THE MORNING CALL

David A. Miller, Publisher-Director 1895-1958

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THE MORNING CALL, EVENING CHRONICLE, SUNDAY CALL-CHRONICLE

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Editorials

School Law Amendments

Legislators so eager to scrap Pennsylvania's controversial school district reorganization act would do well to forget partisan politics long enough to study proposed amendments now being reviewed by the State Council of Education and the attorney general.

If opponents of Act 561 have stated their case in full, the suggested amendments should answer the valid objections. These proposals also should help clear the slate for prompt and effective implementation of the law long needed to strengthen the state's public school system and broaden opportunities for all pupils.

Subsidies, grants for transportation, debts of existing districts and the election of school directors in the larger units are spelled out in the amendments. No area would receive a smaller subsidy than under the present formula and for some state aid would be increased through consolidation. Representation of less populous areas of a merged district on school boards is safeguarded. There is no question about the rights of teachers and administrators covered by tenure laws.

No provision has been made, of course, for retaining the same number of school directors now serving the districts that would be merged into larger units. As terms expire, the new boards ultimately would be reduced to nine members. This is of considerable concern to some who covet the influence and prestige of these positions.

The fact that the number of school directors across the state would be cut from something like 14,000 to 3,000 may color the view of their state association which has so vigorously opposed the redistricting act. Although the organization has found ways to collect substantially the same amount of dues regardless of the number of directors, it does not like to see its influence curtailed through loss of members.

These scarcely are adequate reasons, however, for repealing or emasculating a law as important to the children and taxpayers of the commonwealth as this one.

Any failure of the last legislature to provide all the necessary safeguards should be a challenge to the new one to establish guidelines that will help local districts make the proper decisions and implement them as quickly as possible.

Freedom to Worship

Two reports in the news this week were of significance to those who hold that no man's life is complete unless it is anchored in the teachings and precepts of a religious faith.

In Russia, where the state long has proclaimed religion to be an opiate, 32 Siberian peasants defied their Communist masters in the quest of religious freedom. As they pounded the doors of the American Embassy in Moscow, they sought neither jobs nor alms. They asked only a haven to worship in their own way, to rear their children in the faith of their fathers.

For this they had been persecuted as men of faith have been harassed and reviled for centuries. For this they left their homes and risked their lives.

In the United States, where men are free to worship as they choose, the Yearbook of American Churches revealed that for the first time in nearly a century gains in church membership fell below population increases. Since 1870, when church members represented 18 per cent of the population, the figure had been rising steadily to 63.6 per cent by 1960. In 1961, the year of the last report, it dropped to 63.4 per cent.

The figures themselves are not considered significant by the National Council of Churches. More than 116 million Americans are listed on the rolls of 258 religious bodies of all faiths and creeds and there may be many others who consider themselves members. The number still is increasing, but not as sharply as the population.

There is no point in comparing the dwindling number of churches in Russia or their membership with those in the United States. The point is that in this country, the loyalty of no one is questioned because he worships and none need pound on the door of a church or a government agency for the right. Neither can anyone be required to belong to a church or attend services.

Only those who do, know the difference this makes in their lives, in the life of their nation.

What Others Say

Savings for Select Few

Newark News

Each year about this time the Tennessee Valley Authority cheerly reports to its customers how much money TVA electricity is saving them. Last year the claim was $128 million; this year it's $140 million.

Give or take a million, the figures are probably about right and make sense to the fortunate power customers in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, North Carolina, Virginia and Georgia. There's no question they're getting a bargain. It's the other 44 states, though, that need the cheering up because they're in the interesting position of helping pay the electric bills of Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, North Carolina, Virginia and Georgia without getting any of the electricity.

This "saving" TVA reports is the difference between what it charges and what its customers would probably be paying if served by a private utility. It would indeed be strange if the TVA didn't have lower rates, for it pays no taxes, has easy access to the federal treasury for loans at bargain rates and doesn't have to worry about running at a loss because it's government property.

It is true, of course, that TVA doesn't exist solely to provide bargain - rate power. It was started three decades ago to fight poverty and economic inertia in the area it serves, and the record shows that it has more than quadrupled the average per capita income there. The low power rates are very much a part of the Tennessee Valley transformation. But it is important to realize that these annual "savings," nice as they are for TVA customers, really come out of everyone else's pockets.

Coming Bowl Game



Strange Roles in Congo

By DAVID LAWRENCE

If the United Nations — as operated today — had been in existence in 1776, the 13 colonies in America might never have been permitted to secede from Great Britain.

If the United Nations last year had wished, it could have asserted a right to send troops to the University of Mississippi to see that James Meredith was enrolled as a student and to make sure that a sovereign state obeyed the orders of the federal government.



Lawrence

These two hypothetical statements illustrate the extent to which the United Nations today, in invading Katanga to prevent its secession from the Congo, has gone beyond established principles of international law. Disobedience of the decrees of a national government is an internal matter. The right of revolution has heretofore been regarded as indisputable. The right of self - determination by peoples everywhere has been supported by the United States for many decades.

To secure unity by mediation and avoid bloodshed is a commendable objective, but the means being used — military force inside a country as between its rival aspirants for power — is just another form of illegal aggression.

The press of Great Britain is almost unanimous in denouncing the U.N.'s tactics as illegal and as unsupported by any provision of the U.N. charter. The United States is being severely criticized, moreover, for furnishing the military equipment and vehicles to support the U.N. troops in the Congo.

The London "Daily Express" says: "The direction of the United Nations has passed completely into the hands of a clique of permanent officials wedded to a policy of racial extremism. These men unleashed a war against President Tshombe of Katanga without a semblance of authority."

The U.N. has every right to call on its members to take collective action against an aggressor nation which disturbs or threatens to disturb the peace. This was the case in 1950 when the North Korean government, aided by Moscow, sent its troops across the boundary line into South Korea in what became a three-year war. The United States, when called upon by the U.N., properly rendered military aid. The U.N. has played an analogous role in the Middle East, but in every case the issue involved an invasion or threat of invasion by one country against another.

In this instance, on the other hand, the several factions that constitute the Congo republic have not yet agreed on a common plan for a federal government. Katanga has refused to accept all the orders of the "Central Government." But the full power of the U.N., including military forces supplied by member nations and financed largely by this country, now has been brought to bear on the state of Katanga to give up its autonomy. This is a precedent that could have far-reaching significance in the future when the U.N. comes more and more under the control of the Afro-Asian bloc of states.

The use of the funds of American taxpayers for exploits in international politics around the globe presents an important issue to Congress. Its members have lately been growing sensitive about military help given in the form of foreign aid.

Questions of this kind cannot be brushed aside with the statement that the executive branch of the government makes foreign policy and that the President, as commander-in-chief, can order troops anywhere at any time. While this is true as a broad principle, Congress has the right to be consulted on the continued use of its appropriations for military purposes.

Political Winds

By VICTOR RIESEL

Amongst labor men who know Bob Kennedy well, the belief is that he is eager to run for governor of Massachusetts. But not until 1966.

The Attorney General has his legal residence in the Bay state. He could run in '64. But Ted Kennedy will run for re-election then. So will John Kennedy, of course. If Bob ran, that would make three of a kind. And massed together they would make a vulnerable political target.

Furthermore, incredibly energetic Bob Kennedy, often operating for hours from a "hideaway" desk in the White House, now is more the assistant president of the U.S. than the Attorney General.

It is he who contacted the labor people as well as the millionaires during the bitter bargaining of the Cuban prisoner exchange. It is he who, far more than our State Dept., changed our policy toward powerful, previously anti-American labor leaders and politicos in Japan.

It is he who actually is shaping American propaganda policy and image-making across the world. It is he about whom leaders of many international agencies inquired in Geneva during my recent trips.

Yet it also is he who shuttles into New York City and spends hours with key liberal and labor leaders who can help swing the pivotal, big-electoral-vote state.

So it is not likely that he would want to be away from the President's side for another few years.

But in '66 he would be in a mood to find a power base of his own. If elected he would be Massachusetts' governor for almost two years preceding the hurly-burly of the 1968 Democratic Presidential nominating convention.

Would he then seek the vice presidential nomination? These men of labor don't believe Bob Kennedy is a "second-place man."

But then what of their good friend Lyndon Johnson — to them the most active vice president in their own political history. The Texan has worked well with them.

Lyndon Johnson has, for example, taken an "inventory" of some 17 million industrial workers — as a survey on employment of minorities. If one group or another does not have its equal share of work, the vice president will take action.

And within a few weeks, a similar inventory of two-and-a-half million building and construction workers will be taken. Same process. This will make a total of 19.5 million workers in thousands of firms the "veep" will be "looking after."

Add to this the Committee's active work with 85 major corporations and 120 national unions. The labor organizations have promised to desegregate their locals, apprenticeship training operations and seniority lists.

This will make the vice president popular indeed in Northern, Midwestern and Western cities.

The presidential election year of 1968 is a long way off. Being the essence of political sagacity, he walks, not runs towards such a distant goal.

And the politically shrewd men of labor, knowing they will be the balance of power in future Democratic nominating conclaves, sit back and observe.

The time for action is not yet. But there is time for talk. And this is what they talk about, these agile politicos.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

With Winter

With winter here again I feel . . . the warmness of my home . . . and I am happiest when I . . . pass through its portal dome . . . for there inside are treasures . . . beyond all compare . . . love divine and tender . . . faith to temper care . . . with all its sordid aspects . . . winter still has charm . . . especially when families . . . nestle arm in arm . . . to watch a master painter . . . fashion works of art . . . painting on each windowpane . . . things that touch the heart . . . I know it isn't fun to roam . . . life's way, when it is cold . . . yet winter has some features . . . wondrous to behold . . . so I derive much pleasure . . . as the wild winds blow . . . guess I'm just a child at heart . . . with winter comes the snow.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

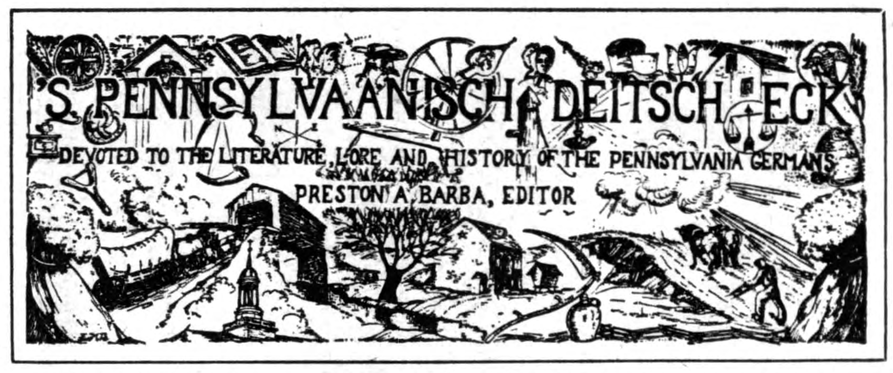
QUESTION: I find the following verse very difficult to understand: "All that came before me are thieves and robbers, but the sheep did not hear them." Will you explain this for me? F.H.

ANSWER: This verse is found in John 10:8. In it Jesus is explaining the dangerous fact that many people have professed to be saviours, and they have always gotten a following. People are like sheep and they can be very easily led astray. In the days of Christ they used to have large sheepfolds in which the sheep of many different shepherds would be kept. This was to protect the sheep during the night time from wild animals. In the morning the shepherd would come by and call his sheep, and Jesus said that His own sheep would recognize His voice. Many shepherds had come before His time, but they did not hear them. Jesus was actually giving out the evidences of the genuineness of His mission as He said this. Even today there are many false prophets and many false shepherds, and they lead silly people like silly sheep in very strange directions. Only Christ is the true Saviour, and only He came to provide true deliverance from sin.

Horoscope

Steady rather than spectacular progress will be yours. Today's child will be high-principled.

The nest of the eagle hawk may be eight feet in diameter and nearly as deep.



EN NEIYOHRS WUNSCH

Ich winsch Eich all en Glickselich Neiyohr
Vun do bis naus ans Scheier Dohr.
Datt sin die fette Sei so schee;
Sie fresse viel un wolle noch meh,
Hen grosser Hunger, grosser Darscht,
Gewwe Pannhaas un aa Lewwer Warscht.

Die Schtadtleit nemme 's wie 's do geht,
Der Bauer hot sei eegner Weeg.
Schunke Fleesch un Kuttelfleck,
Der Bauer hot's graad wie in Seck,
Genunck devun, ya alle Zeit
Bis er geht noch der Ewichkeit.

—D. GEORGE KNECHT

SHOOTING IN THE NEW YEAR

Drum wuensch ich, dass das Gluecke
Du dieses Jahr erlangst,
Dass Du an keinem Stricke
Dies Jahr am Galgen hangst.

Haeng Dich an keinen Nagel,
Stuertz Dich in keinen Fluss;
Dich toete nicht der Hagel
Und kein Kanonenschuss.

Ich wuensche Dir gesund'res,
Ein ganz besond'res Glueck;
Fall keine Steg herunter
Und brech' nicht das Genick.

So viel Glueck als man Haare
Auf allen Eseln zaehlt,
Damit in diesem Jahre
An keinem Glueck Dir's fehlt.

From Evan Holben's Stories and Reminiscences. Allentown, Pa. 1902.

BOOK REVIEW

History of Franconia Township (Montgomery County, Pa.) — By James I. Heckler, Harleysville, Pa.— Carrell D. Hendricks, 1960 pp. 112. $7.50.

This book is an excellent example of painstaking writing and publishing of strictly local history in a manner that causes it to comtribute substantially to the fields of Pennsylvania history and genealogy. The book makes available original material on one township in Montgomery County, Pa., collected in the last two decades of the nineteenth century by a local historian who had already written a history of each of two sister townships in the county, Lower Milford and Skippack.

Heckler's history of Franconia Township had been published more than 60 years ago, in the **Harleysville News.** One copy had been preserved and in 1958 fell into the hands of Roy C. Kulp, Historical Editor, **Panorama Magazine.** Through Kulp's efforts the Heckler work was arranged in book form in a way that makes innumerable details of local history easy to locate. Furthermore, it is beautifully printed, with illustrations, and has an attractive cloth cover.

Franconia Township, lying within 25 miles of Philadelphia, was one of the earliest and one of the most important German settlements in America. This small volume gives a great deal of information about the pioneer settlers of the Township and their parcels of land. Franconia Township has been a Pennsylvania German section from its earliest settlement in the 1730's.

The book is replete with references to land conveyances, tax lists, and wills. In additions, published sources are cited, such as family histories, early issues of newspapers, Henry S. Dotterer's **Perkiomen Region,** and Christian Funk's pamphlet, **A Mirror,** printed in 1809 in German and in English.

Among the families treated in some detail are the following: Heckman, Clemmer, Hagey, Althouse, Shoemaker, Shell, Schwartz, Schlichter, Cressman, Benner, Bergey, Trumbore, Kindig, Barndt, Gerhart, Cristler, Freed, Zirkell, Nice, Reiff, Detweiler, Delp, Souder, Moyer, Fuhrman, Hunsberger, Funk, Fry, Landes, Dotterer, Wambold, Stump, Loux, Leidy, and Hangey.

Ingenious selection of type makes possible the use of approximately 500 words to the page. Consequently this slim volume recites a great amount of information — dates of birth, marriages and deaths, names of spouses and children, and details concerning the purchase and sale of land. The following quotation from pages 80-81 is typical of the book:

Christian Funk married Barbara Cassel in 1757. He was born in 1731, and died May 31, 1811, in his 80th year.

His wife Barbara died December 29, 1792, and they are both buried in Delp's graveyard, near their home. They had nine children, whose names were: Anna, Elizabeth, Mary, Catharine, Barbara, Sarah, John, Abraham, Susanna.

The illustrations include: Klein's Meeting house and Harley Burying Grounds, Indian Creek Reformed Church, Delp's Burial Ground and Herrite Meeting House, Franconia Mennonite Meeting House, Indianfield Lutheran Church, Leidy's Reformed Church, a sketch of Franconia Meeting House, built 1833, as it appeared in an early day, an undated map of the Township, probably as of about 1900, and a portrait of the author, James I. Heckler, 1829-1901.

Those who are tracing genealogy back to the earliest German families in Pennsylvania or are writing a history of the German element in America may find in the Franconia volume either the lead for which they have been searching or a part of the necessary historical background.

Homer T. Rosenberger, President Pennsylvania German Society

NOH WAAR'S GRISCHTDAAG

LANG, LANG zurick, so ebbes wie paar dausend Ewichkeite zurick, waar gaar nix eenich aeryets, yuscht unser Haergott! Mol ee Daag iss der Haergott des Ding ledich ware, des immer so gans alleenich sei, un es iss ihm eikumme, er daet sich en Welt mache.

Er hot lang do driwwer gedenkt un hot alles schee un gut geblaant. Alles ass er dutt iss immer recht geblaant !Noh, wie alles geblaant waar, iss er an die Aerwet un hot die Welt erschaffe.

Er hot Himmel un Aerd gemacht, hot die Sunn un der Mond un all die Schtanne naus ghenkt, un hot die weisse Wolke an ihre Bletz. Die Aerd hot er gemacht wie en scheener grosser Gaarde, mit me weisse Glabbord Fens drum rum. Er hot Blumme un Beem geblanst, hot die Feggel ans Singe, un hot die Fisch ins Wasser. Daag fer Daag hot er gschafft bis alles geduh waar, un noh hot er sich mol an die Fens gschtellt un hot alles gut bedracht.

Es waar alles arrig schee un gut, un es hot em Haerrgott viel Blessier gewwe all des zu sehne. Ee Ding hot awwer gfehlt! Ich muss Kinner hawwe, hot der liewe Gott zu sich selwert gsaat, Kinner fer in mei Scheener Gaarde, Kinner fer die Feggel heere singe, der Wind heere in de Beem, es gut Obscht esse, un acht gewee uff alles.

Un noch eens — der liewe Gott hot Kinner hawwe wolle so ass er ebber hett fer mit blaudere, un so ass er nimmi zu sich selwert schwetze breicht!

Glei gsaat un glei geduh! Der Haerrgott hot die erschte Mensche in sei Gaarde. Es hot sei Familye gewwe solle; es waare sei Kinner. Noh waar gewiss alles faddich, un der liewe Gott waar hallich un gut zufridde. Alles waar in Friede, un die Feggel hen gsunge in de Beem. Die Fisch sin geschtumpt im Wasser fer lauder-Haerrlichkeet, die Blumme hen siess geroche, un die Gediere hen all mitnanner gschpielt. Kens waar bang un kens hot em annere weh geduh.

Noh hot der Haerrgott sich rumgedreht un iss ab die Schtross nunner, un graad dadde uff eemol bletzlich waar der Deiwel los! Wu er beikumme iss, wisse mer net, awwer dadde waar er, mit de Finger in alles un, wie immer, druff los fer alles verhause. Bis der liewe Gott sich widder rumgedreht hot ghatte un iss zurick kumme, waare die Micke in der Supp. Alles waar drunner un driwwer, un em Haerrgott sei gross Haz iss schier verbroche.

Well, was waar ewwe zu duh! Mensche sin Mensche, un wann der Deiwel los iss un kummt in sie nei dann sin sie arriyer ass wie en Drupp Sei. Was es noh gewwe hot, wisse mer net recht. Deel wolle saagge der Haerrgott hett die Mensche aus seim Gaarde geyaagt un hett gsaat er wott sie sei Lewe nimmi sehne, sie mechte zum Deiwel geh un graad duh wie sie wotte. Ich glaab sell awwer yuscht so halwer.

Annere saagge die Mensche waere selwert ausgerisse un fatt, aus dem scheene Gaarde un vum gute Lewe weck, ihre eeggener dummer, dickkebbicher Weeg fatt in alle Druwwel un Schlechtichkeet nei. Ich will sell liewer glaawe. Un sie saagge der Haerrgott hett newe an der Gaardefens gschtanne, hett denne dumme Kinner nooch geguckt, un hett gheilt wie alles, wie mer ewwe duttwann em's Haz verbroche iss.

Un graad dadde, in all seim Druwwel un Elend, hot der liewe Gott ausgemacht die Kinner misste widder heem, un die Familye misst widder zamme, un alles misst widder sei wie davor, Deiwel odder net . . . Ya, un wann der Haergott so ebbes ausmacht dann geht's aa selle Weeg, nau verloss eich sdruff!

Es iss noh gange so wie's gekennt hot, deel Daagge gut un deel Daagge net so gut. Die Mensche sin darrich die Welt wie en Gwidder-Schtarrem, odder wie en Drupp wilde Sei, un der Haerrgott iss der lang hatt Weeg hinnenooch fer sie widder heem locke. So iss es gange fer Yaahre un Yaahre un hunnerte vun Yaahre.

Er hot alles gebrowiert fer sei Kinner heem griegge. Er hot gut gschwetzt un er hot aa gscholte. Er hot dann un wann paar gute Leit gfunne in der Drupp un denne hot er bissel Verschtand eiblaudere kenne. Die sin als zu de annere fer ihne bissel Gutes eischwetze, un alsemol hot's ebbes sgebatt, awwer die menscht Zeit waar's ewwe wie's immer iss wann der Deiwel mol los iss.

Der liewe Gott hot de Leit alles gsaat ass er eischt gekennt hot. Deel hen's gheert un hen's sei Lewe net vergesse. Bei annere iss es zu eem Ohr nei un zum ammere naus. Ee Daag waar alles gut un der naegscht waar widder alles letz. Ee Mol hett mer gedenkt alles deet sich mache, un die Familye waer widder eens, un es naegscht waar alles arriyer verrisse ass noch ee Mol.

Unser eem hett uffgewwe un hett alles zum Deiwel fliegge losse, awwer net der Haerrgott! Bees iss er warre, un hot sich oft verzannt, awwer sei Lieb waar immer bissel greesser.

Mol ee Daag iss es ihm eikumme nau waer graad genunk gschwetzt, un es misst ebbes schunscht gebrowiert warre. Des nemmt meener wie Blauderes, hot der Haerrgott gsaat, denne muss mer weise. Die aarme dumme Drepp wisse net wie un was; un gehne yuscht ihre dumme Kepp nooch. Ich muss ihne ebbes weise, hot er gsaat. Des misse sie sehne kenne mit ihre eeggne Aagg, noh kenne sie verleicht verschteh was ich hawwe will.

So iss es em liewe Gott eikumme fer de Mensche ebbes weise mit re gleen gute Familye. Ich will hawwe, hot er gsaat, ass sie all mit nanner fattkumme wie die beschte Familye im allerschenschte Haus, so muss ich ihne mol weise wie, darrich ee guti Familye, mit ebbes ass vun mir selwert iss — mit me gans gute Mann, enguti Fraa un en schee, glee Kind!

Mol ee Nacht hot der liewe Gott alles schee an der Blatz— der gut Mann, die gut, lieb Mutter, un es schee glee Bobbeli. Un selli Nacht waar die gans Welt hallich un froh. Der Wind hot gepiffe in de Beem, die Schtanne hen gsunge, die weisse Wolke hen Batzelbaam gschlagge, un in der Nacht waar alles schenner ass wie der schenscht Daag.

Wie der liewe Gott es glee Bobbeli gsehne hot in der Mutter ihrem Schooss, un der Paepp dabei, hot's ihn gemaant an die gute alte Zeite wie noch alles yung un nei waar, un er waar hallicher als sei Lewe. Er hot sich newe anne gschtellt, so bissel ins Dunkle ass niemand ihn sehne daet, un hot zu sich selwert gedenkt er hett de Mensche nau alles gewwe ass zu gewwe waar — ebbes vun sich selwert.

Wann sell nix batt, hot er zu sich gsaat, un wann sie nau net sehne un net lanne wolle was recht iss, dann weess ich net was zu duh. Es iss nau uff zu ihne, hot er gsaat, un wann sie's so hawwe wolle dann kann's Friede gewwe un en gut Lewe fer all die Leit iwwer der gans Welt.

Der gans gut Mann, die lieb Mutter, un es unschuldich glee Kind, die drei zamme, der liewe Gott in ihrem Haz, un alle Mensche ihr letschte un beschte Hoffning in sellem Kind sei Lewe — so ebbes hot der liewe Gott seiner Welt gewwe selli Nacht! Un noh waar's Grischtdaag!

GOOSEY, GOOSEY, GANDER

Gense, Gense, Genserich!
Saag, wu soll ich naus?
Uff un ab die Schpeicherschteeg,
Rum im ganse Haus.

Drowwe iss en wieschder Mann,
En rechter alder Dunner;
Grick en halt am linke Bee
Un schmeiss en owwe runner.

ONE, MISTY, MOISTY MORNING

En nasser, feichter Maerrye,
Es waar so Newwelwetter,
Do kummt en alder Daadi,
Er waar gegleed in Ledder;
Er macht mir dann en Kumbliment,
Ich hab dezu gelacht;
'S waar "how de do" un "how de do?"
So hen mer fatt gemacht.

LITTLE JACK HORNER

Der glee Johnnie Schteckel,
Er hockt imme Eckel,
En Blaumeboi esst er allee;
Geht nei mit em Daume
Un holt sich die Blaume,
Noh guckt er noch schtols in die Heeh.

FOUR and TWENTY TAILORS

Vierunzwansich Schneider,
Die finne molen Schneck;
Sie schtehne datt in Aengschte,
En yeder halt sich weck.
Do schtreckt die Schneck die Haerner,
Ass wie so 'n gleeni Kuh;
Ihr Schneider besser schpringe,
Sie kennt eich ebbes duh!

SALLY, SALLY WATERS

Sally, Sally Wasser,
Kessel un die Pann.
Hei, Sally! Hei, Sally!
Witt en yunger Mann?
Iss es aa der aermscht,
Iss es aa der reichscht,
Nemm du dir en yunger Mann,
Was du am beschte gleichscht!

Aus 'm John Biremlin seim Mammi Gans Buch.

DER BUSCH KNIBBEL

Note. — The above was first published in TOWN AND COUNTRY in its issue for December 22, 1960. It was revised and printed again December 21, 1961. — It appears in the ECK with the kind permission of the Rev. William J. Rupp, alias Der Busch Knibbel.

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Editorials

Putting Pain in Taxes

One of the first bills introduced in the House when Congress convened this week was a measure to eliminate withholding taxes on wages and salaries and submit to the states a proposed constitutional amendment to enforce a balanced budget.

There is little likelihood the measure will generate enough enthusiasm in official Washington to get it through the first committee. The restrictions it would impose on government spending would shake the foundations of the White House and the Capitol.

For that matter, it would shake up most taxpayers. If they were permitted to wait until April 15 to pay the income tax collector, the majority would either find themselves in hock or in court.

The principal purpose of the measure is to make taxpayers say "ouch." As long as personal taxes are slipped out of pay envelopes before the worker sees the money, there is little pain. The earner thinks in terms of "take home pay," seldom about the money he earned but never received because the tax collector was at the till ahead of him. So, he is blissfully unaware of the huge burden he is bearing.

Former President Eisenhower suggests it would be painful enough if the federal government was permitted to use the withholding process to collect only half the taxes due. Once a quarter or once a year all would have to dig deep to make up balances.

Pain serves a purpose by warning of ailments needing attention. Painless taxpaying has masked what some recognize as the ailment of a government grown so vast that it saps the vigor of the nation.

Pained taxpayers would not be nearly so complacent about proposals to enlarge the government's tax appetite. They might even insist that those they elect cut back present levels in progressive steps.

This, unfortunately, is not the kind of tax reform about which Washington is doing so much talking.

Pleasant Revival

This community has reason to be grateful to Samuel Weinrott of Philadelphia, the federal court trustee who quite obviously has made the successful operation of L. F. Grammes Sons Inc. something considerably more than a routine assignment.

Through his efforts, an established industry that was forced to close because of financial difficulties now is operating with a payroll of something like 150 employes. In 20 months it has produced goods worth almost $2.5 million. All equipment and tools have been retained and orders are being filled.

He is responsible, too, for developing the plan under which this manufacturing enterprise that for so many years was a substantial part of Allentown's industrial life may be able to begin a new and even brighter era. If the plan is approved by the courts, a company with an outstanding record in its field and with customers waiting to be served will assume ownership and management.

Happily, the trustee has had the cooperation of the United Steelworkers and their local representatives, the interest of the Industrial Development Corp. of Lehigh County and the support of others concerned.

Continued understanding of the problems involved and the teamwork that can resolve them is necessary if this industry is to mean what it once did in the community. It could mean even more.

What Others Say

Making Over Congress

Wall Street Journal

The way some critics see it, just about everything possible is wrong with Congress. It is so antiquated, unwieldy and lethargic that it frustrates not only the plans of the administration but the will of the people.

As the new Congress meets, special fire is concentrated on the rules of both chambers. There is the perennial complaint that the Senate's unlimited debate impedes legislation, especially regarding civil rights, and unless the size of the House Rules Committee is again expanded, it is contended the whole Kennedy program will be sunk.

Simultaneously it is charged that there is far too little party discipline in Congress: Southern Democrats, for example, often behave as though they had not even a nodding acquaintance with the national party. Seniority, moreover, is said to ensure the keeping in vital committee posts of men who have passed their years of usefulness.

Now certainly there are a number of legitimate grounds for criticizing Congress. Its actions are by no means always wise; collectively it sometimes fails in its responsibilities to provide searching scrutiny; individually its members display a disturbing collection of conflicting interests.

All the same, the things customarily complained of these days are not in fact vices but rather the signs of a healthy body politic. In the first place, neither rules nor indiscipline nor seniority can block legislation the Congress deems in the national interest, and that includes civil rights legislation.

And we might well ask ourselves how matters would really be if Congress were transformed into the modern, smooth-running, efficient organization its critics profess to want.

No matter how it is rationalized, the attempt to end filibusters in the Senate is action against a minority. The minority may be composed of opponents of specific civil-rights proposals on some occasions; on others, however, it consists of men usually identified as liberals. In fact, it has become an oftnoted irony that these gentlemen can be the most long-winded abusers of the privilege of unlimited debate. In any case, it is a protection of free discussion that the Senate should not lightly throw out.

The whole purpose of the plan to expand the House Rules Committee from 12 to 15 members, as was done in the last Congress, is to speed the movement of administration bills to the floor; in other words, make it easier on the White House and its congressional supporters. But that is not the purpose of our form of government, which is an elaborate vehicle of checks and balances designed, among other things, to keep presidents from jamming bad laws through Congress.

If the parties in Congress were indeed monolithic entities ruled by an iron hand, more could probably get done on Capitol Hill. But is that what we want, with all it implies in suppression of individuality and even of conscience: It would seem that the free choice of members regardless of party is a far more vigorous political condition.

As for the imputations of senility via seniority, we are not at all persuaded that age has much of anything to do with a man's ability and character, some of the younger members can get pretty silly. Some critics notwithstanding, we have always thought there were too few Harry Byrds in the Senate.

None of the existing rules or circumstances is sacrosanct, nor is Congress beyond improvement. But there is an unpleasantly absolutist aura about some of these schemes to "modernize" Congress by making it more amenable to the will of the President. If occasional frustration is one of the prices of a free and flourishing political life, the nation ought to be more than glad to pay it.

–With Vigor!



Heart of Integration

By DAVID LAWRENCE

A ray of light has come at last into the controversy over "integration" in the public schools. It came as a result of the Thanksgiving Day race riot in Washington when the football teams from two high schools —one almost entirely white and the other predominantly colored — met in an all-city champion ship game.



Lawrence

In keeping with the sincere efforts of many people to find some human solution of the friction over school integration, the local superintendent of schools, Carl F. Hansen, appointed a special commission of prominent men and women, to investigate what happened and to make recommendations.

The report is a lengthy one and deserves national attention. It should be widely publicized, at least among educators who are grappling with the problem of enforced integration in the public schools. Dr. Shane MacCarthy, who was a prime mover in the national program for youth fitness under President Eisenhower, headed the commission. In his letter submitting the report, he says in part:

"Integration is a most complicated undertaking. It is not accomplished simply by opening classroom doors. It is not brought about by a paper decision to recognize the rights of fellow citizens. It is not achieved by an emotional urge that follows the prodding of the heart rather than the leadership of the head. We do a grave disservice to boys and girls of both races when we direct them to integrate and thrust them into indiscriminate mingling without the thorough preparation which is a mandate for success in any undertaking."

The statement by Dr. MacCarthy also declares that teachers are reluctant to report to the police misconduct in everyday life at the schools, and that crime goes unpunished.

The main report of the committee, rendered after five weeks of investigation, speaks of an "atmosphere of lawlessness" in the public schools. The report says in part of this point:

"Testimony before the full committee developed an awareness of administrative lack of control over hoodlum elements in the school system and a deteriorating condition in mass audience events outside of the school buildings.

"Violence, assaults, disrespect of teachers are acts of an undesirable element of students. An atmosphere of 'permissiveness' has discouraged the personnel of many schools and caused a city-wide lessening of discipline standards. Fear rages through many school buildings which have become tramping grounds for outside influences, including thugs, hoodlums, and persons of the lowest character.

"The school administration has difficulty in coping with this situation. The morale of many teachers has suffered and the percentage of resignations and transfers has increased. Nevertheless, school officials fail to co-operate with police and report violations of the law nor do they maintain a city-wide reporting system of incidents of misconduct. With such a climate in the school system, students receive little discipline, little guidance and little incentive to develop strong citizenship qualities in far too many cases and the result has been a steadily worsening misconduct problem in the public schools."

The fact stands out that conditions in the schools produced the tragic episode, almost unparalleled in the history of the country, as mob violence erupted during and after a game between teams from an almost all-white Catholic high school and an almost all-Negro public high school. There were 50,000 people in the stands.

The lesson which all this teaches, of course, is that federal troops occupying the campus of the University of Mississippi do not furnish the answer to the integration problem. Nor do the constant stories in the press about the students' jeering of James Meredith touch any more than the superficial aspects of the controversy. The crusade for votes by the politicians who wish to capitalize on "ingegration" has ignored the fundamental human aspects.

The problems of human relationship will certainly never be solved by bayonets or by sit-in demonstrations or "freedom rides" or other agitation of that kind. Conformity by coercion will never succeed. An adjustment of race relations will come only when both sides determine what is the practicable and human thing to do, irrespective of the legal phraseology of federal court orders.

New Meanings

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

Everyone knows that words change over the centuries, and even over the decades. But what is puzzling, even to specialists in language, is the way in which some words change to mean exactly their opposites.

I thought of this the other morning, when my little girl remarked at breakfast that something was "crummy." A "crummy" hat or a "crummy" game is one to be despised and disregarded; yet it was not always so.

As late as the turn of this century, a British word-book defined "crummy" as "jolly good." "She's a crummy woman" meant a fine handsome woman, well-fleshed and amiable. The crummy part of bread is the fleshy or main part; it is the opposite of crusty, meaning hard and ill-tempered.

In his fascinating book, published last year, "Your English Words," John Moore observes that a "casualty" was at one time an accident, and now it is used almost exclusively to mean the victim of one. "Painful" once meant taking pains; now it means giving hurt.

"Scan," not too long ago, meant to examine minutely, or to look at searchingly; but the word has now turned topsy-turvy, and when asked "Did you read the document?" we reply, "Well, I only just scanned it."

One of the most interesting changes taking place right before our eyes, as it were, concerns the word "literally." In the past, "literally" meant the opposite of "figuratively"; it meant actually, really, in a quite factual sense.

But nowadays people day "He was literally burned up about it," when they mean "figuratively" burned up about it; and I have little doubt that a few decades hence, literally will have pushed figuratively out of the dictionary.

A "tobaccionist" used to mean the smoker, and not the seller of tobacco, as it does today. A "typewriter," when the machine was first invented, meant the typist and not the machine itself. "Portly" used to mean dignified; now it implies a kind of laughable rotundity. "Silly" meant blessed, rather than foolish. And "awful" referred to the majesty of God's works, rather than the modern sense of "frightful" or "ghastly."

Perhaps the most complete reversal of meaning in the English language, however, is the word "maudlin," which now describes a certain sort of self-pitying drunk, liable to burst into tears. The word comes from Mary Magdalene (pronounced "maudlin" in England) who anointed Jesus' feet. It is worth keeping in mind that most words change for the worst over the years, and that a "cunning villain" used to mean merely a peasant of honest skill.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: With all the uncertainties of it, how can we, as Christ said, "Be not anxious for the morrow?" E.N.

ANSWER: Trouble can be borrowed, just as faith can be exercised. YOU must decide which you will take into your tomorrows: faith or anxiety. When Life is lived on a spiritual level, the little worries and anxieties of this world, are easily thrown off. "Let not your heart be troubled," said Jesus. The little word "let" suggests that we have power over trouble — to harbor it, or to throw it off. How many of us "let" anxiety ruin our lives. How many of us let worry "plague" and hound us to our graves!

Disraeli once said: "The worst evil which man must endure is the anticipation of the calamities that never happen." Christ instills in the human heart the quality of hope, and hope expects the best instead of the worst. With His faith and love in our hearts we can triumph over anxiety.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A pompous history professor from the U.S. was invited to address a group of university students while he was visiting Tokyo. The Japanese dean acted as interpreter, writing the gist of the professor's remarks in Japanese symbols on the blackboard. Soon, however, the Japanese dean put down his chalk and stopped writing. Later the American professor asked him why. "Here in Japan," explained the dean with a respectful bow, "we only write when the speaker says something."

The first bookkeepers in history? Adam and Eve, of course. They inventeed the loose - leaf system.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Where?

