khrushchev, apparently aware of this weak spot in Communist history, tried in his speech to cover up and excuse the 1939 alliance of the Soviet Union with Hitler.

But the published documents giving the details of the conversations between the British and French diplomats and the Soviet envoys — including the notorious Molotov — give the lie to the Khrushchev claims. The tragic truth is that the Kremlin thought that, by staying out of the conflict, it could profit by the defeat of Britain and France and that Hitler would be taken care of later when Germany had been weakened by a lengthy war. Instead, Hitler, after conquering the western section of the European continent as he held Britain at bay, deliberately attacked the Soviets. The West was not enthusiastic about helping the Communists but had no other choice as the common objective then was to beat Hitler.

Even during those war days the devious and treacherous behavior of the Communist regime in Moscow was the cause of constant suspicion. These suspicions were later borne out by the way the Soviets refused again and again to honor their wartime agreements. They now are trying in the controversy over Berlin to welch once more on their written pledges given to the very Allies who saved Russia from destruction.

Only in the court of public opinion can the guilt of the Communists be established. For they themselves are atheists who do not believe in morality or in honoring any pledges they may have given. To them the end justifies the means.

Endorsements

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

The mail brings all sorts of things, including a very well printed brochure about endorsements. The brochure fills a great hole in my sum of knowledge. I have often wondered how a soap, a face powder, a cigarette and even a beer manages to get itself endorsed by all sorts of great men and women. For instance, sometimes I see a man endorsing cigarettes when I know that he only smokes cigars. One day, I shall see an endorsement of a soap by a Beatnik!

So it seems that this is an organized business like everything else in these parts. On Madison Avenue is an agency which finds endorsers. The agency boasts that it has found 10,000 famous persons to endorse 7,500 different products.



Sokolsky

Nothing is said in the brochure as to how much an endorser is paid. One may assume that some distinguished persons endorse a product free of charge but that lesser persons are less modest and demand a goodly fee.

On one page it is said that celebrities fear the collector of endorsers more than gossip columnists. Is that good or bad? Gossip columnists are only to be feared by the guilty and by restaurant-owners who lose customers who prefer to eat their food in peace without a rubberneck coming up to the table, to make a fifth wheel.

But why should one fear a collector of endorsers? Of his work, he says:

"He has teams of capable and smart young interviewers who contact celebrities to find out what soaps, toothpaste, automobiles, hair tonic, they actually use; their favorite smokes and drinks."

This is indeed a gay occupation, except when Grace Kelly was used to endorse a soap and later announced that "soap of any kind never touches my face."

Politicians have to be careful about what they endorse. For instance, Vice President Garner used to drink a particular brand of bourbon whisky. Garner, I am told, no longer drinks whisky having attained the age of four score and ten and he can do without the stuff. However, I am told that his humor is unimpaired; therefore it is not likely that he will endorse any product, particularly not one on how to keep young at 90.

I found this brochure on endorsements particularly interesting because it gave the show away. I often wondered, as many must do, how these arrangements were made, bringing together the maker of a soap and a good-looking girl whose beauty is a gift from heaven. The politician cannot endorse soap, but he can endorse a cigar or a baby carriage. The latter would be particularly popular for politicians if they were also made in America.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

Question: When a man has lived a sinful life and then becomes a Christian, how can he be sure that God is calling him to the ministry instead of a guilty conscience? I have felt a call to enter the ministry but my sinful past is what I am concerned about now. Can you help me? R.M.

Answer: I don't quite see how a "guilty conscience" could cause you to enter the ministry. But, let's approach this from another angle.

Who is better qualified to minister to "sinners" than one who has led a sinful life? What compassion you would have for those who have fallen into temptation, for you have tasted so often of temptation yourself! What wise counsel you could give to those who are struggling against evil, for you have battled the "enemy," and with Christ have won!

One thing you say concerns me. You say, "My sinful past is what I am concerned about now." Now, God has forgiven you — you must now forgive yourself. The Lord doesn't expect you to perform endless penance, spending the rest of your days weeping over the wrongs of the past. You have been snatched as "a brand from the burning." You must invest your life in helping to salvage other lives around you for whom Christ died.

Take by "faith" the fact that you are forgiven! This is the first step — then pray for guidance as to the future!

Horoscope

Domestic happiness accompanies business advancement. Today's child will be a good organizer.

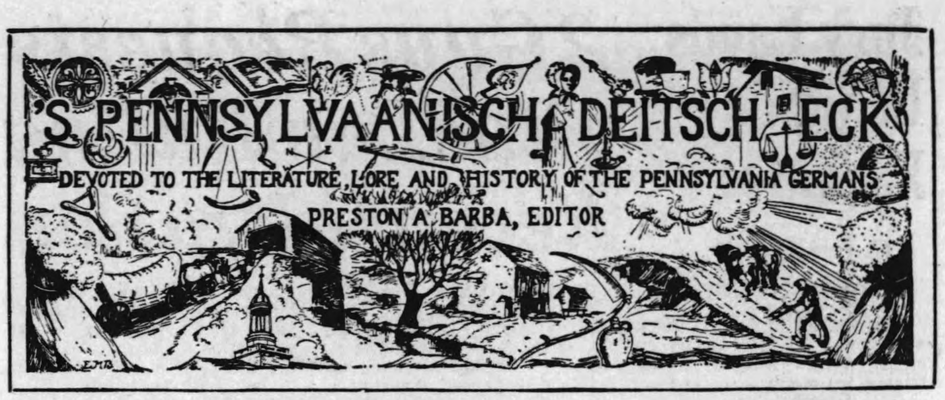
Albert Michelson, the American physicist who died in 1931, was the first United States scientist to win the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1907.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

To Get Away

Every year as summer beckons . . . and the emerald scenes enthrall . . . people seem to have the urge . . . to get away from it all . . . folks think about vacation time . . . and just where they will go . . . to mountains or to seashore . . . where balmy breezes blow . . . mankind brushes cobwebs from . . . a host of dusty dreams . . . and lets his thoughts go drifting on . . . only the happy streams . . . this great transition is a tonic . . . for all tired hearts . . . who yearn to see the other side . . . or roam to distant parts . . . so it is as summer beckons . . . and the emerald scenes enthrall . . . people seem to have the urge . . . to get away from it all.



THE LIESERS AND THE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION

By RAYMOND E. KIEBACH

(Conclusion)

Rev. Raymond W. Albright, a lineal descendant of Jacob Albright, published a "History of the Evangelical Church," in 1942. On page 53, he says, "From 1796 until 1800 Albright worked largely in Lancaster, Dauphin (then including Lebanon) and Berks Counties. One of the earliest and most fruitful of Albright's fields lay in the mountainous regions just north of his birthplace. Near the Colebrookdale Iron Works lived the brothers Abraham and Joseph Buchwalter and Alexander Jameson, who later became a minister. In all of these homes Albright preached frequently after 1797. To the north in Hereford township were the homes of Samuel and Abraham Liesser in which also services were conducted from the time of Albright's earliest journeys. A ride of a few hours to the east brought Albright to the Schwenkfelder settlements on the Bucks and Motgomery County line. In this immediate vicinity lay the home of Peter Walter and 3 miles to the north in Richland township, Bucks County lived Charles Brisse. All of these homes lay within a distance of 20 miles."

On page 60 of Albright's "History of the Evangelical Church" (1942), we read, "Liesser's class was formed at the Colebrookdale Iron Works near Barto, Berks County, and was under the leadership of Samuel Lieser (1761-1836), a substantial farmer who had served in the Revolutionary War and in whose commodious house many meetings were held. His brother Abraham (1770-1805), later a minister of the new church was also a member of this second class. The Liesers had previously been members of the Huff's Reformed Church nearby. It was at the home of Liesser that Albright was formally ordained. Associated with the brothers in this class were Abraham (1761-1837) and Joseph Buchwalter (1767-1838) and their families, and Alexander Jameson. John Buchwalter (1787-1872), son of Abraham and Barbara was licensed to preach in 1812 but apparently served only one year."

On page 65 we read, "The first of the big meetings, as they were then called, was held by Jacob Albright in 1802 at the home of Samuel Liesser, Jr." And on Page 66, "Near the close of 1803, after seven years of calling his fellow Pennsylvania Germans to their religious duties, Albright was formally ordained by his associates. He met in council with his two assistants, John Walter and Abraham Liesser and fourteen of his principal laymen at the home of Samuel Liesser in Berks County . . . Their session extended through two days." — On page 77, "In the same year (1805) the young preacher, Abraham Liesser died, the first of four, Albright, Walter and Miller soon followed him."

Now to consider the corrections, adjustments and additions as promised. It is not a matter of wonder that these accounts should vary as they were written by different persons over a long period of years; unless they had access to original documents, they based their narrative on someone's earlier version. In other instances from the oral accounts of older persons who had hearsay knowledge only, or whose memory had been dimmed by time. It must be taken into consideration that two generations had passed from the time of the organizing of the first three classes to the time when Rev. Orwig wrote his account.

To add to the confusion, it was the custom at that time to use a rather limited number of given names, mostly taken from the Bible. Father and son, even grandfather, as well as uncle and nephew, and cousins, all living at the same time, often had the same first name with no middle name. This coupled with the practice of using initials for the first name in written accounts did not help to clarify matters; with the women's names it was not any different. The Liesers were no exception, and so we have several Samuels, and more than one Abraham living at the time of the founding of the Evangelical Church.

The correct spelling of the family name, circa 1800, was "Lieser." This is the way the immigrant ancestors brought it from Switzerland in 1739, and the manner in which they signed legal documents. This is also the spelling used in the record pages of the Family Bible of Samuel, Sr. and Samuel, Jr., a span of 69 years from 1791 through 1860; gradually the spelling was changed to "Leeser," and that is the form now in use.

The home of the Liesers was in Hereford township, as shown by the Berks County tax lists, about two miles north of Barto. Their farms were original grants from the Proprietors (Penn Family). The Mt. Pleasant Furnace was nearby, and the Dale Furnace (Forge Dahl) was about three miles further. It was at least ten miles from the Colebrookdale Furnace to the homes of the Liesers.

"The Colebrookdale Iron Works were located on the borderland of the present borough of Boyertown, in what is now known as Morysville. At the station named Colebrookdale on the Colebrookdale railroad is today the Colebrookdale Iron Works, which has been in continuous operation since the Colebrookdale Furnace was established a mile or more away in 1720. This present Iron Works is the continuance of the old Colebrookdale Furnace. The Rev. Jacob Albright's birth place was within three miles of this old Colebrookdale Furnace on the road to Pottstown." So wrote Rev. Elmer E. S. Johnson, Ph. D., Custodian of the Schwenkfelder Historical Library at Pennsburg, Pa. on November 16, 1940. This neighborhood was also the home of the Buchwalters, Joseph and Abraham.

The "big meeting" of Nov. 3, 1803 at which Albright was formally ordained, was held in the home of Samuel Lieser, Sr., the class leader. The document given to Jacob Albright, stated that it was in the State of Pennsylvania, but mentioned no specific place. In later years, when the question arose as to the exact place where this meeting was held, Rev. John Dreisbach wrote that it was held at Lieszers, near Boyertown, and not at Muehlbach, as the preachers did not start to work in that vicinity till the winter of 1805-06. See "Albright and His Co-workers," by R. Yeakel, footnote page 89 for a detailed account. The cellar walls of this house were still standing in 1940. This farm was then in the possession of Elam Oberholtzer, whose grandfather David Oberholtzer (married to Molly Lieser), bought it from the heirs of his father-in-law, Joseph Lieser, a brother of Samuel, Sr. W. H. Sallade of Hereford, Pa. writing in the Pennsylvania German magazine, April 1909, in an article, "The Graveyards of Hereford Township, Berks County," says, "The Oberholtzer farm is historic in connection with the early history of the Evangelical Association as the place where the Leeser class was formed."

Rev. Orwig describes Rev. Abraham Lieser as a youth, so does the American Church History Series. The term youth, implies that he was young, surely not over 21 years of age. In contrast, Rev. Stapleton says he was 34 years of age when he passed away, leaving a widow and three children, a son of Benedict Lieser, and a brother of Samuel Lieser at whose house he was ordained. The version of Rev. Stapleton is accepted by the family historian as correct. Rev. John Henry Leeser (1847-1930), a Lutheran pastor, son of Samuel, Jr. and a grandson of Samuel, Sr., in a genealogical record prepared for the family reunion in 1924 says Rev. Abraham was the youngest of six children of Benedict Lieser (an immigrant) and the brother of Samuel, Sr.

Rev. Stapleton makes the statement that Rev. Abraham Lieser was a prominent member of the nearby Huff Church when Albright first visited the community.

At that time there was no Huff or Huffs Church. "The earliest records, 1813, none earlier," quoting Prof. Jacob H. Rohrbach, who translated them from the German, "say the Reformed Congregation and the Lutheran Congregation in Hereford township. The name 'Huffs Church', seems to have come into use about 1815 or 1816."

The deed given by Frederick Huff, Jr. and wife Barbara, December 30, 1818, (Berks County Deed Book Vol. 5, p. 516), does not mention the church or congregation by name. It recites, "whereas a number of the inhabitants of the townships of Hereford and District in the County of Berks aforesaid have associated together for the purpose of erecting a church and school house and at their own cost and charges have already erected a stone church and school house in the township of Hereford aforesaid on the land of the said Frederick Hoof at the fork of the road leading from George Hoof's tavern to Maxatawny and Oley township and have duly elected the said Conrad Fegley and Jacob Gehris trustees of the said church and school house and other affairs of the said Association for the term of one year." The corner stone of the church was laid in 1814.

Now as to the account quoted in Volume 3, p. 807, Robert's History of Lehigh County, the facts in the case are that this particular Samuel or "Father" Lieser was an immigrant in 1739, a younger brother of Benedict, and an uncle of Samuel, Sr., the class leader, as well as of Abraham, the preacher. The tradition that he was related to Frederick Leaser of Liberty Bell fame has not been substantiated. His wife Anna, whom he calls "Christina" in his will of August 16, 1815, probated the following November 14th, died in her 83rd year. His daughter Catharine (there were two others) was married to John Brobst, one of the fourteen lay members present at the ordination of Jacob Albright.

Anent the statement of Rev. Raymond W. Albright in his "History of the Evangelical Church," p. 60 he states that the "Liesser's class was formed at the Colebrookdale Iron Works near Barto, Berks County." We have already noted that it was the Mt. Pleasant Furnace and Dale Forge that were located near Barto. He goes on to say, "and was under the leadership of Samuel Lieser (1761-1836), a substantial farmer who had served in the Revolutionary War."

Two of the Lieser family, Joseph and a Samuel, were members of the Berks County Militia from Hereford township during the war years, as shown by the returns in the Penna. Archives. Whether they were ever called to active duty we do not know. It is a moot question whether this was Samuel, Sr. (later the class leader), brother of Joseph, or Samuel the Immigrant, a younger brother of Benedict. In the same paragraph we read, "The Liessers had previously been members of the Huff's Reformed Church nearby." We have explained that there was no Huff's Church before 1815 or 1816, but both Reformed and Lutherans had a congregational life before that time. The immigrant Liesers were members of the Reformed Church. On page 65, "The first of the 'big meetings' as they were then called, was held by Jacob Albright in 1802 at the home of Samuel Lieser, Jr."

This was the home of Samuel, Sr., the class leader. Samuel, Jr. was not born until 1807, nor did he become a member of the Evangelical Church; some of his children were members of this church, and some were Lutherans. He was baptized by his son, Rev. John Henry Leeser, the Lutheran pastor mentioned before.

It was not Albright's intention, in the beginning, to found a new church or denomination, and at the time of the first general conference in 1807, no formal name had been chosen. The printed certificates or licenses given to the preachers and class leaders, were by the "Neuformirte Methodisten Conference." The original certificate given to Samuel Lieser, Sr. the class leader was found in his Family Bible (mentioned before), which descended to his son Samuel, Jr. who in turn added the records of his own family to it.

This certificate is still in the possession of the Leeser Family, and translated is: "Upon the authority of the Newly Formed Methodist Conference which has given Samuel Liser a good testimony, and is willing to receive him as a class leader into our Association. I, the undersigned, give him permission to serve in the office according to our regulations, and he is also appointed thereto as a class leader for one year, if he conducts himself as is meet according to the Word of God."

The 14th day of November 1807.

(Signed) Jacob Albright.

Just a week before he had issued a license to John Dreisbach, as a preacher on trial. He used the same printed form, but inserted in the blank spaces, the word "preacher," or "class leader," as required. Both are reproduced in Rev. Albright's book, "A History of the Evangelical Church," p. 85. The Lieser certificate was reproduced from a loose, photostatic copy given by a member of the Leeser family, and that of John Dreisbach, a facsimile copy is shown on page 103, in Jacob Albright and His Coworkers," by Rev. Yeakel. Rev. Rayond W. Albright goes on to say that these are the only original signatures of Jacob Albright known to exist.

SUMMER

Warm der Grixel singt,
Dann Summer herbringt
Die gliedich Hitz un Schweess;
Ich gleich sei glee Gsang,
Doch iss es mir lang
En Greiz, weil's iss so heess.

Der Winter waar lang,
Un yeders waar bang,
Es geebt ken Summer meh;
Doch nau iss er doh
Un niemand iss froh,
Schtatts grummelt—ye, O ye!

Ich kann's net verschteh—
Un was iss noch meh—
Grummle iss aus der Weis;
Was geebt's Seierei,
Kaemt Kelt im July,
Un vleicht deel Schnee un Eis.

Mir brauchen yo Hitz!
Des nemmt gaar ken Witz
Zu sehne wu sie basst—
Fer Frucht, Obscht, gewiss,
Un Hoi in der Wiss,
Dass Herbscht so kauftich fasst.

Nemm's Wetter wie's gschehnt,
'S iss fer ebbes gemeent—
Verlieren net eier Mut;
Dank Gott! In seim Witz
Schickt er uns die Hitz—
Un alles Er duht iss gut.

RALPH S. FUNK

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TELEPHONE HE 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES

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Editorials

Low Cost Therapy

Dr. Dana L. Farnsworth, director of Harvard University's health services, sounded more like a preacher than a physician when he told the American Medical Association "the great sickness of our age is aimlessness, boredom and lack of purpose and meaning in living."

The treatment he prescribed has been suggested hundreds of times from every pulpit of every faith and creed and in substantially the same words: "A state of mind in which people can carry on their activities with satisfaction to themselves, with some responsibility to others, and without making nuisances of themselves to large numbers of other people."

This is not available in bottles, in capsules or in sugar - coated pills. It cannot be developed in laboratories or compounded at drug counters regardless of the price many would be willing to pay. Surgeons, for all their skills, cannot transplant it from one patient to another. Labor unions have never been able to write it into contracts with even the most amenable and agreeable employers. Governments and politicians cannot concoct it in exchange for votes and taxes regardless of the high-sounding phrases they may use to support the legislation they write.

The palliatives Dr. Farnsworth suggests are, nevertheless, both readily available and completely limitless in supply. They always have been.

Those who choose to use them as they go about their daily tasks and live with their neighbors will find them easy to take and will give testimony to their effectiveness. They rarely suffer the isolation, the rejection, the bitterness or the despair resulting in or compounding the ills Dr. Farnsworth's associates too often are called upon to treat.

Sound Insurance Schedule

New automobile insurance rates now effective in Pennsylvania do precisely what they should: They reward motorists who have demonstrated regard for their own safety and that of others and they penalize those whose records indicate they are hazards.

Those not responsible for accidents or guilty of major traffic violations earn a 15 per cent premium discount. Others, responsible for the claims insurance companies are called upon to meet and potentially dangerous because of major infractions of the motor vehicle code, will be required to pay from 5 to 150 per cent above the basic premiums.

Across the state, the net effect of the new rates will be an increase of slightly more than 3 per cent. It is to the credit of Lehigh Valley motorists that in general there will be a decrease in the premiums they will be required to pay.

If anything, the new rate structure is too generous to the driver whose actions menace safety on the highways. Although it doubles the premium for a drunken driver and adds another 50 per cent if he is involved in an accident, it drops penalty payments for passing through stop signs or red lights, for illegal turns and improper passing. There are no penalties for the persistent and unconscionable speeder or for those broadly charged with reckless driving.

The new schedule is realistic in that it places the higher costs that are necessary on those responsible for them. It should, if dollars and cents still have any meaning, promote safe driving habits that will save not only money but lives.

Root Them Out

Earlier this week on this page Washington Columnist George Dixon cited methods used by some highway contractors in New Mexico to pay off state inspectors on road building jobs. He noted, too, that the House Subcommittee on Federal Aid Highways has evidence of grafting and corruption on these projects almost everywhere in the nation.

A few days later in the Pennsylvania Legislature Rep. King of Butler County called on Highway Secretary Park Martin to investigate complaints of "payoffs between highway inspectors and road contractors" in this state. Specifically, he suggested the Erie Thruway as a starting point.

Even though Mr. King is a Republican, his suggestion is not one to be shrugged off lightly as a political move to embarrass the Democratic administration in Harrisburg. If there are any abuses here akin to the ones on record in New Mexico, it would be considerably better for Secretary Martin and Gov. Lawrence to move against them promptly than to have them exposed by others.

Pennsylvanias now are paying 11 cents tax (four federal and seven state) on every gallon of gasoline they buy. They want to be assured every penny earmarked for highways is being spent for highways that are needed and will endure. They want to be certain not a fraction of a cent is used to help anyone to buy big, beautiful cars.

Fireworks for the Whole Family



Advantage for Soviets

By DAVID LAWRENCE

It is amazing how confusing and inadequate some of the information can be that is given but in a Presidential press conference. All that the newspaper dispatches thus far have really told the American people is that President Kennedy has asked a special panel of scientists to find out for him whether the Russians can carry on underground testing of nuclear weapons without our knowledge.



Lawrence

But the truth is that the President's announcement is just a maneuver designed to allay for a while the clamor for a resumption of testing. Indeed, the United States Government knows, and has known for more than two years, that tests can be conducted underground without detection.

The real question today is what the President is going to do about it, and whether he will authorize a resumption at least of underground tests, as has been demanded in recent months by public opinion and reflected by speeches by the members of both parties in Congress.

Mr. Kennedy's action, however, means more delay and more procrastination. He is unwittingly giving an advantage to the Soviets, who want more talk and more time consumed while they keep the United States from doing any testing as they continue to carry on their clandestine experiments.

Another factor causing a raising of eyebrows is that the Atomic Energy Commission, which is supposed to be the center of the whole nuclear-research problem, isn't mentioned by the President as having any voice in the decisions he is about to make. He has called in outside scientists — including presumably some of the men who mistakenly place faith in Soviet assurances that they will refrain from testing.

Mr. Kennedy is asking the panel the extent of our information on whether the Soviet Union could be engaged in secret testing of nuclear weapons and what technical progress in weapons could be under way without our knowledge.

Mr. Kennedy, in answering a reporter's question, conceded that the United States has no information on the subject of whether the Soviets have been testing and says what he really wants to know is "if it is possible that they could be testing without our knowing and what the chances are that that might be true."

But the answer to that question has already been furnished to congress. A Senate document of hearings on April 16 and 17, 1958, at which scientists testified, tells us there had been one underground shot by the United States and that it occurred in Nevada. A seismic station in Alaska, which had been notified in advance of the exact time to expect it, picked up the signal of the blast.

The tape recording of that explosion shows that it would be impossible to differentiate as between underground - nuclear-test marks shown on the recording and those made by an earthquake or other disturbance. There is an average of 200 earthquakes a year in the Soviet Union which make the same markings on tape as do large-scale explosions.

The United States has already made one mistake in voluntarily agreeing to a suspension of testing on the assumption that the Soviets would do likewise and that they could be checked upon to determine if there was any cheating. In fact, the current negotiations were started entirely in that belief. Now the United States knows that underground tests can be concealed by any nation intent on doing so. But the President still is reluctant to resume testing. This is exactly what the Soviets want America to do — to maintain the test ban indefinitely while they go ahead to perfect weapons of greater and greater power, such as the so-called neutron bomb.

A Bit Too Shy

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

It is being planned by some very astute planners in the State Department to get Red China into the General Assembly of the United Nations. Actually, there have been discussions with some about the prospect of working out a Two Chinas scheme at the next session of the United Nations.



Sokolsky

The astute planners do not expect Red China to accept what to Mao Tze-Tung would be an ignominious position. Red China wants China's permanent seat on the Security Council which would give to Red China the power of the veto. It is very doubtful if Red China will settle for less. Certainly Mao Tze-tung would not agree to be limited to the General Assembly while Chiang Kai-shek's representative sits on the Security Council.

The scheme then is for the Western Powers to make this proposition to Red China; that Red China will inevitably reject the offer; that it will please India and the neutrals that the offer was made to Red China; it will leave Soviet Russia without an excuse for quarrelling over this issue; it would give Red China a bad reputation because Red China rejected the offer.

There is a tale of a great rabbi who traveled about delivering sermons on what is right and what is wrong. One day, in a very small town, the rabbi was telling the towns-people what they should do and how they should live.

What Would Happen

A shoemaker in the very back seats, regarded as an ignorant man who did not know this or that, rose and said he wanted to ask a question. The congregation was in consternation. How dared a lowly shoemaker deign to ask the great rabbi a question? The rabbi insisted the shoemaker ask his question.

The shoemaker said:

"I am an ignorant man who cannot read and cannot write. Nevertheless, I have lived long and seen much. Therefore, I want to ask, 'Suppose it is just the opposite?' "

"My son, suppose what is just the opposite?"

"How should I know?" answered the shoemaker. "I am ignorant. Nevertheless I ask, suppose everything is just the opposite?"

I could not help thinking of this story as the work of the State Department geniuses enfolded itself. What would happen to all this scheming and plotting and planning if Red China did accept a seat in the General Assembly? What would happen if Marshal Chen Yi or Premier Chou En-lai came to the United Nations to turn the General Assembly into a brawl?

Unfortunately, when schemes are overdone and plans are obviously unsound only bankruptcy can result. Red China is now economically and socially in very bad shape. A rising antipathy to the Communist government is apparent to all who recognize the signs of mass disturbance. The power of the Red Chinese government is being weakened by famine rather than by politics.

It is at just such a moment that the very smart amateurs in the State Department seek to bail out Red China, strengthen its position in Asia, give it new powers over its own people and prestige throughout the world.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: My husband is a devout Christian and will not allow our children to go to the movies. But when he gets home from work he watches the television for four or five hours every evening. Isn't this inconsistent? K. H.

ANSWER: I suppose you would call this "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel." Much of the television programming is the showin of films, and these are of course "movies." Probably your husband's argument is that young people confront an environment in the theater, perhaps, that they do not at home. It could also be that he believes in parental supervision of children's recreation and that is a good thing.

Regarding his watching television for four or five hours, and I presume he lets the children do the same, this is too much! The Bible teaches temperance in all things and "self-control." There is much on television that is not desirable for children. We have a television set, but my wife carefully censors the programs that our children watch. The easy way would be just to let them look at everything. But a wise parent is interested in what kind of material enters the mind of his child. Just as we are careful about the food they eat, we should be careful about the kind of impressions they get through entertainment and other media.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

In a busy suburban bank, a mean looking hombre silently slid a note to the paying teller which read, "Put every dollar in your cage into a bag and don't open your mouth or I'll shoot." The teller obediently slid back the bag of money with a note of his own, which read, "Straighten your necktie, Sloppy. Your picture is being taken."

Horoscope

Prepare yourself for an unexpected event. Today's child will be politically minded.

What Others Say
Cake-Baking Renaissance

By HAYDN PEARSON

This nation needs a number of changes before we get back to normalcy and among the most needed is a return to cakes. There was a time when a man could come in for supper and fell confident of a big chocolate layer cake with plenty of white frosting oozing over the top and down the sides.

If chocolate cake were not available, he knew there would be a marble cake, orange cake, or an angel cake made with a dozen eggs. But there was no doubt in his mind that he would have cake for supper. He had his pie at noon dinner and that was the way it should be; but come supper, a man wanted cake.

The Golden Era of Cakes had its flowering in the early years of the century before women became involved in PTA, civic leagues, women's clubs, Thursday Evening Culture Societies and bridge tournaments. Women who respected the amenities did not feel comfortable without two or three kinds of cake on hand, and a man with a cosmopolitan taste was often offered two kinds of cake for supper.

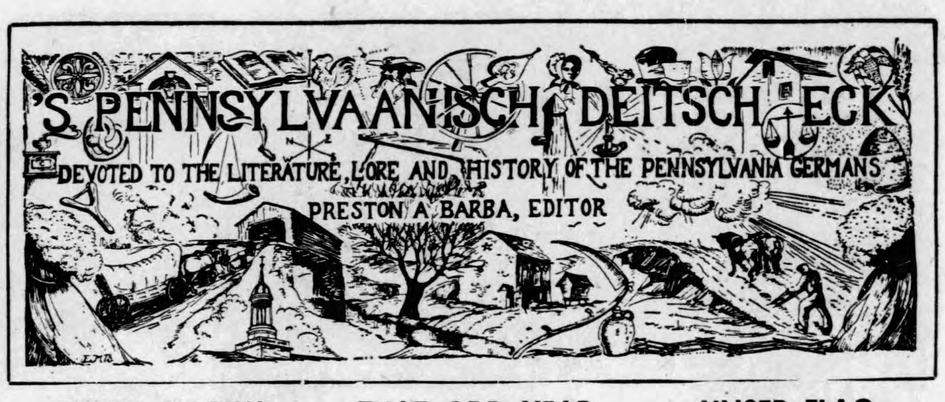
We are not opposed to progress. We favor the many varieties of cake mixes on the market. Healthy American competition means that these cake mixes are good. What we ask is a renaissance of cake making so that more cakes will be available. A renaissance in this field will not solve all the problems facing the nation, but a return to the cake era will give men mental equilibrium which will help put problems in proper perspective.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Things to Be

In the space beyond tomorrow . . .dwell the wonders eyes can't see . . . far across the blue horizon . . . are the things that are to be . . . rockets capable of flying . . . to the moon and back again . . . people living in glass houses . . . kind of which the dreamers pen . . . we will hear from other planets . . . get to know the folks from Mars . .. and someday not too far distant . . . science will control the stars . . . medicine will gain new power . . . as it has in days gone by . .. and the ills that plague all mankind . . . will be cured, I prophesy . . . maybe my imagination . . . tends to travel rather free . . . but I have a faith unending . . . that these things will come to be.



BOOK REVIEW

MEMORIAL HISTORY OF ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN AND REFORMED CHURCHES, 1813-1960. Translated and Compiled by Raymond E. Hollenbach. Supervision and Research by John B. Dengler. pp. 211. - $3.25. (To be had from Mr. J. B. Dengler, 111 Wilson Ave., Oil City, Pa.

People generally are not very interested in the histories of our local churches unless they are immediately concerned with them. And yet the records of our early Moravian, Luthern and German Reformed churches spread across our countryside (and especially those of early pioneer days) are a vital part of our Pennsylvania German history. Every effort should be made to preserve them and bring them into print as a part of our American heritage. In addition to their historical and genealogical values, they frequently also present sociological and economic aspects, of significance in the larger domain of our national history.

Raymond E. Hollenbach has accomplished a commendable and by no means easy task in translating and transcribing the early records of St. Paul's Lutheran and Reformed Churches.

One usually thinks of the Pennsylvania Germans as inhabiting the counties of eastern and southeastern Pennsylvania. It is therefore interesting to find that as early as the last decades of the 18th century many of the third generation of those first Pennsylvania pioneers were already migrating to the counties of western Pennsylvania. Still later they would settle large portions of northern Ohio and Indiana, and continue ever westward with our expanding young nation.

Beaver Township, Clarion County, where St. Paul's Lutheran and Reformed Churches are located, was originally a part of Richland Township, Venango County. Its inhabitants are almost 100 per cent of German extraction. When the first settlements were made here the main highway from the east (now U.S. Route 332) was little more than a woodland trail. The region of Westmoreland County, however, had been accessible from eastern Pennsylvania since the Forbes Road had been cleared during the French and Indian War, by which settlers arrived in this area before the American Revolution.

Among the early settlers were the Bests. Wilhelm Best, founder of the family in Pennsylvania, born in 1713, came to Pennsylvania in 1738, settling in what is now Lehigh Township, Northampton County. Two of his grandsons, Johann Heinrich (known as Henry) and his brother William were the first of the Best family to settle in what is now Beaver Township. It was from Henry that St. Paul's congregations bought the two acres on which the first church was erected in 1813.

The church was to be a so-called Union Church, in which both the Lutheran and the German Reformed congregations were to worship. In the immediate following years others from eastern Pennsylvania followed the overland trail into these parts and settled there. Some came by wagon and pack train and some even came on foot. Two - thirds of the people that settled there came from Northampton, Lehigh, Berks, Bucks and Montgomery Counties.

By 1825, the population having increased so much, it became necessary to raze the first little log church and erect a larger frame building, in which the two congregations continued to worship until the Reformed congregation built its own church in 1905 and the Lutheran congregation in 1906, each retaining the name of St. Paul's.

In 1825 By-laws were drawn up governing the relationship between the Lutheran and the Reformed congregations, of which the second (in translation) reads:

No preacher shall be permitted in our union church in Beaver Township, except such as preach the true Reformed or Lutheran beliefs, preached according to God's word, and who at the same time has been regularly ordained and can produce as proof his ordination papers or license from the honorable Ministerium. However, each of the two congregations shall have the full right to select their own preachers in the aforesaid way and manner.

Mr. Holllenbach worked from the following original sources: A memorandum written on the margin and the back of the original deed from Henry Best to the Trustees of the two congregations on June 28, 1825, valuable because it sets forth the Rules of the church and is the earliest record. — The first church book, containing entries for both congregations and whose title-page (reproduced in the history) bears the date 1820. It is a volume of about 250 pages, measuring eight by twelve and one-half inches, badly worn and in need of rebinding. — Also, there is a fascicle of 36 pages, with lists of communicants and confirmation classes and baptismal entries. —In addition there are a few loose sheets of baptismal records, older than the church book itself.

The historian believed he had completed his task when the Lutheran church book, long believed lost, was discovered and much new material could then be added to the history. This church book, also in German, measures seven and one - half by 12 inches and contains 210 pages. The title-page (also reproduced in the history) bears the date 1848. The entries cover baptisms, marriages, deaths, confirmations and lists of communicants. These church records have been carefully transcribed by the historian and are a rich mine of information for the genealogists.

In the later By-laws of 1855 it was written that the congregations were to be German "forever," but by the 1870's English had already made great inroads and the congregations expressed dissatisfaction if their preachers could not also preach in English.

This history of St. Pauls churches in Beaver Township, Clarion County, is a valuable contribution, well executed. It could well set an example for others to emulate. - ED.

THAT ODD YEAR 1816

The weather is always a common denominator as a conversation starter. This year, 1961, has supplied a great deal of grist for the conversation mill as well as many problems for our general economy. After a severe winter we had only fleeting moments of spring and moved right into summer. Historically minded persons have sought for parallels in the past and some of them come up with vague references to the year 1816, during which there was no summer in these parts.

Such references must be vague because there was no official Weather Bureau to record statistics during those early years of the 19th century. It is only since 1870 that we have an agency to record weather data. The Bureau was first placed in the War Department, and then, in 1891, in the Department of Agriculture.

We have recourse, however, to a book entitled, "Pierce on the Weather," in which are recorded the observations of one Charles Pierce, of Philadelphia, who made general observations on weather conditions from 1790 until 1847, the year in which the book was published. Of course, this includes the odd year of 1816.

Pierce did not record data in the technical terms of today. His observations were confined to what he beheld and the simple revelations of a thermometer. We shall condense his observations month by month.

January, the mean temperature was 32. The first few weeks were mild but a heavy snow on the 16th caused the bridge at the Falls of the Schuylkill to collapse. The mild weather returned soon afterward and the remainder of the month was pleasant.

February, the mean temperature was 28. There were several days of severe cold and the Delaware River was frozen but there was no great quantity of snow.

March, temperature average was 36. The month came in like a lion and departed like a lamb.

April, a mean of 47. Cold and much snow. More like January. Ice formed one - half inch thick and buds froze on the trees.

May, mean temperature was 57. Frosty nights throughout the month. On some mornings there was ice almost one - half inch in thickness. Corn was planted two and three times and very little of it ever matured.

June, low mean temperature of 64. There were severe frosts and reports of ice forming on ponds. All kinds of fruit were destroyed. Six inches of snow fell in parts of New England and New York.

July, a mean temperature of only 68. There were not only heavy frosts but frequent coverings of ice. All vegetables perished. In addition to the hazards the area suffered a drought.

August, temperature a low 66, as an average. There was not a single cheerful sunny day. Ice formed as it had in May. Every green thing was destroyed. Seed corn the following year brought the then fabulous price or $4.00 per bushel.

September, 62. The most pleasant month of the year but again there was ice.

October, 52. Very frosty nights and ice on many mornings.

November, 41 and **December,** 32. Ice formed during every month of the year.

ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

DER ALT BLATZ

Die Felder sin datt,
Un der Busch iss datt;
Die Scheier iss datt,
Awwer der Paepp iss fatt.

Der Kaschebaam iss datt,
Die Schpring iss datt;
Die alt Heemet iss datt,
Awwer die Maemm iss fatt.

—H. HORACE ROMIG

UNSER FLAG

Guck yuscht emoll an seller Flag,
Was iss er doch so schee!
Was leicht er doch der Himmel uff,
Datt drowwe in der Heeh!

Die frische Schtreefe, rot un weiss,
In alle Eck der Weld,
Scheint wie en Reggeboogge datt
Im Himmelsbloo uffgschdeld.

Sell iss der Flag vun unserm Land,
Sell iss der Freiheits Licht,
Ass ewich uns erhiede soll,
Un watt aa nie vernicht.

Sell hen die Vatter deier kaaft
Darrich Lieb fer Gott un Recht,
Mit Schmarz un Engschte un Gebed
In mancher harter Fecht.

Ya, darrich alle Hitz un Kelt
Fer unser Flag uffhewe
Sin unser Vatter, fromm un braaf—
Viel hen ihr Lewe gewwe.

Vun ihre liewe Heemet fatt,
Weib, Kind zu Gott vertraut;
Ihre Blut hot manches Feld bedeckt,
Mit Gottlob fer en shroud.

So hen sie ihre Lewe datt
En willich Opfer gewwe,
Fer's Independence vun dem Land
Un Freiheits Flag uffhewe.

Harch! was fer'n schrecklich Yacht iss sell,
Wie Donner rollt am Himmel?
Iss Bunker Hill noch net verbei?
Was meent all sell geklingel?

Was iss dann letz ass Peif un Drumm
So Larme macht do heit?
Ferwas weewt alle Mann sel Hut
Un yohlt wie schier net gscheit?

Ei, sell kummt all vun Haerzeluscht,
Dass unser Land iss frei;
Des iss der Independence Daag,
Der harrlich Viert Tschulei

Ich bin schunn aardlich alt aafangs,
Un wennich schwach im Wind,
Awwer wann der Viert Tschulei als kummt,
Fiehl ich yuscht wie en Kind.

Die Drumm un Peif, sell hitzt mei Blud,
Ich kann mich net kontrolle;
Mei Haerz un Windsack gschwellt so uff,
Ich kann nix duh als yohle.

Un wann der Flag als kummt, schpring ich
Sex Fuss frei in die Heeh,
Bis Gallus Knepp un alles fliegt—
Hurree! Hurree! Hurree!

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

BEDENKT . DIE . HINKEL

Die Hinkel scharre uff em Mischt
Un finne immer Warrem;
E deel sin yuscht so wunsich glee,
Un ann're lang wie Darrem.

Sie scharre links, sie scharre rechts,
Dass Schtroh un Dreck dutt fliegge;
Sin schteddi fleissich, gaxe viel,
Verdiene was sie griegge.

Sie glaage net wann's net gut geht,
Un wann sie net viel finne;
Wann sie ken dicke Warrem hen,
Dann fresse sie die dinne.

Vun denne Hinkel laernt mer des:
Mer sett net immer kicke;
Die gleene Warrem mache satt,
Sowohl wie groosse, dicke.

Des Lewe nemme wie es kummt,
In gut un harte Zeite;
'S hot immer Bletz wu mer scharre kann,
Un brauch ken Hunger leide.

—WILLIAM H. ERB

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Editorials

A Strengthened Message

In the historic union they consummated this week after 21 years of effort, both the Evangelical and Reformed Church and the Congregational Christian Churches gained more than either of them lost.

To complete their merger into the United Church of Christ, they laid aside the differences in their ethnical backgrounds. To write a new constitution, they resolved variances in their organizational and administrative structures.

Important as these sacrifices have been to some few members of both communions, they are slight in comparison to the Christian testimony the union offers. It is witness to the fact that increasing good will can prevail among men of good will as they serve the one Master all Christians acknowledge as their Lord.

Although other mergers are in the offing and even more may be desirable for strengthening both the message and the work that are the heritages of Christians, few anticipate a single denomination even within the Protestant Church. To bring some with seemingly minor variances in backgrounds, traditions and forms together has been a herculean and up to this point an insurmountable task. Even after the forthcoming union of four groups into the Lutheran Church in America, there still will be at least seven other separate Lutheran bodies in this country.

As Dr. Ben M. Herbster, president of the newly constituted denomination so aptly expressed it: "People are geared differently, emotionally and by experience. Consequently we may have to have a half-dozen different ways of religious expression."

Thousands of members of scores of Lehigh Valley congregations joined in the sacrifices required to bring the United Church of Christ into existence. They will be among the first to witness to its strength. To say that other unions, such as those now being proposed, are impossible would be to deny what has been accomplished through the efforts these churches have been making over most of this century.

Life Imprisonment

It hasn't taken long to produce added justification for the Pennsylvania Legislature's decisive refusal to abolish capital punishment or for the widespread insistence that before the penalty is repealed there must be an adequate substitute to give the public reasonable protection against murderers.

Little more than a dozen years ago, three Philadelphia gunmen were sentenced to die for the cold-blooded slaying of an innocent bystander in the hold-up of the Feasterville Inn in Bucks County. While they took their case through the highest courts they won 26 stays of execution.

Finally, when all these efforts to save them from the electric chair failed, the State Pardon Board and Gov. Leader were induced to commute their sentences to life imprisonment.

Harry Zeitz, accused of being the trio's triggerman, now has asked the board for a further commutation. If he is successful he will be released from prison, and for the moment at least, put on life parole.

Regardless of the decisions of the courts, the board has the privilege and the power to grant his request. It has the same power to free any other murderers, including Zeitz's accomplices, David Darcy and Harold Foster.

Zeitz now is 30 years old and Darcy and Foster are 35. After 13 years in prison they scarcely have served life sentences.

The sentence they imposed on their victim is irrevocable. Sentences the courts impose on murderers should be just as firm unless evidence proves there has been a miscarriage of justice.

Take It From Caroline

Apart from the fact that there are no more avidly read stories anywhere these days than any of the delightful tales about winsome Caroline Kennedy, the widespread publicity given her close squeak in a swimming pool serves a good purpose.

Perhaps no youngsters in the world are better guarded than the children of the President of the United States. The nation joins their parents in protecting them. Wherever they go, most eyes are on them.

Yet for all of the watching, Caroline eagerly walked into a convenient swimming pool, got on a toy raft and slipped from it into four feet of water in less time than it took to tell the story of her rescue by an observant mother. Given the same opportunity, any other youngster would have matched her.

No matter who these youngsters are, they can't be watched too closely and particularly when inviting pools are handy. Caroline's experience and its fortunately happy ending reminded millions of parents that their own children also can be quicker than the eye. At the age of two or three or four they know no danger.

What Others Say
Losing Fight for Frenchmen

Baltimore Sun

Professor Rene Etiemble of the Sorbonne, who is leading a new charge against the invasion of French speech by English words, had bett save his breath to cool his potage. Nobel as his aim may be in summoning les sportsmen of France to the defense of their language, the effort is vain. People who can not only call a radio announcer un speaker but coin a feminine, une speakerine, people who have produced a verb like matcher, who call a hike un footing, whose most stable institution is Le Jockey Club de France, are beyond redemption . . .

The professor would do better, perhaps, to lead a charge against the advertising agencies and the popular press, which are corrupting their language in a manner less pardonable. After all, sporting language was a direct import and French has no word for football except football. But the writers who say Mrs. Kennedy looks like une star, who live in un home, who send out les hommes-sandwichs to advertise their wares, wear pullovers, carry gas to their cars in un jerrycan or take voyages in un cargo, when there are French equivalents for all these terms, deserve professional censure.

Even so, it may be too late. Hardly a page of any French dictionary pretending to include words in current use would be without Anglo - American imports. More slip in every day, first in quotation marks and within a few months totally assimilated. It is a trend of the times.

Peace Dangles on



Agreements in Berlin

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Signs are coming over the international horizon that Soviet Premier Khrushchev is not ready to force any sudden end to the debate over the future status of Berlin. It may go on for years.

Indications from Communist diplomats in London are that the Soviet dictator wants "summit" conference in October or November next before he reaches any decision.



Lawrence

This is but another way of saying that he might be content with a few official communiques on Berlin or with a stalemate, which is what he fostered in the four-power conference at Geneva two years ago.

Maybe the Soviets are beginning to see the weaknesses in their argument. For if the Soviet contention about Berlin is correct, then the Western Allies, too, can at any time it suits them re-open all wartime agreements.

International law has long recognized the principle that, when nations sign an agreement, it is binding upon all of them and cannot be altered by one party in disregard of the will of the others.

Moscow may not like it, but to apply its own rule would justify a re-opening of the wartime understandings whereby Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia were incorporated into the Soviet Union. Each of these countries was an independent state before World War II. They have a right to "self-determination." They are today colonies of the Soviet government.

One of the unfortunate aspects of the whole controversy is the tendency in some American quarters to concede that the wartime agreements concerning Berlin are not based upon firm and explicit understandings. In some quarters this is merely a way of starting a chain reaction toward appeasement through negotiations.

But the record bears out that the United States and its Allies obtained broad rights in Berlin and are entitled to respect for those rights today by the Soviet Union.

Perhaps the most interesting documents on the whole subject are those furnished in a book by General Lucius D. Clay, who was a participant in all the big-power conferences from 1945 to 1949 — at Potsdam, Washington, London, Paris, Moscow — at which the agreements concerning the disposition of former German territory were arranged.

In his book, "Decision in Germany," published in 1950, he says:

"It is interesting to note that all of these documents accepted a common occupation of Berlin and yet no one of them contained any guarantee of access or specific provision for truck, rail and air right of way. This omission was not accidental and had been discussed with our representative on the European advisory commission by Robert D. Murphy. Ambassador Winant in London believed that the right to be in Berlin carried with it right of access and that it would only confuse the issue to raise it in connection with the agreement. He felt strongly that it would arouse Soviet suspicion and make mutual understanding more difficult to attain. He believed it possible to develop a mutual friendly understanding in which differences would disappear."

If there was any doubt about what was meant by the agreements, it was resolved in 1948, when the Soviets instituted a blockade of Berlin. Rail and highway traffic was stopped at the border, but the Allies broke the blockade with an airlift into Berlin and insisted upon their rights.

The United States has adhered firmly to its position ever since.

The Western world is not going to accept the theory that a party to an agreement may alter it at any time without the consent of the other. To concede such a principle is to invite chaos in the world. Hence Berlin means more than a mere debate concerning who should or shouldn't govern a particular region. It's a question of the obligation of Allies who fought a war together to decide in unity what should or should not be done. For sacrifices were made by the West as well as the East.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: How can we teach our children morality and clean living when all they see on TV, in newspapers, and books, is whetting their appetites for lewd living? M.M.

ANSWER: That's what God made parents for — to help offset the lewd pressures of society upon the lives of children.

You have made a generalization which if taken in whole is false. All TV is not lewd; all that is printed in newspapers is not glorifying sex and immorality; all films are not sex-centered. Therefore, the conscientious parent becomes an 'editor' to guide the children in the selection of information and entertainment. This takes time and patience, but it is worth the trouble. In our home the children only watch TV one half hour per day, and that half-hour is carefully supervised. Just as I would take every precaution to keep my children from eating tainted food, I take every precaution in keeping 'poisonous' material from entering their premature minds. Human nature is so constructed, that children, if left unguided, will through curiosity choose the wrong thing. Again, that's what parents are for, and I hope you will fulfill your function.

Music on Radio

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

When one travels on the road he might turn on the radio to listen to something. What he hears for miles and miles is rock-n-roll or hillbilly music, or perhaps a polka in areas where there are Poles or the crooning of a hoarse Calypso singer or the terrible vocalizing of a woman who has cultivated what is called a "sultry" voice.



Sokolsky

Then on comes what is called news. It is the reading of short, crisp bulletins which may give some indications of what is happening. However, the news is a relief from the music and therefore is of some value.

You might ask, why listen? It grows on one. I generally turn on good music while I work. By good music, I mean such as has survived time and taste like Mozart, Bach and so on. Sometimes intermingled with such offerings are some modern novelties which may prove interesting for the moment or some which may last a little longer, perhaps half a century or so.

Just now, up in the woods, my radio is bleating an awful polka that would have driven Paderewski to change his citizenship. It is a polka written by an American with a trifle of jazz in the rhythm and perhaps a bit of hillbilly in its overtones. It is a chop suey, a goulash, a .ubbish.

Radio program planners believe they know what the public taste is. Actually, the public did not have such bad taste until they listened to these efforts at musicalizing on radio. Back in the days of Williams and Walker, that grand team of vaudevillians, there used to be what were then called "coon-shouters." They were singers who produced music in what was regarded as the Negro idiom. It was good listening although not quite as exciting as the sentimentalities of Gus Edwards. Even today, we are singing "School Days," and a tear comes to the eye. I have even heard "Sweet Adeline" sung by a barber shop quartette and the audience went wild.

Public Rights

There is considerable selfishness in the talk about what the public desires. It is like the advertising agency's man who objected to the use of the name of Abraham Lincoln because the Lincoln is a competing car. Such brilliance we can do without.

Radio can still be very useful, particularly as so many use it in their cars.

Ownership of a radio or television station does not give anyone the right to do anything about it. The air-waves are owned by the government of the United States which has exclusive authority over them. The station-owner is licensed by the government to use a government-owned air wave. The final decision as to what may appear on the air-waves rests with an agency of the government, the Federal Communications Commission which has, on the whole, behaved itself surprisingly well. It has been moderate in its rules concerning censorship. It has not interfered too much with the conduct of stations or networks. While occasionally a network manager or an advertising agent would like to forget where the authority over radio and television rests, most of the stations obey the rules and regulations, even if their programming represents immaturity and bad taste.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

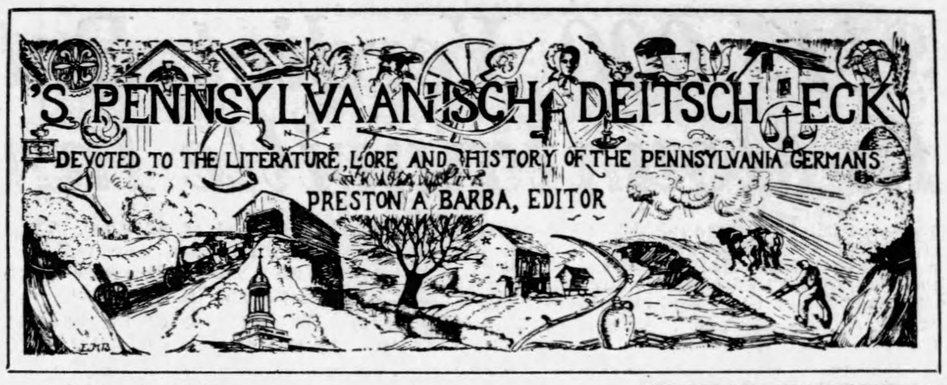
At Eventide

I hear His voice among the trees . . . as daytime turns to night . . . He smiles on me from every star . . . that glows with mellow light . . . He speaks in every tender breeze . . . that gently strokes my face . . . and all the land is hallowed by . . . His sanctifying grace . . . He walks beside me down the lane . . . and I have naught to fear . . . the peace contained within my heart . . . tells me that God is near . . . it seems as though the whole wide world . . . is blessed with love and good . . . each step I take on velvet moss . . . fills me with brotherhood . . . then as my sojourn comes to an end . . . and night swallows the day . . . I listen to the rustling leaves . . . and what God has to say.

Horoscope

You may gain from inheritance; romance will be happy. Today's child will be sympathetic and generous.

The Hanseatic League was a loose but effective organization of North German towns, functioning principally for trade purposes.



THE AMISH AND THEIR LAND

By MAURICE A. MOOK and JOHN A. HOSTETLER

THE Old Order Amish people have been the subject of newspaper and magazine articles for half a century, but their way of life and the religious beliefs on which they base their life are still little known and still less well understood. During recent years their beliefs, attitudes and customs have been less distorted, leered at, and carpingly criticized than formerly. But the group is still usually presented to us as a picturesque people, practicing an economy and living a social life doomed to extinction in the modern world. They have been, however, a part of our history for nearly 300 years and have been a steadily increasing group since their arrival in America.

It will be the purpose here to present these people as realistically as possible, and to treat their farming practices and manner of living matter - of-factly as another variant of modern rural America. In order to do this the Old Order Amish of the Kishacoquillas Valley, in central Pennsylvania, are selected for description. Fortunately they call their valley "Big Valley", a phrase we too may accept as more descriptive, if less euphonious, than the Indian appellation.

Whence Came They?

The Amish originated in Europe in the late XVII Century as a religious group which withdrew from the Anabaptists or Swiss Brethren (now known as Mennonites), who had separated from the Zwinglian church, which had earlier split from the Catholic Church. They were an extreme left-wing offshoot of the Protestant Reformation, believing that the reformers had not gone far enough in divesting the Christian Church of features that had developed since the time of Christ and the Apostles. They were thus reformers of the Reformation. They were politically also a divergent group, adamantly insisting upon the principle of strict separation of church and state. They were also pacifistic, as were other schismatic sects that split from state - established churches in Central Europe in the XVI and XVII Centuries.

Heretics!

From the standpoint of established churches, whether Catholic or Protestant, these people and their forebears were heretics, and from the standpoint of the state they were not good citizens. They were therefore severely persecuted by both the Church and the State. Instead of eliminating them, persecution spread the group from their origin in Switzerland to Alsace and the Palatinate. Dispossession of their property, political oppression and religious persecution made them soft prospects for William Penn, who offered his Sylvania as a haven and a refuge for such Europeans. From the early XVIII Century to the Revolutionary War, from four to five hundred Amish people, coming both individually and in family groups, migrated to Pennsylvania through the port of Philadelphia.

Where They Settled

They first settled in present Berks, Chester, and Lancaster counties in southeastern Pennsylvania. Later in the century some joined the Trans - Alleghenian migration, establishing a colony in present Somerset County in Southwestern Pennsylvania in 1767, and arriving in Big Valley, in present Mifflin County, in the early 1790s. These three areas of Pennsylvania — southeastern, central, and southwestern — have been continuously occupied by Amish peoples since the XVIII Century, where their communities remain the largest, as well as oldest, sectarian settlements in the State at the present time.

There are at present eight other Amish colonies in Pennsylvania, all established since 1800, six of them during the past several years. Their largest present settlements are in eastern Ohio and northern Indiana, with the "mother colony" in southeastern Pennsylvania their oldest, richest, and third largest New World community. They no longer exist as a separate people in Europe, having there coalesced with Mennonites or joined other churches. In America, however, they now inhabit some twenty states of the United States and also a province of Canada. There are now more Amish churches, more Amish communities, and more individual members of these churches and communities than ever before in the two and a half centuries of their New World history. Due to their large families, and in spite of the fact that they never proselytize, they have been steadily growing in numbers, and there are currently no signs of decrease in their rate of growth.

Religion and Economics

The religious beliefs of the Amish so pervasively permeate their economic and social life that their communities are among the best examples of "sectarian societies," in the Western world. Each aspect of their life is so determined by basic belief that it is impossible to understand their farming practices and economic life, or any other part of their culture, without a knowledge of their religion. Among their most important religious principles are the following:

1. They are "primitive Christians", which means to them that both work and worship should be plain and simple, as in the days of early Christianity.

2. Life in all its principles should be four-squarely based upon the Bible. By this Bible standard, if a thing is scriptural it is good, and if it is non-scriptural it is bad. They assiduously search their German Bible for those verses which charter their customs and vindicate their lifeways. Their outlook is fundamentalist and they interpret the Bible literally.

3. One of the Bible's most fundamental teachings, as they see it, is "be not conformed to this world" (Romans 12:2). They emphasize that they should be "a peculiar people" (Titus 2:14), "not unequally yoked together with unbelievers" (II Corinthians 6:14). They see nonconformity to the world, separation from it, and the principle of the "unequal yoke" as three separate principles, which we shall here treat as a single emphasis. This explains their policy of strict social separation from others; their "clannishness", as some of their neighbors call it; and their objection to joining organizations other than their own church. It is also the basis of their plain clothes, their long hair, their rejections of automobiles and electricity, their use of the Pennsylvania German dialect in everyday speech, their practice of worshipping in homes and barns rather than in "church houses"; and of worshipping every other Sunday, instead of once a week as "English" do. ("English" is an Amish term for non-Amish, irrespective of nationality or race). These and dozens of other practices, regardless of their historic origin, are now regarded by them as marks of their nonconformity to, and as symbols of their separation from, the world.

4. Their belief that the church should be independent of the state and that warfare is incontrovertibly unChristian and unscriptural has been clung to by the Amish more consistently than by most peace churches. In this connection, and characteristically, they emphasize New Testament rather than Old Testament teaching. They feel that government is necessary, but worldly and essentially evil, so their attitude is that the less they have to do with it the better off they are. This leads to their opposition to holding public office and results in political apathy. However, they maintain their registration as voters, so they may vote if a local issue (such as roads or schools) which affects them demands their participation, otherwise they take little interest in government or politics.

They pay their taxes, though they know that much government revenue goes for military preparedness. They are law-abiding, except where laws conflict with their religious principles. They pay taxes for the support of public schools, although they will not permit their children to attend public school beyond the eighth grade. They employ lawyers in civil matters, but never carry criminal cases to our courts of law. They claim that they go to jail "for conscience rather than for crime". They refuse to fight, and some even refuse to participate in special projects for non-combatants, for this would throw them into association with non-Amish people and thus violate their principles of separation and the unequal yoke. During wartime they do not regard their farming as a productive contribution to war effort, and, therefore, see no inconsistency in accepting agricultural deferment.

All of the foregoing are testimonies of the Amish as a corporate group; there are, of course, individual deviations from their corporate principles. For example, Amish young men occasionally volunteer for military service; strictly, however, they are not yet Amish, for they have not yet joined the church. They are subject to the draft in their late 'teens, but they usually join church in their early twenties. There were undoubtedly fewer deviations from the peace principle among the Amish during our two most recent wars than among nonresistant churches.

5. A fifth basic belief is that the church must be kept pure, and this is done by both "ordnung" and "meidung". Ordnung are rules designed to govern the conduct of church members, and meidung is the avoidance of shunning practice by which the church controls its errant members. The severity of the meidung varies among Amish congregations, but, in general, if a man is in the meidung he is not only excommunicated from his church, but is shunned in domestic and community relations by former fellow communicants. In extreme cases his wife may refuse to sleep with him; neither she nor their children are permitted to eat with him (for St. Paul said, "with such do not eat", I Corinthians 5:11); they may do good turns for him but may receive no favors, goods or services from him. He is, as has been indelicately stated, "on ice at home and in hot water in the community".

With the strictest congregations the ban is for life, or until the excommunicated one "confesses fault" before the assembled members, gives evidence of his penitence, and promises to mend his ways. The case is then considered by all members of the church at a meeting following a regular Sunday worship service. If he is forgiven he is returned to the fellowship of the church; but if he continues under the ban he might as well "cut his hair", "go English" (both are Amish phrases), give up his plain clothes, leave the farm, and lose himself in the English world. While there are no data on the number of "meidunged" members of Amish congregations, there is adequate evidence as to the efficiency of the practice as an agency by which nonconformity and separation are maintained in Amish society.

6. A motivation of most interest in the present connection is the firm conviction of the Amish people that to assure their persistence as a nonconforming, separate, and nonresistant people, they "must" maintain a strictly rural way of life. Here again they find Biblical bases for their adamant rurality: were not the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah noted for their sinfulness? Did not God interfere with plans for the building of the first city? Was not Christ Himself crucified in a city? Did not Judah and Israel dwell safely with "every man under his vine and under his fig tree"? Moreover, farming is not only the work and life the Amish people know best; it is the only way of life they have ever known. They also are convinced that when their children turn cityward they will be lost to disbelief.

Therefore the church requires that every able - bodied man shall farm, or pursue an occupation closely related to farming in a rural environment. Every girl is asked when she joins church if she is willing to be a farmer's wife, and a preacher's wife, if need be. She will be married soon after joining church and she may have to be a preacher's wife, for their ministers are chosen by lot, and anyone's husband may be "hit by the lot", as the Amish phrase has it. There are no full-time nonfarming specialists among the Amish, save for a few carpenters, perhaps a stone mason, a blacksmith, or a harness-maker in each local community; and in smaller communities even these are part-time occupations. Even their bishops, preachers, and deacons — all of whom serve without pay — are full - time farmers; and should be good ones.

Living in cities or large towns is proscribed by the church. Amish farmers do not even retire to rural towns, as is elsewhere the practice in rural America. The farmer and his wife retire to a separate small house on the family farm, or to an apartment of separate rooms in the large house on the farm. Here the old folks have their privacy, yet with many of their married children living near them on neighboring farms. Such retired couples may have a horse and buggy, a small vegetable garden, a cow, some chickens; and their children see to it that they are sustained and in comfort "until death do them part". The "grossdaadi (or grossmutter)" house for retired old people is one of the most enviable institutions of the Amish people.

(To Be Continued)

TO OUR READERS

"The Amish and Their Land" by Maurice A. Mook and John A. Hostetler, both conrtibutors to the ECK, appeared first in LANDSCAPE, Magazine of Human Geography (Spring, 1957), Santa Fe, New Mexico. It is reprinted here with the kind permission of Sylvia Loomis, Assistant Editor of LANDSCAPE. It will appear in four installments.—P.A.B.

JULI

Ich gleich der Juli net so gut,
Weil 'sis so arrig hees;
Doch brauch mer Hitz eb gebt's en Aern.
Des eenich ebber wees.

So mach ich's darrich mit Geduld,
Ferlier net all mei Luscht;
Es is net yuscht so arrig lang
Bis sin mer im Auguscht.

—Ralph S. Funk

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Editorials

The Truck Bill

Area members of the Pennsylvania Legislature who voted for the House-defeated bill that would have permitted a five-foot increase in the length of highway trailers need offer no explanations.

They examined the evidence overwhelmingly in favor of this measure and acted accordingly. They voted to save the jobs of a few hundred men in an already distressed area and perhaps to strengthen employment in other communities of the commonwealth. They voted to help other Pennsylvania industries and some agricultural enterprises become more competitive by giving them the opportunity to reduce shipping costs.

This was the view of all but one of Lehigh County's four representatives and of all but three representing those areas of other counties comprising the Lehigh Valley.

Those who voted against the measure or who failed to vote at all, may find it a bit more difficult and perhaps just a little embarrassing to answer the questions their constituents should ask. The reasons for their opposition are anything but clear.

The bill, after all, does not propose to increase either the over-all length or the weight limits of highway tractor rigs. Its standards have been tested on the highways of 46 other states which have found them both safe and satisfactory.

It would be interesting to know just what sound reasons so many members of the House had for voting against this bill that still should be passed.

Liston's Chance

Even Sonny Liston has no valid grounds for complaining about the eminently fair and completely justifiable decision handed down by the Pennsylvania Boxing Commission when it indefinitely suspended his license to fight in this state and probably barred him from the ring in most others.

If anything, the board has been unusually patient and tolerant and Philadelphia magistrates have been overly indulgent with a public figure who has shown little but contempt for the laws of decency most citizens respect.

On the basis of his prison record in Missouri, where he served two terms and had a longer record of arrests on criminal charges, the commission was charitable in granting him a license to fight in the first place. It imposed a confidence in him he violated by his later brushes with the law.

The commission has quite correctly recognized that regardless of his ability to use his brawn, this is not the kind of stuff of which champions are made. If they are to be emulated as they so often are, they must have something considerably more than Liston has evidenced up to this point in his career. Tunney and Dempsey had it. So did Marciano and Patterson and, except for his financial derelictions, so did Joe Louis. Liston must acquire it if he is to wear their crown.

The commission has given him still another opportunity to prove that he can. No one could be more fair to Liston or to those for whom he would perform.

Each on His Own

In an age when so many are eager to turn over their problems to Washington or Harrisburg or City Hall, it's thrilling to hear of the courage and the imagination and the enterprise of those who want to help themselves—and do.

There is, for example, the heartwarming tale of the 12-year-old North Carolina lad who lost both legs above the knees when they were crushed by a freight train a year-and-a-half ago. This week, to qualify for advancement as a Boy Scout, he hiked five miles on his artificial limbs. It's true he stumbled a few times and had to be helped up, but he made it and would have been willing to walk back if it had been necessary.

Then there's the story of the Cleveland school teacher who has turned his idea to increase profits for Ohio dairy farmers into a business that also is making profits for himself. He has developed a mobile milk house and takes the gleaming rig from farm to farm to milk the cows, cool the milk and deliver it to the processors without exposing it even for a moment to airborne bacteria. He provides this service for less than it costs farmers to provide the equipment and do the job themselves.

There's something about the two we like to think is still typical of Americans. We commend them, not for what they have done for themselves but for the inspiration and challenge they give others.

What Others Say

Newburgh Upsets the 'System'

The World Telegram, New York

Officials of Newburgh apparently are not going to get anywhere with state welfare officials who object to any kind of realistic controls over use of taxpayer money for relief.

A special committee of the state Social Welfare Board has ruled most of Newburgh's proposed rules for reliefers illegal. And the key to the ruling is revealed in the testimony of Byron T. Hipple Jr., deputy state welfare commissioner. He hinted darkly New York State may lose as much as $200 million in federal handouts if Newburgh is permitted to get away with its plan.

That, we suggest, typifies the whole inherent weakness of a system which taps the taxpayers for vast sums to be hauled to Washington, then channeled back to the localities through state offices, with generous freight charges deducted at both the federal and state levels.

Every dollar offered by the federal government must be grabbed, and never, never once refused, whether it is wastefully spent or not.

Even with a half - million in federal and state aid, Newburgh officials calculated their relief load was rising so fast a 30 per cent boost in their own property taxes would be necessary to pay the local end of the cost. Instead of raising taxes, they decided to crack down on relief chiselers.

Newburgh's city manager raised 19 questions about administration of relief. He got no good answers. Why are welfare payments higher than the pay of some who work for a living? What inducements are there to welfare recipients to get off relief as soon as possible? Why shouldn't able-bodied reliefers be made. to work for their keep? Those were typical questions.

There are many in this prosperous land who, through no fault of their own, cannot make their own way. Society can afford and has an obligation to help them. But that is no excuse for a system which fawns on chiselers, makes living off public relief more attractive than self - reliance and exacts huge sums from the taxpayers for a top - heavy bureaucracy in the name of mercy and charity.

Quite A Place



Soviets Attack the CIA

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The Soviet Union is looking forward to its biggest victory in the "cold war" — the possible disruption and disintegration of the Central Intelligence Agency here, which has for many years been a thorn in the side of international communism.


Lawrence

The Soviet apparatus has worked in many countries to try to break down the intelligence system of its adversaries, but, until recently, nowhere did it encounter such stern resistance of its intrigue as in the United States.

Today, however, Soviet agents look with satisfaction at the controversy they have helped to stir up in this country over the activities of the CIA. Long before the Cuban "invasion" episode focused attention on the CIA as a formidable opponent of Communist espionage, the effort has been under way to convince high officials of the American government that the CIA should be split apart or weakened in its operations.

The Soviets do not, of course, work directly. They operate through intermediaries — two and three times removed. Often those who are taken in by the crusades and campaigns of the communists are totally unaware of it and would be the first to denounce Communist intrigue.

It was natural that the Cuban affair should afford a chance for an open attack on the CIA. The agitation to get rid of the agency, or at least to change its functions substantially so that it would be far less effective than it now is, was carried on in various ways.

Finally, President Kennedy took action to get at the root of the controversy. He asked General Maxwell D. Taylor — who, as a former Chief of Staff of the Army, knows the impact of intelligence work on military operations — to make a wide-ranging investigation into U. S. intelligence activities. A permanent Presidential board, created in 1956 to check on the CIA and other agencies engaged in foreign intelligence, was reactivated. Summoned to dig into the subject, too, was the President's brother, Attorney General Robert Kennedy, who is as anti - communist as anybody in public life.

Search and Attack

What does all the studying add up to? Certain changes need to be made to co-ordinate the relations of the CIA with other departments. The important issue is whether, when all the changes are put into effect, the morale of the CIA will be adversely affected or whether the institution will continue in the same spirit as before its relentless search for information about what the Communists are doing.

The line which the not - so-subtle enemies of CIA are taking is that an agency of this kind is alien to our institutions and should be suppressed, or that it violates the Constitution, or that it is interfering with State Department policy. This is a favorite device — to stir up jealousies and rivalries between agencies of the government.

The CIA also is accused of fomenting trouble inside foreign countries.

Perhaps the boldest manifestation of the influences which are behind the scenes in the fight against the CIA is to be found in the demand that the agency give an accounting to congressional committees not only of its expenditures but of all its activities.

Just as many a hatchet job has been attempted indirectly by the Communists against J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI, now comes a bombardment of Allen Dulles, who has directed the CIA since 1953. An Extensive propaganda has been launched that could well attract the attention of either the House Committee on Un - American Activities or the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security.

As the attack on the CIA develops, there should be an opportunity to find out who is financing the spread of literature inside this country attacking this all - important agency. For if the confidence of Congress in the CIA should be weakened—the main objective of the current campaign — the Kremlin will have won a big advantage in fighting the "cold war."

Changed Times

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

I usually do not see unsigned letters. They are thrown in the waste-paper basket where they belong. However, I have received one that is so unusually stupid that I read it and give to you the publishable part.

"Have you forgotten your boyhood days when $30 a week was probably a fortune to your family? And perhaps today some one ought to wise you up to the facts of life. Believe it or not, there are still thousands existing on $30 a week. You couldn't expect them to cry in their beer over $30 a day."

The writer of this letter is innocent of economics. My father probably earned about $25 a week, more or less. When I went to high school, I was given 25 cents a day. Out of that I paid subway fare, ate my lunch, read two newspapers a day and had enough left to sit in the top balcony of a Keith and Proctor vaudeville show. I had a brother who sold millinery and was always on the road. He may have spent $5 a day traveling. It was possible to get a breakfast of stewed prunes, three eggs and bacon, or a small steak with German fried potatoes, and hot cakes or toast and coffee for well under a dollar.

But that cannot be done today. A salesman, if he travels by car, may stay at a motel where the rooms may cost as much as in a good hotel. If he stays in a hotel, he cannot possibly get along on $30 a day and stay at the kind of hotel, in a good neighborhood, to which his customers would come to look at his samples or to discuss a big deal. If he wants to butter-up a buyer, which is ordinary sales practice, he must take him and his wife to a show at $6.60 a ticket, if he can get a ticket at that price or pay anything that the speculator demands.

If he goes to a suitable place for dinner, say, in New York, at "21" or The Colony or the Four Seasons, or the Pavillon, something interesting and spectacular, his bill for four can easily run between $80 and $100 — and that is not high for such places although it may be extravagant.

We live in a competitive world and a phase of doing business is entertainment and dining out. Of course, there are folks who earn little, but they do not do the work that involves an expense account.

The anonymous writer asks me if I have forgotten my boyhood days. Not at all. I remember them very pleasantly. We managed very comfortably on what today would not pay the rent for an apartment in a decent neighborhood such as we had when the rent amounted to about $40 a month. The landlord became a multi-millionaire.

The answer is that if a dollar had the purchasing power in 1961 that it had in 1910, life would be much easier all around. As I write this I recall a one dollar dinner on the Hudson Day Line. There was soup, roast beef, potatoes and vegetables, corn on the cob which was then a luxury, pie, cheese and coffee. Get that meal anywhere in the quantities then provided, with the trimmings, for one dollar today!

Times sure have changed, brother.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Sounds of Home

The sounds of home are wonderful . . . they warm me through and through . . . filling my heart with tenderness . . . as onward I pursue . . . I like to listen to my wife . . . sing an old refrain . . . for every note portrays to me . . . a peaceful lover's lane . . . the laughter of my children . . . also does its part . . . to bring a glow of gladness . . . into my searching heart . . . the sound of friendly conversation . . . twixt mother and child . . . has a magic all its own . . . so blissful and so mild . . . these are but a part of . . . the happy sounds of home . . . no sweeter ones are ever heard . . . no matter where I roam.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A writer who lives above Singer Bobby Darrin called up late one night to register a complaint. "I wish you'd send your guests home," he said. "You're all making so much noise, I can't hear myself typewrite."

"That's easy to remedy," answered Bobby Darrin cheerfully. "Typewrite louder!"

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: I object to my children being told Bible stories in Sunday School that I consider unfit for children. Such as a boy killing a giant, a man being thrown into a den of lions and so on. Would you please do what you can to stop this sort of thing? D.R.

ANSWER: It seems strange in this day of a steady diet of violence on television that someone should object to narratives that feature the conquest of faith over doubt, and of good over evil.

Rather than 'stopping this sort of thing', I will do all I can to encourage it. When parents gathered their children around family altars and related the thrilling stories of faith, the word 'juvenile delinquency' was unknown. There are still 'giants' to be slain; giants of doubt, giants of greed, and giants of evil. No more noble men ever lived than David and Daniel, and I would that our children were emulating them instead of our electronic heroes who overplay and overdramatize crime and lust.

Tolstoy said; "Without the Bible the education of the child in the present state of society is impossible."

Horoscope

An important change in your domestic or business life will come this year. Today's child will be strong-willed.



THE AMISH AND THEIR LAND

By MAURICE A. MOOK and JOHN A. HOSTETLER

Continued

Much Publicity

Although they are but one of several "plain church" groups in rural Pennsylvania, the Amish have had more than their share of the exuberant publicity recently accord the Plain People. Two years ago they were the subjects of a popular Broadway musical show — the tuneful and amusing, but ethnologically atrociously inaccurate "Plain and Fancy." Three novels have fictionalized their life; a half-dozen juvenile books have presented Amish children for "English" children; two 'teenage books deal with their culture; and they have been the subject of a series of popular pamphlets which are sold in bookstores, drugstores, tobacco shops, railroad stations, bus terminals, and turnpike rest stations extending from Philadelphia to the Middle West. These on the whole sympathetic, although patronizing, treatments extol Amish virtues and give the impression that they are the best farmers in America. The Lancaster County Amish, who are usually the subjects of these eulogies, are, indeed, among the most successful farmers of our eastern states. They are typical of the Amish in other respects also. The fact is that the Amish vary very much in their farming practices, as well as in other aspects of their culture. The Lancaster County Amish, for example, are commercial farmers who intensively cultivate a few cash crops, such as tobacco and tomatoes, on farms which average less than fifty acres in size. The Big Valley Amish of Mifflin County, on the other hand, practice general family-type farming, with some attention to dairying, on farms of larger size. For this reason also the Big Valley Amish are here chosen as a more typical group of this interesting people.

In the Big Valley

Big Valley, located not more than forty miles from the geographical center of Pennsylvania, extends northeasterly for some thirty-five miles and averages four miles in width. The rich farm lands of the valley are here and there interspersed with a gently sloping hill. Pride is supposed to be a sin to the Amish people, but they are proud of their Valley. It is beautifully located, its soil is rich, and it has been their home since 1790. And home to them is much more than a mere physical fact. One of them once said that "It looks as though God carved that valley out of the mountains and made it for the enjoyment and employment of man." On top of Stone Mountain an Amishman once claimed that, as he looked over the valley, he was impressed with three ideas — "order, sufficiency, and peace." These are three qualities in high esteem among these people, and they realize that Big Valley has been of real assistance to them in their quest of their utopia.

The valley floor is a rich limestone plain, as is also eastern Lancaster County, the home of the better - known Pennsylvania Amish settlement. There is a saying that an Amishman "can smell limestone for a hundred miles." They prefer limestone soil, but as they have had to disperse across the eastern and middle western states in search of more land for more farms they have not always been able to obtain it. They are locally well known, however, for their maintenance of the fertility of good soil and for their improvement of poor soil. This they do by rotating crops, by the use of legume crops, and by generous application of fertilizer.

They now use commerical fertilizers. They have long used lime, but their main reliance is upon manure. Most Amish churches prohibit the use of tractors in the field (or the use of any rubber - tired vehicle in the farm), and an Amish rationalization of this is that "tractors make no manure." Not the least value of the former Amish practice of steer fattening, and of their present emphasis on the stall feeding of stock, is that manure is not spread over pastures, but remains at hand to be put on the right field at the right time.

The First Crop Rotators

According to some agricultural historians, Pennsylvania German farmers were the first to introduce crop rotation in this country. As a Pennsylvania German people, the Amish are careful to rotate crops and have always done so, as far as the record goes. In Big Valley the rotation is a four-to-six-year cycle; clover mixed with timothy, or alfalfa for one to several years, followed in order by corn, oats, and wheat. The first few years of the cycle may vary: alfalfa may be planted for several years, to build up nitrogen in the soil, or clover and alfalfa in the spring. Corn may be planted for two years, the second year for ensilage, which is then followed with oats and wheat. Unlike the pattern among the Amish of Lancaster County where farming has been commercialized, Big Valley crops are not grown primarily for a cash return. Although no longer as self-sufficient as formerly, the Amish of Big Valley try to grow what they eat and eat what they grow. Here an Amish farmer is considered a poor farmer if he sells feed crops. They sell peas, beans and sweet corn to a local cannery, but the main emphasis is on food for the farmer's family and food for his stock.

In this connection the vegetable garden is to be neither ignored nor neglected. Gardening is women's and children's work, although the man will start the garden by spading the plot. A large and varied garden is the housewife's pride and joy, and accordingly it is never inconspicuously out behind or beside the barn, but is right up near, even in front of, the house, where it will be handy for the womenfolk and easy for all to see. Gardens are watched with much interest by all members of the Amish community. For one thing, a good garden is a source of prestige for the women of the house. It is also much prized as a good place to teach growing children the value of work.

They Grow What They Eat

Another feature of the Big Valley Amish farm as a productive unit is the persistence of the orchard. While most Pennsylvania farmers have given fruitgrowing over to commercial orchardists, the Big Valley Amish farmer still produces apples, peaches, pears and cherries. Whereas the Lancaster County Amish have reduced their pastures, wood lots and orchards, in order to increase the acreage devoted to cash-commercial crops, the Big Valley Amish have resisted this tendency. Big Valley Amish cellars are still well stocked with jars of home-grown canned fruits and vegetables, and fall canning is one of the women's busiest seasons. Apples and potatoes are also stored for the winter, for potatoes are consumed in quantity and there must be plenty of apples for apple butter and for "schnitz" and pies, both of which are great favorites among the Amish for dinner after preaching and for other special occasions.

The principal cash "crop" of the Big Valley Amish is fluid milk. The "Reedsville Cheese House — Swiss Cheese Our Specialty" is Amish owned and operated, with its cheese-maker imported from Switaerland. (Amish cheese plants are a characteristic feature of their more conservative communities in the United States). When the Amish sell their milk to their own plant they do not have to deliver their product on Sunday, and, moreover, they do not violate their principle of not being "yoked" in an economic transaction with the "English." Their Sunday milk is consumed by the family and churned into butter. Buttermilk is thus a recurrently available drink, whether one likes it or not.

All to the Rescue

An essential aspect of the Amish effort to make their rural life as self-sufficient as possible is their cooperation and mutual aid activities. This is also a refreshing contrast to the strife and competition so often evident in the livelihood activities of other Americans. Amishmen are never on the relief rolls of our welfare and assistance agencies. If an Amish family comes to grief through stock, a barn burning, individual illness, or any other "act of God," relatives, neighbors, even all the members of the congregational community come to the rescue. One of the main functions of the deacon of the church — whose title is "Armen Diener (minister to the poor)" — is to see that those in need receive help when they need it. Twice a year, or oftener if need be the members of the church contribute to the Armen Dieners' Fund — a fund which is never audited, for the members of the church have full confidence in their custodian. Families also help each other during harvesting, silo-filling, when a family moves from one community or church district to another, and on all occasions when a group larger than the family itself is needed to get work done with dispatch. If a person is sick or when death visits a family, neighbors, relatives and friends help so that all farmwork and housekeeping duties go on uninterruptedly.

No Insurance

The Amish do not believe in life or property insurance, for such, they feel, might be an attempt to thwart the will of God. Buying insurance from an outside source would also violate the principle of the unequal yoke. For the former reason they also oppose the use of lightning rods on the house or barn. If a barn burns, many of the members of the community, as well as members of neighboring or even remotely removed Amish communities, converge on the site to raise a barn in a day. Collections are taken, even members may be assessed, roughly according to one's own property evaulation, for contributions toward buying the materials for a new barn. These materials must all be at hand, properly prepared and orderly arranged, for a barn-raising "frolic." The frolic is a social festivity, as well as a productive enterprise: a large meal is served and there is opportunity for their principal recreational activity — visiting — on such occasions. Not only do the men cooperate in raising the structure, but the women and the girls of the congregation and of "fellowshipping" congregations assist in providing the collective meal at these large work parties.

Work and Play

Other examples of "frolics" are quilting and sewing bees, corn-husking bees, butchering, applebutter boiling, apple "schnitzing" parties, threshing, and log and wood cutting. Some of these are for men, some for women, some for children, and others are occasions when all work together. Such occasions necessitate less work and draw fewer people into cooperation than a barn-raising, but they show the same combination of work and conviviality. In this connection it is of interest that the Pennsylvania "Dutch" (German) dialect of the Amish contains no word which precisely expresses the concept of cooperation; the nearest synonym is "frolic," deriving from the German **froehlich,** meaning gay, jolly, playful. Although it may be averred that some of these festivities are primarily recreational or social in nature, usually a large amount of work is accomplished and sometimes, as at a barn-raising, an astounding amount of labor goes into the collective effort. It would be difficult, indeed, to separate the economic and social aspects of these collective enterprises.

(To be Continued)

IN 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,
Es batt doch Alles nix.

Erscht geht es zu dem Maehe naus,
Vor Tag schun kracht die Sens,
Un ist es mit der Heuet aus,
Gebt's gleich en annere Tschens,
Do geht's uf Korn und Wehze her,
Und ist die Erwet noch so schwer,
Der Bauer muss doch d'ran.

Und doch gleich ich den Bauere Stand,
Und schwapp net mit der Stadt;
Es ist so schoen bei uns im Land,
Wann mer a Erwet hat;
Man ist doch g'sund un froh dabei
Un kummt zu kehner Lungerei,
Wie's haeppent in der Stadt.

The above verses appeared anonymously in the Reading **Adler** Eagle) for August 17, 1869. We know they were written by Ludwig August Wollenweber. In the same year appeared Wollenweber's little book **Gemaelde aus dem Pennsylvanischen Volksleben,** in which these verses were included over the initials "L.A.W.", slightly changed, but with less dialect coloration.

DER HOIBAARER

Drauss uff der alte Bauerel hen mir en grossi Scheier ghatt. Des waar en Schweitzer Scheier, mit me Scheierbrick am hinnere End. Datt iss mer nuff uff der zwett Schtock.

An yederm End vun der Scheier waare Hoibaarer, der Baltz wu mer es Hoi nei gepackt hot in der Hoiet. An eem End hen mir's ghatt fer die Geil. Deel waar Dimmodi Hoi, es anner waar Glee Hoi. Sellemols hen mir noch ken Alfalfa ghatt.

Am annere End waar der Kieh Hoibaarer. Datt hen mir gut Wissehoi nei, Un aa ebmols Glee Hoi. Die Kieh hen's Dimmodi Hoi net fresse kenne. Sie hen ken Zaeh unne im Maul.

Yushcht fer der Hoiet waare die Hoibaarer gans leer. Noh iss es Graas gemaeht warre, so um der lengscht Daag, der 21scht Daag in Tschun. In paar Daag waar's Graas darr, noh hot mer's Hoi gheesse. Noh iss es Schwitze aagange.

Es Hoi iss zammegerecht warre mit 'm patent Reche. Datt hen mir zwee Geil neigschpannt ghatt. Der Reche hot's Hoi uff Rolle gerecht. Mir hen's noh zammegegawwelt uff Heife. Do hen mir noch ken Hoilaader ghatt.

Vun Hand hen mir die Heife uff der Wagge gegawwelt. Datt waar eener druff fer's Hoi laade. Noh hen mir's nei in die Scheier gfaahre. Owwich em Geils Hoibaarer hen mir en patent Hoigawwel ghatt. Zwee Geil hen en grossi Gawwelvoll Hoi uff der Baarer gezogge. Des waar lang net so schwer ass abgawwele vun Hand. Paar uffem Baarer hen's Hoi ewe ghalte. Glei waar der Baarer voll bis ans Dach. Datt waar's awwer als heess.

Darrich der lang Winter hen mir Hoi vun de Baarer gschmisse zum Hoiloch nunner in die Fiedergaeng fer die Geil un die Kieh. Wann die Baarer noch halwer voll waare uff der Grundsau Daag, noh hot's Hoi gelangt bis die neegscht Hoiet.

Ich hab oft Hoi runner gemacht. Etliche mol bin ich's Hoiloch nunner gfalle. Sell waar nau net zu leidlich.

DER KASCHBAR HUFNAGEL VUN DER LEBANON NEWS

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Editorials

America Scores Again

Within 2½ months after Alan B. Shepard Jr. blazed the free world's path into space, this nation gained another hero.

Astronaut Virgil Grissom's record - shattering flight, while not as momentous as that of the first American spaceman, was just as hazardous and equally as important.

It was the second manned shot attempted by the United States and the second to be safely completed. This in itself is significant inasmuch as the only other nation with a manned flight on record has admitted to only one secret attempt.

American scientists and the two astronauts now offer reasonable proof that these human probes of the unknown and of man's reactions to its forces are not either stunts or chance accomplishments dependent on luck. They are not yet routine, but there now is added evidence they ultimately will be.

The evidence is certain. Both attempts by this country were made in full public view. Millions, including trained observers and laymen, saw both the blast-off and the landing. Even the failure to permanently recover the capsule, which pinpoints at least one of the techniques still to be completely mastered, was recorded and promptly admitted.

This public demonstration is another area in which the accomplishments of the United States still must be matched.

For their part in them, both Cmdr. Shepard and Capt. Grissom deserve not only the equal plaudits of the nation but the highest rewards and honors it can bestow on its heroes. And while the President and the Congress think about this recognition, they would do well to share it publicly with those whose genius and skills made both pioneering accomplishments possible.

West Virginia Does It

Investigations that have been demanded to determine the legality of Newburgh's regulation requiring able-bodied men to work out relief grants on city projects should prove quite unnecessary.

Secretary Ribicoff of the U.S. Deparrtment of Health, Education and Welfare has indicated this is the privilege of any community or any state so long as federal funds are involved.

There is also the example of West Virginia which has a similar statewide statute. There, under what has come to be known as "the little WPA," able-bodied unemployed fathers of dependent children work on state and municipal projects at $1 an hour to the extent that aid is given their children.

Secretary Ribicoff personally went to West Virginia to concur in this plan originated by Gov. William Barron and approved by the state legislature.