Now that I've reached the autumn of life . . . and the lights are flickering low . . . I often think about my youth . . . and wonder, where did it go? . . . it seems like only yesterday . . . since I was just a kid . . . and so I ponder for awhile . . . on the things I did . . . my boyhood chums come into mind . . . those were the good old days . . . now the roads have bended . . . we go our separate ways . . . reverie gives me a glimpse . . . of the loves I've known . . . each one was a rosebud . . . now I've found my own . . . so it is the past parades . . . here inside my heart . . . where did it go, where did it go? . . . why did we have to part?

Horoscope

Make no impulsive decisions on major issues; the year should be good. Today's child will be bold.



NATIVE SPEAKERS EXAMINATION

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania holds examinations to accredit native teachers of foreign languages for its schools. Carl D. Bauer, German Specialist for the National Defense Education Act in Pennsylvania, has informed us that such examinations will be held on April 2 and July 2, 1963. Germans, Austrians and Swiss who can demonstrate the equivalent of a Bachelor's degree and who wish to teach in Pennsylvania schools should take the examination in Harrisburg. They may get in touch with Dr. Bauer, Box 911, Harrisburg, and ask for further details. Pennsylvania and other states are increasingly feeling the need for qualified teachers of foreign languages.

DER SCHNEE

Der Schnee, der Schnee! der schneeweiss Schnee!
Guck wie der Wind 'n blost;
Mer hen aa drei Satt Wetter heit,
Es reggert, schneet un schloost.

Die Luft isch dunkelvoll mit Schnee,
Guck, wie die Flocke danse;
Der Wind, der isch Drillmeeschter heit,
Un macht die Flocke ranse.

Der Wetterhaahne uff 'n Dach,
Der dreht sich hie un her,
Gehorsam wie der alt Soldaad
Mit Schwert un Bichs un Schpeer.

Der Wind blost um die Ecke rum,
'S isch rau un kalt un scharf,
Un in 'm alte Schannschtee brummt's
Wie alt Eolus Harf.

Eolus, der reit heit wie Blitz
Uff seinem wilde Pferd —
Was gewwich drum! ich un mei Fritz,
Mir hocke bei em Heerd.

Eolus schpielt 'n Melodie
Uff seiner seit 'ne Seet
In meinem kleene Fenschterli—
Heerscht net wie schee es geht?

Mer hocke uns ins Schtiwwli nei,
Ich schpinn' un 's Fritzli geigt;
Ich mach em's Hemdli funkelnei
Warscht sehne wie er 's gleicht.

Ich bin meim Fritz sei Schetzli,
Un 's Fritzli isch mei Schatz;
Un wie en glicklich Schpetzli,
So bleiw ich in meim Blatz.

Er singt mer aa en Liedli schee,
Un 's Liedli gebt mer Freed;
Wann 's vun de Alte Zeite singt,
Dann dutt's mer ebmols leed.

Er schpielt un singt un singt un schpielt,
Die Weil mei Raedli brummt;
Doch guck ich zu meim Fenschter naus —
Ob's Drippli Schieler kummt.

Es Drippli Schieler kummt noch net,
Un diefer watt der Schnee;
Ich hab 's ne aa de Marye gsaat —
Doch hen sie welle geh.

Nau, Fritz, bass uff, was ich der saag —
Schpann zwee Geil in der Schlee,
Un hol des Drippli Schieler heem
Schunscht bleiwe sie im Schnee.

Nemm blendi Schtroh un Deppich mit,
Un wickel sie gut ei;
Was warre doch die Kinner net
So luschdich, freehlich sei!

Mei Fritz hot's glei geduh, wie gsaat,
Un yaagt mit Geil un Schlee;
Glei kumme sie zu yauchze do:
"Der Schnee! der Schnee! der Schnee-

—H. L. FISCHER: Kurzweil 'un Zeitfertreib. York, Pa., 1896

MEI KETZEL

Ich hab en kleeni bloo-i Katz,
Was gleicht sie doch zu schpiele
Mit Bendel odder'n Schtickli Neez,
Un Neeh-karb rum zu wiehle.

Dutt ebbes mucke, sehnt sie's glei,
Wie dutt ihr Schwans rum dresche;
Noh setzt sie sich verschtennich hie
Un dutt sich recht schee wesche.

Un setz ich mich fer Schtricke hie,
Iss glei mei Schtrickgaarn gfunne;
Un eb ich's weess, do hot sie's dann
All um sich rum gebunne.

Ach, du eefeldichi Katz,
Kannscht dann net ruhich setze?
Ich wunner, was du saagge deetscht,
Kennscht du yuscht zu mir schwetze.

I. Yenner, 1939 —RALPH S. FUNK

ZEECHE GLAWWE UN BRAUCHEREI

DEEL LEIT hen en arryer Glaawe an die Zeeche, wu im Kalenner schtehn, un aa an der Mond. Wann sie eppes planse wolle im Gaarde odder im Feld, gucke sie, eb's im Zunemmende iss; was mer im Abnemmede planst, meene sie, deet net gut gerote.

Wann mer'n Haus zu decke hot, sott mer 's duh, wann der Mond unnersich schteht; noh bleiwe die Schindle schee teit drunne. Wammer's deckt im ewwersich gehende, dann ringle sich die Schindle in die Heeh un's Dach watt schtruwwelich. Wammer Poschtefens macht, sott mer yo die Poschte net eigraawe im ewwersich gehende, sunscht bleiwe sie net im Grund; sie kraddle in die Heeh, un die Fens fallt zamme. Sie behaapten aa, wammer'n Bord hielegt, wu der Mond eweil druff scheint, deet's sich unnersich biegge odder ewwersich, so wie der Mond schteht. Mer hette nau net gedenkt, dass der Mond so en Power hett, awwer deel Leit glaawe so.

Wann die Obschtbeem recht bliehe im Zunemmende, heesst's als, daerf mer blendi Frichte ekschpeckte; wann awwer die Bliet ins Abnemmende kummt, noh falle die Frichte glei ab un's gebt en schlechter Crop. Im Schpotyaahr soll mer die Eppel wegduh, wann der Mond dunkel iss, so um der Neimond rum, dass sie net faule.

Wammer recht viel scheene Blumme ziegge will, sott mer sie in de Zwilling planse, saagge deel; annere planse sie in der "bliehende Yungfraa." Grumbiere soll mer in der Wog planse; noh schluppe sie net so dief in der Grund un warre gross, schee rund. Wammer sie awwer im Krebs planst, dann kraddle sie dief nunner, warre waarzich, voll Zacke, un schmacke schlecht. Gummere daerf mer net in de Zwilling planse, sunscht duhne sie nix ass bliehe der ganse Summer un henke net aa.

Cider, wu Essich gewwe soll, sott mer im Leeb abzappe, dass er recht schtark watt; 's Winterfleesch awwer sott mer net im Leeb uffhenke, sunscht watt's lewendich wie'n Leeb — es krickt Warrem. Wann die Ieme in der Woog schwarreme, sell iss en guti Sein; noh watt der Kaschte schwer voll Hunnich. Glucke soll mer in der Yungfraa setze, noh kumme die Yunge schee raus un gerote gut; mer soll en ungraadi Zaahl Oier unnerleegge, noh schluppe sie all raus. Wann die Hinkel so en gans klee Oi leegge, sell iss en Unglicksoi; sell muss mer iwwer's Hausdach schmeisse, dass es ken Unglick im Haus gebt.

Deel Leit glaawen aa, 's geebt allerhand Aazeeche, wann eppes happene soll. Wann die Pussy sich wescht un mit de Dowe hinnich die Ohre faahrt, dann kummt Bsuch ins Haus. So aa, wann eem en Messer odder en Gawwel accidentally nunner fallt; wann's en Gawwel iss, kummt en Mannskerl, wann's en Messer iss, en Weibsmensch. Wammer sei Kaffee getrunke hot, dreht mer's Koppche rum un schtellt's widder recht; soviel Leine ass noh der Satz weist, so viel Leit kumme uff Bsuch selle Daag. Wann en Meedel wisse will welle Weg ihre Bo beikummt, dann losst sie's Inschlichlicht brenne, bis der Wieche newenaus point; vun sellere direction kummt er noh. 'S iss awwer noch viel besser, wann sie die Bruschtknoche vumme Hinkel owwich die Dier legt; der aerscht Mannskerl, wu noh zu der Dier reikummt, seller gebt ihre Mann.

Wammer en vierblettrich Kleeblatt finnt, sell bedeit Glick, awwer fimfbletteriches meent Unglick. Wammer en Hufeise finnt, sell bringt aa Glick; sell halt aa die Hexe aus 'm Kiehschtall un aus 'm Haus, wammer's newich die Dier naggelt. Scheierschwalme un Krotte daerf mer net dotmache, sunscht gewwe die Kieh blutichi Millich. Wammer en Hinkel odder'n Haas odder eenich klee Dier in seine Hend dodgeh losst, dann watt mer zitterich. Wann en Schtick Vieh gschlacht watt un mer schteht debei un dauert's, ,dann geht's net gschwind dod. Wammer an Blumme riecht, wu uff me Graab waxe, noh verliert mer der Geruch.Wammer iwwer en klee Kind naus schritt, noh waxt's nimmi schtark odder gaar nimmi. Wann 's em so in de Ohre brummt, dann dutt aryets epper iwwer em liegge odder schelte. Wann's em in de Aagge beisst, dann haeppent noch eppes selle Daag, wu mer gern sehnt. Wammer sich beim Esse vergesst un nemmt sich eppes naus, wu mer noch devun hot, dann kummt noch epper Hungriches.

Die Fingerneggel soll mer sich Freidaags drimme, noh krickt mer ken Zaahweh. Wann mer sie Sunndaags schneid, dann muss mer sich selle Daag noch schemme. Wammer'n Schtick Kleed accidentally hinnerscht vedderscht aaduht, sell bedeit Glick; mer daerf's awwer noh net recht drehe selle Daag, sunscht meent's Unglick. (Sell kennt em awwer sterns Badder-eschon mache, wammer die Hosse maryets der letze Weg aa kriegt un daerf sie noh net rumdrehe). Wammer niese muss, sell bedeit Glick, un fer sell secht mer als "Gsundheit!" wann epper niest. Wann awwer die Hinkel nachts gaxe odder die Hund heile odder en Nachteil naegscht uff me Baam kreischt, sell iss en beeses Aazeeche; sell bedeit, dass ball epper aus em Haus schterbt. So iss es aa, wann en Welschkarnschtengel odder eppes, wu im Gaarde waxt, weiss watt.

Viel Leit glaawen aa ans Brauche fer allerhand Krankheete. Sie behaapte, sie kennte's bees Ding am Finger heele un Schmerze un Blut schtille selleweg. Wann Kinner "aagewaxe" sin, des iss wann ne die Lewwer gschwolle iss, soll mer sie unnich me Darneschtock darch geh losse, wu an zwee Enner fascht gewaxe iss. Wann en Gaul Faahm watt, soll mer 'm en gschtohlner Sackbendel um der Laam Fuss rum wickele un en im Schtall schteh losse, bis er gut watt. Fer's Zaahweh zu verhiete, soll mer'n Schlangehaut, wu mer alsemol draus finnt, mit de Zaeh uffhewe un noh hinnersich laafe. So viel Schritt ass mer noh selleweg macht, so viel Yaahr kriegt merken Zaahweh meh. Wammer in en neie Heemt kummt, soll mer der Scharnschtee nuff gucke, noh kriegt mer ken Heemeweh. Wann epper Heemweh schunn hot, soll mer en bissel Hols vun de vier Ecke vum Disch abkratze un soll 's em uff Butterbrot zu esse gewwe.

Aus 'm Horn Sei Pennsylfanisch Deitsch Buch. (1910)

LUCKY HORSESHOES

For want of a nail the shoe was lost;
For want of a shoe the horse was lost;
For want of a horse the rider was lost;
For want of a rider the battle was lost.

In 1891 the San Francisco Chronicle asked its readers twenty questions under a caption, "Are You Superstitious?" Few people could answer No, to all of them. We confess addiction to two, at least. One of these is a compulsion to pick up any horseshoe that the plow may unearth and then place it in a conspicuous spot as an omen of good luck. Just what kind of luck we have never been aware of or considered objectively. We do remember that father told his eight - year-old son to hang any rusted horseshoe, casually found, upon the lowest limb of a young peach tree to keep insect pests away.

Here is one superstition that goes far beyond the confines of Pennsylvania German folklore. It has its roots deep in Greek mythology and the peoples of all nations touched by Greek culture have adopted and applied the "lucky" concept to the finding of a lost horseshoe. In our part of the world one is likely to see such a talisman nailed above the lintel of a door to a barn or a shed. This symbol of witch-scare has more efficacy than the vaunted "hex" signs that alien writers have ascribed to the beautiful barn ornamentations that break the monotony of color on our vast barnsides.

Poseidon (Neptune in Latin) was the great god of the sea. But this worthy had many other attributes of power. He was in control of waters that were inland and at his will he could cause springs to rise in arid areas and at his will he could promote or stay an earthquake.

As Greek lore had it, Poseidon commanded Pegasus, the winged horse that sprang from the dead body of Medusa, to smite the earth with his hoof wherever there was a dearth of water in the land and thereby cause a spring to gurgle its way through the circular imprint. However, Poseidon was not entirely altruistic in his generosity to man. The sea, which he commanded, depended upon the inland waters for replenishment and therefore it was to the interest of his own realm that springs should be caused to flow.

Hoofprints of horses were worshipped by the ancient Greeks as evidence that Pegasus, as Poseidon's agent, had visited the earth. If a spring gushed forth, in time, it was Poseidon's work and if no spring developed then Poseidon's print was evidence that he had thwarted an earthquake.

When horses came to be shod the translation of the luck emblem from the footprint to the shoemark was easily made by the credulous and a good-luck charm of far more permanence was available. Poseidon, the shaker of the earth, would spare any structure which displayed the symbol of the horse, an animal which the god regarded as sacred.

When Caligula, the mad Roman Emperor, 12-41 A.D., led his army to the English Channel he ordered his soldiers to pick up sea shells to prove his conquest of the seas and he appointed his horse, Incitatus, as consul of the oceans while he proclaimed himself as a new Poseidon (Neptune), god of the seas.

Any form of culture which survives 25 generations must have its roots planted very deeply, somewhere in the veiled past.

—ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

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Editorials

Thank the Volunteers

State police who saw volunteer firemen battle a stubborn adversary at Brookside Country Club the other night confirmed what some residents of Lehigh and surrounding counties have known for a long time.

There are no better or more dedicated firemen anywhere than these volunteers.

Rural fires are the toughest to fight. Not always are they discovered promptly and when alarms are sounded men and equipment must come in from miles around. Rarely are there convenient fire hydrants. Most rural companies bring their own water and when this isn't enough may be compelled to lay hundreds of feet of hose and set up a relay of pumpers to put a single stream on a blaze. On a cold winter night, this presents additional hazards.

For the most part, volunteer companies buy and maintain their own equipment. Ladies auxiliaries frequently help raise the money. Men aren't paid for the time put in on training, for the risks involved or the heroic and back-breaking toil that goes with every fire fighting job. They get little more than the satisfaction of being able to help their neighbors and a considerably broader community in time of need.

The hundreds of thousands of dollars they save property owners is important. It's considerably more important, and comforting too, to know that they're around trained and equipped and willing to answer every call. They deserve considerably more thanks and support than many of them receive.

Worth Quoting

It will take more than the administration of any one man and certainly more than a single session of Congress for this nation to achieve some of the goals President Kennedy pointed up in his state of the union message.

Like most utterances of any president, the speech will be widely debated in both public and private forums. Some will contend he is reaching too far and too fast. Many who agree with his objectives will question the methods proposed. Others, with nothing but partisanship as their measure, will agree or disagree completely.

Few, however, will quibble with the President's rhetoric.

Read these gems again:

"But we cannot be satisfied to rest here. This is the side of the hill, not the top. The mere absence of war is not peace. The mere absence of recession is not growth. We have made a beginning, but we have only begun. . .

"We cannot lead for long the cause of peace and freedom if we ever cease to set the pace at home. . .

"Complacency or self-congratulations can imperil our security as much as the weapons of tyranny. . .

"The unity of freedom has never relied on the uniformity of opinion. . .

"As the older colonialism recedes and the neo-colonialism of the Communist powers stands out more starkly than ever, they (the emerging unaligned nations) realize more clearly that the issue in the world struggle is not communism versus capitalism, but coercion versus free choice. . .

"The Soviet - Chinese disagreement is over means, not ends. A dispute over how best to bury the free world is no grounds for Western rejoicing. . .

"And all the world knows no successful system builds a wall to keep its people in and freedom out. The wall of shame dividing Berlin is a symbol of Communist failure. . .

"But if all these trends and developments can persuade the Soviet Union to walk the path of peace, then let her know that all free nations will journey with her. . .

"There is no substitute for adequate defense and no bargain-basement way of achieving it. . .

"We seek not the worldwide victory of one nation or system, but a worldwide victory of men. The modern globe is too small, its weapons too destructive and its disorders too contagious to permit any other kind of victory. . .

"For 15 years no other free nation has demanded so much of itself. Through hot wars and cold, through recession and prosperity, through the ages of the atom and outer space, the American people have never faltered and their faith has never flagged. If at times our actions seem to make life difficult for others, it is only because history has made life difficult for us all."

We wish that progressive education had not discarded so many of the tools that served other generations well. For here are some sentences worth being preserved in anyone's copybook.

Enjoying Art

Tens of thousands are standing in line these days in Washington for a 10-second view of the Mona Lisa, the world's most famous painting now on loan from the Louvre and the French nation to the National Art Museum and the people of the United States.

Many are simply curious, eager to say they have been there. After a fleeting glimpse of Leonardo da Vinci's smiling lady they move on, most of them entirely unmindful of the Rembrandts in the next room and the magnificent treasures in other galleries of the museum.

It's thrilling, of course, to stand even for a moment before the great masterpiece millions have admired through four centuries. Many find it considerably more satisfactory, however, to spend leisurely hours with some of the other great paintings that have been a media of communication and a source of inspiration through the ages. They find them in many museums, including the one in Allentown where the works of other Renaissance artists are on permanent exhibition. Although these museums are increasingly popular, there seldom are waiting lines. Too few are sufficiently curious about the treasures so close at hand.

Under New, New Management



Negatives Still Sound

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The Republicans in Congress are serving notice this year that they intend to offer "positive" alternatives to measures sponsored by the Democrats. This program for getting the G.O.P. off the hook of "negativism" and "obstructionism" is laudable. But it should be judged in the light of its ends: every bit of Republican "alternative" legislation should be pitched toward restoring a greater measure of voluntary action in society. Compromises are permissible—but they should be compromises toward freedom, not away from it.



Chamberlain

For my own part, I am skeptical of the benefits of too much "positivism" in legislation. Reading over the Ten Commandments the other day, they were just as I had remembered them. Nine of the Ten Commandments feature a flat "Thou Shalt Not" — the only "positive" commandment is the one to "honor thy father and thy mother." If the Lord as a law-giver is nine - tenths a "negativist," why is the rage for legislative "positivism" so admirable?

We have, of course, rewritten the Ten Commandments in recent years. Putting them into the fashionable modern non-King James English, they now read this way:

1. You shall have no other gods before me — except when you are called to bow down before the Omnipotent State.
2. You shall not make any graven image, unless your public relations counselor has decided that your present natural image is keeping you from making money or getting elected to office.
3. You shall not take the name of the Lord thy Government in vain.
4. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy for the pro football game. In it you shall not do any work that can be put off on mama and the kids.
5. Honor your father and your mother — but let "society" provide for their old age with Medicare.
6. You shall not kill, except that it is all right for the U.N. to kill Katangans in Africa.
7. You shall not commit adultery unless you are a famous international film star.
8. You shall not steal unless you can get permission to do it as a member of an organized pressure group.
9. You shall not bear false witness except against races or regions or groups or nations as a whole.
10. You shall not covet anything that is your neighbor's unless he happens to be in a higher tax bracket than yourself.

Since it is obviously inexpedient to return to the oldtime simplicity of the Mosaic version of the Decalogue, the Republicans cannot hope to win elections by being nay - sayers. But they might begin to work back to reliance on traditional individualist morality by degrees.

For example, instead of inflicting the unseen theft of more and more inflationary deficits on everybody, the Republicans might offer the following as a four-point proposition:

1. Instead of adding to compulsory Social Security, the Federal government might exempt any individual who can prove on his tax statement that he is providing for things like his old - age Medicare.
2. Instead of subsidizing rich farmers, the law might be turned around to provide for the poorer farmers pending the day when they will be able to turn their talents to other modes of life.
3. Instead of underwriting grandoise schemes of "urban redevelopment," the government might offer low - interest loans to free associations of local property owners who can present slum clearance or renovation programs of their own.
4. Instead of trying to compel labor and management to abide by federal "guide lines" in the matter of wages and prices and unemployment compensation, the government might offer simple tax rebates to companies willing to grant guaranteed annual wages.

Sure Defenses

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The biggest piece of news in a long time — and by far the most reassuring to the American people — has just come in the form of a speech by Premier Khrushchev to the convention of the Communist Party in East Germany.

For if there were any doubt that the Cuban maneuver was a hoax and that a major war, with nuclear bombs or missiles, has been and is farthest from the intentions of the Soviet Union, this now can be removed by examining the words of the Soviet Premier. In that speech, Mr. Khrushchev acknowledged for the first time that the United States has at least 40,000 nuclear bombs and warheads, and that the Soviet Union would not risk the unleashing of such power.

The American government has never revealed the figures officially, but the fact that Mr. Khrushchev knows them is in itself significant of the way the world is veering toward an era of peace. This doesn't mean that the Soviets, if they ever built up their strength to equal ours, wouldn't start bullying and threatening again. It does mean that America must maintain her military lead no matter what it costs. It also means that serious consideration should be given to a revival of the so-called "Skybolt" program as a matter of the greatest precaution involving the nation's safety.

The question arises whether it is safe for the United States to discard her intercontinental bombers which can fire such missiles as the "Skybolt" from the air at points 1,000 miles away from Soviet territory. Indeed, the overseas bases might be destroyed by Soviet missiles or bombers, or they might someday be withdrawn from our use in Europe, where communism could conceivably frustrate national policy.

It is worth while, therefore, to examine carefully the exact wording of the Khrushchev speech, an excerpt from which follows:

"I will tell you a secret: our scientists have worked out a 100-megaton bomb. But according to our scientists' calculations, a 100-megaton bomb must not be used in Europe.

"At present, according to the estimates by foreign scientists and military experts, the United States has roughly 40,000 nuclear bombs and warheads. Everyone knows that the Soviet Union, too, has more than enough of this stuff.

"What would happen if all that nuclear armament were dropped on human heads? As the result of the first blow alone, 700-800 million people would have perished. All the big cities would be wiped out or destroyed, not only in the two leading nuclear states — the United State and the Soviet Union — but also in France, Britain, Germany, Italy, China, Japan and many other countries of the world . . .

"The Soviet Union . . . knows well the potentialities of these arms. We have created them for the defense of our country and of other socialist countries. For that reason we have a responsible attitude in the matter of war and peace. We do not want war. But we do not fear it. If war is forced upon us, we shall be able to give a resolute rebuff to the aggressors, and the aggressors know it."

So it's Mr. Khrushchev now who relies on the deterrent power of "massive retaliation." The world at last has convincing testimony that a nuclear stalemate has been achieved. This has come about largely through the growth of American military power. Certainly this hasn't all happened during the two years of the present administration, but is the result of the build-up of nuclear weapons in general and of missiles in particular during the Eisenhower administration.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Hope On

Perhaps tomorrow will be brighter . . . than it was today . . . and the journey I must take . . . will be a smoother way . . . perchance I'll find the answer . . . to what has troubled me . . . there has to be a harbor . . . for all who sail life's sea . . . maybe I will recapture . . . a bit of what I've lost . . . tomorrow may give me new faith . . . to pay the highest cost . . . possibly in a little while . . . sadness will turn to cheer . . . so I must continue . . . to try and persevere . . . that's how it goes in this old world . . . hope helps mankind go on . . . ever and ever striving . . . towards a brighter dawn.

Horoscope

Promotion may result from a dramatic development. Today's child will be persistent and ambitious.

Cunife, a magnetic material, can be worked into permanent magnets as small in diameter as a human hair. The alloy does not require casting but can be cold drawn.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

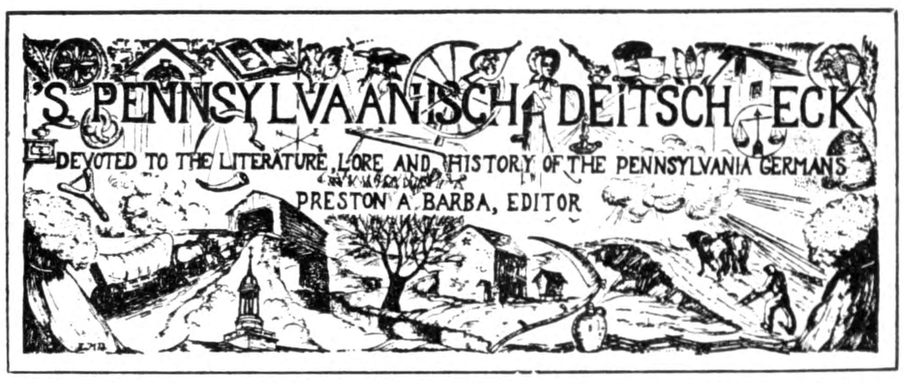
QUESTION: I wish you would use your column to remind Christians to be kinder to one another. This is not difficult and is needed so much. R. B.

ANSWER: I thank you for this reminder, and I am glad to devote this column to an exhortation to more Christian love and understanding.

We live in a fast, highly competitive world, and it is so easy for Christians to become enmeshed in the tactics and methods of the world. I like Phillips rendering of Romans 12:1: "Don't let the world squeeze you into its mold, but let God remold your minds from within. . ."

If we could just remember that kindness and love, as well as unkindness and hatred, are reproactive. We receive what we give. No man can sincerely help another without helping himself. No person can hurt another without harming himself. Love imparts a healing to our souls, but hatred a poison that destroys our spirits. If we could only learn well the lesson our Saviour taught: "Love your enemies; do good to those that despitefully use you."

George Eliot said; "When death, the great reconciler comes, it is not our tenderness that we must repent of, but our severity."



En Iwwerbligg Uff Die Pennsylveenje Deitsch Schbrooch

By ERNEST G. GEHMAN
Eastern Mennonite College
Harrisonburg, Virginia

It is not generally known that there are more than half a million people in North America who speak a German dialect called Pennsylvania German or, popularly but less correctly, "Pennsylvania Dutch," and that possibly another half million are sufficiently familiar with it to be able to understand most of what is said in this dialect. The Pennsylvania Germans are to be found in almost every state in the Union and in at least five of the provinces of Canada, but the stronghold of the dialect is a group of 25 or 30 counties in Southeastern Pennsylvania fanning westward from Philadelphia where 13 families of our forefathers first settled in 1683 and where in the following century hundreds of other German - speaking families likewise sought and found the friendly shelter of Penn's Woods.

The first six decades of German immigration brought mostly adherents of the religious sects: Mennonites, Dunkards, Schwenkfelders, Amish, and Moravians — here arranged in the order of the arrival of their first immigrants. In the half-century following 1727 the "church" people — Lutherans, Reformed, and Catholics — came. The first groups came primarily in search of the religious liberty that had been denied them in Europe and to escape the religious and economic persecutions which their convictions had occasioned them from both ecclesiastical and political officialdom. Their tragic history of suffering doubtless helped to produce an intrinsic homogeneity and an extrinsic **apartheid,** which in turn may have added in the preservation of their German dialect. And yet, curiously, in the "church" groups who came later and largely for the betterment of their worldly station, the persistence of the dialect is almost as apparent.

Since all these early immigrants came from the Palatinate, Hesse, Alsace, Baden, Wuerttemberg, Bavaria, and other parts of southern Germany, as well as from several regions of Switzerland, there naturally ensued quite a commingling of various German dialects, which, in the eight or ten generations since then have shown a tendency to combine into one common dialect. But as by far the greater number of those immigrants came from the Palatinate, the consequent dialect - fusion resembles the Rhine-Franconian dialect of the Palatinate more than any other in Europe today.

That this Pennsylvania - German dialect has been able to persist to the present in many parts of North America in the midst of its English-speaking environment is an eloquent testimony to its strength and vitality, the more so since English has been the language of American officialdom and of formal education at all stages since colonial times.

As some of the little-used words, long out of contact with the European **Vadderland,** are naturally becoming forgotten and English substitutions are made for them, and as newborn American ideas and inventions need to be clothed in words, one can readily understand why some English words and terms are gradually pressing into prominence in the dialect. And yet it has been determined by actual count that not more than six to eight per cent of the words used by representative speakers and writers are English. In addition to this, the words that are accepted have to submit to a sort of Germanization according to the phonemic pattern of native words, as a story which I shall tell later will demonstrate.

Whenever two Pennsylvania Germans meet they will understand each other perfectly, even though they may always have lived a thousand miles apart. However, in the different parts of the country there are perceptible differences in the dialect, both in vocabulary and in grammatical incidentals, which present interesting subjects for study. But actually these differences are neither greater nor more numerous than are the deviations from accepted English in the speech of eastside New Yorkers or of Georgia "crackers." One could pack into two parallel sentences most of the outstanding vocabulary differences, for example, between the six or seven easternmost Pennsylvania-German counties in Pennsylvania with Allentown as their center, and the six or seven countries farther west with Harrisburg as their center. Such a sentence from a speaker in the Harrisburg area might be:

In selle waarme Nacht waar's am **Dimmele** un mer hot die Blumme in **Baamgaarde** weit **schmacke** kenne, awwer uff eemoll hot der Hund unnich em **Vorbee** aafange zu **gauze,** weil ebber mit me **Ladarn** darrich die **Wiss** geloffe iss.

But in the counties farther east a speaker would probably say:

In selle waarme Nachd waar's am **Dunnere** un mer hod die Blumme im **Bungard** weid **rieche** kenne, awwer uff eemoll hod der Hund unnich em **Vorschuss** aakfange zu **blaffe,** weil ebber mid me **Lutzar** darrich der **Schwamm** geloffe iss.

In Standard German the same sentence would take the following form:

In jener warmen Nacht **donnerte** es, und man konnte die Blumen in **Baumgarten** weit **rieche,** aber auf einmal fing der Hund unter dem **Vorbau** an zu **bellen,** da jemand mit einer **Laterne** durch die **Wiese** ging.

Most Pennsylvania - German communities in states farther north, south, and west will likely be found to employ mainly the Harrisburg "pattern," but generally with one or more selections made from the other "pattern" or with some still different substitution. In the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, for example, the Harrisburg "pattern" is followed with respect to **Baamgaarde, schmacke, gauze** and **Wiss,** but for **Dimmele** (to thunder) **Dunnere** is used. For **Vorbee** the Virginia Pennsylvania German seems not to have any word, possibly because most barns in the area were not built with this extended superstructure. For **Ladarn** Virginians have lost the Pennsylvania-German term and simply use the English **lantern.** For **Vorbee** some areas in Ohio use the Standard German **Vorbau** modification.

Pennsylvania German is both a spoken and written language. As Professors Buffington and Barba have stated in their excellent **A Pennsylvania German Grammar,** which has been used as a textbook in several Pennsylvania German colleges, "Since the middle of the 19th century a notable folk literature has grown up in Pennsylvania German — nostalgic and humorous verse, essays, anecdotes, short stories, novels, and plays. This literary movement has experienced a vigorous growth since the 1920's. As one example of serious effort and "as a labor of love," he says, Dr. Ralph Wood, of Lehigh University, has translated from the Greek and published the **Gospel of Saint Matthew** in the Pennsylvania German. It should be pointed out that to Dr. Barba, as the Editor for more than 27 years of "'S Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch ECK," published weekly in the Allentown Morning Call, with a reader clientele of some 100,000, goes without doubt no small share of the credit for the constantly increasing interest, both popular and scholarly, in the Pennsylvania-German dialect.

It is to be deplored that many people, including not a few high school and college teachers in German, have an attitude of contempt toward dialects in general and the Pennsylvania German in particular. They seem not to realize that "dialect have always been the feeders of literary language." (Friedrich Max Mueller, **The Science of Language,** New York, 1891), and that the development of historical linguistics has shown that "the standard language is by no means the oldest type, but has arisen under particular historical conditions, from local dialects." (Leonard Bloomfield, **Language,** New York, 1933)

There are some who call the Pennsylvania - German dialect "Low German," thereby categorizing it in their minds as of inferior quality. They appear to have gained the impression that this dialect is corrupt or debased German, "a mixture of bad German and worse English," as one teacher expressed it. Some actually think it to be related to Holland Dutch, not being aware that the term "Dutch," as applied to the Pennsylvania Germans and their language, no doubt originated in the ignorant misreading of some English monolinguists, possibly immigration officials, who thought **Deutsch** to be **Dutch.**

Many, even teachers, also are not aware that "Low German" is the German spoken by the common people in the lower or northern half of Germany and that High German dialects are those spoken in the remaining higher and mountainous areas of South Germany. Pennsylvania German is truly a High German dialect, embodying all the characteristics of the Second or High German Soundshift.

Pennsylvania German is a respectable dialect that has for eight or ten generations served its hundreds of thousands of users in this country as an able medium of communication in practically all of Life's relationships in the home and the town-and - country home community. Its vocabulary and its thought patterns reflect those qualities that make for strength in our country — love of God, of home and country, of the good earth, of loyalty and service in human relationships, of honesty and sincerity, of hard work and frugality — in short, the components of the happy life. Dr. William Frey of Franklin and Marshall College in a public address a few years ago suggested that the Pennsylvania-Dutch dialect ought to be adopted as the official language of the United Nations, since it automatically puts both its users and its hearers into good humor! While there are some in that august assembly who doubtless would greet such a proposal with an emphatic "Nyet!" yet even they would probably concede that poorer ideas than that have been advanced there for the promotion of the peace of the world!

Before going on to consider further examples of the dialect, it may be useful to say a word about the spelling problem of the writer of the dialect. As is the case with most dialects, there is no established, generally accepted manner or method of spelling. So each writer of Pennsylvania German spells his words in the way that most appeals to him. And I have done the same, possibly adhering more closely to the literary or standard German spelling than is often done, but at the same time seeking to convey an approximation of, for example, the **auslaut** consonants wherein they differ from the standard German in pronunciation.

In the next Eck Professor Gehman will relate an anecdote in the Pennsylvania German of his ownative heath, Bally, in Berks County, Pennsylvania and written in phonetic German orthography.

ALSO IN VIRGINIA

It is a general impression that Virginia was settled entirely by English stock. We do not wish to deprive Virginia of its earliest settlers, of Captain John Smith and of Pocahontas, and of that first Thanksgiving day. While it is true that the Anglo-Saxon stock was dominant it is also true that in the Valley of Virginia the German and the Scotch-Irish predominated.

Most of our early German pioneers entered by the port of Philadelphia and settled in the neighboring counties of Chester, Montgomery, Berks and Lancaster. However it was not long before the more venturesome pioneers pushed westward beyond the Susquehanna settling the counties of York, Cumberland and Adams; thence some followed the slopes of the mountains southward settling in western Maryland and in Virginia. It is an established fact that the northern slope of the Shenandoah Valley was settled almost entirely by Pennsylvania-German stock, making of that area another garden spot.

Both in Maryland and in Virginia the dialect continued to be spoken, although in decreasing numbers, down into our own day.

It must be a matter of gratification to us to know that scholars in the colleges of Maryland and Virginia are taking renewed interest in the significance of the Pennsylvania-German element in those states. Some time ago we learned that Dr. Ernest G. Gehman, professor of German, at Eastern Mennonite College, Harrisonburg, Virginia read a paper about the Pennsylvania Germans at the Fifteenth University of Kentucky Foreign Language Conference held at Lexington, April 26-28, 1962. The paper was well received and lively discussion followed on the part of moderator and teachers of German present. While everybody who heard the paper had known there was such a dialect, most of them had never heard it described or spoken. With the kind permission of the author we print excerpts from Professor Gehman's paper in this issue of the ECK.

ONE, TWO

Eens, zwee, fallt der Schnee,
'S iss zu kalt fer naus zu geh;

Drei, vier, schliess die Dier,
Ass ich net im Haus verfrier;

Fimf, sex, kummt en Hex,
Uff de Naas en gross Gewex;

Siwwe, acht, iwwer Nacht,
Un sie hot mich bang gemacht;

Neine, zehe, Haahne grehe,
Ya, dann muss mer's Bett rumdrehe;

Elf, zwelf, kumm un helf,
Drauss im Hof sin schunn die Welf;

Dreizeh, verzeh, gretzich werd sie,
Ei, des iss en wieschdi, schwarzi;

Fufzeh, sechzeh, fluche mecht sie,
All die wieschde Warde secht sie;

Siwwezeh, achtzeh, Gfresser macht sie,
Dreht sich dreimol rum, noh lacht sie;

Neinzeh, zwansich, wann sie dann sich
Fatt gemacht, dann geb mol acht;

Im ganse Haus iss alles wansich!

—Aus'm John Birmelin seim Mammi Gans Buch.

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Editorials

Allentown's Fiscal Record

In a period when government deficits are so fashionable, it's refreshing to read that Allentown ended the fiscal year with a balance of $233,744 in the municipal till.

The black figures are even better than expected a few months ago when members of council began cutting back on spending to protect the normal year-end balance and cushion the city against a court decision that could compel it to pay back some $200,000 of the job privilege tax collected last year. In addition to the $233,000 carried over into the new budget, there is $259,000 in bank for possible tax refunds.

To come out nearly a half-million ahead on a general budget of $5.3 million is no mean accomplishment. It indicates that members of council do not over-estimate income and that they know how to cut corners when there is a pinch.

Taxpayers, however, have a right to expect this kind of operation. With each pay check they have reason to recall that Allentown has a wage tax which last year brought $1,118,000 into the municipal coffers and almost as much into the school district treasury. On top of that, for the second year they are paying a $10 occupational privilege tax which added $350,000 to the general fund last year and may go up to better than $600,000 if the courts permit it to stand.

Then, too, it is buying most of its municipal improvements on time through bond issues. These now total $12.4 million, including those in the names of the several authorities. Interest must be paid and principal must be returned.

Members of council have reason to be proud of their fiscal record. It is something, however, that prudent managers should have been able to achieve in view of the sharply increased revenues.

Blue Cross Pioneer

Few have contributed as much to the welfare and peace of mind of as many of their neighbors as David A. Skillman, founder of the Blue Cross Hospital Service Plan of the Lehigh Valley and its president until his resignation this week.

The program of voluntary hospital insurance he organized when he was president of the Easton Hospital board of trustees 30 years ago was among the pioneers in the nation and the first in Pennsylvania. Enlarged to include Allentown and Bethlehem and their environs, it helped establish patterns and standards for some 70 similar nonprofit plans now available in almost every community in the country.

Through the years, in the Lehigh Valley alone, this entirely local organization has paid 816,000 hospital bills totalling nearly $82 million. It now assures 80 per cent of the people of Lehigh and Northampton Counties that normal hospital bills will not drain away their savings or put them in hock. It offers even broader protection for longer periods of hospitalization.

David Skillman is not an insurance man. For many years he has been an Easton lawyer. His service to Blue Cross was entirely voluntary. His only compensation has been the increasing satisfaction of seeing an idea he planted in his own community spread so widely and serve so many.

Those Billions

In his budget message President Kennedy said that by the end of the next fiscal year it probably will be necessary to increase the national debt limit from the present $308 billion to $315.6 billion.

Few have any idea of how much that is. The eighth annual inventory of everything the federal government owns provides a clue.

The appraised value of all its real estate is $86 billion. This includes all parks and public lands, all federal buildings in Washington and elsewhere around the world. Items like planes and battleships, desks and furnitures, stockpiles of critical and surplus materials and goods add up to another $213 billion.

Total value of everything, according to the report the House Government Operations Committee has just filed with the Congress, is $299 billion. That's still $9 billion short of the debt limit necessary for the spending programs already approved.

And remember, most of this property couldn't be sold to pay the mortgage even if anyone but the nation's government had any use for it.

What Others Say

U.N. Wrong in Congo Policy

London Sunday Times

The United Nations military action against Katanga is the culmination of a basically wrong policy. The United Nations has many responsibilities, but the upholding of a particular regime in a member country is not one of them. In the Congo, the U.N. drifted into assuming that responsibility from the moment its intervention was called for, and its role ambiguously defined, in an emergency in which international peace was apparently imperiled.

Thereafter, the pattern is one familiar to students of 19th-century imperialism: a protectorate established, an indefinite commitment incurred to a local regime which cannot complete its control by itself, an inability to retreat, a drain of money and force without any progressive result, pressure for a "final operation," and eventually a military conquest of the recalcitrant areas.

In this case the United Nations has taken the place of the imperialist power, and its chain of action and reaction has been the same. The attempt to disguise the last phase as a response to "unprovoked attacks" and a breakdown of order is itself a leaf out of the more cynical chapters of the history of exploitation of superior military power.

History is also likely to repeat itself in demonstrating that a successful conquest of this kind does not in fact enable the conquering power to quit, but only confronts it with new problems. How is Katanga now to be governed? It cannot be governed by the United Nations: a carpetbagger government from Leopoldville can hardly survive without United Nations support. It is possible that Mr. Tshombe, or the rump of his government, may give in and cooperate with Mr. Adoula in a federal plan. But it is an old maxim that political regimes erected by force have to be sustained by force. The Security Council, which now has to deal with the situation as it is, should decide and declare unequivocally that the force in the Congo cannot be that of the United Nations.

Both the United Nations authorities and the member states will in the future be intensely reluctant to incur the commitments involved in any intervention even remotely akin to that in the Congo. Perhaps this lesson, though involving its own dangers, may prove to be the best long - term outcome of an unhappy story.

Can't Have Your Rope and Weight It Too



Tax-Cut Confusions

By DAVID LAWRENCE

President Kennedy has thrown a monkey wrench into the national economy. His message to Congress on taxes was well-intentioned, but the confusion, disruption and uncertainty it will bring in the next few months to business operations in this country could stagnate the economy and result in the very opposite of the hoped - for stimulus — namely, a recession.


Lawrence

For again Mr. Kennedy has depended on academic advisers who boldly disregard the most important single factor in the national economy — the confidence necessary to future planning.

Instead of getting the widely heralded tax cut, corporations will pay more tax money to the government during the next three years than they did before. They will not actually get on the promised percentage basis of reduction till 1969. It's a stimulus in 1963 that's needed—not in 1969.

This outlook is partly due to the President's scheme for moving up tax collections from many corporations to larger payments during the same year the income is earned. This involves a surgical operation on the cash flow of a company that could block expansion or even the financing of current capital outlays to which many corporations have already committed themselves for the next several years.

On the face of it, moreover, individuals in the higher brackets are being told they will have the rates reduced from 91 to 65 per cent over a three-year period, but the President's recommendations call for such vital changes in the handling of capital gains as well as contributions and other deductions that the net result may be little, if any, decrease in the payments by the taxpayer.

A man with an income of $20,000 a year, for instance, may hitherto have had legitimate deductions of $2,000. Under the proposed plan, the government would disallow deductions — including interest on the mortgage on his home, contributions and city and state taxes — equal to 5 per cent of his income, or the first $1,000. The deductions allowed would then amount to $1,000. But should he happen to have casualty losses, these would be deductible only in the amount they exceed 4 per cent of his gross income, and even this would be subject to the basic 5 per cent limitation. Also, he would be required to pay his employers on any group life-insurance policy above $5,000. There are other new increases in taxes and removal of exemptions, so that the taxpayer could wind up with less net revenue than before.

But what the President's plan does to individual planning for estates is even worse. A capital-gains tax on the appreciated value of real estate, for example, will have to be paid at the death of the owner, even if the property isn't sold. This would be in addition to inheritance taxes. A person who thought he was leaving a certain sum to his family will find the amount materially diminished.

The repeal of the provision that sick pay is not subject to taxation up to $100 a week will cause dismay to the head of many a family who becomes ill and tries to make ends meet on a diminished income. Also, while heretofore he could deduct medical expenses in excess of 3 per cent of income, now he will be given a deduction for such expenses above 4 per cent and will be able to take even this only to the extent that his total deductions exceed 5 per cent of his gross income. So more of his income will be taxable than before.

When one surveys the confusion to individuals and the diminution of the capital or reserves in the treasuries of corporations, one wonders if the President's advisers gave any thought to the high cost of the transition period in terms of a demoralized national economy.

There are dozens of categories on which increases in taxation will result, yet the President's plan is hailed as a "tax cut." It will take many months for such a measure to go through Congress. Meanwhile, what will individuals and businesses do? How can they plan? Will spending be discouraged? Since the changes in rates are to be spread over three years, while the changes in regulations about deductions and expenses of all kinds, including certain classes of gifts, are to go into effect next January, it will certainly make people in 1963 cautious about what they spend.

All in all, when the country fully understands the President's tax plan, the Democratic party will certainly be on the spot. The division in the electorate between the two major parties is a narrow one anyhow, and it takes only a small percentage shift of voters to produce a landslide for the other party that could mean a Republican Congress and a Republican President in 1964.

It looks as if a nationwide protest will develop. This will be felt in Congress, which will hesitate to adopt the President's plan, alluring though a "tax cut" seemed to the politicians at first glance.

In the final analysis, what good is a cut in tax rates if business conditions turn for the worse and individual incomes begin to shrink? That's the unanswered question in the President's message.

Forced Unionism

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The pressure on Congress to "do something" about strikes and lockouts is building up, and the danger is that an unholy trade will be made, with the big union chiefs yielding to some form of compulsory arbitration in exchange for the union shop. This would give the union chiefs security for themselves by delivering the working men to them without their having to lift a finger to persuade anybody in the rank and file.

Much is being made at the moment about the discomforts that are caused by labor strife. Newspaper readers, deprived of the metropolitan press in New York City and in Cleveland, Ohio, have had to get their news via out-of-town papers or radio. The East Coast longshoremen's strike caused a hitch in the flow of many things, from bananas to imported Volkswagens. People have had to walk to work in Philadelphia. But these are mere inconveniences; they deprive nobody of basic liberties for the long pull.

The real menace of the union movement is its drive to compulsion on the human being. The notion that men must be forced into unions as a condition of employment is deeply ingrained in the fundamental philosophy of big union chiefs; they have come to regard the big union as a sort of substitute for the political state.

'Freedom of Choice'

For example, there is the record of an old exchange between Senator Barry Goldwater and Walter Reuther, the boss of the United Automobile Workers. When Goldwater asked Reuther, "What about the man who just does not want to belong to a union?" the labor chief replied: "Well, if a fellow works in a General Motors plant and does not want to belong to a union, he does not have to work there."

"But suppose he wants to work there?" Goldwater insisted. Whereupon Mr. Reuther let his statist preconceptions come to the surface. "If you want to live in a certain community," he said, "and you want the benefits of the work of that community, you have to pay taxes in that community. You do not have to live in that community. That is the freedom of choice."

Thus the cat emerges from the bag: Mr. Reuther considers union dues, levied compulsorily on every employee in an automobile plant, to be the equivalent of taxes. They are not a voluntary contribution freely agreed upon by union members who hope to get their quid pro quo in higher wages in exchange for relinquishing a part of their weekly pay checks.

When a union boss starts thinking about union dues as taxes that must be paid to his organization willy-nilly, it is easy to see how the statist frame of mind gets extended to other things. States not only have the power to levy taxes, they also have a monopoly of police and military force in the territory subject to their jurisdiction.

No doubt Reuther, who is a nice enough fellow in his personal relationships, fails to realize the full implications of his dues-equal-taxes philosophy. But if Reuther and his kind succeed in foisting compulsory unionization on the country as a general condition of employment, they will create an administrative monster which, in the hands of a less scrupulous generation of labor leaders, could mean slavery for practically everybody.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Yesterday

Yesterday was filled with gladness . . . hearts were young and life was gay . . . now I ponder as I wonder . . . what happened to yesterday . . . yesterday my faith was stronger . . . and my hopes were always high . . . there were friends who thrived on friendship . . . people who could laugh and cry . . . yesterday worries were weaker . . . problems easier to solve . . . perhaps because I was stronger . . . and I had greater resolve . . . yesterday my love was warmer . . . love and youth go hand in hand . . . yet, today, I now am mellow . . . seasoned, so I understand.

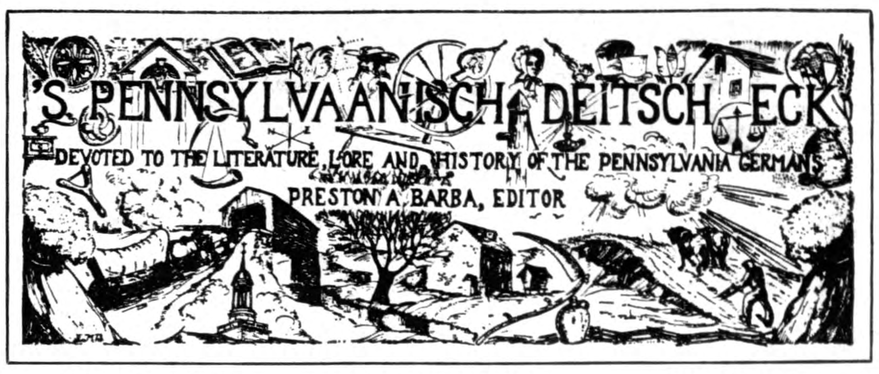
Horoscope

Quiet, steady progress leads to great happiness in 1964. Today's child will be very social.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Returning from church, a mousey little lady confided to her friend, "Dr. Graham kept talking about the epistles in his sermon this morning. I'm ashamed to say that I don't know what the epistles are." "My dear, how can you be so ignorant," laughed her friend. "I thought everybody learned as a child that the epistles are the wives of the apostles!"



DIE DEITSCHE FREIND

It may come as a surprise to our readers to learn that a Pennsylvania German Society was established among the students of Eastern Mennonite College, Harrisonburg, Virginia, by Professor Ernest G. Gehman, whom we introduced to our readers in last week's ECK.

The Society is named **Die Deitsche Freind,** meets once a month, and has a constitution written in the dialect. Its second article is titled "Was mer duh wolle" and reads: 1.—Mer wolle unsre deitschi Schbrooch so viel wie meeglich juse in de Versammlinge vun **De Deitsche Freind. 2. - Mer wolle es** mache, dess die Leid die Wege un die Gebrauche un es ganz Lewe vun de Pennsilwehnje Deitsche besser verschdehne. 3. - Mer wolle es aa mache, dess die junge Leid vun deitscher Harkunfd sich net schemme duhne driwwer, awwer dess die Schbrooch un die Wege vun ehre Voreldre uffhalde un weider bekannd mache.

Dr. Gehman informs us that in the second semester of this academic year a credit course is to be offered on the Pennsylvania German dialect for those who desire it. When the Editor of the Eck wondered not a little about the lively interest in the P.G. dialect in a Virginia college, he learned that more than 75 per cent of the 530 college students and the 200 high school students are of Pennsylvania German extraction and that about 10 per cent understand and (or) speak the dialect.

Professor Gehman deserves credit for awakening an interest in the P.G. dialect among the descendants of those P.G. pioneers who settled in the Shenandoah Valley and other parts of Virginia and Maryland. He is an able philologist whose doctoral thesis (Heidelberg University, 1949) was based on the P.G. dialect as spoken in and about Bally, Pa. He is also an able writer in both dialect prose and poetry. We are privileged to print several examples in the Eck today. — Ed.

KFEHRLICHE WARDDE

Es waar emoll en englischer Dokder in Nuhallend, Pennsylveenje, un er hod mid de Zeid zimlich viel Deitsch gelarnd. Awwer die aarme Leid, ess ned deitsch gebore sin, duhne es doch mannichmool verfehle. So iss es moll mid unserem Dokder gange.

Er hod gelarnd khadde, dass mer ofd en englisch Wardd **juse** kann, wann mer en deitsch Wardd ned wees. Awwer es muss erschd (so zu saagge) deitsch gedaafd warre, ebb mer es in die heilige deitsche Gemee nemme kann. Sell meend, mer muss die englische **Saunds** im Wardd rechd breed un deitsch **pronaunse,** so dess sie meh deitsch wie englisch **saunde.** So, fer Exempel, wann mer ned wees wie en Kind recht deitsch zu bletsche, kann mer es **paeddle** adder sogaar **Wibbe!** Un wann mer en Tschabb im me **Schdor** hod, sodd mer browiere, die **Koschdemers** rechd **poleid** ze **triede,** so dess sie gud **gepliessd** sin. Nau do in de ledschde drei, vier **Sendense** hawwich meh wie en Dutzend vun selli Aard Wardde unnerschdriche, so dess ihr sehne kennd, wie leichd mer englische Wardde verdeitsche kann. Awwer des hot aa sei Kfaahr, un do simmer widder beim Dokder.

'M Dokder sei Fraa iss moll grangg warre, un er hod ebber griegge misse, fer achd ze gewwe uff sei Kinner un sei Hausarrewed ze duh. Er hod gewissd vun **e** deitschi Familije, wu **e** paar uffgewaachsene **Meed** waare, ess gud schaffe hen kenne — graad wie all di deitsche Weibsleid. So iss er zu dare Familije kfaahre, fer en Maad ze dinge fer **e** paar Woche.

Wie der Dokder ans Haus kumme iss, waar di Maem vun de Meed graad am Schnee Abkehre vun de Portsch. Er hod ne blessierlich die Zeid gebodde un vum Schneewedder kschwetzd, dann hod er ksaad: "Mudder, mei Fraa iss grangg, un ich deed garn eens vun deine Meed heiere."

Des hod sie iwweraus verschdaund, un sie hod nix annerschd saagge kenne, ass wie: "So? Un welli widde?"

"Ja," hod er ksaad, "es machd mir gaar nix aus."

Awwer dessemoll waar sie ned juschd verschdaund, sie waar aa bees. Sie hod gegrische: "Geh, du Lump! Du bischd doch gaar nix ward! So en lidderlicher Dokder " Un sie hod nooch ihm kschlagge middem Beesem un hod en vun de Portsch gejaagd.

Der aarme Dokder hodd gaar ned gewissd, was sie so bees gemachd hod. Er waar gans verdutzd, wie er fardkfaahre iss. Es hod ihm ebber schunschd eckschbleene misse, dess wammer en Wiebsmensch **heierd,** iss sie em sei **Fraa,** awwer wammer en **Maad** hawwe will, dudd mer sie juschd **dinge.** So hod der Dokder auskfunne, dess mer ned **all** die englische Wardde verdeitsche kann.

—ERNEST G. GEHMAN

WER ISS DUMM?

Es gebt englische Leid, ess saagge,
Die Pennsylveenje Deitsche sin dumm,
Un duhn sie ald-fraenggisch beglaagge;
Ich deed sie garn froogge,
Warum?

'S hod aa englische Karl, ess meene
Mid "Dumb Dutchmen" hedde sie Kschbass,
Un sich selwerd wie kscheid aasehne;
Ich deed widder garn wisse,
Warum?

Die deitsche Leid schwetze aa Englisch,
Viel Englische kenne Deitsch ned verschdeh;
Zwee Schbrooche hen schier all die Deitsche,
Die Englische schier all juschd **ee.**

Wann bei de Deitsche en Englischer iss,
Dann schwetze sie sei Schbrooch rechd schee;
Kummd en Deitscher awwer zu englische Leid,
Dann muss **er** ihr Gebabbel verschdeh.

'S hod en Englischer moll uff re Riggelfens khockd
An re Fendu un Kfreess zu sich kaafd,
Hod 'm Groier sei Warning gaar ned verschdanne,
Un Grach! sich im Kiehdroog gedaafd.

Wie die Soldaade noch Deitschland sin,
Unsre Deitsche waare dard glei bekannd;
In zwee Jaahr hen awwer die Englische nix
Ass wie "Kann nix verschdeh" dard gelannd!

So schdehd die Sach nau vleichd doch annarschd;
Ich loss sie bei eich, liewe Leid,—
Wer iss es hinnerschd, wer's vannerschd?
Wer iss nau dumm, un wer kscheid?

—ERNEST G. GEHMAN

GEDANKE SCHLIWWERE

Vum CHARLES C. MORE

Die Lieb iss blind, awwer die Hochzich iss en arrig surer Aaggedokder.

Der Jake Schwenk will behaabte, er hett die advantage vun re college education, weil sei Fraa in ere college waar, un sell, meen ich, waer doch bissel weit gange.

En Fraa will immer 's letscht Watt, un iss denoh net zufridde, weil 's es letscht iss.

En Fraa kann ihr Watt halte wann sie will. Ich weess noch gut wie die Mag Schwander gedreht hot, em Bill Schwander 's Lewe sauer zu mache, un sie hot aa. Sie hot ihn gheiert.

Wann der George Washington sei Lewes kee Lieg gsaat hot, dann iss er mol schur net oft fische gange.

Mer kann viel iesier eme Meedel saagge, ass sie schee iss, ass es prufe.

Ich hab em Gschweier gsaat, mei Vatter waer 90 Yaahr alt warre un hett sei Lewes ken Glesser gebraucht. Do frogt er, eb er immer aus der Boddel gedrunke hett.

De wennicher ass der Mensch in sich selwer iss, de meh packt er uff sei Voreldre.

Mancher Kerl mit me Checkbuch im Sack fiehlt ass er kee anner Buch notwennich hot, net iewen die Biwel.

Do secht der Gschweier, er kennt's gaar net verschteh, ass eem sei Schuhbendel eenichi annere Zeit vun selwer uffgehne, except wann mer reddi iss fer die Schuh auszuduh. Er weess uff kors net as graad sell ewwe die Philosophy devun iss.

Wie der Dokder Pillewewer em Soll Schmidt gsaat hot, er hett die Parble, do meent der Soll, wann nau die Zoll Kollecters kumme deeden, kennt er ihne ennihau ebbes gewwe.

Des macht em sei Blut koche, hot der Koch gsaat, wie's Wasser net heess warre hot welle.

Iewen 's "wheel of fortune" grickt alsemol en puncture.

En fleissichi Mutter macht en fauli Dochter.

Manche Fraa iss up to date, yuscht net in ihrem Geburtsdaag.

Do hawwich em Gschweier gsaat, so'n Medical Magazine daet wunnere fer was ass Weiwer elder warre ass wie Menner, do secht er so schpeitvoll, wie setten sie dann 's letscht Watt griegge, wann sie net daeten.

Der Schtorhalter secht, es waer moll so heess gewest wie er draus West gewuhnt hett, ass die Bauere ihre Hinkel Eis gefiedert hetten, so ass sie kee gekochte Oier leegge setetn.

HEEMWEH

Freind, weeschd Du noch was Heemweh iss?
Adder bischd Du driwwer draus?
Es iss en Aard vun Grangged, g'wiss,
Un doch kummd Gudes raus.

En driewer Daag iss 'a beschd far sell;
Mer setzd sich gans allee,—
Dann sodd mer dengge wie's als waar,
Wie mer jinger waare un glee.

Mer gehne in de Meind dann heem
Zu de alde Bauerei,
Zu Scheier un Schobb un Gribb un Schdall
Voll Hinggel, Kieh un Sel.

Mer graddle iwwer die Bungard Fens
Fer'n Abbel adder zwee;
Awwer ess ned zu viel griene nau,
Schunschd griggschd du glei Bauchweh!

Mer schbringe nunner in die Grigg
Am annre End vum Schwamm;
Nau warrd moll gud drin rum geblatschd,
Un Schdee uffksetzd fer'n Damm.

Mer graddle widder nuff fer'n Schwing
Uff de alde Weidebeem,
Nau misse mer awwer zrick ins Haus,
Die Mammi rufd uns heem.

'Siss Sobber Zeid Do iss di Bumb;
Mer wesche uns rechd kschwind
Was hod mer doch en Abbedid—
Dreimol so gross wie's Kind!

Kschwind in die Kich un an der Disch!
Ich bin 's erschd an meim Sitz!
— Awwer wer sin all die fremme Leid? —
Uff eemoll falld der Blit!

Ach mei! Mer wohne nimmi do
Ich wees mer jo ken Rod;
Die Eldre, Schweschdre, Brieder, all
Sin weid farrd — adder — dod!
Ei du! Was machd dei Ksichd all nass?
Bischd grangg, adder schunschd aus Fix?
Oh, bischd am Heile? Well, aal reid;
Selli Drobbe schadde nix.
Juschd ee Ding will ich saagge noch
Zu Leid mid Kinner glee:
Machd's Haus en Heemed, schunschd griegge sie
Sei Lewe ken Heemweh.

—ERNEST G. GEHMAN

Eastern Mennonite College
Harrisonburg, Va.

IF ALL THE WORLD

Wann all die Welt waer'n Abbel Boi
Un all der See waer Dinde;
Un all die Baem vun Brot un Kaes,
Was hette mer dann fer Drinke?

PINCHING, PLODDING PETER CLIDE

Bensepetzer, Pitter Schrot,
Er gebt ken roder Cent
Fer all die Aarme in der Not;
Er meent net ass er kennt.

Bensepetzer, Pitter Schrot,
Er schafft so hart fer Geld;
Un wann er's hot, dann geht er dot,
Losst alles in der Welt.

THEY THAT WASH ON MONDAY

Wescht mer amme Mundaag
Was werd die Wesch so schee!
Wescht mer amme Dienschdaag,
Des maag aa noch so geh;
Wescht mer amme Mittwoch,
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.

My Father He Dies

Mei Daadi iss gschtarwe un gut soll er ruhgge;
Er losst mer sex Geil, do kennd ich mit blugge.
Verkaaf ich die Geil un kaaf mer en Kuh;
Viel Geld will ich mache, wie kumm ich dezu?
Verkaaf ich die Kuh un Kaaf mir en Kalb,
Do mach ich ken Geld, verlier aa noch halb.
Verkaaf ich des Kalb, un kaaf mir en Katz;
Die hald sich am Offe, un geht net vum Blatz.
Verkaaf ich die Katz, un kaaf mir en Maus;
Die fresst an de Maetches, verbrennt mer noch's Haus.
Ach, hett ich mei Geil! Ach, hett ich mei Kuh!
Do waer aa doch wennichschtens ebbes zu duh;

THIRTY DAYS HATH SEPTEMBER

Dreissich Daagge hot September,
Abrill un Juni, aa November;
All die annre, eener meh,
Yuscht der Harning, gans allee,
Muss mit achtunzwansich duh,
Im Schalkyaahr, noch en Daag dezu.

—Aus'm John Birmelin seim Mammi Gans Buch.

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Editorials

School Plan to Study

A parent's suggestion that the Allentown School District consider an addition to the Jackson School at 15th and Early Streets rather than replacement of the Franklin Building at its present site has enough merit to deserve careful study.

The immediate result would be elimination of any more concern about the half-day sessions projected for pupils in both schools during the year or more required to tear down the old building and erect a new one at the same location. The Franklin could be used while the addition to the Jackson was under construction four blocks away. The routine of neither would be seriously impaired.

Other long-term benefits are possible. In the larger school, all pupils ultimately would enjoy the advantages of facilities the most modern buildings provide. A single library, multi-purpose room and lunch center would serve all of them. Better groupings of pupils according to their individual needs and abilities would be possible.

Both the Jackson and Franklin are elementary schools serving substantially the same populous area. Not many pupils would have greater distances to travel nor would their routes be more hazardous than the streets they now use.

The schools are comparable in size and the combined enrollment of 700 to 800 would not be unwieldy or unmanageable. Three elementary schools in Allentown are larger, several others about the same size.

There probably would be no site problem. The school district owns the block-long track between 14th and 15th Sts. on which the Jackson is located. Even with the suggested addition there would be ample play space. Building costs for a 10-room addition with all the necessary auxiliaries could be less than for a 12-room structure and its supplementary facilities on the Franklin site.

The board, its administrators and concerned parents have a single objective: All want to do what will best serve the children involved at the most reasonable cost. The suggestion from a taxpayer may have provided the clue to a happy solution.

Nations Divisible

Quarrels within the family may become quite acrimonious and bellicose, but if a perturbed neighbor horns in to throw his weight around on one side or the other the contenders usually join to put him in place.

The hassle between the United States and Canada concerning the use of nuclear arms for the common defense of the North American continent may not be precisely analogous because the fortunes and safety of both are involved. Results of the State Department's sharp note to the Canadian government, made public in Washington, have nevertheless been just about the same.

Prime Minister Diefenbaker's political adversaries were giving him quite a buffeting for shilly-shallying on the issue when the United States sought to speed things up. Neither the Canadian government nor the opposition parties lost any time labelling this an intrusion in a sovereign nation's affairs.

At best, the public release of the note even before the Canadian government had an opportunity to study it has delayed any real settlement of the issue.

The United States and Canada live so closely together and the border between them has been so indistinct through the years that it sometimes is difficult to remember their governments are entirely separate. They may be dependent on each other for many things and may see eye-to-eye on many issues but Canada is not governed from Washington nor is this country ruled from Ottawa.

It is difficult to understand, of course, why any Canadians should be so reluctant to have in their arsenal the most modern available arms. Any chink in the nuclear armor anywhere in the free world, and particularly on this continent, can be a temptation to aggressors.

This is the second time within a week that the United States has suffered a setback in relationships with its own allies in the Western Alliance. In both cases the administration has been told that it oversteps its bounds when it becomes insistent about what other nations must do.

As we said the other day, as long as the United States is the majority stockholder in the free world's armaments, it has the right to exercise leadership. There is a difference, however, between leading and driving. No sovereign nation, not even the most friendly one, likes to be driven.

Before Nikita Khrushchev has another opportunity to grin broadly when he looks at the Western Alliance, all of its partners, including the United States, would do well to take a new look at their relationships and the way they are being handled. For the strength they need they must be indivisible.

Public Opinion

There Are Good People

To the Editor:

In these days of stress because of world tensions which are complicated by frustrations due to weather conditions, it is refreshing and gratifying to find some wonderful people right here at home. I would like to express my gratitude to the gentleman who came to the aid of a woman in distress.

Yesterday, Wednesday, when I attempted to park my car, prior to going into the Jefferson School to read to the blind children, I found that I was completely imbedded in ice. All efforts on my part, failed. As I was about to give up, a gentleman came out of his warm home, with a long shovel and offered his assistance. Not only did he use the shovel under all four wheels but he made repeated efforts to move the car, but to no avail.

Then along came another gentleman, driving a small truck. Without waiting to be asked, he offered to push the car from the rear. When that was unsuccessful, he drove around the block in order to approach the car from the front and push from that point. He was successful and, with a wave of the hand, drove away.

My spoken thanks were not sufficient to convey my feelings of gratitude to two people who, way beyond the call of duty, worked so hard. I would like the citizens of Allentown to know that there are good people and nice people all around us.

I would appreciate it if this letter could be published.

Edith S. Rapp (Mrs. Wm. G.)
2540 Greenleaf St.
Allentown, Pa.

Incubator



Get the Facts on Cuba

By DAVID LAWRENCE

President Kennedy may not have realized it, but he threw away a very important piece of diplomatic leverage when he scrapped the Monroe Doctrine in his pronouncements last autumn about the Soviet occupation of Cuba.


Lawrence

Mr. Kennedy unfortunately drew a distinction between "offensive" and "defensive" weapons. Now the Soviets are back again with two shiploads of what they call "defensive" arms.

But the Monroe Doctrine forbade any European power from setting up any kind of military base or establishing its "system" in this hemisphere. Mr. Kennedy ignored the word "system" and, in effect, said it was all right for the Soviets to impose the Communist system on Cuba so long as they didn't try to take over any more Latin-American countries.

While Premier Khrushchev took back his big missiles, he left some ground-to-air missiles. He didn't withdraw his troops, now estimated by some officials at 16,000 and by others at a figure considerably higher. But why should Soviet troops be stationed in Cuba at all? Why should the people of the United States be subjected to potential threats from military bases 90 miles away from our shores?

The United States maintains aerial surveillance of the island. But this means that, while the Soviets have direct access to Cuba and know what arms are concealed there, this country — historically the guardian of peace in this hemisphere — is confined to periodic looks from the air.

Sorry Record

The argument made against all this is that the President, by taking a "firm" position and mobilizing our forces last October, saved the American people from a war. But more important now is whether this has saved us from a sudden attack on the southeastern part of our country by order of an irresponsible dictator in Cuba.

The policy of the United States toward Cuba has been a series of blunders, starting with the indifference of officials of the Eisenhower administration to the Soviet infiltration of Cuba and including the unexplained delays of the present administration, particularly its refusal to invoke the Monroe Doctrine against the military build-up by the Soviets on the island.

The President and the attorney general have insisted recently that no United States air cover was promised the patriotic Cubans who risked their lives in the Bay of Pigs invasion in April 1961. But the question now is why adequate air cover of some kind wasn't provided and why the President himself, without consulting the members of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, forbade the Cubans to use their own air cover and then gave permission when it was too late.

The American people have never been given all the facts. Congress is debating the question of doing this now. The cry of "politics" is being raised by the administration supporters, who naturally want to prevent any comprehensive inquiry. But it doesn't look as if they will have their way. For there are many Democrats as well as Republicans who think the whole story should be exposed.

The impression has been given by administration spokesmen that the U.S. Joint Chiefs "cleared" or "approved" the Bay of Pigs invasion plan without U.S. air cover. This is only part of the story. They were not told until too late that the President had interfered with the use of the Cuban exiles' own planes at a critical moment.

Is the impression to be allowed to continue that the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff didn't know the importance of air cover and approved an expedition which could at any moment be upset by word from the President himself? Surely this isn't the feeling that the people have about the role of the nation's military leaders in a nuclear age. Anyway, a clearing - up of the facts wouldn't hurt anybody and could help the administration to deal with crises in the future.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: As an outdoor man I find spiritual strength in being close to nature, and I wonder if it is necessary to go to church to be right in God's sight. What is your opinion? E.S.

ANSWER: Yours is an old question. You are not the first nor the last who would enjoy the benefits of Christianity without shouldering its obligations.

The Bible says, "Christ loved the church and gave Himself for it." An institution for which the Son of God died cannot easily be written off as unimportant. I have heard many men say that they can worship God on a lake, as easily and handily as in church, but I have yet to see the first one doing it. They are usually fishing or boating or engaged in some kindred activity.

In the church we are conscious of Christ's Presence. In the church is an atmosphere which is conducive to worship. In the church the "fellowship of kindred minds is like to that above."

Actually, it is not necessary to "go to church" to be right in God's sight, but when you get right in His sight, you like others, will seek out a church where you will be strengthened and buttressed by other believers.

New Union Aid

By VICTOR RIESEL

Walter Reuther now is all set to take on the big ones — the biggest, in fact, still outside the fold. None other than E.I. du Pont de Nemours, through a "Du Pont Organizing Committee."

He has picked a brilliant "young" chief of staff to coordinate his many drives and constant contacts with the topmost men in the U.S. government, meaning, of course, the White House and Bob Kennedy.

Walter's alter ego and alter idem, too, will be Jack Conway, an insider's insider. He's a 45-year-old all-purpose idea man, organizer, administrator, executive. He is expert in media of many kinds, including the airwaves. He knows labor as few do. And he knows the New Frontier as few labor men do. He's been in the inner government circle since early 1961.

At that time, he left his post as Reuther's administrative assistant in Detroit to take on the post of Deputy Administrator of the Housing and Home Finance Agency. That's where he worked officially. And he worked well.

He soon became one of Bob Kennedy's good friends. He was called on for much advice on labor — national and international. He is in the New Frontier social set as well. In many ways he is more influential in the Kennedy circles than virtually all the known labor leaders.

His contact with the White House "ins" is Ken O'Donnell, the President's political confidant and special assistant. You can't get much closer to the rocking chair than O'Donnell.

In a few days, Jack Conway, ex-General Motors auto worker, ex-college instructor, ex - radio production man who came to influence inside the UAW when Reuther took over back in 1946, will leave the government and become Reuther's executive assistant at the Industrial Union Dept. of the AFL-CIO. This is thought of as "the old CIO." It has 60 affiliated unions and a treasury of over three million dollars. It is this department which is launching the new five-target area and two industry drive.

The two industries are the textile and wood and furniture fields. This will take the IUD organizers into the "Southeast" where there are millions of non-union members.

But it can also be reported that the Du Pont organizing committee will be "unveiled" soon.

Du Pont is to the labor movement what Liz Taylor is to a movie maker. For years one AFL-CIO union or another has been attempting to unionize the firm's 80 plants in 28 states. There are 51,000 "wage roll" employes. About 60 per cent belong to independent unions. To men such as Reuther an independent outfit is about as useful as a barber in a detachment of Castro militia.

Since there are only six per cent of Du Pont's workers in AFL-CIO unions, the big chemical company — with its fabrics, nylons, paints, footwear, film, biochemicals, electrochemicals and lawn and garden products — is a succulent and dramatic target.

Since Reuther is also determined to unionize white - collar workers, technicians, researchers and engineers, a successful drive on the company would give unionism the prestige it needs amongst the younger "technocratic" employes of today's space age. Reuther then could move on to another goal — organization of hundreds of thousands of government employes.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

The Windbag

In our office is a person . . . who blows off all through the day . . . and if he corners you you'll find . . . it's hard to get away . . . he rambles on incessantly . . . just like a crazy clown . . . he is a well-known character . . . yes, all over the town . . . he finds it second nature . . . to harass and to lie . . . and he does it very well . . . without even a try . . . he has his good points to be sure . . . but oh how he can talk . . . gossip is his forte . . . he is a cunning hawk . . . he butts in everywhere he can. . . how fast his tongue can wag . . . but one fine day someone will put . . . a pin in the windbag.

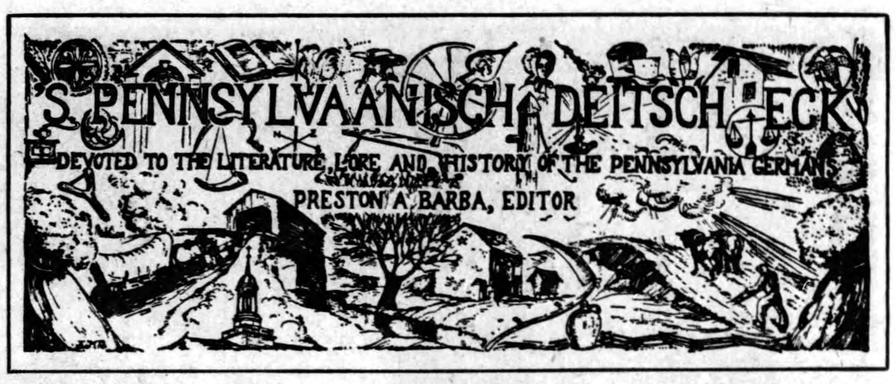
Factographs

Meteorites are very cold and not hot when they strike the earth's atmosphere.

Freezing temperature of salt water is four degrees lower than that of fresh water.

Horoscope

Make no important changes without due consideration. Today's child will be reliable.