If it meets federal laws and requirements in West Virginia, there is no reason, despite what Gov. Rockefeller and other may claim, why it shouldn't work in New York.

As a matter of fact, any of the other 48 states with similar problems might do well to take a tip from West Virginia and Mr. Ribicoff. Facing a war crisis and a mounting deficit, taxpayers have a right to insist on the fullest possible value from every dollar they contribute to government. They will want to help provide for those really in need. They will rebel increasingly, however, at supporting chiselers.

Earning Its Way

For all the service most government agencies offer, few can turn in a cash balance sheet comparable to that of the FBI.

This law enforcement agency, according to the latest report of the Justice Department, returned $1.34 to the nation's taxpayers for every dollar appropriated to it during the last fiscal year. The savings for the year, including the value of the 18,410 stolen automobiles its agents recovered, totalled $167.6 million.

How much more it saved the public by catching up with nearly 10,000 fugitives and piling up the evidence that convicted 12,390 persons of the serious crimes it investigated is a conjecture even J. Edgar Hoover would be reluctant to venture.

It's a safe bet, however, that any investment in the FBI returns dividends. There should be little reluctance in giving it what it needs to do the job the people of America have come to expect.

What Others Say

Gambling and Organized Crime

Johnstown Tribune-Democrat

The New York State Investigation Commission — and why doesn't Pennsylvania have one? — in a summary of its findings last year asserts that professional gambling furnishes the main source of revenue for the underworld, and that no single criminal activity has been more responsible for the corruption of public officials.

"Gambling revenues," said the commission, "are used to pay for murders, to underwrite the labor racketeer, to corrupt the public official, to erect a still, to obtain firearms unlawfully, to purchase contraband drugs, to pave the way for the introduction of prostitution.

"The average bettor, the police official who looks the other way, the judge who lets off a persistent violator with a light fine, still do not seem to comprehend the fact that by their actions they aid and actually encourage the government of the underworld."

The commission deplored the enforcement of gambling laws in "sporadic and desultory fashion, with long periods in many localities of official toleration and protection."

But the passage of new laws won't be enough to overcome ignorance and indifference that are the inheritance of the past, said the commission. To make the laws effective, it said:

"Every citizen must recognize that he has a positive obligation to support his government's program against professional gambling. Enforcement officials and members of the judiciary must learn the true facts and maintain a continuous, consistent pressure against this illegal activity."

Organized crime, it added, has an effective public relations program to persuade the public, and even many officials, that professional gambling is harmless and participation in it is an innocent pasttime. But that ignores the uses to which the money derived from this "pasttime" is put. And the least of these uses is the purchase, directly or indirectly, of political tolerance for an illegal activity. The worse uses can be grim indeed.

Few of the patrons of the rackets would directly engage in anything of this kind. Most of them are personally law-abiding citizens who wouldn't even run a red light if they could avoid it. They just don't seem to understand that the numbers, the organized lotteries and off-track horse race betting are the base of the whole widespread system of organized crime in America, which almost openly defies local, state and federal law enforcement.

Hanging Up Another Star



Potent Economic Weapon

By DAVID LAWRENCE

To most Americans — and perhaps Europeans, too, for that matter — the North Atlantic Treaty Organization of 15 countries, known as "NATO," means a military apparatus to defend Western Europe. But it is becoming something even more important. It now is also heading definetly in the direction of economic warfare against the Communist bloc.



Lawrence

What does "economic warfare" mean? In the "cold war," it can be of tremendous value in deterring the enemy. For the Communists are infiltrating wherever they can and making trouble for the Western Allies.

Thus, in Italy, the Communists have some sort of working arrangement with officials which buys oil from the Soviets at low rates and sells it at cut prices in world markets. The Communists, of course, foot the bill and the objective is to demoralize and disrupt the whole oil traffic.

Two newspapers in Italy — which country is well informed about the Tunisian situation— said today the trouble in that North African nation is oil.

Back of the trouble in Iraq and Kuwait, moreover, is a Soviet attempt to upset the whole Western oil operation in the Middle East.

The more the subject is examined, the more it becomes apparent that many people in the United States and Europe who have been concentrating on the political or the military phases of the "cold war" have not become aware of the implications of the phrase "economic warfare."

Obviously, no operation of this kind can be successful without the whole-hearted backing of the different governments of the West. If the Communists establish an agency inside Italy to wreck the oil business of the West, it becomes a matter for the Italian government to examine carefully so as to determine what internal measures should be undertaken to prevent its territory from being used as a base for the Soviet "cold war" offensive.

On a broader basis, NATO may — if the Berlin crisis become acute — turn out to be a vehicle for the establishment of an economic "quarantine" against the Communists. It is a step fraught with many difficulties for the West, because it means a suspension of important economic activities, and this would be costly. But if the choice becomes one between nuclear war and a heavy expense for economic boycotts that would put the squeeze on the Communist bloc and stir up internal trouble for them, the latter step may become the better alternative. This might even mean, in an emergency, some international subsidies to injured businesses.

It would be of great help if ways and means of carrying on an economic boycott of the Communist countries were to be publicly discussed so that all nations, including the so-called "neutrals," would begin to understand that the West has an enormous power to affect the world economy.

The economic weapon as a means of retaliation has only casually been explored heretofore, but the time is approaching when concrete steps can readily be included in what the diplomats and military leaders of the west now call "contingency planning."

Fortunately, the United States has put under one man in Paris the supervision of economic policies as well as political and military matters arising within NATO. Thomas K. Finletter, who used to be Secretary of the Air Force and is experienced in governmental affairs generally, has become the American Ambassador to NATO. He makes frequent trips back and forth between Paris and Washington.

Moscow Meeting

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

On May 26, 1945, Harry Hopkins met Stalin in the Kremlin to discuss many very important subjects.

For some time prior to this meeting, President Harry Truman and Prime Minister Winston Churchill had been maneuvering to get Stalin to agree to some kind of a Summit meeting but Stalin had avoided a decision. Finally, Hopkins was sent to the Kremlin to make arrangements for what eventualy became the Potsdam Conference.

Hopkins explained that President Truman asked him, Hopkins, to go to Moscow because: ". . . he thought the Marshal would be interested in a brief description of President Roosevelt's state of mind just prior to his death. He said that on the way back from Yalta it had been clear to him that President Roosevelt was very tired and that his energy was on the decline." Stalin pushed aside this emotional description by saying that Lenin also died of a cerebral hemorrhage following a stroke.

However Hopkins reminded Stalin how much faith Roosevelt had in Soviet Russia. He went on to explain that since Roosevelt's death, the American people were not as enthusiastic about Soviet Russia as they had been. Hopkins said:

"Two months ago there had been overwhelming sympathy among the American people for the Soviet Union and complete support for President Roosevelt's policies which the Marshal knew so well. This sympathy and support came primarily because of the brilliant achievements of the Soviet Union in the war and partly from President Roosevelt's leadership and the magnificent way in which our two countries had worked together to bring about the defeat of Germany. The American people at that time hoped and confidently believed that the two countries could work together in peace as well as they had in war."

Sharing Control

Hopkins then explained the nature of Roosevelt's foreign policy: ". . . the cardinal basis of President Roosevelt's policy which the American people had fully supported had been the concept that the interests of the United States were world wide and it was this concept that had led to the many conferences concerning the peace of the world which President Roosevelt had had with Marshal Stalin. President Roosevelt had believed that the Soviet Union had likewise world - wide interests and that the two countries could work out together any political or economic considerations at issue between them."

We come here to the core of the problem facing us today. Apparently it was Roosevelt's plan to have a two nation control of the world. The United States and Soviet Russia would be the masters and all other countries would fit into place. Stalin tried to get the discussion off on a tangent, namely that the Conservative party in Great Britain was against Soviet Russia and that therefore Soviet Russia had to have a government in Poland that was friendly to Soviet Russia. Harry Hopkins assured Stalin that ". . . the United States would desire a Poland friendly to the Soviet Union and in fact desired to see friendly countries all along the Soviet borders."

Good-bye, Poland! Good-bye Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and all the so-called liberated countries!

So here we have it, the hidden fact, the suppressed item that led to Potsdam. We were assured that there were no secret treaties at Potsdam and there probably were no treaties — but secret arrangements in the volumes now available.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: Jesus said; "Pray for those who despitefully use you." This is easier said than done. One I loved and admired has harmed me greatly. just how can I pray for him? G. P.

ANSWER: One of the blessings of being 'right with God' is that we can look upon our 'enemies' objectively instead of subjectively. When wrong has been done us, we don't lapse into self-pity, but are concerned with the plight of those who committed the wrong. We think of the remorse, the unhappiness which they have inflicted not so much on us, but upon themselves.

Praying for those who despitefully use us, not only rids our own souls of bitterness, but it draws us toward those who have wronged us.

Those who use us spitefully are usually trying to punish us for some reason. When they see that their bitterness has produced love instead of hate, their attack will be abandoned. Since love in our hearts begets love in the hearts of others, this breach between you and the one you have loved can best be mended by love.

Horoscope

Apply yourself to your work with energy. Today's child will be independent.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

At Home

There in the confines of your house . . . humble or castle fair . . . are many priceless treasures . . for you and yours to share . . . love is the essence of it all . . . love makes a house a home . . . a small corner of paradise . . . from which you'll seldom roam . . . dear ones give tender meaning . . . to warm things of the heart . . . and even pictures on the walls become true works of art . . . it's a wonderful feeling just to know . . . you inhabit a peaceful zone . . . from the young tree of togetherness . . . happiness has grown . . . at home is a precious world apart . . . from all unpleasant things . . . where you can smile when trouble . . . plucks on your heartstrings.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Sam Blythe, the late journalist, reminded a college graduating group, "The race may not always go to the swift, nor victory to the brave — but, gentlemen, that's a damn good side to bet on!"

Jason Epstein has discovered one thing that gives him more for his money than it did ten years ago: the penny weight



THE AMISH AND THEIR LAND

By MAURICE A. MOOK and JOHN A. HOSTETLER

Continued

Distinctive and Apart

The Amish farm is also distinctive in certain material cultural properties. Although they much prefer to live close together, non - Amish farms often adjoin those owned by members of the sect. There are, in fact, few examples of all-Amish rural communities in the United States: even in Big Valley, where the Amish have been buying farms for a century and a half, the juxtaposition of Amish and non-Amish farms is a characteristic distribution. It is possible, however, to identify an Amish homestead by certain visible characteristics; and in some places, as in Big Valley, it is possible to determine the particular church or congregation to which an Amish family belongs by such characteristics as whether the barn is painted, how the roof pojects over the gable end of the house, the color of buggy tops, etc. For example, the dwellings of the most conservative Amish people in the Valley (the so-called "Nebraska" Amish) have roofs which project very little beyond the gable ends of the house; also their buggy tops are white, while the buggy tops of another church are yellow, and those of two other churches are black (in Lancaster County they are gray.) Sectarian variation is thus seen not only in beliefs, but extends to houses, barns, buggies, clothing, and other material properties.

Apart from cultural variations within the group, Amish farms in general show certain characteristics which easily distinguish them from those of the non - Amish. Electric wires do not extend from the road to an Amish house or barn (unless the farm is rented from English owners); Amish barns are larger than those of most non-Amish owners; houses are also larger and less architecturally compact, or there may be two dwellings on the farm; fences near the house and barn are whitewashed, but gates are painted a solid color, usually red (the "blue gate" legend of the English, to whom the blue gate is a sign of a marriageable Amish daughter on the farm, is a myth); and there are other architectural and ecological marks of peculiarity. It should be noted that if the farm is rented from an English owner, its buildings and improvements will be English, not Amish. It is necessary to say this, because there is a high incidence of tenancy among Amish farmers. Each aspires to own his own farm, for ownership is the top rung in the Amish agricultural ladder. This is impossible for all, however, especially inasmuch as land prices increase in areas long occupied by large Amish communities. Providing a suitable farm for all newly - married Amish young people is one of their most persistent and still unsolved economic problems.

Their Ethnic and Cultural Heritage

All of the Pennsylvania Amish, and most Amish elsewhere, are "Pennsylvania German" in ethnic affiliation (although less than five per cent of Pennsylvania Germans are Amish or otherwise sectarian), and, as such, they brought to America a Swiss and Palatine - German cultural heritage. They have also clung to this heritage more tenaciously than most non-sectarian Pennsylvania Germans. They thus retain certain nonmaterial cultural characteristics, such as the use of German Bibles and German hymnals in their worship services; and also certain material cultural traits, such as the Swiss "bank barns," which were characteristic of the Pennsylvania German "church people" (Lutheran and Reformed largely) a hundred years ago. Evidences of this are seen in every aspect of life: thus a century ago Pennsylvania Germans played the game of "corner ball," and the Amish still play it; most persons of Pennsylvania German derivation now speak English in the home, but the Amish still use the dialect; non-sectarian Pennsylvania Germans now have automobiles, tractors, and electricity, whereas the Amish reject these. These Amish characteristics are not only now signs of their separation from the modern world, but they are also ties linking them to their culture - historical past. In fact, one of their present sanctions, aside from the scriptual sanction, is the group's appeal to its own history. A characteristic Amish attitude is "if it's old it's good, but if it's new it's bad." This attitude is not, of course, peculiarly Amish; but the extent to which it motivates their life is cardinally characteristic.

Their Barns

One of the most obvious survivals of their material culture-historical past is their Swiss-German "bank barns." These barns are two - story structures built near a bank of ground, or if built on level land, an incline or "bank" of earth is built to lead to the second - story barn floor. Teams can thus easily pull the hayrack or wagon onto the barn floor. The lower story supplies stalls for livestock; the upper story consists of hay and straw mows, granary rooms, and the central floor is used, if necessary, for the storage of farm machinery and other equipment. The second story barn floor is put to two additional uses by the Amish: here 'teen-agers have their occasional barn - floor dances and "play parties" and here also worship service is held in the summer when warmer weather makes this possible. Funerals are also sometimes held on the barn floor, especially when the house is too small to accommodate the expected congregation. (An Amish funeral is a worship service, differing from their regular service in that hymns are not sung — sometimes they are read, rather than sung — and the sermons eulogize the deceased, if this is possible, or at least moralistically admonish the relatives as well as others in attendance. English friends often attend these services; the preacher is often a visiting bishop; and the occasion is seized for emphasizing the Amish tenets of nonconformity to and separation from the world.)

When funerals and other worship services are held in the barn, the Amish farmer and his sons spend several days in thoroughly cleaning the barn and its contents: stalls will be whitewashed; stables cleaned; manure hauled away; the barn floor swept; everything put in its place; harness cleaned, greased and repaired; clean straw spread over the barnyard; the manure pile cut square and covered with straw, if it is not hauled away; horses and cows curried and all barn - housed livestock thoroughly cleaned. For orderliness and cleanliness are marks of a good Amish farmer, and male visitors examine the barn as meticulously as an Amish housewife inspects her host's home.

Another architectural feature of the Swiss barn is the "forebay," also called the overshoot or overhang. Usually the south or sunnyside of the barn is constructed so that the second story projects several feet over the lower story. The forebay is on the opposite side of the barn from the bank which leads to the barn floor. The overhung enclosure is often paved with flat stones, more recently with concrete. This outdoor but protected area is a pleasant place for repairing harness, wagons, buggies, and various types of farm machinery. In the spring and fall it is also a favorite gathering place for the men and boys on Sunday mornings as they await the beginning of the worship service.

When the Amish couples arrive in their buggies for the worship service, the womenfolk go directly into the house. The men and boys drive the buggy toward the barn, where the sons of the host place the buggy in a convenient place and put the horse in the barn. The menfolk then gather at the forebay, where they stand under the projecting second story until the ministers appear. The bishop then kisses the preachers and the deacons, after which the men proceed to the service, approximately in the order of their age. Boys are permitted to remain at the barn until the second hymn begins, at which time they must enter "church" and take their places on the backless homemade wooden benches. In the service the sexes sit separately, which was, of course, formerly the custom in churches, and which custom survives among this sect. The seating arrangement for each sex is also affected by age. A mark of the patriarchal organization of Amish society is that the men sit in front, with the women behind them, or even in a separate room more removed from the ministers than the men. Another mark of their patriarchalism is that the ministers are always men. Women may nominate candidates for the "lot," from which the preacher or deacon is selected; but the nominees must be men.

All horses are placed in the barn during the worship serv-

ice. The eastern Amish protect their livestock whenever possible, and are shocked at what they consider the neglectful practice of midwestern and farwestern farmers pasturing and rangefeeding stock without providing adequate shelter. Amish barns must thus be large in order to house all larger livestock; Amishmen also like barn floors large enough to accommodate an entire congregation when "preaching" is held on the barn floor. They also have large crops to be stored in the barn, for theirs are not cash-crops to be sold, but feed crops to be stored until consumed on the premises. They have also lagged somewhat in adopting the practice of baling hay and straw, and when these are stored loose in mows, one must have, of course, more space. Even barns built in Big Valley since baling has been introduced have been larger than necessary, now that large storage space is not so essential. The force of tradition is also seen in the arrangement of barn facilities, especially in the lower story. Agricultural economists have called their barns "inefficiently planned," but this is small concern to an Amishman with a family-ful of sons who help him do the chores. Boys must be kept out of mischief, they say, and the best way to do this is to provide them with work to do.

Amish barns in Big Valley are usually painted red; white paint, however, is gradually being introduced. The conservative "Nebraska" Amish of Big Valley do not paint their barns (nor their houses) at all. Unlike nonsectarian Pennsylvania German farmers, the Amish never decorate their barns with painted designs. Their barns thus lack the "hex signs" which have recently enjoyed the apoplectic approval of certain superstition - struck commentators impressed with the "quaintness" of Pennsylvania German culture. If an Amishman were to buy a barn with hex signs on it, he probably would not bother to eradicate them with fresh paint; he would wait until the barn need repainting, and then refrain from the frivolity of reproducing such signs.

(To Be Concluded)

IM BUSCH

Es gucken viel in unser Welt
Un sehnen nix, sogaar;
Viel horchen aa, so meenen sie,
Doch heer'n nix mit 'm Ohr.

'S iss nix fer sie in der Nadur,
Ken Musick in der Heeh;
'S iss nix wu schtaert ihr Herz un Seel—
'S Gewisse aa net meh.

'S iss Scheeheit rum ball eenich Zeit
Zu dem wu sucht sie aus;
'S guckt draurich vleicht, doch zeigt fer schur
Nei Lewe schpeeter naus.

En Zeichen weist, waer's sehne kann,
Dass in der gute Zeit
Watt alles widder grie un schee,
Wu's brau un dod nau leit.

Geh yuscht emoll im Schpotyaahr naus
Wann Reife darch die Nacht
Dreht Bletter brau, un Wind denoh
Sie herrlich danse macht.

Des iss net's End vun der Nadur.
Sie schloft yuscht ei fer'n Zeit;
'S iss als noch Pracht, der's sehne kann,
Un Musick aae bereit.

Waarscht vleicht schunn imme Beint - Busch drin
Wu Luft iss glaar un siess
Vun Harz Geruch, un Grund iss weech
Vun Nodle unner Fiess

Wu macht en Warzel Deppich waarm,
Un im Verfaule schafft
En luck un marreb Aerd vun wu
Kummt Beem ihr Lewessaft.

Un iss dei Seel vun Sarrig frei,
Un gschtimmt zu der Nadur,
Wann blost en samfter, leichter Wind,
Datt kannscht du heere schur,

Im Gippel vun de hoche Beint—
'S iss gheert un 's iss aa gfiehlt—
Samft Musich wie en himmlisch Harf
Vun Engel Finger gschpielt.

Die Note sin so glaar un schee,
Hoch, nidder, zwische drin,
Vun Seede bei Nadur gemacht—
Die aus Beintnodle sin.

Un heerscht du selle Melodie
Wu vun de Beint Beem sei
Un zrick geht darch Million vun Yaahr—
Dann schtaert's die Sinn wie Wei.

Die Musick iss vun der Nadur
Un ewich geht net aus;
Ach, glicklich der mit Ohr un Aag—
Was Friede finnt er draus!

1951 —RALPH S. FUNK

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Editorials

More Philadelphia Tactics

Philadelphia's strangle hold on Pennsylvania's legislative processes became increasingly evident this week as the Senate vote on the controversial 40-foot trailer bill met unwarranted delays.

This is the measure the House approved a week ago at the insistence of industries and business organizations, community groups, labor unions and most automotive interests. They see it as a means of stimulating industrial growth and of making transportation in Pennsylvania competitive by bringing its regulations in line with those of 48 other states.

It also is a measure being vigorously opposed by the finance chairman of the Philadelphia Democratic Committee who apparently is concerned that it would reduce the market price of his own large trucking firm. The Pennsylvania Railroad, with several state senators on its professional payroll, joins in opposing it.

Unable to kill the legislation in committee or to defeat it in the House, these forces now are stalling Senate action in the hope of pressuring enough votes to write it off there.

The Senate would do well to take a tip from the House. It reversed its first vote which defeated the measure after hearing from the most powerful force of all — the voters back home who saw through the specious excuses of the opponents.

This powerful force in Lehigh and Northampton and most other counties of the state is weary of Philadelphia politicians and increasingly annoyed by them. They have good reason. They also have ways of reminding those who represent them in Harrisburg that only six of the 50 senators are elected in Philadelphia.

Check Airline Passengers

It is likely to take more drastic measures than those proposed to the Congress to adequately protect airline passengers against skyway banditry, kidnaping and other shenanigans that threaten their lives.

Protests are futile if unfriendly governments choose to ignore them. International statutes and agreements covering piracy are pointless if governments refuse either to punish the guilty or surrender them to those who will. Locked compartments, although probably a step in the right direction, would be ineffective barriers for armed and desparate thugs. Regardless of who fires it, a single shot on a high-flying aircraft could endanger every passenger.

The only adequate safeguard is to make certain no passenger boards any plane with a potentially dangerous weapon. This would mean careful personal searches, if not of all passengers then certainly of those whose identity is not clearly and satisfactorily established.

The procedure would be time consuming, costly and at times embarrassing. It would take no more time, however, than the exhaustive safety checks of equipment now required before an airliner leaves the ground.

Few airline passengers would object if they understood their lives were at stake. Those who did could elect another means of transportation where the risks of gun-wielding thugs are less hazardous.

Get All the Killers

The vicious dynamite murder of the state's chief witness in a sensational Pottsville burglary case is more than another brutal gangland killing. It is the underworld's way of warning it is more powerful than all the forces of law and order and that none may stand in its way.

If this killing remains unsolved and if any who share responsibility for it escape punishment gangland will in effect close the criminal courts of the commonwealth. No witness will be safe to testify against the punks and none will be willing. Hoodlums will cut their ruthless way unmolested. They'll take what they want when they want it. Any fear of justice will be gone.

This is the second killing ostensibly associated with this long impending case. Two apparently important witnesses have been eliminated in gangland's own way.

It's time for law enforcement agencies and the public, too, to close ranks to bring these vicious killers and any who may have hired them to justice. It's time to wipe the happy smiles or the smirks or the leers from the faces of those against whom they might have testified.

New Jersey Habits

The huge tractor - trailer that went highballing along one of the most congested strips of New Jersey's fabled 50-mile-an-hour Route 22 the other day carried quite a legend.

"This vehicle," it proclaimed "spends more than $3,115 a year on road use taxes."

As he cut in and out of traffic lanes to pass everything moving at New Jersey's legal limit, the driver offered a postscript of his own:

"I'm paying for it so I'll use it like I want and the dickens (or something else) with the rest of you guys. I'm bigger than you are anyway, so don't bother arguing. Just get out of my way."

Even New Jersey state police took him at his word. They were concentrated on a radar trap much closer to the Pennsylvania state line where broad lanes and little traffic suggested more realistic speeds of 55 or 60 miles and promised more grist for the fining mills. The truck, after all, was inconsequential. It didn't carry Pennsylvania license plates.

What Others Say

Who's He to Complain?

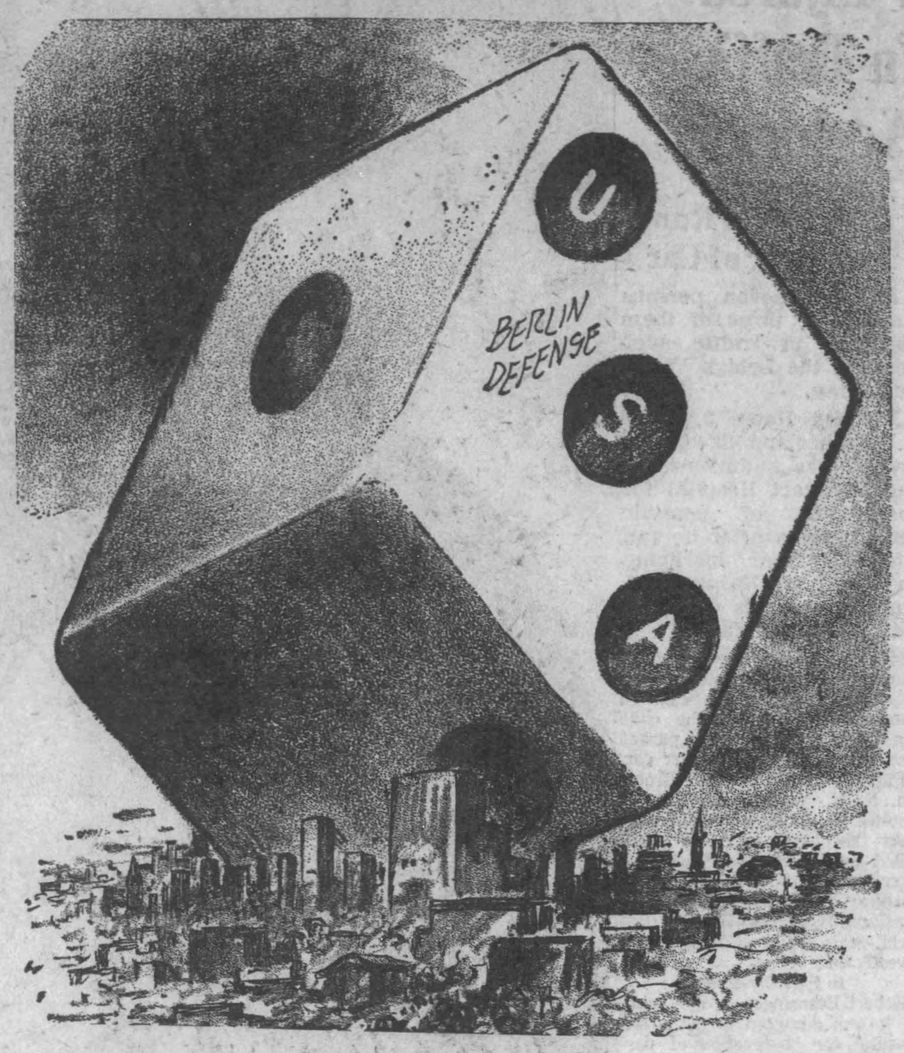
New York World Telegram

Too many families expect too much, complained a butler interviewed on the current state of butlery.

"Why," asserted this particular butler in what we assume were tones of modulated outrage, "in some cases where families have no kitchen maid I've actually been asked to make appetizers."

If he means by "appetizers" those cocktail - party offerings of mucilage, plastics and shaving cream, who's he to complain? Making them is no problem. He should try eating them.

The Die Is Cast



Check the Communists

By DAVID LAWRENCE

IN EUROPE — They are beginning to wake up in Britain to Communist infiltration — a trend that regrettably has not yet been paralleled in continental countries such as France and Italy.

The British Labor Party's national executive committee — including Hugh Gaitskell, the party's leader — has decided to inquire into the possible expulsion of the electrical trades union from the labor party because it has several communist officers. The 170,000 members of the ETU pay annually about $170,000 in political contributions.

The action of the executive committee follows the step also taken this week by the Trades Union Congress of Britain, which sent an ultimatum to the same electrical union demanding that it get rid of Communist officers at once or face suspension from the national trades union organization.

Here is an important union, with men in key jobs in the electricity mechanism of a whole country, and up to now nothing has been done to tackle in earnest the problem of its Communist officials. A letter published by the London "Daily Telegraph" says on this point:

"We are spending millions of pounds of defense, yet our security can be destroyed if such services as power, water, railways can be disrupted by the plots of a small caucus of union leaders who in their blind devotion to Marxism would have no hesitation at the bidding of their Communist masters in destroying democracy in their own country."

Fortunately, the largest unions in Britain are not dominated by Communists, though they have made steady efforts at infiltration. The London "Telegraph," in an editorial, insists that apathy among the rank and file of the members and their failure to vote in union elections have been a basic reason why the Communists get control.

False Fronts

But this is not the only significant step taken against Communist activities in Britain. The national executive committee of the British Labor Party — although clearing one of the party's members of Parliament who took part in a so-called "disarmament conference" at Oslo, Norway, sponsored by Communists — has just issued a warning against being taken in by so-called international conferences which ostensibly claim high motives but which are, in reality, Communist - inspired.

Members of the Labor Party were advised to check hereafter with the general secretary before accepting such invitations, so that there would be an opportunity to determine whether the meetings are bona fide.

Those naive persons who are often asked to sign advertisements in the American press for various organizations — usually taking the Communist side of the argument in international policies — might profit by accepting the same kind of advice as that now given in Britain. Indeed, all the democracies are suffering from a lack of investigative machinery for the effective exposure of the intrigues of the Communists, who set up all sorts of international conferences to sway public opinion toward their point of view.

The tendency in Britain, as well as in the United States, has been to regard as a form of "witch - hunting" all efforts to publicize Communist tactics. While there have been some cases in the United States in which innocent and well-meaning persons have been wrongly accused, there have been many more instances in which guilty ones have gotten away with their intrigues because of handicaps placed upon legislative committees which would otherwise expose them.

Softness in dealing with Communists in Britain has cost the world plenty. Klaus Fuchs was "cleared" by the British, and his credentials were accepted by the American government. He then stole at a New Mexico laboratory the secrets of the atom bomb and gave them to Russia, which otherwise might have been delayed for many years in getting the nuclear weapons she has today. The whole history of the world might have been altered if Communist infiltration had been taken more seriously in Britain just a few years ago.

Sen. Goldwater

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Great political leaders are more likely to emerge in the United States Senate than in administrative offices. Few have achieved the distinction of primary leadership that Barry Goldwater has so swiftly and surely earned.

Senator Goldwater will state his own views and opinions on current affairs in a new column to be published three times a week in The Morning Call beginning Monday.

Barry Goldwater ran against the tide, but the tide turned for him. He pronounced himself to be a Conservative when that was a dirty word in politics. Whereas such men as Senator Joe McCarthy never asserted an ideological position, except opposition to Communism, Goldwater presents a positive program of conservative thinking.

He is the first conservative politician who has cracked the hard crust of collegiate liberalism. He has not only spoken on an extraordinarily large number of campuses but he has established an image for leadership, so that a large number of young people have organized themselves into associations which accept the leadership of Goldwater, politically and sociologically. Even Robert A. Taft did not succeed in this, he not having had the warm personality which appeals to youth.

The significance of Barry Goldwater politically is that he has a program which is a novelty in American politics where the tendency is to be expedient, Goldwater avoids the expedient and adheres to principle — his own statement of principle, which is gaining in strength, especially in the South and among students.

The weakness of the Republican Party since the defeat of Herbert Hoover in 1932 has been that it has labored hard to win without a program. Alf Landon, Wendell Willkie, Thomas E. Dewey represented, in the Republican mind, candidates who could win on personality. The election became something like an Oscar contest in the motion picture business. The real difficulty that these men faced was that it was not a personality that the American people were seeking but a leader, a man of ideas, a person who would be different from Roosevelt or Truman. The one man in the Republican Party who might have presented such an image to the country was Robert A. Taft whom the party refused to nominate for President.

The argument against Taft was not that his ideas and purposes were wrong but that he could not win. In a word, winning at any cost represented the concept of the party leadership and sponsors. They would not risk a debate over principles. And so, ultimately, they elected Dwight D. Eisenhower who did win.

When Eisenhower was defeated the Republican Party was left without leadership although there were aspirants to leadership. Richard Nixon was entitled to be the titular head of the party but such a distinction is nominal unless its claimant is a particularly strong personality. Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York claims leadership by virtue of his insistent public relations and his limitless treasury. Somehow he does not click.

Barry Goldwater asserts and maintains leadership because he represents ideas for which there is an increasing popularity in the country. That does not mean that Goldwater will be nominated in 1964. The influences that made Wendell Willkie a Republican candidate may be sufficiently strong to choose someone else. But the ideas of the Republican Party are liable to be better organized and clearer to understand. They will be Barry Goldwater's ideas, no matter who is nominated.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: My life is so insignificant and little. I often feel I would like to take wings and do some big and noble work. How can I conquer my feelings of futility? K. H.

ANSWER: Do you remember how the Golconda diamond mine was discovered? An old Persian named, Ali Hafed lived on a scrubby, unproductive little farm. One day he read of how valuable diamonds were, and he sold his little farm,and started out on his quest for riches. The farmer who bought his land one day led his camel down to a brook to drink, and he noticed a flash of light in the water. He had discovered the first diamond of the Golconda mine — in the back yard of the man who had left home to find diamonds.

If you would do something noble, let it be done in the sphere where God has put you. If you would be big, always be found doing the big, generous thing in your own neighborhood. If you would be good, and great, first be good and kind to those around you. If you would be a follower of Christ, then be faithful in the little things. "Thou has been faithful over a few things, I will make you ruler over many", was spoken by Him who considers loyalty to Him and His ideals greater than fame or fortune.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Sandy Beach

I find heaps of solid comfort ... strolling on a sandy beach ... for beside the deep blue ocean ... heaven seems within my reach ... all alone save for the sea gulls ... darting in and out the waves ... chattering with one another ... like a group of wayward knaves... tender breezes touch my being ... like a soft and warm caress ... and inside my heart I feel that ... I am close to happiness ... would that I could always journey ... on a peaceful beach like this ... life would be a thing of beauty ... overflowing with sweet bliss ... so it is when time allows me ... I will stroll a sandy beach ... for beside the deep blue ocean ... heaven seems within my reach.

Horoscope

Prepare yourself against a sudden reversal. Today's child will be strong-willed.

Some owls see well in the daylight, contrary to popular belief. The snowy owl and the hawk owl habitually hunt by day. The fierce great horned owl glides silently through forests both day and night.

FIRST



GENTLEMAN JIMMY BUCHANAN

During these years of the Civil War Centennial public interest is focused upon the life of Pennsylvania's only President, James Buchanan, of neighboring Lancaster. The tragic death of his Lancaster sweetheart, Ann Coleman, may have left some scars on his memory but throughout his life he remained not only a bachelor but a perfect gentleman.

During the course of his long career in public service Buchanan served in the United States Senate. His term there corresponded with Andrew Jackson's term as President of the United States. Both men were ardent Democrats, and, for the most part they got along well together.

The two had many things in common. Both had suffered from vicious slanders as a result of their courting days; both were chivalrous toward women and both had the fighting spirit of the Scots-Irish heritage which they shared. They differed greatly, however, in the manner in which, as president, each handled the threat of rebellion and they differed in their concern for sartorial smartness. Buchanan was fastidious and Old Hickory was just that. When off duty he was inclined to relax in an old dressing gown, with slippers down at the heel, heedless of tonsorial propriety and blissfully smoking his old clay pipe.

There are several conflicting accounts of the background of the story we are about to relate but the climax is always the same.

One account which was published in the New York Sun, in 1903 relates a story which is traced to Harriet Lane Johnston, a niece of Buchanan who was mistress of the White House during the term of our bachelor president (1857-1861).

According to her version King George IV, of England, sent a verbal message to President Jackson to be transmitted by an aristocratic American who had been entertained at the Court of St. James. This lady had heard about the "vulgarity" of Jackson and hesitated to approach him, directly, even though she had promised to deliver the message in person. Being well acquainted with James Buchanan she begged him to accompany her on her mission and introduce her to the President.

Ever the gentleman, Buchanan agreed and the two arrived at the White House and entered the reception room. Buchanan advised the lady that she should wait there while he went to the president's quarters to state the nature of the mission. He found Jackson "in such attire and personal uncouthness" that to present a refined lady under such circumstances would be "little better than a national disgrace".

First Buchanan stated the purpose of the visit and then made bold to suggest:

"But, General, don't you think that you should slick up a bit?"

Jackson took the pipe out of his mouth and shot a fiery look at the senator and exclaimed with some additional strong words:

". . .**Buckanan,** I once knew a man who got rich by minding his own business."

In a short time Jackson changed his clothing, shaved and then met the lady. Entranced by Old Hickory's gallantry and suave manners the visitor told Buchanan after the conference:

"I am captivated. I never so enjoyed an hour. I have been at all of the courts of Europe and I can truly say that at none of them have I ever seen a man who in elegance of manners could excel General Jackson."

—ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

DRESCHE

Wie ich en kleener Bu waar, hab ich es als wunnerbaar gegliche wann die Drescher zu uns kumme sin. Es iss als en Drescherei kumme mit etliche Leit derbei. Die hen als uffgschtellt bei uns fer paar Daag. Noh waar's Dresche als im Gang.

Wie ich awwer bissel aelter bin warre, waar ich nimmi so arrig uffgschafft wann die Drescher kumme sin. Ich hab noh aa helfe misse.

Wann mer paar Daag helfe hot dresche, abaddich wann deel vun der Frucht vergrootzt waar, iss mer der Schtaab leedich warre. Mer iss so voll Schtaab warre ass mer die Wahrheit nimmi schpautze hot kenne.

In meinre Zeit hot's alle Sadde Wege gewwe fer zu dresche. Ich hab iewen helfe Frucht ausreide im Scheierdenn uff de geridde un en Annerer gfiehrt. Ebmols hen zwee geridde, noh sin vier Geil ums Denn rum geloffe.

Ihre scharrefe Eise hen die Kanne aus der Schprau kumme mache. Mir hen noh als es Schtroh runner genumme mit der Schittelgawwel. Noh waar nix meh im Denn ass Schprau un Kanne. Noh hen mir des iwwer die Windmiehl. Sell hot die Schprau hinnenaus geblose.

Seller weg hot der Abraham im Alte Teschtament gedrosche. Er hot awwer ken Windmiehl ghatt. Wann's windich waar hen sie die Schprau un Kanne hoch in die Heeh gschmisse. Die Schprau iss fatt geblose un die Kanne sin nunner gfalle.

Ich hab sehne dresche wu sie der power gemacht hen mit Geil. Ebmols hen sie en ring power ghatt. Es hen Aerrem naus gschtanne. Datt hen sie Geil draa gschpannt. Die sin nanner nooch geloffe imme Ring rum. Ebmols waare die Geil uffem dreed power. Die Geil hen die gans Zeit laafe misse fer bleiwe wu sie waare.

Ich hab sehne dresche mit re Schtiem - maschien. Die hot fatt faahre kenne uff ihre eegne Redder. Mer hot sie awwer ziegge misse mit Geil. Noh sin die traction-inscheine kumme. Die sin gfaahre uff ihre eegener power vun Bauerei zu Bauerei un hen die Dreschmaschien un der Wasserwagge mitgezogge. Noh hen mir Geil in der Wasserwagge gschpannt, sin nunner in die Wiss an die Krick, un hen den vollgebumpt.

Am Dresche hot eener die Frucht in die Maschien geduh. Er hot en Messer in der Hand ghatt un hot die Garrewe uffgschnitte. Noh hot er sie vun nanner gerisse un in die Maschien gfiedert.

Es waar moll en arriyer christlicher Mann. Der hot die Garreb net vun nanner gerisse. Wie sie der schpeik Cylinder gedroffe hot, noh hot's "Bump" gemacht un der Schtraepp is runner gschprunge.

Der christliche Mann hot schwere Watte verzottelt. Noh hot der Kall wu die Frucht in die Saeck hot laut gelacht. Der christlich Mann hot gsaat, "Ferwass lachscht du so, David?" Der David hot gsaat, "Ich muss ewwe so lache." Mer muss ebmols.

Es gedrosche Schtroh iss weck vun der Maschien iwwer en Schtroh-carrier odder en Schtrohbloser.

Die Bauere heitesdaags dresche nimmi wie mir als hen. Sie maehe die Frucht mit me combine. Sell drescht graad uffem Feld. Noh schtaabt 's aa net so.

DER KASCHBAR HUFNAGEL VUN DER LEBANON NEWS

THE AMISH AND THEIR LAND

By MAURICE A. MOOK and JOHN A. HOSTETLER

Conclusion

Amish Homes

Another conspicuous feature of rural Amish material culture is the large size of their houses. If a farm has a small dwelling, it will be added to, or a second structure will be built. Two houses associated with a large barn are commonly found, although the more usual practice is to build additions to the dwelling already on the property. The second, usually smaller house is known both as the "tenant house" and as the "grossdaadi" or "grossmutter" house, and its two - fold purpose is revealed by these names. It is occupied by a newly-married son or daughter with his or her spouse, until they become established on a farm of their own. It is also the unit to which parents retire when their last (usually youngest) son or daughter marries, with the newlyweds assuming operation of the family farm. The Amish thus follow an ultimogeniture or "junior right" (as distinguished from a primogeniture) pattern of inheritance: as older children marry they acquire farms of their own, with the last-to-marry child, his mate, and eventually his own large family, inheriting occupancy of the family homestead. The parents then retire to the grossdaade house, probably earlier in age than is generally true of non - Amish American farmers.

Three factors account for the large size of Amish houses: The separate apartment (in lieu of a second dwelling) for the retired couple, the fact that Amish families are considerably larger than non-Amish rural families, and because an Amish family aspires to a house large enough to accommodate preaching services in the home. When the local congregation grows too large to gather in available Amish homes, the church (by which the body of believers is always meant, for they lack "church houses", as they call them) is divided into two districts, so that the now smaller worshipping groups can meet in the homes of members.

Several features of their home interiors are also affected by their at-home preaching practice. Thus doors between downstairs rooms are wide so they may be swung open, or even removed from their hinges, so that all worshippers may see and hear the ministers. Some Pennsylvania Amish homes have removable panels in the walls of downstairs rooms, which are taken out for worship service so the preachers may be better heard.

Amish homes are also necessarily large because of the need they feel for two kitchens, one for winter and another for summer use. Both of these are large, for they serve the dual purpose of dining room and living room for the large families. Attached to the summer kitchen is a woodshed, and often a room for the family bakeoven. There is also a "sitting room" for the accommodation of visitors; it is also called the "living room", although the kitchen shares in serving this purpose. There is sometimes a downstairs bedroom, usually used by the older relative who may live with the family. Regardless of how large the family may be, a spare bedroom — the "good room", they call it — is available for the accommodation of frequent winter visitors. Visiting may fairly be called the main recreational activity of the Amish; it goes on the year 'round, but particularly during the winter months, when farm work is less demanding. The large families of the Amish, the far - flung distribution of the kinship group, and the emphasis placed on the bond of kinship have built up and deeply engrained the visiting pattern as a highly evaluated aspect of their social life.

Plainness prevails in the house furnishings, as in other aspects of Amish life. Due to the sect's disapproval of living likenesses and "graven images", family photographs are lacking, as are also the bric-a-brac so often characteristic of American lower- and middle-class households. Although a conservative rural people, Amish homes lack the old-time family photograph album. To intentionally and willfully pose for a photograph would subject the culprit to meidung in some Amish churches. The home is also conspicuously lacking in non-religious books and periodical literature.

All conservative Amish homes lack central heating systems, and most lack bathrooms. A few Big Valley homes now have the latter, with running water supplied by gravity from surrounding mountain springs. If an Amish farmer were to buy an English farmhouse equipped with a furnace and wired for electricity, he would remove these facilities. If he were to rent a farm from an English owner he would remove the light bulbs and refrain from using the furnace. There is, however, one Old Order Amish church in Big Valley whose members have had electric lights for several years and also two years ago accepted automobiles. So far, neighboring Old Order congregations have not done likewise, but these innovations may be portents of the future. When an Amish church adopts these facilities and also builds a meeting house, it then comes to be known in the vicinity as "New Order" or "Church Amish".

The yard surrounding the house is kept clean and well-trimmed by the womenfolk — by the mother and her daughters, or by younger sons if daughters are lacking in number (in lieu of daughters small sons also help their mothers in the kitchen). Both the vegetable garden and a large and colorful flower garden, the two often combined, are the pride of the Amish housewife. Tree trunks, stone walls, fences, and small buildings are whitewashed by the men in the summer months. In the immediate vicinity of the dwelling there is a woodshed (if detached from the house), a spring house, a smoke house for the curing of meat, a shelter to contain the bakeoven, the ubiquitous outdoor privy; and farther removed, in the vicinity of the barn, there is a buggy house, an equipment or tool shed, a workshop for the men, one or more chicken houses, range shelters, for chickens and pigs, a pigpen, and often a brooder house for raising chicks (which are now usually purchased in quantities from commercial hatcheries). A thirty-year English neighbor of a Pennsylvania community has written that the "typical Amish" homestead appears like a miniature village . . . Outbuildings are many, (with) sometimes as many as 15 or 20 separate structures scattered around the main buildings." The Amish farmer, moreover, usually keeps these buildings well painted and in a good state of repair. Well-tended fields, good crops, well - groomed and well-fed livestock, large barns, commodious houses, strong fences, and neat and substantial outbuildings are the material marks of a successful farmer and a good citizen of Amishland. * * *

Although the casual observer may see Amish culture as a curious compound of conservative customs, more perceptive perspective reveals a people committed to a way of life which may have certain values for non-Amish Americans. For one thing, they may be counted among the best — old-fashioned, one must say — farmers of the nation. A Pennsylvania jurist has reminded us that, in spite of their refusal to fight our wars, and in spite of their eschewal of our higher education, the Amish are "usually out of trouble and should be reckoned among our best citizens." Their own most highly esteemed values are family, faith, and farming — "these three, but the greatest of these" for them is their faith, for it underlies the other two. It is fair to say that all else in life with them is minor and marginal. Their lives are marked, as one of their own group once stated, by a striving for "order, sufficiency, and peace." These they have for us also to strive for. They are, indeed, as they want to be, and they say themselves "Die Stillen im Lande" — the "quiet ones on the land," who as solid, substantial, successful tillers of the soil have made their unobtrusive contribution among us for now nearly three centuries.

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Editorials

Loaded Tax Source

During the week the Pennsylvania House of Representatives has been in recess, its members have been sounding out sentiment on the flat 2 per cent tax they have been asked to impose on dividends, rents, royalties and net capital gains to finance proposed increases in the cost of education.

If they have been listening, this is what they heard:

The tax on dividends would be the fifth bite on investments that promote industrial growth and create jobs. Both the state and federal governments already levy on the income of corporations. The dividends they pay from a remainder of their earnings are subject to federal income tax on individuals. The same individuals pay a county levy on the money they have invested, regardless of the income they may or may not receive.

Unlike the federal income tax which is graduated and allows for exemptions, the state administration's proposed levy is a flat rate tax. It would apply to those whose income from these sources totaled $10 as well as those whose investments earned them $10,000.

For the most part, the tax would come from cities and suburban communities whose people already pay heavily to support education in their own districts and across the state. There has been no change in the subsidy program to assure the more conscientious school districts and their taxpayers that any lagging neighbors will be required to make more of an effort to pay their own way.

Taxes on the net income from rents will, of course, be passed on to tenants in one way or another. This is the only levy that can be shared.

Even more disturbing than any of these objections the legislators have been hearing is the fact that the $25.6 million these new taxes are expected to yield will only meet the increased costs for the 1961-62 school year. Next year something like $55 million in additional new taxes will have to be added to underwrite the proposals of the education committee. By 1969 the cost will be up to $300 million.

The biggest fear of all is that if the legislature imposes the 2 per cent levy on these sources this year, it will be increased year after year. If it is, there's a good question of who will provide the funds needed to create the new jobs for those the schools are training. There will be mighty little incentive left for risking capital in such investments.

It's important that the money necessary to support a sound and reasonable program of education be found. It's just as important that both the administration and the legislature find it without dangerously threatening the economic growth of the state and the nation and without inflicting further penalties on those already carrying more than their share of the load.

The Senators Have Seen

Now that they have seen some of the vast man-made canyons in Pennsylvania's hard coal fields, at least some state senators have a reasonable idea of what opponents of the more demanding backfill measures now before the legislature have been talking about.

When they looked into pits like the Mammoth Vein of the Greenwood operation near Tamaqua, it didn't take them long to understand it would be physically unfeasible and economically impossible to backfill these. They also recognized quite quickly little would be gained by dumping 75 feet of earth or rock into chasms already 400 to 650 feet deep.

Taking an eye - opening look wasn't enough. The senators who saw, and the others who long have known what these pits are like, now have the job of convincing enough of their colleagues that the measure over which there has been so much bitter haggling must either be sharply modified or defeated.

If they succeed, there is a chance of saving at least a bit of what remains of Pennsylvania's anthracite industry. If they don't, they had better be ready to raise a good many more millions each year for relief for those who ask a chance to live and work in communities like the Panther Valley.

Protect the Passengers

There has been evidence enough in recent weeks that Congress should lose no time passing laws now in the mill to give the federal government the authority it needs to deal with criminals who menace the lives of airline passengers and crews.

The penalty of life imprisonment suggested for hijacking is not in the least bit severe. Pirates of another age suffered worse fates. Anything less for those of the 20th Century is treating them far more kindly than they deserve.

There is just as much evidence that at least at some airports a closer surveillance of boarding passengers is in order. It's good to note that some airports and airlines are taking it.

We quite agree with the airline pilots and some of the operating companies that arming crews is far from adequate protection for their passengers. This, as some have correctly observed, could compound the dangers from the pirates.

What Others Say

They Leave Us Cold

Scranton Times

Chroniclers of the doings in the entertainment world sometimes have to scratch pretty hard for printable tidbits about the denizens of that world. This may account in part for the columns of publicity they have devoted to the antics of the Hollywood group that hails Frank Sinatra as its leader.

This group has been variously referred to as the clan, the rat pack and, of late, even as the summit. When a member of this favored coterie sneezes, as it were, the incident is duly recorded and usually with the implication that this was about the funniest, most original sneeze ever recorded.

For a long time now the doings of "the clan" have not struck us as being amusing. We were not entranced to learn, from a published item, that the clan's latest jollification is to telephone someone and shoot off a blank cartridge for the benefit of whoever answers. Nor did we roll in the aisles at the reports of the clan members' childish behavior at the debut of an Eddie Fisher show not long ago.

In short the clan, rat pack or whatever the show business Boswells are now calling it, has begun to leave us cold. Individually some of its members are talented entertainers. Collectively they don't seem entertaining at all.

Time to Call This Hand!



Bruce Russell

Russia May Have Hopes

By DAVID LAWRENCE

What does Russia think of the "Common Market" idea? What effect will Britain's decision to work closely with the continental countries have on Moscow? What impact will it have on the satellite countries which are left isolated as they see their former associates in Europe moving toward a stronger economic position?

These questions are even more important today here in Europe than the special problems that Britain faces with her Commonwealth associates, or the dilemma confronting Sweden and Finland, which dislike to become entangled in any kind of political union that might be resented by the Soviets. Neither country has joined NATO.



Lawrence

Is Moscow, however, irreconcilably opposed to the enlarged Common Market plan? While hostile propaganda against it continues over the air waves, the Russians have never pinpointed their objections except from the political viewpoint. In fact, it is conceivable that in the long run the Soviets may find a united economic entity in the Western part of Europe easier to deal with than the present setup of two rival organizations.

The communists are well aware that the European economic community is destined to develop successfully, and hence it may well be that, when the new organization finally gets firmly established, the Moscow policy will be changed to one of friendliness, instead of hostility.

The Soviets are well aware of the fact that a consolidated market in Western Europe comprising 300 million people means a huge industrial capacity and rapid progress in living standards, along with improvements in social conditions. Despite all the utopian promises in the new 20-year Communist Party program, the fact remains that the peoples of East Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia and the other satellite countries in Eastern Europe will be hearing every day of the realistic growth of the western countries. In a political sense, therefore, the Russians have much to fear and if they find they cannot really block the movement, they may in the long run try to associate themselves indirectly with it.

The Russians are not likely, of course, to abandon right away their efforts to cause embarrassment. They are already trying to persuade Sweden to take only a limited participaticipation in the enlarged Common Market plan. Norway and Denmark will seek full membership, so it may be that Sweden will find it hard to satisfy the demands of Russia.

The Soviets, on the other hand, it is pointed out by some economists, have always respected strength, especially in the economic field, and, if their propaganda tactics fail, they may suddenly decide to try to make a deal with the big Common Market operation. The merger of the two common markets appears to be the only development that promises to create a counterweight against Soviet dominance in Europe. Faced by this fact, Moscow may well try to come to terms with the group in order to get the heavy machinery and equipment, as well as consumer goods, it will need to carry out Soviet economic - expansion plans.

Economic strength, to be sure, sooner or later spells political power. That's why, incidentally, the Scandinavian governments would like to see the political aspects soft-pedaled at this time and only the economic factors stressed as the enlarged Common Market organization takes in new members and plans its future.

It could even be that at some future time a sensible premier in Moscow will himself be applying for membership in the European common market. He might discover that some of the objectives of the communist 20-year plan would have more chance of attainment during an era when armament spending is curtailed, and political crises are not chronic, than under the dangerous conditions that prevail internationally today.

Peiping Rejects

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

The brilliant planners in the State Department, led by Under Secretary of State Chester Bowles, who believe in a two Chinas policy, do not inform the American people that their ideas are rejected not only by Taiwan but by Peking; not only by Chiang Kai-shek but by Mao Tse-tung.

In a broadcast from Peking, aimed at Asia, on July 10, Peking, tells the world:

"Under the new scheme, as revealed by the U.S. press, the People's Republic of China and the Kuomintang clique in Taiwan, which has been repudiated by the Chinese people, will be viewed 'as successors' to the China that entered the United Nations at its founding. The Kuomintang clique will be allowed to retain the seats which it has so far usurped in the Security Council and the General Assembly, while the People's Republic of China is 'to apply to the Credentials Committee of the General Assembly for approval to occupy an Assembly seat.'"

Apparently, this plan of a two Chinas was disclosed to Prime Minister Ikeda of Japan during his visit to the United States.

Unacceptable

There is not the slightest indication that Red China favors the two Chinas plan. In fact, the broadcast clearly indicates that it is unacceptable. The plan was first advocated by Nehru of India and has found no general acceptance among Chinese but has been held aloft for all to look at. It is one of those compromises which means nothing in the end, creates increasing difficulties, but which gives the impression of a desire to meet the other fellow at least half way. Why meet him at all? What is the political or economic necessity of meeting him?

The position is that Formosa asserts it is the lawful government of China, recognized by treaty and a permanent member of the United Nations possessing the right to veto. Red China does not claim to be a successor to the Kuomintang regime. Rather, it takes the position that it is the lawful government of China by right of revolution. Neither side recognizes the other as coeval or for that matter recognizes the other side at all. To a Chinese, there can be no two Chinas.

Red China has been ably represented in the United Nations by Soviet Russia, which has made every possible token effort to protect Red China's interest. At no time has Soviet Russia failed to propose the admission of Red China into the United Nations. At no time has Soviet Russia recognized the existence of Nationalist China as lawful. But at no time have the Red Chinese been willing to accept any status of equality with Nationalist China.

We thus have a situation in the making which will lead to further insults to the United States. What Chester Bowles and his associates advocate is not a program that is beneficial to the United States or to Peking or Formosa. It is an Indian program, part of Nehru's effort to assert an untenable leadership in Asia. It is a scheme that denies legitimacy but supports opportunism.

There can be no reason why the American people should accept a plan of this sort and the likelihood is that they will not. Should this administration attempt to push it far along, it may become a very burdensome political issue for the President to carry. Perhaps that is why an effort was made to get Chester Bowles to resign which, of course, he did not do.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: A neighbor of ours recently got a divorce after years of quarreling and incompatibility. A lady in our block said: "At least he had the courage to call it quits." What do you think of a remark like that? J. P.

ANSWER: It takes more courage to keep your marriage vows than to break them. Many couples have weathered the storms of matrimony simply because they felt a moral obligation to keep the sacred pledge they made at the sacred altar of God. Nearly any couple can dig up some grounds for divorce, but it takes more courage and sense to stay together than to separate.

Divorce is just one of the symptoms of our moral instability. When God-given understanding is exercised, and particularly when Christ is given His proper place in the marriage relationship, the little rifts can easily be bridged.

Any weakling can run when the battle gets hot, but it takes a man to keep a marriage on a good footing. I would not label your neighbor's actions as courageous, I would rather be inclined to say he was a coward. A coward is one who shirks duty, and no duty is more binding nor sacred than the marriage obligation.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Right of Way

Although it is my practice ... to extend road courtesy ... there have been times when I have felt ... like tossing it in the sea ... for when someone encounters ... a devil at the wheel ... patience is exhausted and ... anger starts to unreel ... my ire isn't satisifed ... until I've pointed out ... to the devil driver ... just what it's all about ... but when I settle down a bit ... and thoughts become more clear ... the brilliant rays of logic ... make anger disappear ... though I was right, still I was wrong ... and so it is I say ... the surest road to safety ... is to give the right of way.

Try & Stop Me

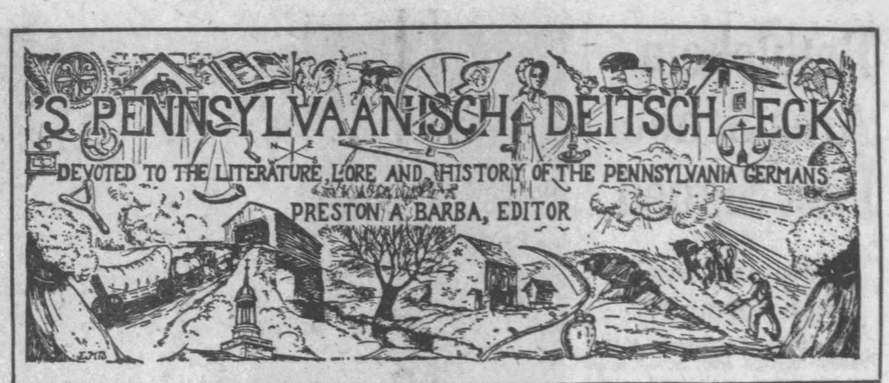
By BENNETT CERF

W. C. Fields, never known as a teetotaller, was suffering from a really stupendous hangover one morning at the Paramount lot. "Let me fix you a Seltzer," suggested his director. "Oh, no, not that," groaned Fields. "I couldn't stand the racket."

Sign in a Wall Street bank: "Careful, Girls! Those fellows in our windows are tellers!" A more conservative bank next door advertises, "Please deposit quietly. You might wake one of the vice-presidents."

Horoscope

Seize the many opportunities that will come your way. Today's child will be intuitive.



PENNSYLVAANISCHDEITSCHER GSCHPASS

A Collection of Pennsylvania German Anecdotes, Jokes and Stories

Told by ALBERT F. BUFFINGTON

All of the following anecdotes, jokes, and stories were told on one or more of the 675 weekly Pennsylvania German broadcasts presented by the "Nixnutz" over Station WKOK, Sunbury, Pa., from 1946 to 1959, and they appear here as they were told on these broadcasts.

These Pennsylvania German "Schtories" have been collected and gathered over many years and from various sources: in interviews with Pennsylvania Germans in different sections of the dialect area, at country stores and "Wattsheiser," and at various Pennsylvania German "Versammlinge." Many of these stories have been transcribed from wire and tape recordings, and, except for occasionally adding a few introductory comments at the beginning of a story or changing some of the names or slightly re-phrasing some of the sentences to make them more readable and intelligible, the stories are presented here exactly as they were recorded.

Some of these "Schtories" are "old chestnuts" which are told (often in variant forms) in all sections of the Pennsylvania German dialect area. Others seem to be restricted to a particular area.

A number of the jokes in this collection are also told in English, and some of them appear in the popular **Thesaurus of Humor** (compiled by Mildred Meiers and Jack Knapp and published by the Garden City Publishing Co., Garden City, New York, in 1940) and in other "joke" books. In such instances, since the source of the joke is never indicated, it is hardly ever possible to determine whether the English version is a translation of the Pennsylvania German version or vice versa. However, it should be pointed out here that these jokes usually sound funnier when told in the dialect. There is something in the nature of the Pennsylvania German dialect itself which tends to make these jokes funnier.

The "Schtories" in this collection are not to be translated. In the first place, since the humor in many of them depends upon the dialect, the pithiness and flavor of the stories would be lost in the translation. Secondly, some of the "Schtories" would sound vulgar if translated into English. The Pennsylvania Germans, as Dr. Graeff has pointed out (See Arthur D. Graeff, "Pennsylvania German Humor," **ECK**, Nov. 12-Dec. 3, 1949), are an "earthy" people, and most of their best humor is quiet earthy. Unsophisticated Pennsylvania Germans, and particularly those who were born and brought up in the rural areas, will not "gild the lily" or "beat about the bush" but will "call a spade a spade" and will therefore often say things, which if translated literally, would sound vulgar to the sophisticated outsider. If one will bear this fact in mind while reading these "Schtories," one's sensibilities should not be shocked.

(The spelling of the dialect in the following Pennsylvania German stories is that set forth in A PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN GRAMMAR by Albert F. Buffington and Preston A. Barba, published by Schlechters, Allentown, Pa. in 1954).

PARRESCHTORIES

Die Pennsylvaanischdeitsche gleiche ihre Parre, un sell ofkors iss fer was sie so viel Schtories verzeehle vunne. Wann sie ihre Parre net gleiche deede, waer's ken Gschpass, Schtories zu verzeehle vunne.

Eens vun unsre aerschde un beschde pennsylvaanischdeitsche Parreschtorieverzeehler waar der Parre Daniel Miller vun Reading, un etliche vun de Schtories, ass er in seine Bicher verzeehlt (cf. Daniel Miller, **Pennsylvania German,** Reading, 1903 un 1911) hawwich heere verzeehle (alsemol in unnerschiddliche Forme) in schier all die Kaundies, wu Pennsylvaanischdeitsch gschwetzt watt. En paar vun denne will ich widder do gewwe, abbaddich selli, ass mich es menscht gekitzelt hen.

In meinre "Collection" vun Parreschtories hawwich viele Mose Dissinger Schtories, awwer weil die menschde Pennsylvaanischdeitsche die Schtories schun wisse, un aa weil sie an unnerschiddliche Bletz gepobblischt sin warre (fer Exembel, im **Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch Eck** un im Parre Thomas R. Brendle sei Buch, **Moses Dissinger, Evangelist and Patriot** in Volume 58 vun der Pennsylvania German Society) will ich kenni vun denne Mose Dissinger Schtories do verzeehle.

DER WIESCHT PARRE

Do iss en Schtorie, ass ich mei Daadi oft heere hab verzeehle, un er hot immer gsaat, es waer en waahri Schtorie.

Etliche Yaahre zerick hen sie en neier Parre grickt driwwe an Hellerschteddel, un daer waar yuscht ebaut so wiescht ass siwwe Daag Reggewedder. Die Leit hen yushcht net schtoppe kenne schwetze vun dem wieschde Parre. Sie hen nix geeich sei Breddiches ghadde; er hot als wunnerbaare Breddiche gewwe. Awwer er waar so gaargwidders wiescht.

Well, moll ee Daag waar eens vun de Weibsleit vun der Karrich am Schwetze mit eens vun de Vorschteher, un sie hot aafange schwetze vum neie Parre, un sie hot gsaat: "Wann er yuscht net so wiescht waer." — Well, der Vorschteher iss des Geglaag ledich warre, un endlich saagt er: "Well, Doniodder, was der Dexsel macht's aus, wie wiescht ass er iss. Mer hen en net grickt fer Schtack reese."

ZU VIEL GRISCHDENDUM

Do iss en Schtorie, ass ich schun oft heere hab verzeehle drowwe in der Machedungi. Die Schtorie soll aa waahr sei.

Yaahre zerick hot en alder Dockder beim Naame Katerman, ass drowwe in der Machedungi gewuhnt hot, sei Bu fattgschickt in die Schul fer schtoddiye fer aa Dockder warre. Der alt Dockder waar schun aardlich alt, un er hot gedenkt, es waer schee, noochdem ass er moll nimmi rummgeh kennt, wann sei Bu sei Braekdis iwwernemme kennt. Un so, wie der Bu vun der "Medical" Schul gegraetyueet iss, iss er heemkumme fer seim Daadi rauszuhelfe.

Der aerscht Daag, noochdem ass der Bu deheem waar, hot der alt Dockder zu ihm gsaat: "Well, Harry, heit will ich dich mitnemme, wann ich rummgeh mei "Patients" sehne. Am aerschde Blatz duhn ich's, un du kannscht watsche un sehne, wie ich's duh, un noh am zwedde Blatz kannscht du's duh."

Well, am aerschde Blatz, wu sie hiekumme sin, waar en Mann grank im Bett. Der alt Dockder hot der Mann ge-exemment, un noh saagt er zu ihm: "Dei Druwwel iss, ass du zu viel "Patent Medicine" in der hoscht. Du musscht sell "Patent Medicine" uffgewwe, noh wascht widder gsund."

Wie der alt Dockder un sei Bu noh widder autseit waare, froogt der Bu sei Daadi: "Saag, Paep, wie hoscht du gewisst, ass seller Mann zu viel "Patent Medicine" am nemme iss" — "Oh," saagt der alt Dockder, "du musscht dei Aagge wennich besser uffhalde. Hoscht du net all die leere Boddle gsehne, ass datt rummgschtanne hen" —"Nee," saagt der Bu, "sell hawwich net genootist."

Well, noh sin sie an der neegscht Blatz gange. Datt waar en gutguckichi Fraa grank im Bett. Der yung Dockder hot die Fraa ge-exemment, un wie er faddich waar, saagt er zu re: "Dei Druwwel iss, ass du zu viel Grischdendum in der hoscht. Du musscht sell all uffgewwe, noh wascht widder gsund."

Wie der Bu un der alt Dockder widder autseit waare, froogt der alt Mann: "Fer was der Deixsel hoscht sellre Fraa gsaat, sie hett zu viel Grischdendum in sich" — "Wei," saagt der Bu, "hoscht du net der Parre sehne leigge unnich em Bett"

ZU HOCHMIEDICH

Etliche Yaahre zerick hen sie en Karrich ghadde drunne in Lengeschder, ass arrig arrig hochmiedich waar. Die Gemeenglieder vun daere Karrich waare suppost ihre Naase viel heecher in die Heeh zu schtecke ass annre Leit.

Well, der Semm Latschaa hot vun daere Karrich gheert, un wie er sei Bauerei verkaaft hot un noch Lengeschder gezogge iss, hot er sei Meind uffgemacht, er wett die Karrich tschoine. Un er iss gange un hot mit em Parre gschwetzt dewegge. Well, der Parre hot em gsaat, er deet des mit de Vorschteher iwwerschwetze, un noh deet er em Semm saagge, was sie ausgemacht hedde.

Der Parre hot des noh mit de Vorschteher iwwergschwetzt, awwer sie waare all degeegge. Der Semm waar ne net hochmiedich genunk.

Der Parre hot der Semm noh gerufe un hot em gsaat, was ghaeppent iss, un er hot em aa gsaat, er sett uff Gott rufe un ihn froogge fer Rod un Aedweis.

Ebaut en Woch schpeeder hot der Parre der Semm widder aagedroffe, un er hot en gfroogt, eb er uff Gott gerufe hett fer Aedweis.

"Ya," saagt der Semm, "ich hab, un weescht du was Gott gsaat hot? Er hot gsaat, ich sett gaar net schlecht fiehle; er hett schun selwert fer zwanzich Yaahr browiert fer in selli Karrich zu kumme."

EN BABBELMAUL

Moll ee Sunndaag Marriye, wie der Parre Kraus noch der Hiwwlerkarrich am faahre waar, iss er am Tschaerli Boyer sei Haus verbeigange, un datt im Bammgaarde hot er der Tschaerli gsehne am Hecke brenne. Des hot der Parre arrig schlecht fiehle mache, abbadich weil der Tschaerli en Vorschteher in der Karrich waar.

Der Parre hot sei Gaul noh aagebunne un iss niwwergeloffe zum Tschaerli. "Des hett ich awwer net gedenkt," saagt der Parre. "Du settscht in der Karrich sei, un do bischt am Hecke brenne." — "Ya, ich weess es gut genunk," saagt der Tschaerli, "awwer ich hab net geglaabt, ass du mich sehne deetscht." — "Sell hett nix ausgemacht," saagt der Parre, "es iss eener owwich uns, ass dich ennicher gsehne hett." — "Ya sell iss waahr," saagt der Tschaerli, "awwer er iss ken Babbelmaul wie du bischt."

VADDER VERGEB NE!

Etliche Yaahre zerick drunne in Lengeschder hot en Parre sei Bu fattgschickt in die Schul, fer schtoddiye fer aa en Parre warre. Un wie der yung Bu gegraetyueet iss vun der "Theological Seminary" hot er en Tscharg grickt drunne in Barricks Kaundi. Der yung Parre hot seim Daadi gsaat, er waer bang, er meecht vielleicht "stage fright" griegge, wann er sei aerschdi Leicht "service" odder Hochzich odder annre "services" gewwe misst; un noh hot sei Daadi ihm gsaat, es waer en gudi Eidieye, wann er etliche Vaerschde aus der Biewel auswennich lanne deet, ass gut basse deede fer die unnerschiddliche "Services," un ass er noh gewwe kennt.

Well, der yung Parre hot des geduh. Es iss noh ghaeppent, ass die aerscht "Service," ass er soppoost waar zu performe, waar en Hochzich. Well, wie er vor de yunge Leit gschtanne hot, ass heiere hen welle, hot er an kens vun de scheene Vaerschde denke kenne, ass er auswennich gelannt hot ghadde, exsept eeni, un so, des iss was er gsaat hot: "Vadder vergeb ne, fer sie wisse net was sie duhne."

GOTT SEGNE DIE KUH, ASS SELLI MILLICH GEWWE HOT!

Es waar moll en pennsylvaanischdeitscher Breddicher drunne in Dauphin Kaundi, ass so arrig gaern Millich gedrunke hot. Un alle Sunndaag, ass er gebreddicht hot, hen die Vorschteher vun der Karrich en Pitscher voll Millich uff der Kansel gschtellt, ass der Parre dann gedrunke hot darrich die Breddich. Awwer ee Sunndaag hot eens vun de gewixde Vorschteher en halb Beint Wisski in die Millich gschiddt. Noochdem ass der Parre en Weil gebreddicht hot ghadde, iss sei Hals drucke warre, un er hot en Drink genumme, "Hm-m," saagt er, un schmatz sei Lefze, un er nemmt noch en Drink. "Hm-m-m," saagt er, "Gott segne die Kuh, ass selli Millich gewwe hot!"

(To be continued)

OWET

Die Sunn iss nau am unner geh,
Die Schadde warre lang;
Doch sin die Feggel wusslich noch
Un siess iss ihre Gsang.

Die Kieh die schtehn am Falder drauss,
Wie ihr gewehnlich Fall,
Gewerdich waarten fer der Knecht
Sie hole in der Schtall.

Der Bauer der kummt heem vum Feld,
Die Geil sin weiss mit Schweess;
Der Waasum dreht sich hatt zum Blug
Un aa der Daag waar heess.

Der Schepp-hund drollt so hinne noh,
Gans mied, so sehnt er aus,
Vun Grundsei graawe, un so wohl
Vun Haase yaagge draus.

Glei gehn die Hinkel in der Schtall,
Die Feggel zu ihrm Nescht;
Die gans Nadur schier geht zu Ruh
Im Blatz sie gleichen bescht.

Die Owet - Aerwet iss ball gshafft —
Fer Alles gsarrigt draus;
Der Bauer hockt sich uff die Bortsch,
Guckt iwwer die Felder naus.

Wie'n guter Mann, dankt er sei Gott,
Fer Alles wu er hot —
Familie, Gsundheit, Frucht un Obscht —
Weess net was schunscht mer wott.

'S watt dunkel — Schtanne kumme raus,
Un noch der Mond dezu;
Der Bauer, sarglos, sucht sei Bett
Un legt sich in die Ruh.

Ya, Friede, Ruh un Lewe gut,
Die finnt mer draus im Land;
Un frische Luft, un Regge, Sunn—
Die gans Nadur uff Hand.

Datt finnt mer Frucht un Obscht un Beem,
Datt heert mer Feggel Gsang,
Wann iss die Sunn am unner geh
Un Schadde warre lang.

—RALPH. S. FUNK

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TELEPHONE HE 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES

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Editorials

Music Is Language

There's no reason to go into a tizzy because this generation of teen-agers doesn't care to dance to the same kind of music that once sent their parents hoofing. It's ridiculous to rate them as musical morons because for dancing they prefer the beat of Johnny and the Hurricanes to the sounds of Glenn Miller.

Chances are the kids know a good bit more about music and appreciate more of it than their parents or grandparents did at the same age. They've been exposed to more of it and have had greater opportunities to become familiar with all kinds.

Teen-agers will listen, as they did the other night at Jordan Park, to the tunes played in the inimitable style of Glenn Miller. They'll applaud and stamp and cheer when the Boston Pops orchestra reaches the thundering crescendos of Ravel's famed "Bolero." They'll buy recordings by Carmen Dragon and perhaps by Eugene Ormandy and they'll sing along with Mitch Miller.

When it comes to dancing, however, they want their own beat. Their rhythm is as peculiar to their own age as the two-step and the foxtrot were to others. Freddy Boom-Boom Cannon and the U.S. Bonds are just as much of an innovation of a new generation as Paul Whiteman, the Dorsey brothers and Fred Waring were to others.

The best music each generation has produced has been added to the heritages of others. At least some of the tunes to which today's teenagers are dancing will become a part of this heritage, a language that speaks in all tongues and expresses every mood of every age. This is why the language is so rich and so full.

Save the Trees

Among the most pleasant things about Allentown — and many other communities for that matter — are tree-bordered streets. They are comfortable and inviting. They suggest warmth and friendliness.

Some of Allentown's curbside trees have been growing for a century and longer. It will take just as long to replace each one that is cut down. Even those which reach their towering heights more quickly, take years to provide cool shade in summer and span wide streets with their cathedral-like branches every season.

A good many of these old trees have been disappearing in all parts of the city. More of them now are coming down.

When rot cannot be controlled and when disease makes a tree a hazard it must, of course, be cut down. There are few other justifiable reasons for removal. Even heaving pavements caused by spreading, thickening roots can be repaired and the cause of the trouble remedied.

We hope the Allentown Shade Tree Commission will take a careful look at every request to remove a tree. We hope it won't be pressured or influenced by what may appear to be a temporary convenience. We hope no permits will be issued unless a specific tree creates a safety hazard that can't be corrected in any other reasonable way.

The Gassville Story

Gassville, Ark., is the first community in the country to receive aid under the depressed area law that was Point No. 1 of the New Frontiers program. Government press agents are losing little time in ballyhooing it as a real accomplishment.

Here is the story of how this community with a population of 233 got the shirtmaking plant that will employ 1,000 persons from a four-county area and provide a payroll of $2.5 million a year.

Negotiations between the company and the four counties began several years ago. After the Arkansas Legislature cleared the way, voters in two counties last November passed a $535,000 bond issue to build the plant. After the bond issue had been approved, they discovered $160,000 would be needed to build a water system.

Meanwhile the area redevelopment law had been passed and the government was as eager for an example of how it could supply jobs as some local leaders were to get federal money. Uncle Sam accordingly made an outright grant of $129,000 and a $31,000 low-interest loan to pay for the waterworks.

Those who read only the government handouts have one idea of who was primarily responsible for providing new jobs. The people of the Gassville area whose initiative and courage brought the new plant to their community and who probably would have raised the additional $160,000 have another idea.

What Others Say

What About Adult Delinquency?

Wall Street Journal

"Society's time bomb"—that's the way Pennsylvania's Gov. Lawrence described juvenile delinquency the other day as he urged a $50 million federal program to "combat" it.

The governor's phrase is striking, but perhaps it better describes something more fundamentally disturbing than the youthful criminal. The really destructive force ticking away in our society is the adult delinquency which shows itself in the flight from responsibility.

In fact, the demand for the federal government to deal with juvenile delinquency is a fair example of such flight. Local law enforcement and crime prevention are not matters of national responsibility; they are, first and last, the responsibility of the individual community, provided local officials are willing to accept that responsibility. However, many see in worsening juvenile crime a wonderful excuse for more federal spending, and a way of hiding their own neglect.

The attempt to escape responsibility has produced gross distortions of American life over the past generation. Nowadays, the remote bureaucracies of Washington are intimately involved in the affairs of metropolis and hamlet alike, in everything from a new town hall to an unpolluted creek.

The farmers, by and large, have rationalized their role as wards of the government; society "owes" them rewards for not farming or for filling warehouses to bursting with unwanted produce. Then, there are those living off federally subsidized welfare programs of one sort and another who could make their own way, but won't.

One trouble with running away from responsibility is that somebody must remain behind. For every citizen who decides that society owes him a living, and who gets the government to agree, there must be at least one other who assumes a double load of responsibility. Beyond that, the productive citizen must try to sustain his faith in self - reliance even though his leaders preach dependence and disdain economy.

Those cynical spenders who claim to uphold the public "good" are actually demoralizing the public. And if that doesn't qualify as adult delinquency, we don't know what does.

'I'm Saving You From Capitalism!'



Space Flight Questions

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Unquestionably Nikita Khrushchev has overplayed his hand in the propaganda speeches he has delivered extolling the Soviet orbital flights as the product of the Communist - Socialist system. This is resented throughout Europe. Many a newspaper in countries like Sweden, Norway and Denmark has just expressed the criticism that celebration of a scientific experiment should not be cloaked in the language of international politics or polemics.

In addition, there is some skepticism developing about Major Titov's feat itself. While this is not as outspoken as the doubts that were expressed about Major Gagarin's story of his flight into space, some significant questions are nevertheless being raised.



Lawrence

Thus, Major Titov told newsmen in Moscow that he controlled the ship himself. When asked how he did this, he replied:

"My ship is a very cleverly constructed machine, and easy to steer. It was possible to orientate it in any direction, to direct it where you needed, and where you wanted it to land. When I had the steering of the ship in my hands, I felt just like a real pilot."

Now, here is what the Reuters News Service reported to the European press in a dispatch from Stanford, California:

"C. Stark Draper, head of aeronautical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, described as 'malarkey' press reports that Cosmonaut Gherman Titov controlled the course of his Vostok II during his orbiting of the earth. Mr. Draper says:

"'That boy didn't do anything more than Shepard did on his ride. He didn't have the thrust aboard to go out of his orbital path.'"

On this same point comes an article in the London "Daily Telegraph" by its science correspondent, Anthony Smith, who writes:

"Major Titov's remarks about his ability to maneuver his craft in space are frustratingly obscure. It would be interesting to know more about those automatic manual controls which work so easily. . .

"Until fresh evidence is available, it must be assumed that he carried no large power unit on board with which to change his oribt. Until such a power unit is carried in a Russian rocket, the space man will be able only to rotate his craft within its orbit or to fire the retro-rockets and leave it altogether."

Facts Lacking

Another part of Major Titov's speech delivered in the presence of Soviet Premier Khrushchev in Moscow is coming in for considerable discussion. The Astronaut said that, while in space, he had seen the lights of big cities by night and continents and oceans by day. While it takes enormous-sized telescopes to see at great distances, it would seem that by some magic of Khrushchev's communism the astronaut carried in his small space ship a telescope capable of distinguishing from nearly 160 miles above the earth the lights of cities at night. This has aroused widespread comment and expressions of doubt in Europe.

Because the Russians have never given the world the essential facts about how Major Gagarin conducted his flight, some scientists who developed a skepticicism because of contradictory statements made by Major Gagarin after his flight are equally doubtful now about the Titov story of what he did aboard a small satellite.

The London "Daily Telegraph" Washington correspondent attributes to officials of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration in Washington the statement that the Russians have given only three salient facts about Major Gagarin's flight: the launching site, the landing point, and the flight time.

By contrast, the United States Government has made to the scientific world full disclosure of the details of the flights of Commander Shepard and Captain Grissom and intends to follow the same policy in the future for its space flights. So far as scientific proof available to other countries is concerned, everything that was transmitted by radio from the Titov craft could have been recorded on tape ahead of time and played back on schedule from an orbiting satellite, and all the speeches could have been rehearsed in advance.

Cowards Die

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

I recently received an unsigned post-card which speaks for itself:

"You made a real war-mongering speech today. Be sure to omit my son when you volunteer our sons!

"When did you last fight a war?

"I'd sign this but you'd say I'm a 'Red.' Amen."

This post-card comes from Newark, N.J., and refers to a radio talk I gave on the nature of the present war. What the card represents is abject cowardice, lack of patriotism, self-centered selfishness.

The Newark anonymous post-card writer is more dangerous than a Communist because he is a coward and cannot be counted on in a crisis. Whoever he is, he offers nothing to the country that has given him opportunity and freedom.

To avoid invidious comparisons, my sons have done more than the law requires. We do not tolerate cowards in our breed.

This is a moral question which grows in significance as we come closer to peril. The cowards are stumbling blocks. It is too easy to attribute these evils to Communism and Communist machinations. Some of it is due to selfish fear, to an unwillingness to serve, to a lack of understanding of the American way of life.

No one need remain in this country; exit is unhampered. This is not true in Soviet Russia. Therefore, the person who finds himself uncomfortable under our system of government or who prefers another should pursue the advantages of freedom of choice and do what my father and millions of others did, find a better place to live.

Try Russia

For the coward who does not want me to volunteer his son, I suggest Soviet Russia as a very suitable place to live. Then his son would not be asked to volunteer for anything. He would be told and he would do as he is told. Whoever is not ready to perform what the government demands of him is a criminal against the state and party and is punished adequately. There is no choice.

If he does not like Soviet Russia, I strongly recommend Red China. To Mao Tze-tung a person is a creature of the state, a mechanism to carry out the purposes of his party. Children are separated so that their loyalty may not be retained by the family but would be focused on the state. Who needs a father or a mother if he can think of Mao Tze-tung as both?

Or if our coward does not like that, we can find a place for him in the Congo. There segregation is practised but it is the white man who is segregated, pushed aside, and often killed. Or maybe this Newark coward would prefer Cuba — well, he can hijack a plane and land in Havana, a thief to be honored for his thievery and treachery.

But why go further? I shall be told that it is immoral to say, "Go back where you came from," and it is often geographically incorrect because the coward may have originated in Newark and he is still there and he has nowhere to go to.

But we need to have watchmen at our gates these days, careful, dedicated watchmen who recognize the coward who would sell our land for his personal safety.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: Isn't it best to let children form their own ideas of God and Christianity as they grow up? W.P.

ANSWER: Using this same logic, it would be reasonable to say, 'Isn't it best to let a shrub grow untouched, uncultivated, and untrimmed?'

The simple truth is: if children have no religious training, they will grow up in a spiritual haze and will fall a prey to any shabby belief that comes along. The Bible says; "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it!"

Our children have a right to know the best we have learned about music, literature, history, science and art. Should we deprive them of the best we have learned about our relationship to God? The best we have learned about faith centers in the New Testament, and in Christ. Should we share other learning, but spare these things so vital to their development?

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Understand

Be kind to those who are afraid . . . to cope with this cruel life . . . give them your understanding . . . help them to temper strife . . . speak softly to the ones who find . . . the way rugged and long . . . a tender word can do so much . . . to fill this life with song . . . I'm well aware that life is hard . . . and gentle smiles are few . . . and that people have little time . . . to mind those who are blue . . . until, of course, they fall into . . . the dark of gloom's abyss . . . it's then they cry to feel the touch . . . of a friendship kiss . . . remember this, as you progress . . . extend a helping hand . . . the ones less fortunate need faith . . . so try to understand.

Horoscope

A year of domestic bliss ends with a pleasant surprise. Today's child will be proud and reserved.

Sixteen peaks in the Appalachian mountains are more than six thousand feet above sea level, part of the highest land mass in the eastern United States.



PENNSYLVAANISCHDEITSCHER GSCHPASS

A Collection of Pennsylvania German Anecdotes, Jokes and Stories

Told by ALBERT F. BUFFINGTON

(Continued)

ER ISS FATTGFLOGGE

Drunne in Lecha Kaundi in deel vun de Karriche duhne die Parre alsemol als noch Deitsch breddiche — sell iss ofkors Pennsylvaanisch Hochdeitsch. Well, en Parre hot moll sei Text reddi ghadde fer breddiche, un zwee nixnutziche Buwe hen ausgfunne wu sei Text in der Biewel, un sie sin draagange un hen die zwee "Pages" zammegepeest.

Der neegscht Sunndaag dann, wie der Parre sei Breddich am duh waar, hot er gelese. "Un Yesus hockt sich uff en Schtee un" — un noh hot der Parre sei "Page" gedreht un weider gelese — "un iss fattgfloge." Der Parre hot groosse Aagge gemacht un's "Page" zerickgedreht un widder g e l e s e: "Un Yesus hockt sich uff en schtee un — un iss fattgflogge." Der Parre iss gans rot warre im Gsicht, er hot sei Schnubbduch rausgezogge un hot sei Brill moll gut gebutzt, noh hot er widder gelese: "Un Yesus hockt sich uff en Schtee un— — ya, der Deiwel soll mich hole — er's fattflogge. Sell iss was es saagt."

FOLLICHT MIR NOCH!

In de alde Daagge hen sie net genunk reglere Parre ghadde fer all die Karriche. Un, unnich denne Umschtende, iss es oft haeppent ass net all die Leit ass browiert hen zu breddiche, gude grischtliche Leit waare. Es waar moll eener — sei Naame waar Fritz — as, drunne in Lecha Kaundi gebreddicht hot; un er waar en Dramratt. Moll ee Zeit, wie er am Breddiche waar, hot er zu viel in der Naas ghadde. Sei Text waar: "Follicht mir nooch." Un in seinre Breddich wie er zum Blatz kumme iss, wu er gsaat hot: "Follicht mir nooch," iss er iwwer die Kansel runnergschtatzt. Eener vun de Vor - schteher iss noh uffgschtanne un hot gsaat: "Nee, dem follye mer verflammt sei net nooch," un sell waar aa die letscht Breddich, ass der Parre Fritz in sellre Karrich ghalde hot.

EN OSCHDERSCHTORIE

Es waar moll en Parre drunne in Lengeschder Kaundi, ass ebbes Abbaddiches duh hot welle fer en scheeni Oschder "Service" zu hawwe, un er iss zum "Janitor" gange un hot gsaat: "Harry, ich deet gleiche, wann du niwwergeh deetscht ans Boyers un sie frooge deetscht fer en weissi Daub. Noh bringscht die Daub riwwer Samschdaagoweds ver de Oschdere, un nemmscht sie nuff in der Karrichetann un losscht sie bis Sunndaag Marriye. Noh wann's Zeit iss fer die "Service," gehscht du nuff in der Tann, grickscht die Daub, un, wann ich in meinre Breddich saag: "And the spirit of the Lord descended like unto a dove" — machscht's glee Fenschder uff, ass nausguckt vum Tann in die Karrich, un losscht die Daub fliegge."

Well, all die "Arrangements" waare gemacht, un Sunndaag Marriye hot der Parre aafange breddiche, un wie er zu de Wadde: "And the spirit of the Lord descended like unto a dove" kumme iss, iss nix ghaeppent. Noh hot er die seeme Wadde widder gsaat, awwer viel lauder. Awwer siss nix ghaeppent. Noh hot er widder gegrische: "And the spirit of the Lord descended like unto a dove," un endlich hot der Harry sei Kopp aus em gleene Fenschder gschteckt un nunnergegrische: "Parre, die schwaz Katz hot die weiss Daub gfresse letscht Nacht — soll ich die Katz nunnerschmeisse?"