THE GARDEN SPOT

A promised land! They found
it long ago,
When by a strong and clear
conviction led,
Their fathers from a strange
oppression fled.
It is a land where goiden
harvests grow,
And crooked creeks through
slumbering meadows flow,
Feeding the fecund soil whose
fruit is bread.
Here thrive no cheerless tokens
of the dead,
For all is like a tree too
young to know
Decay. Here life and youth and
beauty shine
With glowing warmth upon
reality.
It is a halycon land of peace
and calm
Where milk and honey for a
prayer are thine,
And hands, too worn to touch
the Sadducee,
Replenish Gilead with fragrant
balm.

A sonnet from Chester Wittell's Garnered From The Garden Spot. See review elsewhere in this ECK.

BOOK REVIEW

GARNERED FROM THE GARDEN SPOT, by Chester Wittell, Wagaman Bros., Lititz, Pennsylvania. Published by the author, 1962. Pp.X,164.—$3.00.

Any competence I may have to review Dr. Wittell's book of poems rests not in any knowledge of poetry, but in a deep-rooted attachment to the "dutch country." Judged by some contemporary standards, The Garden Spot might not qualify as poetry at all. To begin with, Dr. Wittell's poems make sense. They paint memory pictures and evoke homely emotions. Further, the author uses words that we might use; he thinks it legitimate to employ sentences; he incorporates meter and rhyme into his verse; he writes quatrains and sonnets, and even permits the printer to place type in a horizontal line instead of dribbling it vertically down a strubbly page. It thus becomes clear that in the form of his poems, Wittell has held onto some of the older values. He has done the same with the substance.

The one hundred and sixty-five subjects cover a wide range: historical incidents, folk tales and legends, character sketches, philosophic observations, lyrical and pastoral pieces, nostalgic dreams, whimsies, country capers and conundrums for contemporaries. No book of history will recreate the Conestoga Massacre more vividly that Wittell's "Paxtang Rangers," nor any folklorist give us better yarns than "Stormy Bill," or "Hetty Stoll." The poems anchor firmly in the soil of the Garden Spot — the Ephrata Cloisters and the Smoketown School: the covered bridge and the old dirt road; the peddler and the old soft-pretzel man; the Amishman and the market stall. But through them all, from Baron Stiegel to Abe Buzzard, runs a unifiying theme which seems not only the voice of the author but the quality of the region itself.

A few savage thrusts at the lunancies of today ("The New Consolidated School," or "The Road Ahead") set the tone but not the theme. Dr. Wittell would not have us return to the world of our grandfathers, but he does believe that these old gentlemen possesses some store of wisdom which we might well preserve and be the better for it. Many will share his memory of "the lonely, rambling, dusty road that stooped to kiss the brook," sacrificed to the monsters huge that "clawed away the trees and gashed a straightway through the hills . . . **A Marvel of Monotony.**" Says Wittell, in "The Old Dirt Road," "Oh progress! . . . Take back this gift and let us have — How small soe'er it be — some faded dream to shore the past against futurity." As the bulldozer levels the old schoolhouse, he writes, "Plague vex thy vandal breed . . . Ye who demolish better than ye build." More to his liking are "The Cloisters."

Square to the wind they builded
them and strong. . .
Let us guard them while we
may,
So may all men in wonder
pause to see
How selflessness can live
beyond decay."

And in "The Good Old Days" he warns the propagandists of progress: "The good old days dealt some poor hands, I'll readily admit; but a poker player sometimes wins by knowing when to quit."

These few samples suggest the dominant theme both of the book and of the region. It is not so much resentment of change as a careful scrutiny of it along with a quiet, firm and loving respect for those timbers of the past which remain sturdy and sound and still serve us well. As I read "The Fisherman," I sat again "under the covered bridge that spans the creek." It would be at Eden, Who could fail to be thoughtfully poetic of a region where one may fish at Eden and live in Paradise? Chester Wittell has garnered the best harvest of the Garden Spot: the thoughts and feelings of its people. To me the book is like going home. To the stranger it will be a warm and honest welcome to a land which tourists often hear about but never really see.

—PHILIP S. KLEIN
The Pennsylvania State University

GRUNDSAU GEBLAUDER

In Europe our German ancestors knew a little animal which they called the Dachs, known in English as the badger, a carniverous animal that belongs to the genus **meles.** It has short, stocky legs with long claws on its forefeet, which serve it well in its extensive burrowing habits. The species **meles taxus** is widely spread over northern Europe and Asia. The species **taxidea taxus** is known in western and northwestern America. In Germany a particular hound was bred for hunting the badger, the familiar and popular "Dachshund."

When our early ancestors came to Pennsylvania they did not find the badger here, but transferred the traditions about the German "Dachs" to a small animal of similar habits, which they found in great numbers on the hills and in the valleys of their new home. The groundhog, better known in some parts of our country as the woodchuck, is the marmot **(marmota monax).** Like the badger it also has short legs and burrows extensively in fields, on the sides of hills and under rocks. Unlike the badger it is a vegetarian and is sometimes destructive to crops. Its hibernating habits are similar to those of the badger. It goes into winter quarters in fall and sometimes is stupid enough to come out of its winter quarters before the winter is over.

How early the badger and its habits became associated with weather conditions, with the passing of winter and the arrival of spring, we do not know. But we do know that our Palatine ancestors looked upon the "Dachs" as a weather prophet before they left their German homeland. If the "Dachs" came out of its winter quarters on "Lichtmess" or Candlemas Day (February 2) and saw its shadow it retired into its burrow again for four more weeks of winter sleep. While February 2 is known to us generally as **Grundsau Daag,** it for a long time continued to be called **"Dachsdaag" in Pennsylvania,** and even now we occasionally hear the word among our older folks.

The tradition about the "Dachs" is however not only found in the Palatinate, but also in other parts of Germany. In the "Handwoerterbuch des Deutschen Aberglaubens" (Dictionary of German Superstitions) we read under the word "Dachs:" A widely spread belief (in German provinces) connects the badger with Candlemas Day (Feb. 2) If the badger sees its shadow on that day, it will go back into its quarters for four more weeks."

When the "Dachs" or badger first became associated with Candlemas (so-called because the candles to be used upon the altars and for other sacred purposes were blessed on that day) your editor does not know, but we are safe in assuming that it was long ago. The well-known German historian and novelist, W. Heinrich Riehl, the author of "Die Pfaelzer" (1857), wrote a charming little story "Der Dachs auf Lichtmess," (the Badger on Candlemas), which grew out of an ancient legend that clung to the medieval castle known as the Dachsburg. In it we have become upon such interesting phrases as the following: "Sonnenschein auf Lichtmess! Der Dachs wird seinen Schatten sehen, wenn er aus der Hoehle tritt. Wie heisst der Spruch vom Dachs auf Lichtmess?" — Da erwiderte ich "Sieht der Dachs auf Lichtmess seinen Schatten, so kriecht er auf vier Wochen wieder in den Bau zurueck." — Question: Did we in America change the four weeks to six weeks because of our severer winters?

Since our American English Dictionaries and Encyclopedias point out February 2 as Groundhog Day or Woodchuck Day, it would seem that the tradition is widely spread throughout our country. It would be interesting to know whether this tradition spread from Pennsylvania or whether it also has roots in English soil. — Ed.

DIE GRUNDSAU

**Die Grundsau kummt gewehnlich raus
am zwette Daag im Harning;
Vum Wetter weess sie meh wie mir
un hot doch gaar ken Larning!
Nau wann sie do ken Shadde sehnt,
dann watt des Wetter schee;
Doch scheint die Sunn,
dann weess sie schunn,
Mer griegge widder Schnee.**

—JOHN BIRMELIN

DONKBAWR

When the outside work is
finished
And the kitchen chores are
done,
And the world looks all
feraikeld (1)
At the going of the sun;
Then I light my old brown
meerschaum
And I go and take my place
On the cushion of the wood-box
Where the stove is **gleedich-hase;** (2)
Then I listen to the **nacht-wind**
As it **ropples** (3) in the
leaves,
And the singin' wasser-kettle
While the lid it bops and
heaves,
And I think how **glicklich** (4)
am I
And I praise the Lord above
For the many things He gives
me, —
Most of all, the frau I love.

When it's bitter cold and
freezin'
And the snow is makin' down,
And I can't get out to market
Like I do each week in town,
'Cause it's blowin' **ahver schtarik** (5)
And the roads are drifted
shut,
And my plans get
ivvertzwaerich (6)
Like an aesel (7)—sopperlut!
(8)
Then I light my old brown
meerschaum,
Like I said, because I know
That it don't pay none to worry
'Bout the weather or the
snow.
Everything must be in season,
Like the wheat and corn
that's stored.
Let us praise him and be
thankful
For the givin' of the Lord.

1. Disguested. 2. Red-hot. 3. Rumbles. 4. Lucky. 5. Very strong. 6. Crosswise. 7. Mule. 8. Zounds! Gosh!

—CHESTER WITTELL
From "Garnered from the Garden Spot"

MARKET DAY

To Lancaster on market day,
From Petersburg and Ephrata
And Lititz and New Holland
come
The Mennonites and Amish,—
some
With baskets full of celery
And pumpkins big as they can
be;
And some with pears and
peaches ripe
And sauerkraut, balled cheese
and tripe,
And good things of which folks
know not
Who never tarried in the
Garden Spot.

There's ponhaus, cup-cheese,
chickens dressed,
And sweet red cider, newly
pressed;
Potato chips, lard-fried and
brittle,
And many curious kinds of
vittle,
Like souse and shoofly-pie and
flitch,
And large sweet rolls, white-iced and rich,
And schmear-kase, eggs in red-beet juice,
And applebutter jelly, "loose"
Or packed, and chow-chow, too,
for ours
The land of seven sweets and
seven sours.

Look at our fields, so flat and
green,
And tell me if you've ever
seen
A land so fair — trees everywhere;
The scent of flowers in the air,
And farms as level as a floor
And richer than a mine of ore;
For the soil's so fertile people
bet
That if you plant a clothespin
"yet,"
Quicker than you can say
"Tom Thumb,"
The pin a blossoming clothes-tree will become.

Plain simple folk, whose lives
enfold
A firm belief and customs old;
Who never go to court or take
An oath, nor any promise
break;
A people quaint and curt of
speech
Who try to practice what we
preach;
Live hard and clean; help one
another;
For every man's his neighbor's
brother; —
In short, good honest people;
such
Are we — to you, the Pennsylvania Dutch.

—CHESTER WITTELL
From "Garnered from the Garden Spot"

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Editorials

Fence Menders Wanted

President Kennedy isn't the only chief of state who looks weary and harassed these days. Most West European leaders also have nightmarish dreams as they begin to feel the full impact of French President de Gaulle's determination to divorce the continent from American influence and put himself in the driver's seat of a new super state.

Since the Allied victory in World War II, the ostensible goal of the free world has been an economically sound and militarily strong Europe linked with North America in an alliance that would raise living standards in Africa, Asia and Latin American and halt the spread of communism. This has been the whole point of this country's foreign aid program, including the $60 billion it poured into Europe. Having managed something like $10 billion of this for France, De Gaulle now has other ideas.

This week he stood on a lonely hill surveying his battleground and perhaps charting his next sorties.

At a secret meeting in Brussels, representatives of the other Common Market nations reportedly agreed on "the dire necessity to put an immediate stop" to this one man's bid to dominate all of Europe. Some said he posed "a more deadly threat to Western Europe and the free world than Soviet communism" and began looking in scrapbooks on Hitler and Mussolini for parallels.

In Rome, British Prime Minister Macmillan and Italian Prime Minister Fanfani pledged continued close cooperation with the United States and welcomed President Kennedy's plan for the multilateral NATO nuclear force the French president rejected.

For the present, at least, the West German Parliament withheld ratification of the mutual consultation pact with the French which set the stage for De Gaulle to sell Great Britain down the river. Chancellor Adenauer, who said British membership in the Common Market must be negotiated, reported a promise from De Gaulle to reconsider his veto after the treaty with the West Germans was ratified.

In Washington, President Kennedy said it would be a disaster for the Western Allies to divide at a time "when very stormy seas lie ahead and unity is essential." Ambassadors to London, Bonn and Moscow were called home for urgent consultations but the President's envoy to France pointedly remained in Paris.

De Gaulle is a poor listener and a misty-eyed observer who sees only what he chooses. For the moment he seemed content to watch the Americans and British, long such heroic and generous friends of France, stew in the sauce he cooked with some of the ingredients they provided. He made no efforts to conceal that when he snubbed the British, he was aiming a shot from the other barrel at the United States.

The chiefs of states in which free men live have reason to look concerned. Fences have been torn down and no one has come forward with a blueprint to rebuild them.

Community Centers

It isn't often that a community sees two buildings like the Allentown YMCA-YWCA and the Seegers Union on the Muhlenberg Campus go into service within two weeks.

Significantly, both buildings were planned for young people and are dedicated to rounding out their development. Facilities of each have been promised for activities not directly associated with their own programs and thus both will become new community centers.

There is no question about the need that prompted either project. In the first week of normal operations, the Y served 1,000 persons a day and 2,000 on Saturday through its regular programs. The new Muhlenberg building will be the center for some of the daily activities of 1,200 students, a faculty and staff of 150 and on occasion for a good many alumni. The old YM and YW buildings outlived their day years ago and Muhlenberg never had anything more than a makeshift campus center for the activities that are part of college life.

The community has reason to be proud of the two buildings and of its share in them. Most of the funds for the $1.4 million Y were raised through public subscription in campaigns extending over many years. Local contributions to the Muhlenberg building, which cost approximately the same, also were substantial considering the response to other appeals by the college in the last decade or two.

Young people now using these facilities will be among those who will determine how soon other dreams like them will come true for the community and for the college. Ultimately they'll be asked to do for others what now is being done for them. The response will indicate the degree of their appreciation.

What Others Say

Policeman's Lot Still Dangerous

Hartford Courant

Policemen everywhere will tell you that one of the more dispiriting aspects of their work is the antagonism, sometimes even hostility, evidenced toward them by citizens in general. This has resulted in the greatest number of violent assaults on police in history. Much of the feeling is unwarranted, or is based on isolated unwise acts by the police.

The other side of the coin is the fact that police work is still one of the more dangerous jobs a man can have. Policemen often risk their lives and not infrequently lose them, sometimes in tragically inconsequential brawls or disorders. The Federal Bureau of Investigation has just completed a study of these deaths. From January 1960 through September 1962 no fewer than 100 police officers have been killed in line of duty. While a good proportion of these were killed while flushing out burglars, a tragic 22 per cent were done to death in response to what appeared to be routine reports of a "disturbance." Another 5 per cent died in completely unprovoked attacks by deranged or drunken persons.

It all adds up to the fact that, while we may have our individual dislike of certain aspects of police methods or tactics, we should recognize the fact that the occupation is dangerous. And by and large the police should get greater cooperation from the public than they do. At least the police deserve, if not affection, respect and an absence of hostility. In this regard the public today is much less responsive than in an earlier day, when citizen arrests were not uncommon, and a policeman in trouble was sure of finding help from the citizens.

Ungrand Design



Cuba's Military Potential

By VICTOR RIESEL

Sovietized Cuba is preparing for wars. Not declared wars, but subservise wars starting deep inside such lands as Venezuela, Panama and even mammoth Brazil. Any industrial "detective" can tell you this.

Once you know what new factories are springing up; what plants are being thrown on a 24 - hour basis; how readily they can be converted swiftly to the manufacture of weapons and support materiel; and what they are producing now — then you know immediately where this land is heading and what terror the red chiefs of staff plan to export.



Riesel

So it is not only what Cuba is importing. It's what they are building. Conversations this columnist had had with anti-Castro construction experts slipping in and out of Cuba reveal the rapid creation of a Castro-ite war industry.

Detailed reports, for example, on the new "Havana Bay fishing port" have just been brought into our country. Russian technicians right now are getting it into full construction.

When the "port" is finished by the "end of the year" it will be able to handle 154 to 160 ships of any kind — at one time. It will have freezer plants big enough to hold 10,000 tons of fish or other foods, certainly sufficient to replenish hundreds of red galleys on submarines, fighting craft and electronic monitoring "trawlers."

It will have built-in factories for processing special foods.

There will be an enormous floating dock for instant repairs — also "many well-equipped repair shops."

This is merely one project. Another which has fascinated the anti-Fidelista underground is a "technological mining and machinery school." When finished it will be the first of its kind in all of Latin America. It will be housed in three big buildings in El Cristo, Oriente. And to get them up quickly the Soviet technical teams have ordered Cuban construction workers on a 'round-the-clock schedule.

There will be courses in 14 specialties. Of particular interest are the ones for the handling of explosives. Trusted Cubans will be taught the development, handling and nursing of compressors, key machine tools and special "loading and unloading techniques."

The goal is to be self contained. In Santiago, Cuba, for instance, Czech technicians are directing the construction of a transport training school. Soon 600 young Cubans will be taught to handle lathes, tool grinders and drill presses.

Within a few weeks, five Cubans will fly to Czechoslovakia for extended training in managing such a plant. In turn 25 Czech specialists will fly to Havana in June to "instruct the 61 Cuban professors who will form the teaching staff of the school."

There is something called the Cuban "Consolidated Aviation Enterprise." For some time now it has had eight specialists learning the care of IL-14 Soviet planes near Moscow. The eight returned at the end of January. Their assignment is pass on their knowledge to burgeoning Cuban ground crews. Obviously they are being prepared to handle bombers. Meanwhile bomber crews are being trained behind the Iron Curtain.

Thus when The Day comes for the withdrawal of Soviet military manpower from the island, there will be Cuban bomber pilots and ground crews to handle marauding craft. Wait and see.

This is one vast Prince Potemkin operation — all developing behind a false front of civilian technology. Soviet, Czech, Bulgarian and Peking Chinese engineers are everywhere. They build a hydroelectric dam in the Sierra Maestra near Camilo Cienfuegos. They operate a new shipbuilding yard in the port of Cienfuegos. They install power plants.

Someday it will be written that here it all began. This is where they prepared the invasions from within. Then, we will wonder, as we do about the Saar, or the Sudeten, or Munich, why we did nothing. Now the civilized world justifiably wonders what is there to do about it?

Faith in Prayer

By DAVID LAWRENCE

They prayed together — men of all faiths and all parties, men of our government and other governments. The Chief Justice of the United States prayed along with the President and vice president, members of the Cabinet and members of the Senate and House. Maybe they didn't utter an "official" prayer in the sense in which the term has been used by the Supreme Court in its recent case banning certain prayers in public schools. But it was a prayer by public men asking the help of God in these troublous times and reasserting man's faith in the ever-present God who inspires the minds and hearts of human beings everywhere.

It was an impressive assembly of men and women convened by an organization known as the International Christian Leadership, which has for many years mobilized breakfast groups throughout the country. Designated now as "The Presidential Prayer Breakfast," it has become an annual event.

The language of those who spoke was that of the Christian Gospel, but the doctrine of belief in a supreme being is embodied in the tenets of the many faiths represented by the 1,000 or more persons in the meeting room. For whether it was the Catholic faith of President Kennedy, or the Jewish faith of Associate Justice Arthur Goldberg of the Supreme Court, or the Protestant faith of Sen. Frank Carlson of Kansas, who presided, or the Moslem faith of the diplomatic representatives from some of the Asian countries, or the religions of the new African nations whose ambassadors were there, too, the assembly was the nearest thing to a universal brotherhood that could be gathered together in our times.

As the President sat there, listening intently to Evangelist Billy Graham and Vice President Lyndon Johnson before reading his own message, it was apparent that the Chief Executive, under strain and tension nowadays, welcomed the chance to relax a few moments in the atmosphere of peace and conciliation reflected in the assembly.

For prayer is not confined to any sect as a mode of articulating inner feeling. It is recognized everywhere as a natural human effort to express dedication to a force above one's self. But rarely, except in the churches, is there occasion for a laymen's meeting like this devoted solely to the idea of prayer.

"These breakfasts," said the President, "are dedicated to prayer and all of us believe in and need prayer . . .

"We cannot depend solely on our material wealth, on our military might, or on our intellectual skill or physical courage to see us safely through the seas that we must sail in the months and years to come. Along with all of these we need faith."

When Mr. Kennedy later addressed a separate breakfast meeting of the women attending the assembly, he said:

"I think these breakfasts serve a most useful cause in uniting us all on an occasion when we look not to ourselves but to above for assistance."

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Rocking Chair

The mellow moon is shining . . . on new-fallen snow . . . in my cozy rocking chair . . . I sway to and fro . . . frost is on the window . . . bitter is the air . . . but it's warm and peaceful . . . in my quilted lair . . . those indoors are lucky. . . outdoors it is cold . . . so I drift to dreaming . .. about days of old . . . tender is the feeling . . . in my sleepy heart . . . as reverie takes me. . .to a world apart. . .when in coat and mittens . . . I sang merrily . . . while building a snowman. . . near a great oak tree . . . now I am contented . . . just to sit and stare . . . at the winter wonderland . . . from my rocking chair.

Horoscope

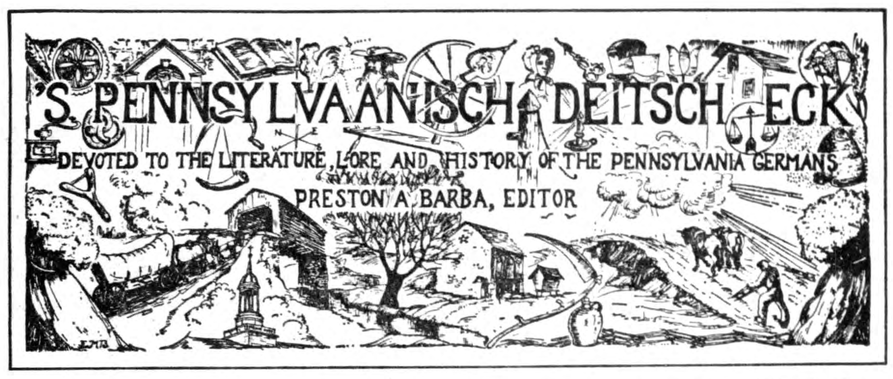
Romance is highly probable, perhaps through holiday travel. Today's child will be fond of sports.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: Am I correct in my belief that in order to be saved we must give up something as proof that we believe? R. A.

ANSWER: Nothing that you can ever "give up" can save you. Salvation is a work of God's free grace, given to any and all who will accept His Son, Jesus Christ, as Savior from sin and Lord of life. If salvation depended on "giving up" something it would be then contingent on what we do, not what Christ has done for us. The only thing we can do is to accept God's free offer, for, as someone has said, salvation is a matter of believing, not of achieving. This being true there should certainly be evidence of our faith in the lives we live as Christians. Where there has been evil, either in practice or in heart, it should be given up by God's grace and help. God will show you the things you should "give up." Remember this includes not only sins of the flesh but also sins of the spirit.



THE AMERICAN GERMANS

Excerpts from Hermann Bokum's 'The Stranger's Gift' (1836)

It was on one of my extensive pedestrian excursions that I first became acquainted with the German settlements in the interior of Pennsylvania. They are called German because the land was originally occupied by German emigrants, and because those who now own it are descended from them, and are thought to retain the use of the German language, though in many parts of the interior a native of Germany will find it difficult to recognise his mother-tongue. But a very small portion have carefully fostered those principles of religious and intellectual cultivation which they imbibed in their own country. The greater portion have not only been deprived of the light which their forefathers enjoyed, but have been likewise excluded in a great measure from the influences which operate favorably on the religious, moral and intellectual state of the American people.

It is well known that the great mass of the first German settlers consisted of redemptioners, who fled from the oppression to which they had been subject in their native country. It is also known that by perseverance and industry, they succeeded in benefitting the country which had received them hospitably, and that they obtained a rich return from the produce of their agricultural labors. But it is far less known how little their religious and moral state corresponds to their physical well-being. The frequent and entire want of instruction, the necessity of gaining their livelihood by great and uninterrupted efforts, and the slow but certain reward which they obtained from the ground they cultivated, has been the cause that they seem to have become incapable of raising their eyes from the ground to Him who gave them both to will and to do according "to his good pleasure." The situation of their ministers almost prevents their usefulness, when they have to attend to the spiritual wants of six or seven congregations; and attempts at extending to them other means of instruction have but too often met with decided opposition, and have sometimes excited the most unexpected and unaccountable suspicions. A very devoted and benevolent friend of mine, for instance, endeavored sometime since to form a Sabbath school near the banks of the Lecha (interesting to note that the author uses the Indian and German name for the Lehigh river. — Ed.) For a long time he could not ascertain why his efforts were so little encouraged, until he finally was informed that he was suspected of forming this school with a view of increasing the tolls of the bridge over which the children had to pass. The state of morality, it may easily be imagined, cannot be a very high and devoted one where religion has so little practical influence. Though the love of self does in some cases apparently supply the want of the purer principles of a heart-felt religion, though — thanks to habit and constitution — they fulfill conscientiously many of the common duties of life, there is yet no pledge sufficiently sacred by which they might be prevented from trespassing as often as opportunity and inclination should attempt. It is not the law of God, but the law of man which they respect; and he who does not incur the penalty of the latter may habitually sin against the former, and yet enjoy the respect and support of his neighbors . . .

When you enter the sequestered valleys, and approach the habitations of the early settlers, where every new view presents an enchanting picture, and every step suggests a poetical thought, as long as you are only occupied with inanimate nature, the almost entire want of elevation in the character of the inhabitants of those beautiful regions forms but too sad and striking a contrast.

This general want of moral excellence, however, becomes most obvious to the eye of the stranger, when it is openly exhibited by those, whose duty it is to be the foremost in opposing the current; when the intemperate and the dissolute foreigner is entrusted with the education of the young, and when his own vices are engrafted on the susceptible minds of his pupils. Even now you may imagine, that you see one of these unfortunate beings slowly moving along on the hilly road. He seems uncertain whether he is to enter the village before him, when suddenly his eyes meet with an advertisement which he sees nailed over the door of the little village-church. A teacher is wanted, he finds, who is able to read and write; the committee of examination is to meet at nine o'clock in the school - room. Just then he hears the village clock striking, and without further hesitation he enters the room appointed. After he has given them a fictitious account of his own merits, a newspaper is handed to him, which he reads without difficulty; he is then made to copy a certain portion of it, and satisfies the examinators beyond description. They are about to consult whether they ought to give him the appointment, when he requires with a satirical smile, whether their children are not to be instructed in cyphering. "Certainly," replies one; "Most undoubtedly," another. "Then please to examine me on the Rule of Three." "The rule of three?" asks the speaker, with a ghastly countenance, and moves slowly backward. "The rule of three!" re - echoes the whole council; and succeeding in gaining an advance of their leader, the candidate is finally left alone with the children, who have been merry spectators of the scene.

Where cases of this kind are of frequent occurrence, where ignorance and immorality, when armed with impudence and protected by hypocrisy, may obtain the most unlimited influence over the minds of parents and children, there it is a matter of congratulation, that the schools are only open during three or four of the winter months, since during the remainder of the year, the labor of most of the children is wanted on the farms of their parents; nay, it may be considered a fortunate circumstance, that many of the Germans are opposed to having their children read and write, because they think that it opens the way to every kind of iniquity. At the same time, however, there is much reason for sorrow on account of this strong opposition to every attempt at introducing among them a sound and general system of education.

But a few years ago an attempt was made in Pennsylvania to gain the influence of the rich German farmers in favor of a system of taxation, as it has been established in some of the New England States. "If we have a general system of taxation," was their short but logical reply, "the children of the poor will have the same means of being educated. It is likewise certain, that the children of the poor will have time to go to school, while the children of the rich are employed eight months out of twelve on their farms. The children of the poor therefore will obtain three times as much learning as the children of the rich. In the course of time they will be sent to Congress, they will obtain all the good offices, and finally will rule over the children of the rich. — This shall never be the case!"

If after these preliminaries you should yet be desirous, my reader, to become more intimately acquainted with them, — if you should wish to visit them at their fire-side, and to listen to their social effusions, you will be still more confirmed in the conviction, that the state of the great majority of the American Germans does not admit of any extended comparison with the general character of either America or Germany. Although the little cottage which you are about to enter is unadorned and even unpainted from without, and generally thrown into shade by the spacious and extensive barn, which you see by its side, you will find that its interior is not without all the substantial physical comforts to which you may have been accustomed. Nor is the reception with which you meet, — however rough and unceremonious, — wanting in heart - felt hospitality. Soon, however, you are strongly reminded, that in one sense of the word at least, you are not at home. The wild hunter, you hear, has last night been holding his spectral chase through the forest, and has made himself known to the inhabitants of the cottage by a strange clapping of the window shutters, nor has the horseshoe which you saw fixed over the outdoor proved a sufficient protection against the visitors of the **Blocksberg.** Finally, a blue light which has been seen for several successive evenings in an adjoining meadow, seems to suggest very naturally the question, whether the inmates of the house should sally forth that evening, and dig for secret treasures. The consultation, however, is interrupted by the sudden indisposition of one of the family. The powwow physician is called, for Indian and German superstitions have become intimately associated in the minds of your hosts. On a tripod in one corner of the room, pieces of wood are placed according to the peculiar laws of the doctor's art; and by the burning of a charm, the patient is to be freed from every pain.

The amusement, however, which at first these strange proceedings afforded to you, is soon supplanted by feelings of sorrow and compassion, which the conduct of your hosts naturally excites in you, and you turn round to the bookshelf to seek there relief from the humiliating trains of thought which these occurrences have suggested to you. The Bible, some books on dreaming and witchcraft, and one or two German newspapers, form the whole stock. In glancing at the latter, you meet with another piece of Anglo - Germanism — German words with English terminations, or the reverse. Their intercourse with Germany, however, has obviously been interrupted for many years, since the few new thoughts, which the progress in science and art has conveyed to them, are entirely expressed in the English language. To this circumstance, and to the fact, that the language which the American Germans speak is not a written one, its utter want of euphony is to be ascribed. Every written language has peculiar laws of formation and sound, according to which, terms **taken** from other languages may become naturalized. It is very different with a language which is spoken only in a community in which there is no general intercourse. The elements which they borrow from other languages or dialects remain foreign ingredients, both in regard to structure and sound.

But to return to our newspaper. It was at first only the strange mixture of German and English words and terminations which attracted your attention more than the matter itself. But how great is your astonishment, when you find that the political news which the paper contains, is the very opposite of what you happen to have read the very same day in an English morning paper. Where such glaring deceptions can be practiced, you have reason to conclude that even those who know how to read, are greatly in danger of becoming tools of designing men; and a second glance at the paper seems to establish this fact. You meet there with a petition which opposes the interests of education, and yet many of the signers have been compelled to make three crosses, because they are unable to sign their names!

(To Be Concluded)

THE STRANGER'S GIFT

A recent accession to the Pennsylvania German Section of the Muhlenberg College Library should be of some interest to our readers. It is titled: The Stranger's Gift. A Christmas and New Year's Present. Edited by Hermann Bokum, Instructor in Harvard University, Boston, 1836. The Frontispiece is an engraving "Christmas Eve," showing a family gathered around a Christmas tree, perhaps the earliest picture of a Christmas tree printed in America.

We know little of the author but that he was a young German who had arrived from Hamburg in New York on a stormy autumn night in the 1820's. He was no doubt a man of ability and attainment else he would hardly have become a member of the Harvard faculty. According to the Introduction the little book was meant to be a gift to those who had befriended the young stranger in a strange land.

It is in a sense a travel book in which the author reports on the American Germans, the American Dutch and the New Englanders, as he experienced them on his journeys among them. The book contains few facts, but opinions based unfortunately on rather casual observations.

Of special interest to readers of the Eck are the contents of the chapter "The American Germans" which contains a report about the Pennsylvania Germans, particularly interesting because of the early date and because it is one of the few adverse reports about them and that from the pen of a German.

Those of us who have gotten used to hearing only complimentary reports, frequently appearing in the Eck, may not like what the young instructor at Harvard has to say about us as he visited us in the early 1830's. But we venture to publish this chapter in the Eck as a discovery which belongs to our Pennsylvania German **Americana.** The first installment appears in this issue of the Eck. — Ed.

ATTENTION ALL PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS

Are you acquainted with, or know of, aged Pennsylvania German craftsmen, preferably in the 80's or 90's, who are capable of talking about their crafts and trades, the names of the tools they used, etc., etc.?

The undersigned has begun the task of locating all such remaining craftsmen: blacksmiths, potters, harnessmakers, wheelwrights, gunsmiths, cabinet makers, weavers, basket makers, charcoal burners, carriage makers, etc.

Kindly send all information with addresses to:

ROY C. KULP
Chalfont, Pa.

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Editorials

Cost-Cutting Progress

It would be difficult to calculate how many billion dollars the Bell Telephone Co. has spent in Pennsylvania and how much its customers have saved since conversion of manually operated switch-boards to automatic dialing was started almost 40 years ago.

As far as the Bell System is concerned, the transition will be completed tomorrow when subscribers on the Zelienople exchange in Butler County are cut into the automatic machine. The only manual telephones will be those of some independent companies.

Allentown has had automatic dialing for all local calls since 1926, just two years after the first installation in Philadelphia. Those who used the old Lehigh Consolidated telephone service had it even earlier.

Since the changeover was completed in Allentown, the number of telephone customers has increased from 10,500 to 47,600. Easton jumped from 11,500 when the change was made there in 1931 to 20,300. Bethlehem from 15,700 in 1941 to 29,100.

At the present calling rate, it would take more than 260 additional operators at manual switchboards to serve Allentown customers alone. To keep all positions filled probably would mean hiring one out of every three girls graduating from the three high schools each year. The extra cost of these wages would be added to every telephone bill on the basis of 183 subscribers to one operator.

Automatic equipment that has vastly expanded telephone service and made it more rapid, also has resulted in eliminating toll charges between Allentown and points like Bethlehem, Coopersburg and Slatington. To use the advanced and inter-connected machines most efficiently, Bell also proposes cutting long distance charges for direct calls between any points in the country to $1 or less during late night and early morning hours.

This is the kind of progress that puts dollars in the pockets of those who buy a constantly improving service and those who offer it for sale. There isn't a government in the world that can match what private enterprise has done here.

Change Congress Pace

When summer comes to Washington and wives of legislators and others begin nagging about the humid weather and family vacations, members of Congress will have reason to remember the leisurely days in the first month or two of the current session.

Up to this time, both Houses have received an assortment of presidential messages and proposals labelled urgent. Several thousand bills have been dropped into the legislative mills.

The Senate has been so busy talking about how to limit talk that it hasn't had time to organize its committees or begin hearings on proposed legislation. The House has approved one bill to permit the Army to lend tents to the Boy Scouts and another to make some accounting changes in the method for paying funeral expenses of veterans.

As far as cost is concerned, it makes little difference how long the sessions drag on. Salaries of Congressmen and their staffs and most expenses of the legislative branch are on an annual basis.

Slow starts, however, mean breathless finishes when for one reason or another Washington becomes intolerable. Desirable legislation frequently winds up in committee wastebaskets or is acted on precipitously.

In another week or so, the round of Lincoln and Washington Birthday speeches that require many members of Congress to leave the capital should be over. That's the latest they should give some serious thought to changing the pace of the current session.

Personal Affairs

If the charming wife of the President of the United States is annoyed by some of the intimate chatter involving the private life of the first family, she'll have to take it up with the lovely wife of the junior senator from Massachusetts.

Since Mrs. Ted Kennedy appeared on the Washington scene a few weeks ago, she seems to have been quite busy talking out of the bosom of the family. We couldn't blame either the President or Mrs. Kennedy if they called her in for a big brother and sister chat. She has admitted her eagerness to learn.

The President's back injury is unfortunate, but it doesn't hinder him in the job he has to do for the country. As to whether the First Lady either has wigs or wears them, we quite agree with her press secretary it's not proper to ask such personal questions.

Those who live in the White House have so little left of their private lives, we can't quite understand why members of their own family would be parties to giving them more uncalled for exposure.

What Others Say

Another Torture Eliminated

Hartford Courant

Those who date back to the turn of the century can remember the chamber of horror that the dentist's office used to be. It is hard to convey to younger people the tortures of having a tooth pulled after the gum had been "frozen," a euphemism if ever there was one. It is no exaggeration to say that patients often had to be held down in the chair, as the dentist wreaked his tortures on the hapless victim.

Dentistry has come a long way since those horse and buggy days. And with each passing day there are refinements for those still lucky enough to be using their own teeth. Not only have there been great advances in products to scour the teeth, but new automatic toothbrushes achieve a new level of efficiency.

The greatest news of all, however, concerns invention of an ultrasonic device for cleaning the teeth. This tiny instrument, just patented, is called by the formidable name of Dentsply-Cavitron Unit. It is a small instrument, size of a cigarette, with a fine, needle-like protuberance that vibrates 25,000 times a second. The dentist gently guides the tip against teeth tartar, under a spray of water. The patient who used to wince at the scraping of the old hand scalpel can, so they say, relax or even doze gently under this superior method of prophylaxis.

Walk, do not run, to your nearest dentist because there is no hurry. The device has just been patented, and it will probably be a while before you can enjoy its benefits.

Crazy Hiking



By Bruce Russell

UN Heading for Trouble

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The United Nations has reached a turning point in its history. Sentiment in the United States for withdrawal from the international organization has just been given strong new impetus. For the American people will be asked through Congress to decide whether taxpayers' money shall be channelled into Cuba through the U.N. to help Castro maintain his inhumane regime. Hundreds of innocent persons have been executed by the gangster government in Havana, yet the U.N. puts its stamp of approval on such a government by furnishing funds to sustain the domestic position of a cruel dictator.



Lawrence

Democrats as well as Republicans have denounced the U.N.'s action on the floor of Congress.