LETZE WADDE

Deel Leit verschtehne Deitsch besser ass sie es schwetze kenne. Sie lese un denke in Englisch, un noh wann sie Deitsch schwetze welle, griegge sie oft halt an die letze Wadde.

Es waar moll en Parre, ass ken Deitsch schwetze hot kenne; awwer er hot en Karrich grickt arriyeds — ich weess nimme recht waar's an Glingerschteddel odder Rough un Reddy odder Leck Hill — ennihau, die Leit in seinre Karrich hen besser Deitsch ass Englisch schwetze kenne. Un daer Parre hot sich vorgenumme, er deet's Deitsch lanne. Er hot die Bauer bsucht, un hot sie abgharricht, un glei hot er gelannt zimmlich gut Deitsch zu schwetze. Un noh hot er browiert allegebott Deitsch zu breddiche. Er hot aa zimmlich gut geduh, awwer sei Wadde hen net immer abbaddich gut gebasst. Er hot moll en Leichtbreddich gewwe, un am End vun der Breddich hot er gsaat: "Un nau, alle wu des Luder sehne welle, kenne vorkumme."

Noh waar en annrer yunger Parre, ass seilewe net viel Deitsch gschwetzt hot, ass eigelaade iss warre fer en deitschi Leichtbreddich zu gewwe fer en arrig alder Mann; un er hot gsaat: "Der Vadder hot lang gelebt, awwer endlich iss er doch verreckt."

EN GUDER SARRIYER

Yaahre zrick waar en Parre drowwe in der Hegins Valley, ass en groosser Leichtbreddicher waar. Die Leit sin iwweraal beikumme fer daer Parre griegge, fer Leichtbreddiche zu duh. Es hot nix ausgemacht wie schlecht ass der Mensch do uff der Aerd gelebt hot, daer Parre hot sie all in der Himmel gebreddicht.

Moll ee Zeit iss en Mann in der Nochberschaft gschtarrewe, ass arriye lange Finger ghadde hot. Er hot an diffrende Bletz gschafft ghadde, awwer gewehnlich iss er fatt mit mehner ass er verdient hot. Un nachts hot er die Hinkelschtell un die Schmookheiser bsucht uff weit un breet.

Well, wie die Leit gheert hen, ass daer Parre die Leichtbreddich gewwe deet fer daer Dieb, sin all die Leit in der Nochberschaft kumme fer heere, wie der Parre daer schlecht Bucker weisle deet.

Well, der Parre hot sie net gedissapoint, un des iss was er gsaat hot vum Kall: "Er waar so en guder Sarriyer. Er hot gsarrickt fer sei Familye Daag un Nacht."

DER DEIWEL WAAR IN DE HOSSE

Etliche Yaahre zerick hot en Parre drunne in Lebbnenn Kaundi gewuhnt, ass immer ledderne Hosse gewore hot darrich der Winder. Summers hot er noh als halbleiniche Hosse gewore un hot sei ledderne Hosse nuff in der Garrett ghunge, bis es kalt Wedder widder kumme iss.

Well, moll ee kalder Sunndaag Marriye im Schpotyaahr hot der Parre sei ledderne Hosse runnergholt vum Garrett un hot sie aageduh. Un noh iss er in die Karrich gange. Awwer der Parre hot net gewisst, ass Weschbe en Nescht gebaut hen ghadde in sie Hosse. Un wie er aagfange hot breddiche un wennich eifrich iss warre, sin die Weschbe aa recht lewendich warre, un hen aagfange an sei Bee uff un ab graddle. Endlich hot eeni ihn uff der Hossesitz gschtoche, un der Parre hot sei Hand druff gschlagge, ass es genewwelt hot. Noh hot eeni ihn uff sei Bee schtoche, un der Parre hot widder druff gschlagge, un noh hot en annri ihn gschtoche, un so iss es fattgange, bis der Parre es Breddiche gans vergesse hot, un yuscht gschlagge hot wie wiedich mit de zwee Hend. Awwer uff eemol iss es em beigfalle, ass er ebbes saagge sett un en "Explanation" gewwe sett, un er greischt: "Brieder un Schweschdere, es Watt Gottes iss in mei Maul, awwer der Deiwel iss in mei Hosse."

ER HETT BESSER GESSE

Der Parre Kischdler hot als drunne in der Machidungi gebreddicht. Er waar en arrig leidlicher Mann un en guder grischtlicher Mann, awwer sei Breddiches waar nix Abbaddiches. Moll ee Sunndaag Owed, wie er soppoost waar zu breddiche an Pillow, hen mei Daadi un Mammi ihn eigelaade fer Sobber; un mei Memm hot alle Sadde gut Esse gerischt ghadde fer der Parre. Awwer der Parre hot uyscht draa rummgepickt un yuscht wennich gesse. Sell hot mei Memm net verschteh kenne, un sie hot en gfroogt, eb er grank waer, ass er net mehner esse deet. — "Nee," saagt der Parre," ich bin net grank, awwer wann ich viel ess ver der Breddich, noh kann ich ken gudi Breddich gewwe."

Schpeeder sin sie noh in die Karrich gange, un noochdem ass der Parre en Weil am Breddiche waar, lient mei Memm niwwer zu meim Daadi un pischbert: "Denkscht net er hett besser gesse?"

EN GLEE MISSVERSCHTENDNISS

Paar Munet zerick iss ebbes wunnerbaar G s c h p a s s i c h - es ghaeppent imme Schteddel drowwe in Somerset Kaundi. In dem Schteddel wuhne zwee Kalls, ass der seem Naame hen —Henry Schneider. Well, letscht Yaahr hen sie en neier Parre grickt im Schteddel, un glei nooch sellem hot der eent Henry Schneider sei Fraa verlore. Awwer uff der seeme Daag, ass sie Gschtarrewe iss, iss em annre Henry Schneider sei Katz verreckt.

Wie em neie Parre sie Fraa gheert hot, ass em Henry Schneider sei Fraa gschtarrewe iss, iss sie gange fer der Wittmann bsuche un ihn dreeschde. Sie hot awwer net gewisst, ass es zwee Henry Schneiders im Schteddel gebt, un sie hot en Mischteek gemacht un iss zum Henry Schneider gange, dem sie Katz yuscht verreckt iss. Wie sie hiekumme iss, saagt sie: "Mr. Schneider, ich hab gheert vun dei groosser Verluscht, un ich bin kumme fer der saagge wie sarri ass ich bin." — "Oh," saagt der Mann, "es macht net viel aus. Sie waar ennicher net viel waert." — "Was?" froogt em Parre sei Fraa. Sie hot gemeent, sie hett en recht verschtanne. — "Ya," saagt der Mann, "sie waar wiescht un ausgewore. Ich hab sie meim Nochber aagebodde ghadde, awwer er hot sie aa net hawwe welle. Ich hab mei Aag schun lang uff en annri ghadde." — "Wei, Mr. Schneider," saagt em Parre sei Fraa, "schemmscht du dich net, so zu schwetze vun deinre Fraa, ass noch haerli kalt iss." — "Mei Fraa" saagt der Mann, "du bischt wennich verhuddelt do. Ich waar net am Schwetze vun meinre Fraa. Ich waar am schwetze vun meinre Katz, ass vergeschder verreckt iss."

GEB EM NOCH EN SCHTOOS!

Etliche Yaahre zerick in re Karrich drunne in Lengeschder Kaundi hot der Karricheraad vun der Karrich en Mieding in der Karrich ghalde, fer sehne wie sie Geld reese kennde, fer die Karrich uffzufixe. Die Karrich waar in aardlich iwwel Scheep. Die Bleschdring waar los, es Dach hot gerunne, un der Flaar waar am verfaule. Eener vun de Glieder vum Karricheraad waar der alt John Wagner, un er waar arrig gut ab, awwer wunnerbaar geizich. Well, der Parre hot die Mieding aagfange mit me Gebet, un wie er am Bede waar, iss en Schtick vun der Bleschdring vun der "Celing" runnergfalle graad uff en alde John sie Kopp. Des hot der alt John bees gemacht, un er hot gegrische: "Dooniodder, nau gewwich fimf hunnert Daaler, fer die Karrich uffgfixt griegge."—Awwer der Parre hot yuscht aaghalde bede un hot gsaat: "Oh, liewer Gott, eb em alde John noch en Schtoos."

KEN HUDDEL

Sie verzeehle aa en Schtorie vumme annre Parre, ass aa drunne in Lengeschder Kaundi gewuhnt hot, ass arrig kazsichtich waar. In Englisch deede mer "near - sighted" saage.

Well, moll ee Mundaag Nummidaag iss daer Parre gange, eens vun seinre Gemeensglieder bsuche, ass uff en groossi Bauerei gewuhnt hot. Un wie er hiekumme iss, waar niemand um der Weg; sie waare all am Schaffe drauss uff em Feld. Un so, fer die Zeit zu verdreiwe, iss der Parre uff em Hof rummgedappt, awwer weil er net abbaddich gut sehne hot kenne, iss er "accidentally" in en Brunne gfalle. Glicklicherweis waar's ken arriyer diefer Brunne, un es waar aa net viel Wasser drin. Awwer ofkors der Parre hot graad aagfange greische un yohle so laut ass er hot kenne, un die Mannsleit uff em Feld hen en gheert un sin gschprunge kumme, fer sehne was letz iss. Wie sie der Parre im Brunne gfunne hen, iss eener vun de Kalls graad gschickt warre, fer en Schtrick zu hole; awwer der Parre iss wennich ungeduldich warre un hot nuffgegrische: "Saag em, er sett sich dummle." — "Ach, Parre," greischt en annrer nunner, "sel doch geduldich! Mer breiche dich yo net bis Sunndaag."

EN ALDI KESCHT

Do iss en aldi Kescht, ass ich schun paar Dutzend Mol heere hab verzeehle in de unnerschiddliche Kaundis, wu Deitsch gschwetzt watt:

En Parre iss moll gange, fer eens vun seinre Gemeensglieder bsuche, un er hot der Weg net recht gewisst. Noh hot der Parre en gleener Bu aagedroffe, un er hot der Bu froogt, wu er hie wett. — "Ei, ich will noch em Schtor," saagt der Bu. — "Well, du kannscht mit mir geh, wann du witt," saagt der Paare. — Der Bu iss noh uff der Wagge gegraddelt, un noh hot der Parre der Bu gfroogt, eb er ihm der Weg saagge kennt noch Hellerschteddel. — "Oh ya," saagt der Bu, "du bischt uff em rechde Weg. Was iss dann dei Bissness, wammer froogge darref" —"Ei," saagt der Parre, "ich bin en Parre. Ich duh de Leit der Weg saagge noch em Himmel." — "Was?" saagt der Bu, "du bischt en Parre un witt de Leit der Weg saagge noch em Himmel un weescht net der Weg noch Hellerschteddel!"

(To be Continued)

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TELEPHONE HE 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES

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Editorials

In a Universal Tongue

Seldom — except when Frank Buchman brought them to his home on the many visits scattered through his long lifetime — have so many citizens of the world come to Allentown as found their way here yesterday to honor the memory of the man who led them and others in a worldwide crusade for moral re-armament.

They came from almost every state and from every inhabited continent. They represented most nations, all creeds, all faiths and all races.

Some were attired in the colorful mufti of their European and Asian and African homelands. Others wore the traditional habits of their religious faiths and orders or the military uniforms of their countries. They came from every walk and occupation of life and they spoke every tongue.

Yet as they gathered in the church where Frank Buchman's family worshiped and where he was ordained into the Lutheran ministry, they spoke one language. This is the language of absolute honesty, absolute purity, absolute unselfishness and absolute love Dr. Buchman labored so diligently to make the universal language for all mankind.

There is nothing new in this language or in its message. Dr. Buchman found it in the teachings of the Master he served throughout his life and in all parts of the world. He found example for his methods in the life of the Man of Galilee who gathered His disciples and followers about Him and taught them the laws and the promises of His Father.

This is the language that was heard yesterday as an unusual midday hush fell over Allentown's Central-city as those who loved Frank Buchman for what he was and what he did gathered to pay their personal and worldwide tribute to him. This is the language they will speak to others as they seek to further the crusade he extended from the 1st century into much of the 20th. This accounted for the unmistakable note of triumph as in every tongue they sang the mighty "Onward Christian Soldiers."

Hospital Bargain

The people of Northampton and the growing communities in its immediate environs have a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for a real bargain. They can assure themselves of needed hospital facilities at a fraction of what comparable communities willingly have invested.

A year ago, when it became necessary for the privately owned Haff Hospital to suspend operations, Northampton had an opportunity to acquire it. Overall costs were estimated at something like $700,000. That kind of money apparently wasn't in the wood.

Now, through the cooperation of the Allentown Osteopathic Hospital which is willing to buy the property and operate the hospital for the community, its doors can be reopened by raising $100,000. The people of Northampton are being asked to give only what is needed to recondition the building to meet state-mandated standards.

A dozen years ago, when costs were considerably lower, Lehighton spent more than $800,000 to build a hospital with only 14 more patient beds than the Northampton Community Hospital would have. In that campaign, the people of Lehighton pledged an average of $48.40 for each man, woman and child. Within the last few years Quakertown spent more than a half million dollars to add 37 beds and some other needed facilities to its community hospital.

For $100,000 the people of the Northampton area can assure themselves of a hospital with 45 medical and surgical beds, two operating rooms, laboratories and X-ray facilities. It would be backed by the 16-year experience of the Allentown Osteopathic Hospital, which has been doing the kind of job that has required continued expansion.

This is the kind of offer that is not likely to come again. It is the kind no community can afford to reject.

One Way to Be Sure

In spite of the approval of oral polio vaccine by the U.S. Public Health Service, one significant peril remains: The new live virus immunizer that may be taken by mouth guards against only one of the three types of the crippling disease that too often is still a killer.

The importance of this warning, heavily underscored in the approval, dare not be overlooked by any who would protect themselves and their families. It may not be distorted by any who are licensed to produce the oral vaccine or to offer it to the public.

Quite simply, the warning means that for reasonable protection against polio, injections of Salk vaccine are still imperative. This still is the only safeguard against all forms of the disease that strikes adults as as well as children and impairs many of its victims for life.

In the five or six years since Dr. Jonas Salk's great discovery has been available for the use of all millions have been spared the anguish, the distress, the anxiety and the life-long results of polio. Thousands of lives have been saved. In the Allentown area alone, where more than 50 polio patients a year once was not an unusual count, there hasn't been a single definitely diagnosed case since 1959.

Salk vaccine, administered by simple injections in a doctor's office or a clinic, still provides the only reasonably certain protection against all forms of this disease.

While the Sabin oral vaccine is a marked step forward and ultimately may provide the same protection through an even simpler media, it still offers protection against only one type. This has been clearly recognized both in the limited approval given it and in the accompanying warning. These limits cannot be too strongly emphasized.

The Cat and the Canary



Timetable for Berlin

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Americans might as well resign themselves to the probable sequence of events in Berlin—it will be months, and not just days or weeks, before the crisis will come to a point of decision.

The tendency in the United States, as a rule, is to be in a hurry — to want things settled in time perhaps for the next edition of the newspapers. But the Russians don't operate that way. Time means nothing — negotiations run on for years.



Lawrence

Thus, the Korean Armistice commission parleys are still carried on in occasional meetings. So is the conference with Red China about the release of American prisoners.

Laos has been under discussion at an international conference that already has taken three months and shows no signs of termination.

Disarmament talks at Geneva have been going on intermittently for more than a year.

The Berlin issue has been discussed off and on for many years. But recent developments now are likely to lead to another negotiation that will drag on for a long, long time.

In the meantime, what kind of counterprogram to Soviet moves can the Western Allies adopt?

They have, of course, had meetings of their foreign ministers. All sorts of hypothetical plans have been discussed, and there is an agreement in principle among the Western governments that, while certain points are negotiable, others are not. Just when does each side do what? Naturally, no publicity is given to this phase any more than — as Lord Home, British Foreign Secretary, put it — "you announce your hand in poker before you are finished playing your cards."

Escalation

Another word has emerged in the diplomats' vocabulary and has been commented on in press dispatches from Washington. It's the word "escalation." This is supposed to mean that the West wishes to avoid making one move in the series that will provoke the other side to retaliatory operations — a game of tit-for-tat. This seems sensible to avoid, but, unfortunately, the other side doesn't put out little feelers to see what the West will do. There has to be a definite program, therefore, and a decisiveness all along on what are the basic principles, or the Communist strategists will win the game. For they do not have to consult Allies — the Kremlin can be decisive at any moment.

Meanwhile, it is fitting that the Western Allies outline their possible countermeasures. There are plenty of weapons in the arsenal of diplomacy besides war. One part of the plan is to impose a total embargo on trade with the Soviet bloc if Moscow really starts a blockade of Berlin.

Other economic sanctions, somewhat less drastic, are being examined, such as closing of Western ports to Communist shipping, and the denial of airport facilities in the west to commercial planes from the Soviet Union. Credits might be shut off, too.

But when might all this take place? That's where the word "time-table" comes in. That's why, when the Russians closed the border to West Berlin the other day, there was some confusion in the press dispatches. It was reported that Britain didn't want to impose economic sanctions. This isn't correct. The British simply didn't feel that the time had come for the drastic steps to be taken.

What is significant is that, from London, Paris and Washington, there is frank admission in official quarters that economic force will be applied at the proper time if the Soviets violate allied rights in West Berlin. Technically, the closing of the border in Berlin to the fleeing East Germans, while considered to be a violation of the four - power treaty, is not regarded at the moment to be an issue necessitating a showdown of economic or military strength.

So the people of the Western world might as well adjust themselves to a long-drawn-out, exasperating "negotiation" which will take many months. If a settlement does come next winter, it will be somewhat earlier than most persons familiar with the Soviet turn of mind feel is likely to happen.

Partisanship

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

In the days of Joe McCarthy, those who saw any justice in his effort were accused of improper partisanship. Those who became wildly irate over a kind or humane reference to McCarthy did not recognize that they were almost psychopathically partisan themselves. They failed to recognize that McCarthy had uncovered a Soviet procedure which was then being employed in every country.

Most of those who supported McCarthy have been silenced into sullen inactivity. The man is dead but the opposition need only shout "McCarthyism!" and men rush to the bomb-shelters.

During much of the Eisenhower Administration, partisanship ceased to be startling. Eisenhower succeeded in establishing a posture which made opposition to him too personal, too non-political. It became increasingly difficult to discuss political questions without appearing to dislike Eisenhower as a negative personality — the kind of man one just likes for no particular reason.

Now, a curious attitude has appeared. One is regarded as excessively partisan who believes that President Kennedy is President of the United States and that the problems which now face the American people are serious and not contrived to give the impression that President Kennedy is scaring the American people into supporting him.

All Concerned

For instance, the Cuban situation is not a Kennedy contrivance. He found, it when he became President, just as he inherited the Berlin problem from Yalta and Potsdam; that is, from Roosevelt and Truman. Any President is entitled to at least 100 days before we jump all over him. When the 100 days were over, the United States was faced with the peril of war. Khrushchev assumed that Kennedy was young, inexpert and that he could not hold the respect of the American people. Therefore, he began to push him around even before, under our system, the President accustomed himself to his office. And it was a tough pushing around that Khrushchev has given Kennedy who had to make an instant decision regarding war or peace.

The opponents of Kennedy rejoiced. But their rejoicing is ridiculous, because when a President of the United States is being pushed around, it is the United States that is being hit at and humiliated. After Vienna, it was impossible not to stand by the President, recognizing that we are as close to war as we have been since Pearl Harbor. The only way to keep Khrushchev at arm's length is to show him a solidarity among the American people which he does not believe exists and which he cannot understand any more than the Kaiser or Hitler understood it.

If the President wants such support from the people, he must not be more partisan than he wants his adversaries to be. If we are to operate the two party system with all its operational antagonisms, then the President must expect the kind of juvenile antagonism which says that anyone named Kennedy cannot be right. If, on the other hand, the President recognizes, as Woodrow Wilson did, that in time of war there are no partisans, there are only Americans, and he is their leader, he will find a fuller support than he imagines possible or than Khrushchev imagines possible.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

Question: Is there any real proof of the resurrection of Christ? Shouldn't an event so important to our faith really be validated by facts? Y.G.

Answer: Yes, the resurrection of Christ is as much a historical factas his death. One way that we arrive at its historicity is to subject the evidence to severe scrutiny to see if there is any other logical explanation for His actual resurrection from the dead. This process has been going on for centuries and the fact of His resurrection has never been successfully refuted.

But the real evidence is before our very eyes. The miraculous rise of Christianity was no less a miracle than His resurrection. And the continual resurrection of men from 'death unto life' corroborates the promise he himself made; "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Horoscope

The year begins with a dramatic change, followed probably by success. Today's child will be clever.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Time I Love

Night winds sigh a soft sonata. . .moonbeams filter through the trees . . . and the wonder of this moment . . . puts my weary heart at ease . . . songbirds sing a gay good night song . . . happy crickets sound their call . . . and the blend of evening shadows . . . fashion paintings that enthrall . . . every step of my sweet sojourn . . . takes me closer than before . . . to a place that dreams are made of . . . just outside of heaven's door. . .peace is mine as stardust showers . . . fall like diamonds from above. . . little is it any wonder . . . that this is the time I love.

During their existence as such, the Confederate States had three cities for capitals. The first one was Montgomery, Ala., then Richmond, Va., and finally Danville, Va.



PENNSYLVAANISCHDEITSCHER GSCHPASS

A Collection of Pennsylvania German Anecdotes, Jokes and Stories

Told by ALBERT F. BUFFINGTON

(Continued)

MER KANN'S DENKE

Paar Yaahr zerick warr en Parre drunne in Dauphin Kaundi moll ee Daag am Fische uff ee Seit vun der Machidungi Grick, un eens vun seinre Vorschteher hot uff der annre Seit gschtanne un hot en gewatscht. Uff eemol hot der Parre aagfange en groosser Baess neiriele, un er hot der Fisch schier garr reighadde un waar yuscht reddi, fer nauslange un der Fisch griegge, wie der Fisch vun der Angel gfalle iss zerick ins Wasser.—Noh hot der Vorschteher niwwergegrische zum Parre: "Parre, was deetscht du nau saagge, wann du net en Parre waerscht?" — "Ei," saagt der Parre, "graad was du nau am Denke bischt."

KAZE BREDDICHE

Zwee vun de gschpassichschde Schtories, ass der Daniel Miller in seine Bicher verzeehlt, sin die Schtories vun kaze Breddiche. Die Schtories hawwich schunn etliche Mol heere verzeehle in Northumberland, Dauphin, un Schuylkill Kaundies.

In Lengeschder Kaundi waar en Parre, ass immer graad raus gschwetzt hot un immer gsaat hot, was er gemeent hot. Er iss moll eigelaade warre, fer en kazi Breddich zu gewwe am Graab vumme Nochber. Der Nochber waar ken abbaddicher guder Mann gewest, un der Parre hot net recht gewisst, was er saagge sett in seinre Breddich. Endlich iss die Zeit kuume, un do iss die Breddich, ass der Parre am Graab vun seim Nochber gewwe hot. Er hot gsaat: "Gudes kann ich nix saaggge vun dem Mann, un Schlechdes maaich nix saagge. Dutt en nunner!"

Noh verzeehle sie aa die Schtorie vumme Schtudent fer Parre, ass soppoost waar, en Breddich zu gewwe iwwer en "Subject," ass er es aerscht erfaahre hot devun, wie er uff der Kansel kumme iss. Uff der Biewel hot en Schtick Babier gelegge, un do waar nix druff ass wie yuscht es Watt "Zacheeus," der Naame vun sellem Mann, ass uff en Baam gegraddelt iss, fer der Heiland zu sehne. — Well, der Schtudent waar es aerscht wennich gebaddert, awwer er hot sich schnell gfasst, un dann hot er gsaat: "In drei Dinge sin der Zacheeus un ich gleich. Im aerschde Blatz iss er in die Heeh gegraddelt. Sell bin ich aa, wie ich uff die Kansel kumme bin. Im zwedde Blatz waar der Zacheeus en gleener Mann; ich hab mei Lebbdaag net so glee gfiehlt wie graad nau. Un drittens iss der Zacheeus dabber runnerkumme, un sell will ich nau aa duh," un der Schtudent iss graad vun der Kansel runnerkumme.

SEI RUHICH, ALDER!

Die letscht Parreschtorie, ass ich do verzeehle will, iss eeni, ass ich schun oft heere hab verzeehle an unnerschiddliche Bletz.

Moll ee Sunndaag hot en Daadi zu seim Bu gsaat: "Tschann, heit gehscht du moll noch der Karrich un ken "Arguments." — "Awwer Paep," saagt der Tschann, "du weesscht, ich bin seilewe noch net in der Karrich gewest. Ich weess net wie mich aazuschicke." — "Well," saagt der Daadi, "du gehscht yuscht nei un hockscht dich hie, wu niemand hockt, un du musscht yuscht riememmbre net zu schwetze, odder sie schmeisse dich naus." — "Well, allrecht," saagt der Tschann, "dann gehn ich moll."—Awwer der Tschann waar wennich schpot, un wie er in die Karrich kumme iss, hot alles voll ghockt. Es waar yuscht meh ee Blatz leer, un sell waar vanne uff der Kansel, wu der Breddicher soppoost iss zu hocke. Awwer der Tschann laaft graad nuff un hockt sich datt hie. Iwwer e Weil kummt der Parre uff die Kansel, un wie er der Tschann sehnt, froogt er en: "Wie iss des? Soll ich heit breddiche, odder witt du's duh?" — Es aerscht hot der Tschann nix gsaat. Dann froogt der Parre widder: "Wie iss des? Soll ich heit breddiche, odder witt du's duh?" — Dann lient der Tschann niwwer un pischbert im Parre sei Ohr: "Alder, sei ruhich, odder sie schmeisse uns verflammt sei alle zwee naus!"

SO GEIZICHE LEIT!

Mir Pennsylvaanischdeitsche wisse, ass mer net "perfect" sin, un mer gleiche Schtories zu verzeehle vun unsre Fehler. Mer wisse, fer Exembel, ass mer alsemol yuscht wennich zu schpaarsam sin, un ich denk sell iss fer was mer so viel Schtories weeich geiziche Leit verzeehle.

DER GEIZICHSCHT MANN AN DER SCHWOWER GRICK

Do iss en Schtorie, ass ich mei Daadi oft heere hab verzeehle, un er hot gsaat, des waer rieli ghaeppent.

Ebaut dreissich Yaahr zerick hot en Mann (ich hab vergesse, was sei Naame waar) driwwe an der Schwower Grick en Meisfall am Tscho Kehler sei Schtor kaaft fer zehe Sent. Noh hot ebber ihm datt ins Ohr gepischbert, ass er die seem Fall griegge kennt fer acht Sent ans Keresse, en Vaddel Meil weck. Er hot noh die Fall zerickgewwe un hot sei zehe Sent zerickgrickt un iss nuff ans Keresse gange. Weil er uff em Weg nuff waar, hen die Buwe am Kehler sei Schtor nuffgetelefoont, sie sedde ihm die Fall gewwe fer acht Sent. Awwer noochdem ass er die Fall grickt hot fer acht Sent, hot eener ihm gsaat, er kennt die seem Fall griegge ans Kehlers fer siwwe Sent. Un noh hot er die Fall widder zerickgewwe un sei acht Sent zericktgrickt un iss nunner noch em Kehler sei Schtor gedappt, fer die Fall fer siwwe Sent griegge. Un sie hen nunnergetelefoont, sie sedde ihm die Fall gewwe fer siwwe Sent. Noh waar er hallich.

YUSCHT WENNICH DINDE

Der anner Daag, wie ich an der Benk verbeigeloffe bin, hawwich der Billy Meyer sehne rauskumme. Nau, ich hab schun etliche Leit heere saagge, der Billy waer der geizichscht Mann im ganse Schteet vun Pennsylvania, un, ich glaab's nau aa.

Wie ich der Billy gsehne hab aus der Benk kumme, hawwich gsaat: "Well Billy, hoscht widder Geld in die Benk geduh?" —"Nee," saagt der Billy, "heit hawwich ken Geld in die Benk geduh." — "O," saaich, "dann hoscht verleicht wennich rausgezogge." — "Nee," saagt der Billy, "'ich hab net." — "Well," saaich, "was der Deixsel hoscht geduh datt drin?" — "O," saagt er, "ich hab yuscht wennich Dinde grickt fer mei "Fountain Pen."

SCHEMM DICH!

Ya, siss marrickwaddich, was der Geiz deel Leit duh macht. Datt iss der Walter Fenschdermacher, fer Exembel. Der Walter iss rieli eens vun de geizichschde Leit, ass ich seilewe gekennt hab. Do paar Woche zerick hot er en Nooschen grickt, er wett sei Pickder nemme losse, awwer es hot en doch gegreppt, viel Geld zu bezaahle. Er iss noh zum Pickdermacher in Sunbury gange un hot der Kall nunneryudde welle. Der Walter hot gsaat, er kennt net mehner ass en Vaddel Daaler afforde. Well, der Pickdermacher iss des Dings ledich warre, un endlich hot er gsaat er deet's. Noh hot er der "Camera" reddi grickt, un zwee Schnaeps genumme. Der Walter hot awwer net gsehne, ass en grosser Schpiggel hinnich em waar.

Wie der Walter paar Daag noochderhand neikumme iss fer sei Pickders, hot der Pickdermacher ihm Pickders gewwe, ass yuscht es hinnerscht Deel vun seim Kopp gewisse hot.—"Dēs iss yo es hinnerscht Deel vun mein Kopp," saagt der Walter. "Fer was iss sell?" — "Well," saagt der Pickdermacher, "ich hab gedenkt, ass en Mann ass so geizich iss, ass du bischt, deet sich schemme sei Gsicht zu weisse."

ZU GEIZICH EN SCHNEESCHAUFEL ZU KAAFE

Ich hab moll en Mall gekennt, ass zu geizich waar, en Schneeschaufel zu kaafe; un wie der Schnee zwee Fuss dief waar vanne an seinre Dier, hot er seim gleene Bu die Ohre gepetzt mit re Beisszang, fer sei Bu greische mache, so ass die Leit gschprunge sin kumme, fer sehne was letz iss, un seller Weg hen sie en scheener Paad gemacht. Ya, siss verflammt sei waahr! So geiziche Leit gebt's in daere Welt.

GEB EM SEI DREI SENT ZERICK!

Des Schwetze vun geiziche Leit macht mich denke an die Schtorie, ass verzeehle vum Eeli Derkes. Der Eeli waar en reicher Bucker un hot immer gelebt, ass wann er alles mitnemme kennt, wann er schtarebt. Well, moll ee Daag iss er gschtarrewe, un er iss nuffgange zum Himmel un hot an die "Pearly Gates" gegloppt. — "Waer bischt du?" froogt der Seent Pieder. — "Ei," saagt der Eeli, "ich bin der Eeli Derkes." —"Was witt?" froogt der Seent Pieder. — "Ich will in der Himmel kumme," saagt der Eeli.— "Well," froogt der Seent Pieder, "was hoscht du geduh in deim Lewe, ass dir en Recht gebt fer in der Himmel zu kumme?" —"Ei," saagt der Eeli, "der anner Daag hawwich en aaremi aldi Fraa gsehne, ass am Verhungere waar, un ich hab re zwee Sent gewwe."—"Gabriel," froogt der Seent Pieder, "iss sell uff der Rekord?" — "Ya, siss," saagt der Gabriel. — "Un was schunscht hoscht du geduh?" froogt der Seent Pieder. — "Well," saagt der Eeli, "letscht Winder hawwich en gleener Bu aagedroffe uff der Schtrooss, ass schier verfrore waar, un ich hab em en Sent gewwe." — "Gabriel, iss sell uff der Rekord?" — "Ya," saagt der Gabriel, "siss." — "Un was schunscht hoscht du geduh?" froogt der Seent Pieder. — "Wei," saagt der Eeli, "sell iss ebaut all, ass ich draadenke kann." — "Well, Gabriel," froogt der Seent Pieder, "was denkscht du sedde mer duh mit dem Kall?" — "O," saagt der Gabriel, "geb em sei drei Sent zerick un saag em er sett in die Hell geh!"

EN DAALER GSCHPAART

Wie em Bill Schreffler sei Daadi am Schtarrewe waar, iss der Bill gschwind zum Barber gschprunge, fer ausfinne, was es koscht, fer sei Daadi balwiere losse. — "Was witt," froogt er, "fer en lewendicher Mann zu balwiere?" — "En Vaddel," saagt der Barber. — "Un was witt fer en Doder?" — "En Daaler un e Vaddel," hot der Barber geantwatt. — "Well, ich bring der Daadi ruff," saagt der Bill, un behooldye, bis der alt Mann faddich balwiert waar, iss er gschtarrewe. Awwer es hot yuscht en Vaddel gekoscht. Sell waar en Daaler gschpaart.

(To be Continued)

ZERICK GUCKE

Mir schwetzen vun der Vergangenheit,
Vun de gute alte Daagge—
Waer's meeglich yuscht widder zerick zu geh,
Noh hetten mir nix zu glaagge.

Ich hab schunn oft so driwwer gedenkt,
Wie's waar als in selle Yaahre,
Die Unhendichkeit wu grenkt die Leit
Un's Lewe wu sie erfaahre.

Supposin' mir missten widder zerick,
So achtzich Yaahr, wolle's mache,
Un lewe am Berg un an der Krick
Un schaffe mit alte Sache;

Ich wunner eb mir zufridde waer'n
Datt hinnich em Bluck noh laafe,
Un alles mache wu needich iss,
Schtatts yuscht naus geh Sache kaafe;

Gengten mir naus mit Wagge un Gaul—,
Yuscht dreissich Meil der Daag mache
Darch der Dreck un iwwer die Schtee—
Ya, des iss nix druff zu lache.

Deeten die Kinner paar Meil der Daag
Noch der Schul der Weg naus drolle;
Horch's Grummle gscheent ebbes wu's heesst
Sie vleicht paar Schritt laafe solle.

Misst mer Frucht abmache mit 'm Reff
Un Scheeb mit der Schtrohseel binne,
Un schaffe vun Maryets frieh bis schpot—
Deeten mir uns zimmlich bsinne.

Deet' mer sarye fer Hols in der Kischt
Un Geelbeint fer Kindling schplitte;
Deet' mer Schnee scheppe draus uff'm Weg
Dass mer darch kennt mit Schlitte.

So kennt mer geh iwwer'n ganse Roi
Vun de gute alte Zeite;
Ich wunner wieviel mir wotten zerick
Misst mir all die Sache leide.

Mit all dem neie Maschineri rum
Wu duht schier vun selwer schpringe,
Glaab ich es iss yuscht ebissel gschwetzt
Vun Alter widder zerick bringe.

'S waar bissel meh vun Nochberlichkeit
Un vleicht aa wennicher liegge;
Yeder schteht beim Barye gemacht—
'S waar yo 'n Schand fer Leit bedriegge.

'S waar Zeit fer all eem sel Aerwet duh,
Nix vun im Gringel rum schtarze;
Wennich "Schtrain" uff Narfe un Sinn
Wu oft duht Lewe verkarze.

Es batt of kors nix, gewinscht odder gschwetzt,
'S iss gaar nix zu duh deweegge;
Die Welt geht doch rum, Zeit geht verbei,
Un die Zeit kummt uns engeegge.

Ich wett in en hunnert Yaahr vun nau
Iss gschwetzt vun de gute Daagge
Yaahre zerick, wu heit mir bei uns hen
Un sin nau am driwwer Klaagge.

1951 —RALPH S. FUNK

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TELEPHONE HE 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES

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Editorials

Not the American Way

Something is happening to America and to the spirit of an increasing number of its people that isn't good either for the nation or for the individuals.

There's a disturbing defiance of authority and an unprecedented breakdown of respect for law and order and orderly processes. There's a growing disregard for the rights and privileges of others. There's an increasing tendency to throttle free speech and open discussion by shouting down those who seek to present conflicting views.

The attitude seems to be that the side able to make the most noise and create the greatest confusion will be the winning side. It is an attitude that threatens every process of a free society.

This spirit was evident in Little Rock a few years ago and in Montgomery early this summer. It reared itself in Philadelphia a few weeks ago in the sordid demonstration by the frenzied mob that refused to permit Mayor Richardson Dilworth to present his views at a meeting called to discuss a controversial subject.

The Lehigh Valley experienced some of it during the heat of last fall's political campaigns. In at least one meeting billed as a public debate, the spokesman for what apparently was the minority in the hall couldn't be heard because of the shouts, the boos and the stomping of those who refused to hear.

There was another taste of it the other night at a meeting in Whitehall Township called to discuss controversial refuse disposal plans. Those who had little or nothing constructive to offer made up for it by shouting and catcalling. As a result little was accomplished except to heap $8,000 worth of abuse on $800 a year officials elected to do a job.

Many opinions have been offered about where this spirit that is so contrary to American principles and heritages got started. Some say it began when parents and teachers stopped discipling children and gave so many of them free rein. Others say it started when it no longer was necessary for a man or woman to do an honest day's work to hold a job. Many other views have been expressed. None of them either excuse or justify this kind of conduct.

No one who thinks seriously about these shenanigans has any doubt about where they will end if this spirit continues on its dangerous way. In other lands it has led to the overthrow of governments and to the abrogation of all freedoms.

The noisiest demonstrators say this couldn't happen in America. But it could!

U.N. Haze

By this time it should be relatively easy to see through the haze of the characteristic Moscow bluster. Too often, however, the view appears to be dimmed.

In the United Nations debate on Bizerte, the real Soviet thrust hasn't been at France which occupies the naval base under the agreement by which it granted independence to Tunis. The Kremlin target has been the network of air and naval bases the United States and its Allies maintain around the world.

The Soviet delegates made quite a point of denouncing these bases as a menace to peace and an infringement on the sovereignty of nations harboring them. Fact is, the bases protect these nations from Communist aggressors.

Asian-African nations supporting Tunisia were deluded by the claim that the continued presence of French troops is a symbol of colonial domination. Blindly, they lined up with the Communist bloc led by the most savage present-day colonial practitioner, the Soviet Union.

In the Bizerte controversy, France has been almost single-handedly fighting the battle the United States will have to take up whenever Castro is prodded to pursue the Soviet claim with a demand that we restore Guantanamo to Cuba. The most this country could offer was Ambassador Stevenson's warmed-over cliches about the continued enslavement of those the Communists still hold behind the barriers they have set up around their captive colonies. This apparently neither frightened nor convinced anyone.

The best defense in debate, as well as in battle, is a blistering offense. This tactic once again was used only by the Soviets.

Boom Town

Florida has reason to be excited about the announcement that the National Aeronautics and Space Administration will buy something like 80,000 acres of its real estate to expand the vast Cape Canaveral installation into a base for manned flights to the moon and beyond.

That's a lot of citrus groves, beaches and towns. It's almost seven times the area of the City of Allentown. It's the equivalent of Whitehall, South Whitehall, North Whitehall, Lower Macungie and Washington Townships and most of Lowhill put together.

The project is expected to mean a long range expenditure of $20 billion dollars in Florida.

That's a lot of money. It's almost 100 times the $212 million spent in Allentown in a good year for groceries, clothing, automobiles and all other retail purchases.

Up to this point there have been no comments from California. It may take some time for the West Coast boosters to decide whether to be pleased or envious.

Public Opinion

The Morning Call welcomes opinions of its readers. Letters to the editor should not exceed 300 words. They must be signed and include the writer's address. Letters will not be published without a legitimate signature. The right to condense is reserved by the publishers.

Oust Inefficient Officials

To the Editor:

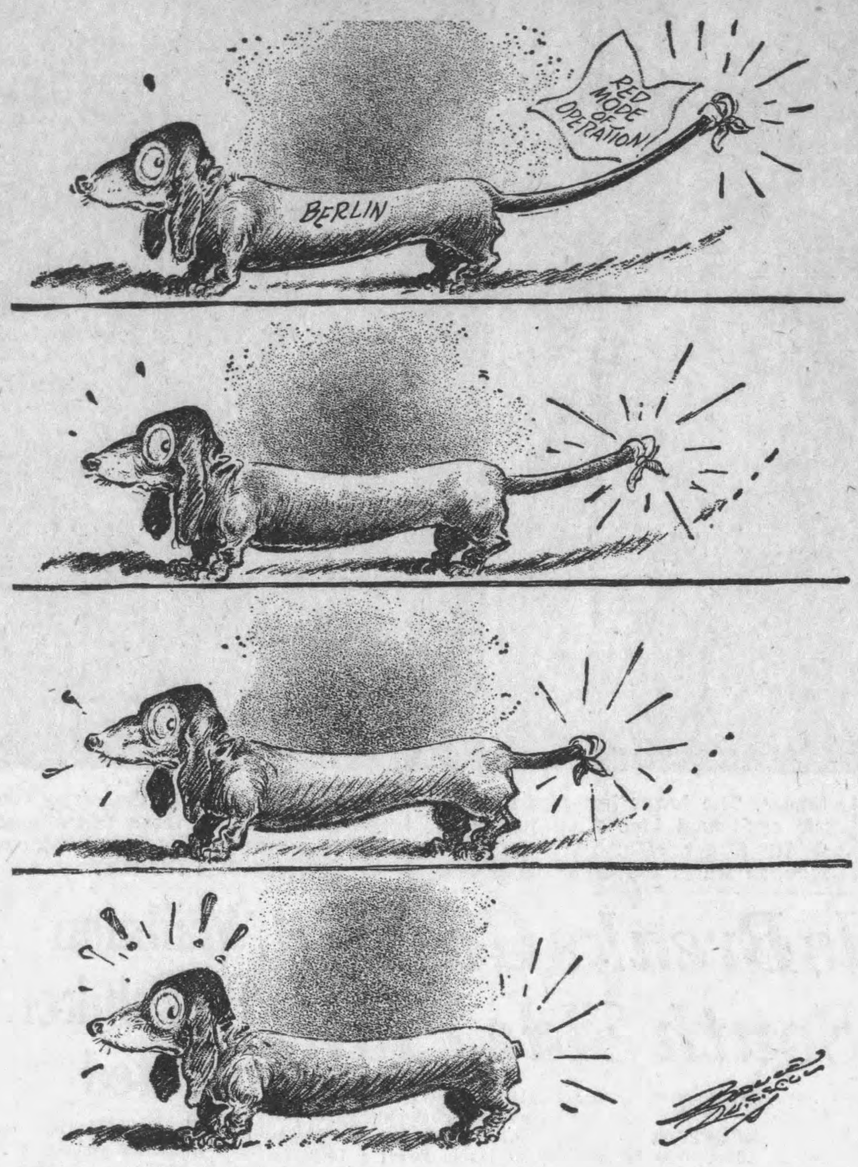
Why all the "fuss and fuming" over contaminated water in the Whitehall area? If township or city officials are unable to solve problems that arise, taxpayers should remove them from office.

If the township property owners are facing contaimination in their water, why not install sterilizers? We did, and our water is safe. Otherwise boil the water and be satisfied if you desire to live in a township.

In regards to cutting down

Continued on Page 7, Column 2

That's the Way It Goes



Call on the Churches

By DAVID LAWRENCE

One of the most effective instruments for the spread of America's ideals and its concepts of human brotherhood throughout the world is not being utilized by the United States Government. There is plenty of emphasis on "cultural exchange" in the arts, music and drama, and lots of talk about the need for technical and educational help to be furnished by the new "Peace Corps" project. But there is a tendency to overlook a powerful institution in the world today — the churches and religious organizations.



Lawrence

The contact between the American Government and the Roman Catholic headquarters in the Vatican is tenuous. There is little contact with the high-ranking ministers of the Church of England. There is little contact with the high churchmen of the Asian religions.

The other day, the correspondent in Rome of the London "Daily Telegraph" wrote to his paper that an attempt may be made soon to initiate diplomatic relations between the United States and the Vatican. This is probably a mistaken report, and the speculation may have arisen from the fact that Cardinal Cicognani, the newly appointed papal secretary of state, is well acquainted in Washington, where he served 25 years — from 1933 to 1958 — as the apostolic delegate to the Catholic clergy in America.

From 1939 to 1950, Presidents Roosevelt and Truman maintained an unofficial representative — the late Myron C. Taylor — at the Vatican. These relationships were especially valuable during the war and post-war periods, and were thereafter lost in a controvery that arose when President Truman recommended establishment of formal diplomatic relations with the Vatican, and Congress refused to approve.

What is needed is a special organization in the United States Government devoted entirely to contacts with all national church and religious groups, both inside and outside the United States. A special representative should be sent to Britain to maintain regular contacts with the clergy in the Church of England and with other Protestant church groups. Another envoy should be sent to Rome as a contact with the Roman Catholic Church. Other representatives of the United States Government should go on similar missions to the centers of the Middle Eastern and Asian religions.

What could these American representatives do? Nearly every one of the big churches has a vast personnel of missionaries who serve all around the globe — Africa, Asia, South America. They are in close contact with the peoples of those continents.

Sometimes the church organizations get a misconception of American purposes and policies, and their representatives repeat such misconceptions, not necessarily in the pulpits but in their informal relationships with local leaders of thought. It is vital to the whole communication policy of the United States that a means of briefing the principal church leaders of the world should be set up by the United States government — just as it spends a lot of time and money in contacting the press and movie people of various countries, as well as other organizations included in the objectives of our "cultural exchange" programs.

A few days ago President Kennedy and other high officials of the government in Washington thought it important enough to give several hours of their time privately to brief 700 newspaper and radio editors from all parts of the United States on the background of our foreign policy problems. It is just as important regularly to give basic explanations, for instance, to certain people in the Anglican church in England and to the Roman Catholic church in Rome and to some of the leaders of the various Hebrew theological seminaries in different parts of the world, as well as to the leading personalities in the religious groups of Asia, where the Moslem and other religions penetrate the hearts and minds of tens of millions of human beings. The United States should neglect no means of communication, formal or informal, which seeks earnestly and sincerely "to win friends and influence people."

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: I have recently been watching the reporting of the Eichmann trial in Israel. Although I am completely sympathetic with the Jewish people, on the other hand I am wondering if it is not one more instance where a man is caught in a trap where he is found doing the works of unrighteousness and yet has no choice in the matter. Do you think he can really be blamed after all for the things he has done? A.W.

ANSWER: The way that men judge our crimes and the way God judges our sins are two quite different things. The monstrous crimes of Mr. Eichmann have shocked the world; and as much as he cannot be considered without guilt, it is still true that he at a certain point in life became involved and trapped.

Contrary to the current opinion that tends to excuse almost any sin committed, the Bible speaks out very clearly in the Epistle according to James saying, "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God: for God cannot be tempted with evil, and He Himself tempteth no man. But each man is tempted when he is drawn away by his own lust and enticed. Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin: and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." You can see here a definite progression beginning with the satisfaction of one's personal desires and ending in a trap from which a man cannot free himself. This is a tragic situation of Mr. Eichmann today. But it certainly does not excuse him or render him guiltless. There was a time when he made his choice. Now he must pay for it.

Yet if he turned to God, he could be forgiven. The Scriptures teach that "God's mercy is from everlasting to everlasting."

Horoscope

Pay attention to business details and cultivate initiative. Today's child will have a dramatic life.

Makes No Sense

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

The strike of the Metropolitan Opera musicians may be settled before this is printed, but the subject requires discussion just the same. The musicians of the Metropolitan Opera have demanded an increase of from $170 to $248 a week, with a decrease of performances from seven to six weekly. This demand was made despite the fact that the total deficit of the Opera last year was $840,000. If business is business when there is a deficit of this magnitude the place must sooner or later close down.

It can be argued that if a man works on a job he is entitled to the pay he can get despite deficits. But that does not hold for an opera company which always produces a deficit.

A musician does not earn as much as many truck drivers, but then he has freedom of choice. He can stop playing the bassoon and get a job as a truck driver and join Mr. Hoffa's union.

This characteristic of a free society, namely, that a man chooses his own way of life and suffers the consequences of his choice, is too often forgotten these days. All fiddlers start out more or less the same but one becomes a Kreisler or an Elman and another plays sweet music in a dark restaurant. All sorts of factors enter into this one fact in life. Who can explain why Mozart could play the piano at three years of age or that Beethoven could compose the world's most glorious music in spite of being deaf?

Those who play in the Metropolitan Orchestra must be excellent musicians just as those who sing in the chorus possess fine quality but there was only one Caruso, one Farrar, one Schumann-Heink, only one Chaliapin. There are no choruses of such voices or of such actors.

The Metropolitan is not a burlesque show and cannot find artists in the honky-tonks. Its stars are difficult to discover. Whreas it is possible to find a dozen second violinists, it is not easy to find one great tenor or one glorious baritone.

What has happened is that the musicians' union began to make its compromises too late and many of the best stars made other commitments. Of course, should the strike be settled, it might be possible for Rudolph Bing to find young Americans or young Europeans who could step forward. It might be a wonderful opportunity for a young man or young woman.

Last Sunday, I heard such a baritone who sang Berlioz's "Romeo et Juliette" at Tanglewood. You may recall that the very end of this operatic symphony deals with the reconciliation of the two quarrelsome households. It is such music as can only come from Heaven and Donald Gramm, the baritone, sang like an angel. When Charles Munch put down his baton, the huge audience rose, as one man, and cheered as though somehow they had broken all the miseries of this era and had found the road to an armistice and peace. True an orchestra and a chorus helped to produce this glorious music, but certain artists stood out because art is individual.

Genius can be found but it does not bargain for bread.

England has been ruled by these "families" — Normandy, Blois, Planetagenet, Lancaster, York, Tudor, Stuart, Hanover, Saxe-Coburg and Windsor.



PENNSYLVAANISCHDEITSCHER GSCHPASS

A Collection of Pennsylvania German Anecdotes, Jokes and Stories

Told by ALBERT F. BUFFINGTON

(Continued)

MEH SCHTORIES VUN GEIZICHE LEIT

SISS ES BROWIERES WAERT

Der alt Amos Schneider waar der reichscht Mann in der Nochberschaft un aa der geizichscht. So lang ass er gsund waar, hot er nix geduh fer niemand. Awwer moll ee Dagg iss der Amos arrig grank warre. Un, wie viel annre Leit, wann sie in so Umschtende kumme, hot er graad gschickt fer der Parre. "Parre," saagt der Amos, "ich farricht mich weeich em Dod. Denkscht wann ich fimf dausend Daaler zu der Karrich vermache deet, keemt ich ferschur in der Himmel?" — "Well," saagt der Parre, "siss es Browieres waert."

DENK YUSCHT MOLL DRAA!

Drowwe in Sunbury wuhnt en aldi Fraa, ass fer schur moll ee Daag Kohle schaufle muss, wann sie sich net verennert. Wisst dir was des alt Luder dutt? Sie hot "Boarders," un graad wann die Boarders an der Disch gehne, macht die Fraa ihre Dochder singe un die "Piano" schpiele, so ass die "Boarders" grank warre un ihre Abbeditt verliere.

NEE, VERFLAMMT SEI NET!

Drunne in Barricks wuhnt en Kall — mer heesse en Tschann Kaufman — der leebt aa graad ass wann er sei Geld mitnemme kennt, wann er schtarrebt. Do paar Yaahr zerick waar sei Fraa am Schtarrewe, un der Dockder hot em Tschann gsaat, sei Fraa misst mehner "Protein" in ihrem Esse griegge, un ass sell ihre eenzichschdi Tschens waer, fer widder gsund zu warre. Er hot gsaat, sie sett drei odder vier Oier esse alle Daag. "Nee, verflammt sei net," saagt der Tschann, "die Oier sin alleweil fazich Sent's Dutzend!"

BLO-I MILLICH

Yaahre zerick, wie sie noch die Millich aus grosse Kanne gemesse hen, hot der alt Hen Schtump Millich verkaaft im Schteddel. Die Millich iss aus grosse Kanne gemesse warre in die Gscharre, ass die Weibsleit an der Millichwagge gebrocht hen. Der alt Hen hot en iwweraussi gudi Kuh ghadde, ass er net fiedre un net drenke hot breiche. Un, sie hot aa immer am Eck vun der Scheier gschtanne, Daag un Nacht. Sie hot yuscht ee Hann ghadde, un des waar der eisse Bumbeschwenkel. Well, mit daere Bump am Scheireck hot der Hen alsemol verfluchdi blo-i Millich ghadde. Er iss moll ee Marriye zu der Suss Beitler kumme, un hot re en Gwaart Millich in ihre Gruck gemesse, noh saagt die Suss: "Hen, dei Millich watt alle Daag bloer. Wann sie net besser watt, will ich kenni meh." — "Ya, mei liewi Fraa," saagt der Hen, "siss gewiss drauerich. Die Weed iss ewwe so schlecht, ass die aareme Kieh sich selwert schemme. De Marriye, wie ich am Melke waar, hot eens vun de Kieh rummgeguckt un ihre Millich bedracht, un, wie sie gsehne hot, wie blo ass sie waar, hot sie heile misse." — "Well," saagt die Suss, "ich geb nix drumm, wann sie heilt, yuscht loss sie nimmi in der Eemer brille."

IMMER BLATZ FER NOCH EENER

Siss en reicher alder Bucker in unsrem Schteddel, ass nie net in die Karrich geht, un ass aa ken roder Sent zu der Karrich gebt. Der anner Owed waar ich amme grosse Esse, wu ich newich daer Kall hocke hab misse. Un ich weess nimmi, wie mer uff die Sobbtscheckt kumme sin, awwer daer Mann hot gsaat: "Verleicht hoscht du schun genootist, ass ich gaar net in die Karrich geh." — "Ya," saaich, "ich hab sell genootist." — "Well," saagt er, "ich will der saagge fer was ich net geh. Es sin zu viel "hypocrites" in der Karrich." — Well, sell waar mer yuscht zu viel, un ich hab gsaat: "O, loss sell dich net weckhalde; siss immer Blatz fer noch eener.

YUSCHT E MINUTT DO!

Do paar Munet zerick iss der Pitt Schiffer hatt grank warre, un wie er uff seim Dodesbett gelegge hot, froogt ihn sei Fraa, eb sie net moll bede sett. — "Ya," Tschennie," saagt der Pitt, "bed moll, es kennt doch verleicht helfe." — Un noh hot die Tschennie sich vor's Bett gegniet un hot gebed: "O, liewer Gott, mach doch, ass mei Mann widder gsund watt! Wann Du des duscht, liewer Gott, dann gewwe mer en dausend Daaler zu der Karrich, fimf hunnert Daaler zum Orphan's Home, vier hunnert Daaler zu der auslennische Mission; ya, liewer Gott, wann Du mei Mann widder gsund machscht, gewwe mer en dausend Daaler zum Hospital." — "Yuscht e Minutt do, Tschennie," greischt der Pitt, "verschprech nimmi meh, ich kennt doch verleicht widder gsund warre."

ES NEMMT ALLE SADDE

Der geizichscht Mann, ass ich seilewe gekennt hab, waar der Jim Brenneman. Wisst dihr, was daer geizich Bucker moll geduh hot? Moll ee Daag hot er sei gleeni Dochder en fimf Sent Schtick gewwe, wann sie ken Sobber esse deet, un noh wie sie am Schlofe waar, hot er re die fimf Sent weckgenumme, un noh der neegscht Marriye hot er refust re Breckfescht zu gewwe, weil sie es fimf Sent Schtick verlore hot. Denkt yuscht moll draa! Awwer ich denk es nemmt alle Sadde Leit fer en Welt zu mache.

WAAR ICH SO GRANK?

So viel Leit denke yuscht an Gott un die Karrich, wann sie meene, sie waere am Schtarrewe. Un des macht mich aa denke an der alt Tscheck Kissinger.

Der alt Tscheck waar der reichscht Mann im Schteddel, awwer er waar aa der geizichscht. Er waar zu geizich fer sich satt esse odder fer genunk Gleeder zu kaafe, fer sich waarem halde. Well, moll ee Dagg iss er arrig grank warre, un er hot schicke losse fer der Parre. Wie der Parre kumme iss, saagt der Tscheck zu ihm: "Parre, wann du mer helfscht widder gsund warre, gewwich zwansich dausend Daaler zu der Karrich." — "Well, der Tscheck iss widder gsund warre, awwer wie der Parre kumme iss, fer ihn sehne, hot er riefust ihn zu sehne. Endlich awwer hot der Parre ihn moll ee Daag aagedroffe in der Poscht Affis. — "Tscheck," saagt der Parre, "du hoscht verschproche zwansich dausend Daaler zu der Karrich zu gewwe, wann du widder gsund warre deetscht." — "Ich hab!?" saagt der Tschneck, "well, Parrr, sell gebt der yuscht en gleeni Eidieye wie grank ass ich rieli waar."

BOSSE, SCHPARRICKE, UN KARRESSIERE

En annri Satt Schtories, ass mir Pennsylvaanischdeitsche zimmilich viel devun verzeehle, hen zu duh mit em Bosse, Schparricke, un Karressiere, un do sin en paar Exembels vun daere "category."

DIE SAELLI LESHER

Mittwoch Owed sin der Harry Boonawitz un die Sally Lesher niwwergfaahre noch Sunbury fer en Reit, un uff eemol greischt die Sally: "Harry, du liewer Grund, yus dei zwee Hend!" — "Ich kann net," saagt der Harry, "ich muss faahre mit der eent Hand."

Eb die Sally rummgschprunge iss mit em Harry, hot sie en annrer "Beau" ghadde, ass ihre Daadi gaar net gegliche hot. Der aerscht Owed, ass sie nausgange iss mit em, hot er nix duh well ass bosse, bosse. — "Sally," saagt er, "alle mol, ass ich dich boss, macht's mich en besserer Mann." — "Well," saagt die Sally, "du brauschscht awwer net browiere fer in der Himmel zu kumme in ee Owed."

WAARDE UFF EN BOSS

Die Tschennie Wetzel iss net so en arrig wieschtguckich Weibsmensch, un, ich kann gaar net verschteh, fer was sie noch kenn Mann aazaahme hot kenne. Verschtanne, sie iss nau schunt iwwer die fufzich draus, un an sellre Eld beisse die Menner nimmi so gschwind. Die Tschenni will ken Alder hawwe, un en Yunger kann sie nimmi griegge. Siss gaar ken Zweiwel, ass sie schun lang gegliche hett, en Kall zu hawwe. An de Karriche Versammlinge gullert sie um eenicher Mann rumm, ass ihre eischt die Tschens gebt. Well, der anner Daag hot sie grossi Hoffning ghadde, awwer die Gschicht iss re in der Dreck gfalle. Der anner Daag waar sie in der Schtadt amme Eck gschtanne un waar die Schtrooss nunner un ruff gucke, wie en Mann der Weg kumme iss. Un, wie er die Tschenni sehne hot gucke, hot er gemeent sie wett verleicht arriyeds hie un wisst net graad weller Weg zu geh. — "Witt du en Boss hawwe?" froogt er die Tschennie. — "Ya, gewiss," saagt die Tschennie, "do waart ich schunt dreissich Yaahr druff."

"CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE"

Die alt Mammi Diefendarrefer waar mechtich wunnerfitzich Sie hot gegliche all die Neiichkeede, all der Schkanndaal, un der Ha weess was noch schunscht auszufinne. Der Tschotsch Landis iss efders zu der Mammi gange, fer sie abhere; ihre Geblabber hot ihm viel Gschpass gemacht. Moll ee Daag, wie der Tschotsch hiekumme iss, froogt die Mammi ihn: "Saag, Tschotsch, ich hab der anner Daag in der Zeiding gsehne, ass in deinre "Court" en Mann schuldich gfunne iss warre uff "Circumstantial Evidence." Des verschtehn ich nau net. Saag mer moll, was des "Circumstantial Evidence" meent." — Well, der Tschotsch hot des moll en bissel gekannsiddert un noh saagt er: "Well, mer welle nau saage du hettscht en Gnecht, un dei Nochber hett en scheeni Dochder, ass awwer es Unglick hett, fer en hillsne Bee zu hawwe. Awwer, des macht em Gnecht nix aus; er geht doch datt hie fer die schee Dochder zu karressiere. Un ee Daag kummt der Gnecht heem mit me Schliwwer in seim Finger. Well, sell kennt mer noh "Circumstantial Evidence' heesse." — "O, ya," saagt die Mam mi, nau verschtehn ich des."

DER TSCHECKI HOT SICH DOD MACHE WELLE

Hett der gheert, was ghaeppent iss mit em Tschecki Bohner der anner Daag? Ich hab mit em Tschecki gschwetzt, un er hot mer die gansi Schtorie verzeehlt. Der Tschecki hot sei Meedel gfrogt, fer ihn zu heiere un sie hot 'nee' gsaat. Des hot der Tschecki so schlecht fiehle mache, ass er diseit hot, sich dodzumache. Er iss gange un hot sich en Boddel "carbolic acid" un en Schtrick un en Kann Kohleel un en "Revolver" gholt. Noh iss er nunner an der Rewwer un hot en Boot genumme un iss niwwer an en Eiland. Datt waar en Baam mit me Nascht graad iwwer's Wasser. Er iss nuffgegraddelt, hot der Schtrick an der Nascht gebunne un um der Hals gschlippt, hot's Eel iwwer sich gschitt, hot's aagschteckt, un hot's "carbolic acid" gschluckt, iss nunnergetschumpt hot der "Revolver" an der Kopp ghowe un hot der Dricker gezogge. Awwer, er hot sei Kopp verfehlt un hot der Schtrick abgschosse un iss ins Wasser gfalle, un er hot so viel Wasser gschluckt, ass es es "acid" verschwecht hot, un er saagt, wann er net so en verflammder guder Schwimmer gewesst waer, dann waer er gewiss versoffe.

GEB UNS MOLL EN SEMPEL!

Do paar Yaahr zerick waar der Ed Miller der "foreman" vun re Tschuri, un sie hen en Kees ghadde, wu en Weibsmensch—en scheeguckich Weibsmensch—en Kall am Su-e waar weiler sie moll ee Owed, wie sie drauss am Laafe waar, gegraebt hot un hot re en Boss gewwe. Sie hot en gsut fer en dausend Daaler. Des hot der Ed net recht verschteh kenne, un er iss uffgschtanne un hot gfroogt: "Tschotsch, du saagscht die Fraa will en dausend Daaler hawwe fer ee Boss?" — "Ya," saagt der Tschotsch, "sell iss recht, un dir Tschentelmenn vun der Tschuri misst diseide, eb's so viel waert waar." — "Well," saagt der Ed, "denkscht die Fraa kennt der Tschuri moll en Sempel gewwe?"

(To Be Continued)

BOOK REVIEW

THE FRAKTUR-WRITING OR ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS, by Donald A. Shelley. Vol. XXIII of the Publications of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, 1961. Pp. 375.—$15.00.

This monumental work on the FRAKTUR WRITINGS of the Pennsylvania Germans has been 23 years in the making. Its author and compiler, Dr. Donald A. Shelley, Honorary Vice President of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, has been since 1954 Executive Director of the Henry Ford Museum and Greenfield Village in Dearborn, Michigan. He is widely known as a lecturer on American paintings and the decorative arts before museum and collector groups.

Because of the wealth of information and sound scholarship which Dr. Shelley has put into his book over many years, it will be THE handbook in this field for decades to come. Here, at last is a comprehensive and accurate account of the history and development of the Pennsylvania German style of FRAKTUR illumination, written from the point of view of an art historian. Both for the student of American art and the collector of Folk Art this volume will prove an invaluable guide.

To cite only the important vital statistics of this monography — its 375 pages including historical text, lists of illuminators and printers, biblography, illustrations, and index — is to ignore the major contributions of this work. Dr. Shelley supports his research with more than 500 footnotes and 305 black - and-white FRAKTUR illustrations, each of which is accompanied by its own informative caption containing critical data and frequent cross-references.

The APPENDIX of 145 FRAKTUR illuminators, 35 printing centers, 100 Pennsylvania German printers, and over 250 specific imprints, is the most extensive ever to appear. Dr. Shelley's BIBLIOGRAPHY likewise will prove to be both the most detailed and most useful thus far published in the field of the Pennsylvania Germans and their arts and crafts. Dozens of new FRAKTUR artists are identified by illustrations and classified according to schools, many new TAUFSCHEIN printers and forms are listed and pictured, additional FRAKTUR techniniques and types are introduced and six typical examples are handsomely reproduced in full color.

Dr. Shelley's work is being welcomed by museum curators, connoisseurs, collectors and antique dealers throughout the country as definitive in subject matter. This superb volume comes from the press of Schlechters, Allentown, Pa., publishers for The Pennsylvania Germans since 1810.

THE MORNING CALL

David A. Miller, Publisher-Director 1895-1958

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BRANCH OFFICES

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Editorials

The Defeated Tax

There's going to be quite a hue and a cry in the months ahead that by defeating the two per cent tax on dividends, royalties and capital gains Republicans delayed the progress of public education in Pennsylvania.

Gov. Lawrence called the signal at a press conference the other day when he said:

"We (Democrats) took the burden, the odium, of levying a tax. They (Republicans) haven't furnished any help to put it over. Let us go before the people on the issues and I am sure we will come back here with more (presumably Democratic) senators and members of the General Assembly."

The record of the Republicans is quite clear.

Although many of them voted against the measure that very wisely will consolidate many smaller school districts into larger units, they did not oppose a tax to advance the educational program. They opposed only the discriminatory tax on thrift the governor and his associates advocated. This was the only education tax the Democratic majority leaders permitted to come to a vote in either branch of the legislature. They attempted to ram it through by delaying it until none of the other tax measures that had been suggested could be brought forward.

This uncompromising attitude was comparable to the all-or-nothing stand that has dominated the Kennedy Administration's tactics on its controversial federal aid to education program. Even the generally acceptable portions have been jeopardized.

The Democratic proposal in Pennsylvania was not, as some like to believe, a tax to soak the rich. It was an additional levy on many thousands who can least afford to pay. The Republican votes protected what income is left them after other tax bites on the returns from their savings.

Republicans introduced the first broad - based tax to support education in the Commonwealth when they adopted the one per cent sales tax in 1953. Although Democrats vigorously opposed it and attacked it as "a penny for Gov. Fine" they have both extended it and increased it. Gov. Lawrence recently cited the four per cent tax as the source of the state's support to public education.

We believe those Republicans who voted against the sound proposal to consolidate many school districts were wrong. We believe that Democrats who insisted their inequitable and discriminatory tax proposal was the only way to support necessary educational advances were equally wrong. We think its time both parties and their leaders stop playing politics with education and show more concern that those who are paying the already high bills get their money's worth. We don't believe that all the improvements needed in the educational program need cost more money.

Railroad Roundhouse

The Interstate Commerce Commission's turnabout recommendation urging Congress to give the nation's railroads a hand in their battle to maintain essential passenger services has been long overdue.

Historically, the commission has majored in harassing these vital carriers on the ridiculous assumption that it was protecting the public against a dangerous monopoly. Its arbitrary rulings and requirements created many of the burdens responsible for the steady deterioration of this form of mass transportation. Discriminatory taxes added to them.

For the most part, pleas that the railroads be given a chance to compete for survival fell on deaf ears in Washington and in many state capitals.

Precedents for the subsidies these conditions have made necessary if railroads are to continue providing vital links with urban centers are a dime a dozen.

Airlines operate from runways built and equipped with federal, state and local tax funds. They pay no taxes on the skyways through which they travel. Their traffic is controlled by a federal agency. Buses and trucks operate over highways built and maintained with tax funds. The taxes they pay cover only a fraction of these costs. More tax millions have been spent to develop free waterways.

There are only two alternatives to helping the railroads fight back by giving them the recommended subsidies and relieving them of some of the unwarranted discriminatory rulings and taxes.

One is to build more choked ribbons of concrete and permit the complete decay of the rail transportation system. Although this would cost billions, it wouldn't suffice. Ultimately the commuting rail lines would have to be rebuilt at fantastic cost.

Another is national ownership and operation of railroads. The result, as always is the case with federal and state operations, would make the $52 million in subsidies suggested by the commission look like an evaporated drop in the proverbial bucket.

The recommended subsidies, a tiny fraction of the $40 billion suggested as the cost of propelling a man to the moon, have been made necessary as much by the errors of government as by any mismanagement of which railroads may be guilty. Its real import is its warning that unwarranted discriminatory demands on other segments of vital American industry will cripple them as it has railroads.

His Proud Record

John Sencenbach's record should not be evaluated by the number of years he served his community and this newspaper. Its real measure is the job he did and the way he did it as he reported the news of Bath for its own people and their Lehigh Valley neighbors.

He did this fairly, accurately and objectively. He sought facts rather than opinions and made them a part of the daily news report of this broad community.

To do a job thoroughly and to stick with it were characteristics of this man who spent all of his 76 years in this one community. There is evidence of them in the 30 years he was active in Scout work, in the 40 years he operated his own retail store, in his 64-year perfect attendance record in Sunday school.

They are the reasons The Morning Call was proud to have him on its staff for 51 years and the reasons his community was proud to have him there.

Where Labor Day Is Not Celebrated



Get Word to the Soviets

By DAVID LAWRENCE

In appraising the significance of the decision of the Soviets to resume nuclear testing, it is important to bear in mind that the ban on tests in the last three years has not meant any ban on the designing and development of new weapons on the drawing boards and in the laboratories. Inventors, engineers and scientists have had no ban placed on their mental operations or research activities.

The Soviets undoubtedly have reached the point where, in order to develop or perfect their designs, they now need to make full-scale tests of some of their devices — tests that cannot be conducted underground and remain undetected. So they cover up this phase with a lot of hooey charging the Western Allies with a planned aggression. The occasion is used to try to scare the west into a surrender on the Berlin issue.



Lawrence

It has long been suspected that the whole controversy over the nuclear - test ban was started by the Soviets for selfish reasons. A worldwide propaganda was initiated by the Communists which was aided and abetted by sincere and well-meaning scientists, politicians and ordinary citizens in the West who were naively inclined to believe that Moscow really wanted to avert nuclear warfare and that the test ban was the first step toward disarmament.

Actually, it begins to appear now that the Soviets knew in 1958 that the United States was two or three years ahead in the technology of nuclear weapons. Moscow wanted time to catch up — to digest their own information and develop devices to the testing point while making sure that the West would be suspending its tests.

But now the simple fact staers everybody in the face — the Soviets not only are openly resuming tests but they talk of new and more terrible weapons than have ever before been conceived. How can they know this except by having carried on tests? Have their designs had the benefit of secret tests heretofore and given them some ideas which were converted into threats in the latest Soviet pronouncement? Moscow took advantage of the opportunity also to apply pressure on the political front, and thought all this was worth the risk of alienating world opinion.

Dr. Edward Teller, the noted physicist who is often referred to as the "father of the H-bomb," has just repeated his belief that fallout from nuclear tests is not necessarily dangerous. He says:

"Fallout is a red herring . . . we should not be frightened of the big bang — but rather of the knowledge the Russians have gained through testing before they started this rocket rattling."

At the Pentagon and at the Atomic Energy Commission here, there were sighs of relief when the news came that Russia was openly resuming tests, thus ending the self-imposed test ban for the United States. For it gives America a chance to forge ahead with its own nuclear tests. Indeed, our drawing boards, too, have been accumulating new designs that need to be tried out in actual tests.

There are, to be sure, enough nuclear weapons available today for each side to destroy the other. But the big thing now is to prevent the other fellow from retaliating. The Soviets, it is reported, will test a whole range of new weapons which are intended to destroy 95 per cent of an enemy's retaliatory power by striking the "first blow." Up to now, the threat of "massive retaliation" has been a deterrent to such an attack by the Soviets. But if a weapon is developed that can destroy instantly all our bases from which missiles can be fired and at the same time interferes for at least nine hours with the operation of radio, which is vital to the flight of manned bombers, then a truly dangerous situation presents itself.

What can the free world do about it? It can, of course, give its own scientists the green light for experimentation and tests. But it can also concentrate on how to reach the people behind the iron curtain with the truth about the distorted statements made by the Soviet leaders concerning the alleged intentions of the West to go to war.

Peoples alone can put a restraining hand on reckless rulers. The invention of a more effective way to reach the people of the Soviet union is long overdue. Scientists and inventors could well work long hours every day to perfect new systems of communication while American policy makers concurrently would do well to develop policies that will unite the free world and alert peoples everywhere to the dangers of communist subversion and deception.

September

By HAYDN PEARSON

Summer begins to wear thin and now comes the time of brooding blue and gold days. Shaggy clouds wander haphazardly across the sky and a purple haze covers upland heights and mountain shoulders.

Nights are cool and invigorating. One of these mornings gray frost will powder the lowlands and when a man walks his garden in mid-forenoon, the limp leaves of squashes, melons and tomatoes will announce the end of a gardening season.

Autumn stretches its long arm and gently but authoritatively taps Summer on the shoulder. It is time to move along to another season. You know it from the blue asters' faces that match the blue of the sky; you know it from the glow of goldenrod that reflects the gold of the sun.

Color changes come to the countryside, and the scarlet of woodbine and the wine-red of sumac candles are signs of the approaching equinox. Corn shocks march across the fields and piles of golden pumpkins are heaped against the south sides of weathered barns.

September is a month of good flavor. You can smell the ripening apples and the frosted wild grapes, and the fragrance of rich garden soil is pleasantly pungent in the nostrils. Wildlife is readying for the cold months and each day flocks of birfs wing through on the way to the southland.

The sun sinks nearly west these days and hours of light and hours of darkness are about equal. Year is sliding down the slope to the nadir, but for many the weeks just ahead are the best part of the year. As one savors their goodness, he can store a harvest in the heart to help carry him through the time of cold and ice.

Prejudices

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

The difference between the scholar and the pedant is simply this — that the scholar reads in order to take thought, and the pedant reads in order to avoid thought.

Employes who respond to complaints by muttering, "I only work here," oughtn't to work there.

When someone hastily adds, "Present company excepted, of course," you now you will be included as soon as you leave the room.

No gift of life is really appreciated until we have known its bitter opposite — freedom means little to those who have not been imprisoned, health is casually accepted by those who have not known severe illness and sight is taken for granted by all except the blind; and this is why we cannot expect children to be "grateful" for advantages whose opposites they are wholly ignorant of.

A wife is a woman who never speaks well of you to your face, and never permits anyone to speak ill of you behind your back.

No other word is so roundly descriptive of a certain kind of man as "pipsqueak." (Indeed, no modern slang terms sound as vividly right as such archaicisms as "popinjay," "coxcomb" and "bounder" among others. Most of today's derogatory terms are obscenities, which is a weakening of the language.)

Mankind cannot progress as long as the sign "Fresh Paint" is generally regarded as an invitation rather than as a warning.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

My Road

The road I take is long and rough . . . with many detours too . . . but somehow in the theme of things . . . I like what I pursue . . . each day presents a challenge new . . . to keep me on the go . . . and as I tread each weary mile . . . my faith keeps hope aglow . . . I start and end each mile with prayer . . . for strength to carry on . . . and so I find myself prepared . . . for each succeeding dawn . . . my journey takes me far and wide . . . to many different places . . . through thick and thin I struggle on . . . by God's eternal graces . . . there may be other roads to plod . . . carefree without torment . . . but somehow deep inside my heart . . . with my road I'm content.

Horoscope

The year will begin and end with a stroke of luck. Today's child will be intellectual.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

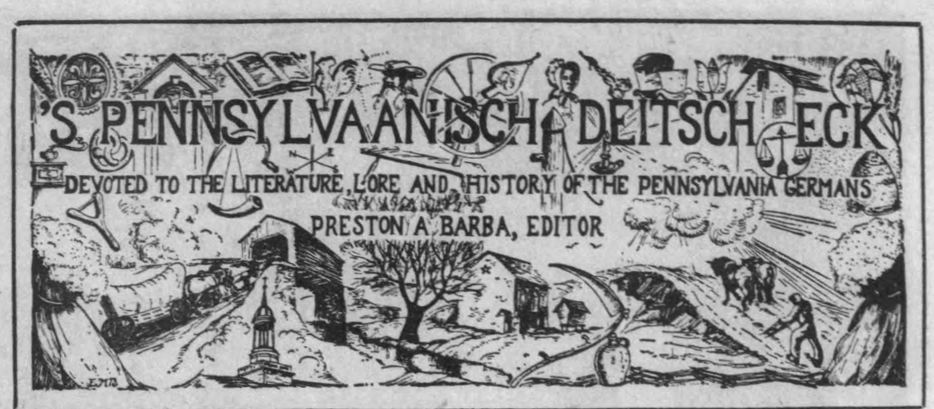
QUESTION: Our new pastor is a thorough-going modernist. He frankly says he does not believe in the blood atonement of Christ, yet he continues to hold communion. The question I want to ask is: should we take the Lord's supper from him?

ANSWER: "Communion" is not between pastor and communicant, but between a disciple and his Lord. Your minister's attitude toward the atonement does not lessen its validity and power.

Just as some people take communion outwardly without ever realizing its inner, spiritual significance, just so, your pastor can administer it without his lack of belief hindering the effect upon the devout communicant.

The Bible says: "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?" Just as food would be palatable no matter what sort of waiter served it, if we come to the Lord's table with faith and humility, the communion experience can be one of great blessing.

All pastors have a tremendous responsibility when they serve communion. If such a pastor as you describe is true to his convictions, I do not see how he can honestly remain in a church where communion is served, because he then becomes a hypocrite. And Jesus has His sternest rebukes for the hypocrites, even warning them of hell.



BOOK REVIEW

DER NACHBAR AN DE SCHTROAS vun Ben Sauder,—Copyright by the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society of Ontario, Canada. Vol. I, 1960. Pp. 48.—$1.00.

For some of our readers it may come as a surprise to learn that there are Pennsylvania German settlements in Canada established there a century and a half ago. Still more amazing is the fact that their descendants continue to speak the dialect their forebears brought with them from Pennsylvania. For further information about our Pennsylvania German cousins in Ontario we refer our readers to Dr. Arthur Graeff's monograph "Pennsylvania Germans in Ontario" published in Vol. IX (1946) of the Yearbooks of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, and especially G. Elmore Reaman's "The Trail of the Black Walnut," published by McClelland and Stewart Limited, Ontario, in 1957. Renewed interest in Canada in this interesting group led to the organizing of a Pennsylvania German Folklore Society of Ontario, the offspring of our own Pennsylvania German Folklore Society.

Like their kin in Pennsylvania these Canadian Pennsylvania Germans have also produced from time to time dialect columnists, humorists and versifiers. Among the latter Ben Sauder is the most active today.

In 1955 a booklet of verse by Ben Sauder appeared under the title **Der Nachbar an de Schtroas.** It was copyrighted by the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society of Ontario. It consisted of 23 poems in the dialect, collected and edited by Kurt Nabert, Professor of German, Waterloo College, University of Western Ontario. The editor has also prefaced the poems with an introduction containing biographical data about Ben Sauder. He attempted to revise the original spelling of the poet according to the orthography set forth in the Buffington - Barba Pennsylvania German Grammar (1954).

In this second edition of **Der Nachbar an de Schtroas** 12 new poems and one folksong by Ben Sauder were added. In his Foreword to this second edition Prof. G. Elmore Reaman, first President of the P. G. Folklore Society of Ontario, points out that the first edition of Sauder's poems received such a fine reception that the Society decided to put out this second and enlarged edition thus making available new poems by the only P. G. folkpoet in Canada.

It might be pointed out that the additional new poems in this second edition did not receive the careful editing of the first edition and bear evidence of the chaotic spelling that so often characterizes the work of our own dialect poets here in Pennsylvania. In evidence we reprint here "A Trip Zum Moon:"..

A Trip Zum Moon

Es hut doch Kerls
in die ledschta Yaahra,
Die vella grad schtrock
in der Moon nei faahra.
Dat kenna sie noo sitza
un uva runna gaafa,
Un vatcha vie mir
die Ervat shaafa.

Ich selva vil es
net grad broviera,
Veil ich hab Angsht
ich kent grabiera.
Die Shtroasa in die Velt
bin ich noch net all bekant,
Drum glaub ich es
ver ein Unfershdant.

Un es kent gavislich
aa basiera,
Dass ich date mich
gans faliera.
Von ich der veg
aa goot kent finna,
Dan voo geht man nei,
"fanna uda hinna."

Des sin alsnoch Sacha
vas ich net fashtay,
Un alle fier Vucha
vird er zimlich glay.
Dan vird er so shbitzich
an yedem End,
Dass ich net vais
eb ich druf shtay kent.

Drum kenna dir alsnoch
druf dependa,
Ich lass noch andere
experimenta.
Aye Ding vas failt is aa
noch a bisly am Gelt;
Meins hab ich shun ball
gshbend in die alt Velt.

Ava des Shduft da hunna
dayt ich alles fakaufa,
Veil dat druva glauv ich
vird ich nix braucha.
Faleicht mit noo noch
a bissel shpaara,
Kent ich die trip bezahla
fa nuf zu fahra.

Un im Moon denk ich hen
sie noch ke Machina,
Noo kennt ich faleicht vider
aa bisley fadiena.
Ava der Man im Moon
kent mich arich surpreisa,
Un bletzlich mich zrig
nuna shmeisa.

But the last of the new poems, the folksong (printed with the musical accompaniment of Paul Martin) has been edited with a strong leaning to the literary High German, more readable but at the expense of the folksy dialect coloration. But we shall let the reader judge for himself in the following:

Die Pennsylvany Deutsche Leit

Die Pennsylvany Deutsche Leut,
in dem gelobten Land,
Sind ihre ganze Lebenszeit
die Arbeit wohl bekannt.
Frueh morgens sind sie aufgewacht,
es gibt sonscht keine Ruh,
Bis aber kommt die finstre Nacht,
dann gehn die Augen zu.

Die Pennsylvany Deutsche Leut,
Das ist ja wunderbaar,
Mit Schaffen und durch Spaarsamkeit
Nach einem hundert Jaahr,
Dass sie herausgefaahren soll
Von Pennsylvany rei;
Der Coneschtogo Waachen voll,
Mit Ochsen noch dabei.

Die Pennsylvany Deutsche Leut,
Das ist Euch all bekannat,
Sie kaufen jetzt in dieser Zeit
Die schenschte cars im Land.
Jetzt brauchen sie kein Ochsen mehr,
Der Esel ist zu faul;
Sie faahren mit dem Tractor her,
Und halten gaar kein Gaul.

Die Pennsylvany Deutsche Leut
Sind friedlich in dem Herrn;
Die Welt mit ihrer Eitelkeit,
Sie bleibt von ihnen fern.
Sie gehen gern zur Kirche ein
Und hoeren Gottes Wort;
Die Eltern, auch die Kindelein,
Sie sind gewoehnlich dort.

Die Pennsylvany Deutsche Leut
Mit Liebe sind verwandt,
Sind dankbar fuer die Obrigkeit
Und Gesetze von dem Land.
Sie zeichen die Baarmherzigkeit,
Und helfen in der Not;
Weil Glaube, wie Jakobus schreibt,
Ohne Werke ist doch tot.

PENNSYLVAANISCHDEITSCHER GSCHPASS

A Collection of Pennsylvania German Anecdotes, Jokes and Stories

Told by ALBERT F. BUFFINGTON

(Continued)

SING MOLL EBBES!

Ich kenn en Kall, ass sei Fraa seilewe net gebosst hot. Awwer ich denk mer kann's em net verdenke. Der Kall heesst George Musser, un er iss en "Musician." Der George iss als rummgschprunge mit zwee diffrende Meed, un er hot sei Meind gaar net uffmache kenne, welli vun de zwee, ass er heiere wett. Es eent Meedel hot Tschennie gheesse, un sie waar wunnerbaar schee awwer net arrig gscheit; in Faekt, sie waar yuscht ebaut so dumm ass en Ox. Es anner Meedel hot Mary gheesse, un sie waar gaargwidders wiescht, awwer sie hot en wunnerbaari scheeni Schtimm ghadde. Well, der George hot net gewisst, was er duh sett, awwer er iss en "Musician," un endlich hot er diseit, die Mary zu heiere. Awwer der aerscht Marriye nooch der Hochzich, wie er wacker iss warre, hot er ee Guck an sei nei-i Fraa genumme, un noh hot er sie aa wacker gemacht un gegrische: "Du liewer Himmel, Mary, sing moll ebbes!"

SELL ISS DER DRUWWEL

Die Mary Mohler hot gaar net verschteh kenne, fer was ihre Maad net heiere deet. Fer ebaut drei Yaahr nau iss der Mike Kaschdedder paar Mol die Woch kumme, fer die Maad schparricke. Endlich hot der Wunnerfitz die Mary grickt, un sie hot ihre Maad gfroogt: "Saag, Katie, wann exschpeckscht du un der Mike zu heiere?" — "O," saagt die Katie, "es guckt, ass wann mer seilewe net heiere deede." — "Well, fer was dann net?" froogt die Mary. —"O," saagt die Katie, "ich heier der Mike net wann er gsoffe iss, un er will mich net heiere, wann er sober iss."

ZU SCHPOT NAU

Do weil zerick waarich am Schwetze mit der Sally Kiehler. Die Sally iss en "Old Maid," un ich weess nimme, wie mer uff die Sobbtscheckt kumme sin, awwer die Sally hot gsaat: "Ich bin nau acht un fuffzich Yaahr alt, un bin seilewe net gebosst warre. Denkscht ich hab ebbes verfehlt?" — "Well, Sally," saaich, "siss zu schpot nau fer sell auszufinne."

ER HOT YUSCHT SEHNE WELLE, WIE'S FIEHLT

Die Mary Gerhardt waar arrig reich, und der Bill Long waar arrig aarem, awwer ehrlich. Die Mary hot der Bill gegliche, awwer sell waar all, un der Bill hot's gewisst. Moll ee Owed wie er gange iss sie sehne, hot er gsaat: "Mary, du bischt arrig reich, gell?" — "Ya," saagt die Mary, "ich bin aardlich gut ab. Ich bin zwee hunnert dausend Daaler waert." — "Ei, ei, ei," saagt der Bill, "un ich bin so arrem ass en Karrichemaus. Deetscht du mich heiere, Mary?" — "Nee, Bill," saagt die Mary, "ich gleich dich, awwer ich gleich dich net genunk fer dich zu heiere." — "Ya well," saagt der Bill, "ich hab gedenkt du deetscht nee saagge."—"Well," saagt die Mary, "fer was hoscht mich dann gfroogt?" — "O," saagt der Bill, "ich hab yuscht sehne welle wie es fiehlt, wann en Mann zwee hunnert dausend Daaler verliert."

ER HETTE EN LADANN HAWWE SELLE

Ich muss allegebott denke an de Unnerschidde gschwischich em Karressiere odder Schparricke in de alde Daagge un wie die yunge Leit es heidichsdaags duhne. Heidichsdaags mit de Aademobiels un ieleckdrick Lichder un die viele Bletz, wu die Buwe die Meed hienemme kenne, iss es Karressiere gans annerscht, ass es waar in de Daagge, wu der Bu mit me Gaul un Buggy un ken ieleckdrick Lichder gange iss sei Meedel sehne. Ich muss denke, fer Exembel, an ebbes ass ghaeppent iss drunne im Schteedaal ebaut vazich Yaahr zerick. Der Sam Hummel hot als uff en grossi Bauerei gewuhnt drunne im Schteedaal. Der Sam waar en gutmeenicher und friedlicher Mann, awwer sei Fraa waar schier immer am Grageele, un hot der Sam alsemol schlecht getriet. — Der Joe Moyer waar Gnecht beim Sam, un sie sin gut fattkumme beinanner. — Moll ee Samschdaag Owed hot der Joe sich reddi gemacht fer geh sei Meedel sehne. Es waar en wieschder, rerericher Owed. Der Joe iss naus in die Scheier, un hot sich en Ladann aagschteckt — odder vielleicht heesst dir en Ladann en Lutzer; sie duhne sell an deel Bletz, wu sie Deitsch schwetze. Well ennicher, em Sam sei Fraa hot des Licht an der Scheier gsehne, un hot net uffgewwe, bis der Sam naus iss noch der Scheier un hot geguckt, was aageht. Wie er nauskumme iss, hot er gsehne, ass es der Joe iss mit der Ladann. — "Ei, was witt du dann mit der Ladann?" froogt der Sam. — "Wei," saagt der Joe, "ich will geh mei Meedel sehne. Es iss zu dunkl fer geh unne en Licht." — "Ach," saagt der Sam, "ich bin aa gange mei Meedel sehne, un ich hab niemols en Ladann ghadde, wann's aa dunkel waar." — "Ya," saagt der Joe, "un sehn aa yuscht moll was fer en Fraa ass du grickt hoscht."