The point is made by President Kennedy that none of the money to be spent in Cuba will come directly from the funds furnished by the United States. But funds can always be redistributed or reallocated to achieve a political objective. The fact remains that the American government is paying a large share of the expenses of the U.N., and it is no secret that the United States is trying to help liberate the people of Cuba by putting the squeeze on the island's economy. When the U.N. flagrantly ignores the policy of the United States, it brings up the broad question of whether financial aid by American taxpayers shall be extended blindly and without any opportunity to keep the funds from being used to defeat the foreign policy of this country.

U.N. officials argue that they are not interfering in the internal politics of Cuba. But, realistically, anything that bolsters the Cuban economy is an intervention, especially at a moment when the United States is trying, by means of a shipping boycott, to weaken the Castro government and bring about its downfall.

It will be said that the United States cannot expect to influence the actions of an international organization in which it has only one vote. But neither is the American government obligated to supply money for an organization whose projects run counter to American foreign policies.

The argument that America, as a philanthropically minded nation, should help underdeveloped or backward countries will continue to make a certain appeal. At a time, however, when the American people are being asked to incur a treasury deficit of more than $20 billion, it will doubtless occur to many members of Congress that this presents a paradox which cannot be easily explained to the voters.

The whole amount to be spent in Cuba by the U.N. for the new project of agricultural development is comparatively small — about $1.2 million. It isn't, however, the sum allocated but the principle which bothers the American government at this time.

Coincidentally with the announcemnt of the pro-Castro action by the director of the U.N. special fund, a pro-Communist booklet issued by the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization has come into the news. This publication extols the alleged social and political equality existing inside the Soviet Union and asserts that Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia "voluntarily joined the Soviet Union" in 1940. Everybody knows that early in World War II the Soviet army by military force seized those three countries, which were then incorporated into the Soviet Union, where they have remained ever since.

On the Senate floor on Thursday, Democratic Whip Hubert Humphrey declared that the statement in the U.N. booklet that the Baltic states had voluntarily joined the Soviet Union is "pure patent nonsense." He said that it was "intolerable" that such a report should be published by an international organization "dedicated to truth and scientific knowledge."

The United Nations is surely in for trouble with American public opinion. For it develops that UNESCO, which issued the booklet, is financed nearly one-third by the people of this country and less than one-sixth by the Soviet Union. Maybe Moscow should pay the whole bill.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

Question: In your radio sermons it seems to me you have an undue interest in world politics. Why not leave world politics to diplomats and stick to preaching? K.R.

Answer: My interest in world affairs stems from the fact that Christ is the only answer, not only for the individual but also for the nations. Policies of the nations can have a very marked effect on the preaching of the Gospel in many areas of the world. America stands in a peculiar and strategic place today and our domestic and foreign policies are closely watched by other nations. Americans believe in the separation of church and state, but what the state does often affects the work of the church, and all Christians should be concerned. Also, in a nation such as ours, founded by men who believed in God: a nation, where even our coins have stamped on them: "IN GOD WE TRUST," there is a particular responsibility that our policies shall reflect Christian principles. It is not for the church to dictate to the state, but Christian citizens can and should use their influence for righteousness locally, nationally, and internationally. A good Christian should be a good citizen.

Test Cliches

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

If you want to know what is wrong with all the learned sociological theories about Americans, the place to find out is on a ski slope in Vermont.

The most obvious cliche which the ski crowds expose as pure, unadulterated Grade A hokum is the one about a sedentary population given to the contemplation of spectator sports. Watching young and old at Vermont's Stratton Mountain last week-end, I was struck all over again by the fact that skiing has practically no age limits. There were five-year-olds at it on the easier slopes, and there were active 65-year-olds picking the 5-year-olds up.

It is not fair, of course, to base a generalization on the evidence of a single sociological sample. So, if you really believe the canard that we, as a nation, are given merely to watching a few professionals indulge in sports, drop in on the annual boat show in New York. There you will learn that some 40 million people — almost a fourth of the population — are gone on boating of one sort or another. And, to take another excursion away from that Vermont ski slope, there are also the skaters, roller, figure and racing-blade, a crowd just short of 20 million people when I last heard a count. Then there are the bowlers, almost too numerous to tabulate.

A second sociological cliche that bites the dust when you watch the throngs at a ski resort is the one about Americans constituting a "lonely crowd." As put forth by the academicians, the "lonely crowd" huddles together for psychological warmth, but really fails to emerge from a devastating condition of fragmented personal isolation.

Well, the "lonely crowd" at a ski center breaks down into animated family groups. Even the "single" who calls for a companion on the chair lift usually turns out to be a chatty, out-giving fellow, whether he is a broker from Greenwich, Conn., or a garage mechanic.

The third cliche, which is now as old as the late Scandinavian-American philosopher Thorstein Veblen, is the one about the "conspicuous consumption" of the "idle rich." This still gets repeated in the classrooms of American colleges. Well, rich people go skiing — at least you assume that they are rich if they turn up in a Lincoln Continental or a Cadillac. But they are no more — and no less — conspicuous on the slopes than the blonde schuss-bunny who, on working days of the week, holds down a $65-a-week office receptionists's job.

As one who tried to keep up with so-called intellectual currents, I spend a good amount of time with the works of the academic sociologists. Their books and articles, usually written in a barbarous jargon known to critics as "soc-speak," are seldom worth the effort. The academic sociologists rarely make any contact with the common life. What they need to do is to give up their long flirtation with I.B.M. machines and go off for a few good ski week-ends with live human beings.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Staple Things

Time was when we were satisfied . . . with the staple things of life . . . a smile, a song, a friendly chat . . . would quell the hurts of strife . . . reading was the happiness . . . of each girl and boy . . . books were not to look at . . . they were to enjoy . . . now, radio and television . . . capture our attention . . . along with other frailties . . . too numerous to mention . . . these are part of progress . . . and in themselves are good . . . they give pleasure and they give . . . others a livelihood . . . but I believe and always will . . . in the staple things of life . . . a smile, a song, a friendly chat . . . can quell the hurts of strife.

Horoscope

Take special pains not to antagonize superiors. Today's child will be changeable.

Santa Claus beards, which sprout overnight at Christmastime, often are made from shaggy yak fur imported from the Himalayan kingdoms of Nepal and Bhutan.

NOTES ON THE NEWS



"If we cornered all the seed we wouldn't have to pay farmers not to grow it."



THE AMERICAN GERMANS

Excerpts from Hermann Bokum's 'The Stranger's Gift' (1836)

(Conclusion)

It is now time to leave the cottage. You part from your kindhearted hosts with a hearty shake of the hand, and gladly accept a seat in the wagon of an old farmer from a neighboring settlement, whose company, you have reason to hope, will be a source of instruction to you. At first, however, you are not successful. In vain do you endeavor to imitate the compound of several low German dialects in which he addresses you, and which, from an entire want of cultivation, has so much degenerated, and has become so greatly alloyed with the colloquial English, that frequently it is almost wholly unintelligible to a German directly from Europe, and accustomed only to the High German, and to one or two of the Low German dialects. To speak in the language of Shakespeare, they seem to have been at a great feast of languages and to have stolen the scraps. Having failed entirely in your attempt, and finding the farmer as unable to understand your High German, you are compelled to have recourse to the English language, though it may prove but a very imperfect medium.

Your new acquaintance now proves to be much more communicative than you have generally found the Germans on your tour. You justly praise his horse, and he speaks to you in return of forty other horses, which he has in his stable, of the land which he owns, and which extends as far as you can see, and of his grown up children, for whom he has bought several other farms in his immediate vicinity. Finally, however, the conversation takes a political turn, and he proclaims himself as a thoroughgoing Anti-Jackson man. You had expected the contrary, since most of the Germans were in favor of General Jackson's administration, although the veto which he had put on the United States Bank had given rise to much difference of opinion.

"It is probably on account of the Veto, that you are opposed to the administration?"

"Veto! What Veto?"

"The President's Veto against the United States Bank."

"United States Bank! What United States Bank?"

He had never heard of either, partly because he, like many other Germans, had a great prejudice against paper money, and partly because he could not read.

"And were you then in favor of John Quincy Adams?"

"No, indeed! No one who has had anything to do with the stamp act ought to be elected President."

"With the stamp act! — You are mistaken; it was John Adams who once thought of introducing stamped paper."

"John Adams!" exclaimed the politician, with a smile which was intended to express his conviction how well he was informed. "And do I not know, that this is the same man, and that he has only put in Quincy in order to make people believe that he is a different one?"

"You are most certainly mistaken," is your reply. "I am intimately acquainted with the history of the two gentlemen, and I assure you of the contrary."

"I know very well that you are honest in your opinion," retorts the farmer with great composure, "but I know as well that you are mistaken;" and without admitting any further reply, he leads his horse to the stable, where he now has arrived, and fully convinced of his infallibility in point of politics, he disappears within the walls of the cottage.

Such are some of the results which a pedestrian excursion into the heart of the German settlements presents to us. It is only from time to time that we meet with oases, as it were, in these fields, which are as barren and neglected in point of intellectual culture, as they are fruitful and abundantly productive in agricultural respects. There are a small number of institutions, which have been mostly founded by those who have been brought up in the midst of the Americo - German population, but who, by a constant intercourse with Germany, and with the most intelligent portion of the English community, have preserved themselves free from the evil influences by which they are surrounded. They have founded seminaries and colleges, and have gradually gained the confidence of their German neighbors, whom they alone are able to approach. Their lectures are partly delivered in German, and partly in English, and the ministers whom they send forth are likewise taught in either language. Such, for instance, are the institutions at Gettysburg, York, Nazareth, and in a few other places. In Gettysburg, particularly, a spirit of devoted piety, and an enlightened zeal, has been, and is now, exerted in behalf of the Americo-German population, though their progress is often obstructed by the very population which needs most the persevering efforts of these pioneers.

How very little attention is paid to the foreigners who settle in the United States, and to the German emigrants among the rest, we may judge from the fact, that the very name which is generally applied to the latter, is one which they have no right to claim. They are called "High Dutch," in contradistinction to "Low Dutch," a term which is applied to the emigrants from Holland. The use of these terms probably originated in the fact, that the state of Pennsylvania was partly settled by German emigrants, who first arrived in New York, but left that state because they could not agree with the Dutch, who then occupied the greater portion of it. As they came from the region of the Dutch settlers, and resembled them in their religious and social habits, and as the German appellation by which they introduced themselves, both in form and in sound, was similar to the word "Dutch," this latter term was very naturally applied to them. They, however, as has been partly observed before, spoke the Low German, which, as it is not a written language, and is principally spoken by the illiterate and uncultivated, has received various local modifications in almost all the different states of Germany. The inhabitants of the Netherlands, on the other hand, though originally branching out from the Teutonic stock, have had a language and a literature of their own for the last three or four hundred years, while at the same time the political and commercial relations of that country have combined to obliterate the traces of the German origin of this language. Neither the High German, then, nor the Low German, is understood by the Dutch, unless by the assistance of the grammar and the dictionary; and the Dutch or Hollandish is likewise as ill understood by the Germans.

Hudibras, indeed, asserts that the helpmate of the father of the human race was tempted by the serpent in High Dutch, and the learned Dietrich Knickerbocker speaks of the tremendous and uncouth sound of the Low Dutch language of a certain crew of Low Dutch colonists; and after having quoted the opinion of certain High Dutch commentators, he goes even so far as to assert that certain individuals have mentioned a man named Thuiscon, from whom descended the Teutons, or the Teutonic, or in other words, the **Dutch** nation.

But that these and some other English writers have used "High Dutch" and "Low Dutch" instead of German and Dutch, cannot weaken the justices of the distinctions we have made, and which are supported both by philosophical research and by the strength of the best authorities. They have been influenced by a popular error; for such it must be considered, so long as the distinctions which they have made do not present the true state of things, as it exists in Germany and Holland, and while they are in spirit entirely opposed to the terms used by the inhabitants of those countries to which they refer. It may not be irrelevant to add that the term **Deutsch** (nearly like **Doitch**) and that of Dutch, by their similarity of form, shadow forth the true relation of the two nations to which they belong, just as we should be led to conclude, from hearing of "Britain" and "Bretagne," that the inhabitants of the two countries had a common origin; while the terms High Dutch and Low Dutch would lead us to inferences which are contrary to the actual state of the languages to which they refer. They are neither two dialects of the same stock, nor terms which refer to the same language, but to a difference of locality.

It is almost needless to add, after this short explanation, that all the intelligent and cultivated German emigrants and American Germans, who have become intimately acquainted with the state of this population, combine in heartily desiring that soon this corrupt dialect of the German language, together with all its evil consequences, may give way to the moral and intellectual light which, for more than a century, has been the source of incalculable blessings to those portions of the United States which have been brought under its influence.

The picture which I have presented here to my readers is one of which, in a great degree, I have collected myself the necessary materials in the almost immediate vicinity of Easton, Reading, Lebanon, Lancaster, and other towns, which originally were settled by Germans, but the population of which has now in a great measure become assimilated with the Anglo - American population, since for a long time past they have been with them in a constant intercourse. It is oweing to the vicinity of these towns, and to the gleams of light which from thence are thrown in every direction, that some check is offered to the friends of darkness. It is very different, however, in the Western States, where a scattering and continually increasing foreign population opens a wide and unrestrained field to the adventurous imposter. You may meet there with a Pseudo-Count de Leon, who came to the land of liberty to establish an independent hierarchico - monarchical society; and though you may see his ultimate end frustrated, after he has completed the ruin of many a deluded family, you will find perhaps some other adventurer more successful in keeping his fellowmen in intellectual and social bondage.

But I refrain at present from enlarging on these deeply interesting topics, since I hope to extend my next pedestrian tour to the German settlements of the far West.

WASHINGTON'S BODYGUARD

Among the lesser known facts dealing with the Revolutionary War is the story of the Pennsylvania Germans who constituted the bodyguard for the Commander - in - Chief. During the early part of the war a guard was formed, composed mostly of New England Yankees and Irish volunteers. This group of men got themselves into all kinds of trouble. Frequent quarrels developed among them, they were charged with pillaging where they should have protected, and several were hanged for attempting to assassinate General Washington by poisoning his meals.

The guard was reorganized several times between the years from 1776 until 1778, when Baron von Steuben, the Prussian, reorganized them out of their position altogether in favor of a squadron of light dragoons known as the "Independent Troop of Horse" and commanded by Major von Heer, a German. The guard continued to exist but all duties connected with the care of the person of the Commander - in - Chief fell to Von Heer's 50 men.

Major Von Heer enlisted the men for his troop of horse in Berks and Lancaster counties. Washington had indicated that he wanted men of some property and preferably men from the inland county districts. The following men were enlisted from Berks, either at Reading or at Pottstown:

Ludwig Wolfe
Johann Effinger
David Fuchs
Jacob Fuchs
Frederick Muetler
Carl Schumann
Friedrich Tesner
Adam Zink
Ludwig Boyer
Johann Burkhart
Sebastian Kunitz
John Gerlach
Philip Neumann
Leonard Schwartz
Heinrich Wilhausen
Valentin Gruber
Philip Grulich
Ludwig Keiser
Adam Kock
Daniel Richtmeyer
Peter Thun
Heinrich Ziegler

The other members of the troop were enlisted at Lancaster and Philadelphia. All of the names are distinctly Teutonic. Eight of the 50 men were Hessians who had deserted the British armies to serve the American cause. Throughout the remainder of the war Washington preferred to have this group of men to attend him. When the French General Rochambeau observed the German guard he jestingly turned to Washington and said, "You must have formed an alliance with the King of Prussia!"

—ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

'S ISS MEH WIE EE WEG

Sin ken zwee Leit in unser Welt
Ee Aerwet schaffe gleich;
Un heitesdaags sin net all aarm,
Gewiss aa net all reich.

E deel sin rechts un deel sin links,
Zu ann're macht's nix aus;
Un deel, browiere sie noch so hatt,
Sie machen doch nix draus.

Uffrichtiche hot's, bedraaggen sich,
Un hacken zu der Schnur;
Deel sin so schlecht, sie laafen dann
Net mol en graadi Schpur.

Deel schaffen hatt alle Minutt,
Eb's maryets odder Owed sei;
Deel lodle rum, mer sehnt schier net
Wu kummt ihr Lewe bei.

'S dutt eener des, en ann'rer sell,
Sin dumme, sin aa gscheit;
Waer yuscht ee Leescht fer alle Mensch,
Wu keemt Verschiedenheit?

Doch meh wie ee Resseet, bischur,
Macht dir en guder Deeg;
Loss yeders Butter schittle dann
Graad in seim eegne Weg.

8. Abril 1942 —RALPH S. FUNK

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Editorials

President's Word to Unions

Seldom has any American President spoken as sternly to labor as its longtime friend, John F. Kennedy, did in his press-conference statement concerning the New York newspaper strike, now at the end of its 11th week.

In holding the New York local of the International Typographical Union and its president responsible for the breakdown of negotiations, he said the situation "long since has passed the point of public toleration." This, he warned, is bad for the union movement all over the country, bad for newspaper managements and bad for New York citizens.

The whole principle of collective bargaining is being threatened by the refusal of the striking printers' union to settle for anything other than its own terms. These, according to the publishers, would mean the end of several New York newspapers and the loss of thousands of jobs by printers and those in many other crafts and trades.

Mediation by national, state and city officials has failed because the printers have refused to listen to anything even closely resembling reason. They have ignored reports of an impartial fact-finding board which weeks ago called the turn against them. Appeals by stores and restaurants and theaters and other business concerns losing millions of dollars each week, and by the public, have fallen on deaf ears. Traditionally opposed to arbitration of their demands, the union appears unimpressed by the President's request that they submit the differences to independent determination.

The wage issue is just one on which this union is demonstrating its unreasonable attitude. On top of prestrike pay averaging $145 a week, the printers are asking for what the publishers say amounts to a $38-per-week increase in hourly rates and fringe benefits over the next two years. During January, the same union signed 32 contracts with other newspapers calling for average day-rate increases of $2.84 a week. New York publishers reportedly are offering $10.

Basic to the whole issue is the International Typographical Union's traditional roadblock to new methods that would make it possible to meet at least some of the higher wage demands by cutting production costs. This union always has resisted these advances and in addition has stubbornly clung to its costly featherbedding tactics. No industry can long survive this double-barreled spiraling of production costs. There is a limit beyond which newspapers cannot raise either the price of their product or their rates to advertisers. The profit squeeze already has forced many of them out of business, and the job loss has been high.

Although this is a strike involving only newspapers in New York City and thus not subject to existing federal labor laws, the union has made it a nationwide matter by assessing all members to pay strike benefits. Striking printers are averaging between $125 and $130 a week from union funds, unemployment insurance and a day's work in a commercial print shop. There is little need for them to hurry back to the job.

Many others have reason to wonder what laws would be applied if the newspapers of the nation had taken comparable steps to aid New York publishers survive the battle.

But the President had more to say to labor than his message to the ITU and its officers. He reiterated the administration's dim view of cutting the normal work-week from 40 hours to 35 if it would launch an inflationary spiral of wages and prices.

It is significant that these warnings come from a President who has counted so heavily on labor's support both for his election and his domestic programs. The indications should be clear that the nation is becoming increasingly perturbed by the tactics of some unions.

Sentiment not unlike this led to the passage of the Taft-Hartley Law protecting the public against some of the abuses it suffered from union leaders under the privileges conferred by the earlier Wagner Act. It could well result in even stricter and more inclusive statutes to safeguard business and industry and all the people of this nation, including union members themselves.

Proper Warning

What happened to a shrimp boat in the Caribbean the other day, who is responsible for the reported attack and what it may portend are anything but clear.

There should be no misunderstanding, however, of President Kennedy's unmistakable warning that this nation's military forces now have orders to open fire on any Cuban-based vessel or plane striking at American crafts in international waters or closer to home.

This is the kind of action Americans expect and are willing to support.

What Others Say

A Soldier's Pay

Bergen (N.J.) Record

The administration conscience appears to have been troubled last year when the seven original astronauts made their $500,000 contract with Time, Inc. It was decided in the fall that any future contracts with publishers must be subject to review by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Now that the astronauts, by this time numbering 16, are talking with the Field Enterprises Educational Corp. about a $3-million contract for the story of their adventures, the NASA has decided its responsibility is not to say yes or no but to lay down the rules for the writers. For instance, the use of official information not theretofore made public is forbidden.

This won't do. The astronauts are not conducting a private experiment. They are working in the service of the government at the expense of the taxpayer, and their status is what they're marketing. Their right to peddle their memoirs once they are retired goes without saying, and one can hardly wait. But the NASA must see that they have not a right to market at a high price to an exclusive agent their reporting on events current in their line of duty. What they have to say should be said to their employer, the nation. They are busy men and ought not to be burdened with a decision of which they should have been relieved by the ruling last fall.

Khrushchev Hiking Program



Handicapping Health Care

By DAVID LAWRENCE

It's going to be harder to get a doctor when you are sick, harder to get into a hospital, and harder to take care of the young as well as the old who become ill in the future — if the federal government intervenes in the field of medical care as just recommended to Congress by President Kennedy.



Lawrence

Time was when, if you were sick, you could get a doctor to come to your home. Today most patients have to go to the doctor's office except when gravely ill.

There simply aren't enough doctors now. This is primarily because medical aid is covered in part by private insurance plans that make it less costly. Persons who used to take care of minor ailments themselves often seek medical aid nowadays. The insurance idea itself is a good one. But until the shortage of doctors produced by the existing plans is overcome, the proposed intervention by the federal government with free medical care for certain age groups will only intensify the problem for almost everybody. Elderly persons require individual care and continuous observation, but if there is a shortage of physicians, these patients will be neglected no matter how much of the bill the government is willing to pay.

Taxes are to be raised to finance the medical plan proposed by the President. Not only will everybody's Social Security rates go up, but the tax will be imposed on the first $5,200 of salary instead of the current figure of $4,800 a year. The purpose, of course, is to collect about $10 billion more over the next five years. Just what this does to the administration program for a "tax cut" is not readily calculated, but it is another example of how the much-talked-about "tax cut" is rapidly turning into a tax rise.

With the objective of the President's plan — to provide medical care for the aged — there will be little dissent. But the question really is whether those families which can afford to take care of their own aged members shall be required to pay taxes to support a plan in which their own relatives — though able to afford the medical care — would get it at government expense.

The "medical care" agitation will, moreover, raise false hopes. The proposed plan doesn't cover medical treatment but mostly the charges for hospitalization and related services. The political value, however, of proclaiming "medical care for the aged" will continue to be there, and it's politics that's really back of the whole crusade.

The vast majority of doctors are vehemently opposed to the new plan. They feel it will demoralize the whole system of medical care in America, and they ought to know. They constitute a dedicated profession.

The members of the profession are men and women who know medical conditions in this country and are familiar also with what "socialized medicine" has meant in various other countries. They fear that the new plan someday will result in "socialized medicine" — a scheme in which the government runs the medical - care program, pays the fees of doctors, and standardizes their incomes. The administration denies that its plan will ever bring "socialized medicine," but the doctors know that, if the medical profession is overwhelmed with cases due to the free service programs provided by the government, the demand on the time of all doctors will be so great that the government will have to step in to try to bring order out of the chaos.

Nobody objects to better medical care for the aged, as well as for everybody else, but there are serious differences of opinion as to whether those who seek to make political capital out of the issue will produce frustration in the medical profession and a lowering of the high standards of medical care which have long prevailed in America.

Inequalities

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The Amish people of Ohio and Lancaster County in Pennsylvania, who have religious scruples about becoming wards in any way of the welfare state, are petitioning Congress to exempt them from the system of compulsory Social Security. No doubt all congenital individualists should wish the Amish well in their quest. But I, for one, would resent the favoritism implied if one group is relieved of the spiritual degradation of having to be carried on Big Brother State's books as a bunch of nine-digit numbers while others have to put up with it.

You see, my objection to the philosophy of the Welfare State is fundamentally religious, too. I am not a member of the Amish sect, or, indeed, or any organized religious group. But my feeling about the nature of man is such that I think it all wrong when human beings are compelled in such things as this matter of saving for their old age. God, to my way of thinking, gave people the grace of free will with the idea that they should exercise it without a cop standing over them at every important turn in their lives.

In this country there is supposed to be such a thing as equal protection of the law: the legal privileges and immunities of the citizen are, theoretically, equal. This doctrine derives from the Christian belief that every soul is equal in the sight of God. Of course, the whole concept of legal equality actually went by the boards years ago. The progressive income tax, for example, makes all sorts of exemptions for all sorts of people's dollars.

Inequality before the law is built into the whole tissue of our economy. A man who gives his money to organized charity gets a tax break — but my extreme individualist friend Harry Serwer, an advertising man who gives his money on principle to needy individuals, is given no deductions for his benevolences. A man in the writing business would be laughed out of his Congressman's anteroom if he were to ask for a federal price support for his words if editors declined to pay him a certain rate. Farmers, on the other hand, receive price supports for their produce.

Well, my religious view of life is such that I am profoundly offended by this state of affairs. My Creator, I am deeply convinced, did not put me on earth to be a ward of the State.

For the act of making me a ward, whether it is as a subsidized consumer or producer or as a recipient of medicare or whatever, invites the forcible seizure of some poor devil's substance in order to take care of me. Morally and religiously, this is wrong.

Now, if the Amish people are to be exempted from compulsory Social Security on religious grounds, I claim that I should be exempted, too. I take my stand on the fundamental insights of Christianity, as exemplified in all the documents that formed the thinking of the Founding Fathers of the Republic. Can it be right that an Amish farmer should be granted something for religious reasons that is denied other staunch believers in the religious sanctions of Christian individualism?

I hold no animosity against the Amish; indeed, I admire their spunk. But what about those of us whose religion is of a personal, unorganized character? Are we to be discriminated against simply because we can't shout loud enough to prove that our God is against compulsion in Social Security, too?

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: Please explain the statement that God had no beginning, that He always was and always will be. There must be a beginning somewhere and somehow. K.T.

ANSWER: You are puzzled because you are trying to understand and explain the infinite, something the finite mind can never do. There are infinite truths which no human mind can grasp this side of eternity. There are problems we will never fathom this side of the grave. Some day God's redeemed children will be given the power to understand the infinite and the eternal. Even here in this world there are many things we cannot explain — the vastness of the universe — the laws which govern and control God's creation — many of these things have never been fully apprehended. But, despite the eternal majesty and power of almighty God, it is possible for us to know Him and His love through His Son, Jesus Christ. Don't worry about where God came from, rather rejoice that by faith in Christ you can enjoy His presence now and live with Him for all eternity.

Sketches

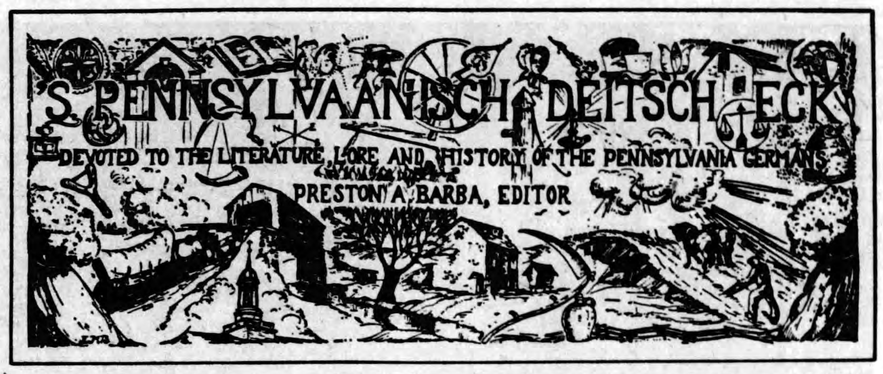
By BEN BURROUGHS

Respect

A man does his work the best he knows how . . . he respects those who supervise him . . . but a man doesn't bend over backward . . . at the boss's slightest whim . . . a man will obey, but he will not say yes . . . when he knows that the order is wrong . . . without self-respect . . . he may go far it's true . . . but his power will never be strong . . . a man full well knows where he stands in his life . . . his may be a rough road to tread . . . but he knows his position is nothing at all . . . unless he can hold up his head . . . all a man wants from life is a true love to hold . . . and a moderate living to earn . . . a man respects those who supervise him . . . but he wants some respect in return.

Horoscope

Try to avoid changes which seem on the surface to be unavoidable. Today's child will be impressionable.



FAASNACHT

Was waar's doch als en Luscht gewest
Wann's gheesse hot die Faasnacht kummt;
Mer hot sich gfreet schunn Woche lang,
Gepiffe, gsunge un getschumpt;
Die Mammi hot em lengscht gedrillt:
"Nau, Buwe, schaffen Oier bei,
Wann's Faasnacht Kuche gewwe soll,
Do missen lats vun Oier nei."

Noh iss mer noch der Scheier ab,
Uff's Schtroh un Hoi, uff's Welschkannlaab,
Un gsucht eb's aryets Oier hett—
Mer waar gans zu mit Gfrees un Schtaab.
Un wammer noh eens gfunne hot,
Was hot mer gscherrt fer noch 'm Haus.
Do, Mammi, iss eens, nemmt's noch meh?" —
"Ya, Buwe, schunscht gebt's schur nix draus."

Sell waar genunk, der Schtaat waar all,
Mer hot sich recht gedruwwelt noh:
Hot's bissel draus gegaxt am Schtall,
Was iss mer ab un waar so froh.
Was hot mer net die Haahne gschprengt,
Die Hinkel wiescht verscholte als,
Un gfiedert bis sie Krepp hen ghatt,
Gans newe draus, so schepp am Hals.

Hett's Hinkelvieh so'n Eifer ghatt
Wie unsereens als ghatte hot,
's hett Oier ghatt im Iwwerfluss,
Ass wie beim Pharaoh Laus un Grott.
So geht's eem ewwe heit alsnoch,
Wann ebbes recht am Herz em leit,
Doch iss 's wie's alt Schprichwatt saagt:
"En guti Sach nemmt immer Zeit."

Wann als der Daag ball kumme iss,
Noh hot en yeders noch gezerrt,
"Ich wunner waer die Faasnacht gebt,
Wen's drefft der watt ins Seifass gschperrt."
Mer hot sich awwer als gewehrt,
Un 's waar em doch so halwer bang,
Mer waer verleicht der letscht im Bett,
Noh misst mer's heere wochelang.

Was hot mer gscharrt fer maryets raus,
So dass mer net die Faasnacht waer;
Der Mammi waar mol 's Rufe gschpaart
So frieh waar's Bett schunn lang net leer.
Noh hot mer iwwer die gelacht
Wu nix geduh hen wie gezerrt,
"Do kummt die Fassnacht hinnenoh,
Nau watt sie de'ich ins Seifass gschperrt."

Wann's Breckfescht mol veriwwer waar
Un all die Aerwet aus 'm Weeg,
Noh hot die Mammi 's Backbord grickt
Un holt 'n grosser Wambe Deeg
Un legt 'n druff un drickt 'n rum
Un rollt 'n in so Scheiwe aus;
Noh hot sie 's Reedel haddich grickt
Un schneit die schenschte Kuche raus.

Bis alles noh recht gange waar
Datt hinnerm Offe uff der Kischt,
Waar's Fett am Koche in der Pann, —
Mer hot sich's Maul schunn abgewischt,
Datt hot sie noh die Kuche nei;
Die sin datt gschwumme wie die Gens.
Was hen sie scheene Backe grickt,
Gans dunkelbrau mit geele Krens!

Sie waare schee, sie waare gut;
Was hot's em Abbedit gemacht
Sie yuscht zu sehne uffem Disch! —
Der Bauch der hot em recht gelacht.
Uff kors die Mammi hot's gewisst
Wie hungrich ass so Buwe sin:
Was hot sie grosse Schissle ghatt,
Un Kuche ass wie Hoischteck drin.

Geh weck mit denne "fancy cakes"
Mit bissel roter Zucker druff,
Mit "ruffle-tarts" un "bumblejacks" —
So Schtoft sett all der Schannschtee nuff.
Des Schleckerwese iss nix waert,
Do iss nix drin vun Kraft un Saft!
Des batt mol nix un helft net meh,
Ass wann der Benny schteht un blafft.
Was Buwe waar in sellre Zeit
Iss lengscht schunn owwenaus vun heem.

DER SCHNEESCHTARM

Wie doch der Schtarm net braust
Un fegt — un dobt — un haust
Darch Berg un Daahl im ganse Land:
Wie waerwelt er der Schnee,
Un draagt en in die Heeh,
Bis hinner Fens un Fels un Wand!

Schunn in der letschte Nacht
Hot mer sich des bedracht
Am scheene Hof, — rings um der Mond;
Die Luft, so kalt wie Eis,
Die Sterne, bleech un weiss,
Hen deitlich an den Starm gemaahnt!

Viel Strosse sin net frei,
Un's blost noch immer ei;
Do iss fer die Zeit nix zu duh!
Mer sargt mit Trei un Mieh
Fer sich un fer sei Vieh,
Un guckt derbei dem Wetter zu!

Ich meecht ken Dokder sei
Zu reite aus un ei,
Un aa gewiss ken kranker Mann;
Un net so bitter aarm —
Ach, dass sich Gott erbarm!
Wer sich net selwer helfe kann.

Wer sich in Summerzeit
Zum Winter gut bereit,
Der lacht em Schneeschtarm ins Gesicht.
Fer sei Leit un sei Vieh
Fehlt naryets nix un nie,
Sei Sammle iss schunn lengscht verricht.

Iss dann der Schtarm verbei,
Un scheint die Sunn druff nei,
Dann kummt mer mit de Schaufle bei.
Die Kelt iss scharf un gut,
Do watt net lang geruht,
Un ball sin alle Weegge frei.

Der Schneeschtarm iss en Luscht,
Un schtaerkt en guti Bruscht,
Wann mer im rauhe Winter lacht.
Die bitter Winterskelt
In daere saure Welt
Iss was der Summer siesser macht.

1, Feb. 1898 —ELI KELLER

EE HORSEPOWER

Net so lang zerick hen paar vun uns alde Haahne gschwetzt in der Sunndaagschul. Es waar yuscht fer Grundsaudaag un der Schnee waar dief, abaddich uff der Landschtrosse. Mir hen nanner verzehlt wie mir uns fescht gfaahre hen im Schnee mit unsere Autos, noh hot eener gsaat, "Es geht ewwe nimmi wie's als iss mit de Geil." Die sin als dief darrich der Schnee gebaade un hen der Schlitte noch gschleeft.

Noh hen mir vun de alde Zeide gschwetzt. Alde Menner duhne des so gaun, un die Yunge lache noh yuscht iwwer sie, awwer sell macht uns nix aus.

Mir hen ausgemacht dass unser alder Gaul net naegscht so schtarrig gange iss wie die Autos heitzudaags, awwer wann mer aryets wedder gfaahre iss, hot's eem ken so'n grosser Schtoss gewwe.

Es waar ken so grossi Gfaahr uff der Schtross wie Heitesdaags. Doch sin mir ewwe aa ebmols race gfaahre. Mei Daadi hot en Gaul ghatt wie ich yung waar. Er waar en Bassgaul. Imme buggy, uff re Landschtross hot er en Meil basse kenne in drei Minutte. Sell geht sctarrig fer en Gaul, doch iss sell yuscht 20 Meil die Schtunn.

Es hot awwer ebmols Unglick gewwe mit 'm Gaul im buggy. Wann 's aa yuscht EE HORSEPOWER schtarrig waar. Deel sin zu kaz um eem rum iwwerm Vorfaahre un hen eem en Raad rausgerisse. Oft hen die Geil meh Verschtand ghatt ass wie die Fuhrleit un hen sie heem genumme an ihre Scheier.

Wann mer en zaamer Gaul eigschpannt hot, waar's leidlich fer sei haerzgeliebtes Maedel nausnemme uff en scheener Owed im Summer. Mer hot gut faahre kenne mit eenre Hand. Ich hab Karls un ihre Maed aagedroffe ass die Lein um die Wipp gewickelt ghatt hen un der Gaul iss selwer geloffe. Viel vun de eldere Leit vun heit sin seller Weg zammekumme un hen en neie Familie aagfange. -

DER KASCHBAR HUFNAGLE VUN DER LEBANON NEWS.

Sie hen sich scheene Weiwer grickt—
Was nemmt's so grosse Pickter Freem!
Doch wann's emool ans Backe geht,
Do zieg ich doch die Mammi raus;
Sie hot's net gans so fancy ghatt,
'S waar awwer 'n guti Koch im Haus.

Die Fraa iss glei als owwedraus
Wann ich vum Koche ebbes saag, —
" 'S waer'n dummi notion, sell waer all,
Die Kocherei waer heitzudaag
Yuscht graad so gut wie sellemols;
Der Druwwel waer yuscht mit 'm Maul,
Der Gumme waer em bissel hatt —
En Hutschel waer ken alter Gaul.

'S maag sei wie's will, 's iss net wie's waar,
Ihr alte Kalls ihr wisst's zu gut;
So Dings vergesst sich net so leicht,
So ebbes draagt mer net im Hut.
Ach! wammer alsemol draa denkt.
Wie's waar in seine yunge Yaahr,
Mer gaebt der beschte Gaul im Schtall
Fer'n Woch wie sellemols, net waahr?

—ASTOR C. WUCHTER

DIE FAASENACHT

Die Oschdere kumme, die Zeit iss do,
Do watt als gross gerischt; un noh
Die Memm backt Faasenacht Kuche glei,
Do waar'n die Kinner als debei.

Die Kinner waar'n als arrig froh,
Es waar'n als alfert blendi do;
Die Memm die backt sie all in Fett,
Noh gehn die Kinner glei ins Bett.