HELF DER SELWERT!

Ya, alle Yaahr warre mer en Yaahr elder, un ich hoff, aa wennich gscheider. Mer hen, denk ich, schun all Dinge geduh, ass nau, wammer so driwwer denkt, arrig dumm sieme. Ich glaab **ich** hab **mehner** ass mei schier geduh. Wie ich en yunger Bu waar, war ich arrig bleed, abbaddich um die Meed rumm, un ich vergess seilewe net ee "Experience," ass ich ghadde hab, wie ich en Boss griegge hab welle vumme Meedel. Es Meedel hot Mary gheese, un sie hot uf re Bauerei gewuhnt ebaut zwee Meil vun meinre Heemet. Selli Zeit hawwich gemeent die Mary waert's schenscht Ding, ass der liewe Gott seilewe gemacht hett. Awwer ich waar zu bleed fer graad rauskumme un re's saagge. Ich hab awwer aaghalde, un endlich hawwich's so weit grickt, ass mer ausgemacht hen, moll uff en "Picnic" zu geh all bei uns selwert. Well, der grooss Daag iss kumme, un mer sin frieh ausgschtaert. **Ich** hab's Esse gedraagge, un die Mary iss newich mer hergeloffe. Sie hot so wunnerbaar abbeditlich geguckt; ich hett en groosser Beis aus re nemme kenne. — "Wann ich yuscht en Boss griege kennt," hawwich zu mer selwert gedenkt, "noh waer ich so neegscht im Himmel, ass ich seilewe hoffe kennt zu kumme." — Awwer, ich hab die Wadde net rausgriegge kenne. Paar mol hawwich gemeent ich wett, awwer ewwich's rausgriegge hab kenne, iss mei Zung schteif warre, mei Haz hot aafange globbe wie en groosser Hammer, un ich waar arriyer verkollerbiert, ass en aldi Gans imme Schlooseschtarrem. Endlich hawwich die Kieh gsehne in der Wiss, un ich hab aa gsehne, ass der Bull eens vun de Kieh die Naas gschleckt hot. Nau iss mei "Chance" hawwich gedenkt. — **"Mary,** darreft **ich** sell duh?" hawwich g'frookt, un gezittert wie en Blaat. — "Helf der selwert," saagt die Mary, "es sin em Paep sei Kieh; er gebt nix drum."

YUSCHT EN DRAAM

Der Tschaerlie Rupp iss schunt lang mit der Saelli Schneider am Rumschpringe. Die Saelli deet gleiche zu heiere, awwer der Tschaerli hot sie seilewe noch net gfroogt. Well, der anner Daag saagt der Tschaerli: "Saelli, weescht du was ich gedraamt hab letscht Nacht; ich hab gedraamt, ich hett dich gfroogt fer heiere. Ich wunner was sell en Sein iss devun?" — "Well," saagt die Saelli, "ich deet saagge, sell waer en Sein, ass du mehner Verschtand hoscht, wann du schlofscht, ass wann du wacker bischt."

(To Be Continued)

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Editorials

Bourguiba's Switch

At least one of the leaders of the nations that lay claim to being neutrals as far as the struggles between the East and the West are concerned appears to have found the lair of the most dangerous tyrant.

President Bourguiba of Tunisia, among those who fiddled on the strings of colonialism while the Soviets fanned the fires of oppression, did quite a turnabout when Premier Nehru's Belgrade parley ended.

France, he now says, is to have continued use of its beleaguered naval base at Bizerte as long as the threat of a major war exists. After that, as President deGaulle suggested, there will be time enough to negotiate. For the moment, he regards the base as vital to the defense of the free world, including those nations that so recently have acquired their freedom.

This was a brave switch for the young and tiny nation that a few weeks ago had the all-out support of Moscow when the United Nations debated the Tunisian crisis and called for negotiations. There have been non conferences and none appeared likely.

What prompted President Bourguiba's new decision is not entirely clear. It had to be something more than the French suggestion of ultimate negotiations. Neither is it clear what the reaction of the Kremlin will be now that France may be relieved of some of its African pressures to become a more potent force in NATO.

It was something quite different, however, than whatever it was that sent Premier Nehru groveling to Nikita Khrushchev with his hand out for alms and his appetite admittedly whetted for more.

If both President Bourguiba and Premier Nehru are serious, there is no question in our mind about which one sees the issues most realistically.

Moravian's Approach

High school graduates who have been denied admission to colleges because their preparation hasn't met increasingly stiff academic standards and measurements now have another chance to prove their ability.

Moravian College will give them this opportunity through its new double-barrelled program of evening courses. All they will need for admission is a high school diploma. It will be up to them to swim or sink.

Students who meet normal college entrance requirements but who haven't been able to continue their education because of financial or other reasons may take evening courses for credit and ultimately earn degrees. Other colleges with similar programs.

Moravian's approach is unique because it permits those who haven't met its entrance standards to attempt college-level courses on a non-credit-basis. If they can do the work successfully they may transfer to the degree program.

This is the direct and forthright answer of a small independent college to the challenge of the increasing number of students who want and need advanced education, even those who have been late in realizing it. It makes maximum use of the college's facilities without increasing the investment in them.

In giving this answer, Moravian has properly safeguarded its own high academic standards. It has not, however, allowed this cliche to stand in the way of the contribution it can make to the community and some of its young people.

Ain't So?

We can't be quite certain, and probably never will be, whether it was the lexicographers or the press agents for their publishers who decided that "ain't" no longer is either an uncouth or an improper word.

If the press agents are responsible, that's one thing and it isn't or ain't too difficult to understand. Their job is to boom sales for a $47.50 volume on which the publishers are said to have invested $3.5 million. They must use every possible gimmick (also found in Webster) to call attention to it or they ain't or aren't doing their job.

If the lexicographers are responsible, that's another matter. We wonder whether the "cultivated people" they say use this mongrel "in most parts of the United States" mean to say "isn't" or "aren't" or whether they don't know there is a difference. Perhaps the greatest justification for it, which Mr. Webster's successors seem to have overlooked, is that it could be a substitute for either or both.

We wonder, too, how many more words the lexicographers may accept as proper because some supposedly cultured people in many parts of the United States use them occasionally when their culture slips. We shudder to think what they might have to say about a few of them.

What Others Say

Strange Bedfellows, Indeed

Harrisburg Patriot

The Pennsylvania Railroad long has had a deep interest in the sport of kings. And members of the General Assembly, too. After all, for years the Pennsy has run a special Kentucky Derby car to Louisville for the use of specially invited representatives and senators and a few others adept in the art of winning friends and influencing people.

So there's no cause for surprise that, in the final rush of the session, there was the Pennsy's lobbyist, Mr. William Reiter, the "51st senator," log-rolling for all he and the Pennsy were worth to get enough votes to put across the latest harness race track legislation for the benefit of Mr. James Clark of the Green - Clark Philadelphia Democratic machine.

Mr. Clark's multi - million-dollar monopoly track license, the only one yet issued, now is safe and sound forever. The law has been changed to make reissuance of the license automatic instead of requiring an annual application, as originally set forth.

It may be only coincidence that, earlier in the session, when the showdown came on legislation to require "full crews" on the Pennsy and other railroads, two of the trained seals in the Philadelphia Democratic House delegation jumped the traces and the bill went down—barely.

When it came time to trot out the latest harness track grab for Mr. Clark, it barely passed the Senate, too. By one vote. That's all. And who cast that vote? Surprise! Harrisburg's Sen. M. Harvey Taylor, the former Republican president pro tem, who voted against the original harness track bill and made quite a point of this opposition in his most recent campaign for re-election.

Taylor had been adamant in the past that GOP senators had to vote with their party regardless of their personal convictions. Well, as the old saying goes, times change. In some respects anyway.

The Toughest Pitcher They Face



Reach the Russian People

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Everyone in America would back up almost any effort President Kennedy might make to avert another world war and to bring about a reduction in the current cost of "peacetime" armaments.

But, as so often happens when governments get bogged down in the rituals of diplomacy, the obvious is overlooked. Reliance is too often placed on strong talk to the Kremlin about bigger and better weapons or the mobilization of armies. But this doesn't reach the Russian people.



Lawrence

Today the most obvious fact staring the whole world in the face is that a dictatorship exists in the Soviet Union which lies to its own people by completely distorting and misrepresenting the viewpoint of the Western countries. This is not an academic matter for the Russians either. For if war comes, millions of them will lose their lives.

Yet the United States Government is falling down badly in communicating its views to the people behind the Iron Curtain. The excuse usually offered is that it is hard to penetrate Communist - controlled areas and that radio broadcasts can be "jammed." This is partly true, But there are ways of reaching into the Soviet Union if a massive effort were made by the United States.

It seems incomprehensible that in a country like America, where publicity and advertising have reached such a high degree of effectiveness, the government itself should be fumbling and bumbling in presenting its views to the world. President Kennedy has an alert mind, and he fully understands the art and value of publicity in domestic politics. It is a mystery why he has allowed the publicity of the United States Government abroad to be neglected.

It is not a question of which individual should manage the U.S. Information Agency or how much staff the "Voice of America" itself should have for its broadcasting operations. There is need for a vigorous and aggressive policy with a powerful directive from the President of the United States which would authorize direct appeals to the people of the Soviet Union.

The existing directives, for instance, are based on a pussyfoot policy of forbearance. They provide that care should be taken not to seem to be dealing with internal affairs in Russia. So broadcasts are made in vague and abstract jargon, designed mostly to reach so-called "intellectuals." Highbrow lectures are offered to such an audience, when simple truths need to be stressed to publicize the current behavior of Khrushchev.

Straight Talk

Today, when the world faces the possibility of a nuclear war, is not the time to handle America's viewpoint with tenderness or politeness. It is a time for straightforward and plain speaking by the American people to the Russian people.

The United States, moreover, need not hesitate to tell the Russian people that Nikita Khrushchev is threatening world peace, that he is suppressing the truth about his own nuclear tests, and is following a dangerous course which can lead to a war that neither side really wants.

Nor is there any good reason to ignore the "non-aligned" or "neutral" nations either. Their peoples, too, should be told the truth. In many of these countries, which profess the virtues of their "neutralism," censorship of the press and radio is maintained, so that the American viewpoint doesn't become known or is deliberately misrepresented. Many Americans are beginning to ask why billions of dollars of their tax funds are being given away in "foreign aid" to such nations while virtually nothing is being spent by America in those countries to give directly to the people themselves the truth about American policies.

A gigantic job of publicity is imperative. It will require not just the $140,000,000 which Congress has planned to appropriate for information services abroad, but at least $1 billion. Congress would provide the funds quickly if there were a constructive policy and a comprehensive plan. This could, moreover, save the world from a costly war and make unnecessary some of the huge expenses being incurred by this country with its military budget.

When will the administration stop overlooking the obvious? Time is running out.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: Somebody told me recently that it is written somewhere in the Bible that only 144,000 people are going to heaven. Could you help me find this Scripture and can you explain it for me? S. A. L.

ANSWER: The Scripture that you have in mind is found in the Revelation, chapter seven.

In the explanation and interpretation of the Scripture one must be very careful, and you will notice when you read it that it does not say that this is the number of people that will be in heaven. In fact, if you just go on reading a little further, you will discover that in verse nine it mentions a "multitude, which no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues. . ."

Such a limited number in heaven would be inconsistent with the whole teaching of the Bible. Jesus gave such a broad invitation, saying, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." In saying this He didn't limit the number in any sense, and even the writer of the Book of the Revelation, as he came near the close of the book, extended the broadest possible invitation, saying to the people, "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And him that heareth, let him say, Come. And he that is athirst, let him come. He that will, let him take of the water of life freely" (Res. 22:17). Obviously God placed no limitations on the number who would be in heaven, nor did He give the number anywhere in the Scriptures.

Read and Study

No person can possibly be regarded as educated or cultured who does not know the language and literature and history, at least, of his own people. That, of course, is just a start but it is an essential. No one can constructively contribute to the welfare of his country who does not understand its form and method of government. One meets men who have degrees and even Phi Beta Kappa keys who know nothing about their government, who have no understanding of the techniques or government, who talk about democracy but they have no concept of what the law has to say about that.

This form of ignorance is not expected of an educated person, just as it is not expected that a person shall not have read the literature of his language. Students go through high school and college whose knowledge of the literature of their native language is as alien as that of a foreign tongue. They therefore are unfamiliar with the roots of their culture. They may have a smattering of Hemingway as they have of Sartre but they are not grounded in Shakespeare or Milton; as for Chaucer, they heard about him and they have read a poem of Longfellow and maybe Poe.

The value of literature is not only amusement. Its main purpose is to bring the reader close to the nature, the character, the ideals of a people. No one can understand the America of today, particularly our form of government, our insistence upon individualism with a deep communal responsibility, who has not steeped himself in British history upon which our institutions are based.

Our problem then is to review our entire system of education from the elementary school to the graduate courses in our universities to find a technique for handling both cultural and vocational subjects without taking so many years of a person's life.

Education

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Soon all the schools and colleges will re-open and boys and girls will hurl themselves into work which is designed to build their careers, to form their characters, to improve them culturally. Our system of education has come in for very sharp criticism on several sides.

The humanists feel that our students get very little of the humanities, the eternal values of learning, during a four years' course. They feel that the youngsters are being robbed of their time, their money and their opportunities by an inadequate probing into the nearly 10,000 years of human culture which is available to them.

On the other hand, many parents and employers complain that young people are graduated from our colleges and universities without any skills, any tools, any training in the acquirement of knowledge and the application of what they learned to their life work. In a word, they feel that they are wasting their time.

The humanists say that college is not a trade school; that if the young person wants to master a trade, he should go to a technical school that makes a specialty of his subject. The practical person wants to know why the student, after four years of high school and four years of college, is unfit for anything in particular. Girls can find jobs as secretaries or elementary school teachers although they are trained for neither; boys become stockbrokers or clerks where, if they can learn fast, they can make some money. The practical man asks about tools; the humanist asks about knowledge. Surely after four years, a student should have one or the other, if not both.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Another 5-year-old was sent home from kindergarten in deep disgrace. "What on earth possessed you," mourned his mother, "to stuff mud in Margaret's mouth"

The 5-year-old explained simply, "It was open."

Horoscope

Minor setbacks will be offset by a lucky hunch. Today's child will be sensitive.



BOOK NOTES

MONTGOMERY COUNTY. A Cultural Picture. 1784—1959.—Copyright by the Commissioners of Montgomery County, Norristown, Pa.—Text prepared for the Commissioners by Dr. John Joseph Stoudt.

Few counties in Pennsylvania can vie with Montgomery County for variety. Lying within a large metropolitan area, the scene of many historical events, it has been, so to speak, a crossroads country from the earliest history of our republic. Although separated from Philadelphia County only in 1784, it was far from being a mere provincial hinterland.

This colorful booklet was published by the Commissioners of Montgomery County on the observance of its 175th anniversary, at the same time to share with a larger public its historic heritage as well as to publicize the cultural and economic opportunities it offers to its own citizens and its neighbors.

The short but very informative text was prepared by Dr. John Joseph Stoudt. Within its compass of 37 pages we have an impressive list of the historic points of interest. "We might boast," writes Dr. Stoudt, "that George Washington slept in more houses in this county than in any other in America. But history — true history — is not made by the houses men sleep in. History is the meaningful past and it is made by what men do. It is what men did in our houses that makes much of our county historical, for Montgomery is full of places where active men did great and memorable deeds."

Further, there is a chapter on Valley Forge; a list of the historic places of worship of many faiths, prospering in early days under the tolerance of William Penn. But who was the eighteenth century Montgomery Countian who wrote: "In Pennsylvania we have many religious opinions, but only one religion, the Pennsylvania religion of 'go a little, give a little, live and let live.'" — Also included in this booklet are lists of the parks and recreation places; schools, colleges and seminaries; historical societies; libraries and museums; theatre and art groups; place names and their origins; a color plate of Pennsylvania German Fraktur and many illustrations of historic places and buildings.

A colored pictorial map, prepared by the cartographer Arthur F. Loeben, will be helpful to all who are interested in visiting the many historic places and shrines. This map will be especially useful to those of our readers who wish to visit early churches and churchyards: the Merion Meeting House, where William Penn preached; the Falckner Swamp Lutheran Church at New Hanover, oldest Lutheran Congregation of German origin in America; the New Hanover Reformed Church, where the first communion in a German Reformed Church was celebrated (1725); the Skippack Mennonite Meeting, an early Mennonite center; the Augustus Lutheran Church at Trappe, the oldest Lutheran sanctuary in America, where the patriarch Heinrich Melchior Muhlenberg and his illlustrious son, Peter Muhlenberg, lie buried; Boehm's Reformed Church at Blue Bell, in whose walls rests the Reformed patriarch, Johann Phillip Boehm.

We could wish other Pnnsylvania counties to emulate Montgomery in acquainting the public with the riches within their borders. The Commissioners of Montgomery County are to be commended for publishing this excellent piece of altruistic salesmanship, distributed without charge.

Annual Report of the Schwenkfelder Library 1960—1961

This is more than an annual report of the Schwenkfelder Library. With the fine taste that characterizes the Schwenkfelder publications this booklet is commemmorative of the 400th anniversary year of the death of Caspar Schwenckfeld von Ossig on the part of his devoted followers in Pennsylvania as a small token of gratitude to the Silesian knight "who worked at the immense task of recovering, purifying and restating the Christian faith." That simple faith, unencumbered by doctrinal controversial matter, but laden instead with love, tolerance and forbearance, is still practiced by our Schwenkfelder neighbors here in Pennsylvania.

With an ardor, perhaps unparalleled in the history of publications, this little group has persisted through many years in publishing a complete edition of the writings of Caspar Schwenckfeld. This prolific reformer published during his lifetime approximately 180 books. Volume XV of this colossal CORPUS SCHWENKFELDIANORUM, printed in 1939, was destroyed in the Second World War, but has since been reprinted. Vol. XVI appeared in 1960. The final volume is to be distributed in the fall of 1961.

With this annual report is also included an exquisite little portfolio containing seven engravings of Caspar Schwenckfeld, the originals of which it is believed were done shortly after his death in 1561. For all those interested in Caspar Schwenckfeld and for lovers of old engravings this portfolio is a precious item.

The front cover illustration of this report shows the fine old city hall of Ulm opposite which stood the patrician Streicher home in which the reformer died on December 10, 1561. This house and others adjoining it were destroyed in the Second World War.

It is given to but few mortals to be remembered with love and reverence 400 years after their death. — P. A. B.

PENNSYLVAANISCHDEITSCHER GSCHPASS

A Collection of Pennsylvania German Anecdotes, Jokes and Stories

Told by ALBERT F. BUFFINGTON

(Continued)

BLESSIER IM HOSPITAL

Do weil zerick iss der Sam Glinger noch em Hospital fer en gleeni "operation." Ebaut en Woch nooch sellem hawwich em Sam sei Bruder aagedroffe uff der Schtrooss, un ich hab gfroogt: "Wie iss dei Bruder Sam, ass im Hospital waar?"

"Oh," saagt er, "Er's allrecht, awwer ich glaab, ass er noch aardlich lang im Hospital bleibt." — "Fer was," hawwich gfroogt, "hoscht mit seim Dockder gschwetzt?" — "Nee," saaagt er, "awwer ich hab sei "Nurse" gsehne."

LOSS MICH WATSCHE!

Fer zwee Yaahr waar der Harry Laub in der "Army" gewest, un der aerscht Owed wie er deheem waar, iss er gange sei Meedel sehne. Un weil sie enanner net gsehne hen ghadde fer en langi Zeit, sin sei Meedel ihre Eldre frieh ins Bett gange. Well, der Harry un sei Meedel hen viel zu schwetze ghadde, awwer sie hen net all ihre Zeit gschpennt im Schwetze; sie hen aa ennaner wennich gebosst un gedrickt. Un yuscht wie der Harry sei Meedel en guder Boss am Gewwe waar, hot er genoodist, ass ihre gleeni Schweschder drauss im Gang gschtanne hot, un sie am Watsche waar. Noh hot der Harry sie reigerufe un hot gsaat: "Nau, Jennie, wann du en gut Meedel bischt un gehscht graad ins Bett, gewwich der en Vaddel." —Die Jennie hot awwer ken Watt gsaat, un iss yuscht rummgedreht un fattgschprunge; awwer glei kummt sie widder zerick, un hot en halwer Daaler in der Hand. "Do, do," saagt sie, "do iss en halwer Daaler. Loss mich watsche."

SINGLE

Der anner Daag iss ebbes Gschpassiches ghaeppent am Riggelweg-schteeschen driwwe in Sunbury. En Weibsmensch iss reikumme un iss nuff zum "Ticket" Fenschder gange, un hot gsaat sie wett en "Ticket" fer Harrisbarrig.—Der "Clerk" am Fenschder hot gfroogt: "Single?" — Ofkors er hot yuscht wisse welle, eb sie ee "Ticket" hawwe wett, awwer sie hot en letz verschtanne un hot gsaat: "Sell iss kens vun deine verflammdi Bissniss, ich hett schun en dutzend Mol heire kenne, wann ich gfiehlt hett, fer so en wieschder, fauler Bucker wie du zu heiere."

DIE MEMM WAAR GEIZICH

Der anner Daag waar ich am schwetze mit der Betz Miller. Die Betz iss yuscht ebaut es wieschtguckichscht Weibsmensch, ass ich seilewe gsehne hab — ebaut so wiescht, ass siwwe Daag Reggewedder. Un was es noch viel schlimmer macht, die Betz meent sie waer schee. — Well, ich wees nimmi wie mer uff der "Subject" kumme sin, awwer die Betz hot gsaat: "Ich grick all mei Scheeheet vun meinre Memm." — "Nee," saaich, "duscht du nau ferschur? Ich hett awwer net gedenkt, ass dei Memm soo geizich waer."

SIE HOT AA EN GSICHT GHADDE

Ebaut zwee Munett zerick hot der Harry Dunkelberger aagfange mit der Mary Wahl rummzuschpringe. Die Mary is en schee Meedel, un sie iss yuscht ebaut so gut gebaut ass sie kumme. Well der anner Owet, wie der Harry un die Mary daheem uff der "Couch" ghockt hen, saagt der Harry uff eemol: "Wei, Mary, dei Aagge sin bloo!" — "Well," saagt die Mary, "ich bin froh zu sehne, ass due moll endlich genootist hoscht, ass ich aa en Gsicht hab."

SIE HOT DER PREIS ENNIHAU GEWUNNE

Ich will eich verzeehle, was ghaeppent iss zu der Sally Moyer der anner Owed. Mer hen en groossi Paerdi ghadde drowwe ans Kehlers, un mer hen alle Sadde "Games' gschpielt, uns letscht hen mer en "Game" gschpielt, wu mer en Preis gewwe hen fer's wieschtischt Gsicht mache. Un mer hen all "unanimously" geagried, ass die Sally Moyer es wieschtischt Gsicht mache kennt, awwer wie mer re der Preis gewwe hen welle, iss sie gaargwidders bees warre. Sie hot gsaat: "Ich hab gaar net mitgschpielt, ich hab ken Gsicht gemacht." — "Ya well," saaich, "du hoscht der Preis ennihau gewunne."

ES WAAR NET DER DANIEL BOONE

Ich will eich verzeehle vun ebbes ass ghaeppent iss drunne an Harrisbarrig die anner Woch. En yunger Mann iss datt drunne in die Marriage License Bureau reikumme mit me Meedel un er hot em "Clerk" gsaat, er wett en "License" griegge fer heiere. Der "Clerk" hot genootist, ass der yung Kall arrig "nervous" waar, un er hot gfroogt: "Hoscht du der "Consent" von dem Meedel ihre Eldre fer sie heiere?" — "Der Consent vun ihre Eldre," greischt der young Kall, "wer der Deixsel denkscht du, ass sell iss ass datt an der Dier schteht mit der Schrootbix? Der Daniel Boone?"

ES GHEIERDE LEWE

Nooch em Schparricke un Karressiere kummt's gheierde Lewe, un sell iss net immer "Pasching un Hunnich," iewens unnich de Pennsylvaanischdeitsche. Ofkors, wann's waer, dann deede sie net so viel Schtories verzeehle vum gheierde Lewe. Do sin mei beliebschde Schtories in daere "Category."

YUSCHT EE FECHT

Der anner Owed hot der Pitt Dunkelbarriger der Tschann Glinger aagedroffe in en Beerschtubb driwwe in Sunbury, un sie hen aardlich viel gsoffe, un glei sin sie arrig schwetzerich warre un hen aagfange von ihre Weiwer zu schwetze. — "Weescht du," saagt der Pitt, "mei Fraa un ich sin immer gut auskumme mit nanner. Mer hen seilewe net gfochde." — "Well," saagt der Tschann, "sell iss mehner ass ich saagge kann. Ofkors, mir hen yuscht ee Fecht ghadde in all unsrem gheierde Lewe." — "Wann waar sell," froogt der Pitt. — "Well," saagt der Tschann, "er hot aagfange der Daag, wie mer gheiert waare, mer hen's uffghalde bis ich weck bin vun deheem de Middaag, un ich weess ferschur, ass es widder aageht, so gschwind, ass ich heem kumm."

EENI ISS GENUNK

Die Mary Schlosser un der Kaell Fenschdermacher sin nau gheiert fer ebaut en Yaahr un e halb, un ich glaab, siss ken Daag vergange, zidder ass sie gheiert sin, ass sie net gfochde hen. Sie fechde wie Katz un Hund. Der anner Owed, wie ich an ihrem Haus verbeigelöffe bin, hawwich gheert, ass sie widder draa waare, un ich hab wennich abgharricht. — "Huh," saagt die Mary, "eb mer gheiert waare, hoscht mer gsaat du waerscht gut ab." — "Ya," saagt der Kaell, "awwer sellemols hawwich net gewisst wie gut, ass ich rieli ab waar." — "Well," saagt die Mary, "du grickscht seilewe ken annri Fraa wie ich bin." — "Huh," saagt der Kaell, "waer saagt, ass ich seilewe eenie widder hawwe wett, wie du bischt."

ER HOT DIE MARY GHEIERT

Ich hab en Freind, ass en Dockder iss am Narrehaus drowwe an Danville, un do paar Yaahr zerick, bin ich gange ihn bsuche. Un noochdem, ass ich en Weil datt waar, hot er mich gfroogt, ewwich gleiche deet der Blatz zu sehne. Er hot gsaat, er deet mich gaern rumnemme.—"Ya," hawwich gsaat, "ich glaab sell waer arrig indereschding." — Un noh hot er mich rumgenumme, un er hot mer alle Sadde narrische Leit gewisse. Deel von de Leit hen gaar net narrisch gegucki; in faekt, net so narrisch, ass viel vun de Leit gucke, ass net im Narrehaus sin. Awwer, mer sin zumme Mann kumme, ass die gans Zeit MARY, MARY gegrische hot, graad wie net gscheit. Ofkors er waar aa net gscheit. — "Well," saaich zum Dockder, 'was iss dann letz mit sellem Kall, ass er die gans Zeit MARY, MARY greischt." —"O," saagt der Dockder, "sell iss en draurichi Kees. Seller Kall iss rummgschprunge mit me Meedel, ass Mary gheesse hot, un die Mary hot verschproche ghadde ihn zu heiere, awwer ee Woch fer der Hocnzich iss die Mary fattgeschprunge mit me annre Mann. Un sell hot daer Mann gans narrisch gemacht." — "H-mm," saaich, "sell iss arrig indereschding;" — "Well, komm aan," saagt der Dockder, "ich will der noch annre "Patients" weise," — Un noh sin mer in en anner Deel vum Gebei gange, wu die Leit recht wild waare, un mer sin zumme Mann kumme, ass aa die gans Zeit MARY, MARY gegrische hot, noch viel lauder, ass der aerscht Kall, ass mer gsehne hen. — "Du liewer Grund," saaich zum Dockder, "was iss dann letz mit sellem Kall? Daer iss noch viel narrischer ass der aerscht." — "Well," saagt der Dockder, "SELL ISS DER KALL, ASS DIE MARY GHEIERT HOT!"

(To Be Continued)

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TELEPHONE HE 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES

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Editorials

Harder Working Judges

There is enough evidence on the record in some areas of the commonwealth to justify the challenge of Chief Justice John C. Bell of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court that some judges should work harder and longer. More of his sweeping proposals to speed justice also deserve serious study.

Something like 21,000 cases are awaiting trial in Philadelphia alone. Allegheny County has 8,000 on file and their are other logjams.

This fortunately is not the case in Lehigh County. Here every case ready to be tried is heard promptly. The dockets in all its courts are so current that on occasion its judges have been able to sit in other jurisdictions to help them through their backlogs. The percentage of appeals is relatively low because the record of justice in these courts has been so exemplary.

Where there are delays, the courts alone are not necessarily responsible. Justice Bell made this clear when he coupled his challenge for all judges to pull their weight in the boat with a program for overhauling the judicial machinery of the commonwealth by legislative action and constitutional amendment.

He would clear the way for some of the more time - consuming trials by requiring arbitration of more damage actions by panels of lawyers. He would permit verdicts in relatively minor criminal cases and civil suits by a 9 to 3 vote rather than by the unanimous decision of the full panel of 12. He would require lawyers with heavy trial work in certain types of cases to employ additional assistants or farm out some of their court work.

The unusual thing about his proposals is that few if any would add to the tax load.

Congress took the political approach in attempting to relieve the logjam in the federal courts. It created 73 additional federal judgeships, 14 more than the President suggested were necessary. At last count, less than a third had been appointed.

Pledge to Northampton

Now that the people of the Northampton area have started collecting the $100,000 they must raise to open their own hospital, what we said here a few weeks ago is worth repeating:

This is a "once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for a real bargain."

It's a bargain not only because a hospital plant that couldn't be replaced for less than $750,000 can be acquired with a community contribution of $100,000. It's an even better bargain because the package includes the know-how of those who in a relatively few years have made the Allentown Osteopathic Hospital the kind of institution that is a very real credit to the community it serves.

In 1950, when the Allentown institution had 40 beds, it cared for 1,223 patients. Ten years later, with the capacity nearly doubled, it admitted more than 3,000.

Value of the plant has increased from an initial investment of $25,000 in 1943 to a debt-free $700,000. Of this, doctors who bring their patients to the hospital have contributed $400,000. They have voluntarily assessed themselves $300,000 to buy the former Haff Hospital property and establish the Northampton Area Osteopathic Hospital.

This record adds substance and significance to the pledge of those who manage the Allentown Osteopathic Hospital that they will operate the projected Northampton area institution in the same way. It is evidence that the sacrifices each family should make will pay rich dividends.

Emergency Tip

It's fortunate for more reasons than one that the tremors felt across much of Allentown and its environs Thursday night proved to be quite a minor earthquake. If it had been anything even moderately serious, Allentown would have been on quite a spot.

Within seconds after the momentary tremor ended, telephone switchboards at police headquarters and other information centers lit up like Christmas trees. If ambulances, fire apparatus or comparable emergency forces would have been required in even a single location it would have been difficult to get the calls through. There would have been long, perhaps even fatal delays.

It's a good tip to know police and fire department and hospital telephone numbers and to be able to dial them in the dark. It's an even better tip to use them only when there is need for the emergency services they are prepared to give. Curiosity does not come under the emergency heading.

What Others Say

A Productive Emergency

Wall Street Journal

We see by the papers that with the school season once more upon us there is also, once more, an emergency in the shortage of "qualified" teachers. The U.S. Office of Education notes that there are over 90,000 teachers in our public schools who lack the necessary training to qualify for permanent credentials. And, of course, something should be done about it.

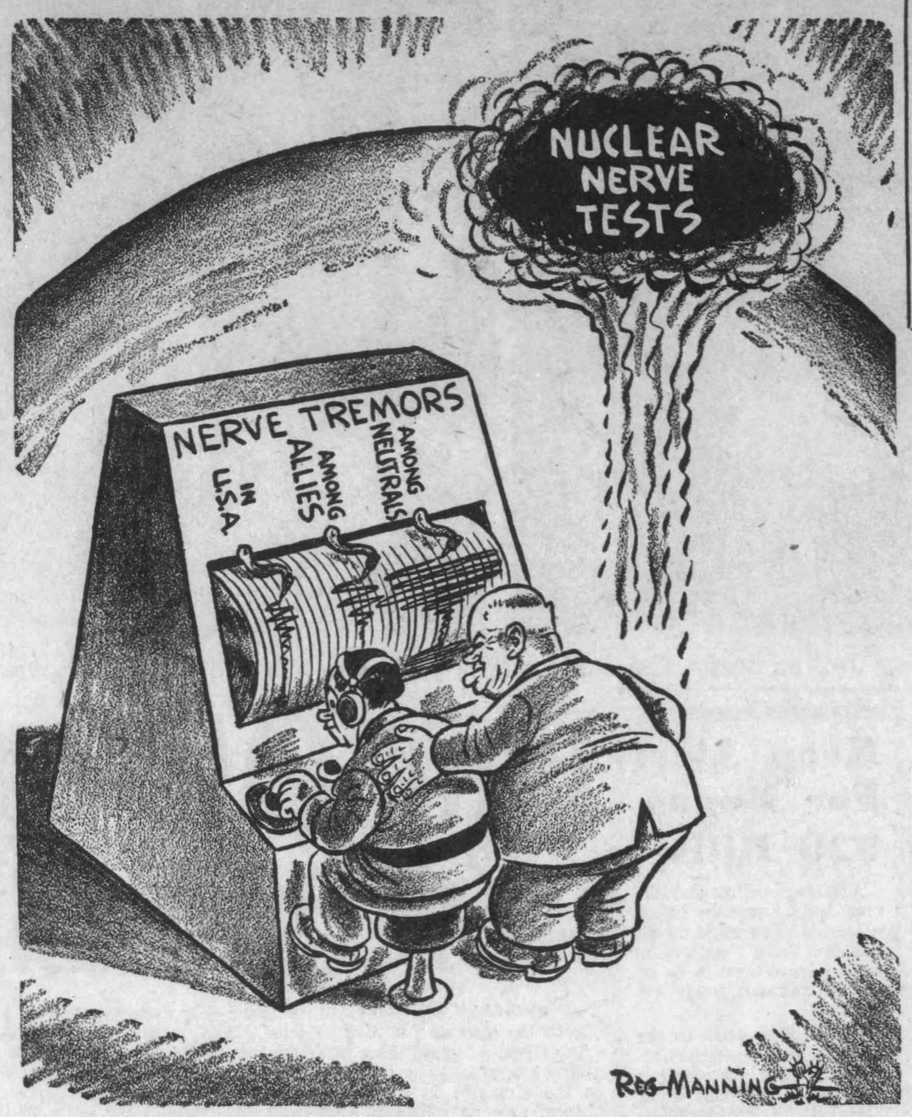
Well, in our own village we have had to struggle along for the past several years with two of these unqualified teachers. One is a young man who majored in English literature in his undergraduate years, took an M.A. and is now studying nights for his Ph.D. He's been the talk of the PTA because, himself having a love for Englist literature, he's touched off a small renaissance in the sixth and seventh grades. The other is a young lady from France whose knowledge of English is slight but who has the members of the football team looking up new words in the French dictionary.

Neither of these teachers meets the state requirements because neither has had any courses in education; all they know is the subjects they teach. They sojourn briefly with us because the superintendent of schools can certify that he has an emergency and thus obtain a special dispensation. Once the teachers' colleges can supply our school's demand these two will have to go on to other pursuits.

Far be it from us to be cheerful about emergencies. But watching our youngsters' reaction to these unqualified teachers, we can't quite view the dire reports of the Office of Education with unqualified gloom.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Under a new Pennsylvania law, Dr. John Cartwright could not become superintendent of Allentown schools after 1962. The reason: He doesn't have an earned doctor's degree.

Size-em-up-o-graph



White House Price War

By VICTOR RIESEL

On the morning of Sept. 7, President Kennedy approved a telegram to 12 men which declared war on the steel industry. Actually the wire was signed by his press aide, Pierre Salinger, who now rates with Hurricane Carla in the executive suites of the nation's steel companies.



Riesel

As in all wars, there was a series of events leading up to the firing of the first shot — the ricocheting of which won't end for a year.

This first shot may, in fact, touch off a war not alone with steel, but with all of U.S. industry — shades of Roosevelt, Theodore and Franklin.

For months now the President and Secretary of Labor Arthur Goldberg and White House economists have been discussing strategy for freezing prices. They decided on the tactic of public assault. In effect, the White House would openly dare industry to raise the tabs on its merchandise.

On Sept. 6, in line with this decision, President Kennedy signed 12 letters to the heads of the major steel corporations. They were mailed while copies were quietly "leaked" to several newsmen. The letters, urging the steel industry not to raise prices, arrived in the regular mail the morning of Sept. 7.

About 11:30 a.m. these were followed by a telegram from Pierre Salinger. Since the press, said Salinger, had gotten wind of the President's letters, the White House would release them to avoid confusion.

There had been no advance notice of the Presidential letters. None of the company chiefs had been quietly called in and first asked to freeze prices. Most of them did not know of the communication until they read of it in the newspapers. Mr. Salinger's wire merely sent tempers higher than the 93-degree heat.

The steel companies then returned the favor. The paper war began. Bethlehem Steel replied by mail — and the President could have read it all in the press. U. S. Steel hand-delivered its answer at noontime Sept. 13 — by which the company letter already had leaked into city rooms.

The White House now complained that all this was not fair. President Kennedy had expected the companies to reply en masse, at one time. Nor was he pleased with the fact that the companies were telling him his Council of Economic Advisers were not really that well informed, and that the unions were showing as little restraint as a teenager with her first lipstick.

With the first volley over, we war correspondents began wondering how it would affect the steel industry's negotiations with the steel union next spring. Would there be another long steel strike? There will be if prices are frozen and Dave McDonald's United Steelworkers demand another big pay-package.

This isn't guess work. There was a speech made by Conrad Cooper, U.S. Steel executive vice president, last July 14.

In it Mr. Cooper, in effect, tells Arthur Goldberg that neither the Labor Secretary nor the administration appear to know how to settle disputes.

Cooper states that under the present circumstances the unions are more powerful than industry. He disagrees with Goldberg's formula for industrial peace — a formula which calls for use of the President's 21-man labor-management board and the admission of public representatives to the bargaining table.

All this would lead to "government control of virtually all major bargaining, a stepping stone for the establishment and enforcement of national wage and price policies . . ." Then, answering charges by labor that industry had developed a hard policy, Cooper said ". . . If the term 'soft policy' points in the direction of appeasement and an attitude of 'labor peace at any price,' then surely this extreme must be ruled out as being unworthy . . . There is no room for soft heads in this field of endeavor . . ."

It does look like a lot more will be hot on the steel front than the blast furnaces.

Mechanical Man

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Whether Gagarin and Titov, the Soviet spacemen, actually circled the earth or whether they merely parachuted to earth from a previously fixed location after a satellite had gone around the globe has not been conclusively proved as yet. But high officials here say that the American project whereby a "simulated astronaut" traveled around the earth in orbit this week proves that it is theoretically possible that the Soviets didn't actually put a man on the two satellites as claimed.

Officially the course of the government here is not to express any doubts on the subject. This is a wise bit of diplomacy. But it is conceded privately that proof of the alleged flights by Gagarin and Titov is still lacking.

The artificial astronaut was constructed so it could breathe, sweat and talk just like a human being, and, except for two minor defects, it did just that.

Ground stations throughout the world monitored the flight of the American capsule and kept a close check on its progress. The artificial astronaut was a small, grey box of instruments three feet high, two feet wide, and one foot thick. It was laced with hoses, pipes and wires designed to put the same load on the capsule's environmental control system as a man would. In fact, three main purposes were fulfilled:

1. Oxygen was inhaled and carbon dioxide was exhaled, and this filled the cabin with heat and moisture, creating conditions comparable to a man breathing.

2. A man's body heat was simulated by an electrical heating element which indicated the capsule temperature a man might endure.

3. Pre - recorded messages were played back from two tape recorders designed to permit an evaluation of the whole communications system. All around the world the tracking stations listened.

Cameras, Too

Other radio instruments on board did send back information on vibration, acceleration and temperature in the capsule.

A special color-movie camera, automatically operated, was placed in one of the portholes to photograph the view. Another camera was pointed through a periscope, and a third snapped shots of readings on the instrument panels.

In addition, there were some devices aboard which can be operated either automatically or by a human astronaut. Thus, the spacecraft turned itself into the proper position in orbit when it first reached outer space. Also, the on-board timing mechanism was geared to trigger the retro - rockets which slowed the capsule after completing its orbit and sent it into a planned target area in the Atlantic Ocean near Bermuda.

Just before the flight, the information chief at Cape Canaveral said: "It's supposed to do everything a man could do." Apparently the artificial astronaut did just that.

What does it all prove? It demonstrates that manned and unmanned flights around the world are feasible. But there is still no proof that either Gagarin or Titov did it. Indeed, there is a suspicion that they were trained to come down in a parachute at a given spot and that neither one really had circled the earth. This suspicion arises from the strange things they were quoted afterwards as saying which do not stand up on a scientific basis — such as the claim of Titov that he was able to distinguish plowed from unplowed fields at a distance of 160 miles up in the air.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: Should a Christian have anything to do with politics? I feel that too many church people are more interested in political matters than they are in the Kingdom of God. What do you think? D.W.

ANSWER: I saw a sign on a Quaker church in England: 'IF YOU HAVE A NOTION THAT POLITICS AND RELIGION DON'T MIX, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND RELIGION."

That set me thinking. "Politics" concerns people, and people should be the concern of Christians. If we turn all political affairs over to the professional politicians, and have no concern about the affairs of the nation, where will we end up? I don't think that politics should be the first concern of the Christian, but I do believe that we should be interested, and even be willing to participate if our country needs us.

In the past, Americans were concerned about the government and the welfare of our country. They talked about the state of the nation to their children, and were prepared to do something about conditions they didn't believe were right. This is true today in far too few instances. The truth is we have become apathetic about morals, world condition, and about politics. And when we become indifferent, we eventually pay the price for our disinterest.

Sketches

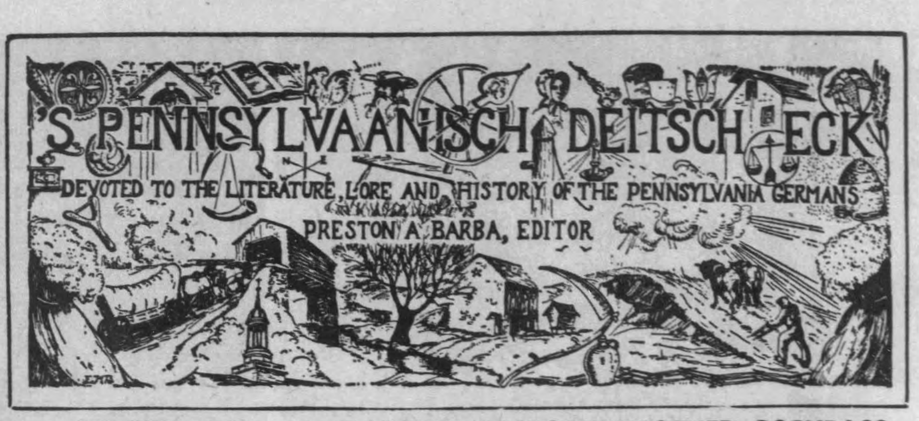
By BEN BURROUGHS

Try to Believe

If you are to be happy . . . you must try to believe . . . have faith in your fellowmen . . . and you will seldom grieve . . . those who distrust will never . . . find true happiness . . . life for them will always be . . . a dreary wilderness . . . believers gather peace of mind . . . as they proceed through life . . . God gives the believers . . . the strength to temper strife . . . without the clouds of fear and doubt . . . the sun will brightly shine . . . hearts aglow with tenderness . . . are where roses entwine . . . however rough the way may be. . . always think positive . . . believe, then forgive.

Horoscope

Consolidate your position this year. Today's child will be talented in science.



AN DER FAIR

(Going to the County Fair in the 1880's)

Was der Jake awwer heit
net so grossfiehle duht
In sein're beschte neie
Sunndaags Suit!
'S iss weil er die Kate
uf die Fair nemme will
Im neie weggeli
un em grohe Fill.

Die Kate iss noch aerger
gebutzt as wie er.
Ich weess net wie's
gaar meeglich waer
Meh Feddere un Blumme
uf ihr Hut zu duh,
Odder 'n schenneres Maedche
zu finne dezu!

G'wiss sehnt mer net oft
'n schmaertguckicher Paar,
As wie des an
dem Marye waar,
Wie sie in der Fair-grund
nei g'faahre sin—
'S waar Donnersdaag Marye,
so wie ich mich b'sinn.

Was waare awwer schun
'n Lot Mensche dort;
Un en Zucht
un Gegrisch alsfort!
'S waar'n Huckster un Gammler un allerhand Shows;
Mer hett denke kenne
der Deiwel waer los!

Die Ochse hen geblarrt
un die Haahne gekraeht;
Mer hott schier net
gewisst wu mer schteht.
Un noh kummt die Band noch
un schpielt uf em Schtand!
'S waar ewicher Laerm,
awwer doch waar's aa grand.

Zuerscht hot's die Kate
schier gaar bang gemacht;
Der Jake awwer
hot yuscht gelacht.
"Nemm du yuscht mei Hand",
saagt der Jake; "un noh
Geht's ab zu sehne
was zu sehne iss do."

'N Sackvoll Grundniss
warr'n g'kaaft far'n schtaert-
Sie sin wull ken
fimf Cent waert -
An der Fair awwer guckt
mer net uf die Expense!
Un der Jake fiehlt heit
aa so reich as 'n Prince.

Sie schtehn en weil
an der Schliffelmiehl—
Vun der Buwe un de Maed
sin viel
Was druf faahre; die Kate
awwer will's net duh;
Sie secht's macht sie darmlich, un koscht noch dezu.

Doch iwwer eweil
grickt der Jake sie so weit—
Eenich Maedel waerd
verschwetzt mit der Zeit—
Dass sie'n gut dutzend Mol
mit em rum g'faahre iss;
Er hot sie fescht g'halte—
weeich'm Darmel waar's gewiss.

Nooch dem sin sie gange
mitnanner die Kieh
Zu begucke,
un's annere Vieh.
Vun Schof un vun Sei,
's nix abaddich zu seh';
Die Geil sin recht gut,
un die Hinkel sin schee.

Die Kate bleibt 's lengscht
beim Hammele schteh,
Sie kann gaar net fart
devun geh.
Sie streichelt's un schwetzt
zu'm;
noh schemt sie sich halb
Wie der Jake zu 're secht,
er wott er waer'n Kalb!

Ihn suit seller scheckiche
Hengscht es meescht;
Er secht er waer eens
vun de greescht
In der welt; un's waar
aa en mechtiches Dier,
Zu gross un zu schwer
far viel use, meen ich schier.

Bei der Zeit nau muss es
ball Middaag sei;
So gehne sie in
en Schtand nei
Wu mer Oischter-stew grickt,
mit Crackers un Kraut
Far'n Vaerdel, un's schmackt
'ne beede yuscht baut.

Naegscht bei, far'me Zelt,
jumpt en Hanswarscht rum,
Un 's schpielt e' yung
Weibsmensch die Drum.
Sie hen grosse Bilder
uf's Zeltduch gepaint
Vun wilde Kreatur,
un was mer drin sehnt.

"Dart gehne nir nei",
secht der Jake, un sie sin;
Awwer frog en mol,
was sie dart drin
Hen g'sehne! Es macht en
bis heit noch als bees!
"En verdollt B'scheisserei
's was ich so ebbes heess!

'S waar interessant aa
die Races zu seh';
Was kenne die Trotter
net geh!
Ebwohl as der Jake meent
es waer viel im Dreck,
Un aa net e wennich
im Driver sei Neck.

Sie schtehne so lang
dart am Race-ground draus,
Es waerd ne zu schpot
far ins Haus
Nei zu geh, wu die Schtoresache sin, un's G'naeh
Un Gebaeck, un die Jelly,
un allerhand meh.

As der Jake secht, am beschte
waer's doch net so gut —
's hett anyhow ihn
net so g'suit
As es Brot un der Butter
as die Kate selwer macht,
Un vun wellem er 'xschpeckt
noch zu esse far Nacht!

"Awwer's 'Xschpeckte iss net
immer 's
Hawwe! secht sie:
Un er meent as er hett
sie noch nie
So gegliche's wie now,
wie sie'n aageguckt hot
As daet sie ihn froge,
ob er sie hawwe wott!

Es macht ihn sich dummle
zu schtaerte far heem,
So's er g'schwindt vun der Crowd
eweck kaem;
Es nemmt aa net lang,
sin sie 'm weggelche dri',
Un safe uf em Weg
noch der Bushkill hie.

Sei Aarm hot er somehow
now g'schlippt um sie rum,
Un die Kate iss of course
net so dumm
Net zu wisse 's er's dutt,
weil der Owet iss kiehl,
Un es gebt ihm yo aa
en Aart saferes G'fiehl!

Uf emol noh hot er sie
gebosst as es kracht,
Un g'saagt — un hot laut
dezu g'lacht:
"Es Hawwe kummt oft unni's
'xschpecte far Maed!"
"Des hawwich schun lang
awwer g'xschpect!" secht die Kate.
Far en lang Schtory karz
mache:
Var der naegschte Fair
Waar die Kate
die Missus Jake Lehr!
Un der Jake neckt sie oft,
un secht, 's daet ihm leed
As er net an die Fair meh
kann geh mit de Maed.

—Rev. J. Max Hark, D.D.
The Pennsylvania German,
January, 1903

PENNSYLVAANISCHDEITSCHER GSCHPASS

A Collection of Pennsylvania German Anecdotes, Jokes and Stories

Told by ALBERT F. BUFFINGTON

(Continued)

SIE SCHWETZT NIMMI ZU 'IHM

Well, der Ed Eschelmann un sei Fraa, ass yuscht paar Munnet zerick gheiert sin warre, sin schunn schtreidich un schwetze nimmi zamme. Der anner Daag hot der Harry Laub mer verzeehlt was ghaeppent iss. Moll ee Owed, wie der Ed heemkumme iss von der Arrewet, waar sei Fraa am Heile. —"Well, well, was iss do letz," froogt der Ed. — "Ei," saagt sei Fraa, "do hawwich en Kuche gebacke fer dich, der aerscht, ass ich fer dich gebacke hab, un der Hund hot der gans Kuche uffgfresse." — "Well, never mind," saagt der Ed, "ich kann der gans iesi widder en neier Hund griegge, wann daer verreckt." —Un sell waar all, ass er gsaat hot, awwer nau schwetzt sei Fraa nimmi zu ihm.

NET SCHTARRICK GENUNK

Wann ich die Zeit hab, gleich ich noch der Kaart zu geh un die diffrende "Cases" zu heere. Alsemol heert mer rieli wunnerbaare Dinge. Un der anner Daag hawwich ebbes gheert, ass mich aardlich gekitzelt hot. Der Sally Hess ihre Mann hot sie gerescht ghadde fer "Assault un Battery". Es siemt die Sally hot em Jim iwwer der Kopp gschlagge mit me Schtuhl. —Nau wie der Tschotsch die Sally gfroogt hot: "Fer was hoscht du dei Mann gschlagge mit me Schtuhl?" saagt sie: "Well, Tschotsch, ich hett en gschlagge mit em Disch, awwer ich hab der Disch net uffhewe kenne."

HOL MER MEI ZEEH!

Die Ida Miller iss eens vun denne Weibsleit, ass sich aaschickt, ass wann sie dreissich Yaahr yinger waer, ass sie rieli iss; un sie meent, ihre Mann, der George Miller, sett sich graad aaschicke wie er hot fimf un dreissich Yaahr zerick. Der George hot mer verzehlt vun ebbes Gschpassiches, ass ghaeppent iss die anner Nacht, wie's so arrig kalt waar. Die Ida hot net schlofe kenne, un ebaut Halbnacht, hot sie der George wacker gemacht, un hot aafange glaagge: "George, fer was duscht du nimme Lieb mache zu mir, wie du als hoscht?" — "Oh, Ida," saagt der George, "sei ruhich nau, un loss mich wennich Schlof griegge. Ich hab en hadder Daag an mei "Office" marriye." — "Du waarscht als net wie des!" saagt die Ida. "Du waarscht als so romantical. Du hoscht als gsaat, ich waer so siess, du deetscht graad fiehle, ass wann du en groosser Biss aus mer nemme kenntscht. Un weescht noch wie du mich als gebisse hoscht uff mei Finger un mei Backe un mei Hals. Fer was duscht sell nimmi?" — "Aa-a," saagt der George, "so "monkeyshines" sin yuscht fer "honeymooners." Mir sin zu alt. Kumm aan nau un loss mich schlofe." — "Aa-a, George," saagt die Ida, "kenntscht mich net yuscht eemol beisse, wie du hoscht fimf un dreissich Yaahr zerick?" — "All recht," saagt der George, "geh niwwer uff der "Bureau" un hol mer mei Zeeh!"

NIX FER FROH ZU SEI

Do paar Munet zerick iss der Jim Hartman gheiert warre, un ich denk er hot net so gut ausgemacht. Ennihau, letscht Woch wie ich ihn aagedroffe hab im Schteddel, hawwich gsaat: "Hei, Jim! Wie bischt alleweil? Ich waar arrig froh zu heere, ass du gheiert bischt." —"Huh," saagt der Jim, "ich weess net fer was du froh sei settscht. Ich hab dir seilewe nix in der Weg geleegt."

DES WAR YUSCHT ZU VIEL

Letscht Summer waar der Jeck Eschelmann en Tschurimann drunne an Harrisbarrig, un des waar's aerscht Mol, zidder ass sie gheiert waare, ass der Jeck weg waar vun seinre Fraa iwwer Nacht. Un, wie's so oft haeppent unnich so Umschtende, hot der Tscheck marrickwaddich Heemweh grickt fer sei Fraa. Un wie er's recht iwwerleegt hot, hot er sich rieli gschemmt, ass er sei Fraa net efter gebosst un gedrickt hot in de paar letschde Yaahre. Un so, es aerscht Ding, ass er geduh hot, graad wie er heemkumme iss, waar sei Fraa in sei Aarem zu nemme un sie gut bosse un grefdich dricke. Awwer sei Fraa hot sich graad loosgemacht, un hot aafange heile. — "Harriyessus," saagt sie, "des iss nau yuscht zu arrig. Do hot der Gnecht verlosse, die Maad iss grank, es Bobbel iss am Heile, die Kieh sin ins Welschkannfeld neigebroche, un nau, nau kummscht du Heem gsoffe."

ES WARR NET ZU BAET

Der anner Nummidaag wie ich in Lewisbaarig waar, hawwich der Hen Wetzel moll widder gsehne. Des waar es aerscht Mol, ass ich en gsehne hab ghadde fer ebaut zwanzich Yaahr. Un er hot aa recht gut geguckt. Ich hab em gsaat: "Du guckscht recht gut, Hen, was bischt am duh mit der selwert?" — "O," saagt der Hen, "ich bin yuscht gheiert warre." —"Well, sell iss gut," hawwich gsaat. — "Nee," saagt der Hen, "siss net so gut; mei Fraa iss es wieschtguckichscht Weibsmensch in fuffzeh Schteets."— "O," sell is zu baet," saaich. —"Well," saagt der Hen, "siss net so arrig baet; sie iss ebaut zwee hunnert dausend Daaler waert." — "Mm-mm," saaich, "sell iss gut." — "Well," saagt der Hen, "siss rieli net so gut; sie iss so geizich, ass sie mer net genunk Geld gebt fer mei Peifduwack kaafe." — "O, sell iss baet," saaich. — "Well," saagt der Hen, "siss net zu baet; sie eegent en schee grooss Haus in Fildelfi mit dreissich Schtubbe."—"Mm-mm," saaich, "sell iss gut." — "Nee," saagt der Hen, "siss net so gut. Letscht Woch iss es gans verflammt Haus nunnergebrennt." — "O, sell iss awwer zu baet," saaich. — "Well," saagt der Hen, "siss net zu baet. Mei Fraa waar drin."

SELL WAER NOCH IWWLER GEWESST

Der Tschaerli Witmer hot als drunne in der Machidungi Valley gewuhnt; sei Eldre wuhne noch datt. Awwer der Tschaerli iss nau en reicher Dockder un wuhnt drunne in Washington, D. C.

Letscht Summer sin em Tschaerli sei Eldre nunnergange noch Washington fer der Tschaerli bsuche, un der aerscht Sunndaag, ass sie datt waare, hot der Tschaerli sie noch eens vun denne hochmiediche Karriche genumme. Deel von de Himms, ass die gsunge hen, waare bekannde Himms, un em Tschaerli sei Eldre hen eifrig gsunge; der Daadi hot awwer viel lauder gsunge, ass die Mammi. In faekt, sie hen so laut gsunge, ass all die Leit um sie rumm ne wiescht aageguckt hen, un der Tschaerli iss gans rot warre un hot gewinscht, er hett sei Eldre net in die hochmiedich Karrich genumme.

Seller Nummidaag wie em Tschaerli sei Memm en Naep am nemme waar, hot der Tschaerli zu seim Daadi gsaat: "Daadi, in unsre Karriche do duhne die Leit in der "Congregation" net viel singe; sie losse der "Choir" es mennscht vum Singes duh."

"Ya, ya, ich weess, Tschaerli," saagt der alt Mann, un leegt sei Hand liewevoll uff seim Buh sei Axsell, "ich weess, ass du dich arrig gschemmt hoscht de Marriye, awwer wann ich net so laut gsunge hett, wie ich hab, dann hedde die Leit dei Mammi gheert, un sell waer noch viel iwwler gewesst."

WAER WAERT DIE HOSSE?

Waer waert die Hosse in deinre Familye? Bischt du en Pantoffelheld? Vielleicht waer's en guudi Eidieye, wann all die Mannsleit es gemacht hedde, wie der Joe Frieh hot, wie er gheiert iss warre. Der Joe iss en groosser Mann — ebaut sex Fuuss hoch, un er wiegt ebaut zwee hunnert Pund. — Well, der Daag, ass der Joe sei Fraa iwwer die Diehrschwell gedraagge hot in ihre neie Heemet, hot sie en paar vum Joe sei Hosse uff eens vun de Schtiel sehne leigge, awwer wie sie gange iss fer sie uffpicke un weckduh, hot er sie gschtoppt. — "Duh sie aa!" saagt der Joe. — Un noh hot sie sie aageduh. Sie waare ebaut sex Seisse zu grooss fer sie. "Duhne sie fitte?" froogt der Joe. — "Ei, sweetheart, du weescht ass sie net duhne!" saagt sie. — "Well, saagt der Joe, "dann duh du seilewe net vergesse, waer die Hosse waert in daere Familye!" — Un sell hot bulli gschafft. Der Joe hot immer die Hosse gewore in seinre Familye.

(To Be Continued)

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Editorials

Keep Red China Out

Now that the direct and specific issue of admitting Red China to the United Nations is to be debated in the General Assembly for the first time, it will be intriguing to hear the arguments of the Reds and near - Reds and to tally the vote.

Basically, the delegates will have just one question to answer: Does this particular unit of the International Society of Communist Brigands meet United Nations Charter requirements?

This document restricts membership to the original signatories and to those "peace - loving states" which would join them by accepting the obligations of the Charter and making them effective. To keep the record clear, these obligations include respect for human rights, for international law, for the sanctity of agreements and for the peaceful settlement of disputes.

In weighing the case of the Peiping regime that some would bring into the house of nations to help burn it down, many specifics can be thrown into the balance. Only one need be.

The Red Chinese have been at war with all members of the United Nations since the General Assembly ruled them an aggressor when they marched their Russian - armed battalions across the border into the Republic of Korea 11 years ago. To permit these traitors who murdered 27,000 American troops and many thousands from 16 other countries to sit on an international court they are still fighting would be like inviting the cold-blooded killer of a policeman to serve on the jury trying his own case.

In abandoning its objection to debate the question of admitting Red China, the United States ostensibly is not relinquishing its opposition to seating those who would force their mandate on the world as they have forced it on hundreds of millions of Chinese. It is asking all nations to join in making the decision firm and clear.

Unless a majority of them concur in this finding against an unrepentent killer, the United Nations will have little reason for continuing the struggle for peace to which at least some of its members still are dedicated. It will simply be placing its stamp of approval on the kind of war the Red Chinese and others like them are fighting with every possible weapon short of the one with which they would destroy themselves.

The Path Is Marked

Deportation of 136 priests and a Roman Catholic bishop from Havana was not Fidel Castro's first assault on the Christian Church nor is it likely to be his last.

Through all of history, those who have refused to compromise with the tenets of their religious truths and who offer men a solace and a salvation no state or ruler can provide have felt the crushing blows of temporal tyrants. In Rome they were led into the coliseum. In Berlin they were driven into the gas chambers.

Always the faith that made them strong has triumphed. Always their adversaries have been the ones whose names and ideas and beliefs are now nothing more than black smears on the records of their times.

It will be no different in Cuba than it was in Rome or Berlin or anywhere else where men of faith have been oppressed and persecuted.

In Character

The first idea a good many youngsters had of what Uncle Sam looks like was when they saw a towering figure in a red, white and blue suit and a star-spangled topper lumbering by at the head of a Hamilton Street parade.

They couldn't have known it was Claude B. Wilson, an Allentown school teacher, wearing a garb that for him wasn't a masquerade. He rarely revealed his identity as he marched by on his cumbersome stilts. He was satisfied to be a symbol of his country.

Occasionally he wore another costume to play the role of a genial Santa Claus. This also fitted him well.

Now that he has laid them both aside, the more who try them on and make them fit the better it will be for this community, for this nation and for themselves.

Protect Your Job

Men who found themselves out of work yesterday because during the night malicious sneaks smashed some of the tools they use, now have a first hand idea of what vandalism means. Unfortunately, they can make a personal appraisal of the high cost by deducting their own losses from their next pay checks.

There have been other heavy losses. They have occurred repeatedly in many areas of a broad community. Nothing is out of bounds. Industries, schools, churches and homes have been hit by those who think they're quite funny and daring. They will continue until these hoodlums are caught and punished with more than a tender slap on the wrist.

Police can't be everywhere. They need an assist from anyone who can help identify these dangerous punks. Those who would protect their jobs and their homes must give it to them.

What Others Say

And, It Saves Money

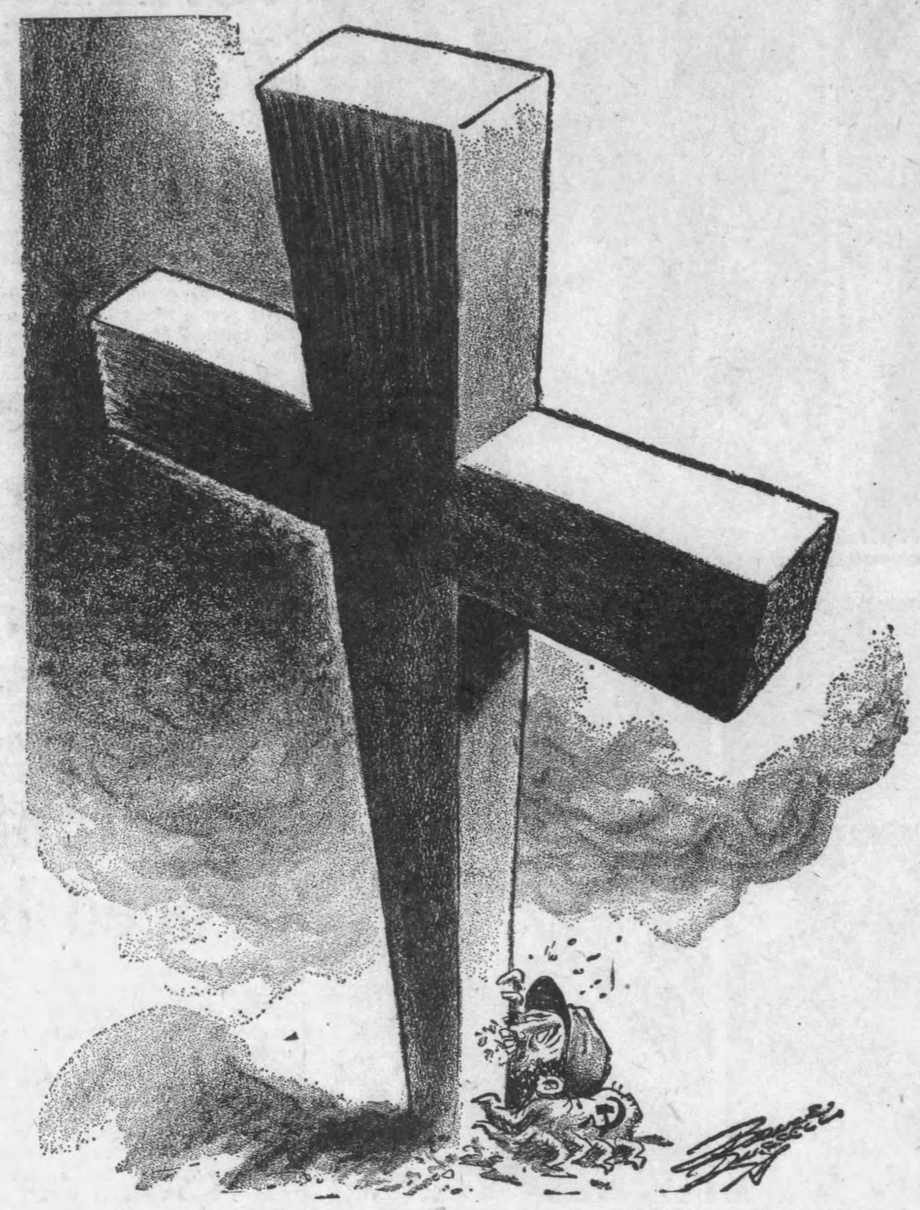
Washington Star

Confidence in the clear thinking of American industry is bolstered magnificently by a recent Associated Press report from Windsor, Vermont. For, up in that rugged rural fortress of Yankee ingenuity, one of the nation's great manufacturers of shoemaking materials has set up the most exacting of testing operations on the durability of its own and its competitors' footwear products. It simply puts them on the feet of small fry of various ages and lets, indeed encourages, these happy subjects to do what comes naturally.

As any parent knows, this is not merely an exercise of walking a straight line between two points. It involves kicking any movable object, preferably one with sharp edges, climbing rocks and trees, scuffing through the roughest of nearby terrain, and never missing a mud puddle that will make a new shoe look old in one short trip. All of this, without doubt, delights the kids.

Most of all, we suspect, it delights the parents, or at least the family providers, whose junior citizens get their experimental footwear for free. After all, it keeps the little rascals busy at something they do best and at something they would be doing anyway — footloose, so to speak, and at less overhead.

Uupalatable for Termites



Trifling With Morale

By DAVID LAWRENCE

What is more important than the morale of the American army? If there is a war in which "conventional forces" are to carry the principal burden, what are the troops going to fight for?

No army is worth anything unless it has a fighting spirit — unless it is motivated by a deep feeling as to the righteousness of its cause. This applies both to officers and to men.



Lawrence

Yet we read from the pen of Hanson Baldwin, military expert of the New York Times, as he writes from Augsburg in West Germany:

"From high command to private first class, the army in Europe has been deeply disturbed by the case of Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Walker. Officers of all ranks, particularly the senior ones, deplore the manner in which the case was handled and feel that some fundamental elements of military justice and fair play were violated."

Mr. Baldwin goes on to say that the reasons why many officers and men are dismayed "have nothing to do with the materials General Walker used or things he said in his anti-Communist program." Indeed, many officers said the general had become "too much of a single-minded zealot in his fight against communism." But the army is reported to have been "shocked first, by what it feels is the summary treatment given to a man who is generally regarded an an outstanding leader and soldier."

The original press release from the Pentagon, announcing General Walker's relief and transfer, was couched in such extreme terms that, Mr. Baldwin was told, one senior commander refused to publish it. He felt it was an interference with the normal processes of military law and an interference with the chain of command. The wording of the release was subsequently altered. But the records of the inspector general's investigation—which, like the minutes of a grand jury hearing, are confidential —were made public by the Pentagon. This is unprecedented. General Walker was not even given the right to read first the transcript of the testimony.

Basic Rights

The records of such investigations are traditionally for use only in a military court, where evidence is taken under oath and witnesses are subject to cross - examination. Supposing that the testimony of some "general" before a grand jury had been improperly disclosed and the individual then publicly censured by some government department or committee of Congress? Doubtless a drive for an "operation abolition" against such a department or agency head would have been promptly initiated.

But isn't all this a sign of the utter incompetence of those people in the Kennedy Administration who trifle with the morale of officers and troops of the United States Army? Isn't the Pentagon aware that it is ordering thousands of American citizens into the armed forces and is not just running a department to suit the politics or ideologies of different groups which bombard the government whenever anyone wants to speak out against Communist infiltration in the United States?

Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, Democrat, has been waging a crusade in the Senate to stop the censorship of speeches by military men who denounce communism. The word had gone out that the Pentagon censors and edits these speeches — somewhat like what is being done in Communist Russia itself.

The South Carolina senator has succeeded in getting the Senate Armed Services Committee to authorize a special study by a subcommittee into the whole problem of the "muzzling" or military personnel who seek to expose communism. It is an inquiry long overdue, but unfortunately the Administration itself has not taken the steps it should take to boost the morale of the military forces themselves and inspire them with the feeling that, if they have to fight communism on the battlefield, it is a righteous cause worthy of their maximum sacrifice.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

Question: I live in a city where a corrupt city government works hand in hand with the crime syndicates. What could Christ do for a town like this? B.H.

Answer: He could do wonders. But He can't do it unless the majority of the citizens gave Him the opportunity. Nothing could so revolutionize a community where corruption is widespread like the principles and presence of Jesus Christ.

During the Welsh revival, the morals of the nation were so revolutionized that police were not needed, and were given a holiday. John Wesley and the revival he precipitated in England was responsible for great social changes. Real religion always is reflected in the social life of a community.

Your city has degenerated because honesty, respect for law, and integrity have been cast to the winds. One thing that Christ is capable of doing, and this has been proved in the experience of thousands, is to restore a sense of morality and decorum. But He can only do this if individuals open their hearts to Him. The great difficulty is that those who need Him the most realize it the least.

The eucalyptus tree of Australia is a rival of the giant American redwood. Some eucalyptus trees are found that slightly top the redwood in height.

Sharing Plan

By VICTOR RIESEL

There is magic, for many folks, in the phrase "profit sharing." It conjures up big money swiftly thrown into the family pocketbook. But many of the country's leaders, including national labor chiefs whom I've just interviewed — have been publicly or privately critical of the profit sharing pact made by the United Auto Workers and the American Motors Corp.

The man who created this formula, which he calls "progress sharing," is AMC's vice president Ed Cushman.

I asked him why he led his company into the first such contract in the industry. I wondered what his reply was to those who charge he surrendered to Reuther. Here, in an exclusive interview by phone from Detroit, is his answer in his own words.

"Late in 1954, the new American Motors management under George Romney decided that the success of the company could best be advanced by the development of two concepts — the compact car and progress sharing," Ed Cushman asserted.

"The formal application of the progress sharing principle this year directly to employe compensation is a further extension of these basic approaches. The success generated by these concepts has in turn enlarged our opportunity to put them to work.

"Our conviction is that the fruits of economic progress must be shared equitably among all those who contribute to that progress — stockholders, customers, employes, suppliers, dealers. The success of an individual company, we feel, usually reflects the degree to which it enlists and rewards all participants."

Mr. Cushman then added, "Wage and benefit payments, in our opinion, should be related importantly to individual company success, just as labor contracts should be related to individual company specifics rather than to generalities based on the economic facts of other companies. Thus our plan was also designed to break away from the pattern-plus settlements imposed upon us by the union in past years.

"Except for the infrequent genuine product innovation, the greatest potential area of competitive advantage lies in workmanship — in the human beings who make up a company. The direct identification of the employe with company success should produce mutual benefits in many areas.

"Discussions of automation and advanced mass production techniques have overshadowed realistic consideration of the contribution of the individual worker. There still is no substitute for the good worker who has a real equity in what he produces, not to speak of the human values involved. We think our employes will draw a greater sense of accomplishment out of their jobs under our sharing plan.

"Heightened personal interest and concern should encourage increased cost consciousness per man and a further increase in the superior quality of our product, and this in turn should provide us with a significant competitive edge.

"The program strengthens management in a number of ways. Since it was initiated freely by management, it indicates clear recognition of the common interest in the success of the enterprise shared by management and employes and minimizes the grounds for antagonism that has been too characteristic of employe-employer relations. "And we are delighted that our agreement has given us the opportunity to clarify our management rights and define them against improper union encroachment."

The AMC vice president then concluded, "Tying the employes' financial interest directly to the success of the group effort of all associated with the enterprise seems to us essential if competition is to be the effective force it must be in a free society.

"The progress - sharing approach makes this interest clear."

Horoscope

An elderly relative is helpful in a year of steady progress. Today's child will be hospitable.



BOOK REVIEW

AHORNBLAETTER — Anthologie deutschkanadischer Dichtung ausgewaehlt und herausgegeben von HEINZ KLOSS. Holzner-Verlag, Wuerzburg.—Published in collaboration with Institut fuer Auslandsbeziehungen in Stuttgart. 1961. Pp. 116.

This anthology is fittingly named "Ahornblaetter" or Maple Leaves. Its compiler has been a constant contributor to our Eck almost from its beginning in 1935. Dr. Kloss has several times made prolonged sojourns in America and knows our Pennsylvania German dialect literature and our culture better than anyone else in Europe. In 1929 his "Lewendiche Schtimme aus Pennsylveni" appeared in Stuttgart; his significant history "Die Pennsylvaniadeutsche Literatur" was published in Mitteilungen der deutschen Akademie, Munich, 1931; and his small anthology of our Pennsylvania German poetry "Ich Schwetz in der Muttersproch" was published in Wiesbaden in 1936.

In his scholarly introduction to the above anthology Dr. Kloss traces the history of German literature in Canada, beginning with Anton Henrich's short-lived German newspaper in Halifax in 1788 down to the writers of our own day.

Of special interest to our readers may be the author's consideration of the literary output of those Pennsylvania German Mennonites who settled in Waterloo County, Ontario, at the close of the 18th century as well as of those later Mennonites who came from Germany in large groups and settled in Ontario in the 1820's, but whose own dialect was soon submerged under the impact of the Pennsylvania - Palatine dialect of those who had wandered to Canada from Lancaster County, Pa. But their output in both prose and verse is meager in quantity and of slight literary quality compared with that of those Mennonite Germans who had migrated from their settlements along the Vistula in the Ukraine in the latter part of the 19th century and of those German Mennonites who had fled to Canada in the 1920's after the communistic revolution in Russia.

In a general way the themes of this German - Canadian poetry are not unlike those of that large body of German poetry published in the German newspapers of New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, St. Louis and elsewhere in the United States throughout the 19th century and well up to the First World War: the natural beauties of their adopted land, the hardships of pioneer life in the new world, and nostalgia for their old world ties and ways of life.

From the poetry of the Ontario group of Pennsylvania German Canadians contained in this anthology we offer our readers the following:

UNSRE VORELDRE

Wu sin jetzt die alte Doddies
Von die gute alte Zeit?
Wu sin die gute alte Mommies,
Die scheene gute alte Leit?
Ma sehn sie nimme bei uns do,
Die scheene gute alte Leit.
Im Himml sin sie jetzt so froh
Und frehen sich in Ewigkeit.

(From Ezra E. Eby's Biographical History of Waterloo County, 1895).

HUNNERT JOHR IS SCHUN VERGANGE

Es mocht mer oft recht Harzeleid,
Wie zrick in die Vergongeheit
Im Schtille mei Gedanke rege!
Am aerschte waar die Mudderlieb —
S 'aerscht ich mich erinnere kann —
Der Dad waar nekscht, die Kinner dann,
Die um die Wieg, mit sacht Gelieb,
Fascht net hen schnaufe mege.

Denk, s 'is net lang gegange,
Brille 'n Dobe hot aagfange —
Von dem, nadierlich, weess ich net
Vielmeh, ich waar noch zimmlich glee.
Ich weess deel Tricks un anre Sache,
Die hette Grosse brille mache!
S 'is alles vorbei, mer losst's aa geh
Un b'holt juscht's bescht — ich denk mer sett.

S. 'Johr achtzehhunnert waar die Zeit,
Der alleraerscht von unsere Leit
Is vun der Schteets reikumme,
Bis an Die Zwansich un 'm Baerrich,
Mit Hiwwel, Schrpinge, Beem un Schtee,
Die waare gross — ganz wennich glee —
S ' waar all Busch, kee Schulhaus, Kaerrich.
Ee Schtick hot er doo ufgnumme.

Hunnert Johr is schun vergange.
Ach! Wu soll mer dann aafange,
Vun alle Gschichte mool ze saage
Juscht was gescheh' is in unsere Zeit?
Vum Grossdade weess ich nix meh.
Die Heemet awwer — s 'dutt mer weh,
Dass ich entfernt bin Meile weit —
S 'muss so sei — ich will net glaage.

E Hausvoll hot er mitgebrocht.
Un noch e gute Herd darnooch
Hen's aerscht mool do den Daag erblickt.
Mir schtamme vum letschte Geschlecht.
Die Mam is in die Wildnis kumme,
Der Dad hot bal e Weible gnumme!
E scheene Heemet — s 'waar aa recht —
Hot er for sei Deel grickt.

S 'hot awwer gaar net lang gedauert,
Er hot der Blats net meh gebauert,
Hot ausverkaaft un fortgezogge
Weit nuf vun alle Leit eweg. —
Oh Elend! Was e Zeit sell waar
For junge Fraa mit Kinnerschaar,
Daaglang, meilweit, darch arrig Dreck —
All Mut is nekscht ausgflogge.

Drowwe im Insching Busch, ei ja,
Wu die Welf un Baer un Schlange
Un Fichs un Haersch un Turkeys aa
Iwwerall sin wild gegange —
Im Insching Busch.

Es waar im hesslich Taunschip Dunn
Am Rainham Road gans nei (o mei!)
Drin faahre waar gewiss kee Fun,
Des hot mer ausgfunne glei
Im Insching Busch.

Mer hot gedenkt sie waerre hoarse,
Die Welf wu alle Nacht gebrillt.
(Der Dad hots abgeglort ufkoos,
Du weescht es waar aa ferchtig wild)
Im Insching Busch.

Im Laaf der Zeit, nadierlich dann
Waar ee halbschtock Haus ufgschlaage,
Wann ich mich recht erinnre kann,
So gross wie en gedeckter Waage
Im Insching Busch.

S 'geht nimmi lang bis Hinkel gachse,
S ' Feld g'eggt, geblanzt, die Fense gemacht,
Un alles haerlich schee am Wachse —
Busch, Feld, alles gedeckt mit Bracht
Im Insching Busch.

1904 —JACOB NASH MOYER

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Told by ALBERT F. BUFFINGTON

(Continued)

SELL WAAR EWWE DER DRUWWEL

Un noh hot der Billy Laub mer verzeehlt, was ghaeppent iss der Daag devor, wie er sei Fraa, die Tschenn, zum Pickdermacher genumme hot. Er hot gsaat: "Harriyesses! So ebbes hoscht du seilewe net gsehne. So lang ass ich leb, duhn ich mei Fraa nimme zum Pickdermacher nemme. Wei, ich saar der, es hot schier der gans Daag genumme?" — "Well," frooich, was waar der Druwwel? Fer was hot's so lang genumme?" — "Well," saagt der Billy, es aerscht hot der Pickdermacher gsaat, sie sett blessierlich gucke; awwer, noh hot sie net nadierlich geguckt; awwer wie er gsaat hot, sie sett nadierlich gucke, hot sie net blessierlich geguckt."

EM DEIWEL SEI SCHWESCHDER

Em Harry Klein sei Fraa iss en rechdi Hellion. Der anner Owed, wie der Harry heemkumme iss, waar er wennich wollich, un wie sei Fraa en heere hot kumme, hot sie gedenkt, sie deet en moll en "Lesson" tietsche. Sie hot gschwind en Leinduch grickt un iwwer sich gschmisse, so ass sie gucke deet wie en Gschpuck, un noh hot sie all die Lichder ausgedreht. Wie der Harry die Diehr uffgemacht hot, hot der Gschpuck datt gschtanne im Dunkele. — "Wer bischt du," froogt der Harry. — "Des iss der Deiwel," waar die Antwatt. — "Well, scheek Hents," saagt der Harry, "ich hab dei Schweschder gheiert."

NIX FER FECHDE DRIWWER

Am Mittwoch, wie ich im Schtor waar, waare en paar Loofers datt, wie gewehnlich, un der John Heiser un der George Keehler waare am Schwetze vun de alde Zeide. — "Ya," saagt der John, "mer sin nau gude Freind gewesst fer die letschde dreissich Yaahr, un mer sin aa seilewe net ausgfalle." — "Ya, sell iss recht," saagt der George, "mer hen seilewe ken Wadde ghadde gschwischich uns." — "Siss yuscht ee Ding," saagt der John, "ass ich seilewe net gegliche hab zu mentschene, weil ich bang waar mer deede ausfalle." — "Un was waar sell?" froogt der George. — "Well," saagt der John, "ich bin bang fer's mentschene, awwer ich kann dei Fraa yuscht net schtende." — "O, iss sell all," saagt der John, "mer duhne net datt driwwer fechde; ich kann sie aa net schtende."

NET IESI

Driwwe in Lewistown hot en Missionary Society en Kempeen ghadde letscht Yaahr, wu yeedes Weibsmensch in der Society soppoost waar en Daaler zu gewwe, ass sie selwert verdient hot. Well, der Owed fer die "Collection" vun de Daaler iss kumme, un die diffrende Weibsleit vun der Society hen verzeehlt, wie sie en Daaler verdient hedde. Un endlich, hot der President vun der Society sich zu en gutguckich Weibsmensch uff der veddersch Roi gedreht un gsaat: "Un nau, "Mrs. Schneider, iss es dei Zeit. Wie hoscht du dei Daaler verdient?" — "Ich hab'n grickt vun meim Mann," saagt die Mrs. Schneider. — "Oh! Vun deim Mann," saagt der President, "du hoscht dei Daaler iesi grickt." — "Huh," saagt die Mrs. Schneider, "ich denk du kennscht mei Mann net!"

DER HARRY UN SEI FRAA

Do paar Munet zerick, wie ich driwwe waar in Shamokin, hawwich der Harry Bachman aagedroffe. Ich hab der Harry als gut gekennt, wie er en gleener Bu waar, awwer ich hab en schun lang nimme gsehne ghadde. Ich hab awwer gheert ghadde vun annre Leit, ass der Harry un sei Fraa gaar net gut aakeemde, un ass sie en rechder Deiwel waer. Un so, weil ich immer wennich wunnerfitzich gewesst bin, schun zidder ass ich en gleener Bu bin, hawwich der Harry gfroogt, wie er aakumme deet. — "Oh," saagt er, "net so baet. Ich grick fuffzich Daaler die Woch un mei Fraa grickt fuffzich Daaler die Woch." — "Hm," saaich, "sell macht en hunnert Daaler die Woch." — "O nee," saagt der Harry, "es sin die seeme fuffzich Daaler. Ich verdien sie un mei Fraa grickt sie noochderhand."

Letscht Woch hawwich gheert, iss em Harry sei Fraa vun Heem gschprunge un noh iss der Harry aa fattgschprunge — er waar bang, sie mecht ihre Meind tscheentsche un widder zerickkumme.

EWE WARRE

Der alt Bill iss arrig grank warre un waar am Schtarrewe. Der Bill hot so en grecksichi, griddlichi un dickbeeniche Fraa ghadde, ass niemand in der ganse Nochberschaft gegliche hot. Un, wie er im Bett gelegge hot, hot er gedenkt, es waer ebaut Zeit fer sei Wille zu mache, un er hot der Lawyer Schammweh vun Middelschtedel kumme losse. Un wie der Lawyer datt waar, hot der alt Bill gsaat: "Ich will nau die gans Bauerei zu meim Bruder John losse. Ich loss mei Heiser do im Land rumm zu de Kinner. Ich geb deel vun meim Hausrot zu meinre Schweschder. Un ich loss meim Nochber, em Sam Schneider, ZWELF DAUSEND DAALER, wann er nooch meim Dod kummt un mei Wittfraa heiert." — "Was," froogt der Lawyer, er hot gemeent, er hett en vielleicht net recht verschtanne, "du saagscht du gebscht deim Nochber ZWELF DAUSEND DAALER, wann er die Wittfraa heiert?" —"Ya," saagt der alt Bill, "sell iss recht. Un ich will der saagge ferwas — do baut zehe Yaahr zerick hot er mich so verdollt wiescht bschisse in der Geils-bissniss — ich will nau ewe warre mit ihm."

DE ELDER DE BESSER

Die anner Woch waar der Silas Lesher vun Shamokin drunne in Sunbury, un er iss gange der alt Harry Weidlich sehne. Der Harry iss aardlich reich, un er hot en paar Meed, ass noch net gheiert sin. Er hot em Silas gsaat, ass yeders vun seinre Meed deede Geld griegge wann sie heiere deede "Die Bessie," saagt der Harry, "iss die yingscht. Sie iss yuscht fimf un zwanzig Yaahr alt. Der Daag, ass sie heiere dutt, grickt sie drei dausend Daaler." — "Sell iss schee," saagt der Silas. — "Die Tschenni," saagt der Harry, "iss dreissich Yaahr alt, un sie grickt fimf dausend Daaler, wann sie heiert." — "Sell iss neis," saagt der Silas. — "Die Meebel," saagt der Harry, "iss fimf un dreissich Yaahr alt, un sie grickt siwwe dausend Daaler uff ihrem Hochzichdaag."—"H-m," saagt der Silas. Des hot en gaargwidders geindrescht, awwer er hot nix gsaat, weil sie graad noh an der Disch gange sin. Awwer, noochdem ass sie en Weil am Esse waare, hot der Silas niwwergelient un em Harry ins Ohr gepischbert: "Saag, Harry, hoscht du ken Dochder, ass ebaut achtzich Yaahr alt iss?"

EN ALDI HELLION

Ich will eich aa verzehle vun ebbes Gschpassiches, ass ghaeppent iss drowwe an Lewisbarrick der anner Daag. Siss en Weibsmensch datt drowwe — ich will ihre rechder Naame net mentione — mer heesse sie die Mrs. Hartman — awwer, sie iss rieli en aldi Hellion. Well, der anner Daag iss en Tremp an ihre Haus kumme un hot gfroogt fer ebbes zu esse. —"Nee," saagt die Mrs. Hartman, "ich geb der nix zu esse, un du deetscht dich besser schinne, odder ich ruf mei Mann." — "Oh ne, du duscht net," saagt der Tremp, "er iss net deheem." — "Well, wie weescht du sell?" froogt die Mrs. Hartman. — "Huh," saagt der Tremp, "eenicher Mann ass gheiert iss zumme Weibsmensch wie du bischt, bleibt net deheem. Er kummt yuscht heem, wann's Zeit iss zu esse."