De naegschte Marye, Gschpass debei,
Kens devun will's letscht do sei;
Der letscht im Bett, der dutt noh glaagge,
Er muss es Brennhols als rei draagge.
So waar die Rule, so watt's gemacht,
Sie heessee ihn die Faasenacht.

1963 —DR. D. GEO. KNECHT

FASSNACHT

SHROVE TUESDAY, the day before Ash Wednesday, ushering in the Lenten season, is the German **FASTNACHT,** generally known as **Fassnacht,** in our dialect, but also pronounced Faasnacht (aa like Eng. awe) and among a few even Faasenacht (pronounced with three syllables), hence the several spellings in today's ECK.

Since our Pennsylvania Germans are chiefly of the Protestant faith practically none of the many traditions that prevail in the Catholic areas of Germany, such as the carnevals and various mummeries (compare also the **Mardi Gras**—fat Tuesday — of New Orleans) are attached to the **Fassnacht** season among the Pennsylvania Germans, beyond that of the baking of doughnuts, a mere symbol of the lusty rich foods that were once indulged in before the austere fasting days of the Lenten season set it. The baking of "Fassnacht Kuche" is a custom that was brought from across the sea by our Palatine forefathers and continues in Pennsylvania to this day.

That some of the Palatine traditions attached to Shrovetide were lost in the course of time, if ever they were brought to the New World by our ancestors, is indicated in an article the Editor found in the German Magazine "Pfaelzisches Mueum", No. 4, 1889, under the title "Reste alten Glaubens, alter Sitten und Sagen in der Pfalz", written by Dr. Grunenwald. In it we read that "Fasenacht" (notice the word has three syllables in the Palatinate. — Ed.) begins about four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon and lasts till midnight. In the afternoon the housewife begins to prepare for the baking of the "Fasenacht Kichelcher", for this is a widely spread custom. These cakes are made of a yeast risen dough and rarely made at any other time. They are cut in squares or rectangles, unlike the circular American doughnut with its central hole. It is interesting to observe in this connection that many Pennsylvania German housewives prefer to this day to cut their "Fassnacht Kuche" in squares and rectangles with slits cut into them, before frying them in the deep fat. Many continue to make their dough with yeast, although this is a controversial matter with some, who use baking powder to make their "Fassnacht" cakes. These however are more widely known among us as crullers.

In the Palatinate the children took a special delight in watching mother cut the cakes and then at the end take the last remnant of dough to make of it a braided cake for the little girl and a snail-shaped one for the little boy.

"Fassnacht Kuche" are baked in deep fat, in the olden day in Germany preferably of nut or beechnut oil. In order that the cakes may have no taste from previous frying in the oil, it is first cleansed by frying a few slices of raw potato in the fat. "Schmalz" was not often used, because in the Catholic areas the use of animal fat in the Lenten days that followed was not liked.

In the Palatinate "Fassnacht Kuche" are eaten in the evening of Shrove Tuesday and those that are left over are eaten with the coffee at breakfast on Ash Wednesday morning. They are preferably eaten fresh and even warm. That they are good under any conditions goes forth from an old proverb: **Kalt und warm sind sie ja am besten** (in other words — they are at their best cold and warm!)

The first cake to be fried in the fat from the batch of dough had special potency and importance as a love oracle. If a grown-up would learn to know her future bridegroom, she takes the first cake that is baked, puts it under her apron and goes to the village well to get water. The first young man to address her on the way is the one! — A pregnant woman must guard especially while she is baking the "Fassnachtkuche" that no hot fat splashes on her and burns her skin, else the child will bear the same marks at the same place as a birthmark. — Ed.

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Editorials

The Carrier Question

Before either amateur quarterbacks in this country or Soviet strategists could mount a new barrage, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara made it clear there is nothing unprecedented or improper about Russian planes observing American naval vessels on the high seas.

Both the United States and the Russians have been engaging in such exercises for some time. Apparently neither has much reason to complain or to use the reconnaissance flights over neutral territory to stir up cold war fires. Flights over the United States or its coastal waters would be another matter but these apparently are not involved.

If there is any comfort in the disclosure, it is that the people of this country didn't have to hear about the Russian look-see technique from the Kremlin. Khrushchev has been telling them enough these days, particularly about what he would do if the United States decided Castro was the kind of menace that no longer could be tolerated.

More disturbing than the reconnaissance itself is the new question of how vulnerable huge seaborne air bases like the Forrestal are. Russian planes apparently made a direct flight of many thousands of miles to zero in on the carrier, and soon Moscow may be boasting of its own pictures. There was no secret, of course, that the Forrestal was en route from the Mediterranean and traveling a normal shipping lane. It wasn't maintaining air patrols or using other precautions and had no reason for warding off other craft. Operating procedures and defensive measures are quite different in wartime.

Nothing has been said, however, about how the Russians found three other American carriers in several similar forays in both the Atlantic and the Pacific earlier last month. If the whereabouts of these vessels was relatively secret and they were spotted with as much ease, there is good reason to promptly and thoroughly re-evaluate the effectiveness of such craft.

So long as this nation has potential enemies eagerly boasting that a thermonuclear war can be won in a day, it cannot take chances with any elements of its defensive or retaliatory forces by taking the risk that they have become outmoded.

Thirsty!

Either the population of Allentown and its environs is increasing rather sharply these days or the people of the area are developing quite a thirst.

Last year Allentown pumped 212 million more gallons of water than in 1961, an average daily increase of 21 gallons per person. The Water Department explains part of the unprecedented load by recalling the unusually dry summer and noting the installation of more swimming pools.

In the same year, state liquor store sales in Lehigh County increased 5.3 per cent to reach a new high of $5.6 million. At an average of $4 a bottle, that's something like 280,000 gallons of booze for 226,000 residents of Lehigh County against an estimated 12 to 16 billion gallons of water.

The Liquor Control Board offers no explanation for the increases and neither will we. Nor will we moralize.

We would like to note for the record, however, that the $5.6 million the people of Lehigh County spent on hard liquor and wine was nearly 30 per cent of the $18.6 million it cost to operate all the public schools in the county during the same year. They also dropped more than seven times as much at state liquor stores as they contributed to all the county's health, welfare, character building and charitable organizations through the United Fund.

Old Industry's Prospects

New industries are a boost to any community. So are the old and sometimes all but forgotten ones that struggle through lean periods, then quicken their pace to stride toward new horizons.

W. F. Mosser & Son, for 100 years a part of Allentown's industrial life, is in this happy rejuvenation process. It has improved production potential, found new markets, won new orders and negotiated a new labor contract which union leaders label "a good one."

The result is more jobs for skilled workmen, increased payrolls and better earning prospects. Since the end of last year, the work force has been increased from 38 men to 60 with indications that this figure ultimately may be doubled.

It is significant that part of the projected growth is based on Mosser's anticipated share in producing a new-type light delivery truck that will be built in Frackville. If it's as good as it sounds, Allentown should be in for more new business. We hope it is.

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.

Ambulance Regulations

To the Editor:

The Morning Call is gaining popularity in the Easton area, and I know your editorials are read by most of these people. In short, this is my primary reason for writing to you.

An editorial appeared in your paper Tuesday, Feb. 26, in regard to ambulance regulations. This was an excellent article, but it may have hurt the squads with top training. The public now is in doubt as to the qualifications of any squad, unless they have personally had contact with them.

Our Suburban Rescue Company has 10 years' experience in handling anything from actual births to "pileups" on our highways. Our men are not allowed to touch a patient unless they carry a certified card showing that they have completed an advanced first aid course within the past three years.

Our squad is typical of all squads belonging to the Pennsylvania Association of Rescue Squads. In fact, our squad captain is president of the Eastern District. It is this association that has instituted proceedings in Pennsylvania to set up a regulation of safe standards for ambulance service.

I'm quite sure that if you checked a little closer, you would find almost all rescue and emergency squads

Continued on Page 7, Column 2

Cuban Caves Man Stuff



Limits to Court Powers

By DAVID LAWRENCE

On Monday of this week, the Supreme Court of the United States ruled that 187 persons arrested in Columbia, S.C., for "breach of the peace" were merely exercising their rights of free speech when they engaged in a picketing demonstration against segregation, and that, even though city officials thought a riot was imminent, the police should, in effect, have waited until someone got hurt before recognizing it officially as a riot.


Lawrence

On Tuesday of this week, the United Press International carried a dispatch from Miami, Fla., as follows:

"An American Nazi wearing a khaki uniform and swastika armpatch was hauled off to jail today when his picketing at the anti-defamation league of the B'nai B'rith drew an angry crowd.

"Police said if 21-year-old David Howard Peterson of Minneapolis had not been taken into protective custody, violence would have erupted."

Maybe the Miami police didn't have time to read the Supreme Court decision. Maybe they were not yet aware that the "law of the land" now is that name-calling, defamation of any race or religion, or incitement to violence cannot be stopped by arrests until fighting actually starts and injuries or deaths occur.

Justice Tom Clark, who was the only member of the high court to uphold the doctrine that a threat of violence can be checked by the police, had this to say in his dissenting opinion on Monday:

"To say that the police may not intervene until the riot has occurred is like keeping out the doctor until the patient dies."

Justice Stewart, speaking for the majority of the highest court in the land, said:

"The state courts have held that the petitioners' conduct constituted breach of the peace under state law, and we may accept their decision as binding upon us to that extent. But it nevertheless remains our duty in a case such as this to make an independent examination of the whole record. And it is clear to us that in arresting, convicting, and punishing the petitioners under the circumstances disclosed by this record, South Carolina infringed the petitioners' constitutionally protected rights of free speech, free assembly, and freedom to petition for redress of their grievances."

The episode took place on the grounds of the state house while the legislature was actually in session. Justice Clark studied the same record and testimony. He pointed out that nearly 200 demonstrators marched with placards and then proceeded to stir up the trouble.

Justice Clark noted that the city manager, "in what both the state intermediate and (state) supreme court found to be the utmost good faith, decided that danger to peace and safety was imminent. Even at this juncture no orders were issued by the city manager for the police to break up the crowd, now about 500 persons, and no arrests were made. Instead, he approached the recognized leader of the petitioners and requested him to tell the various groups of petitioners to disperse within 15 minutes, failing which they would be arrested.

"Even though the city manager might have been honestly mistaken as to the imminence of danger this was certainly a reasonable request by the city's top executive officer in an effort to avoid a public brawl. But the response of petitioners and their leader was defiance rather than co-operation."

The basic question is whether the local police have a right to prevent a riot or whether they must wait until casualties actually occur. The American people have always felt that local disturbances are for the states and cities to handle.

The only available remedy now is the passage by Congress of a law taking away from the Supreme Court of the United States any right to consider cases involving a breach of the peace when a state supreme court has already passed on the issues involved. There is precedent for this type of legislation. The Constitution itself specifically gives Congress the right to pass a law limiting or removing appellate jurisdiction from the Supreme Court of the United States in such cases as the lawmakers may deem desirable.

Passing Fin

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

When Harvard economist John Kenneth Galbraith, now our Ambassador to India, returns to this country from New Delhi, I wonder what he will make of things?

Before he left our shores he was one of the most vociferous critics of the way the U.S. "affluent society" (the phrase was his own inspired bit of coinage) was spending its superfluous money. Dr. Galbraith was particularly severe on the "waste" that was going into tail fins on automobiles.

Well, the other day I looked at the street in a typical middle-sized American community, and I had to search a long way before I found a single tail fin. The rear ends of almost all the newer automobiles had become nicely rounded and quite inconspicuous. Whatever it is that affluent people are buying nowadays, it is not cars with the Detroit equivalent of the poop deck of an eighteenth century frigate.

Personally, I wonder what has been gained by the change in style? There seem to be only three things you can do with the rear end of an automobile; you either flare it up to give it fins, or flatten it out to resemble the flight deck of an aircraft carrier, or give it a soft contour to suggest that it won't hurt you very much if it backs into you. But no matter what is done to it, you may be sure that the style will not be permanent.

The gaudiness of the tail fin may have been in doubtful taste, but when gaudiness is in the ascendancy you may be sure that people are enjoying themselves. Was England any happier when the hugh ruffs and doublets worn by the Elizabethans gave way to the sombre Puritan garb of dictator Oliver Cromwell's time?

While I could personally take a tail fin or leave it, I suspect that the criticism of the upswept rear car deck was always motivated by a Puritanism that frowned on enjoyment for its own sake. The "new" economists are the only real Puritans among us, and their criticism has always been quite wide of the mark in post-World War II America, where larger — and more costly — families mean that there is little "disposable income" left after taxes for "waste."

In 1959, the very year that Galbraith was fulminating against "waste" in Detroit, the after-tax income of the American people was $336 billion. Some $252 billion of this happened to be lavished on such "wasteful" things as food, shelter, clothing and basic transport. The remaining $84 billion was spent in a most commonsensical way. Some $24 billion was saved, $19 billion went for doctors, medicine and hospitals, more than $8 billion was spent on education at private schools and colleges and for churches and private welfare institutions, $17 billion was paid in fees and interest to banks and installment credit companies — and the remainder went for fun, including serious reading and gardening.

Well, if $16 billion out of a total after-tax income of $336 billion is to be condemned as "frivolity," then life is hardly worth the living. Not even the Pilgrims of Miles Standish's time, who stuffed themselves on Thanksgiving Day, would have considered it "waste" to spend less than a twentieth of their income on enjoyment.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Understanding

Many are the problems . . . confronting the mentally ill . . for them life is a heartache . . a long and rugged hill . . . they need our understanding . . . our faith can help them strive . . . we can give them hope and strength . . . needed to survive . . . too many people ridicule . . . those who have been away . . . they do not seem to comprehend . . . the saying called "fair play" . . . I plead with every employer . . . to give these folks a chance . . . seldom will they let you down . . . their creed is to advance . . . so help them solve their problems . . . give them an honest break . . . and if the tides of life should turn . . . your friends will not forsake.

Horoscope

Opportunity will knock; seize it. Today's child will be extremely lucky.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

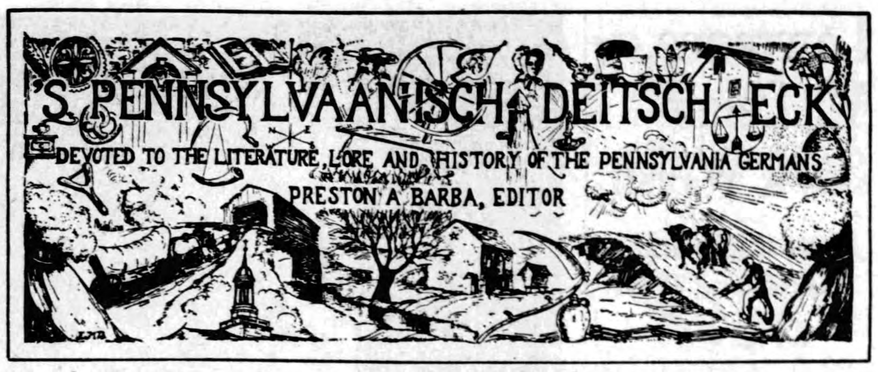
QUESTION: I find that the girl I married is quite a different person from the girl I courted. I must confess this has been a let-down for me, and I fear that our marriage might break up. What can I do? F.F.B.

ANSWER: The first year of marriage is sometimes called the Year of Disillusionment. This doesn't mean that deception was practiced during courtship; it simply means that each of you put your "best foot forward." You strived hard to win the affection of your mate; as she did with you.

Then you were married! Each began to be his real self, and you began to see each other in a new light, and in some respects there may have been disillusionment.

An important element of love is respect. During courtship, you courted the favor and respect of your wife. You worked at wooing and winning her. Now, marriage is a continuing process. If respect is to be maintained, you must each treat each other with respect. You were neat during courtship; be neat now. You were courteous during courtship; be courteous now. You showed your affection during courtship; show your love now.

The formal saying of the wedding ceremony didn't contain a magic that made continuing love automatic. It is always manual; it must be worked at. And you will find that if you work at it, it works.



STRUBEL, THE POST RIDER

The writer of the following verses distinctly remembers the quaint character, who carried the weekly mail (then the only one) between Reading and Boyertown. About the middle of the afternoon, on each Wednesday, Old Strubel on his old silver gray mare was seen approaching down the Reading road this side of Greshville, with his double mail bag well filled—principally **Reading Adlers,** the principal and probably the only German weekly paper published in Berks County then. Daily papers there were none. During the Mexican War he well recollects with what eagerness the advent of the "Post Rider" was awaited to get the news from the "seat of the war," probably a month or more after the occurrences took place. The Mexican War occurred during the administration of James K. Polk, from 1844 to 1848, and as the telegraph was first brought into use on May 27, 1844, and then only between Washington and Baltimore, with no lines extending westward across the continent, and no railroads either, people can well imagine that considerable time was required to get any information across the continent from Mexico.—Thos. J. B. Rhoads.

You readers well may wonder why
This subject I should choose;
To write and sing his praises
In this my humble muse.

His unrequited services
That he was pleased to give,
Entitle him to both respect
And honor while we live.

If I should call him post-boy, then
The name would not agree
In age to this quaint person,
As you will plainly see.

He was a man past middle age,
His locks were turning gray,
As he appeared upon the road
Astride his silver gray.

Methinks I see their picture still,
Reflected in my brain—
Of Strubel and his old gray mare—
I see them both again.

Each Wednesday afternoon he came,
About the hour of three,
From Reading, on his old gray nag,
The mail to carry, free.

In summer's heat and winter's snow
He always made his trip,
And if his "spirits" got too low
He sometimes tooka "sip."

Sometimes he swayed from side to side
As slowly on he rode,
And scarce could keep his nag astride,
While jogging down the road.
The reason why this should be so
You well might like to know;
I'll merely say he had on board
Too much "Hov" come you so?"

With mail bag filled with **Adlers**
For the staid old folks at home,
In soaking rain, in hail and storm,
Strubel was sure to come.

The **Reading Adler** was the best
And cheapest paper out;
All other papers were "nix wert,"
And scarce were talked about.

Each farmer took the **Adler** then
To get the latest news
About the war with Mexico;
For none else had we use.

No telegraphs we had as yet
To spread the news around;
The quickest way the news to get
By post-men then was found.

His mail bag was a double one,
Across his saddle swung,
Which left him room to sit upon,
As in his seat he sprung.

A double decker hat he wore—
(A beaver I should say)—
Whose cylinder was full of kinks
While the fur had gone astray.

A switch he carried in his hand
To goad along the gray,
Which he kept swishing up and down
as he journeyed on his way.

As trusted servant on the road
Old Strubel filled the bill;
Through slush and mud, as on he rode,
His mission to fulfill.

Long years Old Strubel and his gray
Their weekly trips they made,
By piercing heat, nor coldest day,
Nor rain, nor snow dismayed.

As time wore on improvements came,
Then Strubel and his gray
Receded from their beaten path,
And then both passed away.

We read of costly monuments
Reared up for men less brave
Than Strubel, who now calmly sleeps
Unnoticed in his grave.

Dec. 2, 1891

DR. THOS. J. B. RHOADS
(ONKEL JEFF, 1837-1919)

WENDELL KITZMILLER

He and Sam Schnitzler Discuss Dr. Schlotter's Great Operation. Dr. Eisebaart, a Pennsylvania Surgeon Goes One Better—The Swiss Operation Is Cast Into the Shade—Hogs Beget Hogs!

"Wendell, wann d' widder in die Schtadt kummscht, dann kannscht du in die Lebanon Report Offis geh un mei Zeiding ausduh losse. Ich will sie nimmi. Sie liegt mer schunn e weil haer zu viel!"

Es waar der Sam Schnitzler wu so gsaad hot 'm letschte Sunndaag Owed.

"Wei, was iss nau letz, Sam? Die Zeidinge liegge all, sell iss uffkors verschtanne, awwer ferwas meenscht ass der Report yuscht nau liegt?"



"Des kann ich dir saagge, Wendell," secht der Schnitzler. " 'S iss net ass ich zu viel ekschpeckt vun re Zeiding. Ich admit ass sie all liegge, meh odder wennicher, baddich zu leckschun Zeide wann gelogge watt fer so viel der Zeiding collum. Odder wann 'n Kandidaad gelogge will hawwe fer sich, odder geegge der anner Tschaepp wu geegge ihn laaft, noh bezaahlt er so viel der Zoll fer die Liegge drucke, wu er selwer schreibt. Sell iss all recht. Sell iss Bisniss. Awwer wu der Report letscht Woch gelogge hot, sell iss too much—in der Bodde nei too much."

"Was meenscht, Sam, dann ass gelogge waar?"

"Wei, die Schtori waar dass en Dockder in Deitschland — aryets in der Schweiz — hett 'n Weibsmensch uffgschnitte un hett 're der Maagge rausgenumme!"

"Well, was noh?"

"Was noh? Wei, er hett der Schlund noh an der Darrem genaeht un nau waer sie widder so gut un so gsund ass eemol, unni Maagge!"

"Ecksaeckli! Sell waar net gelogge!"

"Net gelogge?"

"Nee. Un wann 's gelogge waer, dann hette die annere Zeidinge yuscht so arrig gelogge, fer ich hab die seem Schtori im Phildelphi Ingeweid gelese baut die seem Zeit wie der Report es ghatt hot. Ich glaab ass es en waahri Schtori iss. So Dinge gebt's!" hawwich 'm Sam gsaat.

"Wei, wie kann 's sei ass 'n Mensch lewe kann unni Maagge?" frogt der Sam.

"O," hawwich gsaad, " 'n Maagge iss net so notwennich ass wie mer als gemeent hen. Wann ebber der Maagge rausnemme losst, dann muss er yuscht efter esse — baut alle Schtunn am Blatz vun dreimol 's Daags. Der Maagge iss yuscht 'n Satt vumme Schank odder Schtorhaus wu 'n Mensch 's Fuder anne schtort so wie er 's braucht diweil ass er an der Aerwet iss!"

"Well, bei Tschocks, wann des waahr iss dann waer 's 'n gut Ding!"

"Uffkors iss es 'n gut Ding. Des gebt die eenzich radical cure fer 'spepsi!"

"Wie so?"

"Wie so? Wei, 'spepsi iss 'n Maagge Grankhet, un wann du ken Maagge hoscht, dann kann dei Maagge aa net grank sei un du kannscht kee 'spepsi hawwe!"

Der Schnitzler hot wennich gekunsiddert, dann secht er, "Sell waer awwer rough uff die Bier breweries un die saloons."

"Wie so?" hawwich gfrogt.

"Wei, wann 'n Mann der Maagge rausnemme daet losse, dann hett er nix fer 's Bier nei laafe losse! Sell daet zu viel leit aus Aerwet schmeisse. Ich hab en Noschen der naegscht Letschisledscher passed en law geegge 's Maagge rausschneide, als 'n Brotectif measure fer die Schaffleit!"

"Sell kennt sei: awwer seh mol hie wie's die Dockder Bissniss buume dutt, wann moll all die 'spepdix der Maagge raus nemme losse."

"Gebt's nau net wunnerbaari Sache!" secht der Sam. "Ich denk ich loss der Report net ausduh! Des Ding kennt 'n waahri Schtori sei!"

"Uffkors iss 's waahr!" hawwich gsaat. "Un 's iss nix unglaablicher 's ass wie die X-ray Maschien!"

"Die X-ray Maschien! Was iss sell?" frogt der Sam.

"Sell? Wei, 's iss en Gedings ass 'd mit graad darrich ebbes gucke kannscht. Du kannscht die Gnoche in deinre Hand sehne; du kannscht me Mann in sei Backebuch sehne un kannscht sei Geld zaehle; kannscht sehne was fer 'n Unnerhemm ass er aa hot, un was er ghatt hot fer's Middaagesse!"

"Sell iss wann er sei Maagge noch hot, un hot 'n Blatz fer 's Middaagesse neizuschtore," hot der Sam so schpettisch gemeent!

"Ecksaeckli!" hawwich gsaat. "Awwer nau die Waahret zu saagge, dem Dockder Schlotter sei operation in der Schweiz iss nix Neies, un die Zeidinge breiche ken so Foss devun mache ass wie wann's noch nie vor dem waer warre! Ich kunsidder 'm alte Dockder Eisebaart sei Operation waar noch besser un 's hot 's niemand in die Zeiding geduh."

"Was waar sell?" frogt der Sam.

"Ei, hoscht 's dann noch net gheert?"

"Nee," secht der Schnitzler, "geb's raus."

"Du hoscht der alt Bill Lewwergosch gekennt drunne uff der annere Seit vun 's Schwefelbrenner 's Miehl?"

"Nee, ich hab net, awwer schunn viel vun 'm gheert."

"Well, er waar schier allfert grank — hot's im Maagge ghatt — un hot schteddi gedockert beim Dockder Eisebaart. Der Eisebaart iss des Ding leedich waare, weil er ennihau nix grickt hot vum alde Bill, noht mol ee Daag hot er die Noschen grickt 'n radical cure zu browiere, un er hot!"

"Der alt Lewwergosch hot 's verwillicht, un noh iss der Dockder draa gange un hot 'n schlofe gelegt — gehypneteist, odder ebbes 's so — ass er net wacker iss warre fer zwee Daag!"

"Fer zwee Daag?" frogt der Schnitzler.

"Ya, fer zwee Daag. Er hot gsaat, er misst zwee Daag hawwe fer sei Maagge rausnemme un butze. Die Medizien wu er als em alde Bill gewwe hot, hen 'm der Maagge nie net sauwer genung gebutzt. Dann geht der Dockder draa wie der Bill recht gschlofe hot, schneid 'n uff un nemmt 'm der Maagge raus un butzt 'n brabber un sauwer."

"Er hot 'n noh uff die Fens ghenkt fer drickle un iss ab sei annere Granke sehne, Wie er zerick kumme iss, waar der Maagge nimmi uff der Fens—die Hund hen 'n gfresse ghatt!"

"Nau, was waar zu duh? Du musscht net denke ass der Eisebaart fescht waar. Er iss yuscht niwwer am Bill Lewwergosch sei Seischtall, schtecht eens vun seine Sei, rippt sie uff, nemmt ihre Maagge raus un sehnt ass er saund iss. Er schwenkt 'n wennich ab an der Bump un naeht seller Seimaagge fescht am alde Bill sei Schlund un an sei Darrem, naeht 'm der Bauch zu, un losst ihn wacker warre!"

"Yessir, sell iss en waahri Schtori. Der Bill Lewwergosch iss driwwer kumme, un sei 'Spepsi waar gekyurt, awwer vun sellre Zeit aa hot er kee Bier meh gegliche, un sei favorite Drinkes waar Schlapp aus 'm Seifass!"

"Un noh noch eens. 'M Lewwergosch sei Kinner un sei Kinskinner wu nooch sellem uff die Welt sin kumme, hen aardlich viel vunder Seinadur bewisse!"

WENDELL KITZMILLER
Fendu Schreiwer

EENER DECKT EICH ZU

Die Mensche sin im Huddel
In daere alde Welt;
Summers odder Winders,
In Hitz un in der Kelt.

Alles geht zu schtarrig,
En Haerz kann nimmi noch.
Ken Wunner, liewe Brieder,
Iss der Doden Nummer hoch!

Mer kann lese in der Zeitung
Alle Daag dass eener fallt.
Elt hot nix zu duh mit,
Sie gehne yung un gehne alt.

Doch werd noch weiter
gschusselt,
Des geht als wie der Wind
Als Mann sei Karber deifelt,
's iss gewiss en grosse Sind.

Die Parre un die Dokdere,
Un die Unnernemmer aa;
Hen schier all die Bissniss,
Sie schaffe immer draa .

Die Dokdere sin am Flicke
Als wie net gans recht gscheit;
Die Parre sin am Schwetze,
Doch batt's net bei de Leit!

Der Unnernemmer hot's schier's bescht,
Er hot net viel zu duh;
Er holt sie in seim schwaze Truck
Un legt sie in die Ruh.

Der Graabschtee Peddler
kummt noh bei,
Er hot en recht schee Gschpiel.
Vun denne sette kenni sei—
Die Welt hot gans zu viel.

Wann, mei liewe Brieder, dihr
Schusslich warre wett,
Denkt als an die Wadde,
Un legt eich schee uffs Bett.

Seid net gans so grapschich,
Nemmt eich en wennich Ruh—
Odder's geht eich wie deel annere
'S deckt glei eich eener zut

ERNEST WALDO BECHTEL
From Arthur D. Graeff's SCHOLLA
(Reading Times, Nov. 18, 1955)

THE MORNING CALL

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Editorials

Restoring Balances

Flooded basements and roadway lakes that caused such heavy damage and so many headaches this week are just a sample of the losses ahead unless cities, boroughs and townships accept more of the responsibilities of their growth.

The problem is one of proper balances. As those nature provides are disturbed, they must be supplemented by artificial measures.

Every foot of ground given over to buildings or highways leaves that much less land area to absorb heavy rain and melting snow. With no place for the concentrated runoff to go, it finds the lowest levels—and this frequently is in basements.

There are several solutions.

If municipalities choose, they can restrict building and thus conserve the green acres that still offer natural absorption. This would, of course, severely limit even properly zoned industrial, commercial and residential growth.

The alternative is to build enough storm sewers to carry water to safe drainage channels before floods cause costly damage. This is an entirely proper use for the higher taxes improved properties yield and certainly in many areas a most necessary one.

Costs of sewer construction are high, but they increase through delay and are multiplied by neglect. This week, for example, a flood that probably could have been prevented by a $30,000 sewer line cost one Whitehall Township property owner more than $125,000.

The same problem exists in many areas of other municipalities. It increases as the kind of progress they want and need goes merrily on.

Worth Emulating

There aren't too many men left in the field of higher education like H. A. Benfer, whose approaching retirement as Muhlenberg's director of admissions has just been announced. There probably are none with as many grateful and lasting friends.

According to strict definitions, he wasn't a teacher. No one called him professor, and he didn't covet that or any other academic title. "Haps" was good enough for him, for students and for the four presidents under whom he served through the last 38 years.

He taught as he met students in his office, walked across campus with them, joined in their bull sessions or spent hours in their dormitory rooms. What they learned, many found more helpful in college and afterwards than Greek, the calculus or a professor's interpretation of a passing phase of history.

If he had depended on electronically scored tests and the evaluations recorded by others to measure the potential of those he recommended for admission to Muhlenberg, dozens of men now successful in their professions could not have entered college. He had unique ways of applying his own yardsticks, and generally they were at least as reliable as most other measurements.

Admitting a man to college wasn't enough. If a student showed weaknesses and there was any chance of correcting them, Haps was the one who usually found the way. He did what many parents couldn't do for their own youngsters and what some of his faculty colleagues believed to be beyond the responsibilities of a college.

Because Haps Benfer did all these things and many more, a generation or more of college men know him as Mr. Muhlenberg. They long have honored him with this designation, not alone for what he did for so many of them but for what he has done for their college. They are accomplishments difficult to match but worth emulating on any campus.

The .35 Per Cent

When totalitarian states boast about holding the world's record for bringing out voters at election time, they probably are quite correct.

In Hitler's Germany, almost 100 per cent of the people were bulldozed into confirming his Nazi puppets. Khrushchev's one-party Communist state claims a 99.94 per cent turnout in the recent elections for members of the Soviet Parliament. This contrasts with a turnout of something like 82 per cent of those eligible in the last presidential election in the United States.

The most interesting figure, however, is the Russian report that 99.59 per cent of the 99.94 per cent voted for the party-backed candidates on the only slate.

How about the other .35 per cent, those who deposited unmarked ballots because they refused to endorse the Kremlin regime? They add up to about a half-million voters.

If there are 500,000 hard-core rebels, that's more than the Bolsheviks had when they upset the Czar's regime. Even with the others who didn't quite have the courage to show their independence, there probably aren't enough to upset the Communist rulers. They give some hope, however, that in the natural evolution of the Soviet Union, this too could happen.

What Others Say

Fashion Note

Newark News

From the outer fringe of the White House fence, where more impatient citizens go to offer suggestions for the guidance of the President, there comes word of a campaign to clothe animals. Not to keep them warm, or even to stimulate the textile industry, but to protect the morals of children.

Aside from an occasional straw hat on a peddler's horse, collars on city dogs and sometimes even a turtle - neck sweater, not much progress has been made in this area. Most of the squirrels and cats and birds seen around and about are without any clothing at all. And out in the country, with the cows, they say it's even more scandalous.

Protect the children by all means. But what's in it for the animals? Look what happened to the modest buffalo, never caught without his robe. And at what happens to the mink. No, animals should have learned the folly of dressing well; there's too much envy in this world.

Patching Things Up



Cutting Federal Spending

By DAVID LAWRENCE

These are days when, judging by the debates and discussions in Washington, it is supposed to be very difficult to cut expenses in government. Yet almost every business comes to grips with this problem right along.



Lawrence

There are at least three ways to keep expenses down. One is to stop adding new expenses. Another is to stop expenditures that are no longer needed or that can be postponed for a while. A third step is to consolidate several items into a single expenditure of lesser amount that accomplishes the same general purpose either temporarily or permanently.

Government spenders usually reject all three devices. For, in government, a businesslike approach is supposed to be impossible. The first consideration usually is whether the cut in expenditures will cost the administration any votes in key states in the next election. The next commandment is that appropriations for certain areas must not be diminished lest senators or representatives from that locality be alienated and their support lost to the administration in its effort to get "welfare" legislation passed. A third rule is that, if a subsidy has been granted, it must be continued even after it has outlived its practical benefit to the country as a whole, and that, if a previous administration or Congress has authorized an expenditure, the money must almost always be spent irrespective of new circumstances or new needs for public funds.

President Kennedy in his news conference this week indicated that he is waiting for his critics in Congress to come forth with a list of items that they would cut from the budget. Then, of course, the political twist will be given by the administration to the items chosen.

The impression being conveyed is that only the Republicans want to cut the government's expenses. It happens, however, that Sen. Willis Robertson of Virginia, chairman of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, is a Democrat who has served 30 years in Congress. In a speech to the Senate on Thursday, he said:

"I have consistently opposed pump - priming and deficit financing . . . I have diligently examined the budget for fiscal year 1964 . . . I propose to indicate how the budget can be reduced at least $6 billion to accompany any tax cut which may be passed in order to move towards the goal of a sound fiscal policy.

"In the area of non-defense spending, reductions can be made in proposed new spending programs, several existing loan programs, civilian research programs, foreign - aid spending, and civilian personnel expansion.

"Reductions can be achieved in spending requests for new programs because their need is not established as being sufficiently vital to justify an increase in the deficit, their cost impact on the 1964 and later budgets is by no means fully determined, and insofar as the objectives of these programs may be desirable, they can be met privately or by state or local governments. . .

"I desire to make it crystal clear that in making suggestions for eliminating or curtailing some of the President's spending proposals, I am acting as a loyal Democrat who has never left his party and who wants to help and not harm his party's success in the elections of 1964."

The Virginia senator favors a tax cut but thinks a substantial reduction in spending can be made at the same time. There are many Democrats in Congress who feel as he does.

The impact of the tax discussion on business confidence thus far has not been salutary. Although the country has been told, for instance, that corporations will get a lower tax rate, the truth is that the percentage of income flowing out of the companies to the government will be higher than before. It will be 1969 before companies with an excess of $100,000 a year in taxes will get any real reduction in the outflow of cash to the government under the administration's program. In the next five years, therefore, businesses face a penalty instead of a benefit from a tax cut. That's just one of many reasons why the whole tax program proposed by the administration has aroused members of Congress of both parties.

Labor Irking President

By VICTOR RIESEL

Angry word has gone out from a nettled President Kennedy to clobber the drive for a 35-hour work week and to get him out of the strike-settling business as swiftly as possible.

One White House insider puts it this way: The President believes that the nation can't afford the first, and he can't afford the time for the second. There have been long hours in the past few weeks when Kennedy has had to stop being President and get into the labor relations business.

It is Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz who has really begun to clobber the 35-hour week campaign. Never was he tougher than at an unreported meeting in Conference Room B off the Labor Dept. auditorium. This was on the morning of Feb. 27. In the room were some 25 members of a business research advisory council.

"The 35-hour week will mean fewer jobs, not more jobs," he charged.

"It is essentially economic quicksand and a neat, precise short cut to error."

This sets the mood. There have been conversations with Supreme Court Justice Arthur Goldberg. Last Monday night the former Secretary of Labor said, in effect, that what the U.S. needs is not less work but more work to strengthen this economy.

What has irritated the White House and Cabinet members are the campaigns unleashed not only for the shorter work week, but for the shorter work year and for the shorter work decade. The most climactic of such drives has been launched by the United Rubber Workers. It calls for a long-range program which will give its people one year's sabbatical with pay every seven years, though at the moment the union is willing to settle for two months every seventh year.

At the Labor Dept.'s gigantic 50th anniversary banquet, Arthur Goldberg warned of what this concept could do to the U.S.

"We are engaged by strong free economies," said Goldberg, "by rising productive might and by determined competitors."

The inference was that failure on our part to compete could make us a secondclass industrial power.

Now the President has been informed that the country faces a new series of strikes — anti-automation stoppages — as some 94 major contracts expire in the next four months. There is one bright spot.

The President has been informed, also, that the leaders of steel labor and the steel industry suddenly will announce that they have settled this year's contract problems long before the May 1 opening date.

Otherwise the picture is going the way of Dorian Gray. The insiders expect a June 1 strike to paralyze the $35 billion railroad industry. The White House could not long permit 28,800 locomotives, 1,604,240 freight-carrying cars and 26,700 passenger coaches to be taken out of the national life for more than a few days.

To prevent this, President Kennedy will have to go to Congress for a special anti-strike law. This he dreads.

He has tried personal intervention. He has not done well.

It is not the nature of John Kennedy to be constantly harassed and rebuffed without clobbering back. He wants some order out of the tumult. He has been telling this to his own aides and to his own labor allies. Privately, thus far.