(To Be Continued)

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Editorials

Crimes Against All

Considerably more than money is at stake in the multi-million dollar thefts of art treasures from the public museums and private galleries of the free world. The thieves, whoever they may be and whatever is motivating their insane lust, are robbing all people in all nations of their cultural heritage.

Drawing, painting and sculpture are man's oldest form of expression. Through them he has communicated his thoughts, his ideals, his hopes, his aspirations and his image from one period of history to another.

We have an idea of what pre - historic man looked like and how he lived because he left crude pictures scratched into the stone walls of his caves. Americans can close their eyes and see a stalwart Washington or a scholarly Jefferson because Gilbert Stuart painted portraits that have been preserved.

In this community every school child has the privilege of seeing life as it was lived centuries ago because of the great masterpieces the Kress Foundation gave to the Allentown Art Museum. They will have this opportunity only so long as these paintings and others are available for them to study and enjoy.

Every canvas that is slashed from its frame, every piece of sculpture that is stolen and perhaps smashed, every art work in precious metal that is pounded into a shapeless mass to produce a few dollars removes just that much of the record of the ages. Every painting destroyed because frightened thugs are trapped with them is a loss no amount of money ever can replace.

These treasures are the property of all men everywhere, of those who can enjoy them and learn from them now and of those who will in the still distant centuries. Those who own them and preerves them in public gallerie or private collections are simply the trustees for this and future generations.

The crimes of the art thieves are crimes not against individuals or groups. They are crimes against all people in this and all future generations.

General-ly Speaking

Gen. Curtis LeMay's orders to Air Force brass to work off any softness or excess baggage they may have acquired in Pentagon swivel chairs is sound advice for more than the generals.

The malady the rugged chief of staff wants to work out of his command isn't restricted to men in medal - heavy uniforms. It afflicts even more in mufti, if only because there are so many more of them over the age of 40 or 45.

There are marked dangers in letting it spread—we almost said unnoticed. They are constantly being cited and are well known. They shouldn't be ignored by any man.

In case any wives outside Washington have been hinting at similar orders for their own paunchy desk-bound commands, the point shouldn't be missed that the general wasn't being either ruthless or arbitrary. The waist - reducing remedies are to be used only on the prescription of the Air Force doctors and after careful individual checkups. This is essential to the cure. For some, weight - lifting, pushups and even golf could be worse than the malady.

Neither Gen. LeMay nor we want to start a mad rush to already crowded doctors' offices. All we want to do is help curb unnecessary processions to cemeteries.

Go to It, Casey

Powerful although the New York Yankees are at bat, in the field and in the front office, they just can't keep a good man down.

When they didn't have quite what was needed to win their 19th World Series a year ago, they blamed it all on Casey Stengel and put the grand old man of baseball out to pasture. He didn't stay too long.

When he comes back to manage the New York Mets of the National League, it will be to give the Yankees box office competition in their own home town. Plenty will be rooting for Casey.

We haven't the slightest idea of whether he'll be able to do it in the time that may be left to him, but we hope he'll lead the Mets to at least one pennant. It would be even more of a satisfaction to all except the most rabid Yankee fans if Casey and his new Mets could clobber the Yanks in the Series and prevent them from adding another world championship flag to their already massive collection.

Better for Prevention

The usual suggestions of those who have a quick and ready formula for curbing the dangerously rising rate of serious juvenile crime is more love, more understanding, more captivating activities for groups and individuals.

A repentent convict, who as director of a youth center in what once was a tough New York crime district has seen teen-agers at their best and at their worst, completes the answer. Love, he agrees, is important. So, he insists, is discipline.

There should be no mistake that the prime responsibility for both rests with each parent and belongs in every home. Lack of either or both or too much of one without enough of the other invites disaster for youngsters and their parents.

Only when these disasters are permitted to occur are others required to take over. When they do, as Chief Justice Bell of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court suggested the other day, strict and firm discipline must be used as a cure. It is far better for each youngster if it is used as one of the preventives.

Fallout!



Mr. Nixon's Decision

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Former Vice President Nixon seems to be a fatalist in politics — he thinks that what is destined to happen will happen. So he virtually rules himself out of the presidential race for 1964 but leaves open the prospect of becoming a candidate for the presidential nomination in 1968. Seven years is a long way off, but perhaps not to a man now 48.

What were Mr. Nixon's reasons? He probably doesn't know himself exactly why he shuns 1964, but, as an experienced politician, he does know that, if President Kennedy is lucky enough to have a good economic situation throughout the country in 1964 and if the nation is at peace, the incumbent administration will be hard to beat and in all probability will win re-election.


Lawrence

Also, if the nation is at war in 1964, it would obviously be considered unwise to "change horses in midstream."

So Mr. Nixon weighed all the arguments against going out for the Republican nomination for Governor of California, including the possibility that it would take him out of the presidential race in 1964, and decided that he would be just as well off anyway by skipping the next presidential contest.

For one thing, the former vice president's two principal rivals for the Republican presidential nomination in 1964 — Senator Goldwater of Arizona and Governor Rockefeller of New York — would have to bear the brunt of the campaigning between now and then and participate actively in the presidential - primary contests in various states. Also, if Governor Rockefeller doesn't win his own re-election campaign next year in New York State, he will be out of the 1964 presidential race. If, however, he wins by a larger margin than he did in 1958, he will have enhanced his political stature nationally.

There is always the outside chance that, while refusing to be an active candidate for the Republican presidential nomination in 1964, Mr. Nixon will be "drafted." But this seems remote. Governor Rockefeller will be regarded as the front runner from now on, and the battle will be between the more or less "conservative" Senator Goldwater and the more or less "liberal" Governor Rockefeller. As the politicians say, one will knock the other one off, or else there will be such a deadlock between the forces behind the two men that the middle-of-the-road Nixon may be chosen as a compromise. He will not have to commit himself in presidential-primary contests.

The former vice president will flatly promise the people of California in his coming campaign for governor, that, if elected in 1962, he will serve out his full four-year term, which goes beyond 1964 to 1966. He will be pressed again and again by the newsmen to say whether he will accept a "draft" as the Republican presidential nominee in 1964. But he can always answer that by saying he will cross that bridge when he comes to it — or he can argue, as Justice Charles Evans Hughes of the Supreme Court did for several months in advance of the 1916 Republican convention, that he doesn't believe it is even remotely probable. But it turned out the other way then.

So it is conceivable that Richard Nixon could be the choice of his party in 1964. It is also conceivable that Governor Rockefeller might be nominated and elected in 1964, which would mean that Mr. Nixon had gambled and lost for 1964 and probably for 1968, too.

If, of course, Mr. Nixon loses the gubernatorial fight in 1962, he will have virtually eliminated himself as a potential presidential candidate.

Anyone who has come within such a small number of votes of winning the presidency will never give up hope of being more successful "next time." But personalities and popularity or skill in politics have relatively little to do with the winning of an election to the presidency. It depends mostly on the condition of the country at the time the election is held.

If economic conditions are good and there is an absence of any emotional issues, such as corruption or bad conduct of foreign policy, the party in power usually wins.

If business conditions are bad and unemployment and discontent are widespread or if foreign policy has been mismanaged, it doesn't much matter who is chosen as the opposition party candidate — incumbent party will usually be defeated. That's the history, in brief, of American politics.

Woman's Mind

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

One of the minor difficulties in the relation between the sexes is that women speak a language without nouns. Their minds work so freely and intuitively that they feel pronouns are enough to tell you what they are talking about.

In one of C. S. Lewis' early novels, he observes: "If two men are doing a bit of work, one will say to the other, 'Put this bowl inside the bigger bowl which you'll find on the top shelf of the green cupboard.' The female for this is 'Put that in the other one there.' And then if you ask them, 'In where?' they say, 'In there, of course.'"

A woman's mind jumps gaps, like an electric spark, while a man's mind has to travel through a conductor. He needs some vehicle for transmitting the current of thought; she easily dispenses with logical connections, like an abstract expressionist painter.

Man is normally used to literal, photographic impressions of people and the world. "Did you notice anything about Daphne tonight?" his wife will say. "That was a pretty pink dress," her husband answers dutifully. "It wasn't pink," she says, "and besides, I meant her attitude, not her dress."

Ten minutes after entering a room at a dinner party, a woman can tell if any of the couples had a quarrel that day; a man would have to see a husband hitting his wife over the head with a plate before he realized something was amiss. This almost - animal perception is what makes women talk without nouns — they just assume you have followed their unconscious train of thought.

A couple may be sitting in the living room reading the paper after dinner when she remarks, "It doesn't feel right." "What doesn't?" her husband asks. "The arrangement around the fireplace, naturally," she retorts impatiently. "Why didn't you say so?" he asks. "I did," she answers. And so she did—whose fault was it that he couldn't follow?

We males are clumsy materialists in a world of exquisite female sensibility — a sensibility that goes far beyond facts and logic and even proper nouns; and no marriage can be called a success which ignores this profound emotional disparity.

Sky Voices

By HAYDN PEARSON

Sometimes one hears the voices at dusk of an autumn day—the haunting, poignant calls of wild geese as they wing their way along the highroads of the sky to the southland.

There are few voices of wildlife more appealing than the faint cries of geese in autumn darkness. One knows that high above the earth, the majestic birds are flying in wedge formation. In obedience to an ancient instinct, after a summer in the stretches of the northland, the birds migrate to their winter quarters.

How do birds know when to migrate? What profound, mysterious power exerts its strength? How do they recall the routes? We do not know. Through the long centuries, since the last ice sheet receded and left our sculptured landscape, wild geese have answered two powerful calls — northward in the spring and southward in the autumn.

It is good for man to live with Nature's mysteries, for life itself is still an unknown thing. Man, being man, strives to know the answer. The distant spaces of the universe, the highest mountains, the depths of the seas, all constitute a challenge that he accepts.

But life is more than knowledge. The haunting cries of the geese in the dusk of an autumn evening represent a part of life that man must accept on faith. It is the fashion of the era to reduce all mysteries to mundane facts. But there is more in Heaven and earth than mathmetical formulas.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

I Can

When trouble's weight hangs heavy . . . and there are things to solve . . . I set about my problems . . . with purpose and resolve . . . with faith and hope and with a prayer . . . I strive to straighten out . . . the things which tend to worry me . . . and loom as paramount . . . it matters not how hard the task . . . not once do I maintain . . . that it's beyond accomplishment . . . although it's quite a strain . . . this, I know, would surely be . . . the beginning of the end . . . not only that, but I have . . . my conscience to defend . . . I never make a failure . . . part of any plan . . . I try and try and try again . . . knowing that I can.

Horoscope

A busy year promises good chance of promotion. Today's child will excel in courage.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: I have been laid aside by an enforced rest due to a weak heart. Although I have always been a Christian and have tried to trust the Lord, I have found this very hard to accept. How can He use me when I am incapacitated? D.M.

ANSWER: The interesting thing about Christian service is that one doesn't need to be in top physical condition to be used of God. Paul, who suffered from an incurable physical weakness, said: "My strength is made perfect in weakness."

George Matheson, suffering almost unbearably, wrote: "O Love that will not let me go, I rest my weary soul on Thee", and millions have been blessed by this hymn, written in the furnace of affliction.

No other ideology has ever given suffering men the poise and joy of Christianity. It is a faith that thrives in affliction. Don't succumb to your suffering — but use it to demonstrate that Christ is sufficient in every circumstance and adversity.



FROM THE UNPUBLISHED DIARY OF THE REVEREND WILLIAM EDWARD SCHENCK

The Rev. Mr. Schenck, a Presbyterian minister, was the son of John C. Schenck, a farmer who lived near Princeton, New Jersey. He was a young man just out of school when he made his trip into the Lehigh Valley. He was licensed to preach at Manchester, N. J., in April, 1842, and ordained in February, 1843. In 1847 he was the pastor of the Hammond St. Church in New York City. In 1850 he was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Princeton and in that same year he wrote a history of Princeton. Although he was probably of the third or fourth generation in descent from a German family at New Germantown, N.J., mentioned as early as 1760 by the Rev. Henry Melchior, Muhlenberg, he himself seems not to have known German.

The following extracts, from Volume I of the Rev. Mr. Schenck's unpublished manuscript Journal concern a trip he made into the Lehigh and the Schuylkill Valleys in the year 1842.—They appear here by courtesy of Mr. Raymond E. Hollenbach. .

June 7th — Tuesday. Left home today to embark upon the voyage of life in a strange land and in the midst of strangers. "May the Lord guide me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake" . . . Left home about 6 o'clock a.m. for my field of labor in Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, where I have engaged to labour for three months. Started in a private conveyance with my friend, Clayton Blackwell, who accompanied me to Easton . . . Leaving Lambertville at one o'clock , after a short halt went forward and put up for the night at a tavern near Milford bridge 15 miles below Easton.

June 8th — Wednesday. We arose early in the morning and reached Easton by 9 o'clock. Here I immediately went in search of Reverend W. Irwin whom I expected to find ready to carry me over to Mauch Chunk, but he had not come. Went to Lafayette College where I presented to President Yeomans a letter of introduction from Dr. Rice and was invited to take dinner with him. Then called at Reverend Mr. Gray's to inquire after Mr. Irwin, who was not to be found. Mr. Gray invited me to take tea with him and to preach for him in his lecture room in the evening. I, therefore, after bidding farewell to Clayton, went to dine with Mr. Yeomans, and about 4 o'clock went to Mr. Gray's, where I took tea. In the evening I preached in Mr. Gray's lecture room and stayed with him all night.

June 9th — I took passage this morning on the stage for Mauch Chunk, 35 miles. (The evening before put my box of books on the way to be sent by boat). At 20 miles distance from Easton we passed through the Lehigh Water Gap where the scenery is sublime, and it continues so more or less all the way to Mauch Chunk. This place is surrounded by hills on every side, 8 or 900 feet high, and cannot be seen 500 yards off in any direction. Hither immense quantities of coal are brought down from the mines and boated every day. On arriving here I went immediately to Rev. Mr. Webster's house and was received by him with great cordiality. I found him in affliction. His little son was lying dangerously ill. He took me therefore to Mr. George W. Smith's house where I stayed all night.

June 10th — After breakfast I returned to Mr. Webster's house where I spent the day in converstation and reading, with the exception of a part of it in which I walked around town to view its curiosities of nature and art. Towards evening walked out with Mr. Webster and called at the Lehigh Company's warehouse where I was made acquainted with Mr. Edward Barnes, the cashier. Called also at the house of Mr. Knowles, the superintendent. Stayed at night again at Mr. Smith's.

June 11th — After taking an early breakfast with Mr. Webster, he and I went to Summit Hill. Although so late in the season, it was bitter cold and not having brought my cloak with me, I was chilled through and through by the time we reached there. There had been snow at the Summit early in the morning. On arriving there everything looked dreary and cold and dismal and besmutted with coal dust, and my heart almost sunk within me at the prospect of living in such a place. We stayed with Dr. B. R. McConnel, the Company's physician, a man of learning and science,and a correspondent of Professor Henry, Professor Silliman and Sir Humphrey Davy. Dr. McConnel graduated from Princeton and was there in the time of Slack's rebellion. Mr. Webster returned to Mauch Chunk in the afternoon and left me to preach on the morrow at Summit Hill.

June 12th — Sabbath — Spent the day at Summit Hill withDr. McConnel. There is here a small stone meeting house capable of holding about 150 persons. In this I preached at ten o'clock. I gave notice that at one o'clock the children should assemble to form a Sabbath School, and at the time appointed we had over 50 scholars.

June 13th — Monday — After breakfast returned to Mauch Chunk in the train of mule cars, which descended the incline plane all the way by gravity only. Spent the day at Mr. Webster's. His child was taken worse in the afternoon. My box arrived on Saturday evening from Easton and Mr. Barnes, the company cashier, refused to receive anything for its transportation. In the evening went again to Mr. Smith's where I stayed all night, and wrote a letter to my father.

June 14th — Tuesday — Mr. Webster's little boy had died in the night, so my trunk was brought to Mr. Smith's and I took my quarters there for the present.Spent the day in composing a discourse and reading Doddridge's Rise and Progress.

June 15th—Wednesday. — In the afternoon I conducted the services at the funeral of Mr. Webster's little boy . . .

June 20th—Monday — Spent the day at Mr. Wiggan's. Occupied the forenoon in reading and in the afternoon took a walk with Mr. Wiggan upon the the mountain . . . then walked down to the tunnel on the Reading Railroad about a mile below Port Clinton. This is a great work, being 1600 feet long, dug through the solid rock. On walking into it a little distance I was impressed with a feeling of solemn awe . . .

June 21st — Tuesday — At eleven o'clock started on the car for Tamaqua and arrived there at 2 o'clock. Had Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd (Quakers) for fellow passengers. They went to the same house to which I was going, viz: Mrs. Heaton's. Mrs. Heaton and her sister Miss McNeill are members of the Presbyterian Church . . .

June 23rd—Thursday — After breakfast I went down in the mule cars to Mauch Chunk. There Mr. Webster made arrangements for me to stay temporarily with Mr. G. W. Smith, one of the elders. Accordingly my box was carried thither from the Lehigh Company's warehouse, and I was comfortably installed in a nice room.

June 25th—Saturday — Spent the day at Mr. Smith's most of the time in my room. In the forenoon gathered and examined some specimens of the American Rosebay (Rhododendron maximum), a splendid flower.

June 27th — Monday — I walked out with Mr. Smith upon the mountains in search of flowers, but found few . . . After tea called with Mr. Webster at Mr. Leisenring's house and was introduced to Miss Mary Leisenring and her sister Mrs. Julia Salkeld, a young widow lady. With them we walked up to the Academy expecting to hear a Temperance lecture, but no lecturer came . . . When the meeting was over I walked home with Miss Mary Leisenring, but did not go in.

June 29th—Wednesday — Between 6 and 7 o'clock Mr. Webster and myself read the 2nd Psalm in Hebrew. After breakfast received an invitation from Mrs. Julia Salkeld to take tea there this evening .. . . went down to Mrs. Salkeld's and took tea with Mrs. Salkeld, her sister Miss Mary Leisenring, Miss Chamberlain, Miss Malvina Barnes and her brother Edward Barnes, and three young Messrs. Leisenring. After tea we took a walk down to the bank of the Lehigh River. On our return Mrs. Salkeld, Miss Chamberlain and myself went to attend the prayer-meeting at Mr. Webster's house. Just as Mr. Webster was closing his address, Mrs. Webster fainted away and the meeting was broken up in confusion.

June 30th — Before breakfast Mr. Webster and myself read the 3rd Psalm in Hebrew. Between breakfast and dinner I wrote a letter to my friend John Miller. Took dinner with Mr. Webster. After dinner went with Mr. Smith to visit the site of Gnadenhuetten, the Moravian village which was destroyed by the Indians in A.D. 1755 . . . The settlement was built near the junction of the Lehigh and the Mahony rivers. We found still standing an old log church which had been built afterwards on the same foundations, and just like the one which was burned down by the Indians. This church is now tenanted by a ragged family. The bell of the old church was buried by the Moravians to prevent its destruction and was afterwards dug up by somebody digging a well. It is still preserved in the neighborhood. From the church we went over to the burying ground. Here many of the Moravian Brethren and Christian Indians lie buried. But the object of greatest interest was a grave covered by a plain solid slab of marble, with the following inscription cu tupon it:

To the Memory of
Gottlieb and Christina Andres
with their child Johanna
Martin and Susanna Nitschman
Anna Catharina Senseman
Leonard Gattermeyer
Christian Fabricius, clerk
George Schweigert
John Frederick Lesly, and
Martin Presser
Who lived here at
Gnadenhuetten
unto the Lord
and lost their lives in a surprise from the Indian warriors
November 24th
1755.
"Precious in the sight of the Lord
is the death of his saints."
Psalm CXVI.15

FRANK BUCHMAN

When on Monday, August 7th, Frank Buchman departed this life in the little Black Forest town of Freudenstadt twenty heads of state and prime ministers cabled messages in tribute to the man whose plans for rearming the world against the forces of evil had found worldwide recognition. Delegates from 40 free nations attended the memorial services in Freudenstadt. According to his wishes his remains were brought to Allentown. Devoted followers from many nations arrived in Allentown to attend their beloved leader to his last resting place beside his parents.

Amid all the pomp and circumstance of the local funeral rites it was easy to forget that Frank Buchman was of simple Pennsylvania German origin. Beloved and revered by both the great and lowly of many nations, he always spoke with love and devotion about his native Pennsylvania, the speech of the Pennsylvania Germans, their cookery and their traditions.

It has been said of old that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. This can hardly be said of Dr. Buchman. On the occasion of his 60th birthday, June 4, 1938, the editor of the Allentown Morning Call wrote in glowing terms about the remarkable career of Frank Buchman. Though written 23 years ago we believe it fitting that we reprint the following paragraphs:

"Now on his sixtieth birthday anniversary, from his many friends of his boyhood and youthful days in this city, will go forth the sincerest wish and hope that the burning zeal that has propelled his idea with singleness of purpose during all the years may continue strong for the consummation of all the lofty purposes which that idea embraces.

"Frank Buchman has his roots in the soil of Pennsylvania. If you visit Pennsburg with him — a rare experience — he will show you the old swimming hole where he would swim, permission or no, and old Jonathan's cherry tree whose fruit was so tempting on a warm day. He will yarn with deep affection about those old places, surrounding them with the magic of his childhood, and you know that here is a man who, after travelling the world over, loves no place as well as the Pennsylvania town where he was born.

"Buchman today is the same quiet, forceful American. He is six feet tall, strongly - built, clean-shaven. He is disciplined, alert, full of vitality. His eyes have the dpeth of a man who knows the world. They sparkle with friendliness and humour and yet look down the vistas of history. But you carry away an impression not of the bold features but of the life which animates them.

"His freedom-loving ancestors came from Switzerland in 1740 aboard the sailing ship Phoenix. One of them fought with Washington at Valley Forge. A branch of the family pioneered in Minnesota. The others settled in the town of Pennsburg. In this community of sturdy Americans of revolutionary war ancestry, Buchman spent his boyhood.

"His father is still remembered as one of this community's ethical businessmen, a Christian gentleman. His mother was a quiet, cultured woman of deep insight. From her he gained the iron self-discipline tempered with an irresistible sense of humour, which are today his familiar charteristics. From his father he learned his understanding of human nature, the genius of making friends which has endeared him to thousands around the world . . .

"AS he loves men, so he loves nations. He carries the world in his heart. The greatest tragedy to him is the spectacle of nations losing their way; the greatest need in the world is the need for emboldened leadership; the greatest sin, the sin of an inadequate plan. 'Some nation,' he says 'must find God's will as her destiny and God-guided men as her representatives at home and abroad. Some nation must produce a new leadership, free from the bondage of fear, rising above ambition and flexible to the direction of God's Holy Spirit. Such a nation will be at peace within herself, a pacemaker and a peacemaker in the world.

Will it be America?"

(The above few paragraphs from an editorial in the Morning Call for June 4, 1938, a year before the outbreak of The Second World War, have found their way into the latest edition of the collected speeches of Frank Buchman, entitled REMAKING THE WORLD, published in 1961 by the Blandford Press, London and published also in Chinese, Danish, Dutch, Finnish, French, German, Italian, Japanese, Norwegian and Swedish.)

While at the graveyard we were caught in a drenching shower, but partially sheltered ourselves by our umbrellas and a pile of boards. Shortly, however, the sun shone out brightly, disclosing a charming view up the valley of the Mahony river.

(To Be Concluded)

THE MORNING CALL

David A. Miller, Publisher-Director 1895-1958

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Editorials

Muhlenberg's Challenge

Six times in the last 94 years six men chosen to chart the development of Muhlenberg College said what Dr. Erling Jensen said yesterday when he formally took command as its seventh president.

Dr. Frederick A. Muhlenberg, speaking at the first inaugural in the Lehigh County Court House on Sept. 3, 1867, put it this way:

"We do not regard an education as complete that aims only at improving the intellect . . . No education is complete unless it prepares a man to discharge all his duties properly in this world and qualifies him for the rewards and employments of eternity. This kind of education contemplates the education of his conscience and the cultivation of his heart."

President Benjamin F. Sadler said it in only slightly different words in 1877, Dr. Theodore L. Seip in 1886 and Dr. John A. W. Haas in 1904. President Levering Tyson emphasized it sharply in 1937 and President J. Conrad Seegers spoke of it again in 1953.

Dr. Jensen, the first of the presidents to come from a predominantly science discipline, reiterated this concept of Muhlenberg's heritage, cast in both the liberal arts and Christian traditions. He said:

"Intellectual excellence is fine and is exceedingly important, but in itself is not sufficient to prepare individulals to assume their responsibilities in a complex society . . . The total educational program must be concerned with the spiritual, moral and physical aspects of the individual as well as with the intellectual."

To serve students in each of these areas of their education is the only reason for the existence of Muhlenberg and those other colleges that subscribe to the same traditions. This is why they were founded by Christian churches. This is why those who believe these concepts of education still are basic support them. This also is the reason they deserve even more support than many of them, including Muhlenberg, have been receiving.

They merit this support only as they earn it. They earn it only as they demonstrate not only that they recognize these distinctive challenges of the Christian liberal arts college, but that they meet them.

No college president can meet them alone. He must have the full support of trustees, administrators and teachers firmly rooted and practiced in the same ideals and thoroughly dedicated to them. He needs students and graduates and friends, both inside and outside his own church and faith, who are convinced that these ideals are right and proper.

Only with this support can Dr. Jensen lead Muhlenberg to the great heights toward which it has so long aspired and toward which other stalwarts have been leading it.

Thank You, Mr. Sam

This is not the proper time to eulogize Sam Rayburn, the man who served in the Congress of the United States longer than any man and who more than doubled the tenure of any of his predecessors at the desk of Speaker of the House.

It is, however, an appropriate time for Americans to express their sincere thanks to him for his long years of devoted service to his country and for his tireless efforts on behalf of what he believed to be the best interests of all its people. To Sam Rayburn, who sometimes disagreed even with presidents of his own party affiliation, many of these causes meant more than politics.

It also is the time to tell him that when he is compelled to take his final leave of Washington and what he called "my House," more than presidents and vice presidents, cabinet secretaries and congressmen will miss him. He'll be missed by Republicans and by Democrats, by Americans in many walks of life and in all parts of the nation who somehow or other felt just a bit more comfortable about their country because while administrations came and went Mr. Sam stayed on keeping store.

Stimulate Protection

Municipal authorities in this and other communities who debate whether to relieve those who build fallout shelters of increased tax levies because these facilities are new construction or represent "improvements," should check with Livermore, Calif.

There the city council recently voted to provide municipal shelters to accommodate all of the town's 17,250 people at a cost of $127 each. The total investment will be $2.1 million.

On the same basis, the bill for Allentown would be nearly $14 million.

The people of Livermore have reason to understand the dangers of nuclear fallout. The University of California radiation laboratory is in their city.

No one has suggested such a program for Allentown. It has been suggested, however, that those who have the foresight to provide themselves, their families or their employes with this kind of insurance be relieved of the cost of a building permit or of increased assessments. This is the least stimulus any community can give to a program that could be a matter of life or death for its people.

What Others Say

The Shifting Population

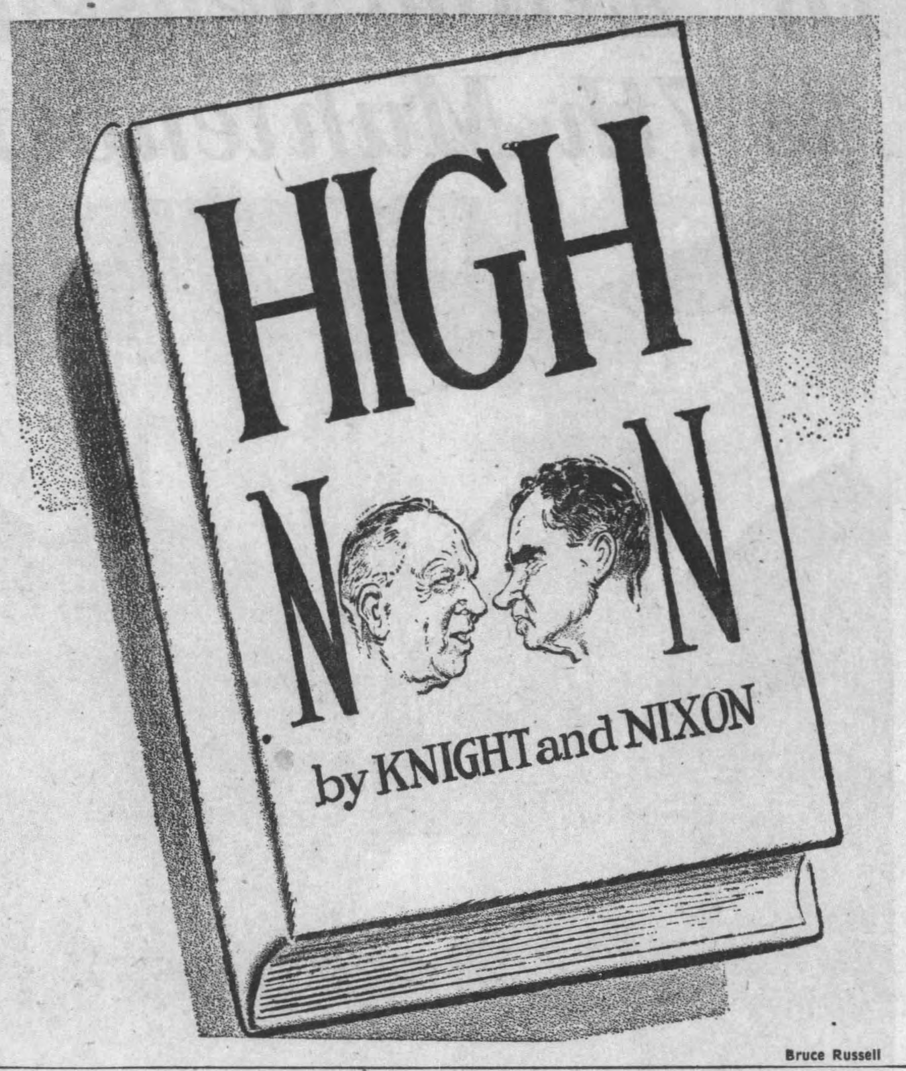
New York Times

We wonder if the city fathers of New York have taken due note of the survey findings of an Elizabeth, N. J., civic group that noise, air pollution, traffic congestion and inadequate housing appear to be the major reasons why families move from that city. Elizabeth's population of 107,000 in the 1960 census was 5,000 less than it had been in the census of 1950.

Well, New York City also lost population in the last census. It is logical to think that the same factors that reduced the number of families living in Elizabeh might also have operated here. Especially as New York has not achieved notable success in dealing with these factors. Our antinoise campaigns have had little effect. Our traffic congestion approaches strangulation.

New York has been willing to provide a budget and staff for only a puny fight on air pollution. After much trial and error, we do seem to be moving forward with new housing of many kinds. It is quite apparent that New York must have fresh thinking and forward - looking action in these and other fields if it is to hold families who now live here and make it inviting to others to come here.

Look of the Month



Bruce Russell

Aid for Education

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Loud are the laments from different groups throughout the country that Congress failed to provide the billions of dollars advocated by President Kennedy for federal aid to education.

The President is blamed for lack of aggressive leadership or for compromising with opponents or for inept handling of the legislation by his own party. Factionalism in Congress itself is blamed for the use of various parliamentary procedures to block passage. The religious issue is blamed as a disruptive influence. Opponents of federal subsidies are blamed. Also, many who harbored doubts about loading the Treasury with an annual commitment for any field as big as education have gladly accepted some of the responsibility for the defeat of the measure.



Lawrence

But the sad fact remains that education in America is in need of more funds — better teachers and better buildings. Whether all the states need federal aid or some of them can do the job themselves may be debated. Because of the varying conditions throughout the country, the average man finds it difficult to get a clear idea of just what ought or ought not be done by the federal government.

The most recent excuse for federal aid is "national defense." What is done in the Soviet Union is being held up constantly as something to be paralleled. So measures that are designed to help education are put into bills given such names as the National Defense Education Act.

Religious Issue

But the trouble with such a broad classification is that it runs into the religious issue. Higher institutions which need laboratories for scientists or scholarships for talented students in economic or scientific fields have been awarded federal money irrespective of whether those same institutions are operated by churches. The Kennedy Administration says this is Constitutional.

What is hard to understand, however, is why, if a Catholic boy is supposed subsequently to enlist and defend his country in war, he should be helped in his education at the elementary-school level only if he keeps out of a parochial school. He must give up the religious education he wants in order to get the benefits of federal money granted to public elementary schools. This is widely criticized as reducing the doctrine of separation of church and state to an absurdity.

Literally, the Constitution says that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion. . ." Some argue that this means no law should ever be passed that deals with any religious institution in any respect whatsoever. If this be true, then the alibi of national defense is ineffectual and no money can constitutionally be appropriated by Congress for higher institutions or elementary schools or anything else if they have the slightest connection with a church.

But there are some passages in Supreme Court decisions which cast doubt on this doctrine.

Obviously there is need for a clear-cut ruling by the Supreme Court of the United States which will remove all legal doubt as to whether any federal money can be used, directly or indirectly, for any college, high school or elementary school run by a church or whether federal funds may be used for any and all educational purposes except the actual teaching of a religious creed.

It can certainly decide whether federal money can be withheld from institutions that do teach religion in their school buildings even though the money obtained from the federal government is intended, not for the propagation of any religious belief, but just for such inanimate objects as brick and mortar and perhaps even for physical facilities to insure good health for American children in congested school areas.

If Congress would leave it to the courts to decide the extent to which the teaching of religion bars the use of state or federal funds for a college or high school or elementary school that isn't under public control, then the passage — on its merits — of an all-inclusive bill to foster education in America could be made easier. There is nothing in the rulebook that says members of Congress must possess the legal background of court justices to enable them to resolve constitutional questions before voting for legislation.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Her Charms

With just a smile she captures . . . the very heart of me . . . and my cup runneth over . . . my joys are three times three . . . how wondrous her endearing charms . . . how sweet her angel face . . . and there is magic in the thrill . . . of her warm embrace . . . with just a touch she tells me . . . that she understands . . . such is the tender meaning . . . in her loving hands . . . a picture of true innocence . . . is my little girl . . . precious, priceless treasure . . . a most perfect pearl . . . I will always love her . . . now and evermore . . . God gave me a someone . . . well worth living for.

In His Own Way

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Writes Dr. O. L. Kelley of Palm Beach, Florida:

"I am taking it for granted that you have the courage to read some of the answers to the so called 'philosophy' you are paid to perpetrate on the American public . . ."

Apparently the Doctor is irate which is, as he must know, bad for his vascular system, his liver and his adrenal gland. What bothers him is that I wrote a piece about a young man who sought to convert me.

It is time that I do a bit of preaching in these columns but no one needs to hear me out. But the minister of the Jehovah's Witnesses, as many have written me that he is, set forth, on my lawn, to tell me that all my forbearers, for many generations, were wrong which I found to be an indignity. Besides I feel that my religion is my private affair and that when I want to be converted to some other kind, I shall do it thoughtfully and considerately, listening to scholars of my choice and not to intinerant ministers who wander the roads imaging themselves to be prototypes of Paul on his way to Damascus.

Dr. Kelley writes me:

"If you care to be correctly informed, why don't you seek the source of real truth, the Holy Bible?"

From my earliest childhood I studied the Bible and by the time I was 13 years old, as is customary among my people, I knew much of the Old Testament by heart in the language in which it was written. I do not know what translation Dr. Kelley uses, but I have read several, finding the Bible a very useful book for the study of a foreign language. Knowing what it is in the original, I can look at the translations which are never altogether exact but, on the whole, are good enough.

Dr. Kelley, M.D. can have no idea of how much of the Bible I have studied, except that I tell him my first teacher in this field used a stick to teach it and when a mistake was made, we got wacked good and hard as it is a sin, among my people, to mispronounce Holy Script.

And so even at my advanced age, I can, on occasion, recall a passage in ancient Hebrew and it is most delightful because it reminds me of my childhood and all the marvellous joys of a very religious and even bigoted household.

So when the young minister stepped upon my lawn to tell me how the world is going to hell because of the wickedness of man and the invention of the atom bomb, I could only think of the days of my childhood when we were told that we would go to heaven if we lived according to the Ten Commandments.

I have lived in many countries, with peoples of many faiths and have long learned that there are many roads to God and that not one of them is paved with gold or with mother of pearl.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: What do you think is the greatest cause of juvenile delinquency today?

M.B.

ANSWER: Juvenile delinquents are a product of a delinquent society. It is easy to say that the immediate parents are to blame, but the cause goes far deeper than this. Our children live in an atmosphere of dishonesty, greed and violence. There is general rebellion against chastity, an addiction to pleasure, and an obsession with sex. The Bible says, "The fathers (parents) have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge." With the accent on violence in our literary and entertainment media, it is no wonder that we have all kinds of delinquency — the miracle is that we don't have more.

Until we have a rebirth of the idealism which made our country strong, until we rediscover the meaning of the word integrity, until we awaken from our moral apathy, delinquency will continue unabated. The big question is: will we wake up in time!

You ask: What is the greatest cause? It is sin. The Bible teaches that we are all breakers of the moral law. Psychologists tell us that the tendency to evil is even in children. David said: "In sin did my mother conceive me." This is why it is so important to proclaim the Gospel. Christ can perform radical surgery on the heart.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

An English lad was walking across a village commons when he saw a rabbit. "Look, Mum, there goes a rabbit," he exclaimed. "Nonsense, boy," scoffed his mother. "It must have been your imagination." The lad pondered a bit, then demanded, "Mom, has imagination always got long white ears?"

"Times sure have changed," mourned a politician voted out of office in 1960. "Once we were called extravagant for sending free seeds to farmers. Now we pay 'em a fortune for crops they never even planted."

Horoscope

A year of great domestic joy is at hand. Today's child will be gentle.



FROM THE UNPUBLISHED DIARY OF THE REVEREND WILLIAM EDWARD SCHENCK

(Conclusion)

July 1, 1842 — Started after an early breakfast for Port Clinton where I arrived about 2 o'clock . . .

July 2nd — After an early breakfast I rode down with Mr. Wiggan to Hamburg, a large German village 4 miles below Port Clinton on the Schuylkill River. This was a delightful drive. . .

July 3rd — Sabbath — My sermons for today were both of them very hastily and imperfectly prepared and I could anticipate nothing but a dry and unprofitable day's labour . . . In the evening I preached again . . . I observed a number of Germans there who had not been in church, as I was afterwards told, for many years. I observed Mrs. Arndt and her dyspeptic husband both there and they seemed much interested. Also saw Mrs. Brown. Her brute husband was home and in order that he might not suspect that she was going to church she had slipped away in deshabille and come to hear the gospel. . .

July 4th — In the morning went around to visit Mrs. Province, Mrs. Forbes, Mrs. Hatch and Mrs. Arndt. At eleven o'clock I left for Tamaqua where I stayed with Mr. John K. Smith, the Company's (Little Schuylkill Co.'s) superintendent. Mr. and Mrs. Smith were exceedingly kind and agreeable. He was 20 years ago a clerk for Thomas C. Sterling's store in Trenton.

July 6th — After dinner we bade farewell to our kind entertainers and as the stage was full we walked over to Summit Hill, whence we went down to the stage-car to Mauch Chunk.

July 10th - Sabbath — After an early breakfast I went up to Summit Hill to preach. Stayed and took dinner with Mr. Alexander McLean. The chapel was occupied in the forenoon by the Catholics for celebrating mass, so that we could have neither Sabbath school or preaching before dinner . . . After preaching I returned to Mauch Chunk and in the evening went to hear Mr. Gierhart preach in German. His manner was tender and affecting, and although I could not understand a word of the sermon, yet my thoughts were so directed that I found it not unprofitable to be there.

July 11th — In the afternoon about 5 o'clock rode out in a carriage with Mr. and Mrs. Webster, her aunt and sister. We went to Lehighton, Gnaden-huetten and Weissport. . .

July 15th — After an early breakfast I left Mauch Chunk for Port Clinton. Mr. Webster accompanied me to Summit Hill. From there to Celsus near Port Clinton I had the company of Mr. Samuel L. Richards of Gloucester, N.J., a cousin of two old school-mates of mine . . . Before starting up the inclined plane we had to wait a long time in the rain which dropped through the roof of the car. On our way to Summit Hill we had a very providential escape. Our horse took fright and jumped on the track immediately in front of the car, and had not the swingle-tree snapped we would most probably have been thrown from the track and severely injured, if not killed . . . Saw Mr. I. K. Smith and family a few minutes in passing through Tamaqua, and arrived at Port Clinton about 3 o'clock. After taking some dinner I walked a distance up the Schuylkill admiring the beautiful scenery. Saw this afternoon a specimen of awful wickedness united with reverence for the forms of religion. A German woman very old, was dying in the midst of an awfully wicked family. Yet they sent several miles for the German preacher to come and administer the sacrament to her. This was done, but before the preacher was out of hearing the family were all engaged as usual in cursing, swearing, and fighting, and actually attacked the dying woman on her bed for something she had said to them. A few hours before she died her own daughter told her "she did not care if she were in hell that minute so that she were free of the trouble of taking care of her." The family were engaged in drinking, cursing and fighting while the corpse remained in the house. But when it came to burying her they were all greatly distressed because they had no minister to hold the funeral service. They sent for a German minister some distance away but he did not come. They then wanted to wait until I came, but could not keep the body and it was buried this morning before I arrived at Port Clinton . . . So greatly does the reverence for the forms of religion cling to the Germans even in the midst of abandoned wickedness.

July 16th — Port Clinton. Spent the day at Mr. Wiggan's preparing a sermon. Toward evening I went to call on Mr. and Mrs. Arndt and then went to see Mr. David Rishel. He is a member of the Methodist Church and a very consistent and pious man . . . This afternoon I received an invitation from Colonel Isaac Myers to abide at his house during this visit to Port Clinton. Accordingly I took my carpet-bag and went there before tea. The family are German. Mrs. Myers is a cousin of Mr. Muhlenberg, the late United States Minister to Austria. Colonel Myers was once in the regular U.S. army and marched through north Jersey to Fort George during the late war. Spent the evening in conversation with him.

July 18th — After breakfast went with Mr. Wiggan's son and nephew a little way up Rattling Run and gathered a quantity of rosebay flowers to carry home with me. At half past 9 o'clock I crossed the Schuylkill and left in the railroad cars for Philadelphia (fare $2.25) where I arrived about 2 o'clock. Went to Mr. Drexel's and stayed there about an hour conversing with Mrs. and Mary Drexel. Left Philadelphia at 5 o'clock in company with John Miller and arrived home about 9 o'clock. Found my father, mother, brother John and all well.

(The Reverend Mr. Schenck remained with his family at Princeton until July 30th)

July 30th — I left Trenton at 7 o'clock for Philadelphia, expecting to get on to Port Clinton before night. But on account of a change of the time of starting the cars I could not go on today . . . . Spent the afternoon in walking around the city and public squares, bought a carpet-bag, etc., until 5 o'clock, then called at Mr. Drexel's office and went home with him.

July 31st - Sabbath — Being disappointed about getting back to my own preaching, today I went in the morning to hear my friend John Miller who was supplying Mr. Boardman's church. In the afternoon I heard Mr. E.C. Bittinger, my class - mate, in Mr. Tadehope's church. In the evening I heard Mr. John Miller again . . . still made my stopping place Mr. Drexel's. His direction is Chestnut Street between Schuylkill 6th and 7th.

August 1 — At eight o'clock bade farewell to Mr. Drexel's kind family and left Philadelphia for Port Clinton, where I arrived at 1 o'clock . . .

August 2nd — This day was appointed for a Sabbath school celebration and I was requested to make an address. . Left immediately after on a railroad truck and rode up to Tamaqua with Mr. Lebo and Mr. Lloyd.

August 3rd — In the afternoon I walked out with Mrs. Heaton, Miss Rebecca Findal and Mary Lloyd a little distance on the mountain. At noon I left Tamaqua for Mauch Chunk. About half-way to Summit Hill we came upon a large rattlesnake lying in the road. The stage driver and myself attacked him and finally succeeded in killing him . . . Arrived at Summit Hill and went to Mauch Chunk in the car.

August 7th - Sabbath — As Mr. Irwin was to supply my place, and Mr. Webster supplied his, I preached for Mr. Webster . . . Immediately after dinner Mr. Smith took me in his little wagon to Nesquehoning, a village at the coal mines about 5 or 6 miles from Mauch Chunk. Here I preached in a schoolhouse to an attentive and interested audience.

August 30th — At quarter after 4 o'clock, long before day, I started from Tamaqua and walked over to Summit Hill, where I arrived at six. Took breakfast with Alexander McLean and immediately after went down in the mule cars to Mauch Chunk. After an early dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Webster, Miss Martha and Miss Margaret Cross and myself started in Mr. Knowles' carriage which with his horses he had kindly offered to us, for Wilkesbarre. We first crossed the Broad Mountain, an exceedingly high and difficult mountain, then Spring Mountain, not quite so high, crossed Quakake Valley, and 12 miles from Mauch Chunk came to Beaver Meadows, 4 miles further to Hazleton and 6 miles further to Conyngham Valley. Here we put up all night with Major Rhoads who keeps a public house, but being acquainted with Mr. Webster and being a member of Mr. Gaston's church here, refused to receive any pay in the morning.

August 31st — Started from Conyngham valley at 6 o'clock and rode 10 miles across Nescopeck Mountain and valley to Berwick on the Susquehanna. We crossed the river to Berwick and took breakfast there. We then rode up the left bank of the Susquehanna 26 miles to Wilkesbarre. The route across the mountains was dreadfully rugged, the country with the exception of here and there a farming valley, being very rugged and uncultivated, with many extensive tracts of yellow pine forest or of stinted chestnut on the hill sides. From Berwick up along the Susquehanna the cultivated land becomes more abundant, although it did not extend in any place more than a mile back from the river, until we came to within 5 or 6 miles of Wilkes Barre. The scenery in some of the valleys was beautiful indeed, but especially some views along the river were enchanting. The most beautiful of all was when we were within 7 miles of Wilkes Barre and the Wyoming Valley opened before us . . . Five miles below Wilkes Barre we passed through Plymouth where there is a Christian church and where they had a great number of converts some time since. We recrossed the river and entered Wilkes Barre about 6:30 p.m. and put up at Gilchrist's Hotel on the bank of the river near the bridge.

September 1st — After breakfast this morning I read Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming." At 9:30 o'clock we rode up the valley 6 miles to the monument. The monument is not finished. It was begun by the ladies of Wilkes Barre and vicinity and is being erected on the very spot where the massacre occurred. . .

September 2nd — We left Wilkes Barre at 6 o'clock a.m. As we had ascended the river on its western bank, we determined to descend on the eastern. We rode 8 miles and then took breakfast, and a wretchedly poor one too, at an inn called Nanticoke. We then crossed a very high mountain and passed down the river to a place called Wapwallopen where we obtained a very good dinner. On Nescopeck Creek we saw a very beautiful waterfall. We crossed Nescopeck Mountain, Conyngham valley, where there was a lovely view, and Buck Mountain, passed through Hazleton and near 9 o'clock p.m. we reached Beaver Meadows where we stayed all night with Mr. Wilson, a hotel-keeper, but who refused any pay from Mr. Webster and his company.

September 3rd — Near the summit of Broad Mountain we were startled by meeting men with guns in pursuit of a mad dog which they said had come towards us. It proved, however, to have been a dog belonging to some hunters in the woods.

(The Reverend Schenck continued to preach at the accustomed places, visiting with most of the persons mentioned heretofore in this narrative, until September 12th, when he returned to his home at Princeton.)

GOOD-BYE SUMMER

Der Summer iss ball verbei,
Die Zeit vergeht geschwind;
Voriwwer Hoiet lang un Aernt,
Kiehl blost der Owed Wind.

In schpeit vun Hitz un Schtaab un Lerm,
Der Summer waar doch schee;
Es dutt em Leed wann er vergeht,
Es dutt verhafdich weh.

So iss es wann en guder Friend
Vun unsrer Zeit weggeht;
Mer denkt yuscht an sei gudi Seit,
Niemand sei Fehler seht.

Die Schtunne die mer hot verlebt,
Wu alles glicklich waar,
Mit Sunnschein, Foggelsang un Schpass,
Un Blumme wunnerbaar.

So kummt es aa verleicht emoll
An unser Lewes End,
Dass mer yuscht denkt an frohe Schtund,
Dass mer uff Erd geschpend.

Sell waer gewiss en scheener Weg
Zu traewwle aus der Zeit,
Mit yuscht Gedanke vun der Freed,
Vergesse alles Leid.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

THE MORNING CALL

David A. Miller, Publisher-Director 1895-1958

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Editorials

End the Confusion

Confusion now seems to be added to the armament of those who for reasons of their own seek to avoid responsibility for enforcing Pennsylvania's Sunday sales law.

Dist. Atty. George J. Joseph and Whitehall Township Commissioner Nevin A. Fritzinger appear to be seeking a haven in the original statute banning "any worldly employment or business" on Sunday except works of necessity or charity. They count on the difficulty of enforcing this broad law and the consternation such action would arouse to absolve them from applying the legislature's most recent definition of its intent.

Mayor John T. Gross seeks no such refuge. He has given Allentown police orders to enforce the Act of 1959 in which the legislature spelled out specific items which may not be sold on Sundays. The legislature's constitutional right to enact this law has been upheld both by the courts of the commonwealth and by the United States Supreme Court. The mayor asks only that it be observed uniformly in Allentown and elsewhere in Lehigh County. This is essential to be fair to those who comply.

In insisting on broad enforcement of all the Blue Laws which he now says is mandated if the Sunday sales law is to be observed, the district attorney is not quite consistent.

There is, for example, a law on the statute books of the commonwealth prohibiting gambling. Mr. Joseph last summer correctly insisted that it be strictly enforced at clambakes. He has, however, permitted bingo to be played in Lehigh County under conditions which he, rather than the legislature, defined.

Law enforcement officers are well aware of the intent of the Sunday sales law. Now that it has been tested through all the courts, they know it is a proper and constitutional law. They know it applies in every municipal subdivision of Pennsylvania. They should know just as clearly that it is their responsibility to enforce it.

Tomorrow is their first opportunity, since the Supreme Court has said its last word, to make themselves clear.

Judicial Appointments

There frequently are sharp differences between campaign promises and elected performance. They are apparent once again in President Kennedy's first 70 appointments to the federal bench.

When President Eisenhower unsuccessfully sought congressional approval to appoint the additional judges needed to break the logjam in the federal courts, he pledged to divide them equally between the two parties. At that time, bi-partisan balance almost had been reached.

When Mr. Kennedy campaigned for the presidency, he pledged to make individual qualifications the first consideration for judicial appointments. Here is the record:

Three Republicans holding interim appointments from Mr. Eisenhower were retained. All of the 67 new appointees have been Democrats.

On the matter of qualifications, the judicial committee of the American Bar Association rates nine of the 52 appointees thus far confirmed as "exceptionally well qualified." It says that 27 are "well qualified," 14 "qualified" and two "not qualified."

Admittedly there have been strong pressures for many, if not all of the appointments. Obviously, in the face of them, the administration has had difficulty in holding its campaign promise to divorce its court appointments from political patronage.

WHEN Women Retire

If women want the kind of golden age club that has been suggested for them in Northampton, they definitely should have it. Any group sponsoring such an activity in any community that needs it should be given the biggest possible hand.

There's some question, however, about how many women would consider themselves eligible for such a club or find the time for it. The luxury of retirement, if it is one, is almost exclusively reserved for the male of the species.

True, women who hold jobs outside their homes lay them aside when the years reach certain levels. Their other jobs never seem to end. Many, with retired husbands underfoot and grandchildren or great grandchildren in need of experienced baby sitters, find their tasks pleasantly expanded.

Regardless of age, women seem to have little trouble finding something to keep them busy and occupied and interested all their waking hours. Most of them seem to prefer it that way. For the males, retired or otherwise, it's a good thing they do.

Public Opinion

The Morning Call welcomes opinions of its readers. Letters to the editor should not exceed 300 words. They must be signed and include the writer's address. Letters will not be published without a legitimate signature. The right to condense is reserved by the publishers.

Act Before It's Too Late

To the Editor:

I can't help wondering if the traffic bureau or someone with influence concerning erection of traffic lights is aware of the need for one at 8th and Gordon Sts. At least once a week, usually around 4 o'clock, the neighbors can count on being on that corner witnessing the aftermath of an accident. This has occurred approximately 10 times the past two months.

I realize that none of these accidents could be termed "serious" and maybe traffic fatalities don't warrant one, but must we wait until a child is killed or permanently crippled before a light it put there? Must we wait for an innocent bystander to have his life snuffed out for action to be taken?

In order to cross 8th St. from either side you must take your life in your own hands to even see if there is any oncoming traffic and then with the fact remaining that 8th St. is a raceway between Chew and Liberty, cars seem to come from nowhere.

Please, for the good of all those who must walk or drive across this corner, investigate this problem and I'm sure you will see the need to comment about this very serious problem in your editorial column.

Mrs. Eugene Armbuster
409 N. Lumber St.
Allentown, Pa.

Continued on Page 7, Column 1

Court Plaster



Brakes on National Growth

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The biggest problem before the country today is domestic. But it has world-wide implications. It can mean the difference between defeat and victory in the contest with the Communist regime in Moscow. It can be described in a phrase — incentives to national growth.

For the truth is that national growth is being impeded, obstructed, retarded, and even discouraged. The greatest obstacle to national growth is the federal government itself, aided and abetted by demagogic politicians and narrow-visioned economic advisers in the government.


Lawrence

Two examples stand out. First, if war broke out tomorrow, the nation's whole transportation system would be inadequate to move troops and supplies. The railroads, for example, are in the worst condition they have ever been in American history. Who is responsible The federal government, of course, and this means the Congress as well as the Executive Branch. For while belated studies at last have been ordered, there still is no sign that the railroad problem will be tackled effectively.

The most antiquated of all laws are those governing the railroads. Mergers are a necessity today. Yet they are being blocked by local considerations. The consolidation of many small railroads into a few big systems would give the country efficient rail transportation once more under a private-enterprise formula. The government can help by removing impediments and providing certain assistance, particularly to meet national defense needs.

The next example is in the field of production. If America expects to compete successfully with Soviet production in the next 20 years, there must be an opportunity for American business to expand naturally in the interest of efficiency. Tax laws on depreciation must be revised. Growth cannot come, moreover, if expansion is retarded by antitrust laws that are more theoretical than practical. More extensive operations by single companies would mean that prices could be lowered as volume of sales were increased and economies were achieved through large-scale production.

It doesn't make sense to delegate to a bureaucracy of lawyers in the Department of Justice or even to a federal court the solution of economic problems involving growth. How can such officials decide whether 40 per cent of total production in a given industry is too much or too little for one company to have? Which is more important — to preserve someone's ideas on these theoretical percentages or to give America more growth and more employment by enabling the industries of the United States to become more efficient and step up their production?

America Is Lagging

Things of climactic importance are happening. The common market in Europe means stiff competition for America. The rest of the world is moving on while America is lagging.

For several weeks now the Kennedy Administration has has been hearing that it is considered antibusiness. It wonders how this impression gained currency. It is the net result of efforts to enforce old antitrust laws that are long out-of-date, ambiguous, confusing and destructive.

Big unionism, on the other hand, is accepted as a fact of life. The federal government doesn't put any brakes on the growth of unions which set the wage rates in an entire industry and compel employers to accept uniform wage costs that, of course, affect prices. There are no "antitrust" laws restricting the growth of national unions.

Lots of talk has come from the White House lately about holding down prices, along with some vague talk about urging labor to be moderate in its wage demands. But the big point is being missed. Profits are being reduced by one-sided policies. Prices are an economic problem and cannot be resolved by a political formula. National growth will not come by governmental control of wages and prices. It will come by removing restrictions against growth and by revising or repealing many antitrust laws that have been written by the courts — and not by Congress.

Our Children

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

I felt a stab of pain and envy this morning, and then I quickly chided myself for being a fool. But it still hurt.

Michael has found a little girl friend across the hall, and he wants to be with her much of the time. This morning I took him over and as soon as he set foot on the threshold, the slammed the door in my face. That was it. Daddy is an old square. Mummy is somebody to turn to when you're hurt or hungry. But for fun, give him Kathie any time.

You start to lose them almost as soon as you get them. And it's good, in a way. A child should be outgoing and social, not forever clinging to its parents. One part of me is delighted that Michael is that way. But another part of me, deep below the reasonable level, is resentful. Here we give him everything, make all sorts of sacrifices, rearrange our lives completely — and off he waltzes with a little flirt he only met a few weeks ago.

This is where many parents, I believe, start to go off the track. They assume that a child "belongs" to them, like a thing. But a person is not a thing and can never be a possession. A child is given by God into the custody of parents. It is their task to develop him into the best kind of human being they are capable of.

If they play their cards right, the child will like and respect them as it grows older. But they must never demand devotion or loyalty or sacrifice from the child. His love will go to his children, not back to the parents.

Our aim should be to develop personalities who will love and fend for their own young, not personalities who live under the heavy obligation to please their parents.

The wisest parents ask only that the child become a decent human being. If this goal can be reached, then the child will give the proper respect to his parents, because it is the "right thing" to do, not because he is "indebted" to them.

Pumpkins

By HAYDN PEARSON

There are many misguided citizens in our society, and in few areas are off-track opinions more distressing than when it comes to pumpkins versus squashes.

There are those who blandly state that pumpkin pie and squash pie are identical twins. Good countrymen know that a pumpkin pie has a certain flavor that elevates it to a select level.

"What calls back the past like the rich pumpin pie?" asked John Greenleaf Whittier, the sagacious country poet. Half a century ago, one saw piles of the golden-orange globes piled against the south sides of old, weathered barns in October.

On frosty nights, tattered patchwork quilts and discarded horse blankets were spread over the heap. "Let the pumpkins ripen for a fortnight," Grandfather said, "before you store them away."

The word pumpkin comes from the French "pompion" which can be interpreted to mean "cooked by the sun." For centuries before the white men came to this continent, the Indians had been raising the fruits. Along with beans, corn, squash and tobacco, the pumpkin is one of the Red Men's good gifts to us.

We hope you will distinguish between squashes and pumpkins. Now that we can have canned pumpkin around the calendar, it is the countryman's hope that a deep, reasonably juicy, nutmeg and cinnamon tinged pumpkin pie will furnish the concluding item for more meals.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: I thought maybe you could help me because I have gotten to the point where I don't care any more. I have nothing to live for. I have a feeling of insecurity and absolutely no confidence in myself. Will I ever change? B.N.

ANSWER: Your question reflects the despair and boredom of so many people these days. Your question has no mention of God, but I counted nine personal pronouns. The trust is, you like so many, have been likely wrapped up in yourself, and like the prodigal, 'coming to one's self' can be disillusioning.

Yes, you can be changed — but you can't change yourself. You, like every other person alive, were made for fellowship with God. But you can't fellowship with Him, until you become reconciled to Him. You must be born of the Spirit. The new birth will make you alive unto God, and give you a whole new area of awareness. You have come to a dead end, but the end of 'self' can be the beginning of a new life with God.

Sketches

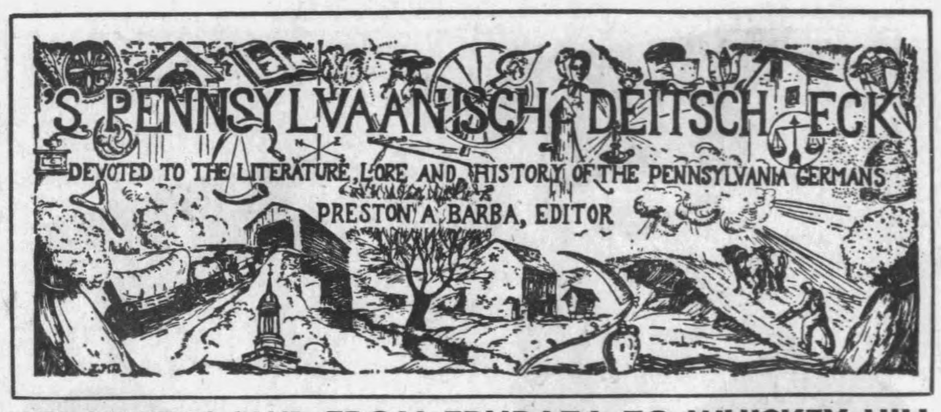
By BEN BURROUGHS

The Gifted

Who are the gifted ones in life . . . well, read on and you'll see . . . if your opinion differs . . . from the one held high by me . . . some say the gifted ones are those . . . who have talent to spare. . .or those who gather knowledge . . . with little or no care . . . these are great gifts, I will agree . . . and yet they're second to. . .the priceless thing that I regard. . .to be both good and true . . . give me the people who have love . . . fixed deeply in their hearts . . . these are the unsung heroes . . . who spread joy to all parts . . . for love is life's true essence . . . without it all is lost . . . those who love, are the gifted . . . they can and will pay the cost.

Horoscope

Chance of promotion is good. Today's child will be frank and loyal.



MEI SCHEENES LAND

Hot ebber do en dodi Seel,
Un kann net saagge unni Fehl,
Des iss mei Land, mei scheenes Land?
Hot sei Haerz nie in ihm gebrennt,
Wie er iss widder zerickgerennt,
Vun wu er waar gans umbekannt?

Wann so en Mann iss, marrick ihn gut,
Es macht nix aus, was seller duht;
Hoch schteht er datt, sei Naame gross,
Sei Reichtum schwer, sei Seel gans los—
Mit all seim Naame, Gwalt un Geld,
Der Schelm, hoch drowwe in der Welt,
Im Lewe watt net gross geehrt,
Un nooch seim Dod watt oft verkehrt,
Un watt vergesse unnerm Grund—
So waahrlich ass die Welt iss rund.

A free translation by Dr. Pierce E. Swope from Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

JOHNNY SCHMOKER

The following song with instructions was copied from an old broadside published about the time of the Civil War by H. De Marsan, New York City and appears here buy courtesy of Lawrence A. DeTurk, Kutztown. It is one of a number of cumulative songs, popular among our Pennsylvania Germans in earlier days.

In this song an old German musician tells his friend, Johnny Schmoker, about the instruments upon which he can play, and describes them by motions while he sings. When performed by a chorus, especially of men, the movements being in exact time, and all together, an effect is produced which has not been equalled by anything of the kind ever produced in this country. Observe: that the motions are made only when the words describing the instruments are sung, as for example, at: "Rub a dub a dub," the roll of the drum is imitated, beginning (As in the case of all the instruments) with the first, and ending exactly with the last word; at: "Pilly willy, wink," the hands are placed as if playing the Fife, and the fingers only move; at: "Tic knock knock," the right hand strikes three times under the left, as if playing the Triangle; at: "Bom bom bom," the hand is moved forward and back, as if playing the Trombone; and so on the last, which is imitated by crooking both arms and striking with them against the sides, as if playing the Bag-pipe. Observe that the singing at some of the instruments is loud, and at others soft; also, that the phrase where each instrument is first mentioned, is repeated, and that the first movement, which is sung when each instrument is introduced, is to save room, printed but once.

Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker
Ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spielen, ich kann spielen
Ich kann spielen mein kleine Drummel,
Rub a dub a dub,
das ist mein Drummel.

Fifie, Pilly willy wink,
das ist mein Fifie;
Rub a dub a dub,
das ist mein Drummel;
Mein Rub a dub a dub,
Mein Pilly willy wink,
das ist mein Fifie.

Triangle, Tick knock knock,
das ist Triangle;
Pilly willy wink,
(das ist mein Fifie)
Rub a dub a dub,
das ist mein Drummel;
Mein Rub a dub a dub,
Mein Pilly willy wink,
Mein Tick knock knock,
das ist Triangle.

Trombone, Bom, bom, bom,
das ist mein Trombone;
Tick knock knock,
das ist Triangle.
Pilly willy wink,
das ist mein Fifie;
Rub a dub a dub,
das ist mein Drummel;
Mein Rub a dub a dub,
Mein Pilly willy wink,
Mein Tic knock knock,
Mein Bom bom bom,
das ist mein Trombone.

Cymbal, Zoom zoom zoom,
das ist mein Cymbal;
Bom bom bom,
das ist mein Trombone;
Tic knock knock,
das ist Triangle;
Pilly willy wink,
das ist mein Fifie;
Rub a dub a dub,
das ist mein Drummel;
Mein Rub a dub a dub,
Mein Pilly willy wink,
Mein Tick knock knock,
Mein Bom bom bom,
Mein Zoom zoom zoom,
das ist mein Cymbal.

Viol, Fal lal lal,
das ist mein Viol;
Zoom, zoom zoom,
das ist mein Cymbal;
Bom bom bom,
das ist mein Trombone;
Tic knock knock,
das ist Triangle;
Pilly willy wink,
das ist mein Fifie;
Rub a dub a dub,
das ist mein Drummel;
Mein Rub a dub a dub,
Mein Pilly willy wink,
Mein Tic knock knock,
Mein Bom bom bom,
Mein Zoom zoom zoom,
Mein Fal lal lal,
das ist mein Viol.

Toodle-Sack, Whack whack whack,
das ist mein Toodle-Sack;
Fal lal lal ,
das ist mein Viol;
Zoom zoom zoom,
das ist mein Cymbal ;
Bom bom bom,
das ist mein Trombone;
Tic knock knock,
das ist Triangle;
Pilly willy wink,
das ist mein Fifie;
Rub a dub a dub,
das ist mein Drummel;
Mein Rub a dub a dub,
Mein Pilly willy wink,
Mein Tic knock knock,
Mein Bom bom bom,
Mein Zoom zoom zoom,
Mein Fal lal lal,
Mein Whack whack whack,
das ist mein Toodle-Sack.

FROM EPHRATA TO WHISKEY HILL

The following excerpts are from an article of the above title by E.A. Steiner, published in the Outlook Magazine for April 4, 1908. They appear here by courtesy of Dr. Arthur D. Graeff of the Reading Times.— ED.

"Setz dich a mohl zu mir her." This gracious invitation was extended to me by a lady of generous Tuetonic proportions as I entered a rather crowded trolley car in Reading, Pennsylvania.

Let me add that although I had never seen the lady before, I hastened to obey the summons. First because there was no other seat vacant and second because I had been in America long enough to obey implicitly when a lady commands.

"Du acts wie ein stranger," the good woman continued taking my hand and then discovering that I had a right to act like a stranger began to apologize profusely. She had mistaken me for her family physician. In spite of her evident embarrassment we had begun a conversation and my ears, accustomed as they are to our rather monotonous and uneuphonic English, refreshed themselves by listening to this new speech — Pennsylvania Dutch. It required thinking in two languages and that in their most archaic forms.

Four generations have passed since my neighbor's ancestors came to this country, yet her English, whenever we attempted it, smacked strongly of the Fatherland and in an unguarded moment when my sentences to her seemed rather involved she said, "Du talkst a bissel zu fast."

The trolley took us through the manufacturing section of Reading and out into the fruitful fields of Lancaster County and the further I travelled in this state the more I realized the difference between the old Pennsylvania and the new Pennsylvania even in the names called into my ears by the prosaic conductor. Philadelphia does not now suggest Bible times so much as it might; but there are Bethlehem, Nazareth, Emmaus and Ephrata, each name suggesting at once a sacred atmosphere. Then for the new Pennsylvania there are the names of Johnstown, Coalton, Scranton and Steelton, besides the names of places yet unplaced on the maps — names like Hunkeytown, Guiena Hill, Dago Roost and Whiskey Hill, squatted close to the mines flanked by culm heaps and huge breakers and cut through and through by ravines and dirt clogged rivers. All these towns are destined to disappear long before the last lumps of coal dug there are burned.

The trolley stops at Ephrata and my neighbor who has been in Reading "bargains zu kaufe im grosse schtore" leaves the car but not without an admonition to me to be sure and to see the cloister of the German Baptist Brothers which she says is a "grosse sight." I need no admonition for I am here on a pilgrimage. I have come here to stand face to face with a great past, to visit the old haunts of these German mystics, to lose myself in the all pervading peace of Ephrata after being in the thick of the industrial war whose presence is attested even here by the cloud of smoke on the western horizon. This cloud of smoke although changing into a pillar of fire by night, does not seem to be the guide out of my captivity. I suppose one easily reads something into the atmosphere of a place, but I am sure that even without the pilgrim spirit which brought me here, I should have recognized Ephrata as one of the places in which dreamers have erected air castles and these are castles which have foundations.

One of the men who has written of Ephrata before me says, "There is nothing peculiar about the village itself or its people. Not only is the air of Ephrata salubrious and the outlook delightfull, but the street is full of gabled houses one close upon the other. Some of them are commonplace indeed; but many of them are quaint and clean; deep set windows full of flower-pots, with the green foliage shining through the latticed panes in rich contrast to the white snow almost up to the window sills. And the people one sees commonplace?" People who have for nearly two hundred years clung tenaciously to a strange garb, in the midst of a perverse and crooked generation, bent upon changing the cut of its coats with every passing season; Women who wear brown bonnets and look as modest as thrushes, whom one sees in single file following the men, women, who have resisted the allurements of pokes and toques and picture hats for two hundred years — are such women commonplace? Such women are as remarkable as they are rare and such there are in Ephrata.

As I watch them, they are going to the modest meeting-house at the edge of the village. The cloisters are across the meadows. I walk through the snow covered meadows and along the shores of the Cocalico toward a group of rather ill-shaped weather-beaten buildings which suggest a deserted farm more than a cloister. The momentary disaptointment vanishes, however, as soon as one has a clear view of the peaked roof buildings in which no outer beauty is visible, but with their low doors, narrow cells, and roped stairway recall to him who knows the "Chronicon Ephratense," the groping of this brotherhood after the blessed life here below, seeking communion with God in self-denial, in good works and pious songs. These brothers fell into all the errors of Christendom and practiced many of its virtues in a single generation. Conrad Beisel, a German mystic, came here to live as an anchorite. His pious life drew others to him and they progressed to monasticism.

When women found them, they all became celibates. They were close to every heresy that threatened the early church and were not far from worshipping Conrad Beisel as a reincarnation of Christ, while in the mystic Sophia they came close to the adoration of the Virgin. They practiced communism successfully for over half a century and branded property a sin long before Proudhon declared it to be a theft. They printed Bibles, wrote ecstatic hymns, developed to a remarkable degree the art of illuminating letters and organized a Sunday School in which they used some of the so-called modern methods such as promotion cards long before the thought came to the mind of Robert Raikes, the founder of the Sunday School of today. They were chaste, frugal and non-resistant.

I linger in the "Saal," the place of worship. Simple and small it is with plain pine pews, the beamed ceiling hanging far into the room. The walls are covered by charts in which in exquisite ornamental lettering, Scripture verses and some of the mystic poetry of the Brothers are written. There are also allegorical pictures, naively drawn by the pen and suggesting the thoughts that in time a new school of religious art might have been developed here.

Scarcely half a dozen worshippers, I was told, gather here on Saturday, for the sect is that of the Seventh Day Dunkhards, or German Baptists and it cannot be very long before this sanctuary will be empty and forsaken and its ruin complete.

I brave the snow banks and wade through an unmarked path to the cemetery where they shall all rest soon. I wander among the graves. Among those who long ago went to their rest and their reward. Here lies among others the Sisters Iphigenia and Anastasia and the Brothers Daniel and Gabriel, the headstones of their graves quite covered by the snow. In the center of the cemetery a stone sarcophagus rises above the snow. I brush aside the snow, the best I can on that which covers the tablet and read "Here rests an outgrowth of the love of God, a solitary brother, afterward a leader, ruler, teacher of the solitary and the congregation of Christ in and around Ephrata. Born in Eberbach in the Palatinate, called by his worldly name Conrad Beisel, but according to his spiritual name "Friedsam," the peaceful one." The snow and the frost cling closely. I cannot see plainly the beautiful German letters cut deep into the stone, Friedsam, the peaceful one.

(More than half a century has elapsed since the author, not too well informed, wrote the above sketch of Ephrata. He would be pleasantly surprised if he could come back to see how carefully the Pennsylvania State Historical Commission is today in process of restoring the remaining buildings of old Ephrata — Ed.)

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Editorials

Our Newspaperboys

Most of the youngsters across American never get into trouble. They're too busy.

Among those who rarely do are the nation's newspaperboys. They're even busier than the average.

Like all other youngsters their age, newspaperboys go to school most of the day and have their quota of homework to do at night. Like most other boys, they play football and basketball and baseball, belong to orchestras or bands, join clubs, have an occasional date and go to the movies. They do everything all normal boys do.

In addition, they have a business to think about. They buy newspapers and they sell them and deliver them. They serve their customers and try to get more of them. They have sales meetings to attend, accounts to keep, bills to collect and to pay.

They do some of their business at odd times. Many of them are on the job an hour or two before their parents even think of getting out of bed. Others break away from a late afternoon game to make the rounds they know are part of their job. Most of them are so punctual, clocks could be set by the time they place the newspaper at the door.

The weather makes little difference to them. They're on the job when the rain pours down or when the sun shines. People usually are amazed that they're almost always the first to break through the snow drifts or plod across unshoveled pavements.

Most of these boys also have bank accounts, bonds or other savings. Many helped pay their way through college by what they earned as newspaperboys.

When they stop being newspaperboys they do a lot of other things. They become doctors and lawyers, preachers, teachers, generals, admirals, salesmen, business men and executives. Some even help publish the newspapers they once delivered and a few have become American presidents.

This is the kind of youngsters the nation salutes today on National Newspaperboy Day.

These newspapers are proud to join in the salute to their own 1,350 newspaperboys and the many thousands who have been on our team.

Job for Depressed Areas

At the rate new industries and other employment projects are being established under President Kennedy's emergency program to aid communities in depressed areas, most of the nation's four million unemployed who are depending on these jobs are likely to be dead long before they become available.

Since Congress passed the $394 million federal aid measure nearly six months ago, only three projects have been cleared and at least one of these was all but ready when the federal agency jumped in. Tentative approval has been given 44 others.

Altogether, these 47 projects are expected to provide 6,120 new jobs that will require $6.5 million in local investments and $7.2 million in federal funds. Applications for only 13 others are being considered.

Policies under which the Department of Commerce administers this aid program call for communities eligible for it to take stock of their own resources and facilities. They are required to come up with over-all development plans that have a reasonable chance of providing the jobs they need.

Communities that have been helped and those that will be are the ones that do more than talk about their problems. The federal government is willing to be their partner. It wants them, however, to come to it with rolled-up sleeves, not with outstretched palms.

Tots on the Seats

There are some motorists who allow no one to ride with them unless they are protected by safety belts that hold them in their seats in case of sudden stops or collisions. They're as insistent about buckling seat belts as airline stewardesses.

Although not many are quite this cautious, an increasing number are having seat belts installed and are suggesting that their passengers use them even on the shortest jaunts. They have seen evidence enough that these sturdy and not uncomfortable straps can prevent serious injuries and save lives.

There are others who toss all cautions to the winds and run all the risks. Their tiny tots, not more than a yard high, strain their necks beside them or stand on seats without the slightest protection. Even a minor jolt would throw them to the floor or against the dashboard. A moderate one could hurl them against the windshield or through it.

This carelessness isn't intentional. It isn't even lack of concern. It's simply thoughtlessness.

The time to think about it is before a youngster's lovely face is marred for life by a scar or a crushed nose, before a neck or a back is needlessly broken, before a life is lost.

Parents who take even a second to think about it, will never allow a child to stand on the seat of a moving car or even sit beside them unprotected.

What Others Say

The Mailman's 'Friends'

Wall Street Journal

The Congress of the United States has, over the years, occasionally weighed heavily upon the people. But perhaps on no people has it weighed more heavily than on the nation's letter - carriers.

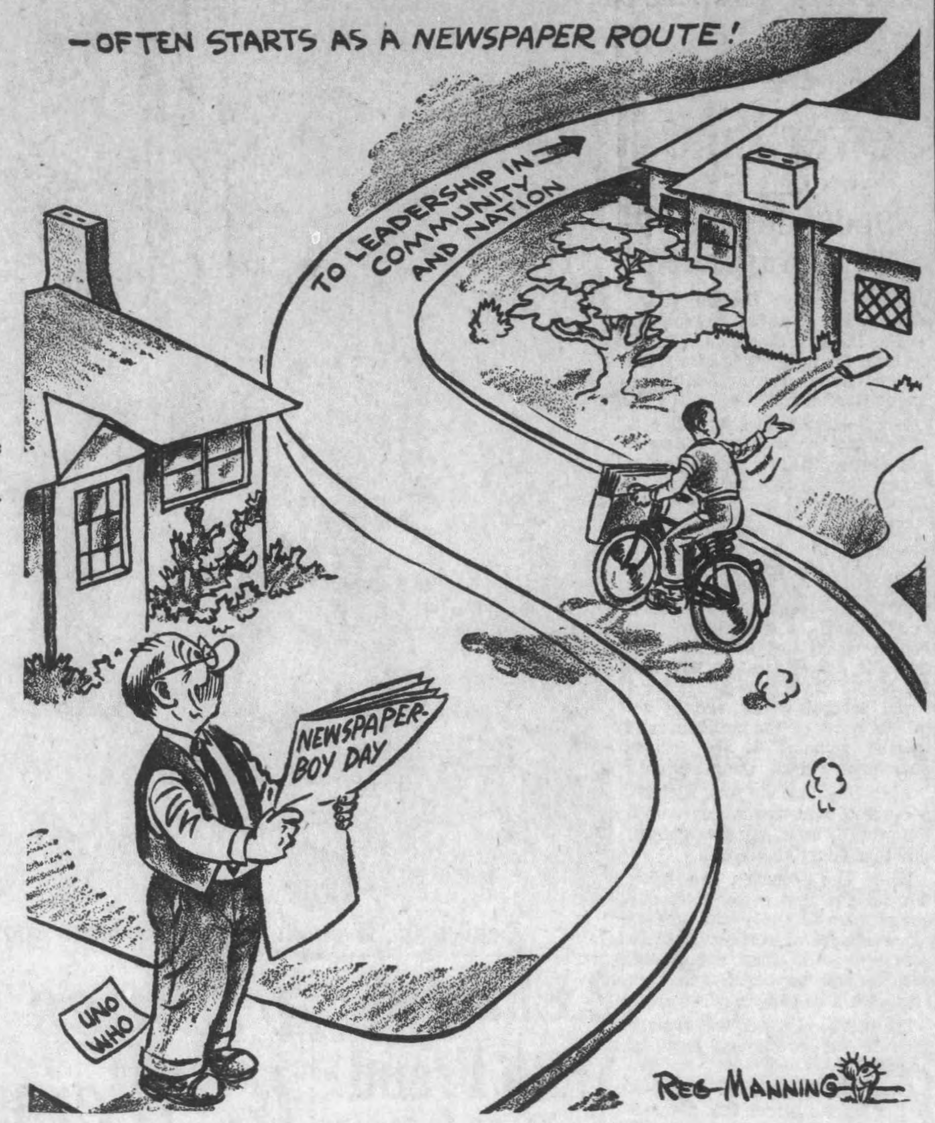
Senators and representatives, unlike the unlucky public, have long been using the mails without charge, a privilege that saves golden tongues for higher service than licking stamps. But even so, it has heretofore been necessary for congressmen, when they sought to correspond with constituents, to indicate on the face of the envelope exactly where the letter was to be delivered.

But no more. Thanks to a recent act of Congress, the lawmakers may now dump a million pieces of mail marked only "Voter" or "Occupant" in the lap of the Post Office Department and that agency must distribute them much in the manner of advertising throwaways — except that the latter must bear postage.

Thus, the volume of the taxpayer-subsidized post office will increase without a corresponding boost in revenues, and the letter - carrier will be forced to bend a little lower beneath life's burdens.

But it will be fine for the congressmen. Their letters will be in the mailbag when the postman rings twice, even though they have no idea for whom the bell tolls.

The Road to the Top



The Speech He Didn't Make

By DAVID LAWRENCE

This is a story of a speech that Premier Nikita Khrushchev didn't write but should have delivered this week to the Communist Party Congress and to the people of the Soviet Union. It could have been broadcast throughout the world. It could have given mankind its biggest thrill of satisfaction and happiness but, in particular, it could have given the people of the Soviet Union a greater stimulus to progress than any of the Communist Party programs — past, present or future.



Lawrence

The Soviet premier might have put it this way:

"The people of the Soviet Union today know more about the ill effects of war than any people on earth. They have suffered a devastation over the last 46 years far greater than would be inflicted by the dropping of a 100-megaton bomb on each of our ten largest cities. We don't want war and shall never begin a war. Likewise, the United States and the West do not want war and will not start a war. This means there will be peace.

"We are still suffering today from the disasters of World War I and World War II. I shall quote to you here from a recent analysis of our 1959 census and of other census figures of the past. It says:

" 'Not a single generation of the Soviet people, except those who are today under 12 years of age, has escaped the repercussions of war, revolution, forced labor or famine. These misfortunes have left many scars on the Russian population.

" 'It has been estimated that in the period 1913 to 1959 population losses owning to such forces, together with birth deficits and modest emigration, amounted to the staggering total of 70 to 80 million people.

" 'Losses from World War I, revolution and turmoils of the initial post - revolution period have been assessed at more than 25 million.

" 'Losses during 1931 to 1933 from collectivization of agriculture with its attendant famine have been estimated at over 5 million.

" 'Preliminary results of the 1959 census showed that Soviet losses due to World War II alone amounted to 30 to 40 million.

Difficult Position

" 'The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics probably has the largest proportion of widows of any country in the world. This helps to explain the omnipresence of older women in the labor force, many of whom perform jobs that men would do in the United States.

" 'The deficit of boys and girls between 10 and 19 reflects the war-time decline in fertility, and the high infant and child mortality of World War II and the years which immediately followed the war. For some years, these birth deficits will limit the annual number of new entrants into the labor force and the armed services.'

"Those quotations present our massive population losses, but these have greater meaning for us when the Soviet Union's population growth during the period from 1913 to 1959 is contrasted with that of the United States. In 46 years, our population grew from 160 million to 208.8 million — only a 30 per cent increase. In contrast, the population of the United States increased 80 per cent, growing from 97 million in 1913 to 176 million in 1959.

"So, because of two world wars, we today have a more difficult problem than America. We don't want any more war. We want to make a full recovery from the effects of the last two wars — and to build a better standard of living for our own people.

"While we feel that today we must pay out big sums for defense, we can hope sometime soon for disarmament agreements with the West which shall reduce this cost immeasurably and truly bring peace to the world."

Although the Soviet premier didn't write or deliver the foregoing speech, he could logically have made it. For he, more than anyone else in the Soviet Union, knows that public opinion in his own country is against war.

As for the statistics about population losses, the Soviet premier could easily verify them with his own census data. The source of the figures and of the quoted analyses given above is the Population Reference Bureau, Inc., a nonprofit, private, scientific, educational organization here which gathers, analyzes and interprets population data.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: In the uncertainties of modern living I find that I have lost the capacity to think in any terms but my own desires, pleasures, worries, and troubles. I want to love God and worship Him, but I am caught in the web of 'Worshipping' me. H.S.

ANSWER: A wise man once said: "The smallest package on earth is a person wrapped up in himself," and this seems to be your dilemma.

One of the splendid things that faith in Christ does for us is to extricate us from the 'web' of self. Jesus said; "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself." Those who 'lose' themselves in His cause always find themselves. You are a living example of the 'hell' people experience when God is left out of life.

I once heard it said of a man who possessed a magnetic personality; "When he comes into a room it seems to light up with a new glow." What did this man do? He had the knack of getting people's minds off themselves, making them relax, and helping them to be natural.

When Christ comes into a human heart, it is as though that life was lighted up. He has a way of making us forget ourselves, our burdens, our worries, and our cares. Throw everything you have into Christ's cause. Surrender yourself; lose yourself, and you will find yourself. "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it," He said.

Education Tool

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

Lecturing at a college in Michigan recently, I was asked by many of the students what I thought of the Peace Corps. Apparently, this project has fired the imagination of a lot of American undergraduates.

The Peace Corps, it seems to me, will have absolutely no effect upon peace or war. It is much too late for such undertakings to influence the course of world events. Nor will it do a great deal of good for the underdeveloped countries.

If we accept these two blunt facts, then it is possible to approve of the Peace Corps wholeheartedly — for what it will do to the American youths who take part in it.

It is education of the best sort — education that involves young adults in the problems and suffering of others. It will broaden the sympathies and deepen the understanding of the men and women who enroll in the Corps. It is better, in many ways, than a year in college.

Indeed, I should like to see a year's college credit given to the young people who join the Corps. Some of the wealthier Eastern colleges, as you know, already include a year's stay in Europe as part of their four-year curriculum.

I should like to see the Peace Corps transformed into a permanent project, as a living link between government and the colleges. It would be beneficial to everyone if thousands of college students could be induced to spend their whole junior year abroad, as members of the corps, with full academic credit.

As Dr. Lawrence Kubie points out in his valuable book "Neurotic Distortion in the Creative Process," maturity and wisdom are gained not by formal study but by participating in the needs of others.

Young people of college age are turned too much inward upon themselves in their pursuit of a career; their studies make them neurotically self - concerned at precisely the stage in their emotional lives when they most need to turn outward to the world, to give of themselves and to identify with the problems and sufferings of other people.

If the course of formal study is too prolonged, the student may achieve narrow scholarship but not broad wisdom. Breaking into this self-preoccupied pattern with a year of intensive work among the less fortunate can be the best therapy for college students — and can do much toward humanizing our relations with the rest of the world.

It would be immensely naive to believe that the Peace Corps can move us an inch toward peace; but it is an encouraging leap forward in the humane education of young Americans.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

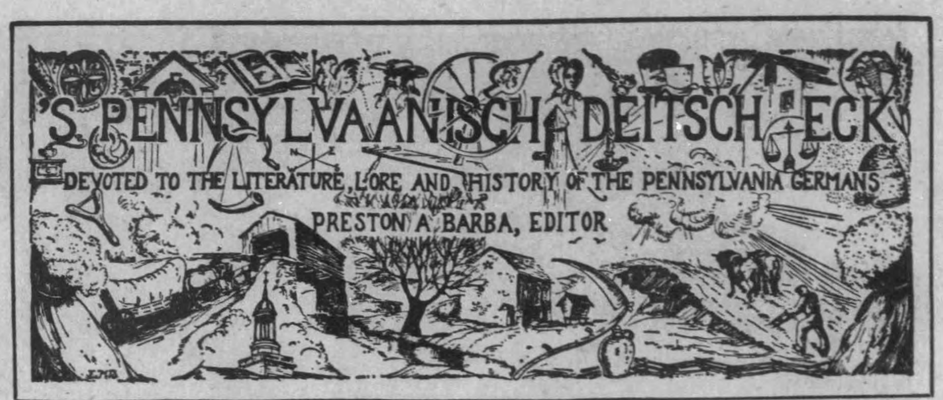
Friendships

Making enemies is an easy thing . . . making friends is hard to do . . . for the shortcomings we harbor . . . are indeed easy to view . . . and almost without our knowing . . . we create clouds of ill will. . . by some faulty mannerism. . . bad impressions we instill . . . whereas forming lasting friendships . . . is a toilsome task at best . . . friendships are a special treasure. . .only gained through constant quest . . . we must prove ourselves to others . . . if we are to gain their favor . . . people never cling together . . . if there is a bitter flavor . . . so when seeking friendships . . . bear in mind this rhyme . . . to gain true friendships you must be . . . a real friend all the time.