But he'll go public, they say in the White House, if the industrial wars don't cease.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Walter Brady offers this addition to the Sherlock Holmes saga: The good Sherlock observed one A.M. "Ah, Doctor Watson, still wearing your winter underwear, eh?" "Incredible," marveled Dr. Watson. "How did you deduce that?" "Elementary, my dear doctor," said Holmes. "In the first place, you forgot to put on your pants."

Incidentally, Mickey Spillane, one of the Johnny-Come-Latelys who put Sherlock Holmes into the ranks of also-rans in the paperback whodunit sweepstakes, has now been displaced as champion himself by Ian Fleming. How the kids are lapping up Fleming's action-jammed stories of Operator James Bond!)

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Dream With Me

They say I'm just a dreamer . . . roaming the clouds above . . . when I pen flowery phrases . . . of tenderness and love . . . they say I'm but a fool . . . who dwells on make-believe. . . when I try hard to comfort . . . those who ache and grieve . . . they say life is a valley . . . covered with hate and greed . . . and that my words of kindness . . . serve little or no need . . . I'm well aware how life is . . . I live it day by day . . . but something tells me I must write . . . what my heart has to say . . . so I will keep on dreaming . . . with hope in things to be . . . dear God please make all mankind . . . dream along with me.

Horoscope

Rely on your own intuitions in both love and business. Today's child will be sensitive.



THE GREAT BOOK

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

The finest book of colonial days was printed in Pennsylvania by the Seventh Day Baptists at Ephrata. Some of the volumes had a tragic end.

IN THE CLOISTER of the Seventh Day Baptists at Ephrata in Lancaster County, Brother Jabez was wakened by a pounding on his cabin door. The door was very narrow, the ceiling of the single room of the cabin was only seven feet above the floor. It was still dark and Brother Jabez found it difficult to wake, though it is easier for an old man to wake then a young man, and though his bed was merely a foot - wide board. His pillow was a wooden block intended to serve also as a smoothing-iron.

The parents of the Seventh Day Baptists and some of the Seventh Day Baptists themselves had fled from Europe because of increasing wars and because they were not allowed to worship as they thought right. For this reason also the Mennonites and the Dunkers came to Pennsylvania. Now, alas! There was war in America as well. Battles had been fought at Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill, and General Washington was in Cambridge drilling the American troops. The Brothers and Sisters had no peace in their hearts; they were uneasy from morning till night. War might come even to Ephrata.

War was to touch Ephrata today. Brother Jabez would not have slept at all if he could have foreseen what was to happen. He had slept as it was only four hours. At midnight he had prayed with all the Brothers and Sisters in the chapel, and afterward he had prayed alone in his cabin. At sound of the loud pounding he rose instantly.

He walked directly to his table and fumbled for the flint and steel. He struck a spark which flew into a saucer filled with finely shredded wood. From it he lit the wick of the lard lamp.

"Enter in the name of the Lord!" said he.

The light of the lamp was reflected from whitewashed walls. The table held a row of ancient books, an inkstand, a few sheets of paper, a quill pen and an hour - glass. On the wall hung a chart on which were drawn birds and flowers in bright colors surrounding a verse beautifully lettered in ink. The verse said:

"Oh, blessed solitary life,
Where all creation silence keeps!"

On a shelf over the low door lay a large book covered with thick leather, studded with brass nails and bound with bright brass clasps. There was a single chair — nothing more in the little room.

Brother Jabez was dressed in a woolen robe which had once been white, but was now dingy gray. His snowy beard covered his breast and his eyes looked out from deep hollows.

The messenger who entered was also dressed in dingy gray which had once been white. His beard was black; he had had a beard, one would guess, for only a short time. He stood in the doorway, trying to get his breath.

"Speak, Brother!" commanded Brother Jabez.

"Soldiers are here!" gasped the young man. They say they must have paper for the wadding of guns. It's to be taken to Massachusetts to the army. There's an officer and six soldiers and two carts."

"Where are they?"

"At the door of the chapel."

"We have only a little paper."

"Alas someone has betrayed us. They know about the Martyr Book. It's for that they've come."

Brother Jabez grew a shade more pale. "The Martyr Book?"

"They said they came to get the great book."

Brother Jabez stepped barefooted into the grass. A chill shook his body. His long skirt soaked his thin ankles. The light of dawn was shining through the mist; it gave the tall, steep-roofed buildings of the Cloister a ghostly look. Buildings and trees appeared to be constructed of some material only a little more solid than the mist. When he stepped from the cabin in the early morning, Brother Jabez liked to walk to the brow of the hill and look down at Cocalico Creek. Now he strode directly toward the chapel door.

A sergeant and six soldiers were peering curiously into the dim room. They wore new uniforms of long blue coats and buff trousers and on their breasts were crossed bands of white. Their muskets were almost as tall as themselves. A canteen and a cartridge bag hung on each left hip.

The tall Sister who had opened the door held the candle high over her head. Her robe was gray - white like that of the men and she wore a white hood which almost covered her face. The walls of the chapel were whitewashed; the dark boards and beams of the ceiling were unpainted. The soldiers stared upward, open-mouthed, at strange marks illuminated by the candle. Could they be what they seemed to be — the print of bare feet?

"Can you walk on the ceiling in this queer place?" asked a soldier.

The Sister shook her head, smiling a little. "Those marks were put on the beams when they lay on the ground. A Brother had greased the soles of his feet to keep out the cold and he walked across the fresh timber. That's all there is to it."

In the chapel stood long tables on which the Brothers and Sisters ate their Love Feasts. There were benches, a little platform and a table to serve as a pulpit. On the wall hung charts covered with delicate penwork — verses surrounded by rank upon rank of figures—angels perhaps, thought the soldiers.

Sisters, dressed in long robes, entered from an inner door. Brothers came across the wet grass. They looked terrified — what were soldiers doing here in the peaceful Cloister?

"Peace to you," said Brother Jabez, quietly.

The soldiers started — Brother Jabez looked so thin and his beard so white and his eyes so hollow.

"Good morning," said the sergeant. "We're sorry to trouble you, especially at this early hour. We understand that you have a large store of paper."

"We have a little."

"We're taking all that exists, everywhere. We understood that you have a great deal. The militia needs it and has requisitioned it. I have no choice. We can't believe that you will not willingly let General Washington have it."

Brother Jabez stood speechless. The upper rim of the sun showed above the horizon. The mist turned to a golden mist; even Brother Jabez's beard seemed to be touched with gold.

"We can't linger," said the sergeant.

The Sisters crowded to the door. "Let us speak!" cried one. Brother Jabez lifted his hand, but she did not heed. "All the paper we have is printed paper. It's the Martyr Book." Another Sister spoke from the back of the dim room. "Brother Jabez translated it from Dutch into German. They had to come to Brother Jabez. No one, not even a Mennonite, in the Fatherland or here, would undertake this great work."

"We scarcely slept or ate," said an old man. "Few are living who worked upon the book. We toiled day and evening for three years. We raised the flax and made the paper. We set the type and printed every page. We bound it in its fine binding."

"Is all of it still here?" inquired the sergeant.

"Many copies are sold. But there are still many here."

The young Brother who had wakened Brother Jabez ran back to the cabin.

He climbed on a chair and lifted the heavy book from the shelf. He was very frail and the book almost caused him to lose his balance. He came staggering a little, across the grass. The mist was rolling away; he seemed to be stepping out of it. The light touched the clasps of the book and the bright nails. He carried it to the soldiers and held it close for them to see, afraid though he was of the tall muskets.

"This is it. It tells of the sufferings of the Christians from war and from the cruelty of mankind. Here are the stories of the good Mennonites who were burned, who sang praise to God even when they were in the fire. Here are letters written by those who wished their children to know that they had witnessed for their faith. See the beautiful paper! See the black, beautiful type! An old person or a child can read this book. It will last forever. The Brothers went deeply into debt to do the work. Now the debt is paid but the Cloister has had little for its labor. Take it in your hands and read the story of the mastyrs."

The sergeant shook his head. "I can't read German."

"But look at it!" pleaded the young Brother, beguilingly.

The sergeant frowned as though he regretted having relented for a moment.

"Come, sir!" said he. "Take us at once to your storehouse!"

Without a word Brother Jabez bent his head, folded his arms inside his broad sleeves and led the way. Round the corner of the building he walked, followed by the Brothers and Sisters. The tall Sister opened the door from within. The sun, shining through tiny panes of wavy glass, illuminated a printing - press, one of the few in all the vast country. It was made throughout of wood, even the handle called the "devil's tail" by which the type was pressed upon the paper.

There was no paper in sight, there were no books.

"The Martyr Books are stored upstairs," said Brother Jabez.

"Go, get them," ordered the sergeant.

The soldiers mounted the narrow stairway. They did not carry down the precious books; they dropped them out of the window.

"At least they fall on the good, kind grass," thought Brother Jabez. "That is softer than the earth." Tears welled from his eyes and rolled into his beard. A Sister uttered a sob, he looked at her with gentle reproof.

The soldiers carried the books to the carts. The young man with the black beard handed Brother Jabez's copy of the Martyr Book to his nearest neighbor and ran after them.

"God won't prosper you " he cried.

The soldiers packed the books into the carts. Now and then they looked back at the strange, tall, steep - roofed buildings, just as you look at some of them today.

"It's too bad," said a soldier. He clicked his tongue at his horses and they moved off. The two wagons got into line and the soldiers climbed on top of the piles of books.

Brother Jabez and the Brothers and Sisters watched them out of sight.

"How sorrowful that a book made by those who wished to live at peace with all men should be used for the wadding of guns!" sighed Brother Jabez. "Now let us go into the chapel and pray God to soften the hearts of men."

Still the Brothers and Sisters did not go. They stood crowded together, looking up the road which led toward Philadelphia, their hearts keeping the books company long after the carts were out of sight.

From Stories of Pennsylvania (1723-1797) by Elsie Singmaster. The Pennsylvania Book Service, Harrisburg, 1937.

BROTHER JABEZ

In Elsie Singmaster's story "The Great Book" the reader has met Brother Jabez (also Jaebez). This Hebrew proper name, signifying "One who gives pain," was given Johann Peter Mueller on joining the mystic commune of Seventh Day Baptists established in the wilderness on the banks of the Cocalico by Conrad Beissel in 1732.

Peter Mueller was born Dec. 25, 1709 at Lautern in the Upper Palatinate, studied at Heidelberg University, and came to Philadelphia, Aug. 29, 1730, a pioneer of the German Reformed ministry in this country. In 1731 he took charge of several frontier congregations as a Reformed pastor. One of these was located on the Cocalico, where he no doubt became acquainted with the mystic Conrad Beissel who had already begun his work in that neighborhood. Eventually he joined Conrad Beissel's Brotherhood in the Ephrata Cloister. Upon the death of Beissel in 1768 Peter Mueller became the permanent head of the Cloister and remained so until his death in 1796. These many years were filled with many administrative duties and much literary work — the translating, editing and printing of the many volumes that came from the Ephrata Press, a pioneer press in producing German literature in America. It sent forth no less than ten different hymnbooks for which the Brethren of the Cloister had also made the paper and the ink. But its greatest achievement was the publication of the Martyrs' Mirror, the Great Book of Elsie Singmaster's story — the largest volume published in America during the 18th century.

Under the direction of the scholarly Peter Mueller (Brother Jabez) fifteen of the Brethren of the Cloister toiled for three consecutive years. The Martyrs' Mirror appeared in 1748. It was a German translation of the original Dutch work of Van Braght, which had appeared in Holland in 1562. It had run through many editions, but the German Mennonites of Pennsylvania wanted it in German translation. Peter Mueller assumed this gigantic task. It is said that for three years he did not sleep more than four hours a night. The type was set by four of his assistants, four ran the press and the others were busy with making of paper and ink. In three years the work was complete and the book appeared in 1748. It contained 1512 pages and was printed upon strong paper in large type, in order, as stated in the Preface "that it may suit the eyes of all." It was bound in boards covered with leather, with brass corner mountainings and two heavy brass clasps. An edition of 1300 was issued and was sold at 20 shillings. At the outbreak of the Revolution about 500 copies were still unsold. The Continental army confiscated them for gun-wads and thus what had been made for the promotion of peace on earth became an instrument of war. But Elsie Singmaster has told the story.

Brother Jabez fell asleep on Sept. 25, 1796, aged 86 years and 9 months. Perhaps the reader will some time visit his grave in the little graveyard of the Ephrata Cloister. It is next to that of Conrad Beissel.

Those of our readers who wish to acquaint themselves more deeply with the lives of Peter Mueller, Conrad Beissel and the place they and the Ephrata Cloister occupy in our history, we refer to the beautiful 350 - page - book EPHRATA. A History, published as the 25th yearbook of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society.

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Editorials

Re-examine All Drivers

When Secretary of Revenue Theodore B. Smith and the rest of the politicians "re-evaluate" the "temporarily suspended" program of physical examinations for licensed drivers, here are a few facts for them to consider:

Of the 1.3 million drivers called for examinations during the first 30 months of the program, 27,776 no longer have licenses. They either surrendered them voluntarily or were rejected because of hazardous physical defects.

The 11,703 licensed drivers the tests found physically unfit to handle a car included 3,995 with mental and nervous disorders, 861 with uncontrolled epilepsy and 777 listed as acute alcoholics. Another 131,000 needed corrective lenses to have adequate vision for safe driving.

If these figures on about a quarter of the drivers who hold Pennsylvania licenses are a representative cross section, there are about 83,000 others in the state with physical conditions that make them hazardous on highways. This would include about 12,000 with mental disturbances, something like 2,500 epileptics and 2,300 alcoholics. It does not include about 393,000 who may need their vision corrected with proper glasses before they can be considered reasonably safe behind the wheel of an automobile.

Secretary Smith apparently isn't in any hurry to check them, even though their lives and the lives of many others may be dangerously involved.

His ear has been pounded by those who would scrap all the measures Gov. Lawrence introduced to make Pennsylvania's highways the safest of any major state in the nation. Those opposed to examinations, radar and a strict program of license suspensions and revocations include politicians whose egos were deflated when they discovered it no longer was possible to get special favors for influential friends.

Mr. Smith has another ear. It should be pounded just as vigorously by the millions of Pennsylvanians who want to preserve the better chance they have of being safe, whether they ride or drive or walk on the streets and highways of the commonwealth.

To the Victors...

The idea seems to have taken root among some State Highway Department maintenance workers that the jobs they got as a result of political interests or labors can be preserved by a union card.

This is an erroneous and indefensible sales pitch. Work stoppages to support it are difficult to justify and bound to be futile.

In the first place, union affiliation does not protect a job that no longer exists. If it did, there would be no unemployed coal miners, steel workers or railroaders.

Regardless of the individuals involved, something like a thousand highway jobs disappeared when Gov. Scranton ordered maintenance forces cut 10 per cent in an effort to hold costs somewhere close to income levels. There are fewer jobs for Republicans as well as for Democrats and the cuts are to be extended to other areas of state government as Mr. Scranton promised during his campaign.

Politics, of course, also are involved. They always have been in these state highway jobs that are among the rewards for those who worked for or supported the winning team. This is how both parties build and hold their campaign organizations.

Democrats who fear they may be the next to be dropped from the state payroll should remember that sometime during the last eight years they probably replaced Republicans who were fired. In any event, they were added to the force primarily because of what they could do for the party then in power.

Under these circumstances, those whose jobs may be in jeopardy would do well to demonstrate they merit and need them and try to win the necessary endorsement. Strikes, by whatever name they are called, are not likely to help their cause. This is one instance where party leaders carry more weight than union bosses.

What Others Say

Employment a Challenge

Christian Science Monitor

"The most pressing internal challenge before the nation today," says President Kennedy, is the achievement of full employment in the United States.

The analysis he and his advisers make is relatively familiar: Since 1957 the number of new jobs created annually has been only half as great as during the preceding decade — an increase of half a million jobs a year — not enough to employ the million new workers coming into the labor market each year.

Yet this is only one side of the picture. On the other are columns, even pages, of "help wanted" advertisements in local and metropolitan newspapers, lists of unfilled jobs at employment agencies, and employers who have given up trying to find certain skills.

This is not to say that large numbers of Americans are dodging work, though there probably are abuses of unemployment compensation to match the cases in which benefits ought to be lengthened. But many young Americans, whether through their own indolence or by public neglect, are not getting the vocational training needed to equip them with skills for today's jobs. And older workers lack the retraining that would make new companies want to take them on.

Lester Velie explored this situation in a trenchant article in the January Reader's Digest entitled, "Why Can't Johnny Get a Job?" He found thousands of well-paid jobs going begging but at the same time one out of every five boys between 16 and 19 looking for work without finding it. Why?

Mainly because Americans have permitted an appalling obsolescence in their trade and commercial high schools over the last 25 to 50 years. With emphasis on university degrees, "the job needs of the majority who will drop out or won't go beyond high school are largely neglected," says Mr. Velie. Only 4 per cent of public-school funds go for vocational training.

Vocational education has lacked status, equipment and manpower. For years, vocational instructors were left out of local teachers' associations. The ancient ovens in a baker's school or the battered gauges in a metalworking shop would not train pupils for yesterday's jobs let alone tomorrow's.

America will never meet its employment problem this way. Conservation corps and domestic peace corps might help a little. A cut in federal income tax rates might help more broadly. And for a little while an easy money or lavish spending policy might help—though

Continued on Page 11, Column 1

'You Color Blind, Fidel?'



Needed Economy Boosters

DAVID LAWRENCE

The American people are being told repeatedly that a tax cut will bring prosperity. Yet it's just one of five or more major factors that are essential to the economic growth of the United States. If the other incentives are ignored — as is the case today — a depression of the severest kind can conceivably confront this country in the next few years.



Lawrence

One trouble is that figures are being given out currently to generate optimism, but they are not being explained in true perspective.

Thus, an announcement this week from the U.S. Department of Commerce forecasts business expenditures for new plant and equipment this year at a "record $39.1 billion."

But of what good are generalities about "record spending" when it turns out that the increase in projects for plant and equipment in 1963 will be the second smallest in 17 years? There have been increases in 13 out of the last 17 years. It is the rate of increase, rather than the total figure, that counts.

Take also the item of profits of corporations. Economists estimate that profits will total $27.5 billion in the fourth quarter of 1963. But what kind of record is it for corporate profits to reach $27.5 billion this year, when they were the same exactly 13 years ago in the last quarter of 1950?

Furthermore, in 1950 these profits were 9 per cent of the gross national product, but in 1962 they were only 4.7 per cent. If the rate of profit in terms of the gross national product keeps going down and the total profits make no increase over what they were 12 years ago, the word to use is not "progress" but "stagnation."

President Kennedy is putting all his eggs in one basket. He is depending on a tax cut alone. "Pump-priming" of this kind, however, has failed again and again to bring sound business conditions and has resulted instead in a series of setbacks every few years. The main reason is that other factors have been neglected. Lasting improvements rather than temporary palliatives are needed.

What seems most unfortunate is the complete indifference exhibited in Washington to the factors that could produce a well-balanced and sound economy in the decade ahead. Among them are the following:

1. Removal of government barriers to marketing operations that could increase the total volume of sales.

2. An increase in the rate of profit per dollar of sales. This would involve encouragement of automation and a general reduction of costs, but it also would mean more volume of business. The big telephone companies, for instance, employ more people since they introduced automatic phones than before. Employment is reallocated due to automation, but the sum total of jobs is increased.

3. Legislative action to permit a system of fair competition in which interferences with marketing are eliminated, and no monopolies by any company or labor organization are tolerated.

4. A prohibition against industrywide "bargaining" for labor agreements, because they tend to produce monopolies by forcing marginal companies out of business through high labor costs and by bringing about mergers that reduce or eliminate competition within an industry.

5. An encouragement of trade with the rest of the world by a comprehensive plan which would include not merely a system of reciprocal tariffs and trade arrangements with large areas or regions embracing several countries, but also a wider investment of American capital abroad.

6. A re-examination of the whole range of foreign investment so that individual American companies will be protected against confiscation or harassment at the whim of changing regimes, especially in Latin America. A formula by which the United States government guarantees a certain portion of the investment would probably achieve this purpose.

Permanent measures that will take the brakes off the national economy and rid it of impediments to progress are the crying need of the times.

Friendly Talk

By VICTOR RIESEL

During an off - the - record luncheon conversation in the White House State Dining Room last Tuesday, (Mar. 12), President Kennedy urged his guests—labor's high command—to give up their drive for a 35-hour week.

The President was as blunt as he was genial. He asked the labor leaders not to be diverted from fighting for his own program. This was not the time for fewer working hours, Mr. Kennedy said in effect. His program, he added, would get the jobless back to work and avert a recession.

But if it did not succeed, Mr. Kennedy added, in a year or 18 months, he would be glad to reconsider his views on the shorter work week as a means of spreading the available work.

It was all part of a friendly give and take with 19 members of the AFL-CIO high council. The President, talking to his old friends in the easy manner of his senatorial days, gave as well as took.

That's why he invited them in. He had heard that while they were in their mid-winter session in Florida, Walter Reuther had urged the high command to put their criticism of the administration on paper in official resolutions. Labor president George Meany had then suggested that since they were able to see the President personally, why not tell it to him directly. Then came the President's engraved invitations.

Al Hayes, president of the Machinists, now jousting with the aerospace industry, complained about the President's attitude on the 35-hour week. Said Hayes, the unions have difficulty convincing industry to go for a shorter work week because the businessmen say that even the President is opposed to it.

Mr. Kennedy then asked them to give the shorter work week campaign a moratorium, which they won't do. He said his tax cut program, his drive for the education bill which will make thousands of jobs because of new school construction, his youth bill, his public works projects — these would get the unemployed on the payrolls.

At another point, somewhere between the ice cream and the final toast, George Meany spoke seriously of the almost 5 million jobless. He told the President he was going up the hill to ask for a $10 billion tax slash this year in the lower brackets, instead of in all brackets over a three-year span.

The President, sitting between Meany on his right and Jim Carey of the old CIO electrical workers, on his left, talked of his "uphill" fight for the tax program. The President asked them all to be realistic.

Later someone said the time had come to fight for a repeal of the Taft-Hartley law section that permits the states to pass "right - to - work" laws. These laws in 20 states prohibit the union shop and the dues checkoff.

Jim Carey, taking his usual jibe at General Electric, spoke of automation and wizardries such as IBM is producing, which might displace manpower.

In one fashion or another the President swung back to his proposition that his program was, in effect, the answer to all questions they were raising—and there had to be concentration on it and practicality.

All through this, Supreme Court Justice Arthur Goldberg sat in nostalgia and judicial silence. As the clock ran towards three, he arose with a toast to the President. All problems on the home front, all domestic solutions, will pale into insignificance, said the justice, unless there is true peace across the world.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

'Why' Is a Child

Children are most inquisitive . . .this no one will deny. . .they want to know the answers. . . and so they question "why" . . . all things are new to children . . .so it is they yearn . . . to ascertain the reasons . . . as they live and learn . . .throughout the years this yearning grows . . . it's part of God's great plan . . . children have been searching . . . since the world began. . .this pursuit of knowledge . . . which starts at early age . . . stays with them till they depart . . . from life's moving stage . . . you can see the reason. . .I say "why" is a child. . .children seek and seek some more . . . however meek or mild.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

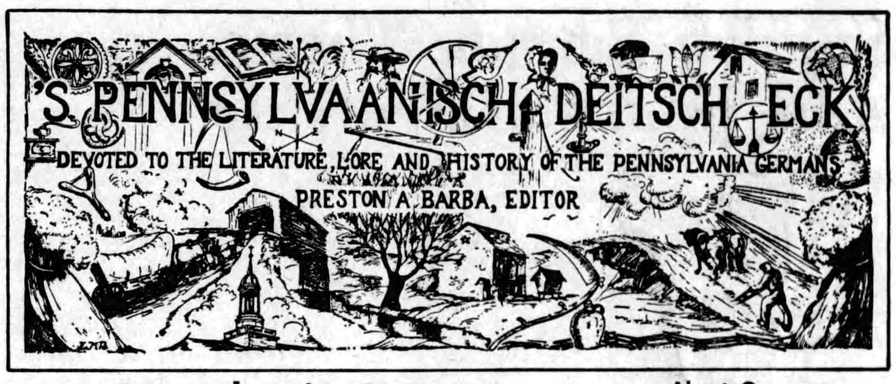
QUESTION: Please explain Proverbs 14:12. "There is a way which seemeth right unto man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." R. T.

ANSWER: There is probably no better explanation of the meaning of this verse than the thoughts given us in first Corinthians, chapter 1, verses 18 to 31. When an individual tries to order his life without taking God into account he inevitably faces eventual judgment and sorrow. It is not within man's own heart and mind to discover the best things in life, either for himself or for others. God has undertaken this for us, revealing Himself in many ways —His creation, His works of providence, by His Son and in His word. When man ignores God's revelation of His holiness, justice, love and mercy, he is ignoring the most important thing in this life and precluding his entering into the eternal happiness God would have him enjoy.

There are millions of people today who seem contented with their own ways but who, deep down in their hearts, know they need something else. They need someone to forgive their sins and transform their lives.

Horoscope

Pay extra attention to routine business details. Today's child will be fond of travel and the Bohemian life.



Pennsylvania German In the Shenandoah Valley

In the ECK for January 19 and 26 we informed our readers of the growing interest in our dialect among the descendants of the early Pennsylvania German settlers in Virginia, and especially in the Shenandoah Valley.

If our readers had been in Harrisonburg, Virginia, the seat of Eastern Mennonite College in January, they could have read the following announcement in the local Daily News-Record:

College Course in Pennsylvania German

During the second semester of the current school year Eastern Mennonite College is offering a one-semester-hour adult-education evening course in Pennsylvania German. The class, meeting once a week, will be taught by Professor Ernest G. Gehman and is open to anyone who cares to attend. Participants may register for credit or to audit the course. Previous knowledge of the dialect is of course not necessary. An excellent grammar text written by the Pennsylvania-German specialists, Professor Albert F. Buffington of Pennsylvania State University and Professor-Emeritus Preston A. Barba of Muhlenberg College, will be used as the basis of the study. The first meeting of the class is announced to take place in Room D-5 on Tuesday, February 5, at 7:30 p.m. Further information may be obtained by calling the office of the Registrar, Dr. Harold Lehman.

The Palatine High German dialect known in this country as Pennsylvania German has for 8 or 10 generations been the main medium of communication in home, store, and factory for hundreds of thousands of Americans. And it is still so used by great numbers both of the "plain people" and of the "church people" — Lutherans, Reformed, Catholics, and others. The heartland of the dialect consists of 25 or 30 counties constituting the southeastern half of Pennsylvania, but large and small speech-islands of it are to be found in many of the states of the union and in several of the provinces of Canada . . . It may be that Eastern Mennonite College is the first educational institution outside of Pennsylvania to offer such a course of study, but local interest in the venture has already been very gratifying.—

The response was little short of phenomenal. In the College weekly "The Weather Vane" for February 15 we read under the caption **Gehman Instructs 51 "Dutchmen" in Pennsylvania German Class:** The most recent addition to the college curriculum is a one-hour course in Pennsylvania German. Dr. Gehman, instructor of the new course, wrote his doctor's dissertation at Heidelberg University in Germany on "Lautlehre der Pennsylvanisch - Deutschen Mundart von Bally, Pennsylvanien, which translated is "Phonology of the Pennsylvania German Dialect of Bally, Pennsylvania." . . . Fifty-one attended the first class, fourteen of whom are not college students. Thirty-one are taking the course for credit; the remainder are auditing it. —

Professor Gehman informs the Editor of the ECK that two of these students drive a round trip of about 40 miles to get to the class. A number of inquiries have come to him as to whether the course would be offered again next year, inasmuch as some could not arrange to take it this year.

Professor Gehman's own investigations and research into the status of the Pennsylvania German dialect as spoken in parts of Virginia have brought interesting results. Some of them have been recorded on tape. These, together with others, the Professor plans to publish in the form of an album of records. We are privileged to publish some of the material thus recorded. We shall let Dr. Gehman speak in the following:

INTRODUCTION

Some years ago (to be exact, in the year 1938) the thought occurred to me that it would be interesting and perhaps useful to find out to what extent the Pennsylvania - German dialect was still understood and spoken in the state of Virginia, especially in the western part of the state, the broad and fertile Shenandoah Valley, which was originally largely settled by Pennsylvania people of German origin.

So, after I found Mr. Crown, the respected editor of our local newspaper, the Harrisonburg Daily News-Record, very willing to grant me some space for the investigation, I wrote a sort of inquisitory column once a week for the paper, with the result that we received the names of approximately 1000 people in the six-county area who understood the dialect and most of whom were using it in daily conversation.

In this effort I used my own native German dialect of Bally, Berks County, Pennsylvania, and although a few individual words which I used were strange to the Pennsylvania Germans in Virginia, they understood it in the main quite well.

Since these newspaper articles, to the best of my knowledge, are the only published examples of the dialect as it is spoken in the Bally area, I am here presenting them (with some editorial changes) for wider distribution, to be available also on tape, and in this written form as the accompanying text. It is my hope that together they will be both interesting and useful — **interesting** to the many people in the common walks of life who have a nostalgic concern, and **useful** to college linguistic departments and to students of dialects, who may be intrigued by this remarkably long-lived and picturesque German dialect which has played no small part in the life and history of America.

SCHWETZ DEITSCH I

Es hodd mich schunn lang un ofd gewunnerd, wieviel Leid do in de "Valley" un drum rum wohne, des noch Deitsch verschdehne. Es iss mir kerzlich in der Kobb kfohre, des mer fleichd ausfinne kennd, wann mer do in die Zeiding schreiwe deed, un deed all die deitsch - verschtenniche Leid eilaade zu andwarde. Ich hab zum Edidor kschwetzd dewege, un er hodd ksaaad mer kennd's mol browwiere; so do simmer!

Nau, liewer; Leser, wann! Du mei Gegritzel verschdeh kannschd, un wann Du noch ewennig Deitsch blaudere kannschd, dann hogg Dich heid noch an der Disch un schreib mir en Briefli devun. Adder en Kord dud's aa; sell koschd juschd en Benns. Du brauchschd ned Deitsch schreiwe, wann's Der ned gud gehd; ich kann's Englisch so zu Nod ausmache. Jeder des schreibd, sodd mer saage, ebaud wieviel Leid um ihn rum wohne, des es aa verschdeh kenne. Mann's genungg vun Eich wodd, dann kenne mer fleichd eemol die Woch e bissli Deitsch drugge in dare Zeiding. Ich eckschbeckd neekschd Samschdaag die Naame ze drugge vun de Leid, des mir schreiwe. Un sei schur Eier Aedress draa zu hengge; fleichd will ich Eich moll psuche. Ach, ich hedd schier vergesse! — Schiggd Eier Brief un Korde zu "Schwetz Deitsch" c-o Daily News-Record, Harrisonburg, Virginia.

Wie gleichd Ihr mei Schdiggli do!

Schwetz Deitsch!

Saag, kannschd Du Deitsch schwetze?
Un kannsch d Du's verschdeh?
Dud's Englisch Dich petze?
Macht's Deitsch Dir Heemweh?
Es Deitsch geht zu Schadde,
Un sell iss doch schaad!
Die Eldre hen's khadde
Vun Kindsbedd zu Laad.
Mer sedd's ned verliere,
Sell darf juschd ned sei!
Was naus gehd mid Eldre
Kummd gor nimmi rei.
Dann schwetz Deitsch, Du Dungger!
Schwetz Deitsch, Du Mennischd
Schwetz Deitsch, Du wer-, wie-, wu-,
Was-ewwer Du bischd!

One week later Editor Crown of the Daily - News Record, agreeably surprised at the readers' interest in **Schwetz Deitsch,** presented a discussion of our inquiry under the front-page headline **"1000 Speak German in the Valley."** Results through the rest of the 10-week effort proved that his estimate of the total number was remarkably correct. He also published the names and addresses of the many people who had responded to the request to send us information as to who or at least how many in their respective communities were able to speak Pennsylvania German. After his write-up in English, I followed up with

SCHWETZ DEITSCH II

Mei seeliger Groossdaddi hodd als ksaad, "Alle Aafang iss schwer," awwer es scheind, mer hedde do ebbes aakfange, des graad in hei Gier abkfohre iss. Wann Du mer ksaad heddschd, dess fimf, secks hunnerd Leid do rum wohne, des noch Deitsch schwetze kenne, dann hedd ich zu mir selwerd gedengd, "Bruder, Du bischd ewennig ab!" Well, es henn e poar Dutzend Leid Brief un Korde kschriwwe, un annre henn uns ksaad sie hedde sell Deitsch letschd Samschdaag gelese. Es meenschd vun 'ne henn's ins Englisch iwwersetzd. Ich hab Eich ned so viel Druwwel mache wolle, awwer der gudmeenige Edidor hodd e bissel Englisch va nne draa kschdeckd un hodd die Sache ewennig verhuddeld griggd. Die Drugger henn aa kholfe 's Ding dunggel ze mache in e halb Dutzend Bletz; in de Midd vun meim Brief henn sie en "ned" verlore — "Du brauschschd **ned** Deitsch schreiwe, wann's Der ned gud gehd." Un sell **Windsbedd** hedd bei all Miens **Kindsbedd** sei solle! So, nooch dem, wann Ihr ebbes ned verschdeh kennd, dann bleemt's juschd uff die Drugger.

Die Brief wore schier all schee un freindlich. Awwer ee Kerl hodd kschimfd un kschollde in halb Deitsch un hodd gemeend es deed mer niemand schreiwe, weil ich ned wisse deed, wie zu schbelle. Ich wees, dess ich's ned wees, awwer wer kann Pennsylweenje - Deitsch schbelle, dess all die Leid zefridde sin? Un's wor gans glor vum Schbelle in seim Brief, dess er ned so gud draa wor ass ich!

Do iss widder en Schdiggli; glaabd Ihr dess?

Deitsch Un Englisch

Es machd mich froh,
Dess hie un do
Die Deitsche als noch babble;
Es weer en Schand,
Wann in dem Land
Juschd Englisch meh deed rabble.
Un 's iss so schee
Dess Kinner glee
Die Schbrooch als noch aanemme.
Henn sie's in Blud,
Dann guckd's ned gud,
Wann sie sich driwwer schemme.
Die Englisch-Kebb
Sin orme Drebb;
Sie mache em der Leede.
Sie sin ned kscheid,
Wie deitsche Leid,
In Bauwere un Beede.

(To Be Continued)

About German Church Services

(Some 65 Years Ago)

In the last years of the 19th and the early years of the 20th century many of the older members of our Luthern and Reformed congregations, especially in the rural areas, began to fear for the continuance of German church services. Their hearts and minds were attuned to the language of Luther and Zwingli. They had been baptized German, confirmed German, married German, buried German. Save for a few sporadic instances, German services were discontinued during the First World War. Many mourned their passing. Somehow, the German language had spoken to their hearts as no other. For them God had spoken in German.

The following is part of a Pennsylvania German letter published in the **Lutherisches Kirchenblatt** (Reading and Philadelphia) for January 11, 1896. In a humorous vein it nevertheless expresses the sentiments of those Pennsylvania Germans who wished to hear the Word of God in German. We reprint it here in the original spelling.

Ich sein bekannt worre mit enige Parre, wu nix meh ums Deitsche gewe. Englisch kenne sie net arig gut; enihau net besser wie ich, aber sie mehne, sie waere heitont, wann sie net deitsch schwaetze. Wann di luderische Parre sich schaeme duhn, dass der Luther e deitscher war, do sollte se Quaeker werre, un hinhocke, bis de Spirit sie muve duht. Well, ich mehn, uf e guter Spirit muesste sie lang waarte! In Easton uf em Dschenerel Counsel hab ich nor e Parre deitsch schwaetze hoere un sell war der Goedel vun Filadelfi. Enigebber hot seller verschtanne. Sell kann mer net vun all de heitont Schwaetzer sage.

Die hen so viel geschwaetzt, dass die meenschte Delegets vun Dunnerschtag bis Samschtag genung gehatt henn, un Mondags nimme do ware.

Well, die Junijen (union) mit der Tschenerel Syned hot mer net gefalle. Ich wees wi do gereweiwelt werd in Harrisburg, Altoona un in annere Tauns. Wann du do in e luderische Kerch gehe willscht, do bischte net schur, ob net grad am Sundag e Medodischte Parre uf de Kanzel schteht. Geh mer weg mit sellem Huddel! Mei Nochbar Meick saggt als: Jedi Sau for ehren eegenen Drog.

Awer ivers Herz hab ich's doch net bringe kenne un so hab ich auch in Pittsburg di Luther-Lueg sehne wolle. Sell War e Lebtag! Nee, dess kenn ich gor net beschreiwe. Do ware Leit, wo gemehnt hen, dess waer e Pinkschdag, un der heilig Geischt kaem vum Himmel express for die Lutherans in Pittsburg. Awer nochderhand henn sie Spitsches gemacht in alle Sproche: Eislaendisch, Schwedisch, Daenisch, polnisch, etc., do hab ich gemehnt, ich war in Babylon. Ich hab enihau nix verschtanne als nor deitsch un englisch. Wie awer e Doktor vun Neijork hot gerufe: All wu for die Augsburgisch Kunfeschen sind, solle uffstehe — do wollt kener hocke bleibe. Ich auch net. Hurrah, do is alles uffgestande. Auch die, wu uff die Augsburgisch Kunfeschen peife. Sell uffstehe koscht jo nix. Es batt a nix. Es macht jo doch jeder, wie er's immer gemacht hot.