Horoscope

An elderly relative helps you this year. Today's child will have a deep religious sense.

Assigning telephone numbers in Japan is complicated because certain numbers mean good luck, wealth, bankruptcy or death. Auspicious numbers bring a high price. Unlucky ones are fobbed off on less discriminating foreigners.



DER KASCHBAR VERZEHLT

ES OWWERDENN

Zwische de zwee Hoibaarer in unsrer Schweizer Scheier waare zwee Scheierdenner. Es Eent waar's Newedenn. Datt sin mer nei gfaahre fer der Geils Hoibaarer voll mache.

Wie die Frucht reddi waar fer aernte sin mir ins Scheierdenn gfaahre un hen 's Newedenn voll Frucht Garrewe gemacht. Nau, owwich em rechte Denn, graad wie en ewwerschter Schpeicher, waar's Owwerdenn.

Es waare schwere Bleck iwwers Denn gelegt. Datt waare noh Bord odder Riggel driwwer gelegt. Die waare net nunnergenaggelt un hen aa net teit wedder nanner gelegge.

Wann mer aafange hot Garrewe druff leegge, hot mer sich wunners in Acht nemme misse ass mer net zwische de Bord nunner gedrede iss. Es waar ebaut zehe Fuss nunner uff die Blanke. Wann mer datt druff gfalle waer, hett's moll gewiss net die Balnke verschpalte. Awwer es waer net so gut gewest fer eem sei Bee odder Baertzel.

Glei waare awwer die Bord zugedeckt mit Garrewe. Noh hot mer graad driwwer laafe kenne. Un paar grosse Weggevoll Weeze hen's Owwerdenn gschtoppte voll gemacht.

Es Owwerdenn waar der letscht Blatz in der Scheier fer voll gemacht sei. Un es waar net leicht fer's voll mache. Es iss en Loch uffgelosst warre graad owwich em Wagge. Der Mann uffem Owwerdenn hot in die Garreb gschtoche mit seinre Gawwel un hot sie hiegelangt zum Kall wu die Garrewe schee hiegelegt hot.

Iwwerm Dresche iss es Owwerdenn aa immer's letscht uffgelaade warre. Datt hen sie es Schtroh hiegeblose vun der Dreschmaschien.

Wann dihr noch nie net helfe hett en Owwerdenn voll Schtroh mache, dann wisst dihr nix vun hatte Aerwet. Ya, der Schtaab, die Hitz un der Schwitz hab ich net vergesse, wann es aa schunn iwwer fufzich Yaahr iss ass ich's letscht mol geduh hab.

* * * *

BUWE, HALT EICH DRAA

Wie ich en Bu waar, hen die Bauersleit schier all groosse Familye ghatt. Es waare fimf Buwe un drei Meed in unsere Familye.

Es waar Aerwet uff der Bauerei fer all vun uns Buwe. Die Glennschte hen die Oier gsucht, Vieh gedriwwe un Wasser naus ins Feld gedraagge, so dass die Schaffleit drinke hen kenne.

Wie die Buwe wennich greesser sin warre, hen sie Aerwet grickt ass meh Krefte genumme hen. Mir hen die Schtell ausgemischt, Geil gschtriggelt un hen aa als die Geil Zum Schmidt geridde.

Glei nooch sellem hen mir en Manns Aerwet geduh. Ich weess noch wie ich lanne hab eegge un bluugge. Mir hen en Leingaul ghat un den hen mir gfaahre an re Zobblein. Sell iss net so gut gange fer en Weil.

Die hattscht Aerwet waar Mischt laade un Poschtelecher graawe. Der Daadi hot gemeent des misst immer geduh sei vun Hand. Wann er alleweil sehne kennt wie wennich ass geduh watt vun hand, deet er sich erschtaune.

Nau, die menschte Buwe hen an der Aerwet ghalte sei misse. Der Daadi waar net grobb zu uns. Er hot immer mitgschafft. Awwer wann mir zu viel rumgschtanne hen un nuff an die Sunn geguckt, hot er als gsaat, "Buwe, halt eich draa."

En Bauer net weit vun uns weck hot als sei Buwe aagschnarrt ass sie schier aus ihre Schtiwwel gfalle sin. Er hot als laut gegrische, "In die Hecke nei, Buwe, wett dihr net schaffe?"

Uff der Bauerei bin ich gsund gebliwwe un mei Karreber waar kreftich. Ich hab vum beschte Esse ghatt. Un wann aa mei Kleeder net direkt vun Paris kumme sin, sie waare gut un waarem. Mir hen all unser Aerwet ghatt un wann mir uns vergesse hen, hot der Daadi als gsaat, "Buwe, halt eich draa." All in all waare sell halliche Daagge.

—Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vum der Lebanon News.

BICHER

Mei Daadi hot en Bicherschank
Un der iss voll vun Bicher;
Er kann net alles lese drin,
Fun sellem bin ich sicher.

Mei Mammi schtaabt die Bicher ab
Un grummelt immer driwwer;
Sie grickt sie all verhuddelt un
Der Daadi fixt sie iwwer.

Es schteht viel Weisheit zwische drin
Un unner selle Deckel,
Dass niemand kennt bezaahle wann
Er Geld hett bei de Seckel.

Vun eem Ding awwer bin ich schur,
Dass niemand lest die Bicher;
Die Mammi schtaabt, der Daadi schelt,
Vun sellem bin ich sicher.

— Louise A. Weitzel

BOOK NOTES

The July issue (1961) of Mennonite Life, published quarterly by Bethel College, North Newton, Kansas, contains several articles of some interest to our readers: "Mennonite Indentured Servants" by Melvin Gingerich; "Collecting Folklore among Mennonites" by Warren Kliewer; Maurice A. Mook's "Nicknames among the Amish" (reprinted from the Eck of the Allentown Morning Call); the reproductions of the charming drawings and paintings of the Nebraska Old Order Amish of Big Valley, Pa., by Luther F. Kepler, Jr. and Anne Kepler Fisher.

Of special interest are the photos taken at the Mennonite Folk Festival, an annual feature at Bethel College,North Newton, Kansas, reminding us not a little of our own Pennsylvania German folk festivals at Kutztown and Hershey. It is a more localized but perhaps also more serious expression of the religious, social and economic phases of Mennonite culture in Kansas: the women of Alexanderwohl, Goessel, Tabor and Faith Mennonite congregations, trying hard to look like peasants, and preparing large-scale dinner for their guests (about 1000 pounds of sausage were consumed during the festival); a display of Amish buggies, crafts and farming implements of former days; the performance of a play "Strength in Weakness," the story of the conversion of Menno Simons; another play "Utwaundre" (Emigrants), presented a later phase of Mennonite life in America, the hardships of the Mennonites in Russia immediately after the Revolution of 1917.

This Mennonite Folk Festival is a hearty expression by and for the people concerned rather than an organized spectacle for the general public.

* * * *

BUNDLING AMONG THE AMISH, Text by Elmer L. Smith. Illustrations by Leon Milchunas. Publishers: Applied Arts, Akron, Pa. — pp. 35. $1.00

Much is being printed about the Amish today and seldom does a writer refrain from dwelling and sometimes with carnal delight) upon the subject of bundling. It is an old story, yet ever new. Do or do not the Amish bundle: But why not ask: Do they still bundle in New England, in New York, Ohio and Indiana? Why pick on the Amish whose family and sex life, if we may trust professional historians and sociologists, is exemplary in this sex-conscious age?

The author, Professor of Sociology at Madison College, Harrisonburg, Virginia has endeavored to give an authentic account of this old, but now unusual practice, tracing it from the old world to Colonial America. He compares the practice among the Amish with bundling in Wales, Germany, Holland, Scotland, Sweden, and in New England.

Professor Smith, who prefers now and then to present his studies in popular form, has prepared a booklet that should once and for all satisfy the curious public on this subject. It is the fourth in a popular series. The others are Among the Amish; Covered Bridges in Pennsylvania Dutchland; and The Almanac of Pennsylvania Dutch Folklore.

* * * *

The summer issue (1961) of Pennsylvania Folklife, published quarterly by the Pennsylvania Folklife Society, Inc., Route 4, Lancaster, Pa. is more than a feast for the eye. Its conttents will delight all antiquarians and lovers of the Pennsylvania scene. Notable contributions are "Amish Funerals" by Vincent R. Tortora; "Steep Roofs and Red Tiles" by Robert C. Bucher; "The Township Weavers of Pennsylvania" by Earl F. Robacker; "Fences in Rural Pennsylvania" by Amos Long, Jr.; "The Glingelsock" by Afred L. Shoemaker; and "Sauerkraut in the Pennsylvania Folk-Culture" by Don Yoder.

Also this issue is devoted exclusively to the Pennsylvania "Dutch," but the public awaits, as the general title of the publication "Pennsylvania Folklife" would denote, a consideration of the other cultures that make up the great state of Pennsylvania.

* * * *

FOLK MEDICINE

Plants Used in the Pennsylvania Dutch Country. By Paul R. Wieand. With 40 line drawings. Published by Wieand's Pennsylvania Dutch, Route 3, Allentown, Pa.— Pp. 48. $1.00.

This booklet will be welcomed by many of our readers who may remember vaguely the household remedies of their grandparents and who wish to flee from the floodtides of modern drugs and pills. In this day when one hesitates to go to the drugstores with their ever-increasing prices for pharmaceutics, it is comforting to discover that the emodin active in Carter's Little Pills grew in our grandmothers' gardens. She knew it as "Boigraut" and made delicious pies from the rhubarb stems, but she also knew that a fusion of rhubarb root was an effective family laxative, easily and inexpensively accessible.

The reader will find in this little book many other once popular remedies: blue flag, burdock, boneset, wildcherry bark, celandine, mountain dittany, feverfew, and many others together with their uses and preparations.

Those who know the dialect will delight in their names so seldom heard today: **Halwergaul, Darrichwax, Maederli, Grundelrewe, Aldi Fraa, Brennesel** (you may wish to eat of the latter for its rich suply of chlorophyl) **Raude, Groddebalsam, Seibaerzel,** etc.

Included in this booklet are also those herbs used in flavoring certain foods; sweet basil **(Versammlungsgraut)** coriander **(Kayenner),** dill, sweet fennel **(Fenickel),** summer savory **(Bohnegreidel),** etc.

The compiler informs us that the simple reason for preparing this booklet was the reviving interest in the oldtime cures known to our grandparents.

ED.

VUN "SIT-DOWN" SCHTREIKS

Mer lest so viel vun "Sit-down" Schtreiks,
Doch sin sie gaar nix nei;
Do iss en Gschicht vun Yaahre zrick
Wu en gut Beispiel sei.

Es scheint es waar en Argel mol
In re Kaerrich draus im Land;
'S waar noch ken Lectric um der Weg —
Sie waar gebumpt vun Hand.

Der Argel-schpieler waar bezaahlt,
Vleicht net so viel er sott;
Un aus seim Loh muss sarriye dass
Er aa en Bumper hot.

So hot er dann en Kall gedingt
Datt aus der Nochberschaft;
Waar schwach im Kopp, doch hot im Aarm
Un Buckel blendi Kraft.

Sei Loh, der soll en Daahler sei
Fer alle Sunndaags Dienscht;
'S waar gross zu ihm, doch glee, genunk,
Wie'd heit Bezaahling finnscht.

Nau des waar gut fer'n langi Zeit,
Noh kummt's dem Kall mol ei
Sei Loh waer gans un gaar zu glee —
Er sett zwee Daaler sei.

Er schwetzt zum Argel-schpieler dann,
Sei Bitt bekannt gemacht
Ee Sunndaag, un der hot yuscht gschpott
Un ihn gut ausgelacht.

Der Kall hot nix viel driwwer gsaat
Un der Kaerriche Dienscht fangt aa;
Die Argel schpielt wie nie defor —
Der Bumper halt sich draa.

Doch iwwer 'm Bumpe schtoppt er mol
Un hebt zwee Finger uff;
Der Schpieler schittelt gschwind der Kopp
Un duht meh Peife druff

Die Finger kummen widder ruff
Der Schpieler schittelt die Hand,
Er sett sich wehre — deet er net,
Waer alles an der Wand.

Widder kummen die Finger ruff,
Der Schpieler schittel "weck!"
Druff schtoppt der Bumper, graad wie sell,
Un hockt sich in sei Eck.

Der Diapason blarrt wie'n Bull,
Wie'n Seiche greischt die Flute;
Em zweeundreissich fiessich Bass,
Dem geht's wull aa net gut.

Die Argel, die waar gans aus Wind,
Der Schpieler aus Geduld;
Doch hockt der Bumper in Seim Eck
In Friede un Unschuld.

Der Schpieler schittelt flink die Hend —
Sett an die Aerwet geh;
Der Bumper hebt zwee Finger uff —
Yuscht sell un gaar nix meh.

Die Leit hen nanner aageguckt,
Was waer dann nau im Gang,
Dass do die Argel schtoppe sett
Graad mittes in ihr'm Gang.

Sie hen net wisse kenne, dass
Der Bumper schtowwerich iss
Sie sehnen yuscht der Schpieler rutscht
Wie vumme Hummle Biss.

Zum Schpieler waar's en grittlich Ding,
So bees wie 'n Zaahgeropp;
Er waar gebotte—weess es aa—
Un schittelt "Ya" der Kopp.

Wie's gschehne mecht, waar's neegschte Lied
"Nun danket alle Gott";
Der Bumper biegt zum Gschefft wie er
Aa ebber danke wott.

Eb heitich "Sit - downs" schtammen vleicht
Vum Argel-Bumper bei,
Sell weess ich net, doch wie's mir scheint,
Es kennt wull hendich sei.

RALPH S. FUNK

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David A. Miller, Publisher-Director 1895-1958

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Editorials

On the Right Track

More people than ever have reason to share this community's pride that the Lehigh County United Fund exceeded its $750,000 goal and brought in more dollars from more contributors than any previous effort of this kind.

Entitled to cheer and to be cheered are all who worked through the weeks of the campaign and all who gave what they themselves know was their fair and proportionate share. There are more on both these rosters than ever before and many were more generous with their time and their means. The name of Morton Schneider, who planned and directed the campaign and worked on it for a year entirely as a volunteer, heads the list.

It is gratifying, of course, that the total objective has been reached. Every dollar is essential to the work the 65 participating service organizations are expected to do. All their requests have been carefully screened and will be again before the funds finally are allocated.

It is even more gratifying, however, that the $763,000 came from so many individuals and organizations who either did their share or at least showed an interest. In each of the broad areas of solicitation, the campaign reached or exceeded expectations. All but 18 of the nearly 100 individual teams hit their quotas and enough of them went substantially ahead to make up for the few areas of endeavor that still are weak.

The support came from the city, from the boroughs and from the townships. It represented large firms and small ones, owners and executives and hourly employes. Most professional groups did considerably better than in the past as they either met or exceeded their assigned objectives.

This was a campaign in which more people than ever before recognized their stake in a community responsibility and were willing to accept it. This is the kind of recognition that makes for a better and a stronger community. It puts this community back on the right track.

The Biggest Race

Whether a race to the moon is important or not, this nation has reason to be pleased that at long last it has what is believed to be the most powerful rocket ever to be sent soaring into the skies.

The 16-story Saturn so successfully tested for the first time yesterday had three times the thrust of any rocket the United States ever used in space flights. It added something like one-third to the greatest force believed generated by the Russians. What's more, it functioned far better than spacemen anticipated in their fondest dreams.

There is still, however, a long way to the moon. It's something like 238,000 miles away and it will cost billions of dollars to get there. At least nine more Saturn shots are to be made and the vehicle that in a half-dozen years may take three Americans to the earth's nearest neighbor still must be built, tested and perfected.

Meanwhile, there are a good many jobs to be done on earth.

This nation first of all must make certain that no force can destroy it from without or from within. It must build every possible defense against any who would, and then some.

Until it is certain that its people and their way of life are secure, it can keep its sights set on the moon and strive toward it. It cannot, however, allow itself to be obsessed by any race to reach it.

The race to survival is the biggest race of all. More than scientists must be dedicated to winning it.

Not Convincing

Although Marshal Tito has been absent from the Red Party Congress in Moscow and was sharply upbraided there by his chief, there have been few other indications that he is anything but a Communist and that Yugoslavia is anything but a Communist nation.

Under the guise of convenient neutrality, he has sought alms from the West and has received them. In spite of his claims to be neutral, he has not switched his allegiance from the Soviet bloc either in the United Nations or at conferences like the one in Belgrade a few weeks ago.

The only place where there seems to be any real question about Mr. Tito's loyalty is in Washington. There, Secretary of State Rusk is busy defending the agreement to sell an atomic reactor to Tito and train Communist scientists at Oak Ridge.

Arguments match those advanced to justify the sale of obsolete warplanes to Yugoslavia and train pilots and mechanics to keep them flying. This country wants to help Tito withstand Communist pressures. Furthermore, Mr. Rusk quickly notes that the agreements were approved by the Eisenhower Administration. That this happened long before the Reds threw up a wall across Berlin and began shooting off their nuclear wapons like firecrackers without arousing Mr. Tito, doesn't seem to alter the picture.

To Americans who remember how scrap metal that was exported to Japan came back, the arguments aren't convincing.

What Others Say

Welfare More Than Salvage Job

Christian Science Monitor

Many will agree readily with Secretary Abraham A. Ribicoff that "public welfare must be more than a salvage operation." The head of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare urged in an address to the second National Conference on Church and Social Welfare that a stronger focus be placed on rehabilitation and prevention of dependency than on merely sustaining the 7,000,000 Americans now on relief at an annual cost of $4,000,000,000.

A first step in this direction will be the thinking out of genuine work programs on needed projects in which some of the recipients of relife can be employed at least part-time. This should not be merely "made work" but should be socially useful. It calls for more constructive effort than the largely negative approach so widely publicized at Newburgh, New York.

Another feature which should be explored much more extensively than it has been is the combination of vocational training or retraining with relief or unemployment compensation systems.

If We Had a Choice—



Poorly Informed Poet

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Carl Sandburg, poet and biographer of Lincoln, probably will be sorry he ever brought it up, and many people will differ sharply with him when he says an army man like General Eisenhower has lived a sheltered life in a "welfare state" of his own.

Officers in the armed services will disagree vehemently. True, when they choose a military career, they are offered a certain security in their jobs but not the many benefits available in private employment today, particularly under union contracts. In training and commanding men from all walks of life, the officers actually come into contact more with individuals and deal more with human relations than do most civilians.


Lawrence

Mr. Sandburg had just visited President Kennedy at the White House and was surrounded afterward by reporters and television cameras at the Library of Congress when he gave vent to the following comment, as quoted by the United Press International:

"He (Eisenhower) has yet to know the people of the United States. With him the words 'socialist' and 'socialism' are dirty words — very nearly as dirty as 'welfare state.' But ever since he left the creamery at Abilene, Kans., he never bought a suit of clothes or a meal. He never was out of work for a day. All the anxieties that go with the free-enterprise system, he hasn't known them. He's lived in a welfare state ever since he left Abilene and went to West Point."

Mr. Sandburg has a strange misconception — shared by many other people — that each of the armed services provides all the needs of its men and officers. The fact is that the commissioned officer himself buys all of his clothes — his uniforms as well as the civilian clothes he wears when off-duty. His "ration allowance" and "housing allowance" only partially cover the cost of meals and rental when the officer must provide a home for himself and family.

Mr. Sandburg might ask a few officers — from the lieutenants up to the generals and admirals — what the difficulties are in raising their families on service pay as they move from post to post, and how they manage to give a college education to their children.

Affluence

Also, does Mr. Sandburg think that only a man who has had to earn money to buy his own food and clothing is eligible for the presidency? It will surely be disputed that a man who hasn't had to earn money necessarily leads a sheltered life and doesn't know anything about the trials and tribulations of his fellow men. Certainly the affluence of Messrs. Rockefeller, Harriman and Kennedy — who have not had to work for a living — has not made a single one of them insensitive to the importance of social-welfare legislation.

Mr. Sandburg was not well informed either in referring to Mr. Eisenhower as an "ungrammatical" President, as if fluency of speech were a criterion of a President's achievements. The truth is that there are few persons who, when talking extemporaneously, always speak with grammatical precision. A look at some of the transcripts of the Kennedy press conferences will reveal more than one slip on this score.

It is most unfortunate that Mr. Sandburg, who probably has read a good deal of history, hasn't familiarized himself with the ways of American politics. He says Mr. Eisenhower was unfair in his criticism of the "Peace Corps" and that "it wasn't very good sportsmanship" for the former President to "shoot off" on this subject before the idea has "begun to have a tryout." Maybe if he will reread some of the speeches during last year's presidential campaign about the "missile gap," he will recognize the art of political combat.

Army life isn't as easy as Mr. Sandburg has been led to believe, and, if he is interested in good sportsmanship, he will apologize to the men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Air Force. To say that any one of the officers in our military services has yet "to know the people of the United States" is to fail to understand the very men who devote themselves to a career in which they risk their lives so that the rest of us may continue to stay alive to watch television and even to read Mr. Sandburg's fine literary works.

Israel's Trade

By SYLVIA PORTER

JERUSALEM — We were six, sitting around a luncheon table in this capital city of Israel and discussing the economic future of this brave, young nation which lies at the western tip of the continent of Asia on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean Sea.

Earlier, we had agreed that if Israel is to survive economically, she must sharply boost her industrial production and exports of goods, for she is importing far more from abroad than she is selling abroad and is deep in the red in her trade accounts with other nations. We had deplored the fact that the hostile Arab nations are not only boycotting Israel but also threatening to boycott any company or country which does business with her. We were up to the point of listing what industrial products she might develop to sell abroad and where.


Porter

"If, despite the Arab threats, foreign investments do help you raise your industrial production for export and if a boom in tourism brings in increasing millions, is there a chance you might have your trade books in balance by 1965?" I asked one of the Israel officials.

"Only if we can get into the European Common Market," he replied matter-of-factly and so quietly I wasn't sure I'd heard him.

"Yes," and his voice was louder and grim. "We sell most of the products we export to the six countries now in that market and to Great Britain, who's applying for membership. As the common market nations erase the tariff walls among themselves to make their products cheaper, and as they maintain the tariff walls against outsiders, we'll be at a terrible trade disadvantage — if we continue an outsider."

Survival Stake

"If you don't get in, then what?"

"Then we're in trouble. While it's a political problem for the European nations, it's a problem of economic survival for us."

The simple statistical facts dramatize this latest of Israel's challenges. Of her total agricultural exports, 90 percent goes to the present common market members and those applying. Of her industrial exports, 35 per cent goes to these nations. Of her top export — citrus — half is taken by England alone. Not only must she maintain these sales; she must also greatly enhance them, for she is still importing twice as much as she is exporting, is staying alive economically only because the deficit is being covered by Germany's reparation payments, earnings from tourism, loans and contributions from the United States.

Actually, Israel would be on the threshhold of association with the common market countries now — were it not for the Arab threats.

Will Israel get in, share in the common market's benefits?

There's no obvious basis for optimism — except, well, except what Israel already has achieved against fantastic odds and the oft-quoted comment of her first president, Dr. Chaim Weizmann, that he who does not believe in miracles is not a realist.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: Do you believe that God could be using the Soviets today as He once used the Philistines of old, to chastise His people? H.H.L.

ANSWER: Yes, I believe this could be true. The Christian West, so-called, has gone a long way down the road of materialism and secularism. We have drifted away from many of the tenets that made us great and influential. There is a boredom, and a purposelessness in the nations that used to comprise the 'fortress of faith.'

Our record of crime, immorality, and pleasure seeking is shocking. Our image has changed drastically in the past few years. We have become the chief peddlers of filth and trash through our films and literature, and the world wonders at our boast of being "Christian."

We need something to arouse us. We need a rebirth, a cataclysmic spiritual renewal. It could be that God will engage us with an overpowering enemy, and that we will taste of suffering and privation before we awaken.

William Burke, the American Legion's national commander said the other day; "Any society whose members are afraid to die for it is a dead society." With world conditionns being what they are, we may soon have the chance to test whether we are dead or not.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Fall Again

I watch the dry leaves tumble down . . . gone is their red and gold . . . for the summer season . . . finally is old . . . emerald sprigs of grass succumb . . . only the strong stay on . . . and Jakk Frost readies magic paint . . . to spray hither and yon . . . the babbling brook no longer sings . . . its sweet melodic song . . . now it hums a plaintive tune . . . as it creeps along . . . clouds reflect the slanting rays . . . of late autumn sun . . . and the brisk breeze tells me . . . summertime is done . . . there's something sad about this time . . . I drift to way back when . . . Dame Nature soon will be asleep . . . because it's fall again.

Factographs

The estimated temperature at the earth's center is about 9,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

Fifty to 70 per cent of retarded readers have a problem in seeing.

As long as a honey comb is kept dry, the honey will keep for many years.

Horoscope

Business and financial progress will be stellar. Today's child will be forceful.



A GIFT

The Library of Muhlenberg College was recently the recipient of an unusual gift. Among the literary remains of the late Dr. Harry Hess Reichard, former Professor of German at Muhlenberg College and historian of Pennsylvania German dialect literature, were found a number of unpublished manuscripts, the works of Charles C. More, generally recognized as the foremost writer of fiction in our dialect literature. These manuscripts were presented to the Library by Dr. Joseph R. Reichard, Professor of German, Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio and Dr. Richard R. Reichard, of the Department of History, Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa, as a fitting memorial to their parents, Professor and Mrs. Harry Hess Reichard, distinguished for their studies in Pennsylvania German literature and in the history, lore and culture of the Pennsylvania German people.

Among the manuscripts of this gift are the following unpublished novels: **Der Butzdeiwel; Die Familye Ehr; Der Jingschte Dak; Der Verrechelte Rechler; Der Menschenfresser.** Also there are manuscripts of the short stories: **Die Kutztown Mail; Der Weiwerfeind; Wie der Benneville Kodorus Holzgiesser Gschtarwe Iss.** Of special interest are some twenty tablets of maxims, epigrams, aphorisms and anecdotes, which Charles More wrote to while away the years of his lonely old age. These he entitled "Gedanke Schliwwere" (thought splinters!). The collation and editing of these manuscripts, with the author's many notes and variants, present a challenge to some future scholar. At the same time they supplement those which Charles More himself presented to the Library of Muhlenberg College in 1932. Together these manuscripts form a rich reservoir of unpublished material for future historians, philolgists and lexicographers of our dialect and literature.



CHARLES C. MORE
1848 — 1940

These works are of special significance, inasmuch as the author has been acclaimed at home and abroad as the most distinguished write of fiction in the annals of our Pennsylvania German dialect literature.

Charles Christopher More was a native of Allentown. Although the date of his birth has been variously given, an entry in the records of old Zion's Reformed Church, Allentown, indicates the date as Feb. 8, 1848. Here the family name is still spelled "Mohr." His great-great-grandfather, Hermann Mohr, had emigrated from the Palatinate in 1730 and settled in what was generally known as Maguntsche (Macungie), then still a part of Bucks County and only since 1812 a part of Lehigh County. His mother was Camilla Blumer, granddaughter of the Rev. Abraham Blumer who shortly after 1771 became the pastor of the Whitehall Parish in Lehigh (then still Northampton) County, which Parish also included Zion's Reformed Church at Allentown. It was during his pastorate that the Liberty Bell was brought to Allentown and concealed underneath the floor of Zion's, where it remained until after the Revolution.

Charles More received his early education in the Lutheran Academy, later Muhlenberg College. Though only a lad of 14 (as Records in Harrisburg show), he served in the State Militia from Sept. 13 to 25, 1862, and again from July 3 to August 3, 1863. Though never mustered in he was discharged at the end of the service, having served as a drummer boy.

In 1865 Charles More accompanied a Professor Theyken, a German instructor in the Lutheran Academy at Allentown, to Europe, where the talented young man was to continue his studies. The record of this first sojurn in Europe, a period of seven years, is unfortunately not well defined. For a time it seems he studied in Geneva. In 1868 he was a student in Berlin. During the last two or three years of his European sojurn he was a teacher in a boys' school in Gravesend, England. In 1876 More received an appointment as clerk in the American Legation in Berlin and remained in Germany for most of the next decade. This was for him a period rich in stimulating experiences. Here he came in personal contact with that illustrious man of American letters, Bayard Taylor, whose term as American Minister to Prussia was cut short by his sudden death in 1878. Here in Berlin he also learned to know great men of contemporary German letters, among them Gustave Freytag and Berthold Auerbach.

In 1886 Charles More was once again back in America. Within the year he took a position on the editorial staff of the then widely circulated German papers, the **Weltbote** and the **Friedensbote,** both published in Allentown, where he remained until 1900. From 1902 to 1920 he was in the service of the Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J., as interpreter and translator, in charge of the Foreign Correspondence Department. Upon his retirement with pension he lived for a time in Wildwood, N. J., but in 1925 he came to Allentown, where he spent the rest of his days.

It was during the years he was engaged in editorial work for the **Weltbote** and the **Friedensbote** that Charles More first turned more seriously to the field of dialect literature, in which he was to achieve enduring claims upon posterity. Of these early literary beginnings Dr. Harry Reichard, in his "Pennsylvania German Dialect Writers," (1918) wrote as follows: "While in Europe More had become familiar with different German and French dialects; these he was wont to compare with his own Pennsylvania - German dialect and as he did so he became convinced that it had as good a right to be, as the best of them;. . . With thoughts like these in mind he began in a desultory way to write dialect stories for the **Friedensbote."** More then continued his literary activities while with the Victor Talking Machine Company. A number of his early stories and some delightful poems, both in humorous and in serious vein, appeared in the Pennsylvania - German Magazine.

It was during his long lonely years of retirement in Allentown that More found recreation in writing those long novels which show him to be a master of form and of character delineation, and the only one of our dialect writers who wrote with a comprehension of the larger implications of literary creation in the realm of fiction.

The only one of his novels which has appeared in print is "Die goldich Unerfaahring" which appeared in "Lewendiche Schtimme aus Pennsylveni," edited by Heinz Kloss and published in Stuttgart and New York, 1929. His grim tale "Die Weiwerfeind," appeared in the German magazine **Der Auslanddeutsche** (Stuttgart, Oct, 1930).

In the year 1931 the German Academy of Munich bestowed upon Charles More a silver medal and a diploma. At the annual commencement in June, 1933, Muhlenberg College conferred upon the aged author the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

From a body weighed down with its 92 years, his spirit quietly stole away on February 26, 1940. Blind, deaf and wellnight friendless, Charles More had in those last years withdrawn into the dim halls of his long life where he held converse with his dreams. Perhaps they at least would remain faithful to the end in response to the pathetic plea which he had long ago voiced in the last stanza of his poem "Mei Draam":

Loss mir mei Draam, ich brauch ihn doch.
Fer ann're hot er yo ken Waert;
Er's yuscht far mich, ich will ihn noch,
Mir iss er alles uff der Aerd.
Leg der Draam zu mir ins Graab,
Er iss yo alles was ich hab,
Gewiss, er's alles was ich hab.

DER SCHATTE UFF DER KRICK
Vum Charles C. More

An der Lechaa hawwich gsotze
Un in die Welle gschaut.
Um mich rum hen Veggel gsunge
Un Neschter sich gebaut.
Ihre Schatte, wie die Wolke,
Sin gschwumme uff der Krick
Dann in weiter Fern verschwunne,
Doch ihr Lied, des blieb zerick.

So sitz ich doch gaar mannichmol
Un schau mit triewem Blick.
Die Erinnrung ruft mer Schatte bei,
Mei Gedanke sin die Krick,
Wu die Schatte driwwer schwewe
Ball hier, ball do, ball datt;
Dan verschwinde sie im Wasser,
Un der Schtrom, der tragt sie fatt.

So mancher macht mer Freede,
Un mancher dutt mer weh.
En mancher klingt ass wie en Lied
Vum e Schatte ass ich seh.
Er schwebt datt uff de Welle,
Er sinkt datt in die Krick;
Der Schtrom, der tragt das Bild mer fatt
Un losst mei Schmerz zerick.

Wie watt es dann mit mir mol geh,
Wann ich aa nimme bin,
Wann ich muss heemwaerts wandre
Ins Schatteland weit hin?
Watt aa mei Bild so schwewe,
Dann versinke aus 'm Blick?
Der Dod, der dann mei Schmerz fattnemmt,
Losst er mei Lied zerick?

GEDANKE SCHLIWWERE
Vum Charles C. More

Die gans Welt iss wull en stage, wu yeder sei Schtick zu schpiele hot, awwer kenner will die zwett Geig im Orchester schpiele.

Deel Leit sin net zufridde, bis sie zwee un zwee zamme duh kenne un fimf draus mache.

Kee Mensch kann verliere, was er sei Lewe net ghatt hot.

Der Wutzie Schmidt hot em Claudie Moyer gsaat, sie hetten Zwillinge deheem. — "Sure?" — "Sure!" — "Un sin sie gans gleich?" — "Wie menscht?" — "Eens graad wie's anner gebaut, odder sin sie rechts un links wie Schuh?"

'S iss aardlich, awwer 's iesi-escht Ding in der Welt fer griegge, iss hatt Glick.

"Maemm, kumm gschwind, 's iss ebber in der Kich, ass unser Maad bosst." — "Na, do will ich awwer!", hot sei Maemm gsaat un iss naus in die Kiche gschosse. "Apriler Kalb!" greischt der Bu, "es waar yo yuscht der Paepp!"

En Mann mit weisse kid Hensching fiehlt gewiss wie'n Bullfrog imme Backoffe.

"Well, good-bye, Lis!" hot der Jake gsaat, wie er noch West iss, "ich will hoffe du bleibscht drei zu mir, bis ich widder kum imme Monat odder so." — "Well, good-bye, Jake!" hot sie gsaat un hot gheilt, "ich hoff aa!"

Es nemmt zwee fer ne Fechterei zu mache un gemeenerhand hen sie alle beed net recht.

Der Bill Schwalb secht sei Fraa daet ihn arrig an sei Flint gemaahne — sie daet kicke un mer misst ewwe aa vorsichtich mit re umgeh.

Der Missouri Fritz ihre gleener Bruder hot zum Joe Schenck, der Missouri ihrem Beau, gsaat, er sett mol sei Kopp schittele. "Ferwas?" hot der Joe gsaat. "O, well," secht die glee Grott, "der Paepp secht dei Kopp waer so leer, ass er rappele daet."

Der Jess Grim hot em Baldi Wescoe gsaat, er waer en selwer gemachter Mann un der Baldi hot gsaat, wann er so'n Gsicht hett, daet er awwer bei Golly net rum geh un bralle devun.

Mancher Mann ass en Lieg nunnernaggele hot welle, hot sich ewwe aa uff die Finger geglobbt.

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TELEPHONE HE 3-4241

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Editorials

Resolve These Differences

At the end of another workless week for some 3,200 men in Mack's Allentown plants the future looks even more bleak than it did when the current strike began eight full working days ago.

The payroll for these days has been lost. With bargaining talks at a standstill, more will go down the drain. None of it ever will be retrieved by the men and their families or by the community.

If, as a spokesman has said, negotiations have been broken off pending arguments and rulings on litigation the company instituted in the courts to gain access to plants for its supervisory personnel, the regrettable recess is understandable. The courts have scheduled prompt hearing for the petition.

If, however, the talks ended because to either or both sides a satisfactory agreement on the issues involved seems impossible, the matter is considerably more serious for all involved. This includes the community in which Mack workers and their families live.

Employes have a natural concern about their transfer rights, particularly in view of what has happened and is happening in Plainsfield where Mack has ended its operations. It is understandable that they seek reasonable protection and ask to have it spelled out in clear terms.

They have even more reason, however, to be concerned about the effects of a prolonged strike in which increased wages are not the issue. It is the workers and their families who suffer the greatest hardships. In this strike, as in all others, the community and its economic life suffers with them.

If the union fears Mack will move out of Allentown, it is using some strange techniques to convince it to remain here. Repeated labor disputes have sounded the death knell for industries in other communities and have left thousands jobless. The men of Mack and their union should be the first to prevent this from happening in Allentown.

Walker's Decision

The least that can be said about Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Walker's decision to give up his military career and all his earned benefits from it to be free to fight communism is that he has the courage of his convictions and is willing to sacrifice for them.

He was disciplined last April not because he was an outspoken foe of communism but because the Army determined that through the anti-Communist troop indoctrination courses he directed, he attempted to influence the 1960 voting of soldiers serving under him in Germany. This, his superiors ruled, was in violation of military regulations.

There is a sharp difference between what a private citizen may say in publicly expressing his views and what a highly-placed representative of government may say. The private citizen speaks for himself. What the public servant says, particularly when speaking from his official position, may be regarded as the expression and opinion of his superior. This is why these statements must be guarded.

Gen. Walker has chosen to exercise his full right of free speech as a private citizen. This is entirely his own decision and his privilege. It was not forced on him by his superiors.

Final public judgment on whether he was arbitrarily or unjustly gagged should depend more on what he now has to say than on the opinions of any who would make him a martyr to serve their own purposes.

He Shared His World

In a quick review of James Thurber's hilarious works, so many come to mind that to rate any one or two or three of them as the funniest, the best or the most delightful would be an impossible task — and an unappreciated one at that. Few would agree with the choices of any others. Most would prefer making their own.

For the most part, the millions who for something like three decades have been reading Thurber's fables and fantasies, his memoirs and reports and satires, just plain liked Thurber. They liked him because he generally made them laugh, probably because more often than not they found themselves chuckling at themselves.

Thurber created characters people enjoyed. They enjoyed them whether he drew them, in cartoons, wrote about them or had them say their own lines in his plays. They found them delightful whether they were people or dogs. The situations in which he placed them were familiar.

He excelled in more fields than perhaps any other writer and because he did he appealed to broader and more varied audiences. Not many could be compared with their contemporaries in as many areas and survive the comparison as he does. Somehow or other, Thurber stands out and he probably will as he and his works become literary legends of his age.

As one of his contemporaries put it even before his death on Thursday, "Thurber inhabits a world of his own." Perhaps his greatest distinction is that he knew how to share this world, to bring pleasure and happiness and laughs to so many.

Public Opinion

The Morning Call welcomes opinions of its readers. Letters to the editor should not exceed 300 words. They must be signed and include the writer's address. Letters will not be published without a legitimate signature. The right to condense is reserved by the publishers.

Blue Laws Discrimination

To the Editor:

I have before me the editorial labelled "Operation Red Herring" which appeared in the Wednesday, Nov. 1, 1961, issue of The Morning Call.

Fortunately, for the citizens of this country, the day has not arrived when due process and equal rights under the law are subject to the interpretive whims of economic groups or the editorial staff of newspapers.

The editorial referred to would seem to indicate that the 2 Guys from Harrison should gracefully submit to discriminatory enforcement of the law—in the very language of the editorial "the Sunday Blue Laws are antiquated and unenforceable unless the authorities want to create endless and absurd confusion." Fortunately for this country, laws cannot be repealed by words in a newspaper. These laws exist — in justice and fairness the voice of the newspaper, instead of suggesting enforcement against the

Continued on Page 7, Column 2

'Let Me Save You From the Fishermen'



The Russians Must Know

By DAVID LAWRENCE

What the world sorely needs today is not more talk about fallout shelters, but more information directly from the President of the United States on the military power of this country — its ability to destroy an enemy if there should be any kind of attack.

Some speeches have been made by lesser officials and brief comments have lately appeared in White House statements, but all these are not a substitute for a comprehensive pronouncement by the President that the whole world would read and accept as authoritative.



Lawrence

Why is it so important? Because if the peoples of all the world could realize that the United States is capable of destroying an aggressor, attention would really turn to the restraining influence that could be exerted upon such an aggressor.

To achieve any kind of balance, however, requires something far more effective than merely a paper agreement signd by an international conference in Geneva or anywhere else. It requires the only assurance that can be given against another world war — the establishment of a free system of government in Russia and in her several colonies now captive behing the Iron Curtain.

The sooner this is recognized as the paramount issue the greater the chance for the early achievement of a true peace in the world. For, while the Communists may remove the body of Stalin from its place of prominence in Moscow, it is significant that they have failed thus far to show the slightest intention of burying his ideas — faithlessness to the pledged word, bluff, bluster, threats, and a form of tyranny as old as the despotism of a Caesar.

But how can the men who hold power in the Soviet government today be deprived of their position of authority? Only by the will of the people. And how can that be done? Only by penetrating the Communist countries with official statements and ideas that will eventually convince the 200,000,000 people of the Soviet Union — and the many millions more under the Communist yoke — that to set up a free government is the only way to prevent a nuclear war and the destruction of millions of human beings.

Voice of America

The first step, therefore, is for the President to put aside any qualms about being accused of "sabre-rattling" and tell the whole story of America's bomber and missile strength.

This coming week end will see an important experiment in crossing boundaries into Russia by the Voice of America. A massive broadcast of 52 powerful stations located in Western Europe will be put on the air simultaneously for the first time to the people behind the Iron Curtain. In their own languages, they will be given for eight hours a detailed story of what has happened recently in nuclear testing. The Russian people haven't been told anything about it as yet by their own government.

Will the Soviet government jam the new broadcasts? It has done so before in the case of individual stations. Certainly in this age of scientific invention this episode could well serve as an incentive to the establishment of a more effective means of reaching the people of other lands.

The important thing that the Soviet people must be told is that America possesses an almost incredible strength to retaliate. This should be spelled out clearly so it can be thoroughly understood. Once these facts become known, the Russian people will realize that they alone can save mankind. They can do it by instituting a system of government which does not permit one man to hold in his hand the power of life and death over them as well as over millions of human beings in other lands.

India's Deceit

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

There are those who have believed that India could be bribed into favoring the United States. Up to now, India has been a progressive neutral, that is a neutral that favored Soviet Russia. On the other hand Krishna Menon, India's delegate to the United Nations, has been antagonistic to the United States, supporting Soviet Russia on every program, including the firing of 28 atomic bombs in succession.

The fact is that India has pursued a policy in the United Nations which has no explanation in historic reason. In fact, Nehru's support of the Two China Policy can only create confusion in Asia by Red China. Nehru has not protested Tibet or Nepal or Kashmir against Red China, although it is impossible to find any moral explanation for India's conduct, particularly as Nehru postures as a moralist and there can be no morality in India's attitude toward Tibet.

At the Geneva Conference which was called to put an end to the nuclear bombing of humanity, the Indian delegation always equated the United States and Soviet Russia, although the United States had stopped testing and Soviet Russia is exploding increasingly larger bombs.

Nehru would like to be regarded and respected as the principal moral force in the Asia - African world today. Asia and Africa cannot be associated realistically as one area, which it is not, although at certain points the two continents meet ethnologically and religiously.

The Bandung Conference (April 1955) sought to build a unit among the Asiatic and African states to offset the colonial powers which are organized in NATO. But Red Chia sought to build the Bandung Conference into an anti-American, pro-Soviet bloc and to a degree succeeded largely because Nehru would not take a moral stand but submitted to Soviet leadership.

Krishna Menon has attempted to give the impression that explosions in the atmosphere are the same as explosions underground which he knows not to be true. The object of Menon's statement was to give the Indian people the false impression that the United States was more wicked than Soviet Russia, that underground tests did more harm than atmospheric tests which he also knew to be untrue. In a word, Krishna Menon has acted on behalf of Soviet Russia and sets out to damage the United States although he pretends to represent a neutral nation. This neutrality is hard to define.

Most Americans are growing weary of both Nehru and Menon and the time has come when aid to India must be regarded as aid to an enemy state. No alternative is available, particularly in view of Menon's constant attacks upon the United States.

Soviet Russia is filthying the atmosphere and dirtying the soil of all countries, including its own and that of its allies. Soviet Russia has become an outlaw nation, a horror to mankind, a brute force on Earth. If India can defend such a country, who can defend India? If Menon can equate bestiality with American ideals and principles, then it is necessary to re-evaluate our relations with India and to decide whether that country is a friend or an enemy.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: In our neighborhood a group of ladies gather together, and quite naturally we discuss our neighbors. What I want to know is: how may I know the difference between interested talk about people and gossip? I don't want to be a gossiper. U.E.W.

ANSWER: Nothing is more devastating than malicious gossip. That is talk designed to injure, belittle, or reflect on those not in the presence of the participating group. It is a verbal attack upon persons who are not even permitted to defend themselves. This is sinful.

However, I believe there is a difference between 'interested talk' and gossip. If on has a neighbor who has sickness, unemployment, or some other kind of misfortune, it is quite natural for mutual acquaintances to discuss the problem together. If this is in the spirit of love and understanding, it can even be helpful.

I think in answering the question you have asked, you might ask yourself three questions. 1. Are my motives in discussing this matter charitable? 2. Will what I say be helpful? 3. Might others construe it as gossip?

Also this ancient prayer might help; "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable unto thee . . ."

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Hunted

Off to the woods and fields they go . . . eager to stalk their prey . . . for it is now November . . . nimrods must have their way . . . now wild life goes in hiding . . . they know danger is near . . . wherever there are men with guns . . . there is reason to fear . . . birds seek the tallest thicket . . . deer hide in meadows deep . . . rabbit and squirrel are cautious . . . they look before they leap . . . some will survive the onslaught . . . others will go amiss . . . some of the hunters won't return . . . it's always been like this . . . yet there's a certain magic . . . magnetic in its call . . . the hunters and the hunted . . . one rises, the other will fall.

Horoscope

Luck in business and finance is prognosticated. Today's child will be ambitious.

Factographs

Ducks can swim while they are sleeping.

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

American housewives open about 30 million tin cans while they are preparing meals every day.



LEERE BUMPE

In Nudeltown do schteht
en Bump
Mit me scheene Schtock
un Schwengel draa,
Un yeder ass ins Schtettel
kummt,
Guckt mit Blessier
un Darscht sie aa.
En mancher nemmt am
Schwengel halt
Un bumpt ass es
im Schtettel schallt.
Doch gweelt der Darscht
ihn noch so schwer,
Die Bump die gebt
kee Wasser her —
Sie gebt kee Wasser
wie sie sett.
Sie schteht yuscht do
Un dutt yuscht so,
Awwer bumpt net,
Awwer bumpt net.
So iss es doch
uff daere Welt
Bei viele Mensche
aa beschtellt;
Sie gucke freindlich,
neis un fei
Un gut genunk
fer Grischte sei,
Doch sehnt mer sie
mol naegschter aa,
Do findt mer nix
vun all dem draa.
Sie sin en Licht,
as eem yuscht blennt,
En Feier, ass ohne
Waerming brennt.
Sie losse ihre Glick
im Schtich
Un denke immer yuscht
an sich.
Bei ihne geht
die Hoffning fehl,
Sie sin en Graab
fern dodi Seel,
En Drumm mit yuscht
me hole Schall,
En leeri Schaal
un sell iss all.
Dann drickt en Unglick
noch so schwer,
So 'n Mensch der gebt
kee Mitleid her—
Er gebt kee Mitleid
wie er sett,
Er schteht yuscht do
Un guckt yuscht so,
Awwer helft net,
Awwer helft net.

—CHARLES C. MORE

GEDANKE SCHLIWWERE

Ich hab der Bill Kicker uff der trolley car aagedroffe un er hot sei Fiess uff eme Sitz leie ghatt, un do hab ich ihm gsaat,er sett sie runner nemme un hie duh wu sie hie gheere daeten, un do hot er gsaat, wann er sei Fiess hie daet, wu sie hie gheeren, kennt ich mich mol schur fer zwee Woche net hiehocke. Nau, wie kann er sell gemeent hawwe?

Waer zufridde iss mit was er hot, iss ebaut so reich ass en Mensch warre kann.

Der Geddi Moyer hot em Jess Schaft gsaat, er waer'n fauler, nixnutzicher Daagdieb un en Raescal dezu, un der Jess hot gsaat: "Sell kann waahr sei, awwer schunscht bin ich doch bei Golly kee so'n iwweler Mensch, bin ich?"

Waer annere Druwwel macht, hot selwer kee Ruh.

"Du hoscht mer frieher Blumme un candy un so Sach gebrocht," — "Ya, well, Manda, sellemols hab ich ewwe noch duh kenne mit meim Geld, was ich gewollt hab."

Die menschte Parre wissen ewwe meh vun der annere Welt ass wie vun daere.

De wennicher ass mer hot, desto iesier gebt mer's haer.

Der Solly Gepp hot em Dokter Pillewewer gsaat, er misst ihm's Schlimmschte saagge vun seinere Grankheet, er wett's wisse, un der Dokter hot gsaat: "Well, sie daet ihm ebaut $50.00 koschte.

Der Phillip Klump hot der Jim Fechler gedingt fer Knecht un hot ihm gsaat, er wett's ihm awwer vannenaus saagge, er daet alsemol zannich warre un rausfaahre, awwer er daet's net so meene. — "Well," secht der Jim, "ich bin aa bissel fannich selleweg. Ich warr aa alsemol bees un schlag en Mann um, wann er mer zu frisch watt, awwer ich meen's net so, un bin graad widder gut."

Der eenzichschte Weg ass mer mit edeel Leit fattkumme kann, iss ihre Weg.

Die alt Geidnern secht, der Billy Roth daet sich so hoch iwwer anner Leit naus denke, ass er gans darremlich warre daet, wann er uff sie nunner guckt.

Der Bill Meng waar'n Zeigge in der Schiesseri im Jess Schmidt seim Schteebruch, wie der Fleck Walters gebrowiert hot, der Nuts Schaefer zu schiesse.—"Du waarscht debei, wie der Fleck noch em Nuts gschosse hot?" hot der Gschweier gfrogt. — "Yes, sir, ich hab graad newich ihm gschtanne." — "Wie oft hot er gschosse?" — "Zweemol." — "Wie weit vun nanner waarn die Schuss?" — "Well, so ebaut siwwe odder acht Sekunde." — "Du waarscht graad newich em Fleck wie er der aerscht Schuss gschosse hot?" — "Yes, sir!" — "'Un wu waarscht, wie er der zwett Schuss gschosse hot?" — "Well, so ebaut 500 Yaard weck." — Du musscht du awwer deiwelisch lively ausgschteppt sei!"— "Well, 'is iss mer graad beigfalle, ass ich notwennich en Gluck zu setze hab, un bin dabber heem."

Pflicht un Blessier sin zwee Geil ass arrig schlecht minanner schaffen.

"All die greesschte Beere sin wull owwe druff in der Box?" — "Well, nee, net all. Deel devun sin aa owwe uff der annere Boxe."

Wie Gott ere Fraa die Erlaabnis gewwe hot, Mutter zu warre, hot Er zum aerschte Mol gewisse, ass Er die Fraa gans abbaddich liebt.

—CHARLES C. MORE

DIE KUTZTOWN MAIL

VUM CHARLES C. MORE

Apropos of our remarks about Charles More and his unpublished manuscripts in the last issue of the ECK, we offer our readers one of his stories "Die Kutztown Mail", which will appear in two successive installments. Concerning the two main characters in this story, the author stated that "Margaret Reitz was a well known character in Cedarville way back in the Fifties and Natz Martin was for years a mail driver between Allentown and Philadelphia and later, Kutztown."

Die alt Maeg, wie die Leit in Drexlerschtettel sie gheesse hen, hot yuscht ee Freed uff der Welt ghatt — der Union Kaerrichhof — awwer aa yuscht ee Druwwel — die Kutztown Mail. Wann sie noch ebbes schunscht geblogt odder gfreet hot, hot mer's net ausgfunne. Im Kaerrichhof hot sie annere Leit ihre Graewer in Ordning ghalte un iwwer die Mail hot siesich verzannt, weil der Dreiwer immer so'n Blechhorn geblose hot, wann er darrich's Schtettel gfaahre iss.

En Mensch verrot doch gemeenerhand sei schwache Seit immer 's aersch. Die Maeg waar kee Woch in sellere Gegend, do hot der Maildreiwer aa schun ausgfunne, ass sie sich iwwer sei Blose verzannt, un weil's sie verzannt hot, hot er's geduh, un de meh ass er geblose hot, de meh hot sie gegaest, so ass mer 's letscht nimmi gewisst hot well ass ihr die menscht Blessier macht, ihre Freed am Kaerrichhof, odder ihre Fechterei mit em Maildreiwer. Un der Maildreiwer hot sei Freed an der Maeg ihrm Zann ghatt, weil der Mensch iwwerhaabt sei greesschte Blessier an annere Leit ihrem Verdruss hot.

Es waar im Yaahr 1858, ass die Maeg in en glee Blockhaus gezogge iss, ass von der Union Kaerrich iwwer die Schtrooss gschtanne hot. Sellemols hot noch en scheener Busch um sell Heisel gschtanne, un der Weg noch Kutztown iss zwische der Kaerrich un sellem Busch vorbeigange — wie heit noch.

Ee Daag — es waar im Friehyaahr — hot en Zweegeilswagge mit bissel Hausrot un re Fraa, ass geguckt hot, ass wann sie 60 Yaahr alt waer, vor sellem Heisel ghalte. Der Fuhrmann hot der Fraa vum Wagge gholfe, hot dann's Hausrot abgelaade, un ins Haus gedraagge, dann iss er widder fatt un die Fraa iss zerick gebliwwe.

Die Leit hen arrig geguckt un gewunnert — wie Leit ewwe duhn, wann ebber Fremmes aakummt — awwer der Fuhrmann hot ihne net meh saagge kenne, ass dass er die Fraa aus Allentown gebrocht hett, ass sie en deitschi Fraa waer un deet wull Reitz heesse — ennihau seller Naame deet uff ihrem Drank schteh. Dennoh hot er noch so uff Account hie gsaat, sie waer 'n gelannte Fraa — sell deet mer heere — awwer sie waer arrig grittlich un eeggesinnisch; sie hett ihm awwer aa kee grutziches Watt vun sich verzehlt — net wie un net wann! "Die Leit saagge wull" hot er gemeent, "Ass ee Helft vun der Welt net weess wie die anner lebt; ich saag awwer ass die ee Helft bei golly net weess, fer was ass sie lebt!" Un in seim Verdruss iwwer so ne Behandling vun ere Fraa hot er seinere Geil en abbaddich schpeitvoller Hack gewwe mit der Geeschel un iss abgfaahre.

Wann's waahr iss, ass es en schtarki Fraa nemmt, fer ihr Maul zu halte, waar die Maeg ewwe en arrig schtarki Fraa. Die Nochbere hen's aa gschwind genunk ausgfunne. Sie hot sich net meh mit ihne abgewwe, ass sie graad gemisst hot, un fer sell hen die Leit sie yuscht die "alt Maeg" gheesse, un wann sie bissel bissich sei hen welle, dann hen sie "die alt deitsch Maeg" gsaat. De Nochbere ihr Gschwetz hot sie awwer net gebaddert. "Huh " hot sie als gsaat, wann mol ebbes zu dick kumme iss, "Waer Schlapp aus sich macht, watt vun de Sei gfresse!"

Die Leit hen gaar net denke kenne, was sie iwwerhaabt in sellere Gegend gsucht hot. En paar hen mol gebrowiert, sie "auszufroogge"—awwer yuscht eemol! Sie hot die so gedichtich abgebutzt, ass es noch sellem niemand meh unnernomme hot. "Saag mol, Maeg," hot eeni aagfange, nochdem sie en Weil iwwer allerhand mit ihr geblaudert hen ghatt, "Wass kann nau so'n gscheiti Fraa, wie ihr sin, in daere Gegend sehne? Ihr hen doch gewiss arrig viel vun der Welt gsehne un hen doch gewiss aa in schennere Bletz gewohnt!"

"Was, die Gegend do!" hot die Maeg gsaat un hot sie grooss aageguckt. "Ei, des iss so'n Gegend, wie's so leicht net en zwetti meh gebt! Nau kummen yuscht emol do raus, un ich will eich weise, was des fer'n Gegend iss." Un mit sellem hot sie die Weiwer naus uff die Schtrooss gfiehrt—"Nau sehne mol do!" hot sie aagfange, un hot mit der Hand noch em Weschte gewisse, "Wann Ihr do watsche, do kenne Ihr sehne, wie die Sunn graad hinnich der Hen Baschten ihrem Seischtall unnergeht. Un dann," iss sie fattgfaahre, un hot die Weiwer mit de Gsichter noh em Oschte gedreht, "Wann ihr nau do schteh bleiwe, do kenne Ihr sehne, wie selli weri seem Sunn marye frieh graad hinnich de hen Schwandern ihrem Seischtall widder uffgeht — zwee Seischtell in ere graade Lein mit em Sunnelaaf, was? Un noch dezu zwee Witweiwer ihri, huh? So en Gegend wie die do, wie?" un eb die Weiwer sich widder rumdrehe hen kenne, waar die Maeg ins Haus zerick gange un hot die Dier hinnich sich Zugschlosse ghatt.

Wann en Blick oft meh secht ass en Watt, dann hen sellere Weiwer ihre Blick en gans Buchvoll gsaat un noch meh! Awwer fer gut Maas hen sie noch gemeent, es waer kee yus sich iwwer so ne Fraa zu verzanne, sie waer ennihau net recht gscheit, un waer aa wull noch so'n giftichi, gedissappointi "old maid" dezu. Es iss doch ebbes Scheenes, wann mer sich mit dem Glaawe dreeschte kann, ass unsere Nochbere net recht gscheit sin, wann sie mol zu gscheit warr'n fer uns.

Die Maeg waar's liebscht allee mit ihre Gedanke. Wann sie net im Busch ghockt hot un hot gelese un gedraamt, odder iwwer die Leit gscholte, ass ihre Dode vergesse un vernachlessiche ."S iss arrig," hot sie als ver sich hiegebrummt, "wie's hergeht uff der Welt! Do heile die Mensche un dowe, wann ebber schtarrebt, un demeh ass sie heile, de gschwinder weschen die dreene 's Aadenke aus em Sinn, graad wie'n Schtarrem, de wieschter ass er dobt, de gschwinder iss er verbei! Des do sin awwer nau mei Dode, un ich vergess sie net, awwer Blumme blans ich ihne, un ich mach den Kaerrichhof so schee, ass es en Freed iss zu schtarrewe un do begraawe sei; un wann ich dann aa mei Ruh finn, dann geh ich zu ihne schlofe, un dann bliehen die Blumme aa fer mich; un ebbes secht mer, dann falle aa vun de Bletter uff sei Graab!" un debei hot sie en glee Pickter an ere goldene Kett aus ihre Bruscht gezogge un hot es lang aageguckt un gebosst, un hot sich wull aa paar Dreene aus de Aagge gewischt, un dann hot sie widder weiter gedraamt, bis die Mail vorbei gange iss un hot sie mit ihrem Geblos gschteert, dann iss sie uffgfaahre un hot der Dreiwer verscholte un hot die Fauscht noch ihm gschittelt un alsemol iss sie iewen hinnich der Mail nohgschprunge mit me Briggel.

Der Dreiwer hot dann yuscht noch lauder geblose un mit der Geeschel gegnallt. Er waar schunscht kee iwweler Kall, yuscht er hot die Leit gaun genext. Fer all sell hen sie ihn gegliche. Er waar en Deitscher un waar aa noch net lang in sellere Gegend. Mer hot's ihm glei aagsehne, ass er net immer en Maildreiwer waar — mer hot's awwer aa glei gsehne, ass er vor seinere Zeit alt warre iss — wie bei der Maeg aa.

Wie er in die Gegend kumme, iss, hot er gsaat, sei Naame waer Ignatz Martin, awwer die Leit hen gemeent Natz waer kazer un leichter zu saagge, un Natz hot er ewwe so lang gheesse, bis er 's letscht selwer net besser gewisst hot.

In Gegende, wu Leit nanner Nicknaame gewwe, kann mer glei heere, wie en Mensch geschtemiert watt, beim Weg, wie sie sei Nicknaame saagge. Wann die Leit nau "der alt deitsch Natz" gsaat hetten, do hett mer doch gut genunk heere kenne, ass sie ihn gleiche; wann sie awwer "die alt deitsch Maeg" gsaat hen, do hot mer glei gemerkt, ass do en bissel Gift schteckt. Der Natz iss ewwe mit de Leit rum gschprunge un hot noch der Musick gedanst, wie mer so secht; die Maeg hot die Musick noch ihre Noschen danse welle mache, un die Leit hen gemeent, sie wett net nochberlich mit ihne sei, weil sie sich iwwer sie nausdinke deet — eibildisch sei iss ebaut so nidderdrechtich ass ebbes sei kann — in unsere Nochbere!

Der Natz waar, wie gsaat, so 'n luschticher Kall, wie's eener gewwe hot, so lang ass er um Leit rum waar. Waar er awwer allee, dann hot er oft der Kopphenke losse un hot Seifzer ausgschtoosse, ass en arrig schwer Haz verrote hen. Alsemol hot er aa en glee Pickter vumme scheene yunge Meedel aus der Bruscht gezogge, un hot 's lang un wehmietich aageguckt, dann awwer gschwind verschteckt un hot aagfange zu singe odder peife, ass wie wann er sich farrichte deet, draurich zu sei.

(To Be Concluded)

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Editorials

We Need Some Answers

While the Army and federal authorities are busily investigating what caused the airplane crash near Richmond on Wednesday night which took the lives of 74 young soldiers, 29 of them from the Lehigh Valley, some one ought to get busy on some additional investigations.

One of these probes ought to be into the policies of the Army itself. The public will want to know, among other things, just why the Army is forced to contract with independent airlines to transport its personnel when it should be amply equipped to do this with military equipment.

Some assurance must also be forthcoming that an airline which has been called on the carpet on a number of occasions was carefully checked out before it was permitted to continue to do so important a job.

And finally, Congress should immediately institute a thorough investigation into the effectiveness and efficiency of both the Federal Aviation Agency and the Civil Aeronautics Board.

Many serious air accidents of late have given rise to rumors that both the FAA and CAB are bogged down with overwork, are understaffed and simply cannot keep up with the policing problem of vastly expanding air transportation as well as new types of planes.

Safe as flying has become statistically, it is nevertheless axiomatic that it is impossible to take too many precautions in this business. When the head of Bethlehem Steel can have some bad moments flying in equipment as well maintained as any in the world, then the importance of maintaining every safety standard in public transportation is all the more emphasized.

The Army, it must be stated in all fairness, is not permitted by Congress to transport its own personnel, but must use commercial airlines within the continental limits of the United States. It does not even pick the airline used. In such cases as the tragic flight from Wilkes-Barre to Richmond, the Army asks for service and a plane is assigned through the Independent Airlines Association.

The question then is: Why has this policy been forced on the Army?

In all cases such as this where there is great loss of human life, public emotions are roused to a high pitch. There is demand for a scapegoat. Someone is sought out to be penalized.

Whatever is done should be done without emotion in order to seek out as far as possible the pertinent facts not only to this latest disaster but to the whole field of air transportation as well. Unanswered questions need to be cleared up and doubts removed.

The public has a right to expect the utmost in performance from its regulatory agencies. It can be satisfied with no less.

Day of Solemn Memories

Today is Veterans Day.

For many years the date, Nov. 11, was observed as Armistice Day.

It marked the signing of an armistice between the Allies and the Central Powers in World War I. The truce signed that great day became permanent and so the word stuck even though an armistice is defined as only a brief or temporary suspension of hostilities.

In the light of subsequent events, it may be claimed that it was not a misnomer at all, but when Nov. 11 no longer could be identified as the day when the war to end all wars had ended, the name was changed.

Veterans Day thus becomes distinctly more appropriate. It is in tribute to the veterans of all wars of the United States, the men living and dead, who so gallantly and so courageously have maintained our freedoms.

In this dark hour when these freedoms continue in jeopardy and sometimes we feel that we stand alone, it is heartening to note the words of Sir David Ormsby Gore, British ambassador to the United States, in a Veterans Day Message to the American people.

"A very large number of my countrymen served side by side with Americans in two world wars, as I did myself in the last war, and we therefore share today the same solemn memories.

"Now, as then, our broad aims are the same. We both desire, and are working together for, a world in which peace is assured and all nations can enjoy a fuller and more prosperous life in freedom.

"Together I know that we will succeed, as we did on those past occasions we are remembering today. We honor those who gave their lives that we might continue to defend these great aims which we, as free men, will never relinquish."

What Others Say

It Has Several Advantages

Baltimore Evening Sun

Chivalrous Secretary Goldberg seems willing to break a lance in behalf of wives of government officials. He thinks the regulations ought to be loosened up enough to allow officials who travel to take their spouses along. With an eye for economy he suggests a way of doing this without adding to public expense and suggests that the government would get more out of its travel money if his suggestion were followed. His proposal grows out of the fact that he recently took his wife along on a trip to Europe at his personal expense and he found her to be such a useful ambassador of goodwill that he wants to see more wives traveling with their husbands.

This will doubtless be pleasant news to the wives of bureaucrats, civil servants and political figures high enough in the scale to have duties that take them abroad. Whether it will be as pleasant to the bureaucrats, civil servants and politicos is not so sure. One gathers that the junkets in which senators and representatives seem to delight might prove less attractive if in every instance their wives went along. And the same goes for the more or less serious travels of administrative officers.

Still, it might save money. Perhaps those liquor bills that are turned up from time to time when the accounts for congressional travel are opened to inspection would be reduced if wives went along.



Off-Year Elections

By DAVID LAWRENCE

When President Franklin D. Roosevelt was asked at a press conference one day in 1938 about an off-year election in which the Democrats lost seats in Congress, he insisted that the issues were "local" and that it was not logical to try to draw from the results any inference of a national trend.

President Kennedy at his Wednesday press conference was also well aware of the tendency to draw conclusions from election results across the country and frankly said that, if the Democrats had lost in the races for governor of New Jersey and for mayor of New York City, there would have been plenty of comments by Republicans interpreting this as a vote of disapproval of the administration and its policies.



Lawrence

But, leaving aside the naturally partisan viewpoints expressed by politicians on the day after an election, the fact remains that, when the statisticians in each party headquarters start examining the figures in detail, they will be telling the leaders that the 1961 election shows some discouraging factors for the Democrats and some very encouraging ones for the Republicans.

For an analysis of the statistics in congressional elections in the last three decades reveals that the party in power, with rare exceptions, loses ground in off-year elections.

The trend downward, however, during the 1954 and 1958 off-year elections of the two Eisenhower terms was so marked that it has never been satisfactorily explained.

For in some congressional districts the Republican drop-off in voting often amounted to as much as 50 per cent while the Democrats, due to intensive organization or labor-union support, would rarely drop as much as 20 per cent.

Republican statisticians have been trying for years to figure out reasons for this. The results in 1961 suddenly show a reversal of the tide. Thus, in New Jersey in the governorship race, the Republicans made a gain of about 155,000 votes over their vote for governor four years ago while the Democrats lost 20,000 votes compared to 1957.

If it had not been for the predictions made by some of the Republican leaders in New Jersey that their candidate would surely win, and if instead they had spoken of a close race, the public would not have been surprised at the result when Mitchell lost.

Actually, the moment President Kennedy decided to go to New Jersey to make a speech for the Democratic nominee, it should have been a tip-off to the press and to the public that private polls indicated the probable success of the Democratic candidate for governor.

It is doubtful whether Mr. Kennedy would have risked intervention in the New Jersey campaign unless he were reasonably sure of the outcome.

What is bound to cause dismay among Democrats in various cities in the states of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Connecticut is the substantial rise in the Republican vote.

The gains were enough to bring several local victories. Even in places where the Republicans lost, they managed to come closer to victory than in recent years.

What, it may be asked, is the basic reason for this upsurge of Republican strength? Can it be attributed to any dissatisfaction with national policies, and can the Democratic vote be regarded as a vote of approval of the Kennedy administration?

The answer that has to be given is that in every case the issues were local and there was not the slightest connection with national policies. This doesn't mean that attempts to drag in the national situation were lacking, for the Democrats in New Jersey did try to make it a vote of confidence in the national administration.

What may really be inferred from a study of the results of local elections is that discontent with an existing mayor or governor piles up a negative vote in a subsequent election. The party in power has uniformly lost ground in off-year elections, and this was true even in the new deal era.

Mr. Roosevelt at the top of the ticket came through with a bigger majority for a second term than for the first, but thereafter between presidential elections the Democratic administration lost seats in both houses of Congress.

General Walker

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Gen. Edwin A. Walker has resigned from the armed services after serving his country as a commissioned officer for 30 years. He has not been given a trial. He has not been court-martialled for any violation of the military regulations of this country. As he stated to the United States Armed Services Committee:

"My career has been destroyed in its usefulness to my country. I cannot accept retirement with its emoluments and benefits. To do so would be a compromise with my principle."

Until Gen. Walker has had his day in court, openly, so that all the American people can know exactly what happened, the conclusion must be that he has been unfairly treated, as Gen. "Billy" Mitchell was unfairly treated, as Gen. Douglas MacArthur was unfairly treated, as Gen. Patton might have been more unfairly treated but for pubic opinion. There can be no excuse for improper treatment for men in uniform.

General Walker takes the position:

"We are at war. We are infiltrated. We are losing that war every day. Are our hands tied, yours and mine? We need a substitute for defeat. If it is not within the power of this Congress to provide it — then the people of these United States are not truly represented."

The theory that a military man is silenced by his uniform cannot be substantiated in a free country. A military officer does not lose his mind or his capacity for articulation by the simple act of joining the Army. Gen. Walker quotes George Washington to uphold his own position:

"If men are to be precluded from offering their sentiments on a matter, which may involve the most serious and alarming consequences that can invite the consideration of mankind, reason is of no use to us; the freedom of speech may be taken away, and dumb and silent we may be led, like sheep to the slaughter."

Gen. Walker has recognized Soviet Russia as our enemy and in the indoctrination of the troops under his command he said so. Discussing this, Gen. Walker said:

"We have yet to agree among ourselves, and with our allies, to reach a simple definition — communism is the enemy. We employ its agents in the teaching professions, allowing them to work on the fertile minds of youth seeking a champion to pit against a scapegoat.

They infest our entertainment media. They long ago have infiltrated our government so that a scheme of subversion can be traced through three decades.

"Even our free press is exploited by Communist propagandists. Communist collaborators find rabid and militant defense among certain groups of our citizens, some of whom are sincerely confused and misguided.

"Governments which oppose the leaders of these groups and their purposes often are branded reactionary. In other nations of our hemisphere, we have seen these groups seize absolute power. In Cuba, it was with our help."

The time has come for a public hearing for and against Gen. Walker. Let us get at the facts, whatever they may be. "The Bookmailer, Inc." in New York has issued Gen. Walker's full statement in pamphlet form and that is available to the public. It is reported that the Senate Committee will hold a public hearing late in November but unless it is fully open, it will serve no constructive purpose.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

Question: I have heard it said many times that 'Christ Is the Answer'. Are we to suppose that He is the answer to all things?

S.K.

Answer: There are many unanswered problems in life, even to the Christian. David said, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet." That means that we have light for one step at a time, and more, we have a 'Shepherd to guide us.'

God is pictured in the Bible, not as one who answers all our questions, but as a 'Father.' Children who have a loving, understanding father, don't need all the answers — they trust their father for what they do not know. There is no security like trust. The happiest people in the world are children for they cast their care on their loving parents, and worry about nothing. If anything comes up puzzling, they know that a satisfactory answer will be given when it is needed.

Jesus said, "Ye believe in God, believe ye also in me," and in the same passage he said, "Let not your heart be troubled." With Him who is the Truth near, we have the answers as we need them, though we do not have them all in advance, nor do we need them.

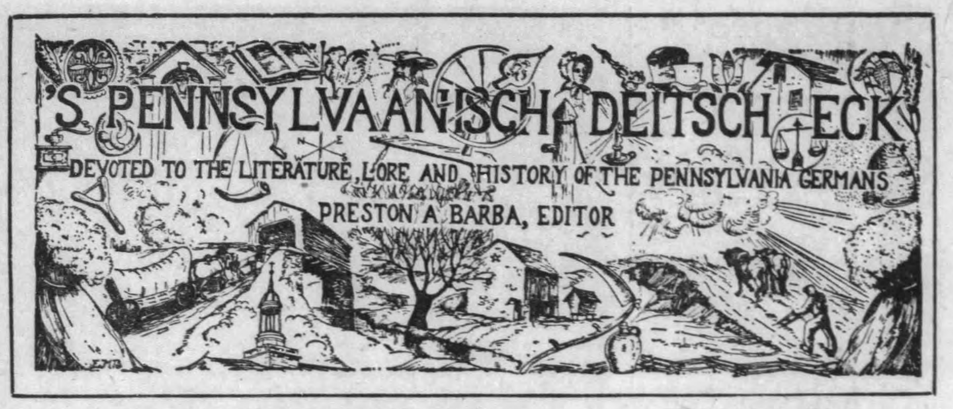
Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

No believer in the eight-hour day was Inventor Thomas A. Edison. Hot on the trail of something new, he sometimes would patter around his laboratory far into the night. A friend found him there once and said, "Hadn't you better knock off and get a little sleep? It's 3 a.m." "3 a.m.," echoed Edison, "I most certainly had better knock off. I got married today!"

Horoscope

A happy romance looks promising. Today's child will be talented and charming.



DIE KUTZTOWN MAIL

VUM CHARLES C. MORE

Her name was Margaret Reitz, but in Kutztown she was only known as old Maeg. She had arrived there, no one knew from where, and settled down in the little loghouse just across from the Union Church. Of superior education she had little in common with her ignorant neighbors, to whom she revealed little of her past. She took care of the graves and under her care the little churchyard became a place of beauty.

Ignatius Martin, known far and wide as Natz, was the mail driver between Kutztown and Allentown, who lustily blew his horn when driving through the town, to the great annoyance of old Maeg. He was a jovial fellow, but when alone he was given to sadness. Now and then he brings forth a worn photo upon which he gazes fondly.

Today's installment of "Die Kutztown Mail" reveals the identity of Maeg and Natz, whose lives and destiny had been determined by the German Revolution of 1848.

(Conclusion)

Ee Daag — es waar im Schpodsummer — hot die Maeg der Natz heere kumme un hot en Briggel reddi gried; des Mol wedd sie ihm mol weise, dem eefeltiche Kall, dem Raeskel! mit seim dumme Fischhorn. Dem deet sie die Gnoche im Leib verschlagge, hot sie gemeent. Un wie die Mail naegschter kumme iss, do iss sie nausgschosse un der Mail nochgeraast un hot mit der Fauscht un em Briggel in der Luft rum gfuhrwerkt, un der Natz hot yuscht noch lauder geblose un noch meh gegnallt. Bletzlich iss sie wie mied warre, alles iss mit ihr rumgange, sie hot sich uff en Bank unnich eme Roseschtock gsetzt un hot gfiehlt ass wie wann sie verschticke deet. Ebbes wie en Newwel iss ihr vor die Aagge kumme un sie hot gemeent, es deet en Hand aus em Newwel kumme, un deet ihr Pickters vor die Aagge hewe — Pickters aus ihre Vergangeheet. Sie hot sich widder ass en yung Schulmeedel gsehne mit rote Backe un blooe Aagge, un hot widder so hallich un saryelos gfiehlt wie sellemols. Dann hot sie bletzlich wie uff eme scheene griene Feld gschtanne mit viel Blumme um sich rum, un en Bu mit grolliche Haar un enere Schtudente Kapp uff, hot Blumme gepickt un hot sie ihr in die Haar gschteckt un hot ihr die Backe gschtreichelt un ihr en Boss gewwe welle, awwer sie hot gelacht un iss fatt gschprunge, hot awwer immer zerickgeguckt, fer sehne eb er ihr aa nohkummt — un er iss nohkumme un hot sie eigfange un hot ihr der Boss gewwe un hot ihr so freindlich un trei in die Aagge geguckt, un sie hot gfiehlt wie ihr Haerz globbt un wie en gans neie Welt in ihr uffgeht. Dann iss en anner Pickter kumme, wu sie, en uffgewaxenes Meedel, mit me yunge Mann Aarm - in - Aarm gange iss. Es waar der Bu aus ihre Schulyaahre, un sie waar'n mit nanner verschproche un iwwers Yaahr hot die Hochzich sei selle un sie hot ihre Hend noch sellem Pickter ausgschtreckt ass wie wann sie 's faschthalte wett. Dann iss bletzlich en anner Pickter kumme—en dunkles, schwarzes Pickter, mit der Nacht un Gewalt un Kummer drin, un darrich selli Nacht iss die Unzufriddeheet im Land uff un ab gange un hot die Leit uffgschtachelt, un sie hen vun Freiheet, Gleichheet un Briederlichkeet gschwetzt, un hen nanner verfolgt fer selli Gleichheet un nanner aus em Land verdriwwe fer selli Freiheet un fer selli Briederlichkeet hen sie nanner niddergschosse; un iwwers Ganse hen sie's watt "Civilization" ghenkt un unner sellere Faahne hen sie ghaust wie die Wilde.

Die Welt heesst selli Zeit naus die "Revolution vun 1848."

Dann iss en anner Pickter kumme; es waar aa widder Nacht, un sie hot bei dem yunge Mann im Gaarde gschtanne un hot helfe ihn aaduh wie 'n Weibsmensch. Er hot 's Land verlosse misse fer sei Lewe rette, weil er aa fer die Freiheet gschtrebt hot ghatt—sell waar nau Verrot geegge 's Government, weil's Government ewwe schtarriyer waar ass die Revolution. Er un sei Kammeraade waar'n Verreeter geegge's Vatterland, weil sie verlore hen — hette sie gwonne, dann waeren sie Patriote gewest.

Der yung Mann un sei Kammeraade sin dann noch Amerika, un weil die Regierung ihn net fange hot kenne, hot sie 's Meedel eischperre welle, weil sie ihm gholfe hot, darrich zu geh. In Deitschland warren ewwe die Weiwer un Menner iwwer ee Schtreel gschore.

Bei Nacht un Newwel iss sie dann aa fatt noch Amerika, dem Mann noh, ohne zu wisse, wu ihn zu finne.

Dann iss en anner Pickter aus dem Newwel kumme; es waar en langi, langi Schtrooss, un sie iss in Nacht un Finschternis uff sellere Schtrooss gewandert. Sie hot net rchts un net links geguckt, immer graad aus, wu in der Fern sei Gsicht wie aus ere Flamm ihr zugewinkt un geleicht hot. Sei Aagge hen sie so freindlich un trei aageguckt, wie sellemols im Feld. Wann sie vor Miedichkeet niddersinke hett kenne, dann hot seller Blick ihr widder frischer Mut gewwe, un sie hot die Hend noch ihm ausgschtreckt un iss vorwatts gedargelt — immer vorwatts!

Es iss als dunkler warre, un Es letscht hot sie yuscht meh en Schatte vun sich gsehne uff sellere Schrtorooss. Awwer immer hot ihr sell Gsicht vorgeleicht. Ee mol waar's do, dann widder datt. Sie iss als mieder warre, bis sie 's letscht am Weg niddergsunke iss un hot nimmi weiter geh kenne, awwer immer hot sie noch sellem Gsicht geguckt, bis ihre Kopp uff die Bruscht nunnergsunke iss, dann iss die weiss Hand aus dem Newwel kumme un hot ihr 's Gsicht gschreichelt un die Runsele vun der Schtann un de Backe un der verzweifelte, wehmiediche Blick aus de Aagge genumme, ass der Kumdatt hie geduh hen ghatt.

Der Wind hot paar Roseblet-ter runnergebrocht un hot sie uff ihre Schulter gelegt, un die letschte Schtraahle vun der Owedsunn hen die Farreb uffgfange un hen sie uff ihre Backe geduh un hen sie so schee un hallich un zufridde gucke mache, wie sellemols, wie er sie gfrogt hot, eb sie sei waer un sie ihre Kopp uff sei Bruscht gelegt hot un gepischpert: "Ewich dei!" Un wie sie nanner ihre Pickters gewwe un ewichi Drei gschwore hen.

Dann sachter, gans sachte, iss der Newwel dicker warre un als naegschter um sie kumme, un die Nacht iss niddergsunke un alles waar schtill — sell waar der Dod!

Hui, wie awwer die Mail owwe reigeyaagt kummt! Heer yuscht mol wie die Schparr greischt! Der Natz hot en frischi Schuhsohl uff der Schparrblock genaggelt un der Absatz uff em Raad ass es greischt wie 'n Drubb verschreckte Ginnihinkel! Er hot aa die Maeg schunn vun weitem hocke sehne un ruft in die Mail nei: "Nau awwer look out, Buwe, des Mol gebt 's fun! Datt sitzt die Maeg reddi mit em Briggel!"

Er hockt sich uff die Leine, nemmt 's Horn in ee Hand un die Geeschel in die anner, drickt mit em Fuss uff die Schparr ass sie noch lauder greischt, dann blost er un gnallt as es darrich der Busch an der Kaerrichmauer nuff schallt, ass es en Aart hot.

Die Passengers, en Doktor, en Undertaker un en Schtorhalter aus Kutztown, dricken sich ans Fenschter, fer die fun sehne. So geht 's an der Maeg vorbei, awwer sie regt sich net, aa net wann der Natz abaddich hatt blost, aa net wann er iwwer sie greischt; uff eemol schteckt der Doktor der Kopp aus em Fenschter un ruft: "Hollup, Natz, do iss ebbes letz!" Der Natz reisst die Geil zerick, ass sie sich schier hiehocke un die Passengers schteigge aus un gehn uff die Maeg zu. Der Doktor fiehlt ihre Hend un 's Gsicht un secht, sie waer dod; dann schtreicht er mit der Hand iwwer ihre Gleeder un meent, sie misst die gans Nacht datt gsotze hawwe. Sie draagge sie ins Haus un leegge sie uffs Bett un der Doktor macht ihr Frack uff fer sehne, ob ihr Haz verleicht noch globbt, un sell glee Bild fallt raus: sie suche in de Schubblaade rum un finnen en Bindel Babiere ass all in Deitsch gschriwwe sin, un weil sie net Deitsch lese kenne, rufen sie der Natz rei un er macht die Babiere uff un 's aerscht ass ihm in die Hand kummt, iss en grossi Kaart, wu druff gedruckt schteht:

Ignatius Michael Martin
und
Margaretha Johanna Reitz
Verlobte

Freiburg in Baden,
den 17ten September, 1847

Die Babiere fallen ihm aus de Hend, er will sich am Bett hewe un sell Bild an der Maeg ihrem Hals kummt ihm in die Finger, er sehnt's! Mit de Watte: "Barmherziger Gott, find ich meine Gretel so!" packt er sich am Hals als wie wann er verschticke deet, darryelt wedder der Diereposchte un fallt uff 's Gsicht naus uff die Porch. Der Undertaker schpringt hie, dreht ihn rum uff der Buckel, reisst sei Gleeder uff fer ihm Luft zu gewwe un en glee Bild — graad wie der Maeg ihres, yuscht mit em Gsicht vumme yunge Meedel un de Watte "Ewig dein" druff — fallt uff der Boddem. Der Doktor kummt un unnersucht ihn un secht, er waer aa dod, un sie leeggi ihn zu der Maeg uffs Bett un nemmen en Daaggebuch, ass voll gschriwwe iss, aus seim Sack, un leeggen 's zu de Babiere ass sie im Haus gfunne hen; un weil alles Hochdeitsch gschriwwe iss, holen sie Nochbere bei, ass Deitsch lese kenne, un dann sehne sie, ass die Maeg un der Natz mit enanner verschproche waar'n im alde Land, ass sie darrich die Revolution vun 1848 aus der Heemet verdriwwe waare, ass sie Yaahrelang nanner in America gsucht hen nanner zu finne, ass die Maeg 's letscht alle Hoffning verlore hot, ihn im Lewe widder zu sehne, un sich en Lot uff dem Kaerrichhof gkaaft hot fer selli Ruh imme vergessene Graab zu finne, ass sie im Lewe net finne hot kenne.

Uff ee Babier hot sie gschriwwe, ihre Ignatz deet sie gans gewiss uff sellem Kaerrichhof finne un dann deeten sie doch noch im Graab zammekumme un fer sell, wott sie der Karrichhof recht schee eirichte, ass er aa sehne kennt, ass sie immer an ihn gedenkt hett. Un sie hot aa. Uff weit un breet waar sellemols kee so'n scheener Kaerrichhof meh zu sehne.

Sie hen die Zwee newich nanner begraawe, un so hot die Maeg doch recht ghatt, wie sie geprofezeit hot: "Dann fallen vun de Bletter aa uff sei Graab."

UFF DE FELDER DRAUSS

O wie schee iss es doch
uff de Felder drauss!
Datt fiehlt mer's noch
iss mer im Gott seim Haus;
Datt singt die Nadur
wie uff de Gnie,
Un der Wind, der summt
die Melodie—
En wunnerbaari Melodie!

Datt glenst die Aerd
in ihre Bracht,
Aus der Wunde, ass ihr
der Blug gemacht;
Un yedi Blumm, ass am Weg
datt schteht,
Nuckt schtill un aernscht
ihr Dankgebet!

Wu'n fromm Gemiet
Iwwers Feld hieschritt,
Datt gniet aa 's Haerz
un bet schtill mit,
In sellre Ruh
un lauschich Schtill,
Ass yuscht es Feld
eem gewwe will—
En grienes Feld
eem gewwe will!

Wann dann der Owed
niddersinkt,
Un die freindlich Ruh
eem widder bringt,
Dann geht aa yedi
Daagesmieh
Sacht wie'n leichti
Wolk dehie —
Wie'n Draamwolk
leicht dehier!

Un mit ihr geht
yedi Sarrig un Lascht,
Do bleibt der Seegge
noch ass Gascht;
Bleibt wie en Schtutz
un Schatz ass Gascht—
Drum weilt der schenscht Fried'
in daere Welt,
Bei unsereem datt drauss im
Feld.

—CHARLES C. MORE
(From his novel "Die Heedelbaeryer")

GEDANKE SCHLIWWERE

Der Jake Gill un sei Fraa sin ausnanner. Sie saaggen, es waer so uff en Aart wie "mutual" gewest — er hett sie mit ere Pann uff der Kopp gschlagge un sie hett ihn mit eme Biegeleise an der Kopp gedroffe wie er zu der Gaardegate naus waer.

Kee Mensch zweifelt eem sei Watt wann mer yuscht Gutes vun ihm secht.

Kee Mensch kann verliere was er sei Lewe net ghat hot.

Mit eme freehliche Gsicht kann mer viel Haerzweh so dief begraawe, ass mer selwer net viel devun schpiert.

Der draurichscht Mensch in der Welt iss der Mann ass liewer en "guter Kall" sei will, ass en ehrlicher Mann.

Ich hab zum Dr. Pilledreher gsaat, die Leit deeten saagge ass der Felty Schneck amme Fehler im Maagge gschtarwe waer un er hett ihn doch lang fer'n Fehler in de Niere gedoktert. Do secht der Dokter ich sett net alles glaawe ass ich heere deet, wann er mol en Mann fer'n Maaggefehler doktore deet, dann deet aa seller Mann all sellem Fehler schtarwe.

Mach dei Haerz uff vor deim Freind, sell dutt der so gut ass wie wann du dei Fenschtere uffmachscht fer Sunnelicht ins Haus zu losse.

Do saaggen sie, der Deiwel deet immer ebbes finne fer miessiche Hend zu duh, deel Leit sin awwer so faul, ass ich oft wunnere muss, was der Deiwel ausdiftele kann fer ihne Aerwet zu gewwe.

Deel Leit kennen ihre eeggene Bisness ebaut so iesie meinde, ass sie sich devun abhalte kenne me annere advice zu gewwe.

So ne Reie ass uff em Grankebette kummt, laest gnabbs lang genunk bis der Dokter bezaahlt iss.

En uffgewaxener Mann kann unmeeglich so'n Unglick hawwe wie'n gleener Bu ass grank iss wann en Circus noch der Schtadt kummt.

Wann der Mensch mol 50 Yaahr alt iss, dann waer er froh, wann er yuscht halb so viel wisse deet, ass wie er gemeent hot er deet wisse wie er 21 Yaahr alt waar.

Was iss in eme Naame ennihau? Do iss der Bill Schticker, der halt kee Tschapp lenger ass zwee Daag, un der Sam Faul schafft schunn zehe Yaahr am seeme Blatz.

Yeder glaabt ass der Fleck ass am Geld hengt, weggeht wann er 's gried.

—Charles C. More

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Editorials

Gen. Trexler's Legacy

Year after year, there comes the day when the report of the stewardship of the Trexler Trustees is published. It is the day when report is made on the distribution of funds to charitable and welfare agencies, as well as the sum appropriated to the city for the expansion, development and maintenance of its park system, and for the Game Preserve.

For 26 years now, the Trexler Foundation has been distributing these grants and making these appropriations, so that the average newspaper reader may have come to take it for granted. Since individual pockets are not directly enriched, some may even ignore the report entirely.

Yet the total since 1935 when the Foundation was established has reached the phenomenal sum of more than $8 million. This is the amount of dollars that has been distributed to 37 institutions and welfare agencies, 97 churches and 317 ministerial students.

Here, indeed, is a philanthropy of the highest purpose.

The will of Gen. Harry C. Trexler has been acclaimed as a most unusual and humane document and has won nationwide attention.

Many rich men are establishing foundations these days but more often than not they are directed toward some specific and individual cause.

Here is a foundation that serves no other cause than the community of which Gen. Trexler was a part and which he loved and regarded so highly that he made it his heir.

We Have a Rembrandt

The people of Allentown and the Lehigh Valley, had a right to sit up and take notice when they read this week that a record price of $2.3 million dollars was paid for a Rembrandt painting at an auction in New York city.

After all, the Allentown Art Museum, has a Rembrandt of its own, a part of the distinguished Kress collection, to which it has become heir.

That the Metropolitan Art Museum which possesses Rembrandts in number should have paid such a fabulous price for this single painting is significant of how the Dutch artist has grown in esteem in the art world throughout the years.

None who preceded him and none who succeeded him has been able to quite reach the pinnacle of his artistry. Though he died in 1669, his paintings continue to be regarded as the greatest expression of the individual in painting. He is also regarded as the greatest of all etchers.

The question of whether any picture is worth two and a third million dollars is likely to be long debated. Taking into account all the elements entering into the sale, it must be assumed it is; not from the speculative viewpoint because Rembrandts will continue to grow in value over the years in the natural progression of such masterpieces; but because the directors of the Metropolitan considered the picture worth the price because it will now be preserved for posterity.

It was this same spirit — the desire to enable men and women in cities all across the land to know and be inspired by the great art of the ages — that the Kress brothers, Samuel and Rush created their foundation. Allentown can consider itself fortunate to be among the beneficiaries of this almost unparalleled public service conceived and executed by two young men who had their humble origins in the Lehigh Valley.

To College With Pay

The total costs of higher education in the United States in 1956 were $3.5 billion. The total earnings which college and university students gave up by pursuing their education that year was $5.8 billion. Citing these figures as an example of how colleges treat the time of students as a free resource, Prof. H. W. Schultz, a University of Chicago economist, suggested that students should be paid to go to college.

Presumably, they would not pay tuition if they were paid for their attendance, so the $9.3 billion that would have maintained the colleges and paid the students in 1956 would have had to come from other sources. The one educators favor most is the public treasury. A good case can be made for the enrichment of the country by higher education, but the graduates also fare better than those who stop short of college. The taxpayer is doing enough now without subsidizing millions to increase their earning power.

What Others Say

Red Admission of Defeat

Pasadena (Calif.) Star News

Some see the sealing of the escape routes from East Berlin as a victory for Nikita Khrushchev and the odious system he stands for. Cutting off the avenue of freedom is indeed a defeat for the millions of East Germans behind the concrete and barbed-wire barricades.

But let us not lose sight of the fact that the sealing of the border with all the repressive apparatus of the totalitarian state was an admission of a defeat by the Communist regimes in both East Germany and Russia. The continuous flow of fugitives from East Germany has provided incontrovertible testimony to the world that Communism was something 2,700,000 East Germans were eager to escape from. . .

West Berlin, it is said, has now lost its value as a showwindow of freedom to the East Germans. This is not so as long as the East Germans can clearly remember what West Berlin was like when they could freely go there. Nor is it likely that the East Germans will not continue to know what things are like in West Berlin even if they cannot visit it.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

How old are some of the jokes that turn up on TV — or even, occasionally, in "Try and Stop Me"? Well, here's one that appeared in Harper's Weekly in the issue dated Dec. 29, 1860: "Dave, what did you do with that shoe blacking Mr. Jones used on his boots this morning?" "Please, marm, I put it in the coffee to make it look less watery, and keep Mr. Jones from his usual complaining." "You did, eh? That's good thinking, Dave. I thought you had wasted it!"

Are We Non Compos Mentis?



Tito Turning Against U. S.

By VICTOR RIESEL

I've been prowling around the Midwest and find the place crawling with Communist agents — not spies but purchasing agents. They look for bargains. They find them. They pack off our military equipment. We help them transport it. They unpack it back home. Some they pass on to "poorer" lands. All this equipment is used against us.

We could deal directly and so help our land make friends and help our economy by making jobs in our aircraft and machine and tool plants as well as shipyards.

Over in Columbus, Ohio, the other day I learned that Marshall Tito's agents were offering the U.S. Army some $8,000 for $709,000 worth of surplus auto, truck and tractor parts.



Riesel

If we do have an official friendly relationship with Tito's Marxist government, at least let them buy new equipment in the U.S. Certainly we can use the jobs, and the Army really has no great need for $8,000. It won't even keep them in brass chips.

And over at the waterfront in Chicago, I learned that the U.S. Military Sea Transportation Service has sent three 101-foot motor patrol gunboats from here to Surabaya, Indonesia. These are 77-ton craft. Each has a supplement of seven tons of spare parts.

Now mind you, these speedy water craft are being sent to the government of Prime Minister Sukarno, who is almost always accompanied on his journeys by the leadership of the Indonesian Communist Party — the largest in Asia outside the bamboo curtain.

No one who knows Asia seriously doubts that Sukarno is tied in with the Communist international operation. Nor does any old China hand, with some of whom I've just spoken, doubt that these swift gunboats will be used against our friends who still lead rebel anti - Communist bands in the mountains and jungles. Something in this sale of American craft to friends of our enemies simply sounds irrational.

After learning of all these shipments to the playboys of the eastern world, Tito and Sukarno, I tracked down the destination of the spare parts — from which no U.S. manufacturer or workers makes a nickel, a dinar or a rupee. I found that most of the automotive equipment purchased by him of the resplendent uniforms, Mr. Broz (Tito), goes to an airbase called Divulje, near the harbor of Split on the Adriatic.

I'd like to tell you about this great airport of Divulje — as unneutral a fighter and training base as we can find outside the Barbed Wire. I heard of it first, of all places, when I was in Khartoum, capital of the Sudan.

I did not then quite believe what I heard until I met my good friend, Bogdan Raditza, professor of History of Russian and Balkan people at Fairleigh Dickinson University, in New Jersey. Prof. Raditza easily is one of the world's authorities on Marshall Tito (who once worked in these Midwest parts).

Prof. Raditza, too, was in Khartoum recently. He will bear authoritative witness to these facts: The Sudanese government — which has been anti-Communist — came to our Embassy there. The Africans said they wished to buy some Sabre-jet airplanes from us. This would have been on long-term credits. Our embassy wrote to Washington. Word came that they could have the planes for a price.

The Sudanese retorted that they had no money — which they don't. Furthermore they revealed that Tito had offered them the planes for nothing. Guess which planes. Right. Our planes. Part of the shipment of the 130 Sabre jets we had "sold" him on credit. Thus the Sudanese could get our fighting craft free from Tito. We would pay for them actually. But Tito would be their friend.

And that is just what Marshall Tito did. He gave them our Sabre-jets and a $5.5 milion long-term loan? Why not? We keep replacing those older jets witn new ones. Some of the most modern U.S. jets are on a homeward-bound Yugoslav ship on the high seas right now.

But the Sudanese still wanted to be friendly. They asked our air attache there if the U.S. would train Sudanese pilots in our country. Washington replied certainly — for some $300 a month per man. The Sudanese said, thank you, but we have no money. Furthermore, Yugoslavia would train the Sudanese young men for nothing. That's what happened.

Now on any warm Saturday night in the big city of Split on the Adriatic you can see Sudanese — and other young Africans come in from the nearby Divulje airbase where they are being trained not only in airborne military welfare, but earthbound Marxist class warfare.

Thus we keep our enemies in aircraft, spare parts and recruits — not only as pilots but as politicoes.

Doesn't seem to make sense, does it?

Molotov

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

The reduction of Molotov to the position of an outcast is one of several indications that Khrushchev is having as much internal trouble as everybody else in these days.

We have a tendency, in this country, to believe that Khrushchev is a mighty dictator who is never opposed. External evidence clearly points to considerable internal troubles in Soviet Russia.

The concept of a monolithic state in which the people are held in tutelage by an oligarchic party is apparently proving to be false. Such a state can only be held together by murder. Stalin killed the deviationists, no matter what friendship may have existed between them.



Sokolsky

He regarded the party as the central point of his existence and he established a blind obedience which recognized no difference of view. Even such historic figures as Trotzky and Tukhachevsky had to make way before this concept of a unified, monolithic state.

Khrushchev did not emerge until World War II. He was an assistant to Kaganovich in the Ukraine that Khrushchev emerged as an efficient operator.

But, in office, Khrushchev has taken on bourgeois morality. He does not kill; he exiles. Those whom he reduces are historically greater men than he has been until very recently.

Khrushchev's major difficulty arises from the fact that Stalin built the new Russia. He absorbed more than 15 nations. He hornswoggled the great Roosevelt and forced the greater Churchill to accept his program. He pushed Russian power to the Mediterranean, to the South Pacific and into Germanic Europe.

What can Khrushchev do to compare with Stalin? He must defeat the United States; move Russian power to the Rhine and unify all the nations that Russia has conquered. Stalin could kill because the Russian people feared that conspiracy would destroy their gains.

Khrushchev has not the will nor the power to equal Stalin. He therefore turns in despair to the abuse of Stalin, even removing the ghost from its sarcophagus. It is the fear of Stalin's ghost which upsets Khrushchev even as the King in Hamlet found himself living in terror of his predecessor's ghost.

As long as the memory of Stalin remains with the Russian people, Khrushchev cannot establish an image of himself. He remains one of the people, not Ivan the Terrible but a nachalnik who no longer gets drunk and who has an Italian tailor.

Therefore, Khrushchev must remove every symbol of Stalin, including the men who served him, even Lazar Kaganovich who picked Khrushchev out of the mines and gave him a chance at greatness.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: Do you believe we may be utterly destroyed by war and that the Great Tribulation is on now? Or do you believe that this is only a mild taste of what will be later on?
J. M.

ANSWER: It is estimated that our country has 50,000 bombs, each more powerful than the one dropped on Hiroshima. And it is also estimated that the Soviets have about that number or more. No longer is the possible destruction of civilization the talk of religious prophets — it is now a definite possibility.

I do not think the "Tribulation" mentioned in Revelation is on now. That time of trouble is described as God's judgment on an unbelieving and nonrepentant world. However, we could very well be on the threshold of it.

The "last war," the nuclear one, will be so great that all the other wars of history will seem as sham battles. There will be no chance of escape as the creeping death of radiation envelopes the entire world.

Such a possibility should stir us to repentance, but the Bible says; "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the days of the coming of the Son of man."

Thank God for the hope of redemption for those who have their robes washed in the blood of the Lamb. The day of our glorification may be nearer than we thought.

Horoscope

Property gains are probable. Today's child will be resourceful.



NOTES

The Eastern Mennonite College Bulletin for October contains an account of the remarkable Menno Simons Library and Archives at Eastern Mennonite College, Harrisonburg, Virginia.

The library contains over one hundred items of the sixteenth century, among them rare and valuable books on the rise of the Swiss, German, and Dutch Anabaptist - Mennonite movements. Ninety per cent of the American Mennonite imprints are also included in the library. In addition, there are fine collections of Pennsylvania German materials, especially rare Ephrata and Sauer imprints. Outstanding and useful are the local Mennonite and other imprints of Harrisonburg, New Market and Singers Glen. Among these are the original writing of Joseph Funk, pioneer Mennonite publisher of the nineteenth century.

In the archives are official documents and papers significant in the 19th and early 20th century developments of the Mennonite Church, together with rare and valuable documents pertaining to the Amish. Of special interest is an unusual collection of documents relating to the experiences of Mennonites in Virginia and elsewhere during the Civil War.

The Bulletin is a handsome piece of printing. The cover portrait of Menno Simons by the Dutch artist Christoffel van Sichem, of the early 17th century, is the earliest known portrait of Menno. The pages are strewn with beautiful facsimile title pages of 16th century works pertaining to the history of the Mennonites. Also included is the program for the Menno Simons week held at Eastern Mennonite College from October 30 to November 3.

We are pleased to note that a memorial fund in honor of the late Walter E. Boyer, of the English Department at Pennsylvania State University, has been recently established. Mr. Boyer was a graduate of Franklin & Marshall College, of the Lancaster Theological Seminary, and at the time of his death (May 6, 1960) a candidate for the Ph. D. degree at Penn State. Aside from his immediate professional work in the field of English he was an avid student of Pennsylvania German folklore and balladry and had given much time to the editing of his large collection of Pennsylvania German broadsides. It is to be hoped that someone will continue the untimely interruption of his work.

The Walter E. Boyer Memorial Fund is given to the Penn State University Library, Rare Book Department, to be used for the purchase of Penn sylvania German items.

We received some time ago a Progress Report concerning the Language Resources Project, which cannot be altogether without interest for our readers. This project is sponsored by the U.S. Office of Education and has for its goal the gathering of information concerning he efforts of American ethnic groups to preserve and perpetuate in this country their non-English mother tongues. We quote from the Report:

"It occurrrd to a few scholars that there are millions of Americans that do have a language other than English as part of their family background and group heritage. These are Americans who come from other countries themselves, or who are the children or grandchildren of immigrants. In all of these cases, a languge other than English has been spoken, heard, and understood — at times, imperfectly or haltingly, and at times, with full native command. This is a result of the fact that Americans coming from other countries brought with them a genuine love for their mother-tongues, a love which is in no way in conflict with their love for their new country. . .

"However, the organized and sustained efforts of American ethnic groups on behalf of their own languages are hardly known to American scholars, teachers and legislators. There is a great need to inform the country of what Americans of ethnic backgrounds HAVE DONE, ARE DOING and COULD DO to preserve the rich language resources which they brought with them to this country . . . The LANGUAGE RESOURCES PROJECT undertook to gather all available information concerning the language maintenance efforts of its American ethnic groups, and to present this information to the government together with recommendations for steps that might be taken to strengthen the discovered resources."

We Pennsylvania Germans can take satisfaction in the fact that we have long ago seen the desirability of preserving and fostering our dialect and its literature and our cultural heritage in general. The Language Resources Project will find rich sources of information among the publications of the Pennsylvania German Society, the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, and the Pennsylvania Folklife Society, and in the activities of our many VERSAMMLINGE and GRUNDSAU LODGES.

Do any of our older readers remember attending Pennsylvania German funerals when the male mourners kept their hats on during the service in church? If so, we should be grateful for information where and when they observed this custom. Some time ago we turned to Maurice A. Mook, Professor of Anthropology at Penn State University for possible information. He replied with some interesting information about the Quaker habits of wearing hats, which may not seem quite apropos. But could the Quakers have influenced the Pennsylvania Germans with regard to the wearing of hats, or shall we (as Professor Mook suggests) simply regard it as a case of parallelism? Here are Professor Mook's remarks:

"Old - time Quakers used to sit in Meeting with their hats on, taking them off only when someone prayed. They took their hats off only to God, not to mere men. All the old pictures show Quaker men in Meeting with their hats on. In fact, I saw one case of this at Philadelphia Yearly Meeting as late as five or six years ago . . . I have even heard that after the practice of wearing hats in Meeting gradually fell into disuse, that there were still old Friends who kept them on their lap and put them on their heads when someone whose "oral ministry" they disapproved of rose to speak. . .

"I must tell you sometime of the hastle over hats the Amish had at Spartansburg, Pa. back in the 1930's. The issue of how high the crown should be and how wide the brim should be almost broke up the congregation. Amish men no longer wear their hats during their worship services. However, the boy whose marriage is to be announced in meeting keeps his hat on his lap, so he can make a quick getaway to run to tell his wife-to-be that the church will marry them at the next worship service. When at worship service this boy doesn't hang his hat on the peg, as the rest of the men do, but keeps it on his lap instead, it is a dead give-away to all the other excited young people at the service, who thus know, of course, an hour or so before the church approves and his intention is "published" for the first time, that he is to be married. It is thus an excruciatingly exciting service for all the teenagers present.

AUTUMN

(From OLDEN TIMES: or Pennsylvania Rural Life. By H. L. Fisher, York, Pa. 1888)

When summer's various works were done,
And frost-seared woods looked dull and dead —
When fields in their autumnal green
Lay bathed in calm and hazy sheen,
And singing summer-birds had fled
November days came dull and warm,
Mild heralds of the coming storm.

'Twas then the ruddy apple heaps
Beneath their conic caps of straw,
Were carefully enhedged around
With genteel coats of mellow ground,
Against the autumn's freeze and thaw,
And all surviving cabbage heads
Inverted stood in garden beds.

And all the fruits and grains were housed
And ample cellars amply stored
Yet not with ashes, coal and wood,
But luscious viands — royal food —
To crown the farmers' ample board
With plenty, when the snows should come
And re-inspire the love of home.

And on the old-time garret, too,
With rugged oaken lumber floored —
Around the great stone chimney there,
The gathered nuts, with jealous care,
All nicely hulled and snugly stored,
In various thrifty, careful ways,
To cheer the coming holidays.

And from the gnarled rafters, there,
And from the rough-hewn collar beams
There hung the fragrant herbs and teas —
Those ounce-preventives of disease,
We sometimes see in pleasant dreams —
More efficacious, safe and sure
Than pounds of patent humbug cure.

And there, too, hung the hanks of flax
Above the waiting spinning-wheels;
There lay the waiting woolen rolls,
All ready for the whirring spools;
And there, too, stood the ready reels
And winders, and each seemed to yearn
To do its duty in its turn.

DANK SAAGGE

(Give Thanks)

Saag mer wieviel Schtanne schtehn
In dem blooe Himmelszelt?
Un aa wieviel Wolke gehn,
Hoscht du sie schunn all gezeehlt?
Un waer macht der kalte Nordwind,
Wu der Schnee blost hie un haer?
Saag, ach! saag mir aa dann gschwind,
Waer macht all die Bletter daer?

Un 's hot mich schunn oft gewunnert,
Wann die Wolke sin wie blei,
Un es hot so schwer gedunnert,
Wie der Blitzschtraahl faahrt verbei.
Saag doch mir, waer hot des g'macht?
Was so schrecklich iss un schee?
Kummt die Andwatt in der Nacht —
Es iss Gott der Haerr allee!

Macht Er aa die viele Blumme,
Die in Summer so schee bliehn?
Macht er's Graas im Friehyaahr kumme,
Wu die Aerd bedeckt mit Grien?
Macht die Veggel fer uns singe
Mit re glore Schtimm so schee?
Solle mir dann aa net bringe
Dank fer des zu Gott allee?

Doch der Mensch dutt oft vergesse
Als er rumrennt in der Welt,
Dankt net eemol fer sei Esse,
Denkt yuscht an sei bissel Geld.
Waer kann sich en Schtick Brod mache,
Wann net Gott gaebt Frucht defor?
Er schloft net, macht alle Sache
Gebt uns Sunnlicht schee un glor

Mensche, duhn des net vergesse
(Ihr hen immer so viel Zeit),
Dass ihr danke fer des Esse,
Was Gott gebt so frei fer heit,
Macht eich aa net so viel Sarye,
Wie zu lewe vannenaus.
Was dient es fer Druwwel barye?
Mer grickt doch gaar nix datt raus.

Kummt des Lewe mol zum Ende
Macht's nix aus wie reich mer waar;
Gehn mer fatt mit leere Hende,
Wie mir kumme sin sogaar.
Sollte mir dann net do gewwe
Ehr un Lob zu Gott allee?
Fer was er uns gebt im Lewe
Un Ihm danke alsnoch meh?

—Frank H. Oberholtzer

GEDANKE SCHLIWWERE

Ich hab em Gschweier gsaat ass mer drei Hinkel gschtohle warre waere un er hot gewunnert eb dann der Kuschtawwler alsemol in unsere Nochberschaft kumme deet un ich hab gsaat er deet, awwer ich hett kee suspicion uff ihn.

Do secht die Biwel mer sett zu de Iemense geh fer Fleiss zu lanne; ich hab awwer noch immer gfunne, wann mer uff en Picknick geht, kummen die Iemense zu eem un lannen eem aa fleissich zu sei.

Genius kummt oft zum kammene Verschtand fer Geld zu lehne fer sich en Breckfescht kaafe.

Wann en Fraa zu ihrem Mann saagt: "Du maagscht nau saagge, was du widd," meent sie net, er hett ihre Erlaabnis fer sei opnion zu expresse.

En fleissiche Mutter macht en faule Dochter.

Die Zeit heelt alle Wunden, awwer kee Fraa glaabt's wann sie die aerschte Runsle im Gsicht sehnt.

Zitter ass die Becker drehen zu schtreike, iss der Sam Walp arrig in Druwwel. Sei Fraa hot gsaat so gewiss as die Becker schtreike deeten, deet sie selwer backe.

Kee Mensch watt sei Lewes alt genunk fer besser zu wisse.

Es koscht gemeenerhand en Latt wammer browiert ebbes fer nix zu griegge.

Verschtehscht du aa so'n Wasserbump zu ranne?" — "O ya, ich hab drei Yaahr an re Millich Bauerei gschafft.

Ee Schwallem macht wull kee Summer, awwer alle Bissel helft.

—Charles C. More

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Editorials

The Adenauer Talks

It took some frank down-to-earth talks between President Kennedy and Chancellor Adenauer to remove the "crises of confidence" existing between their two countries since the Communists threw up the East Berlin wall and reiterated their demands for a peace treaty between East and West Germany.

The President apparently has been able to dispel any illusions about the firm stand this nation will continue to take on the legal rights of the West. With the assurances he came to seek, the chancellor ostensibly has agreed his country will play a full part in concerting the Western position and in accepting responsibility for any decisions.

Together they have narrowed the basis for negotiations with the Russians. Although these terms have not been announced, they do include the determined resolve to maintain troops in West Berlin and guard access rights to it.

This complete understanding was an essential preliminary to any negotiations that have even the most remote hope of being fruitful. So is the new confidence that seems to have been restored by the hardpan talks at the White House.

The basic issues, however, are still considerably remote from the East-West conference table.

Although the United States, Great Britain and Western Germany apparently are ready to present a united front, France still must be fully convinced that this is the time to talk. President DeGaulle maintains that the Russians first must show their good faith by easing the tensions they have built up in the divided city.

This is why the closely guarded talks being held this weekend between the British Prime Minister and the French President are at least as important as those that have just been concluded in Washington. Only when all of the Western partners are united on a common approach as well as a common objective is there any hope of an even remotely reasonable Russian view at the conference table.

Fill Those Stands

Those who have no difficulty remembering when tickets for the Allentown - Bethlehem Turkey Day football classic were a scalper's dream have considerable difficulty understanding why once again there were more empty rows than filled ones in the Allentown School District Stadium on a relatively pleasant Thanksgiving afternoon.

Excuses will be easy to find. There is, of course, a second high school in Allentown but attendance at the "Big Game" dropped sharply long before Dieruff High School's Huskies began romping across the gridiron. There also are more "Big Games" on the Thanksgiving Day calendar and all have their following. There also are more high school students and more families in the communities they represent.

It will be somewhat more difficult to find the solution. This is no excuse, however, for not digging deeply for it. Continued low attendances mean that more tax dollars must be used to maintain what just may be an outmoded program of interscholastic competition.

One possible solution is a more reasonable price structure that would permit a father to take his interested youngsters under high school age to see both the game and the colorful show for something less than the price of an adult ticket. In our book, as long as the seats are available it's better to fill them with family groups at 50 or 75 cents for youngsters than to have them empty because the price tag at the gate is $1.50 for all. It also might be a good way of arousing an early interest of the youngsters in the schools most of them some day will be attending.

New Sounding Board

When a few churchmen expressed concern that admission of the Orthodox Church of the Soviet Union to the World Council of Churches would provide it with another platform for political purposes, the 32-year-old Russian bishop had a ready answer.

His eyes twinkled as he told representatives of the 175 Protestant groups who questioned him at the New Delhi meeting that all who voice such fears "are either uninformed people or they know everything and don't speak the truth."

Not long afterward, in his maiden speech as a member of the World Council, he called all of its members on all inhabited continents to pressure their countries to accept total disarmament.

This, of course, is the line Nikita Khrushchev and his spokesmen have enunciated at the United Nations General Assembly and all other international meetings. It is the same one they used as an excuse for breaking up the talks on curbing nuclear tests long enough to set off their own blasts.

In having the line sounded again by the Soviet bishop at New Delhi, Mr. Khrushchev has not embraced the Church he scorns and despises. He simply has found a use for it. This will not be misunderstood by any who sincerely seek peace in the name of the Prince of Peace.

What Others Say

President's Cigars

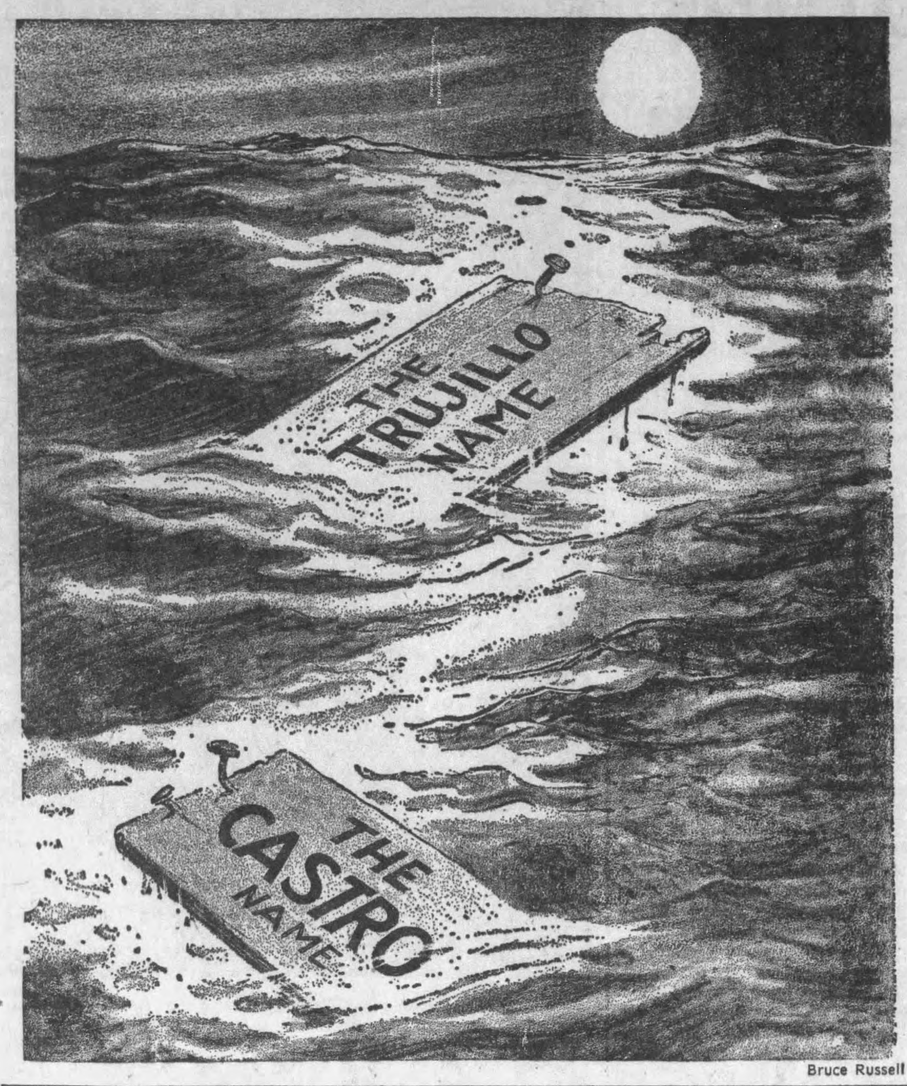
St. Louis Post-Dispatch

President Kennedy is reported to have switched from a short cigar to one about an inch longer because he found that the shorter would not last through the average high-level White House conference.

When a conference is longer than a cigar, one might question, it seems to us, not whether the cigar is too short, but whether, the conference is too long. We shrink from reflecting on the lengths of cigars to which the President may be driven if conferences keep getting longer. Eventually, we should think, he would be bound to come to grips with the length of the conference, if for no other reason than that it had become impractical to come to grips with the length of the cigar.

Another way out would be to wait awhile after the conference had started before lighting the cigar, preferably when a sort of plateau had been reached in the discussion. Plateaus — a term we think less offensive than "dull spots" — arise in most conferences, and are endemic to long ones; lighting up would create a refreshing diversion, as would almost anything at that point. On the whole, though, we are inclined to think the solution is to be found in a conference the shape of a perfecto rather than a double corona.

Coming Caribbean Companion Piece?



Bruce Russell

School 'Resegregation'

By DAVID LAWRENCE

People who move to the suburbs from the cities or from one neighborhood to another just to escape "integration" of the schools may find they are violating "the law of the land." For they could be helping to bring about a defeat of the Supreme Court's mandate of 1954 which said that Negro children cannot get as good an education as they are entitled to get, unless they are in classrooms with white children.



Lawrence

This may sound far - fetched to some people, but that is what many lawyers said about the Supreme Court opinion rendered seven years ago. Even some of the lawyers who agreed with the court's conclusion then said it was "the right decision but for the wrong reasons."

Still, those reasons are fundamental today in what is perhaps speciously but nevertheless repeatedly called "the law of the land." For "resegregation" has, in effect, begun. Some interesting facts have been recorded recently by the Southern Education Reporting Service, an objective agency that presents the news of what is happening in the schools. Here are some of the developments:

1. Several cities which had all-white schools now have all-Negro schools, while the suburbs have all-white schools.

2. Miami, Florida, has an elementary school which was one of the first to be integrated in 1959. It was then all-white. Within one year, it changed to preponderantly white, then heavily Negro, and in the second year the last white student left the school.

3. Washington, D. C., now has 80 per cent Negroes in its public schools — a percentage that has gone steadily upward in the last few years.

4. Baltimore and St. Louis are experiencing the same trend from desegregation toward "resegregation."

But the letter as well as the spirit of the Supreme Court decision of 1954 says that this is not in keeping with "the law of the land" as then proclaimed. The high court spoke as follows:

"We come then to the question presented: Does segregation of children in public schools solely on the basis of race, even though the physical facilities and other 'tangible' factors may be equal, deprive the children of the minority group of equal educational opportunities? We We believe that it does."

The supreme court went on to stress "ability to study,. to engage in discussions and exchange views with other students."

The Court evidently felt that human nature wasn't the same back in 1896 and that "psychology" can today be made the basis of a ruling that reverses what the Court said 65 years ago. It ruled then that, if separate facilities were equal, they were constitutional.

When legal precedents are shunted aside and theories of what constitutes good psychology and social practice are cited as a basis for wiping out rights granted to the states under the Tenth Amendment to the Constitution, anything can happen.

Yet the Constitution doesn't mention education as within the federal government's jurisdiction at all, and says explicitly in the Tenth Amendment that all rights not specifically delegated to the federal government by the Constitution "are reserved to the states respectively, or to the people."

The constitutional questions on school desegration covered in the 1954 ruling by the Supreme Court have never been submitted to a vote of the people.

Merely Custom

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

Lemme recommend a swell new book that has been in the works for 27 years and has just been finalized — no kidding — by the G. & C. Merriam Co. in Springfield, Mass.

It's Webster's Third New International Dictionary, Unabridged, and word-wise it's a gasser. In this new edition it turns out that good English ain't what we thought it was at all — good English, man, is whatever is popular.

This is a nifty speak-as-you-go dictionary — not like that moldy fig of a Second Edition, which tries to separate "standard English" from slang, colloquialisms and all the passing fads and fancies of spoken English.

This here edition is for the people, who decide how a language is going to be spoken, or misspoken. It's all relative, anyway; there are no rules or laws to language, just custom.

If this column begins using the Third Edition as a reference source, instead of my old Oxford Dictionary, don't be surprised if I start playing footsie with 100,000 new words that have just been admitted to membership in the club. And if I make a boo-boo, just call me a schlemiel.

What's the point in any writer trying to compose clear and graceful prose, avoid solecisms and maintain a sense of decorum and continuity in that magnificent instrument, the English language, if that peerless authority, Webster's Unabridged, surrenders abjectly to the permissive school of speech?

Relativism is the reigning philosophy of our day, in all fields, not merely in language but in ethics, politics and every field of human behavior. There is no right and wrong — it is all merely custom and superstition to believe so. If the majority behaves a certain way, that is the way to behave. Popularity gives sanction to everything.

Our attitude toward language merely reflects our attitude toward more basic matters. It is not terribly important whether we use "ain't" or "like" instead of "as" — except as symptoms of a general decay in values. If everything is a matter of taste, preference and usage, then we are robbing ourselves of all righteous indignation against evil.

Witch Shoots

By HAYDN PEARSON

One of Nature's phenomena is the shooting of witch hazel seeds. As the alder is the first tree to dominate the stage in spring, the humble witch hazel shrub gives the epilogue on a sunny, mild November day.

For some 50 million years this shrub has traveled around the earth, and today it is widely known for its fragrant extract and for the two-pronged divining rod used by many dowsers.

During the winter, the buds are slender, pointed, and usually bend toward the tip. Through the summer the tough woody fruits swell slowly, and come autumn, when atmospheric conditions are precisely right, the urn-like capsule becomes a double-barrelled gun. The case shrinks; the contraction shoots forth the two black seeds. Some of the small nuts fly 10 or more feet.

Perhaps the "witch" in the name came from pioneers who used the wood for water witching. It does not matter. In the late fall the shrub hangs out its yellow, tangled blossoms. Any plant that will give us color in the frost-browned landscape and at the same time provide an interesting spectacle by shooting its seeds, is worth a man's attention.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Happy Children

Happy are the children . . . playing without care . . . life to them is but a dream . . . youth alone can share . . . make-believing takes them . . . on a magic cruise . . . and they have the power . . . to be what they choose . . . in one fleeting second . . . they are kings or queens . . . and their eyes can vision . . . most enchanted scenes . . . I enjoy to see them . . . yet inside I sigh . . . for I cannot capture . . . those sweet days gone by . . . I must be contented . . . watching them at play . . . weaving from their wishes . . . a divine bouquet . . . happy are the children . . . may they always be . . . able to pretend and dream . . . as they sail life's sea.

Horoscope

A remarkable psychic occurrence will affect your life. Today's child will be talented in electronics.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: How can you believe that God is really interested in the people of this little planet, when the universe is so vast? R.W.O.

ANSWER: Granted that this planet Earth we live on is but a tiny speck in the universe which is measured in millions of light years. Granted that human life is seemingly insignificant. For example, all of the earth's inhabitants, two billion of them, could be buried in the Grand Canyon.

But, behold, a miracle has occurred. Somehow, God is aware of man, and man is aware of God. In the remotest tribes of Africa where I have ministered, I found men searching for, and worshipping God.

Is God interested in man? I believe He is enormously interested in every thing He has created, particularly man. Just as a mother has a peculiar love for an erring child, I believe that God has a particular love and compassion for the inhabitants of this planet. The Bible says, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The universe is vast and great, but God's love is greater.

Of all God's planets, this is the only one in rebellion — thus the center of God's love and interest is here. He proved it by sending His Son.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Charles Rice has dug up a great aunt of actress Gretchen Wyler named May K. Wyler. Gretchen declares that it is this aunt who inspired the slogan "May K. Wyler sunshines." Mr. Rice also went out of his way to discover (how he does fritter away his time!) a salesclerk named Wendy Moon. From morning till night this girl croons softly to herself, "Wendy Moon Comes Over De Mountain."



BUTCHERING DAY

(From H. L. Fisher's Olden Times: or Pennsylvania Rural Life. York, Pa., 1888)

Our worthy fathers and
our model mothers, too,
Were lords and ladies,
in their own plain way;
And winter's cold and
breezes, pure and fresh.
Brought health and strength
and appetite for flesh;
And O! the unctuous, old-time
boist'rous butchering-day,
With all its works,—
'twas none the less
They loved the day,
and aye, the savory mess.

Ye gods, ye gory gods,
of beastly flesh and blood!
And you, ye priests
of carnal appetities,
Look down upon this rude,
domestic scene —
Solve us the myths
and myst'ries of the spleen—
Preside ye gravely o'er
these old-time homely rites—
In entrails of the bullock,
ox and swine,
Our several fortunes and
our fates divine.

Methinks I see my father
bending o'er his task,
With snow-white napkin
pinned about his head;
As, while the pudding-meat
is being boiled,
The luscious sausage
in the tub are coiled—
Pressed through the old tin
horn,
stuffed tight and cherry-red—
In clear and clean
translucent skins encased,
All nicely spiced and
seasoned to the taste.

Methinks I see my sainted
mother standing by,
Intent to keep all things
in proper shape;
Her anxious eye is fixed
upon the work,
And skillfully she plies
the table - fork,
And lets superfluous air
and wind escape,
Lest the o'erburdened case,
perchance, should burst,
And mar the beauty
of the joyous wurst.

"A thing of beauty," as the
poet fitly saith—
"A thing of beauty
is a joy forever,"
Whose ancient origin
the world knows not—
Whose worth and goodness
ne'er can be forgot—
Though to forget we sometimes
would endeavor.
Without his beans and bacon,
could the Yankee live?
Nor could his **wurst**
the Teuton long survive.

Jocund and fragrant was
the old-time rural kitchen,
With wholesome garden-herbs
and spices, then—
Sweet marjoram, **corriander,**
garlic, thyme—
And others which, perhaps
would hardly rhyme;
(Or, if they should, yet hardly
grace a poet's pen)
But — **nota bene** —
on the side-room shelf,
There stood Black Betty,
label'd "Help Yourself."

And help themselves they freely
did, as need required—
John Barleycorn could make
their labors light,
And give a keener edge
to appetite.
For the coming feast of
sausage,
souse and "liverwurst";
And many a weighty bet
was lost or won—
To him who lost,
the bet was all in fun.

What wondrous changes in
one winter-day were wrought!
Where were the entrails
at the dawn of day?
Within the bodies of
the doom-ed swine;
And where were the swine
at the day's decline?
Within their entrails stuffed
and deftly hung away;
And now with sausage hanging
up and bullocks salted down,
Let snows descend and
winter rage and frown.

But one thing more, and though
the last, yet not the least—
There was the gen'rous,
old-time metzelsoup,
Which 'twas the custom
at such times to send
To every neighbor,
relative and friend;
Not lent, nor given
with grudge or less recoup,
But by the goodly dame,
as Heav'n had taught her,
In faith and hope,
as bread cast on the water.

Such was the winter-carnival—
called butch'ring day—
Among the rustices,
in the days of yore;
When bullock, ox and swine
laid down their lives
To rifle-ball or axe,
or fresh-ground knives;
And, as of old, died welt'ring
in their steaming gore:
And even now, as then,
yield sty and stall,
And field, to man's
dominion over all.

AUTHOR'S NOTE—The term "metzelsoup" is the Anglicised form of the German "Metzelsuppe". METZLEN means to kill and cut to pieces animals for meat—preeminently for sausage. In the olden time a timehonored custom (doubtless brought by our German ancestors from the fatherland) prevailed, of sending to each near neighbor, at butchering time, a taste of delicious sausage and puddings which are made in such great abundance on butchering occasions, which occurred, as they still do among our country folk, at least twice during each winter; this "taste" usually consisted of a good-sized dish—holding eight or ten pounds—heaping full, and was regarded as the pledge of continuing friendship between the families immediately concerned; for, if the metzelsoup was either omitted or not reciprocated, there was surely something wrong; and the preacher in charge, who always took a deep interest in keeping up the good custom, was sure to hear of the matter; and he generally succeeded in effecting a reconciliation over a lovefeast of fat things. This metzelsoup-custom became general among our rural folk of all nationalities, but is now gradually falling into desuetude, together with many others.

CORIANDER–KORJANNER

By RAYMOND E. HOLLENBACH

The first freezing weather brought on the butchering season, not only in our Pennsylvania communities but in all the farming sections throughout the northern part of our country. Like many of the old customs, butchering on the farm is rapidly passing into history and soon there may be no one left on the farm with the skill and ability to cut up an animal carcass and the know-how to make good sausage or scrapple.

Every year before the butchering season there arrived at my father's country store a huge hempen bag with mysterious foreign lettering containing several bushels of coriander seed imported from Morocco or some other Mediterranean country. A government bulletin states that in 1935 a million and a half pounds of this seed was imported into our country. Without coriander butchering in our neighborhood was not complete, and one of these bags usually did not contain enough to supply the season's needs. In fact coriander was so generally used around home that I believed its use was universal. This, however, does not seem to be the case and in reading one of my favorite old German books, "Die Hausmutter," published in Germany in 1783. I find that coriander is not even mentioned as one of the herbs commonly used in sausage, except in a footnote which says "einige" used it in "Bratwuerste." How coriander happened to be so popular in our community I do not know — but this is not a story of butchering and sausage, but rather about coriander itself.

Coriander is one of the oldest herbs used in food and medicine. The name coriander appears in the Bible (Exodus 16:31) in describing manna—" "and it was like coriander seed, white." Coriander seed, as we know it, of course is not white. For readers who may want to refresh their memory a visit to one of our larger "five and ten cent" stores where a rack filled with attractive small apothecary bottles filled with various herbs is on display may be interesting. Coriander was one of the "bitter herbs" ordained by God to be eaten by the Jews at the Feast of the Passover; according to Pliny, the Roman naturalist, the best coriander came from Egypt; in China coriander was cultivated before the 5th century; and coriander was one of the plants recommended by Charlemagne in 812 A.D. to be grown in the gardens of his kingdom. In this country there is a record of its being grown in New England before 1670. It is easily raised and we always had it growing in our garden as it reseeded itself. With such a long history it naturally had many uses and there is considerable folklore connected with its growth and use.

Regarding the plant itself, coriander is an annual of the carrot family; it is globular, about the size of a BB shot used in air rifles. The plant itself is unattractive and the foliage has a strong, offensive odor and has no known use—as the Mattioli "Kreutterbuch" (1586) puts it, "das Kraut ist gantz nichts zu brauchen, umb desz boesen geruchs willen." It is from the odor of the foliage that the plant got its name, as we shall see later.

There is an old belief that coriander seed is never too old to sow and in fact that it must be old before it will grow successfully. Brauner's "Kraeuter-Buch (Frankfort 1728) says "wenn man den Coriander saen will, darff man nicht den neuen nehmen, denn je aelter solcher ist, je lieber er waechset." In our garden at home it always came up in the potato patch and mother let it grow to supplement the supply we got from the store. One of the delights of boyhood was the privilege of grinding it in the small kitchen coffee-mill at butchering time.

All the old herbals of the 15th and 16th centuries make mention of the numerous benefits derived from the use of coriander seed, but since only a few of these uses were handed down to our ancestors in Pennsylvania, they are not mentioned here. The above mentioned Brauner book sums them up in the words, "Coriander hat . . . die Tugend, den Magen zu staercken, Winde zertheilen, und die Dauung zu befoerdern" (Coriander has the virtue of strengthening the stomach, dispersing gases, and helping digestion). Old English doctors and herbalists mention the same virtues — one old manuscript puts it in the following words: "to represse fumes and to propulse vapours from the brain it shall be excellent good after supper to chaw a few graynes of coriander." One of the cooks of King Charles II of England had a recipe for "coriander water," as follows:

"Take a handful of coriander seed, break them and put them into a quart of water, so let it stand, put in a pound of sugar, and when the sugar is melted and the water well taken with the taste of the seed, then strain it through a clean cloth and drink it with pleasure."

According to Annie Burnham Carter in her book "In a Herb Garden" (1947) the early New England settlers called caraway seed and coriander "meetin' seed" because they took them along to church to nibble during the long, tedious sermons of those days. In our own community who over 60 years of age does not remember the small white crinkly sugar-balls that were beloved by all children — the sugar-coated coriander seed. These little coriander comfits seem to be almost as old as the seed themselves. Brunnfelsz, a German herbalist (1532), mentioned coriander "ueberzogen mit Zucker" and our own Christopher Saur, in his "Kleines Kraeuterbuch," wrote, "Wenn er mit Zucker ueberzogen ist so ist er sehr lieblich zu essen and starket sehr das Haupt un den Magen, vertreibt den Schwindel und stinckenden Athem. . ." Saur however had his doubts about the efficacy of the use of coriander and mentioned the fact that some believed it to contain poison — "einige halten dafuer das der Coriander Samen etwas giftiges mit sich fuehre." In this he anticipated the Food and Drug Act of January 1, 1907, which resulted in putting these little coriander candies off the market.

Regarding the name coriander, the dictionary says it comes from the Greek word **Koriandron,** which in turn is derived from **Koris,** meaning "bed-bug," this because the odor of the leaves is like that of this obnoxious insect, or as the herbalist Mattiolus puts it, "er habe einen starcken Geruch, ja stincken wie die Wandleusz." Metzger's "Gartenbuch" (Frankfurt-am-Main, 1844) gives several common German names for this plant — **Coriander, Wanzenkraut, Schwindelkoerner** and **Wanzendill.** Wilde, in his book on the plant lore of the Palatinate, gives the dialect names — **Korjanner, Kuijenner, Kujaenner,** and **Korgaenner.** There is an old Palatinate folk rhyme,

Kimmel und Korjanner
's is' ener wie de anner!

Wilde says this probably came from the fact that kimmel and coriander were commonly raised in the same field, the first being a biennial and the latter an annual. Our Pennsylvania German ancestors seem to have left the kimmel behind, as it was not commonly used in Pennsylvania, but as to coriander they brought with them both the plant and the name. In our Pennsylvania German dialect the name has been changed somewhat and appears in various areas as **kajanner, karjenner, karjanner, kalliander,** etc. Even Webster's New International Dictionary gives the name **coliander** as a variant or obsolete spelling.

With all this confusion of names, it is small wonder that the little boy in one of our popular folk tales became confused. The story goes something like this: A family was butchering and had already come to the point where they were ready to make the sausage when they discovered that they had forgotten to buy coriander. All the older children were in school, so they asked a five-year-old boy to go to the village store for what they needed. They admonished the lad not to loiter and not to forget what he was to buy, so off he trotted, repeating the word **kajanner, kajanner, kajanner,** etc. The road was a little rough and he stumbled over a stone. After he had gotten up and had brushed off his clothes he was a little confused, but then went on his way repeating **kalenner, kalenner, kalenner,** (calendar!) etc. When he got to the store he told the storeheeper that was what he wanted. The storekeeper asked him whether he wanted "en Englischer odder en Deitscher." The little chap's reply was "es macht nix aus, er iss yuscht fer in die Warscht."

MAMMI GANS REIME

Hambel, Bambel, Hinkel Oi,
Riewe Supp un Kaersche Boi;
Bussi, guck zum Fenschter Naus,
Hambel, Bambel, du bischt aus.

Wauu, wau, saagt der Hund;
Miau, miau, Saagt die Katz;
Oink, oink, saagt die Sau;
Quiek, quiek, saagt der Schpatz.
Gaah, gaah, saagt die Grapp;
Wuh, wuh, saagt die Eil,
Gwack, gwack, saagt die End;
Iwwer e Weil,
Wann sie kennd,
Keemd die Kuh
Noch dezu
Un die Kuh saagt "Muh!"

Aus'm John Birmelin
Seim Mammi Gans Buch

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TELEPHONE 433-4241

BRANCH OFFICES

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Editorials

The Battle Is On

If there are any Communist card carriers around, they would do well to take a tip from the prompt and forthright manner in which the Justice Department moved against their party for its continued defiance of the laws of the land.

The indictment a federal grand jury handed down yesterday charging the party with failure to register with the government as a Soviet - controlled organization is only the first of many that could be forthcoming even this month. The next could cause the arrest of the remaining party leaders who have been in violation of the law since they failed to register personally yesterday.

And that, if the Commies persist, is just the beginning. After Dec. 20 every member of the U. S. Communist Party who fails to register individually is liable to arrest and five years imprisonment for every day of violation. There may be as many as 10,000 of them. Most of them are known even though the party has refused to divulge their names. Until recently few of them have made any secret of their allegiance.

There's likely to be a long and drawn out battle ahead as those who follow the dictates of Moscow try every dodge under the laws of the nation they defy. They are, of course, entitled to the protection these laws afford. They must be given not a shred more.

Best Available Now

In the absence of anything like available community shelters and adequate advice from informed government sources, schools can do little to protect children from the dangers of nuclear attack but hurry them to the safety their homes may offer.

This recommendation by the Allentown School District's special study committee is entirely plausible. It quite probably is what most parents would want schools to do.

If the plan is adopted it will have to be tested and practiced. Children of all ages must be trained to hurry home without dawdling and they must have every possible protection on their way. The quickest and safest means and routes must be determined. Timing must be established. Evacuation exercises may have to become as routine as fire drills.

For the moment, this is the most reasonable plan and one that can be put into operation quickly. It is not, however, the last word. Sooner or later the government will have more definite proposals based on the exhaustive fact finding studies and surveys now being made.

It is possible these will include suggestions and plans for appropriate and convenient community shelters where families may gather. Schools, as most of them now are built and equipped, do not offer this kind of protection.

Continuing Ministry

When someone has served as long and as faithfully in as many areas as the Rev. Dr. Henry J. Pflum, his decision to retire causes as much regret in the community as among those who have known his labors more personally and intimately.

For the nearly 20 years he has been pastor of Allentown's Christ Lutheran Church, Dr. Pflum has done more than inspire members of his own congregation to increased dedication to their tasks and responsibilities as Christians. His influences both in the Lutheran Church and in this community were both broad and exemplary.

Only occasionally, as in his devotion to the work of the Good Shepherd Home and the causes of the agencies of his own Church, did these ministrations come to public notice. Their greatest effect was in the attitudes and accomplishments of those whose lives he quietly influenced through his long pastorate.

These are the ministrations that will continue to live and be counted by those who recognize them as the greatest contributions of his pastorate. There are many in the community who join his own congregation in the hope he will be able to continue them long after he leaves the pulpit for the less arduous life he seeks the privilege of enjoying and sharing.

Slim Hope, But Hope

So long as New York's Gov. Rockefeller felt there was a chance his son would be found alive in the wilds of Dutch New Guinea, millions of Americans prayed with him that the search would be rewarding. Now that he and his daughter have returned alone, and there has been no further hopeful word, they extend the same sympathy that would go to any distraught father.

Although the 23-year-old Michael Rockefeller has been missing for more than two weeks since he tried to swim ashore from a capsized native boat, there still are just the dimmest hopes he may be alive. These rest on the possibility he may have been found by a native tribe that hesitates to tell authorities for fear of being blamed for the injuries or illness from which he may be suffering.

This is the hope of which the governor spoke when he said only a miracle now would find his son alive in the snake infested jungle. Many who believe in miracles share this hope with Mr. Rockefeller and his family.

What Others Say

Don't Let Them See You

Wall Street Journal

Government agency personnel, as everybody who reads the dispatches from Washington knows, are experts in the art of circumlocution, also known as fuzzing it up.

But even the experts must have read with no little admiration President Kennedy's memorandum directing increased efficiency and economy among federal offices across the length and breadth of the whole U.S. Mr. Kennedy said that the most important reason for exercising increased government efficiency at the grass roots level is that activities outside Washington "generally constitute the actual point of contact of federal programs with the economy and other phases of our national life."

In other words: Don't be inefficient out there where they can see you.

Civilization Is Fun!



Different 'Extremists'

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Much has been said lately about "extremists." President Kennedy has assailed them in public speeches. So has Vice President Johnson. As one reads the headlines this week, however, it is becoming increasingly apparent that only one kind of "extremists" is in disfavor and that some of the others are actually extolled as heroes and champions of freedom.

To pla- to take the law into one's hands is bad when the "Minute Men" foolishly organize groups of their own, but somehow the same kind of tactics are given an heroic flavor in the phrase "Freedom Riders."



Lawrence

Mississippi now reports a riot incited by "Freedom Riders" at a restaurant. Plans are being made for the exertion of pressure next week on the owners of restaurants — wholly disconnected from railroads or buses and operated as private businesses —along a Maryland highway. "Sit - in" demonstrations that have aroused resentment or produced riots and even bloodshed are not being condemned by either President Kennedy or Attorney General Kennedy as the acts of "extremists"

Vice President Johnson has pointed out in one of his recent speeches that the Communists hope to triumph by striving to "array brother against brother, class against class, race against race."

Yet who starts these things? Members of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored people and of another organization known as the Congress of Racial Equality participate in these demonstrations. Is it possible that the Administration here hesitates, for domestic political reasons, to denounce these tactics or those whose demonstrations unwittingly furnish publicity for the Communist criticisms of America? It could be presumed that the Negro vote, which has benefited the Administration in many elections, is too large to risk alienating it by any public criticism of the Negro organizations that are conducting the "Freedom Rides." Maybe if they had as few members and as little influence politically as the John Birchers, the "Freedom Riders" would have long ago brought down upon their heads the wrath of Administration spokesmen.

What is the solution? Maybe it would be helpful to reread the following words from a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States:

"We consider the underlying policy of the plaintiff's argument to consist in the assumption that the enforced separation of the two races stamps the colored race with a badge of inferiority. If this be so, it is not by reason of anything found in the act (a state law), but solely because the colored race chooses to put that construction upon it . . .

"The argument also assumes that social prejudices may be overcome by legislation, and that equal rights cannot be secured to the Negro except by an enforced commingling of the two races. We cannot accept this proposition. If the two races are to meet upon terms of social equality, it must be the result of natural affinities, a mutual appreciation of each other's merits and a voluntary consent of individuals. As was said by the court of appeals of New York, 'This end can neither be accomplished nor promoted by laws which conflict with the general sentiment of the community upon whom they are designed to operate.' . . .

"Legislation is powerless to eradicate racial instincts or to abolish distinctions based upon physical differences, and the attempt to do so can only result in accentuating the difficulties of the present situation."

The foregoing quotations come from the famous decision of 1896 known as "Plessy V. Ferguson," but they were repeated this year by Judge Ben Cameron of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals in filing a dissenting opinion in connection with a case of racial disturbance on a bus line in Birmingham, Alabama. It was this same viewpoint which the Supreme Court of the United States in 1954 overturned, not on the basis of constitutional law or legal precedents, but by citing "modern authority" — namely, several treatises on psychology and social science. Small wonder there are "extremists" who today form organizations to demonstrate against this form of "modernism" in the federal judiciary.

Liz Flynn's Due

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn may not recall me but when she was a very young girl, in her early twenties, I knew her fairly well. Then she was an excited, enthusiastic young woman who went to Paterson, N.J. for the silk workers.

Silk was then a dying industry in this country. It was the beginning of new fabrics. Both the employers and the workers were being pushed to the wall. The Paterson strikes were taken over by the I.W.W. and the leaders were Big Bill Haywood, Carlos Tresca, and the youthful Elizabeth Gurley Flynn. They were not Communists; they were syndicalists, closer to anarchists than Socialists. However, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, in due course, became a Communist and is now chairman of the Communist Party of the United States.

She has just returned to the United States to be arrested in accordance with a Supreme Court decision, and she has written a pitiful letter to The New York Times:

"I wonder if you will entertain the same admiring attitude toward the writer of this letter (as to Molotov), who at the age of 71 is returning to face my accusers under the McCarran Act. The simple truth is that I risk a life sentence since, the penalties under the McCarran (Smith) Act are five years imprisonment and $10,000 fine for each day I refuse to register under the terms of a law that brands me a foreign agent."

The reference to the Russian who has returned to be sentenced for life is to Molotov and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn compares herself to Molotov who has for years served Soviet Russia as Minister of Foreign Affairs and a short time as Premier, although our lady has never served this country well or at all.

We usually assume that any course we set upon is right because we set upon it. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn was first arrested in Spokane, Washington in 1909, in a free speech fight. She has consistently fought for Leftist causes. It was shocking to many libertarians when she joined the Communist Party which is a totalitarian organization that abhors liberty and the rights of the individual. However, that was her choice and she has been consistent in following the Communist line through every twist and change. This is the disciplined life of a Party member, who emerges to a high position.

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn rejects the Congress of the United States; she rejects the Supreme Court of the United States; but she obeys the authority of the Communist Party. She is no longer free to think for herself, to choose for herself. Hers is to obey. She turned on her God and her church but she obeys Khrushchev and her Party. She obeys without the slightest deviation from the Party line.

This is a sad picture of a once free spirit, of a human being who once dared to assert herself and to take great risks. Those days are gone. They call her the Chairman of the Communist Party of the United States but she knows, as every party member knows, that she is not the top official of the party; that she is a front, to make speeches and write articles, but the instructions come from Moscow, from the Kremlin. And those orders are always against the United States, are always designed to damage the United States.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION : How can we witness to our non-Christian friends without seeming "preachy"? H.P.

ANSWER: When one "witnesses" out of a sense of duty it often comes out "preachy." As I read the New Testament I find that the disciples of Christ were possessed of true excitement about Christ and what He had done with their empty lives. The main thing in "sharing" our faith in Christ is to have something we can really share. We cannot share that which we do not have. We cannot witness to that which we are uncertain.

To me, Christ and His power are the most exciting things of my life. I find that if "witnessing" is spontaneous and natural that people respond in kind. I never said when I am to be with a group: "Now, I must be a good witness." But in the course of conversation, Christ just seems to take precedence over other subjects. When we know Him in the power of His resurrection, it is sometimes what people feel, rather than what we say. Make sure that Christ is real to you — then you will "witness" in spite of yourself. And even you will be surprised what you said, because the Holy Spirit will give you words you didn't plan to say.

NOTES ON THE NEWS

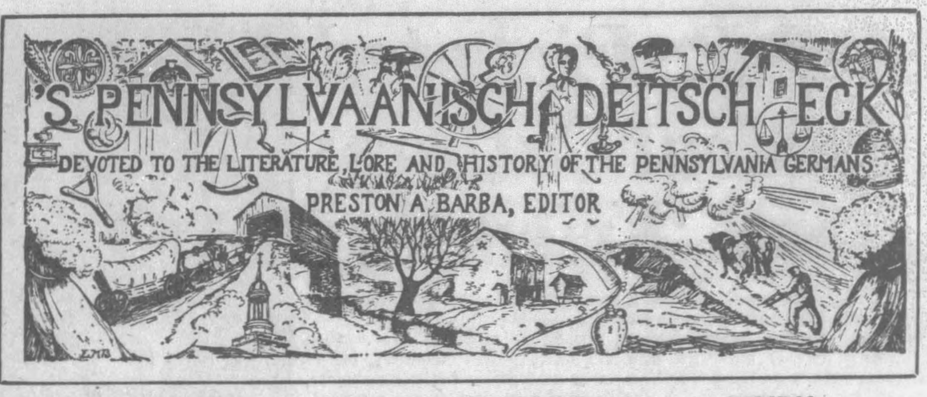


"Do we give to mental health? After all, being nutty helps these days."

Horoscope

Seize opportunities for self-betterment. Today's child will be very lucky.

The 5,100,000-person gain in California from 1950 to 1960 accounted for neary one-fifth of the population increase in the United States.



IN DER KICH

(Old-time Pennsylvania German Recipes)

Apple Pies Baked on Cabbage Leaves

Few among us remember this ancient procedure. Form circle of pie pastry about 9 inches in diameter. Fill one half of the circle with sliced apples, adding the desired amount of sugar. Sprinkle with flour, some butter and cinnamon. Moisten the edges and fold over the other half of the circle to form a semi - circle, crimping edges tightly with the end of the **Boi Reedel** (little pie-wheel). Place each of these semi-circular pies on a green outer cabbage leaf and place flat on the bottom of the oven. A rare flavor is thus added to the pies. And no pie-pans to wash!

MINCE PIE

The following old recipe was translated from the German recipe book of a Pennsylvania German housewife who kept house in Lancaster from 1767 to 1811. Today some of our housewives may not find this recipe very practicable, but it may appeal to you as a testimony to the Pennsylvania German cuisine of the yesteryears.

Cook tenderly in slightly salted water a fresh beef tongue and let it cool in the liquor it was boiled in. When cold, skin it, take about two-thirds its bulk of fresh kidney tallow (suet) and cut all fine with the rocking knife. Now weigh this, and take the weight of it in seeded raisins and in cleaned currants. Now take the weight of all these in good sour pippins (any sour apple will do.—Ed.) cut fine, 1 whole nutmeg grated, ½ ounce of each of ground cinnamon and cloves, the grated rind and juice of two lemons, 1 handful each of candied orange and lemon peel cut fine and then add a glass of currant jelly. Wet with the best of cider and sweeten to taste with soft sugar. Put in a big crock, cover with a cloth and when it begins to "crack" it is ready to use. Serve pies hot, and just before serving, put a tablespoonful of brandy in the vent of each one. (Of course the cider is to crack and not the crock! — P.A.B.)

OLD-FASHIONED PUMPKIN PIE

(Kaerbseboi)

And we don't mean pumpkin custard

Use only the field pumpkin—the orange-colored **Feldkaerbse** used on Hallowe'en. Line a pie tin with pastry. Slice the pumpkin in ½-inch cubes (about two full cups of uncooked pumpkin) combine with ½ cup of brown sugar and 3 tablespoons of light molasses. Use the so - called "eating" molasses and not the cooking or baking molasses. Dredge the pastry shell with a tablespoon of flour and pour in the pumpkin mixture. Sprinkle cinnamon over the top and dot generously with butter. Cover with top crust. Bake in a hot oven 400 degrees F., for 30 minutes, then reduce to 375 degrees and bake 20 minutes longer, or until syrup oozes out of the top crust. You will have a delicious old-fashioned pumpkin pie. Eat it with respect, for it is probably the patriarch of all pumpkin pies.

(Who of our readers will add other old-time recipes? Please send such to the Editor of the ECK, Allentown Morning Call, Allentown, Pa.).

MAMMI GANS REIME

They that wash on Monday

Wescht mer amme Muundaag,
Was watt die Wesch so schee!

Wescht mer amme Dienschdaag,
Des kann mer noch verschteh;

Wescht mer amme Mitwoch,
Mer hot's net helfe kenne;

Wescht mer amme Dunnerschdaag,
Do sett mer sich wull schemme;

Wescht mer amme Freidaag,
Die Aarmut des bedeit;

Wescht mer amme Samschdaag,
Des duhn die faule Leit.

Jack Spratt had a cat

Der Ruwi Schpatz,
Er hot en Katz,
Die Katz hot yuscht ee Ohr;
Was denk ner, was dutt er?
Er geht un kaaft Butter.
Wie Butter am deierschte waar.

I'll sing you a song

Ich sing der 'n Gsang,
Der Daag iss lang
Fer'n Schpecht so wie fer'n Schpatz:
Mei Hundli hot der Schwans verbrennt,
Bis marye watt des Hundli g'henkt —
Des iss mol net am Blatz.

I had a little husband

Ich habe en gleener Mann ghatt,
net greeser wie mei Daume;
Ich schmeiss en in der Kessel nei
un koch en mit de Blaume.

Aus'm John Birmelin Sei Mammi Gans Buch.

PIOUS SUPERSTITIONS

The great eventful Present hides
the Past; but through the din
Of its loud life, hints and echoes from
The life behind steal in;
And the love of home and fireside,
And the legendary rhyme,
Make the task of duty lighter
Which the true man owes his time.
—Whittier

Though superstitions, old and stale,
Or strange beliefs in false or true,
Mar, rather than adorn the tale,
They needs must be recorded too;
For in them lie much of the lore
And legend of th' unwritten page
Of years gone by, three score or more,
When Faith, not Reason, sat as sage.

But true or false, or whence they came,
We little know and care still less;
Our sires believed them, all the same,
And to believe was to be blest:
The faith-cure all assaults withstood —
A double virtue had each charm —
Costless, and if it did no good,
It certainly could do no harm.

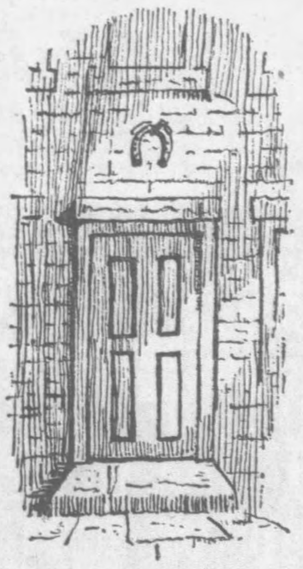
Oft when the cradle failed to bring
Sleep to a restless infant's eyes,
Did careworn mother cease to sing
And that sweet solace improvise —
An open Bible 'neath its head
She placed, and there the treasure kept,
While one short, fervent prayer she said,
And lo! her darling sweetly slept.

(The persistent crying of an infant—always more alarming and annoying to the nurse than the colicky cause of it was dangerous to the child — was often superstitiously attributed to the diabolical influence of witchcraft; and for which the power of the Holy One was supposed to be the only sovereign remedy; hence, probably, the superstitious practice of placing an open Bible under the pillow of the tormented and restless child. However erroneous faith in such a cure might be, the idea was a beautiful one and the practice surely not demoralizing).

Thus elves and witches, gripes and pains.
Were banished, as were doubts and fears,
And pleasantly the thought remains,
To muse us in our riper years:
Who minds not how the whooping cough
Was cured by breathing from a trout?
The mumps, by rubbing on a trough
Rubbed smooth by swinish neck or snout?

(In earlier times, when the speckled trout abounded in our brooks and rivulets, schools of them were not uncommon in the clear and sparkling springs 'neath the branches of the willows, or the grand old sycamores at the farmer's springhouse. Such was the case at my own native homestead; and well do I remember the family tradition, that a trout had been taken from the spring and allowed to breathe three times into the mouth of my older brother, while yet an infant (in accordance with the then popular belief that thereby, if done in faith, the child would be prevented from taking whooping-cough), but that in my own case the wise precaution had been neglected. I only know that I had whooping-cough, and that, very severely, whilst my brother, although occupying the same bed with me, during the time, never took it. I have no knowledge or information as to the origin of this superstition and have met with but few persons who seemed to have heard of it; yet the fact of its prevalence, especially among persons of German descent, is beyond question).

(It was a common, and rather vulgar practice, to persuade one afflicted with mumps, to enter a pigsty and rub the swollen neck back and forth, a certain — but of course an odd — number of times, on the front edge of the hog-trough, which was necessarily worn smooth by the necks of the feeding swine. The custom, or practice, should perhaps be classed rather with the popular tricks than superstitions of the time. The application of a clean, but sore, neck to a filthy pig-trough, was among the safe remedies, if not the infallible cures).



The legendary old horse-shoe—
Quaint charm of good Saint Dunstan's day —
Hung o'er the door or chimney flue
To keep Beelzebub away:
And I recall the drowsy hour,
When weary youths, in days of yore —
To supplement the horse-shoe's power,
Oft propped a chair against the door;
(Thus, proving what the scripture saith,
That by our works we show our faith).

And as they bade adieu to cares,
Yet hoped those cares again to see,
They said their simple evening prayers,
Learned at a pious mother's knee:
And thus, assurance trebly sure,
The happy urchins slept and snored,
From every evil now secure,
Though tempests howled and torrents poured.

That legendary old horse-shoe—
Quaint charm of good Saint Dunstan's day —
That guarded door and chimney-flue
And kept Beelzebub away—
Ah, has its power so much declined,
Satanic influence to prevent,
That when the lucky shoe we find,
'Tis useless, but for ornament?

Have we become so evil-proof,
That spells and charms we need no more
Upon the chimney or the roof,
On portal, window-sill or door?
Or have we now so holy grown—
A race of pious Peter Smiths—
That surely we may now disown
The magic power of charms and myths?

—From H. L. Fisher's OLDEN TIMES; or, Pennsylvania Rural Life — York, Pa., 1888.

FENDU

Ya, heit iss ewwe 'n Fendu bschtellt
Beim alte Daadi Frey;
Fendu—was doch en drauerich Watt
In unser Schproch zu sel.

Ich heer der Groiyer greische graad
Wie'n alter Babbegoi—
"Ee Daaler — zwee — nau geb mer drei —"
Was macht er doch en Rol.

Es Hausrot, Gscharr un alles schunscht,
Es bleibt wull gaar nix zrick;
Mit alles do abgschlagge geht
Vum Daadi-Herz en Schtick.

Es sehnt uff kors schier niemand datt
Die Dreene in seim Aag;
Sie denken an die Baerrye yuscht
Wie so'n Drupp Heide maag.

'S geht sie nix aa, was mehnt des Sach
Zum Daadi, weil er schteht
Un guckt in die Vergangenheit—
Un wieviel macht's ihm leed.

Was gewwen sie um was er denkt
Fun sellem alte Schtuhl,
Die Neeh-box un der Balle Gaarn,
Die Nodel, Neez un Schpuhl.

Zu ihm bringt's schttats en Pickter lieb,
Wie geschter, graad so glor—
Die Mammi am Schtrimp flicke, un
Es Ketzel uff'm Floor,

Weil er die Zeiting lest am Disch
Beim alte Kohl — eel Licht,
Wu waar'n aa Fendu drin gedruckt—
En manche er als sicht.

Es Gscharr gemahnt ihn an die Iems
Wu als die Mammi fixt;
Schtandhaftich K o s c h t, ken Gschlecker Gfress
Mit alles nei gemixt.

Die Wieg, der hoch Schtuhl, Kinner Sach,
Wu hebt die Mammi uff—
Die warr'n dann heit nau all verkaaft,
Un Fremme bieten druff.

Die Yaahre wexeln alles rum,
Die Kinner sin vun heem:
Die Mammi schloft nau in der Ruh —
'S iss nix meh aagenehm.

Die Fendu kann net echtich sei —
'S iss yuscht in seine Sinn;
Es scheint wie'n Draam, en wieschter Draam,
Mit gaar nix Scheenes drin.

Doch iss sie echtich, gans un gaar —
Un's Sach iss all bekannt
Un O! so lieb zu ihm so lang—
Es nemmt yo ball Verschtand.

Des meent 'er zu de Kinner muss,
Zum Jim un John un Betz;
Er weess er iss datt wull im Weg
Un duht aa alles letz.

Mer iss als an die Fendu graad
Wie die wu heit datt draus;
Un's macht en grosser Unnerschitt
Geht em sei Eeggnes naus.

Fendu — ich wunner wieviel Haerz
Sell Watt verbroche hot!
Mr finnt wull ken Ersatz defor,
Browiere wie mer wott.
Doch macht der Groiyer als so fatt
Mit aller Aernscht un Fleiss;
Die Leit, die bieten nanner ab—
'S iss Fendu heit ans Freys.

—Ralph S. Funk, 1951

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TELEPHONE 433-4241

BRANCH OFFICES

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Editorials

Advice From Friends

For an administration deeply indebted to labor and counting heavily on its continued support, President Kennedy and Secretary of Labor Goldberg have been speaking quite bluntly to union leaders at their Florida convention.

Jollying them along, the President didn't exactly bid for applause when he cautioned both workers and employers to use restraint in setting wages and prices. Neither did he ring any bells in the convention hall when he sugar-coated a warning that strikes at missile bases have become dangerous enough to threaten the nation's security.

There was no wild cheering either when Mr. Goldberg, the former advocate for the Steelworkers Union, sent the word to workers that wage increases generally should be earned by greater productivity. Resistance to automation, he warned, will not help achieve full employment. On the contrary, it will hurt.

Reduced to its simplest terms, the friendly counsel from these two stalwart friends of labor was precisely this:

For the United States to remain economically sound, to provide jobs for a constantly expanding work force, its industry once again must become competitive with foreign producers whose efficiency is increasing and whose goods are pouring into the markets of America and other lands. Those that can't compete will wither on the vine.

If proof is needed, union members themselves need only glance at the fine print labels and the price tags on some of the merchandise they and their families are buying. They'll discover why it is so important for their own future employment to adhere to the formula of a fair day's work for a fair day's pay.

Tanganyika's Opportunity

When Tanganyika achieves its full independence today after its long history as a German Imperial colony and a British trust territory, it can be expected to take a considerably more responsible place in the community of nations than the Congo.

This is the twelfth territory under British administration to achieve independence since the end of World War II. It is the ninth that as a result of its experiences with the British has chosen to remain in the Commonwealth.

For at least a dozen of the 40 years Great Britain has sparked the economic and political development of this picturesque land that is larger than France and Italy combined, its people have been given increasing practice in the responsibilities of self government. They have demonstrated that in spite of racial differences they can live and grow and work together.

Prime Minister Nyerere and his people now have the opportunity to prove they can peaceably continue this development as a free and independent nation. Given the chance the British helped them earn, they could set quite an example for all who still covet their freedom and a challenge for those who have it to give.

Missionary Priest

Although he spent 30 of his 53 years in the priesthood as rector of Bethlehem's Holy Ghost Roman Catholic Parish, the Christian influences of the late Rt. Rev. Msgr. Scott A. Fasig were considerably broader.

To the people of his parish he was a faithful pastor, a kindly teacher, a counselor and a friend. To his Church he was a missionary whose parish had no geographical limits.

The written record shows that before coming to Bethlehem he organized a parish in Hamburg and served as the first rector of others in Quakertown and Sellersville. Only those who knew his work most intimately were familiar with his quiet efforts to extend the Church and bring its ministry to thousands in all parts of the Lehigh Valley and beyond.

When he came to Bethlehem, his own church was built and had no debt problem. This gave him the opportunity to challenge both himself and his people to help establish and nurture others where they were needed. He dedicated himself to this task throughout his ministry.

This is why his name is spoken with more than the usual esteem not only in his own parish but by priests and their people in many congregations in both the Allentown and Philadelphia dioceses.

Pure Air Coming

In something like 10 or 15 years, when the last of the cars and trucks now moving along city streets and across highways have been sent to junk yards, it will be considerably safer to breathe because the air will be purer.

Science has come up with a method for eliminating fuel fumes from gasoline and diesel powered vehicles by recirculating them through the crankcase and using them in the engine. Since the start of the 1961 model year, the system has been used on all new cars sold in California.

It is very much to the credit of the nation's automotive industry that it has come up with this solution to one of the most serious of all air pollution problems. It is not to its credit, however, that it delayed agreeing to install them on all trucks and cars beginning with the 1963 model year until it was faced with threats of congressional action.

What Others Say

Fit the Public Pocket

Wall Street Journal

We see by the papers that the federal budget, long published as a telephone - book-sized document, will appear next January in a new format. the size of a paperbound book.

The trend is encouraging. Indeed, the Government could devise a highly popular item, even a best - seller, by borrowing an old trick of the paperback publishing industry. And tha', of course, is to fit the product to the public's pocket.

I'll Huff and I'll Puff—



World Trade and Taxes

By DAVID LAWRENCE

While many members of the National Association of Manufacturers may not have agreed with all that President Kennedy said in his speech to them in New York on Wednesday, they would have to agree that he stated clearly and comprehensively the essentials of his new program for international trade.

Frankness and forthrightness of statement were never more necessary, and it is to be hoped that this will encourage equal candor and cogency of expression by businessmen.



Lawrence

For, if America is to prosper, if world trade is to increase, and if the Western countries are to succeed in their attempts to improve progressively the position of both labor and industry, then it is important to recognize elementary principles — the things that make the wheels go around, the things that make a profit or loss, and the things that bring in revenues to help the federal government balance its budget.

Mr. Kennedy uttered a basic truth in a few sentences that told more of what the problem really is than was revealed in all the rest of the 6,500 words of his speech, when he said:

"To put it on its most narrow basis, we are, in the national government and I know, a rather unpopular partner in every one of your businesses. Our revenues come from you. When you are making profits, then we are able to meet our bills. When you fail, then we fail."

Truer words were never spoken in public affairs, but at the same time no principle has been more consistently ignored or violated in the last half-century by Democratic administrations and, to some extent now and then, by Republican administrations. The position of the government as told again and again to the taxpayer is something like this:

"We know it's unjust, we know it's inequitable, we know it's unfair to apply this rule in taxation, but we need the money."

Again and Again

This has been repeated so often that it has become commonplace. Indeed, President Kennedy in his speech on Wednesday twice fell victim to the same sort of advice from his own staff. He was talking, first, about his request that Congress remove what he calls an "artificial tax preference for American investment in highly developed countries with no capital shortage and the unjustifiable tax avoidance loopholes available to those Americans investing in so - called 'tax-haven' nations."

Now, nobody but a small number of beneficiaries objects to legislation that will remove the "tax-haven" devices which are merely get-rich-quick schemes for individuals. But there is a decided objection here to the government's telling businessmen they must stop competing inside France, inside Germany, inside Britain and inside other countries that are highly developed, and instead must turn their attention to investments in the Congo or in those Castro-like countries where the United States doesn't give ten cents' worth of protection when billions of dollars in American - owned plants and property are being confiscated.

If American companies are to derive benefits from the development of big sales inside the European "common market" area for the goods they produce overseas, they must not be subject to tax handicaps as against their European competitors. Yet Mr. Kennedy says:

"We do not seek to penalize those who wish to invest their capital abroad — we are committed to the free flow of capital — but we also want to make sure that our tax laws do not encourage the outward movement of capital in a way which does not serve our national purpose. I am aware that many of you will argue that the investment abroad of these funds will mean that ultimately and in the long run these monies will be coming back. But how long a run?"

The President is saying, in effect, that America cannot wait. But what Mr. Kennedy evidently doesn't realize is that so vital a problem cannot be solved by short - run measures either. Many American companies operating abroad are sending back to this country today large sums in dividends to be taxed. They are also spending in America money for materials or parts to be processed in their factories abroad.

The President, in the second instance, is yielding to expediency rather than adhering to principles of fairness in taxation when he insists that tax-depreciation allowances must not be materially changed although he concedes that the idea itself is good.

Yet a sensible tax policy on depreciation allowances would wipe out deficits and bring surpluses to the U. S. Treasury. That's why businessmen have come to feel that politically minded administrations fail really to understand what makes the wheels go around, what makes the profits that in turn pile up the revenues to balance the budget, and — most important of all — what creates the jobs that steadily reduce unemployment and bring prosperity to the nation.

Purely Personal

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

Our loyalties are too small and shrunken for the modern world: as Arthur Koestler observed a dozen years ago: "People don't mind if you betray humanity, but if you betray your club you are considered a renegade."

If our mythology had been composed by women, it is probable that Eve would have come first, and Adam taken from her rib.

Patriotism may be, as Dr. Johnson said, the last refuge of the scoundrel; but persecution is the first resort of the wrongheaded.

It's interesting how words and terms change with the passage of time; today the Right-Wing Conservatives call the U.S. a "Republic" and not a "Democracy"; but neither the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation nor any of the first State Constitutions mentioned the word "Republic." At the time, it was like a red flag to Conservatives everywhere; just as "Democracy" is to them today.

All societies are founded on systematic injustices; and the cry for "freedom" is usually an appeal to have the injustices rearranged a little differently.

In every age, people have written their autobiographies before they died; but only in ours have they begun to write autobiographies before they have even lived, and before they know what living means.

If animals could speak, they would get along together just as badly as we do.

The most trenchant comment on our current crisis of fear that I've heard comes from Niccolo Tucci: "The best form of civilian defense is to make oneself worth defending."

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: I would like to go to New York to work. My mother says it is no place for an 18-year-old girl. My girl friend went to New York, and she married a man with a lot of money. I would like that. Could you tell me what is right?

V. W.

ANSWER: Obviously you have been watching, "How to Marry A Millionaire," and you have become enamored with the idea of security. The impulse is not an unnatural one, but it can be a very disillusioning one. For, if your only qualification for a husband is that he be rich, you are headed for heartache and difficulty.

Love and spiritual oneness should be the primary motivation for marriage. If this is lacking all else — good looks, personality, and security soon become jaded and meaningless.

Instead of 'going to New York', I suggest that you go to 'your knees', and ask God to guide you in the matter of finding a life mate. This is one decision in which we need Divine guidance. You say 'your girl friend went to New York and married a rich man'. Was he rich in integrity, affection, and character, or was he a pauper in these matters which are more important to marital happiness than all the money in the world?

NOTES ON THE NEWS



"I know where the Christmas stuff is hidden. The fallout shelter has a lock on it."

Horoscope

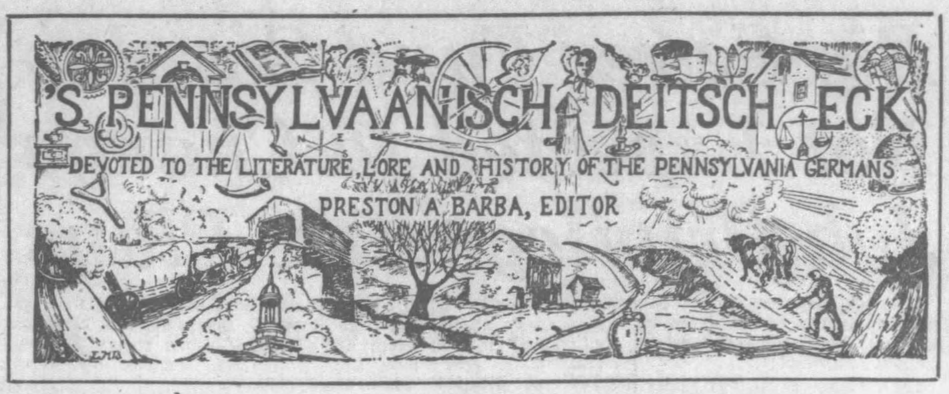
Expect sudden changes this year. Today's child will be economical.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Eyes Tell

Eyes hold the deepest secrets . . . they tell of many things . . . in them we find the answers if . . . a heart laughs, cries or sings . . . eyes are the keys to nature . . . they reflect hidden thought . . . showing the inner battles . . . which each of us has fought . . . when waves of trouble toss us . . . on stormy seas of life . . . the eyes are living mirrors . . . which cast shadows of strife . . . it's much the same when happiness . . . is our own to share . . . eyes show the world a person . . . who journeys free of care . . . 'twas ever thus and will be so . . . until the last notes fade . . . only the eyes can truthfully tell . . . the weak, strong, or afraid.



EN GLOCKE GSCHPIEL

(En Draam un der Weihnachtszeit)

Sch! Sch! Sch!
Harrich die Glocke,
Die goldne Weihnachtsglocke!
Vun der Baerryer Kaerrich—
Vun der Goschehoppe—
Vun de Kaerriche iwwerall—
Wie sie singe!
Wie sie ringe
Iwwer Baerrye un Daal,
Wie sie locke, locke, locke!
Zu yeder Hand,
Dicht un froh,
Nau do, nau datt!
Nau widder zerick,
Nau widder weit fatt,
Darrich Zweck un Zwick!
Einsam am Bettle,
Seelglick verfettle,
An unser Herz sie gloppe,
Gloppe, gloppe, gloppe!
Die goldne, luschdiche
Weihnachtsglocke!
Wie sie klinge,
Wie sie dinge,
Gnalle un schalle
Unne schtoppe, schtoppe!
Druwwel un Newwel
zu Fetze werroppe—
Die goldne, luschdiche,
Allmechtiche Weihnachtsglocke!

Sch!'Sch! Sch! harrich!
Lang un widder!
Die goldne iwwerweldliche
Weihnachtsglocke!
Guck yuscht emoll hie,
Wie die Schtanne duhn
sich nidder biegge,
Duschter un Dunkel
sich schnell verziegge!

'S iss der Marye unne Sarye,
So lang, so lang erwaart!
Wu Gott sei Lieb
Fer uns all offenbaart!
Zu Fleisch gedreht,
Was en Freed, was en Freed!

Sch! Sch! Sch Harrich
Die Weihnachtsglocke
Der Himmel uffdecke,
Der Engelchor wecke,
Un Chorale hieschtrecke!

Im Himmel ken Wolke,
Uff Aerd ken Gewidder,
Ken Grieg, ken Hass!
Verennert unser Lewesgang!
Friedlich unser Gsang:
"Schtille Nacht, heiliche Nacht
Alles schlaeft, einsam wacht!"

Des Kindel watt der gross
Keenich,
Wu die Dodesschtachel nemmt—
Un noch dezu, ewig lebt
Un iwwer alles schwebt!

Die Weihnachtsglocke,
Die Laerriche
In der Friehlingszeit—
Die gans Nadur
un alle Kreatur
'Ach, wie kann yuscht
so ebbes sei!
Tont ei, tont ei
Fer lauter Freehlichkeit!

Sch! Sch! Sch! Harrich!
Wie alles in Lieb eischtimmt
mit der goldne Weihnachtsglocke—
En "Gloria in Excelsis"
mit de Engel gewwe sie!
Un was en Melodie!

Sch! Sch! Sch!
Sei schtill, Meisel schtill!
Un lann wu Gott iss,
Un wie un was—
"Noel! Noel! Noel!
Gebore iss der Keenich vun
Israel—
Noel! Noel! Noel!"
Sch! Sch! Sch!
Harrich!

—DIE BUSCHAMSCHEL

MAMMI GANS REIME

Blind Man, blind man

Blinder Mann, blinder Mann,
Kannschte gaar net sehne?
Dreh dich dreimol rum un dann,
Frog uns wu mer schtehne.

Dreh dich rum un fall net um,
Reech e paarmol um dich rum;
Weeschte wu mer gehne?
Aarmer blinder Mann.

Terence McDiddler

Der Solomon Sittler,
Drei-seedicher Fiddler,
Er fiddelt so fleissich,
Er fiddelt so schee,
Er fiddelt die Fischelcher
Graad aus em See.

Pippin Hill

Do gehn ich uff der Schpitzebaerrig,
Der schlimmscht vun alle Baerrye;
Ich dreff en scheenes Maedel aa,
Des saagt mir, "Gude Maerrye."

O scheenes Maedel, griess dich Gott!
Du machscht mir nau Blessier.
Wann ich en hunnert Daaler hett,
Des gaebt ich alles dir!

Hickory, dickory sackory down

Hickory, dickory,
sackory down,
Wieviel Meil nooch Noddeltown?

Rechts un links
un graadeweg fatt,
Bis Samschdaag Owed
bischt du datt.

Fal de ral Daddle

Fal de ral Daddel,
Die Sau uffem Sattel,
Die Bussi tschumpt
graad iwwers Haus;
Der Hund mit der Fiddel,
Saagt hei diddel diddel,
Die Fall schpringt
eweck mit der Maus.

Aus'm John Birmelin sei Mammi Gans Buch

WENDELL KITZMILLER

He sells His Wheat at a Small Figure—Quatember Days Regulate the Price of Grain—Wendell's Faith in the Almanac—Schnitzler's Impious Assertions.

Ich un die Sara Jane hen widder 'n Misverschtendnis ghatt. Desmol waar 's vun Weegge 'm Preis vum Weeze wu ich die etscht Woch verkaaft hab. Sie iss bees weil ich yuscht vierunzwansich cent 's Bushel grickt hab fer mei alder Weeze Un der Schnitzler hot 'n Daaler un e Vaddel grickt fer seiner 'm letscht Summer. Ich hab uff der nei Kalenner gewaart fer auszufinne ob der Weeze deier watt, un wie der Kalenner ins Haus kumme iss



un ich hab gsehne ass die Quatember Daagge im ganse Yaahr net hoch sin, so hawwich mei Weeze graad verkaaft un nau iss die Sara Jane bees.

Sie hot kee Verschtand wann sie mich bleemt, fer ich hab der Kalenner net gemacht. Nau saagt sie, ich hett net uff der Kalenner gucke solle, awwer wu ich net uff der Kalenner guck, uff was sunscht soll ich dann gucke. Der Kalenner liegt net! Wann der Kalenner saagt dass der aerscht Daag im Yaahr uff Sunndaags kummt, dann kammer sich druff verlosse, dass es so watt. Wann der Kalenner saagt, dass der Grischtdaag uff Sunndaags kummt, dann kammer sich aa druff verlosse, dass mer kee Bissniss duh kann in der Schtadt uff Muundaags, weil die Bankleit un die Amptsleit im courthouse der Feierdaag net verliere wolle, fer der Suundaag hen sie ennihau frei un die law — unser gudi Pennsylveeni law — saagt ass selli Leit ruugge misse uff all die Feierdaagge wu gemacht sin fer ihre Gsundheit un uff de Sunndaagge aa.

Un noch eens — Wann der Kalenner secht, ass der viert Tschulei im Summer kummt, dann kann ich mich widder druff verlosse, ass 's so watt. Sell bruft, dass der Kalenner 'n gut Buch iss un ass der Kalenner net liegt!

Well, dann schteht's zu reason, dass wann der Kalenner saagt ass die Quatember Daagge uff hoche Nummere kumme, so ass wie uff der sexunzwansichscht, odder uff der dreisichscht, dass der Weeze 'n hocher Preis holt uff em Marrick; un wann dass die Quatemberdaagge uff niddere Nummer falle, so ass wie uff der viert, odder der neint, odder zwelft, dann iss 's widder 'n schur Ding, ass der Preis vum Weeze nidder watt!

Un 's weess aa eenich ebber ass lese kann, dass wann der Kalenner saagt, dass 's uff 'n gewisser Daag Schnee odder Regge gebt, dann gebt's ebbes vun re Witterung. 'S drefft immer zu! Un so iss 's graad mit 'm hunnertyaehricher Kalenner. Seller liegt noch wennicher. Ich weess vun de beschte Leit in der Welt, ass an der hunnertyaehricher Kallenner glaawe so fescht, ass wie an die zehe Gebotte, odder an was der Schnitzler die "Golden Rule" heesst.

Noh iss noch ee schur Ding, un sell iss des: Wann du dei Welschkann im Unnergehende blanse duscht, dann waxt der Schtengel unnersich in der Bodde un der Kolwe iss gans nidder. Awwer duscht 's im Uffgehende blanse, dann gricksCht schier lauter Schtengel un die Kolwe sin so hoch drowwe, dass wann 'd abroppe witt fer koche, musscht 'n Leeder mit ins Feld nemme fer an die Kolwe zu kumme fer sie abzubreche.

So iss 's aa mit 'm Fensemache. Gehscht du draa un machscht die Poschtefens im Uffgehende, dann wascht du sehne, dass die Poschte net im Bodde bleiwe. Sie schluppe raus un gehne in die Heeh, dass mer in e paar Yaahr unnich 'm unnerschte Riggel darrich faahre kann mit re zwee-geils Fuhr. Wann du awwer dei Fens im Unnergehende machscht, dann bleiwe die Poschte im Grund. In feckt sie Schluppe als wieder nei un wann's net fer die unnerschte Riggel waer, dann deet die Fens mit der Zeit gans in die Aerd schluppe. Sell iss schunn gepruft warre!

Nau des weess der Schnitzler so gut wie ich — graad so gut — awwer er secht, er glaabt's net! Er secht, ich waer awwerglaawisch. Datt gewwich awwer aa nix drum. Ich saag, er iss yuscht so 'n verwiggelder Infidel, wu an nix Guts — gaar nix Guts glaabt, net iewen an der Kalenner.

Ich kennt 'm Schnitzler noch viel saagge, ass im Kalenner iss, awwer was dutt's batte? Awwer die Sara Jane weess un glaabt die Dinge so gut wie ich, yuscht sie will nix meh heere vun de Quatember Daagge, deweegge weil ich net so viel grickt hab fer mei Weezee, ass sie eckschpeckt hot. Doch datt kann der Kalenner nix defor. Der Schnitzler secht die Quatember Daagge waere wie die verdarrebte faule alde Paffe sie gemacht hette in de gans alde Zeide, eb die Freischule waare un eb dass die pettriots flagpoles ass e hunnert Daaler 's Schtick koschte vor die Schulheiser gschtellt hette. Er secht die Quatember Daagge hette baut so viel mit 'm Preis vum Weeze zu duh, ass wie 'm Andrew Jackson sei Gebottsdaag zu duh hett mit 'm Preis vun e paar Unnerhosse odder vum e Blugschaar!

Sell iss was der Schnitzler saagt, awwer ich saag der Schnitzler weess net alles, un ich geb mei Glaawe an der Kalenner un an die Quatemberdaagge, un ans Unnergehende un 's Uffgehende net uff un wann ich iwwerzeigt bin, ass nix devun waahr iss. Ich glaab doch draa!

Nusserr! so lang ass ich Wendell Kitzmiller heess, un so long ass ich mei gsunder Verschtand bhalt, so lang loss ich mir mei Glaawe an mei Kalenner net nemme! Der Schnitzler maag meh grickt hawwe fer sei Weeze ass wie ich, awwer ich glaab ass mei Geld yuscht so weit geht ass wie seins, un ass mich mei vierunsiwwezich cent yuscht so viel batte ass wie sei Daaler un e Vaddel der Schnitzler batt!

Wann yuscht die Sara Jane so schtarrig im Glaawe waer ass wie ich, dann waere mir net newich nanner kumme weegge 'm Preis vum Weeze.

—WENDELL KITZMILLER
Fendu Schreiwer

(Dr. Ezra Grumbine's "Kitzmiller letters" appeared in the Lebanon News in the 1890's. The cartoon is reproduced from the original column).

TAXE

Was duhn sie yuscht mit all dem Geld,
Wu fallt vun so viel Leit,
Mit denne lausich Taxe Gschicht
Im Land rum breed un weit?

'S iss Tax wann'd in die Welt kummscht heit,
Un Tax wann'd sie verlosscht;
Du kannscht net heiere, meiner Sex,
Wann duw ken License hoscht;

En "Permit" bau ich mir en Haus,
Die Garage aa — hol's die Grenk! —
Tax fer Bricke un meiner Seel
Uff Aerbschaft un Geschenk.

Uff Wasserrohre iss en Tax,
Un Tax fer Schdroosse nei;
Uff Hunde, Geil un all so was,
Sin-Taxe hinne drei.

'S iss Tax verkaaf ich Gaardesach,
Un Tax faarscht Esch eweck;
'S iss Tax uff Handwerk un mei Schdimm,
Un Tax uff alle Tscheck.

'S iss Tax uff Schnapps, ich gleich so gut,
Un uff mei Brandewei;
Wann ich mei eegnes mach deheem,
Iss Tax uffs Sach fer nei.

Tax uff Automobiles, bei Gasch,
Uff Gasolin un Eel;
Kaaf wennich ebbes fer der car,
Iss Tax druff unne Fehl.

Uff Schdacks — wann bissel iwwerich iss,
Uff "Safe Deposit Box";
Uff Brief wu ich meim Meedel schick
Iss aa bei Galli Tax.

Uff Tschaaduwack un Cigarettes,
Uff Zigaer un uff Soda:
Lectrick Licht un eenich ebbes,
Ass du kannscht mir rode.

Schtadt Tax, Kaunti Tax un Schul Tax—
'S iss Tax die gansi Zeit;
Aarme, Schdaat un Federal Tax —
Wu packt's die reiche Leit.

Die reiche Leit warr'n reicher heit,
Die aarme Leit hen Kinner;
Die fette Leit verlier'n ihr Fett,
Die dinne Leit warr'n dinner.

Sie taxen, wann des Ding net schtoppt,
Die Luft mer schnauft soglei;
Kannscht ball nix duh un denke draa,
Wu iss ken Tax debei.

'S iss Tax uff Tax, un noch meh Tax —
Wu fiehrt des Ding mol naus?
In paar Yaahr iss des reiche Land
En gross, gross Aarmehaus!

Ich denk ich geh noch Ginniland,
Datt wu die "cocoanut" waxe;
Wu Leit gehn mackich, schaffen net,
Un bezaahle aa ken Taxe.

—RALPH S. FUNK

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TELEPHONE 433-4241

BRANCH OFFICES

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CARBON-PANTHER: 114 S. 1st St., Lehighton — Phone DR 7-3530

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Editorials

Allies View the Congo

The United States and its Western Allies are in accord on the basic aim for the ultimate solution of the bitter controversy in the Congo. They are split, however, on methods to be used for achieving them.

Great Britain, France and this nation joined at the Paris conference of foreign ministers in reiterating that their goal is a united, peaceful and independent Congo with Katanga an integral part of the federation included in the original republic. Belgium joined in warning President Tshombe that his province could not gain recognition as a separate and independent state.

All of them and the United Nations want the new nation, so recently given the independence for which it obviously had been ill - prepared, firmly established through reconciliation. Tshombe's defiance has been a thorn in the side of all of them.

The British, however, take a dim view of the United Nations police action which seeks to impose this reconciliation by force. The French and the Belgians, both with important financial stakes in Katanga and interests elsewhere in Africa, share this view. The United States is alone among the major powers in supplying the international force with arms for use against Tshombe and his forces, actively supported, encouraged and led by European whites still in Katanga.

There is increasing concern, particularly in Europe, that if the fighting continues the theatre will be enlarged and a full scale war will develop. Katanga shares a 1,100 - mile border with Northern Rhodesia, Britain's tense protectorate. France has colonial problems of its own on other parts of the continent.

Added to these fears is the ever present threat that Antoine Gizenga, Patrice Lumumba's pro-Communist heir apparent, will use the continuing dissension as a springboard for claiming all of the Congo for communism.

These factors prompted Britain's urgent plea for the United Nations to negotiate a cease - fire agreement and then proceed with peaceful reconciliation. Although this was quickly brushed aside by Acting Secretary General U Thant it has been reactivated by Tshombe's plea to President Kennedy to name a negotiator and stop the fighting.

Both the United Nations and the United States apparently are willing to give Mr. Tshombe the opportunity to prove he is willing to seriously negotiate an accord with Premier Adoula's Central government. They are considerably less willing than their major European partners, however, to permit him to continue harassing and hamstringing the United Nations in its efforts to bring lasting peace to the Congo.

Of the Old School

Something of an era in this community ended the other day when Alderman Joseph C. Slough, a practicing lawyer for more years than any other member of the Lehigh County Bar, closed his office door the last time.

He was for some years the only member of Lehigh County's minor judiciary who also was a lawyer. For the more than half-century he served as alderman of Allentown's Fourth Ward he wore both hats with distinction and without confusing them.

Because he was learned in the law, courts rarely had to question either the records of the cases he found necessary to forward for trial or the decisions he himself handed down. They were fair and impartial, based on the facts as he saw them rather than litigants.

Because he understood people and their problems, many of the thousands of cases brought to him in his 61 years as a lawyer and his 54 years as a magistrate were settled before they reached court. Many ended with reconciliations that saw adversaries become friends.

Lawyers and magistrates alike called him one of "the old school" and this was not alone because he remained active through all his 86 years. He earned this distinction and many others that have been forgotten through the years because of his patient devotion to every duty and responsibility of both his profession and his calling.

Enjoy the Lights

There are thousands of householders in Allentown and other Lehigh Valley communities who share the pleasures of the holiday season with others through the colorful and ofttimes costly displays that light up their homes and lawns.

There are a few others who can do nothing better than make it increasingly difficult to maintain these displays. They have the perverted notion that it's fun to sneak up stealthily, snatch the light bulbs and smash them on pavements or against walls.

We hope they'll get the Christmas spirit or at least permit others to enjoy its pleasures.

If they don't, we hope police who have already received numerous complaints and householders who are becoming increasingly annoyed will catch up with them. When they do they should get what they deserve. This doesn't include the Merry Christmas they would deny others.

What Others Say

Hopes of Purists Dashed

The Boston Herald

To the litany of unalterably lost causes we may now add the fight against acceptance of the verb "finalize" as proper English usage.

President Kennedy, in stating that he had not finalized any plans for an overseas trip, dashed all hopes stirred up among the purists by the retirement of President Eisenhower, who liked to finalize conclusions.

It is official. "Finalize" has finally arrived.

But there will always remain those who fail to perceive any special usefulness in the word. What, they ask, has "Finalize" got that "finish" or "complete" or "terminate" or "conclude" hasn't got?

It is an embarrassing question. We suggest the perpetrators of finalize initialize a search for some answers.

Horoscope

Domestic happiness will be yours. Today's child will be lively and artistic.

Watch Out for Santa, Santa



Goldberg Explains

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The public reads about big strikes and suffers acutely from them. But what the public doesn't know is the truth about the hooey and misleading claims that convince millions of wage-earners that they are being bamboozled and deserve wage increases even when management really can't afford them.

So it is pertinent to take note of a significant pronouncement just made by the Secretary of Labor, Arthur Goldberg, who puts his finger on the need to take into account a very important set of facts, even though he doesn't explain how to get them.



Lawrence

Mr. Goldberg discusses the subject of financial benefits from "productivity" and avows what labor leaders rarely avow — that these gains should be divided three ways, that is, they should be shared by the workers, the owners and the public in the form of lower prices.

It turns out, however, that the labor unions usually demand almost all of the benefits from increased "productivity," including gains from new machinery, even though they have played only a small part in the increased efficiency. The additional wages demanded by the unions often cost more than the entire increased benefit in money from "productivity."

Much is heard, too about the "average rate of productivity." One company may have a 10 per cent increase, and another may have only 1 or 2 per cent or none at all, but the "average" for the industry becomes the yardstick for wage increases according to labor-union leaders. "Productivity" measured by a good year is used as a basis for computing the wage rates for a succeeding year no matter how low production itself might fall. Profits may go down later, but wages never.

In the light of such conditions, the latest statement by the Secretary of Labor is germane to the discussion. Writing to the Washington Post, he said that, since that paper had interpreted his own speeches and comments at the AFL-CIO convention as giving strong support to the President's policy on wages and prices while the New York Times had construed his speech "as taking a soft line toward that policy, sor e words of clarification are required." He added:

"I want to make it very plain, as I have repeatedly said to labor and to management groups, that we in this country must do everything within our power to prevent inflation and maintain price stability. Since we do not want wage and price controls imposed in our free economic system it requires responsible collective bargaining to achieve this.

"Every economist believes that economic gains for both labor and management must be earned by increases in productivity. This means that these gains should be shared by the workers, the owners and the public. Within the framework of our potential national productivity, all three can benefit.

"Further, we must keep competitive in world markets and keep our money sound. This means that we cannot afford the luxury of restrictive practices on the part of labor or management which impair efficiency and productivity. It also means that automation must be encouraged.

"In addition restrictive and protectionist trade policies must be avoided since they will retard our economy, not stimulate it. Also, we must be careful not to throttle business profits from which new enterprises and plants grow and provide new jobs.

"These are the things which I attempted to say to the AFL-CIO in my prepared remarks, my extemporaneous ones, and in the press conference which followed my speech.

"My reference to inequities was to state that even wage and price controls have recognized in war time the fact that all industries and companies do not progress at the same rate and that there are inequities present in both industry and labor at any given point in history. It is these inequities to which I referred. I also believe, as I stated, that they can be adjusted within the framework of over-all increases in productivity.

"My position on these subjects is not a new one. It is the same one expressed by Dr. Walter Heller, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisors, and is in strong support of the President in his efforts to prevent inflation and maintain price stability."

One point in the above needs to be underlined and repeated again and again: "The fact that all industries and companies do not progress at the same rate and that there are inequities present in both industry and labor at any given point in history."

But labor-union negotiators do not accept this as a "fact of life." The present system of industry-wide bargaining, moreover, virtually destroys all opportunity to remove inequities between companies, thus aiding the larger units and often forcing the smaller ones out of business.

Begin Again

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

I wish some of the atomic scientists would get together and devise an anti-neutron bomb. That might put an end to war faster than anything.

The neutron bomb now being developed, as you may know, is designed to kill people but leave all the real estate intact. Nothing but men, women and children will be vulnerable to this bomb.

When enough of them have been slaughtered, the factories, air bases, warehouses and railroad tracks will still be around for the victors to pick up as prizes.

The anti-neutron bomb, as I envision it, would have exactly the opposite effect. It would level everything in sight, but would not injure a single person, animal or plant. The nation's property and armaments would be totally destroyed, but human beings would be alive, with the woods, the streams, the crops and the whole earth's surface in the same pristine state as they were when Adam and Eve stumbled out of Eden.

I would rather start again from scratch, with the people, than preserve the real estate; but then, I am a crank with an ineradicable prejudice in favor of the human race.

If we start from scratch, there is at least a possibility that we may take the right path next time; that we may give the person more importance than the thing; that we may dimly move in the direction of the Judeo - Christian ethic, rather than repudiating every Monday what we say every Sunday.

If we leave the real estate intact, the ones who take it over are sure to misuse it in the same way we have — for aggrandizement, hate and irrational destruction. We are simply not mature enough, as a race, to handle the tools that science and industry have made available to us. Our moral development is about 6,000 years behind our technological skill. Every school child is aware of this tragic fact by now.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: My daughter (22 years old) has always had nice boy friends, but didn't fall in love with any of them. Now, she has fallen in love with a man who is worthless. He is not gainfully employed, drinks, and above all, is divorced. She has asked me how to forget him.

J. W. S.

ANSWER: It seems that your daughter has waited until the last "street-car" came by, and from your description it is a pretty shabby one. Her frustration is probably due to the fear that this may be her "last chance," and the reasoning that "any - man - is - better - than no-man."

Unfortunately, the parent-role in such circumstances must be passive. Since marriage is such a personal venture, the burden of decision falls upon your daughter, not upon you. Silent disapproval and secret prayer for your daughter would be the better part of wisdom.

I know it is painful to stand by and see one that you love deeply make a step which seemingly bars her from future happiness. But she is a victim of her former indecision, and at this juncture of her life must decide whether she wants matrimony with a slim chance for happiness, or run the risk that yet a decent man may ask for her hand and heart.

God will lead her — and there is no doubt what that decision will be. Your part is to trust and pray!

NOTES ON THE NEWS



"I fail to see any humor in your coming here because you need monkeys."

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Why Violence?

Violence is a losing battle . . . that will never solve a thing . . . and for every point accomplished . . . much more misery does it bring . . . violence always hurts both parties . . . winners very often lose . . . losers feel physical anguish . . . winners feel a mental bruise . . . violence is the devil's tool . . . the sure road to sad dismay . . . used by those who hunger for . . . power day by day . . . mankind knows all I have written . . . yet some people never learn . . . thus the world is in a turmoil . . . in a moment it could burn . . . man has gathered in great knowledge . . . that makes life smoother to trod . . . but if we're to go on living . . . we should learn more about God.



FUNERAL CUSTOM

In the November 18 issue of the ECK we requested information about the peculiar custom of the male mourners wearing their hats indoors at Pennsylvania German funeral services, a custom that prevailed in earlier days. We have received the following letters in response:

The Rev. William J. Rupp, Souderton, Pa., writes:

"The following is from my notes on funeral lore: For the service at the house the close relatives got as far away from the casket as possible, retreating to a room which was kept dark, shutters closed or shades drawn — either an upstairs room or one way off to one side of the house. When the service was over, the undertaker would go and bring the family down from the upstairs room, — "gange fer die Familie hole." There might be another viewing in the house or out under the trees. Then the trip to the cemetery. Burial took place before the family went into the church for the service. At the grave the men kept their hats on, all, that is, except the pallbearers who took their hats off and held them in front of themselves with both hands.

"In church the men kept their hats on. In one instance it is said that only the relatives — "die naegschde vun der Familie" — kept theirs on. In another case it is said that all the men present kept their hats on. So also the coats. This was done even though the building was heated, or even though it was a hot summer day. The women, of course, wore their big black hats and long black veils. The Sunday after the funeral the whole family again made it a special point to be in church and to sit together near the front, still in mourning garb. Then the men took off their hats.

"My father-in-law, Calvin S. Stump, Maxatawny, born near Shofers in 1876, says he clearly remembers that men kept their hats on during funeral services in Siegfried's Church (Zion, Maxatawny), in 1882 when his great - grandmother Leibensperger was buried, and in 1890 and 1895 when his grandparents Leibensperger were buried. He does not know why this was done. My mother, Mrs. Eva Rupp, recalls that the men kept their hats on at the service in Ziegels Church, Weisenburg Twsp., for the funeral of her foster-mother, Mrs. James Neff, in July, 1911. Again no reason is known.

"In my own time I've seen many families come into church for a funeral and keeping their heavy winter coats on for the entire service in a heated church. It seems they didn't think far enough to take them off and be comfortable. Again, it seemed to me often that they did this to make a show of discomfort and sorrow, taking neither thought nor time to make themselves comfortable for the service! Was this a survival of older customs? It got so far that I asked funeral directors to instruct the relatives to remove their coats and be comfortable, then put them on again before going out into the cold. Even then some refused to take off their coats. It seemed they liked to make a display of misery and discomfort, and so they sat through singing and sermon and all in their overcoats."

Mr. Herman E. Wright, Allentown, Pa., writes:

"Concerning your request in the Eck — yes, I observed funerals where the male mourners did not remove their hats in church during the funeral services. Not only this, but the men folks sat with their wives during these services, while during any other service they would be segregated. This was the custom at the Emmanuel's Union (sometimes referred to as the Petersville) Church, Northampton County. I also observed this at Christ's Union Church in the same Township, sometimes referred to as the Little Moore Church. The Rev. J. E. Smith, D.D., was the Reformed Pastor at both of these churches, while the Rev. J. J. Reitz was the Lutheran at Emmanuels and the Rev. A. E. Erdman was the Lutheran Pastor at Christ's. This was common practice in my younger days up to the time when I left that area about 1912. I hope this is of help to you."

Our staunch reader and frequent contributor, Mr. Raymond E. Hollenbach, Royersford, comments as follows:

"This is something which Mrs. Hollenbach and I have talked about many times, because she remembers one funeral in particular where they did this. It was the funeral of her grandmother Catharine (Heckman) Weisner, who died on March 15, 1900 and is buried at the Maidencreek Union Lutheran and Reformed Church at Blandon, Maiden Creek Township, Berks County. She was the widow of George D. Weisner. Both she and her husband were members of the Lutheran Church.

"Mrs. Hollenbach remembers this funeral so well, perhaps largely because the men and boys kept their hats on in church, which, of course, was a strange custom to her, coming from Royersford where the custom was unknown. On the other hand, Mrs. Hollenbach also attended funerals in the vicinity of Virginville (Dunkel's Church) during her childhood and she does remember particularly her uncle Lewis Baum and his boys. This family all wore black broadbrimmed hats similar to those still worn by the Amish.

"We had never given this custom much thought. Personally, I did not attend funerals as a small boy and do not remember the custom if it ever existed in Heidelberg. In talking it over today, Mrs. Hollenbach and I have come to the conclusion that it must tie in with the Quaker custom of the men keeping their hats on in church. You may remember that one of the two old Quaker meetings in Berks County was the Maidencreek Meeting, on Maidencreek, near Blandon. This meeting house was removed to another location when the city of Reading built the Maidencreek dam. The Quaker burial ground was also moved to the new site. Among those buried there is Mrs. Hollenbach's great grandfather and great grandmother, Henry Weisner and wife. To Mrs. Hollenbach's knowledge they never were Quakers, but were probably buried there because that was the burial ground nearest their home (the Maidencreek Union Lutheran and Reformed Church was founded after they had died.) In the early days the Quaker influence was very strong in Maidencreek Township, strong enough to have influenced the customs of Lutheran and Reformed people. — Of course, if the custom also occurred in districts remote from Quaker settlements there must have been some other reason."

In a subsequent letter to the Editor, Mr. Hollenbach is doubtful of any Quaker influence, and writes:

"With further reference to men wearing their hats at a funeral service, I talked yesterday with my old neighbor Clinton Meitzler, who remembers the custom very well. Mr. Meitzler, in his upper 70's lives across the street from us, but spent all his early life in the area between Huff's Church and Shimerville. He remembers that the men and boys always kept their hats on at funerals around 1900. They did this only at funerals, and not at church services. Also, at church services the men, women, boys and girls, all sat separate as was the general custom in country churches at that time. At funerals the family groups sat together. Mr. Meitzler's experience applies to the Longswamp Church, Huff's Church, and St. Peter's Church, the last being a small church between Shimerville and Seisholtzville. There were no Quakers in this area and this knocks out any possible Quaker influence."

Lawrence A. DeTurk, Kutztown, sends us the following:

"In August, 1916, a funeral was held in St. John's Reformed Church, Kutztown, Rev. Elmer Leinbach, Pastor. It was not a close relative but Mrs. DeTurk and I were among the mourners. When we entered the Church I removed my hat as I thought proper. When we were seated I noticed all the men kept their hats on their heads. I then replaced mine. It was at that time the custom for funerals to be held at the home of the deceased and it was the first funeral to be held in a church that I attended, so I had not seen this before, nor have I seen it since."

A longtime reader of the ECK, Dr. Charles B. Reitz, Lt. Col. retired, U. S. Army, Walnutport, sends us this quaintly told reminiscence of his boyhood days with reference to this funeral custom:

"I was a small boy of about six years, when we attended a funeral service at the Ebenezer Church of the Lutheran faith at New Tripoli. I noticed that all the menfolks wore their hats during the church service. I looked up at my father, the Rev. J. J. Reitz, who with my mother attended the services, and wondered what kind of foreigners these people were that wore their hats during church services. I looked up at my father inquiringly and whispered what I should do with my hat. He pointed his finger at my hat on my lap and at my head and then I knew that I should put my hat on my head again. But this startled me excessively and after the church service I again asked him the meaning of this rite and he then told me that the people of the country at New Tripoli were among his friends and acquaintances since he was a native of that region, having been born and raised between New Tripoli and Lynnport, and whatever they did was allright. It was their custom to wear their hats during church funerals out of respect for the dead. And thus I was introduced into a rite practiced in the country where I was living. I haven't seen the ceremony since that eventful day 65 years ago."

Mr. Charles S. Ruth, Milford Square, in his eight-first year, writes to the Rev. William J. Rupp, the popular Busch Knibble of the Pennsburg Town & Country, as follows:

Mr. Busch Knibble,

Dear Sir:

You have asked if anybody knew about the men keeping their hats on at funerals. Yes, I do know about it. It was about 70 years ago that this happened at the Old Williams Union Church about four miles east of Hellertown. My parents lived on a farm in that section. My great grandpappy lived in the same house. He was about 80 years old at that time, and I went along with him to a funeral at this church. Even the pall bearers kept their hats on in church. The only time they took their hats off was when the coffin was lowered in the grave; then they would stand in a line on one side of the grave and the mourners would line up on the other side until the service was over. This also happened once, but only once that I can recall, at the Ironville Evangelical Church, known also at that time as the Cedar Church, and located about two miles east of Hellertown, known as the Wassergass section.

IM DECEMBER

Er Yaahr iss schier verbei,
Mer meent es kennt net sei,
Un doch iss es so!
Mir Yunge sinn glei alt,
Doch 's Haz watt uns net kalt,
So geht's im Lewe do,
Eb mer's bedenkt, iss yo
Es menscht vum Lewe rum;
Glei watt's so ruhich un schtill,
Noh saag ich: "Ya! Ich will
Geh, wann Er saagt, "Nau kumm!"

Denk du nau draa, die Zeit
Iss kaz, verleicht iss's heit,
Dass Er dich rufe duht;
Far'ch du dich awwer net,
Der Heiland saagt Er hett
Erloest dich mit seim Blut.

—DR. PIERCE E SWOPE

IN DER KICH

Christmas Bakings

STRIETZ

A Christmas Loaf

Take 1 cup of granulated sugar; 1½ cups of potato water; ½ cup mashed potato; 1 cake of Fleischmann's yeast. Dissolve the yeast in warm water and mix the above ingredients. Set aside in a warm place until the mixture is covered with yeast foam.

Now add: a scant half cup of soft (not melted) butter (or butter mixed with lard); 1 egg (but keep the beaten white and add after half the flour has been added); a scant ¼ teaspoon of salt; 1 cup of slightly cooked raisins; ½ cup finely cut citron; and 1 heaping teaspoon of anise seed. Now stiffen the mixture with 4½ cups of flour, perhaps a bit more if the egg is large.

All this should be started in the evening and left to rise for baking the next morning. Shape then into loaves and place in greased breadpans and let rise again. Bake in a moderate hour.

The above recipe is contributed by Mrs. Fred N. Muthard, who adds that it is her foundation recipe for all raised dough baking).

White Lebkuchen

(An old recipe of about 1750)

Take 1 pound sugar; 8 eggs; 1 pound almonds, blanched and ground fine; 1 pound flour; 1 teaspoon cinnamon; ½ teaspoon nutmeg; ½ teaspoon mace.

Combine sugar and eggs, beating in 1 egg at a time until thoroughly blended. Stir in the almonds. Sift togther the flour and spices and gradually add to egg mixture, beating thoroughly after each addition. Spread dough on well-greased baking tins, lined with waxed paper. Bake in a moderately slow oven, 325 degrees, for about 20 minutes, or until a light brown. Cut into squares when partly cooled.

Schnitz Brod

(Dried Apple Bread)

The following ancient recipe is recommended to those who are accustomed to work with yeast dough, for it leaves much to the good sense of the Hausfraa.

Take a pound of **Schnitz** (dried apples), soak them overnight. Next morning strain them and retain the juice. Now dissolve one yeast cake in lukewarm water; mash one large boiled potato and add it to the yeast; add two heaping spoonfuls of rye flour and a little sugar and beat well.

At suppertime add 1 pint of the strained **Schnitz** juice to the yeast mixture; then work in the wheat flour as in making bread dough. Add 1½ pounds of brown sugar, cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg to taste; also add 5 cents worth of anise seed; then add the chopped Schnitz and walnuts very gradually. Now set aside to rise overnight.

In the morning shape into loaves and bake in a moderate oven.

The Editor received the above recipe from Mrs. Sarah Henry with the information that her great - grandmother, Barbara Foelker Hagenbuch, brought it from Germany. She gave it to her daughter, Elizabeth Hagenbuch Clauser, who in turn gave it to her daughter Cora Clauser Fritch, the mother of Mrs. Sarah Henry.

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Editorials

Days of Christmas

Once again, the last cookies have been baked, the cards are in the mail and the season's shopping is all but finished. The days ahead are the days to live as men were intended to live together.

For all their excitement and their pleasures, the days of Christmas are happy and peaceful. For the most part they are spent pleasantly with family and friends. Cares and toils and worries somehow or other seem quite remote.

On these days of exceptional good cheer there is every effort, if effort is required, to be kindly and helpful, considerate and generous. They bring out the best in most of us. Sharpness, bitterness, anger disappear. Feuds are forgotten. Even armies have been known to stack their weapons.

This is, of course, the spirit of Christmas.

The spirit doesn't come from lights or tinsel or sparkling trees, from the lovely carols of the season or even from Santa Claus. It comes from a star and from the stable over which it came to rest nearly 2,000 years ago.

This is the spirit that has prompted most men to be thoughtful of others. This is the spirit that through the centuries has motivated countless millions to live so their rewards will last beyond time. This is the spirit that in spite of every odd arrayed against them gives all who believe in it confidence and cheer.

Christmas is not the only time this spirit can prevail. Its joys and promises are always waiting for those who believe in it. Neither time, nor age, nor place, nor condition, nor circumstance limit it.

This is simply the time to remember both its origin and its meaning.

St. Luke Put It This Way:

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them and the glory of the Lord shone round about them and they were sore afraid.

"And the angel said unto them:

"Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying:

"'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.'

"And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another:

"'Let us now go unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.'

"And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child. And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

"But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

"And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen as it was told unto them."

Changeless and Ageless

No story has been told so often or in so many tongues. No lines in all the literature of the ages are more familiar. None, except perhaps the Ten Commandments,, have been committed to memory by so many countless millions over nearly 20 centuries. None have provided both the substance and the touchstone for as many lives.

Seldom has there been a tale that needed less interpretation to be as clear to children as it is to scholars. Few have been handed down with as little change in language and even less change in meaning.

None is more important.

It is not only the story of Christmas. It is the story that makes Christmas. It can bring the happiness and the joys of these days to every day for all men everywhere. Its promise of peace is eternal.

Public Opinion

The Morning Call welcomes opinions of its readers. Letters to the editor should not exceed 300 words. They must be signed and include the writer's address. Letters will not be published without a legitimate signature. The right to condense is reserved by the publishers.

No Gifts on Christmas Day

To the Editor:

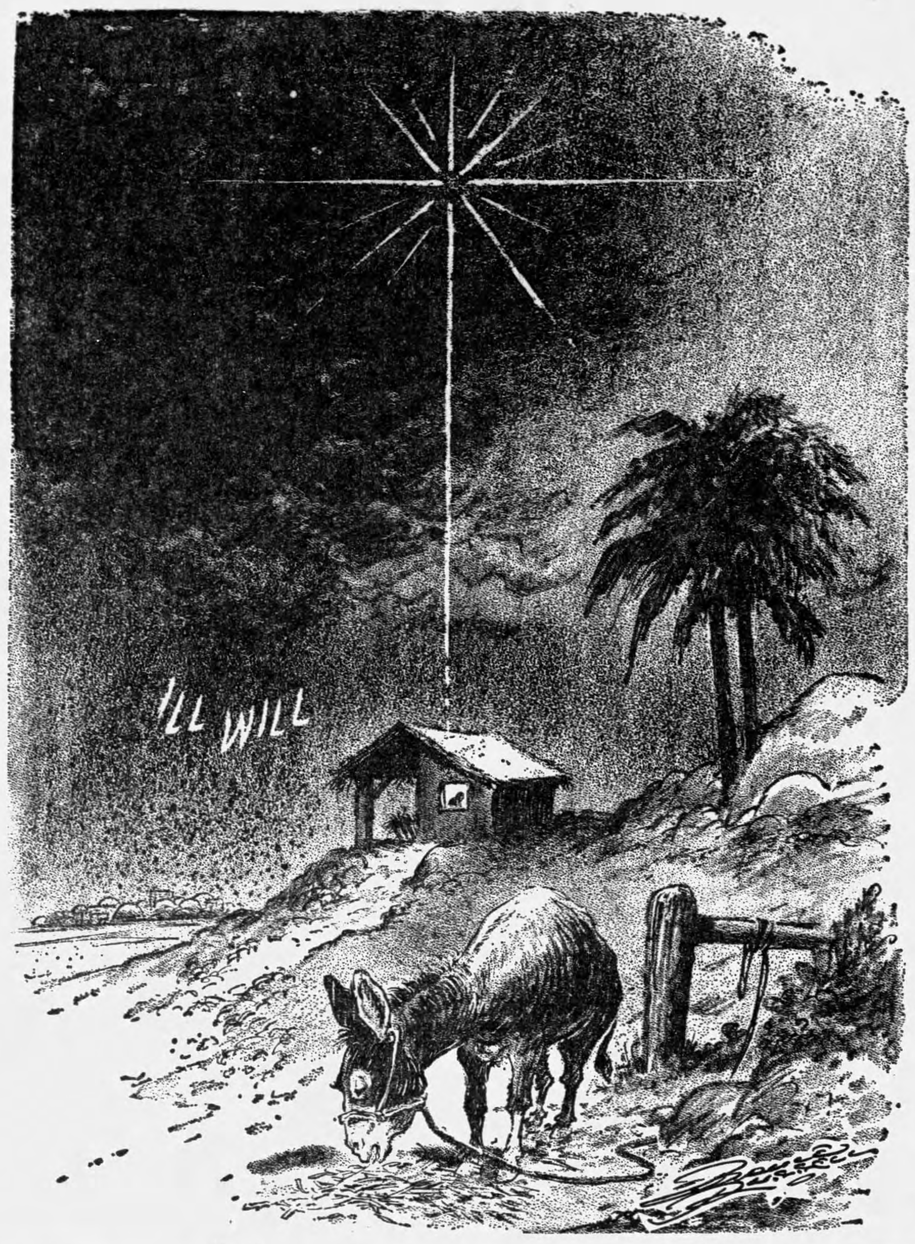
In this season of jolly Santas with palms extended, overdrawn bank accounts, and carols accompanied by delicately tinkling cash registers, a lusty clan of individualists reissues an annual plea for "putting Christ back into Christmas." May I offer a suggestion of this order?

A nationwide break with custom is, in this case, regrettably unachievable. Therefore, let the family whose members manifest a sincere desire for a properly religious Christmas celebration exchange no gifts at all on Christmas Day, but wait until New Year's Eve. The birth of an exultant new year suits more the presentation of material gifts than does the Nativity of Christ. Christmas will remain as a festival of homage to the Infant Christ, of charity to the needy, and of good will among all men.

Some may argue that gift-giving is indeed in the spirit of Christmas, that moderation, not elimination, of commercialization is advisable. They may well be correct: but for those unhappy with the present mania of getting and spending, for those willing to institute a private, personal custom contrary to the prevailing one, I propose the transfer of gift - giving to a secular holiday. (Were we to celebrate on, say, the 6th of January, we'd soon have to put

Continued on Page 11, Column 7

Fallout Shelter



It's Different With Music

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Amid all the serious words of politics and public affairs, and the recent outcries about "muzzling" the military, it may be a relief to resort to a lighter vein and report what the United States Navy Band did the other day.

The occasion was the ceremony bidding farewell to John B. Connally, who had just resigned as Secretary of the Navy to become a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor of Texas. Now, an integral part of the United States Navy is its band, whose members are enlisted just as are other members of the armed services. Presumably, the band is subject to the same rules and regulations as to what it may say in public through its trumpets as are the colonels and generals in what they may say through the microphones to an audience.



Lawrence

So, when the U.S. Navy Band played "The Eyes of Texas are Upon You" and everybody smiled at this musical tribute last week to Mr. Connally's candidacy, the question arises, more or less seriously, whether the Navy Band violated regulations. It might be argued vehemently that the Navy Band's duty is to play good music, and that the song is part of the folklore of the "Lone Star State." It might even be said that the song happened to be one of several in the book and just came along in natural sequence. But will this satisfy the critics? Or will it give comfort to the so - called "extremists" who think that an Army officer shouldn't lose his right of free speech when he wants to converse with his fellow soldiers about what's going on in the world — even abstract politics? Freedom of music, presumably, is analogous to freedom of speech.

Certainly General Edwin A. Walker, who found himself, in effect, compelled to resign from the Army because they wouldn't let him make speeches warning about the Communist menace — and thereby inspire his soldiers to stand up to the enemy if ever captured in war —can smile a bit now. For maybe things aren't as dark as they may have seemed to him. Possibly the Navy Band has, by its little touch of politics, proved how ridiculous the whole business of "muzzling" the military can be at times.

The whole fuss about General Walker seems to be that he expressed himself forthrightly, even though informally, to soldiers. Incidentally civilians in government are not forbidden to attend political meetings.

It's strange how the rights of the individual are differently interpreted, depending upon what particular cause is being espoused. Thus, a Communist is supposed to be immune from prosecution if he makes a speech explaining his belief in the party doctrine and tries to persuade others to accept his views. He gets in trouble with the law—as the Supreme Court of the United States interprets his rights—only if he says he wants to overthrow the government of the United States by force or incites other people to use force. If he wants to overthrow the government by peaceful means — that is, through political actions — the court says he doesn't lose his right of free speech or free advocacy of such ideas.

But when a major general, who has dedicated himself to the service of his country for 30 years and has filled an important command in Korea during that war, talks about broad issues without any mention of political parties, he is reprimanded, removed from his post and given a minor job which virtually compelled him, in self-respect, to resign.

So the best advice that one can give to Major General Walker these days is to enjoy a good smile when he reads that the U.S. Navy Band can engage in politics even though he couldn't. Perhaps he would conclude that he, too, should have run for governor in his native state of Texas, as was once rumored. Then he might have merited at the Pentagon the same farewell ceremony that John B. Connally got—and perhaps enjoyed the U.S. Army Band's rendition of "The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You."

Union Meeting

By VICTOR RIESEL

When one of Jimmie Hoffa's powerful national vice president's leaves a Teamsters' membership meeting under police escort, that's man bites dog news — in fact that's man-bites-whole-kennel-full type of headline stuff.

The vice president I refer to is a sensitive chap known in the business as Tony Pro — otherwise, Mr. Anthony Provenzano, chief of all the New Jersey Teamsters and president of a truckdrivers local, 560, in which the rank and file has become restless.

In fact, so restless are they that they decided, many of them, early this month when Tony Pro was making high union policy in Miami Beach, to go to the next union meeting. In the past the attendance ran 40 or 50 of the hardy men devoted to Tony Pro and four or five known as the opposition.

The rest of the 12,000 members of this huge local did not bother. The meeting hall usually was small. And usually you couldn't find a place to park. But this time there was to be discussion of changes in the by-laws which the anti-Hoffa leaders said would add to the union's democracy.

The meeting was called in a slightly bigger place, Union Club, 600 Hudson Street, in this tough dockside city. It was scheduled for Dec. 14. And the rank and file, having heard so much about their national and state and local leadership, decided to turn out.

They had come to amend the by-laws. They wanted new statutes to say that the $19,500-a-year business agents should be elected instead of appointed by the local's executive board.

They wanted the rest of their officers chosen by a secret mail referendum of all the members instead of by a show of hands or voice vote in the open meeting hall.

They wanted secret ballots on votes to amend the by-laws which govern their union. You know, real quaint sentiments.

Then the chairman, Mr. Provenzano, gaveled the meeting to order. Pro looked squarely at the opposition and said they did not have the membership interest at heart with all this by-law change stuff. And that they were politically motivated.

Then one of the opposition leaders, George Phillips, tried to put each amendment on the floor. The Chairman ruled him out of order. The opposition man looked around at his brethren and "appealed the chair."

This presumptuous parliamentary suggestion that a Hoffa vice president was violating Robert's Rules was just too much. The chairman ruled the daring Brother Phillips out of order again and directed the sergeant at arms to throw him out.

The rank and file stirred. They hollered "let him speak." They grabbed the sergeant at arms and they outnumbered the muscle.

The police came. So did order.

Then Mr. Pro said, aw fellows, we're all one big group, let's get together. The rank and file did just that. They booed — which did not disturb the neutrality of the police.

Then Pro called for a vote against the amendments. He was out-roared. But he said he could not be sure and there was a better way to take a count. Those for me, line up here, those against, line up there. Then we'll see who is in favor and "who opposes me."

The rank and file hollered again — for a secret ballot vote. The chair rested on his authority. He banged the gavel, ruled the ayes (in his favor) had it.

The amendments were defeated. The members booed Tony Pro left surrounded by the gendarmerie.

Democracy did not exactly triumph that night. But at least the rank and file turned out to see for themselves what can happen to it and that it is their right to come out and yell for their rights, louder and louder.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

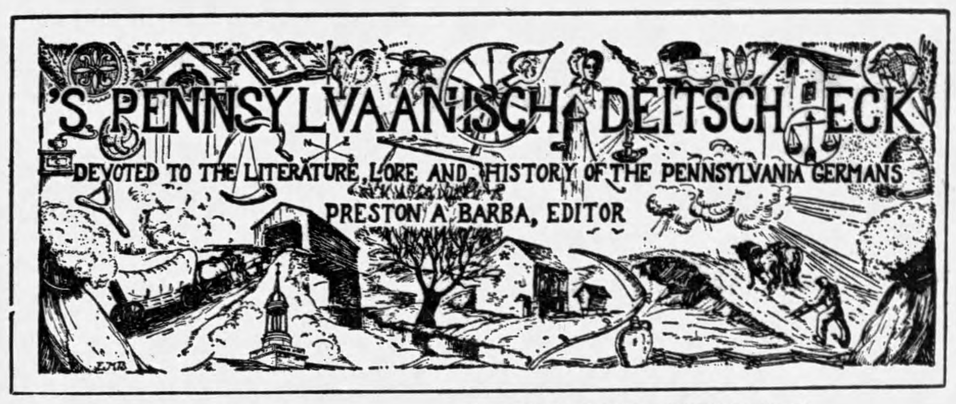
The Glad Time

Hearts once cold and heavy . . .are now warm and light. . . faces wear a tender smile . . . everything looks bright . . . golden bands of brotherhood. . . shine like stars above. . hateful things are cast aside. . .by a tide of love. . .this wondrous transition . . . happens every year. . .eyes glow with excitement. . .gone is doubt and fear . . .for the time is nearing. . . when our Lord was born. . .in the town of Bethlehem. . .on a winter's morn. . .if this tender feeling. . .could always remain . . .ours would be the faith to face. . .any strife or pain. . . Christmas is the glad time. . . praise be to the King. . .Who can change the wintertime. . . into blushing spring.

NOTES ON THE NEWS



"Someone on the moon couldn't jump up 30 feet with the tax load I carry on earth."



DER WINTER ISS DO

"S iss schuun December —
kann's dann sei
Es Yaahr iss so neegscht rum?
Es sin ken Bletter uff de Beem,
Net iewens meh en Blumm.

Der Wind kummt iwwer die Barye,
Un der iss rau un kalt;
Kann nau erwaarte, dass der Schnee
Schtatts Regge katzlich fallt.

Ya well, ich denk 's iss Zeit defor,
Un gleicht mer net der Schnee,
Es eensichscht Ding fer nau zu duh —
Iss fer noch Florida zu geh.

Doch wer will datt hie, wann Nadur
Wie'n Fedderdeck zudeckt
Die schlofend Erd, wu Frieh-yaahrs dann
Zu Lewe frisch uffweckt.

"S guckt schee datt draus, so sauwer weiss
Wu frieher Dreck un Schtaab
Hen sich gewisse, un sowohl
Es uffgedrickelt Laab.

Des iss en Bild, so schee, so frisch,
Wu man net mohle kann;
Browiert er graad so hatt er maag,
Kummt neegscht yuscht dann un wann.

Ya, Winter iss en scheeni Zeit
Un macht gaar ken Verdruss —
'S iss vleicht ebissel rau uff der,
Wu in der Kelt sei muss.

Doch hofft mer dass er weilt net lang
Un packt uns net zu schwer;
"S kaemt gschpassich vor, wann's gschehne sett
Bei uns ken Winter waer.

December 24, 1958

—RALPH S. FUNK

DIE NACHT VAR CRISCHTDAAG

Clement Moore's classic, "'Twas the Night Before Christmas," was translated into the Pennsylvania German by Obediah Grouthomel (the late Solomon DeLong), for several decades the beloved dialect columnist of the Allentown Morning Call. His translation appeared in the Call for December 24, 1923, and has remained a perennial favorite. — ED.

'S waar die Nacht var Krischtdaag,
wie darrichs gans Haus
Nix hot sich verregt,
net emoll en Maus;
Die Schtrimp waar'n am Schanschtee
in Roiye uffghenkt,
In der Hoffning der Belsnickel
en yeders beschenkt.
Die Kinner waar'n all
am Schlofe im Bett,
Mit Schpielsach un Kendi
waar'n voll ihre Kepp;
Ich un die Maemm, schlaefrich,
die Aerwet all geduh,
Suchten unser Bett
fer notwenniche Ruh
Wie en grosses Gerabbel
waar vanne im Hof,
Un ich schpring uff,
baut halwer im Schlof,
Un schpring hie ans Fenschter
wie der Blitz,
Hab uffgemacht der Schutter
un setz mich uff der Sitz.
Der Mond scheint so hell
uff'm frisch gfallne Schnee,
Macht alles wie Daag —
So hell un so schee.
Was ich gsehne hab lechert
mich zum Verschplitte,
Acht gleene Hasch, eigschpannt,
paarweis im Schlitte;
En gleene. alter Fuhrmann,
so hallich un dick
Es waar mir gans klaar,
's muss sei der St. Nick.
So gschind wie en Aadler,
do kumme sie gerennt,
Er haust un peift,
wie er all ihr Naame nennt—
"Nau Dasher! Nau Dancer!
Nau Prancer, nau Vixen!
"On Comet! On Cupid!
On Dunner un Blitzen!"
Graad nuff uff die Porch,
Noh nuff uffs Hausdach,
"Git up! Nau git up,
mit all unserm Sach."
Wie zu darre Bletter,
gedriwwe vum Wind,
Die Heiser un Scheiere
ken Hinnernis sind,
So acht gleene Hasch,
mit Fuhrmann un all ihr Sach,
Sin getschumpt, wie darre Bletter,
uffs Hausdach.
Nau uffem Dach
waar en gross Gerabbel,
Die Hasch hen gedanst
un es waar en Gebabbel.
Nau wie's Fenschter ich mach zu
un zieg mich zerick,
Wer kummt runner der Schanschtee
ass wie der St. Nick.
Sei dress waar wie'n Bels,
vum Kopp bis zum Fuus,
Sei Kapp un sei dress
waar mit Esch un voll Russ;
Kendi un Schpielsach
nau hot er im Sack,
So herrlich, er guckt
wie en Peddler mit seim pack.
Mit Aagge so herrlich,
er waar suppel wie'n Hasch,
Sei Backe, wie Rose,
sei Naas wie'n Kasch;
Sei siesses glee Maul,
wie'n Bogge so schee,
Sei Baart in seim Gsicht,
so weiss wie der Schnee.
En kazi Schmokpeif
hot er zwische de Zaeh,
Er pufft un er schmokt
un kann net ruhich schteh;
Er hot en breed Gsicht,
un en gleener runder Bauch,
Der schittelt wann er lacht,
wie immer sei Gebrauch.
Er waar dick un waar fett —
guder, alder karl,
Ich hab gelacht ihn zu sehne,
er guckt wie en Barl.
Er schittelt sei Kopp
un winkt mit seim Aag,
Ich waar gaar net bang —
so waah ass ich saag.
Er schwetzt ken laut Watt,
awwer geht graad an die Schtrimp
Un fillt sie voll Sach;
noh dreht er sich gschwind,
Un legt sei Finger
graad wedder sei Naas,
Un geht der Schanschtee nuff
so gschwind wie'n Haas.
Er schrpingt in sei Schlitte—
er meind yo ken Wetter,
Noh faahrt er graad fatt,
so leicht wie en Fetter.
Iwwerm Faahre hot er
gerufe un gelacht,
"Merry Christmas!
Un zu all en Gut Nacht!"

'S WASCH HELLERS IHRE CHRISCHTDAAGSZUG

VUM CHARLES C. MORE

The following heart-warming Christmas story by our most distinguished writer of Pennsylvania German dialect fiction was first published in The Pennsylvania German Magazine for December, 1907. It appeared in the ECK for December 24, 1938. We believe it deserves to be reprinted, mindful of the fact that a new generation of ECK readers has risen since that day.—Ed.

I

BEIM Wasch Heller, drowwe am Keschdebarrig, hot's mol widder bloo geguckt. 'S iss em immer krutzich gange, awwer desmol waar's gewiss bedeierlich. Schunn drei Monet hot er deheem ghockt mit me laahme Bee; graad soweit waar er mit der Rent zerick, weil gemeenerhand's Geld bei em yuscht so weit gereecht hot wie die Aerwet gange iss. Sitter drei Woche waar sei Fraa grank im Bett, un schunn drei Daag hot's gschneet un gschtarmt, ass sei drei kleene Kinner net naus gekennt hen, weil ihre Kleeder zu schlecht waare.

Mer secht wull als: "Alle gude Dinge sin drei." Awwer waer ebbes Gudes do drin finne kann—except villeich t die Kinner — der maag's hawwe. Ennihau der Wasch hot nix Blessierliches drin sehne kenne. Er hot am Fenschter ghockt, sei Bee geriwwe un, wie mer saagt, "Driebsaal uff Note geblose."

Mer hot net saagge kenne, dass der Wasch un sei Fraa faul odder verduhnisch waare. Sie hen allebeed gschafft wu ebbes gschpaart hen ghatt, fern Reggedaag, waar der Reggedaag aa schunn do, un's waar allemol en recht schtarmischer.

Wie der Wasch gheiert waar, iss er uff en Bauerei gezogge, 's naegscht hot er 's Trocke gebrowiert uff re Lot, dann en "Hinkelfaektori", noh die Hockschterei. 'S letscht iss er in der Schteebruch, bis er ee Daag mit me Schprengschuss in die Luft gfaahre un mit me wiescht verrissene Bee runner kumme iss. So waar's gewiss ken Wunner, dass er sei Glaawe an alles verlore hot. " 'S iss yuscht net dewert ass ich ebbes aafang", hot er als gsaat, " 's geht doch alles geegge mich. Ich glaab bei graesches, wann ich 'n Hutmacher warre waer, dann waer'n die Leit uff die Welt kumme unne Kepp.

Heit dann, zwee Daag vor Chrischtdaag, hot er am Fenschter ghockt un droschtlos nausgeguckt in der Schnee, wu der Wind in dicke Wolke nunner geblose hot ins Jordandaal, bis die Eisebrick yuscht noch so'n groosser schwazer Schtriche gscheint hot. All die Weil hot er wie uff Nodele gsotze, weil er gfarricht hot, der Sam Kiwler wu's Haus ge-eeggnet hot, deet kumme fer sei Rent.

II

Pletzlich heert er, wie sich ebber drauss der Schnee abschtampt. Er iss zammegfaahre vor Schrecke. "Do iss er verhaftich schunn!" hot er zu sich selwer gsaat.

Wie awwer die Dier uffgange iss, hot en fremmer Mann vun ebaut fufzich Yaahr datt gschtanne; der hot sich der Schnee aerscht recht abgschittelt, eb er neikumme iss. "Alle Wetter!" secht er, "die Blobaerryer missen awwer heit mechtich Gens roppe — ha, ha, ha!"

Der Mann hot en freindlich gsicht ghatt, un die Luschtichkeet un Deiwelschtreech hen 'm holseel aus de Aagge gelacht. Der Wasch waar so froh ass 's net der Kiwler waar, er hot en bissel lache misse.

"Ei, ei!" hot der fremm Kall widder aagfange, "ich bin do rei kumme, fer mich 'n bissel waerme, awwer" — do hot er gsehne wie die Kinner schier uff der Offe gekrattelt sin — "wu's kalt iss, do hot mer's Feiere fer nix — ha, ha, ha, hi!" Mit sellem geht er widder naus, reisst en Aarmvoll Klabbord vun der Fens, brecht sie zamme, bringt sie rei un schteckt sie in der Offe., bis 's Feier recht gebrummt hot. Debei hot er gschwetzt un gelacht, bis 'm Wasch sei Fraa, wu in der Schtubb newedraa gelegge hot, ungeduldich warre iss un em Wasch gerufe hot, er sott doch die Dier zumache, bei so me Gegax kennt sie net ruugge.

Der Wasch schteht uff un macht die Schtubbedier zu. Iwwerdem heert er widder ebber drauss schtampe. Desmol waar's der Kiwler, un der Wasch iss graad uff sei Schtuhl nunner gsunke.

"Well, was iss des?" fangt der Kiwler an. "Ehr verbrenne mer yo die Klabbord noch. Wann im Friehyaahr ken Fens meh do iss, was noh?"

"Ei, noh braucht mer aa kenni meh zu weisse — ha, ha, ha!" secht der fremm Kall.

"Des suut mich awwer net," secht der Kiwler un schiddelt der Kopp.

"Mich aa net! Wann ich ebbes schunscht finne hett kenne, waer ich net zu dem Druwwel gange: ich schaff net so gern — ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, du guckscht mer so."

"Huh!" andwatt der Fremm, "wer net schafft, der schpaart sich viel Aerwet — ha, ha, ha!"

"Du musscht gut debei ausmache, dass du dich so breet machscht do."

"Net abaddich. Awwer 's kummt uff eens raus. Wann die Sunn scheint, iss 's aa hell fer der Aarm, un wann's reggert watt der Reich aa nass — ha, ha, ha, hi!"

III

Der Kiwler hot nau aagfange Bisness schwetze. "Well, Wasch, ich bin arrig sarri, awwer ich hab des Haus verkaaft, un du musscht der 'n annere Wuhning suche, un —"

"Ya, ich —"

"Nau waart bis ich faddich bin. Ich hab en guter Preis grickt, un die Leit hen mer noch en hunnert Daaler extraa gewwe, fer's Haus leer mache bis Chrischtdaag, un —"

"Bis Chrischtdaag!" kreischt der Wasch, un iss gans bleech warre; "Des geht awwer net." Weiter hot er net gekennt; er hot yuscht uff sei laahm Bee gedeit, mit 'm Kopp noch der Schtuwwedier gewisse. "Un ich weess net," hot er fer sich hie gsaat, "eb die Laa so ebbes erlaawe deet."

Der Kiwler hot sei Moschens verschtanne un aa sei Wadde gheert, "die Laa", secht er, "hot nix domit zu duh; 's kann niemand ekschpekte ass ich die hunner Daaler verlier, wu ich ennihau ken Rent grick."

"Ya, wu soll ich awwer hie?" kreischt der Wasch un fangt aa heile. Sei Kinner sin zu ihm gschprunge un hen em helfe heile, un iwwerdem kummt aa noch sei kranke Fraa reigedarylt un hot der Kiwler mit ihre eigfallene Aagge aagegguckt.

"Sam Kiwler", secht sie, "farrichscht du dich dann net vor Gott im Himmel, Leit in unserm Zuschtand bei so Wetter aus 'm Haus zu duh? Hoscht du dann gaar ken Menschgefiehl meh?"

"Ya! Secht der Kiwler un guckt zum Fenschter naus, ass wann er sich schemme deet, "ich weess, 's iss arrig hatt, awwer —"

"Raus musscht, hot der Doktor zum wehe Zaah gsaat. Der Schmaze darref der Patient bhalte — ha, ha, ha!" iss der fremme Kall neigfalle.

"Un du," secht die Hellern, "mit deim naerrische, Gschwetz un deim verrickte Gelach, du machscht yuscht noch Fun vun Leit, wu im greesschte Elend sin!"

"Well, wann mer im Elend iss, sott mer browiere raus zu kumme. Des Heile iss all fer die Katz."

'Ya, was solle mer awwer mache?" frogt der Wasch.

"O, ich kennt eich schunn en Rot gewwe. Awwer wann der Mensch im Unglick iss, dann iss er ferkammen schtowwerich un unverschtennich un losst sich net viel saagge. Wann ihr nau Rieson aanemme welle, ei dann —"

"Was dann?" secht die Fraa.

"Well, ebaut zwee Meil do die Schtrooss nunner", secht der Fremm un guckt aa zum Fenschter naus, "datt schteht en schee, nei Haus, all reddi eigericht; 's wuhnt niemand drin un kummt aa iemand nei fer die Zeit, der Eeggner vum Platz hot mer's selwer gsaat. Datt kennt ihr — was iss dann letz?" Die Hellers waare allebeed uff de Fiess un sin uff en zu mit groosse Aagge.

"Meenscht du 's Chrischte Bauerei?"

"Ich glaab so heesst der Platz."

"Ei, datt iss yo mei Fraa gebore un uffgebrocht," secht der Wasch.

"Un ich", kreischt die Fraa, "soll nau wie'n Dieb in sell Haus neischleiche! Wie Bettelleit solle mer datt nei ziegge in unser alte Heemet, wu mer als die Hille un Fille ghatt hen! Liewer Gott, was deeten die Leit saagge? O Wasch, so'n Druwwel un so'n Schann! Un denk noch an unser Kinner!" Debei sinkt sie uff der Schockelschtuhl, dutt die Hend vors Gsicht un fangt aa heile un yammere ass wann ihr's Haz breche wollt. Der Kiwler hot ken Watt meh gsaat; der Fremm hot 'n Weilche schtill ghalte, dann iss er ungeduldich warre.

(To Be Concluded)

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TELEPHONE 433-4241

BRANCH OFFICES

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Editorials

As '61 Becomes '62

In spite of its troubles and tensions, for the nation and most of its people this has been a good year. As usual, there are some optimistic but definitely guarded hopes that the one ahead can be considerably better if enough people here and elsewhere are willing to face up to its challenges.

From the very beginning of the year now waning, the temperature of the cold war increased sharply and on several occasions came close to the boiling point. The nation's security was threatened by setbacks in peace in Laos, in Vietnam, in India, in the Congo, in Indonesia, in Cuba and in Berlin.

A new administration, challenged by experienced adversaries, had some difficulty in finding diplomatic language to make clear to those with dreams of world domination that there are limits beyond which this nation's patience cannot be tried. To be convincing, it called military reserves to active duty, sent troops to Western Germany, stood guard on the shoreline of the Dominican Republic, reluctantly followed Russia in resuming nuclear testing, and gave its wholehearted support to United Nations police actions in the Congo. Confused indecision in the ill - fated invasion of Cuba was a costly blow to America's prestige, but apparently not an irreparable one.

The United Nations, because of basic weaknesses in its charter, fumbled and faltered. It survived the death of Dag Hammarskjold, however, steered clear of a three - headed command, and refused to admit into its expanding circle a nation with which it still is officially at war.

Although the most devastating weapons man has ever produced were tested and stockpiled, they were not unleashed in battle. They frightened many but they cowed few. Keeping them sheathed and ultimately neutralizing their military potential is the most challenging task of the years ahead. Its accomplishment would signal the dawn of a new age.

Face of the Nation

As economists predicted more than a year ago, the United States pulled itself out of a recession that had just about reached bottom when this year began. Growth of the gross national product from a level of $501 billion the first quarter of the year to $540 billion the last quarter is a measure of the upturn.

This index is still on the rise. Only serious strikes, disregard of sound fiscal and monetary policies by government, or international crises will prevent it from soaring.

Employment reached a new peak of 71.3 million in November and will be somewhat higher this month. This, however, is not enough. Jobs for 4 million who want them and for millions more who will as the population soars toward the 213 million mark it probably will reach before the end of this decade challenge business and industry as well as government and unions. Not all of them can be solved in the new year but a start can be made if reason prevails.

In America's conquest of space, scientists and those who direct their efforts made safety their prime consideration. Had they chosen to take unconscionable risks, they probably could have had history record that both they and the Russians put a man into orbit in the same year.

Others weren't quite as cautious. There were needless tragic deaths in the skyways. In spite of tougher laws and more stringent police action some 40,000 lives were lost in the nation's highways and more than 1.5 million were seriously injured. There was more apparent concern about protection from radioactive fallout.

And at Home

On the basis of this year's performance, the people of the Lehigh Valley have good reason to look ahead with confidence. A possible strike in steel that would make it increasingly difficult for this industry to compete at home and abroad is the only major cloud on the horizon. Opening its new research center on South Mountain, Bethlehem Steel gave additional promise of keeping men at work and creating more jobs through new products and competitive methods.

The only serious strike of the year was settled in a way to renew confidence that Mack Trucks Inc. can continue to be one of the community's principal employers. Western Electric expects to add to its payroll as new facilities are completed. New industries have been attracted by development groups and others have been helped expand. These efforts are just beginning to pay off.

Just how brightly others view this area's economy is evidenced by the nationally known retail enterprises planning new outlets here. Moves like these are carefully calculated by those whose business it is to measure potentials.

Both Lehigh and Northampton counties are following closely on the heels of Bucks in planning for the orderly development signalled by their place in the huge multi - million population East Coast metropolis. Some of their subdivisions also are taking more realistic steps to meet present needs and prepare for the future.

Bethlehem's experiment with a form of government entirely new to this area will be closely studied by other communities. So will Allentown's urban redevelopment program which will be well under way as this city looks toward the start of its third century.

For the nation, for the state and for each community, the tasks ahead are more than the job of their respective governments. They constitute an individual and collective challenge for all who would share in the goals they offer.

What Others Say

Something for Nothing

Rocky Mountain News, Denver

And if this doesn't leave you muttering to yourself:

A golf club in Blair, Nebr., for years rented to farmers 14 acres of ground not needed for its fairways.

Last year club officials enlarged the course and took the 14 acres back.

"Then," reports Sen. Young (D-Ohio), "most unexpectedly, the golf club received a government check for taking out of production land previously planted to corn. The amount was $288."

You say it.

Retiring Executive Cleans Out Desk



Nehru's Tip From Hitler

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Prime Minister Nehru is puzzled — he still professes not to understand why Premier Khrushchev applauds him for his grab of Goa while the United States and Great Britain denounce what he did. Yet he tells a press conference in New Delhi:

"Nothing in the 14 years of independence has excited and thrilled the people in India as the liberation of Goa. There is no doubt in my mind of the full justification for use of force against Portugal."



Lawrence

But the Indian leader admits that he doesn't like the fact that most of the Afro-Asian nations "rejoice" while many Western nations are critical of the Indian conquest of Goa.

But the Indian prime minister shouldn't be surprised. He may go on wondering about world reaction, but he doesn't explain why he himself "rejoices" that his policy has had the warm approval of Nikita Khrushchev. For the Indian leader telegraphed the Soviet premier:

"The Government of India is glad to note that the Soviet Government has understood the motives and ideas determining our actions and is deeply moved by its sympathy and support."

The Soviet premier is the leading exponent of the doctrine that might makes right and has been telling the world that agreements about Allied rights in Berlin are obsolete even though signed only a decade and a half ago. It is precisely this doctrine — that history can be changed at will and past understandings can be arbitrarily erased — which is basic in Communist philosophy.

Indeed, the same attitude was characteristic of the Nazi era in Europe as Adolf Hitler cried out that the Sudetenland was German and that Austria was German and that both areas must therefore be included in the Nazi empire.

It seems strange to be equating a mild - mannered man like Nehru with the fanatical Hitler, but the reasoning each offered in defense of the conquest of neighboring territory happens to be amost identical. The Indian government argues its right to annex what is next door. This misguided doctrine has brought on many a conflict in world history.

It is reassuring to find that the Government of the United States didn't keep aloof from what was about to happen in Goa. American Ambassador Galbraith at New Delhi pleaded with the Indian Government to agree to a six-month moratorium rather than permit an invasion.

The Indian prime minister evidently wanted in advance a complete submission by Portugal as the price even of an informal negotiation with that country. This is reminiscent of what some dictatorships have usually demanded. Great Britain tried desperately to avert World War II by urging Hitler to wait while parleys over Poland could be held, but the Nazi dictator said he couldn't wait.

It seems tragic that with all the machinery of mediation being utilized from time to time — as, for instance, in the Congo by the U.N. — no means was found by other nations to save India from the stigma of aggression, and particularly to save Prime Minister Nehru from the doubtful distinction now being accorded him as the unmoral "man of the year."

The Year Ahead

By VICTOR RIESEL

With this New Year's column I am now eligible for charter membership in a fortune tellers union being organized by a canny clairvoyant in Rome. Our basic demand will be for a contract clause which guarantees that we are not responsible for any of our forecasts. On this premise and in the belief that a columnist should have the strength of his predictions, here is what will happen in '62:

There will be headline making changes in John Kennedy's inner circle — especially in the Cabinet. There is no doubt that Abe Ribicoff will quit and that several cabinet members will follow, for they feel as he does.

The Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare decided to leave the cabinet six months ago. He has felt too confined. He has told intimates that he is not a free agent and must clear his policies with at least three persons — one being the budget chief.

Furthermore, he doesn't want to be clobbered by labor, which is blaming him for slashing his Department's social services. This was not his doing. It was forced by budget cuts. But above all there isn't sufficient action for this urbane man. It's all on the foreign front or in the Labor and Justice Depts.

So, months ago, he decided to run for the U.S. Senate from Connecticut. He had planned and still intends to resign at that time — unless, of course, JFK appoints him to the Supreme Court. This will happen if either Justice Black or Frankfurther retire. Both have been wanting to leave the high bench.

As of now President Kennedy believes that Secretary Arthur Goldberg is much too indispensable to be placed in the ivory tower which is the Supreme Court.

Labor Front

Strains will show in the relationship between the White House and the House of Labor which face each other across Lafayette Square. The President will be angered by the launching of a national "movement" to cut the work week to 30 hours for 40 hours pay. Steelworkers' leader Dave McDonald has been telling his people that the work week, the work year, or both, in steel must be slashed — and insistence on this will mean a steel strike next summer.

Furthermore, there will be strong drives for bigger wage increases — and the pay of some 4 million of the 8 million workers covered by major contracts will increase anywhere from $3 to $12 a week.

If Walter Reuther meant what he said during after-hour conversations at the AFL-CIO convention there will be a massive new national unionizing drive —led by Reuther himself. It probably will aim at areas where millions are not unionized, such as the nursing and service and semi-professional areas.

Jimmie Hoffa will decide he likes it in Washington. He'll leave this Hotel Woodner suite and set up house in a fashionable apartment. He'll continue, of course, as Teamsters' president. In '62, he'll devote himself to target politicking. This means he'll raise considerable funds in an effort to defeat a handful of Congressmen he considers his enemies and elect those he considers his friends.

What Jimmie H. wants most is to prove he and the Teamsters are politically powerful. The prediction here is he won't be able to deliver the vote.

The Commies

Talking about votes, I cast a lone ballot against most opinion on the strength of N. S. Khrushchev. Though he was able to prove that Stalin now is neither red nor dead, Chairman K is weaker than you think. And by '63 he'll be louder but less influential where it counts inside Russia.

It has been overlooked by most, but Khrushchev's closest allies have been dumped from the ruling praesidium of the Communist Party. The praesidium now is led by old guardists who have come through from the Stalin era, even if good old Joe didn't.

And . . . the powerful Cuban Communists, such as Lazaro Pena and Blas Roca, will replace Castro on TV with a Havana-type late, late show.

And, as I said last year, there will be no war, only peace with ulcers.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

The Old Year

The shadows of the old year hang . . . like veils of ebony . . . and in the final hours . . . I drift in Reverie . . . recalling happy moments . . . now buried in the past . . . the tender blissful moments . . . that faded all too fast . . . and yet, with every bygone thought . . . the future looms in view . . . and I am prone to ponder on . . . the course I will pursue . . . thanks be to God for guiding me . . . upon the righteous way . . . I'm grateful for the privilege . . . of spanning yesterday . . . and as the old year vanishes . . . I pray for the faith to go . . . with an optimistic outlook . . . that will keep my hope aglow.

Horoscope

A valued friend aids you. Today's child will be intellectual.

The United States has more than 7½ million oil burners in use for central heating.

NOTES ON THE NEWS



"If they think '62 will be so good why do they spoil it by starting with a hangover?"

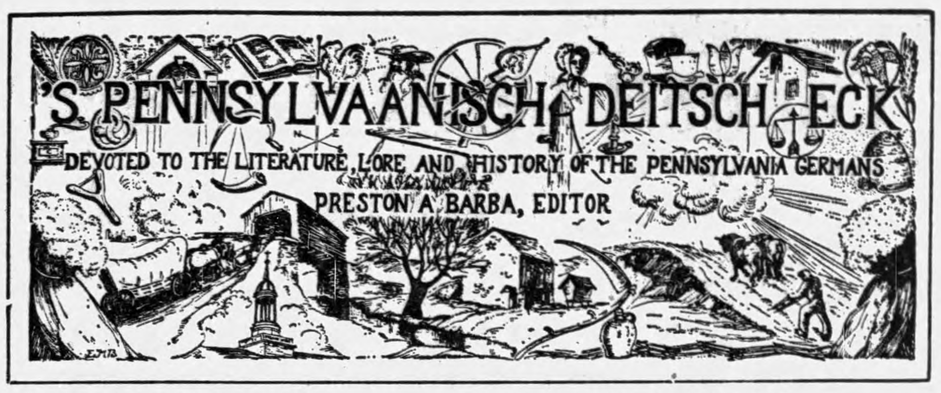
Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The host and hostess suddenly announced to a visiting couple that they had six or seven reels of color film taken on their trip through the White Mountains that they were prepared to show, and bustled off to the rumpus room to set up the equipment.

The visiting husband regarded his wife balefully. "Well," he barked, "don't just sit there! Develop a sudden nosebleed or something!"

Mother to child who won't eat his spinach: "Try a mouthful of it, darling. Pretend it's mud."



WENDELL KITZMILLER

He and Sam Schnitzler Have a Talk on Holidays — Schnitzler as Usual Proves a Chronic Kicker — Some People Think "There is No Place Like Home" to Get Away From — A Few More Holidays Would be Beneficial to Farmers Who Raise Wheat and Potatoes.

"Ich contend, Sam, dass mer meh Feierdaagge hawwe sotte," hawwich zum Schnitzler gsaat, wie mir heem sin vun der sexmol-die-Woch meetin' ans Hoffemoyers 'm letschte Freidaag Owed. "Ich contend, wann mer meh Feierdaagge hette, dann waer die Aerwet blendier fer die Schaffleit. Nau datt is der Neiyaahrsdaag, un der Washingdon's Birsday, un Oschder un Pingscht Muundaag, un noh kummt der Deckoraeshun Daag, un die arbor Daagge, und denot der Viert Tschulei un der Labor Daag un der Sanksgivin un die Krischtdaagge — der aerscht un der zwett — un die Samschdaag Nammidaagge fer die aarme Bankleit, awwer sell sin noch net genunk. Ich meen mer sott hennihau noch 'n Quay-daag un 'n Chenral Hastings Daag hawwe fer Feierdaagge!"

"Wie waer's," hot der Sam so schpettisch neigeblafst, "wann mer 'n rechter Feierdaag mache deede uff der Anniversary vum Feier im Capitol in Harrisbaerrig?"

"O well, du schpottscht yuscht nau, Sam," hawwich gsaat. "Awwer ich glaab, ass 's petriotic waer fer ebaut zwee exdraa-i Feierdaagge alli Woch zu mache!"

"Wendell, ich bin bang du wascht alle Daag narrischer. 'S sin alleweil schunn viel zu viel Feierdaagge, un alles was sie duhn, sie mache's yuscht unhendicher fer 'n ehrlicher schafficher Mann zu seinere Gschefte zu tende wie er sott."

"Mei Daadi hot als gsaat, wie er yung waar, hette sie sex Daag in re Woch gschafft un der siwwet hette sie geruht odder waere in die Kaerrich gange, awwer heitichdaags wolle die Leit ee Daag schaffe un sex Daag Feierdaag halte in re Woch!"

"'S iss 'n Satt Unruh in de Leit. Wann sie net 'n Feierdaag hen dann sin sie net zefridde, un sie zehle die Daagge un die Schtunne, bis dass widder en Feierdaag kummt fer'n excuse ass sie fatt kenne vun heem. Ihre eenzichi Ruhgzeit iss 'n Unruh Zeit — 'n Feierdaag — 'n Weckgaeschun."

"Sie fiehle sich nie net deheem ass wann sie fatt sin, un sie kumme mir vor, ass wie'n verhext Kind, wu sei Ruh genumme hot grickt. Ihre gans Lewe, Woch ei un Woch aus, iss bsuche geh, un ihre Heemet iss yuscht 'n Satt vumme stopping - place, wu mer sich so gschwind widder fattschafft, ass wie meeglich."

"Wann sie net an re picknick sin, dann sin sie amme Krischtdaagsfescht odder an re Eiweihing odder amme Eckschteeleegge. Sie wisse wann die Dinge vorfalle. Wann schunscht ken Geddering iss, dann gehne sie an 'n Leicht, wann eeni zu finne iss uff zehe Meil naegscht.

"Fer e Deel iss 'n Leicht yuscht so gut, ass 'n picknick. Fer e Deel iss 's iewen besser, fer datt eckschpeckte sie Siesskuche un 'n first rate Esse!"

"Sie singe 's alt Lied ihre eeggner Weg "Daer's no place like home" — to get away from! Un wann sie deheem bleiwe misste, dann waere sie unzufridde un deede fiehle ass wie der alt Tschortsch Motzer, wann er 'n Daag kee Tschaaduwack ghatt ot!"

"Ich saag nix geegge Feierdaagge, awwer drei in re Woch sin zu viel, un was zu viel iss, iss zu viel. Mer hen genunk, saag ich. Der Mann wu uffschteht in der Semly odder im Congress fer noch meh zu mache, den sott der Schlag dreffe! Sell iss villeicht wennich roff gschwetzt, awwer ich meen alle Watt! Der alt Moses mit seim siwwete Daag als en Ruhgdaag hot die Sach gans gut verschtanne, un wie er's gemacht hot, loss 's bleiwe!"

"Wann die Leit meh deheem bleiwe deede, waer's besser fer sie. Sie hette schier immer Aerwet zu duh in ihrem Haus, im Gaarde, odder uff der Bauerei. Wann sie's yuscht wisste. Un wann sie deheem bleiwe deede, dann deede sie aa kee Kranket heem schleefe, ass wie sie oftmols duhne. Der Mumps, die Raedlie, der Bloohuschte, 's Schallach Fiewer un der Kretz iss schunn mannich Mol heem gschleeft warre vun re Kaerpet Lumbe Paerdi, vumme Krischtdaagsfescht un darrich unneedich Bsuchegeh!"

"Sam," hawwich gsaat, "du bischt nix ass wie yuscht graad 'n dummer alder fogy, un wann 'd mol an dei eeggni Leicht gehscht, dann sin dei Nochbere un dei Familie viel besser ab ass wie so! Du bischt net petriotic, net fer drei Cent waut, odder du waerscht in favor fer meh Feierdaagge. Wann 'd en Funke vun echte, waahre, jingo Pettriotism inseit deinre runsliche Haut hettscht, dann waerscht fer ennihau noch ee Feierdaag meh zu mache, un sell iss Flag Daag! 'S nemmt hennihau baut 'n Daag fer der "old Glory" an me hunner Daaler Orphan Schul flag-pole nuff zu ronne!

WENDELL KITZMILLER
Fendu Schreiwer

'S WASCH HELLERS IHRE CHRISCHTDAAGSZUG

VUM CHARLES C. MORE

(Conclusion)

IV

WIE der Kall 's geplaant hot, so iss 's gange. Die aarme Hellers hen endlich kleebeigewwe un der naegschte Daag sin sie gezogge. Der Kiwler hot zwee Fuhre gebrocht; uff eene hen sie die Familie gelaade un ihr bissel Hausrod uff die anner. Die Fraa hot als noch gheilt un der Wasch hot allegebott der Kopp gschiddelt un als "ei, ei, ei!" gsaat.

Weil die Fraa absulut net ins Haus gewollt hot, hen sie sich mol in der Summerkich deheem gemacht. Der fremm Kall hot ihne en schee Esse neigebrocht, wu er im Hau zugericht hot; noh iss er fatt un hot sie 'n Weil allee gelosst. Der Wasch hot sich ans Feier ghockt, die Fraa hot sich uffs Settie gelegt, un die Kinner hen in der Kich rum gschpielt. 'S waar alles so schee un heemlich, dass die Hellers net helfe hen kenne, froh zu sei fer der "change"; un doch hen sie gaar net verschteh kenne, wie des so kumme iss un ferwas der fremm Mann so en Interest in ihne nemme deet. Der Wasch hot gsaat, er deet fiehle ass wann er draame deet odder verhext waer, Erwaer gans verwatt un alsemol gengt 'm der Grissel aus vor dem verlachte Kall, un doch misst er sich fiehre losse wie 'n klee Kind.

"Ya," secht die Fraa, "mit seim dumme Gelach macht er em gans nervisch, un doch fiehlt mer ass er Recht hot mit was er saagt. Geschter hot er mich so verzannt, dass ich heit schier nimmi fiehl ass wann ich krank waer." So hen sie als gschwetzt un ausgemacht, sie waer'n nau ennihau do un missten ewwe abwaarte, was noochkaemt. Der Verschtand hot ne schtill gschtanne, un sie hen gans never - mind - isch gfiehlt.

V

Wie's Owed waar, iss der fremm Mann widder kumme un hot's Licht aagschteckt. Noh secht er: "Wie waer's wann mer nau niwwer gingte ins Haus? Ich hab en schee Feier driwwe, un weil 's Crhischtdaag Owed iss, kenne mer datt schenner beinanner sei wie do." Mit sellem hot er der Hellern en Shawl umghengt un sie niwwer gfiehrt; der Wasch iss nohghumpelt un die Kinner hinnedrai. Im Haus waar alles g'furnischt, un noch viel schenner ass sie's ekschpeckt hen.

"Nau wunner ich yuscht, was in daere Schtubb iss!" secht der Fremm un schtosst die Dier uff.

Herryerum, waar awwer do en Pracht! In eem Eck war en groosser Christbutz, voll Kendi, Schpielsach un dergleiche, un all iwwer mit Lichtelcher gschteckt. Newich 'm Baam waar en Disch voll gelaade mit Bindel, un mitte druff hot en Musik - Box gschtanne. Der Fremm hot's Sofa mit der Fraa in die Schtubb neigedraagge, ass wann's nix wiegge deet, un newich der Baam gschtellt; noh hot er der Wasch newich sie in en Aarmschtuhl gsetzt un die Kinner reigerufe. Denne hot er die Sache gewisse un expleent, bis sie vor Freed rumgedanst hen; so en Herrlichkeet hen die aarme Kleene noch niemols gsehne ghatt. Endlich hot der Fremm die Musik - Box uffgezogge un sie hot sell wunnerschee Lied gschpielt, wu sie im alde Vadderland so gern singe: "Schtille Nacht! heiliche Nacht!" Er hot mitgsunge, un die Fraa hot aa gewollt, awwer die Schtimm hot gfehlt; glei hot sie widder gheilt wie daags devor im alde Heisel, yuscht desmol vor Freed. Der Wasch waar so vergelschtert dass er ken Laut vun sich gewwe hot.

Wie's Lied am End waar, hot der Fremm ihne all die Hand gewwe un iss dabber naus. Dann sinkt der Wasch vor seinre Fraa nunner un ruft: "Mary, Mary! sin mer dann verhext?"

"Wann mer so fiehlt wann mer verhext iss," secht die Mary, "dann deet ich winsche, ich waer alfert verhext. Ich wott eender glaawe, ass ich im Himmel waer."

VI

Noh hot der Wasch die Sache uff'm Disch aageguckt un gsehne, ass fer yedes vun der Familie en Bindelche datt waar. Am Baam hot er 'n grosse Briefscheed gfunne mit "Mrs. Mary Heller" druff. Die Fraa hot's uffgemacht un en Brief mit me groosse Babier rausgenumme. 'S Babier waar en Deed un der Brief hot so gelaut:

Liewe Mary:

Der Deed iss fer des Haus un die Bauerei, wu nau dei sin. Ich hab gedenkt, dei alde Heemet deet gut basse fer'n Chrischtkindel fer dich. Bis du den Brief gelese hoscht, bin ich uff em Weg naus West; awwer ich wett, ass ich de ganse Weg lache muss iwwer der Trick wu ich uff dich gschpielt hab. Wie ich sellemols deinre Maemm darrich gange bin, hawwich mer verschproche dir mol eens auszuwische, weil du Schuld waarscht dass ich gedrosche bin warre, wie ich's Vieh in der Klee gelosst hab. 'S Frieh-yaahr kumm ich widder un zieg in sell Haus wu mir — der Kiwler un ich — eich rausgschmisse hen. Datt bin ich yo gebore, un datt will ich aa schtarrewe. Wann ich widder kumm, maagscht mich schelte was du witt; bis datthie awwer bleiw ich, mit beschte Winsche fer eich all,

Dei Schtiefbruder Bill.

"Mei Gott, Wasch!" ruft die Mary un schlagt die Hend owwich 'm Kopp zamme, "des waar yo mei Schtiefbruder, un ich hab en gaar net gekennt! Wie mei Paepp gschtarrewe waar, hot mei Maemm der John Gross gheiert, un der hot sei eenzicher Bu, der Bill, mitgebrocht. Datt drowwe hen sie gewuhnt, wu mer heit raus sin. Ich hab der Bill immer gegliche un aa net hawwe wolle, ass er selle Schlaeg kriege sott; awwer mei Maemm hot en net leide kenne un hot en beyust bis er darrichgange iss. Ich hab mol gheert, er kaemt gut aa drauss West, awwer ich hab net gedenkt, dass er uns so mithelfe deet. Nau, Wasch, saag du nimmi, dass ken Gott in Himmel iss."

Seller Chrischtdaag Owed, hen die Hellers Gott gedankt wie nie devor, un seller Chrischtdaagszug hen sie nie vergesse. Fer des, was sie weiter gebraucht hen, waar aa gsarrigt; der alt Kiwler hot mitgschpielt im Bill Gross sei Trick un hot's noochderhand als oft verzehlt. Der Bill hett gewisst ass sei Schweschter yuscht vor Druwwel krank waer un sie parpes in Aengschte geyaagt, ass sie gsund warre deet — "un bei Tschimini" hot er gsaat, "'s hot bulli gschafft."

VUM CHRISCHTDAAGSBAAM

Des "Fortschritt" iss en gutes Ding,
Mer kann net ruhich schtehne;
Doch guckt mer in Vergangenheit,
Kann oft en Sach mer sehne,

Wu zoppt die Bendel vun seim Haz,
Un bringt uns schtrenge Lehre
Vum grooss Verenn'rung uns rum —
Wie schtark die Yaahre zehre.

Zum Beispiel: nemm heits Grischtdaagsbaam,
Unechtich, deet ich saagge;
Guckt nimmi wie er hot zu uns
In unser yunge Daagge.

Was waar's en Freed — ihr wisst des aa —
Der Zeedrebaam aaagucke
Im Parlor Grischtdaag Maryets frieh —
Fer'n Zeit kann mer net mucke.

Paar rote Balle un Tinsel druff,
Un gfarrebt babierne Kette;
Doch waar'n die Inschlichlichter datt
Viel schenner, deet ich wette.

Sie brennen, O so freindlich datt,
Ihr wehend, milde Flamme
Schmeisst geischtlich Schadde an die Wand —
Kann Draene schier net damme.

Un wie sie scheinen datt vum Baam,
So scheinen yunge Gsichter;
'S waar nix in daere Welt gans wie
Die gleene Inschlichlichter.

Schur hot's heit Lichter uff de Beem,
Die mit Electric brenne;
Doch kann ich vun Gedanke net
Die Inschlichlichter drenne.

Wie alles schunscht, der Grischtdaagsbaam
Ennert sich mit de Yaahre;
So wissen net die Kinner heit
Blessier mir hen erfaahre.

RALPH S. FUNK

ONE, TWO

Eens, zwee, fallt der Schnee
'S iss zu kalt fer naus zu geh;

Drei, vier, schliess die Dier,
Un der Schlissel net verlier;

Fimf, sechs, kummt en Hex,
Mit Gegrummel un Gegrex;

Siwwe, acht, geb mol acht!
Die will bleiwe iwwer Nacht;

Neine Zehe, Haahne graehe,
Daere muss mer's Bett verdrehe;

Elf, zwelf, kumm un helf!
Drauss, do yohle schunn die Welf;

Dreizeh, verzeh, gretzich watt sie,
Des iss awwer'n wieschdi, schwarzi!

Fufzeh, sechzeh, fluche mecht sie,
Alle wieschde Wadde secht sie;

Siwwezeh, achtzeh, Gfresser macht sie,
Dreht sich dreimol rum, noh lacht sie;

Neinzeh, zwansich, macht sie dann sich
Aus em Haus, dann halt sie draus!
Die hot gewiss nix Gutes an sich.

Aus'm John Birmelin sei Mammi Gans Buch