JOHN

Neijohr 1896

AN ERROR

Readers who have been enjoying Professor Gehmann's delightful dialect verses written for Pennsylvania Germans in the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia, will wish to correct an error in his poem WER ISS DUMM, as published in the Eck for Jan. 26. The second stanza should read:

'S hod aa englische Karl, es meene
Mid "Dumb Dutchmen" hedde sie Kschbass,
Un sich selwerd wie kscheid aasehne:
Ich deed widder garn wisse, **Ferwas?**

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Editorials

The Fund Is for Highways

Unless there is some definite evidence of mismanagement, we can't get excited about Gov. Scranton's complaint that the preceding administration cut the cash balance in the state highway department's construction fund from $47 million to just short of $21 million.

Money motorists contribute to this fund through gasoline taxes and license fees is specifically earmarked for highway construction. It isn't intended to pile up cash balances beyond those necessary to meet commitments. The fund has been known to make temporary loans if costs piled up faster than revenues came in.

Because gasoline taxes were boosted two cents a gallon in 1961, Gov. Lawrence had more money to spend on highways than any preceding administration. Apparently, as he promised, plans were ready to push the program at an accelerated pace.

Unquestionably, the Democrats threw the road building program into high gear because 1962 was a state election year. There is nothing unusual about this. Both parties long have realized that good highways help win votes. Detours don't.

The important issue is not how much of the specially earmarked highway construction fund was spent, but how soundly it was invested in an improved system of needed and durable roads. In this regard, Gov. Scranton's only complaint is that his predecessor's administration didn't press the interstate construction program as hard as promised and as a result lost $18 million in federal funds. The same funds are available to him and he is reported to be planning future construction accordingly.

We hope that during the next four years Mr. Scranton will be more interested in building the highways Pennsylvania needs than in building a balance in the construction fund. This is the only way the special road-building taxes levied on every gallon of gasoline and motor fuel sold in the state can be justified.

Winning Battles

The tremendous strides made in controlling diseases that once afflicted many thousands and took high death tolls year-after-year are dramatically illustrated by the fact that 18 cases of a typhoid infection in California are front page news in Pennsylvania.

Lehigh Valley doctors who began practice about the time of World War II recall treating cases of typhoid fever regularly and deaths were not a rarity. Few who have been trained in the last decade have ever seen this disease, nor will they if proper sanitation is maintained and other precautions taken in times of danger or possible exposure.

Polio is well on its way to being stamped out and should be completely eradicated if mass immunization programs like those about to be offered to all residents of Lehigh and Northampton counties get the support they merit. The death toll from polio now is lower than that of measles, not normally regarded as a killer.

Even measles may be completely stamped out by universal use of the new vaccines, now thoroughly tested and approved. They are about to be made available to all physicians for use that should be as routine as vaccinations against smallpox and inoculations to guard against diphtheria and tetanus.

Effective though these measures are, they will not protect those who refuse or neglect to use them.

Racing Conflicts

Leaving personalities and politics completely out of the picture, it would seem like an obvious conflict of interest to permit anyone who acts for the state in regulating harness racing to enter his own horses on tracks he helps police.

This is something like having the president of a distillery sit on the State Liquor Control Board which decides what brands are to be sold in Pennsylvania State stores.

A majority of members of the House apparently agreed that an association of this kind was undesirable when they passed an amendment to the harness track bill prohibiting any member of the commission from entering horses they may own in Pennsylvania races. That was last week when the amendment was said to have had the approval of Gov. Scranton.

This week things changed. Enough members of the House reversed themselves to kill the amendment by a 101 to 90 vote. Gov. Scranton evidently changed his mind too.

It's unfortunate that the controversy should involve Lawrence B. Sheppard, chairman of the commission and widely recognized as one of the most honorable men in the race horse business. He himself, however, should have recognized the conflict and decided whether it was more important to serve the cause of racing in a personal or official capacity.

Both the Legislature and the governor should realize that some future appointee might not bring to the post the reputation Sheppard enjoys.

What Others Say

Justice Comes Late

Bergen, N. J. Record

The long arm of the law — of justice — generally represents tenacious and unremitting pursuit and capture. It may also have at its end a velvet glove, a hand that unlocks a door long closed. So, in the person of the British Merchant Marine Association, did justice end a trial that had lasted almost 50 years.

Stanley Lord, captain of the California April 14, 1912, was accused of having been in sight of the sinking Titanic and of having failed to go to the rescue of its passengers, 1,503 of whom died. Capt. Lord had for almost 50 years answered that his ship was 30 miles away and that the vessel sighted by survivors was a Norwegian trawler.

Capt. Lord has now been exonerated. The victor is justice. It's not the captain, who died 14 months ago at the age of 84.

Visiting Day



'Promises' of Communists

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Again and again it has been asserted that a promise or pledge made by the Soviet government is not worth the paper it is written on. Confirmation of that assertion now has come from Alexei Adzhubei, son-in-law of Premier Nikita Khrushchev.



Lawrence

Adzhubei has just visited Rome, where he had a private audience with the Pope. Ostensibly, the purpose was to simulate friendly relations, but actually it is unquestionably a maneuver on the propaganda side — to soften the antagonism toward the Communists that prevails for religious reasons throughout Latin America.

After Mr. Adzhubei left Rome, he was interviewed by reporters in Vienna. He declined to disclose any details of his conference at the Vatican, and a news dispatch quotes him as saying: "I am an atheist. I could break my word to the Holy Father, but I will not." Another news services quotes him as adding: "As an atheist, I would not even be compelled to keep a promise."

The blunt statement that an atheist is under no obligation to keep promises will not come as a surprise to those people who have regarded atheism as a synonym for unmorality. There are some atheists, of course, who are honorable people and who believe in a moral code. But the Communists make no bones about the fact that, as atheists, they do not have to keep a promise or obey any of the rules of morality to which Western civilization adheres.

Khrushchev's son-in-law undoubtedly wants to see a meeting between the Soviet premier and Pope John XXIII. He said, however, that, while an exchange of views between them as "heads of state" would be useful, "there can never be peaceful coexistence between the Christian religion and our Communist doctrine."

Oddly enough, the negotiations being carried on constantly between the United States government and the Moscow regime are predicated on the assumption that both parties will keep their promises. The prolonged discussion, for instance, of a nuclear-test ban presupposes good faith on both sides.

The whole strategy of the Communists is to keep on haggling and arguing, even if it takes years, and to make an "agreement" only as a last resort. Even then, the Western world has again and again expressed the fear that the Russians would ignore, as they have in the past, any promises and pledges they may give. But it rarely happens that anybody high up in the communist hierarchy publicly admits this or claims the right to break a promise or a pledge at will.

What is surprising is the boldness now of Mr. Khrushchev's son-in-law in proclaiming that Communism doesn't require the keeping of pledges and that at any time they may be violated. This is a species of unmorality to which the West is unaccustomed, and yet it is the key to the whole problem of relations between the Moscow government and the nations of the West.

It is difficult to see how the American government in the future can negotiate with the Moscow government on any subject which involves a mutual obligation. For the United States government now has been publicly advised that embedded in the basic thesis of Communism is the atheistic privilege of violating written or oral pledges at will. Lenin himself enunciated the doctrine as follows:

"We have to use any ruse, dodges, tricks, cunning, unlawful method, concealment, and veiling of the truth."

GOP and Labor

By VICTOR RIESEL

Now that the 1964 Presidential campaign has begun, the labor section over at the Republican national headquarters has suddenly come into its own. G.O.P. leaders believe it can cut into President Kennedy's labor support and the "labor vote."

Republican strategists in the past few weeks have therefore spent considerable time counting their labor forces. For the Republicans the count is unusually high. In all, the total of second and third-echelon union leaders on G.O.P. labor committees in the 1962 elections came to many hundreds of men and women willing to campaign publicly for such men as Nelson Rockefeller, William Scranton and Mark Hatfield.

Twice in the past few weeks, high Republican strategy sessions spent hours planning for the "labor vote."

One gathering, the two - day session of the 50 Republican State Chairmen, for example, heard from a chap who is a veteran Republican though he is on Walter Reuther's caucus steering committee in the United Auto Workers (UAW). He is Tom Lazzio, head of UAW Local 300. This is one of the biggest white-collar union locals in the land. It covers employes of the Curtiss-Wright plant near Paterson, N. J.

One of those present said "he discussed ways of improving relations with unions and methods of obtaining the labor vote."

The other conference was the March 9 meeting of Women's Division Special Activities Committee. The ladies spent considerable time on the techniques of broadening their base to include female union members and the wives of union members. They heard from Governor George Romney, Sen. Hugh Scott, and Marion Martin, Commissioner of Labor in Maine, one of the committee.

While insiders don't quite expect labor to flock to the G.O.P. like Washingtonians to a White House lawn party, an intriguing trend is developing.

There is a move inside the once conservative, and once Republican, building and construction trades unions to the side of G.O.P. leaders — even those being talked of as the "competition" to John Kennedy.

In New York, for example, Nelson Rockefeller uses the direct line technique. During the recent gubernatorial campaign, he was heavily backed by the building unions. Today, when he agrees or disagrees with these labor leaders he lifts the phone and talks to them personally. They have similar access to him.

Gov. George Romney in Michigan and Gov. Jim Rhodes in Ohio have similar contacts, though not quite as close as those of Rockefeller.

In Pennsylvania, Gov. William Scranton is doing right well in some sections of labor. His intense work in the costly 19-day Philadelphia transit strike got him a friendly front-page mention in the Transport Workers Union national newspaper, the "Express." In all my years of listening to Mike Quill roll his rhetoric and wave his cane, I have not heard a kind word for a Republican.

One of Gov. Scranton's appointees is Pat Jiuliano, a former Transport Workers Union official, and long a Republican. He now is Deputy Secretary of the Pennsylvania State Dept. of Labor and Industry.

There will be other such appointments in Republican states. There is talk at the G.O.P. national labor desk, headed by the ever traveling Robert Gormley, that Gov. Romney soon will make such moves. Gormley, once a plumber by trade, was in the Research Department of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers before he went over to the Republican National Committee.

Gormley and his colleagues know that taking labor votes from John Kennedy is like trying to take the pennant from the Yanks. But they'll work at it. And in an era when a few hundred votes are swinging some states, they believe they have a chance to make themselves count in that final tally, November '64.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: If anyone in the family goes on a trip, even for a short time, I worry about them and am anxious about something happening to them. This concern is I know, far more than the usual we should have over someone else's welfare. Can you help me overcome this? W.M.

ANSWER: I am not sure that I can, for often such states of over anxiety are due to the fact that we have a conviction that something is not right. By a process of repression we can push into the background of our consciousness many undesirable items of knowledge. We frequently retain the emotional effects though we cannot explain them. Perhaps you have reason to believe that spiritual adjustment is necessary for your loved ones. Knowing that all is not well with them, you have refused to recognize their need and tried to convince yourself that your fears were all unfounded. But even while you were convincing yourself that all was well, you knew they were definitely in need. The only way out for you is to accept the facts as they are and begin to pray for their conversion. Make sure that you too are a believer, and the peace of God will then possess your life in a most wonderful way. You will be released from the boundage of anxiety through faith in Christ.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

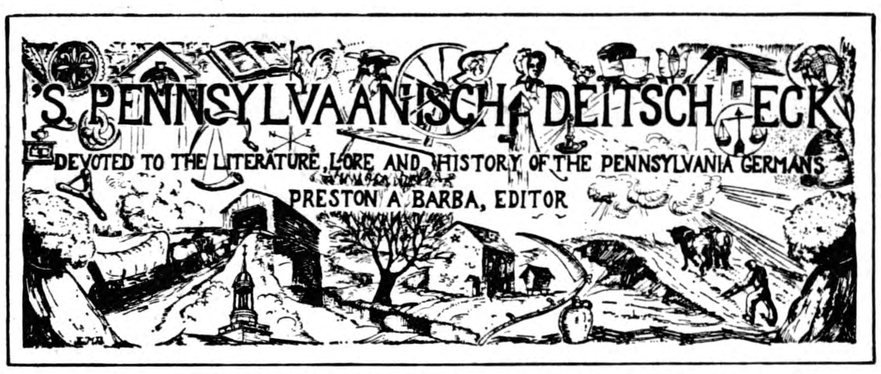
To the Parents

The parents this modern age . . . are lax in many ways . . . as twigs are bent, so are the trees . . . such is life's complex maze . . . we must set good examples . . . for those in our care . . . or they will surely go amiss . . . the opposite is rare . . . true we are very busy . . . gaining a livelihood . . . but when it takes us from our young . . . the practice is not good . . . children need companionship . . . love and understanding . . . these are the most important things . . . that youth is demanding . . of course I know of cases where . . . both parents have to work . . . in order to sustain life . . . the coffeepot must perk . . . yet, too many parents . . . leave children all too soon . . . leaving them to drift then break . . . just like a toy balloon.

Horoscope

Make no sudden changes. Today's child will be unpredictable.

Some three billion tons of material from the land are carried into the sea every year by the action of rivers, wind, and other natural causes.



Pennsylvania German In the Shenandoah Valley

(Continued)

The column which Dr. Ernest G. Gehman, Professor of German, Eastern Mennonite College, Harrisonburg, Virginia, conducted for some weeks in the Harrisonburg Daily News-Record, had brought results beyond expectation. He received the names of approximately 1000 people in the six-county area who understood the dialect, most of whom were using it in their daily conversation.

In the general introduction to his inquisitory column he had stated: "Whenever two Pennsylvania Germans meet they will understand each other perfectly, even though they may always have lived a thousand or more miles apart. However, in the different parts of the country there are perceptible dialect differences, both in vocabulary and in grammatical treatment, which present interesting subjects for study. Thus the dialect in my native town of Bally in Berks County, Pa., exhibits characteristics which differ from those of other areas. It is my purpose here to present a faithful spoken and written record of the Pennsylvania German of Bally. As far as I know this has not been done previously; in fact I cannot find that anyone has ever published a spoken Pennsylvania German recording before now."

We continue now to reprint some of the dialect conversations as they appeared in the Daily News-Record of Harrisonburg, Virginia.

SCHWETZ DEITSCH III

Heid will ich ned viel schreiwe; ich bin zu bissy. Awwer ich deed Eich doch gern e poar Sache saage: 'S erschd — schwetzd Deitsch, un schemmd Eich ned dewege! Wannewwer zwee adder drei vun Eich Deitsche zamme kumme uff de Schdroos adder im Schdor, in de Kich adder in de Karrich, dann schwetzd Deitsch! Die Englische dune Eich wull fleichd ewennich schebb aagugge, awwer saagd 'ne juschd: "Drehd Eich uschd rum, wann's Deitsch Eich ned bassd!"

Es zwedd — ich wodd ich kennd die Naame griege vun all de Leid, des Deitsch schwetze in alle Gegende do rum, fer en Deitsch Direkdari. Ich hab en Lischd vun Tscherohm, un aa en gudi Lischd vun e poar hunnerd Naame in Weschd Rackinghaem, awwer ich hedd gern die Naame vun Deitsche um Braadweh un Timberwell rum, un die fuffzig vun Bergden, un die dreissig Leid um Maund Klinden, un all die Deitsche um Britschwaader un in annere Bletz. Un mer henn als noch nix grigd vun Zugger Groof un vun Fraenklin; was iss letz in Weschd Wertschinni? Sin die Leid dart all eikschlubd un schloofe gange fer der Winder?

En dridd—un dess iss ebbes, dess die Kinner (gleene un groosse) duh kenne. Es weer schee, wann Ihr en Schgraeb-Buch mache deede vun all de deitsche Brief un Schdicklin, des mer do in de Zeiding drugge. Sell gebd Eich viel Kschbass, un fleichd dud die Zeiding moll en Preis hewwe fer's beschd Schgraeb-Buch.

Wieviel vun Eich kenne dess Schdigg ins Englisch iwwersetze? Schiggd's zu "Schwetz Deitsch," c-o Daily News-Record.

Druwwel dard—Deitsch do.

Die Weld iss gedichdich voll Druwwel;
"Siss iwwerall arrigi Nod;
Sie schiesse, sie hengge, vergifde sich,
Un fohre sich dausende dod.

Sie schdarwe in Schbeen un in Tscheine;
Sie fechde in Faekdris wie dumm;
Sie schdehle, sie raawe, verhungere Leid,
Un saufe sich hunnerde grumm.

Juschhd do deheem sin sie verschendig;
Schunschd rum gehd alles zu Grund.
Es Deitsch werd do widder lewendig.
Die Deitsche sin do widder ksund.

SCHWETZ DEITSCH IV

Es iss moll en Deitscher vun Bracks Gaep — fleicht eens vun de Moyers adder Sievers dard— mid ebber schunschd noch Harrisenbarrick kfohre fer's erschd Mool, un der Tribb vun dreissig Meil hodd ihm ordlich grooss kscheind. Sie sagge, er hedd gemeend: "Wann mer so weid naus geh kann uff de annre Seid, wie uff dare Seid, dann iss die Weld nau wappers grooss!"

So scheind's mir ewennig mid dare Deitsch Bissniss; unser Weld werd grooss un greesser. Letschd Moondaag hedd die Sooschijeeded Bress uns en Lifd gewwe gans unverwarts in en gansi Lodd Zeidinge in Wertschinni. En grooss - ordiger Mann in Ritschmend hodd uns en Brief kschiggd devun, un die Woch henn widder ebaud en Dutzend Leid kschriwwe. Ich hab aa auskfunne dess edeel Leid um Wehnsbere rum in Aagosde Kaundi Deitsch schwetze, awwer ich wees noch ned wieviel.

Awwer's beschd vun all, mer henn doch endlich laud genungg gerufe un geglebberd, dess die Zugger Groof Leid ewennig uffgeweggd sin. Eener Duie Wilfang hodd die Aage geriwwe un hodd ksaad, dess die gude alde Deitsche dard ned am Schloofe wore — es weer zu worm gewessd fer sell. Awwer ich glaab's em ned. Ich hab schun ofd genoodisd in de Versammling, dess sell graad die Zeid wor, dess die Leid schloofe gange sin — wann's zu worm wor — ned juschd bikaas ich am Schwetze wor.

Well, ennich-hau, der Wilfang hodd kschriwwe, dess er en hunnerd - un - fuffzeh Leid zehle kann, wu er wohnd, des Deitsch schhwetze. Sell wor gudi Nuhs fer mich, Bruder Duie. Ich hoff, Du kannschd mir moll all selli Naame schigge. Adder schdell die Fraa draa, wann Du en Fraa hoschd; die Weibsleid henn doch nix viel schunschd zu duh.

Saag, drei adder viere vun Eich henn kschriwwe, dess Ihr alsemool en Ward hie un do in meim Deitsch ned verschdeh kennd. Wannewwer sell haebbend, dann schreibd mir selli paar Warde uff en Kord, un dann will ich sie es neekschd Mool eckschbleene.

Kennd Ihr dess neekschd vun Herze saage?

Deitsche Danksagge

Ich hab ned viel Geld,
Hab aa ned viel Land;
Awwer eens bin ich froh—
Ich hab deitscher Verschdand.

Ich gugg ned so schee,
Mei Gleeder ned fei;
Awwer sell machd nix aus—
Mei Deitsch schdehd mir bei.

Ich schdeh ned so hoch,
Un hogg uff kee Bank;
Awwer so viel iss wohr—
Ich bin deitsch un saag Dank!

SCHWETZ DEITSCH V

Die seientificke Leid saage, dess wann mer en Schdee in der See schmeissd, dann machd mer Welle, des immer un alfard weider gehne (wann sie aa glenner warre), un dess sie sei Lewe ned schdobbe. Sell glaawich ich off koars ned — ich hab's moll gebrowwierd, wie ich am Wetschinni Bietsch wor, un 's iss kenns vun meine Welle meh wie e paar Meil gange. Awwer's neckschd Ding dezu iss des Deitsch do in de Zeiding. Dessemol henn mer Welle gemachd in Norfolk un Portsmeth un neekschd in Pittsbarrick un in Neijarrick.

Sell iss fleichd all schee genungg, awwer ich deed gewiss liewer meh Welle uff-schdarre neecher deheem. Mr. henn wull aa die Woch vun Maund Tschaecksen un vun Lurah un vun Limudd kheerd, — awwer a's noch nix vun Wehnsbere. Ich dengg ich muss moll ans Aire Schowalderes Deerli globbe.

Heid hawwich widder ned viel Zeid ze schreiwe. Es scheind ass wie wann ee Woch de annre nooch gingd in 're Roi, graad wie die wilde Gens, wann sie darrich die Wolge fliege. Mer heerd hoch in de Lufd "Haank, haank!" un ebb mer sie rechd aagugge kann, sin sie fard — die Gens, un aa die Woche.

Wannewwer Ihr ebbes zu saage henn, schreibt's juschd zu "Schwetz Deitsch" c-o Daily News-Record.

Zeid

Ver Alders wor als blendi Zeid;
Sie henn ned miss dummle.
Nau reissd mer rum wie gor ned kscheid
Gedriwwe wie vun Hummle.

Sie henn als an der Disch sich khoggd,
Un langsem kschwetzd un gesse.
Nau schmeissd mer's Fuder zum Heuloch nei—
Kee Hund kennt's kschwinder fresse.

Sie sin als langsem hinnich 'm Gaul
Gedrolld, — ja, un geloffe.
Nau schiessd mer fuffzig Meil die Schdund,
Un ebbes werd gedroffe!

Mer wolle secksmool zu viel duh,
Un duhne sell ofd armlich.
Mer dabbe dabber dabbig rum,
Un mache uns juscht daumlig.

Wass iss nau letz mid dare Weld?
Wu iss die Zeid hie gange
Die Uhre hengge iwwerall,
Doch Zeid kann niemand fange.

Hald! lossd uns nau verschdennig sei,
Un schdobbe weil mer kenne;
Dummle badd nix do, un niemand kann
Sich in der Himmel renne!

NOCH KEN FRIEDE

Ya, achtzeh Yaahr nooch'm zwett Weltkrieg
Un noch ken sichrer Friede;
Der Russ der saagt zu alles Nee!,"
Dass Lenner ihm aabiete.

Sie sin so wedders absenaat—
Wolle die Welt regiere;
Doch sehn wie in ih'rm eeggne Land
Sie wiescht ihr Leit verfiehre,

Sie schaffe mache Daag un Nacht,
Mit kaum genunk zu esse;
Ihr Gleeder schlecht, un raar sogaar—
Wie Schklaaf ihr Zeit gemesse.

Wie bang sie sin en ganser Daag,
Weil sie zu nanner schwetze,
Dass vleicht en schepp Watt Ursach gebt
Sie in die Bressent setze.

Nau was deetscht denke, geebt's mit uns,
Wann sie do riwwer kumme—
Die Ennrung gscheene meecht, waer noh
Washington iwwernumme.

Un was mit denne in dem Land,
Wu kommunischtisch schaffe
Die waern die aerschte an der Wand
In Flintelaaf zu gaffe.

'Sett net erlaabt sei, dass so Leit
Wu yuscht fer Macht un bissel Geld
So gern ihr Land verkaafe.

Ya, 's nemmt Aerwet un aa Geld
Fer das Land sicher mache;
Des Gnoddere iss gans aus der Weis
An Taxe un so Sache.

Mir missen schtarrick bleiwe heit—
Des kenne mir net erlaawe,
Dass die Auslenner kummen rei
Der Friede uns vergraawe.

—RALPH S. FUNK

GEDANKE SCHLIWWERE

Vum Charles C. More

Mer kann ewwe aa viel leichter Fehler finne, ass wie sie verliere.

'S iss nau net gsaat, wann mer kee Schtern am Himmel sei kann, ass mer yuscht graad en Wolk draa sei muss.

Do saagge die Leit immer, "wann ich des gewisst hett!" Nau wann mer so weit in die Zukunft sehne kennt wie in die Vergangenheet, waer mer ewwe yuscht so iwwel ab.

Die Bill Schwoyern hot em Davy Huff seim Klarrig gsaat 35 Cent fer en Dutzend Oier waer viel zu viel, sell waer yo schier 3 cent 's Schtick. Do secht der Klarrig, sell waer wull so, awwer sie sette net vergesse, ass es Hinkel aa en ganser Daag schaffe misst fer 's Oi zu leegge.

Bischt du awwer aa schur, ass du mich meh gleichscht ass annere Meed? — Eb ich schur bin, ei gewiss bin ich schur. Ich kann's schweere. — Ya, wie weescht's awwer? — Ei, du bischt mer schunn zweemol uff mei Graehnaagge gedrede un's hot mer net weh geduh.

Sei Glaawe waar verleicht net in allem recht; sei Lewe awwer waar's. Un dem Mensch ass sei Grischtendum lebt, iss immer besser zu draue, ass wie selli, ass es schwetze.

'S iss doch nix so schlimm ass es net noch schlimmer sei kennt. Mer kann net Insomnia un en Nightmare die seem Zeit hawwe.

Do secht der Gschweier mer misst ewwe influence hawwe fer voraakumme, iewen en dentist misst en pull hawwe, secht er.

Die alt Geidnern secht, der Giedie Moyer waer so missdrauisch, ass er als in en Eck gingt fer sei Finger zaehle, wann er als hands gschaekd hett mit ebber.

Begraawene Hoffning braucht kee Graabschtee.

Sie hen im Schtor ghockt un geblaudert vun de heesse Summere in vergangene Zeite un der Bill Wescht hot gsaat ee Summer waer's mol drunne im Grebsedaal so heess gewest, ass es Welschkann uff em Feld gerooscht waer in de Kolwe, un 's hett nachts so laut gepappt, ass die Leit net schlofe hette kenne.

Es Unverhoffte haeppent gemeenerhand wann 's am Wennischte eckschpeckt watt.

Der Unnerschied zwischich 'me "Radical" un 'me "Conservative" iss des: en Mensch iss radical wann er sich eibildet er waer recht; un en "Conservative," wann er net schur iss.

Waer Annere Druwwel macht, hot selwer kee Ruh.

Die alt Geidnern secht es waer wull allrecht fer Regge zu bede, awwer der bescht Weg waer en Sunndaag Schul picnic uffzugriegge.

Mer maag saagge vum Egoist was mer will, er bleibt doch immer zufridde mit sich selwer.

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Editorials

Dream Coming True

Allentown for so many years has been talking about a new city hall, it's hard to realize that all the iron work for the handsome $3-million structure has been completed.

Yesterday morning an American flag was hoisted to the topmost girder of the impressive steel frame in the "topping out" ceremony marking the completion of this phase of the work.

Back in 1913 Mayor Rinn broached the subject of a new city hall. His successor, Mayor Reichenbach gave practical proof of the need for a new building, by purchasing a property around the corner on 7th street. It was used as an annex for years.

Perhaps, if we searched the archives, we would discover that Mayor Hunsicker, who preceded Rinn, also may too have urged a new home for the city government.

At any rate, it has been a long, long time coming and those of us who have survived the years of travail, can scarcely believe our eyes when we see the dream of years coming true at Penn and Hamilton streets.

Tax Cuts for Education

While the federal government pours millions of dollars into colleges for special projects and loans to help some students, the cost of higher education is becoming an increasingly difficult burden for middle-income families. Those in the lower brackets find it just about impossible to make enough sacrifices to cover the soaring tuition rates.

Recognizing this, more than 100 members of the Congress have introduced bills that would provide tax relief for parents of college students. The proposals vary and include tax deductions, credits and exemptions.

One of the major difficulties is that at the moment there are too many bills. Another is the objection the Treasury is raising. It contends tax revenues would be cut from $500 to $800 million a year without helping the low income families.

Fact is, however, that many who are paying education bills of $1,500 to $3,000 a year and face even higher ones are going deeply into debt. They need a break and deserve it because they are helping the nation build the reservoirs of trained manpower it will continue to need.

It's better to encourage parents and youngsters to pay the bills themselves by providing reasonable tax advantages than to pass all these costs on to the government and let the politicians select those they want to educate.

Women and the Law

It's still a fact of American life that men are eight times more prone to commit crimes than women. Some four million men were arrested last year.

But it still comes as a shocker to read in FBI reports that a half-million women also were picked up by law enforcement officers for offenses ranging from theft, disorderly conduct and prostitution to vagrancy, assault and homicide.

Some say family breakdowns and lack of roots in this era of mobility are to blame for the hardening of women into criminals. Others say it's because some of the gals are too eager to keep up with all their menfolks do and forget the very distinctive and special place they have in society.

Whatever the reason is, we hope mothers and daughters — and fathers and husbands and boy friends too — will note the figure. It's one worth trimming because the role isn't becoming for anyone, and much less for women than for men.

What Others Say

Bingo Snoopers Too Costly

Elizabeth (N.J.) Journal

Legislators scanning state budgetary recommendations have reserved for detailed consideration an item of $34,605 for employment of six chronic bingo players, represented unofficially as elderly, to maintain an undercover surveillance of bingo playing in New Jersey. The $1,339.80 in winnings they already have turned back to the State Treasury hardly justifies their keep.

Exposure of this item has provoked considerable ire, both in the Joint Legislative Appropriations Committee, which discovered it, and among citizens worried about education, highways, hospitals, and other public facilities.

Even the protestation of Director Valentine of the Legalized Games of Chance Commission that these undercover agents watch only commercial operations is not convincing at the moment, unless their duties are more than participating in games five nights a week.

Supervision of bingo permit and tax returns to the state obviously is needed, but employment of snoopers among the players seems ridiculous. Nobody has said that they are tax experts or that their mysterious duties are concerned with the State's take.

The $34,605 item should lie on the table until a better justification, both for purpose and personnel, becomes apparent.

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.

Untangling the Fiscal Muddle

To the Editor:

A Morning Call editorial, "Deficit - Cutting Proposals," recently has come to my attention. I want to express our appreciation for the support of The Call in the continuing struggle to attempt to make some sense of the fiscal muddle in which our government is wallowing.

We in Farm Bureau believe strongly that a tax cut should not be enacted until effective action has been taken to reduce federal government expenditures. Government spending must be paid for, either through taxes or inflation. The sound way to reduce taxes is by earning it through reduced expenditures. So long as newspapers of the caliber of The Call continue to place the situation in its true perspective, we have hope that common sense will prevail.

A good example of wasteful government expenditure is the campaign now being carried on by the U. S. Department of Agriculture to attempt to whip

Continued on Page 11, Column 3

'Please Goodie, I'd Rather Do It Myself!'



Bruce Russell

Playing With Fire

By DAIVD LAWRENCE

President Kennedy, in agreeing to meet at the White House with Harold Wilson, head of the British Labor party, is treading on dangerous ground. For Mr. Wilson has announced that he is bringing a 14-point program outlining British government policy in the event that the Labor party wins the coming election.

Will Mr. Wilson be able, on his return to England, to tell the British voters in the coming campaign that, if he becomes prime minister, he has had assurances from President Kennedy concerning certain points in the program that may be developed as between the two countries?



Lawrence

Isn't this a direct interference by a president of the United States in the internal political affairs of another country? What sort of precedent does it establish in international relations for the future?

It is true there have been visits of courtesy heretofore during this and preceding administrations when distinguished visitors — including the head of the British Labor party—have come to Washington, or prominent members of Congress have gone abroad.

But one will look in vain in the records to find a formal conference on a concrete set of proposals that are publicly announced as the basis for future policies between our government and a foreign government and are presented just a few months prior to an election contest in one of the two countries.

Supposing Sen. Dirksen and Rep. Halleck — opposition leaders in the Senate and House, respectively — took a trip to London and discussed with Prime Minister Macmillan the Skybolt affair or just what should be done about nuclear deterrents?

Supposing they conferred at Paris with General de Gaulle and assured him that the Republican party would handle foreign policy more to his advantage than the Democratic administration?

If this happened and if an election were near, maybe both the British and French governments would decide to wait before taking further steps on a given question, and hence important moves in foreign policy with the incumbent administration here might be deferred or given up altogether.

In 1959 a statement was made by a prominent Democratic member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, in an interview published in a Soviet government weekly, declaring that relations between the two countries must be improved at all costs and that, if the Democrats defeated the Republicans in the 1960 election, there would be substantial changes in American foreign policy.

What Wilson, the British Labor party leader, is doing — in laying his election program before President Kennedy and presenting it as future government policy — would be a violation of federal law here if attempted by an American in a personal visit or by written communications with officials of a foreign government.

The Logan Act — which was passed by Congress in 1798, shortly after the republic was founded — provides criminal penalties for any citizen who, "without authority of the United States, directly or indirectly commences or carries on any correspondence with any foreign government or any officer or agent thereof, with intent to influence the measures or conduct of any foreign government or of any officer or agent thereof, in relation to any disputes or controversies with the United States."

Maybe the British do not have such a law, but the mischief that can be done by collusion of any kind between an existing administration here and the leader of a major party in a foreign parliament is plainly apparent.

It makes the United States, for example, a participant in an election campaign in another country. It tends to cause hard feelings. For certainly the ministry which is in power in England doesn't have a representative present at the White House conference to argue its side or to answer any comments made by the President.

The State Department's unfortunate intrusion recently into Canadian politics by a tactless statement in the middle of a political crisis in Ottawa is an example of how seriously relations can be damaged when a government becomes involved in the internal affairs of another country.

Billion Dollar Pain

By VICTOR RIESEL

New York has been a city in pain — pain in the pocket and pain in the heart. Prominent business and labor leaders, after hours of reckoning and conversation, insist that the four-month newspaper strike has "easily" cost the economy almost one billion dollars, so far!

Many men have suffered in the drive to get peace without victory — but few have suffered as much and have come through as effectively as the ever - sleepless, ever - patient, Mayor Robert Wagner. This stoppage has jet propelled him into national influence and will have impact on the national elections to come.

The pain in the pocket came from an early and accurate report that the strike was costing all branches and suppliers of the industry some $4 million a day. This does not include union strike relief, which is already estimated to have run close to $10 million.

Some of the unions sold their bond reserves, or borrowed sums in half million lots, and considered mortgaging their buildings. At less than the halfway mark, the state began paying some $750,000 a week in unemployment insurance.

Without newspapers, the city's hotels, already hit by the new "T and E" (travel and entertainment Internal Revenue Service regulations), lost 47 per cent of their business.

I've talked to such men as Dave Siegal, head of the New York joint board of hotel and restaurant workers. He tells me that almost 5,000 of his people were laid off after the first of the year. Hundreds more are on enforced vacations. Estimated cost — over $10 million.

A spokesman for the restaurant association told me his estimate of the loss under T and E — without newspapers to bring the business back in — runs to over $25 million.

The word is the same on losses from ship operators, railroads, the theater business, stores, teamsters, musicians, caterers — an endless number of businesses.

Few realize how much settling this strike has meant to the Mayor Wagner. For him there was much heartache. It was his father, the late Sen. Robert F. Wagner, who wrote the Magna Charta for labor back in the 30s and got his law, The National Labor Relations Act, through Congress for Franklin Roosevelt.

It was this legislation which gave labor its running start and which took it from a movement of little more than 3 million members to a powerful giant of 18 million today.

It was, therefore, this law, this power, this philosophy of labor's right to organize and strike as hard as it does, which gave the New York press walkout its strength.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

My Citadel

Off to the moss-patched pathway . . . that winds through the wooded dell . . . heading toward the hilltop . . . where rests my citadel . . . hello to the trees and wild flowers . . . that line the shady way . . . it's been a while since I've seen them . . . they form a wondrous bouquet . . . nearby the stream sings greetings . . . I join in harmony . . . my heart is filled with gladness . . . joy is my company . . . now I am getting closer . . . fragrant and cool the breeze . . . soon I will reach the cabin . . . my heart will be at ease . . . this is my peaceful citadel . . . high above worldly care . . . I feel closer to my God . . . while I'm resting there.

Horoscope

Check extravagance in a year of steady progress. Today's child will be good-natured.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Herman Levin, one of the shrewdest judges of horseflesh in Shubert Alley, came home from Aqueduct one evening with self-satisfaction written all over his face. "I licked them in the first race, the second race, the third race, the fourth race, the fifth race, the sixth race, and if I'd had a nickel left, I'd have licked them in the seventh race, too."

An avant-garde poet had a thin volume of his poems published some months ago. Asked last week how the book was selling, he admitted, "Not so good. I haven't been buying so many copies lately."

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

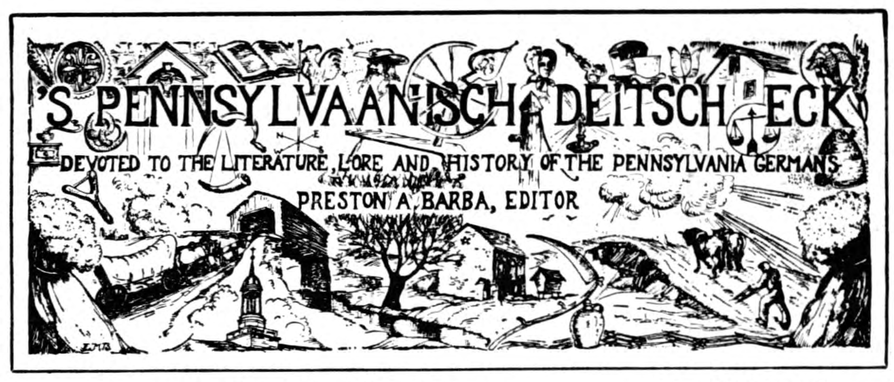
Our son of 16 is in high school and is causing us much anxiety and heartache. He is rebellious, and as my husband and I are both working we are afraid that he will become a problem to us. Is there some place we can send him where he will be properly managed? P.J.

There is no substitute for a home for a 16-year-old boy. Many of our finest young people are presently rebelling against neglect more than anything else. They need the sense of security that comes from a home where they are loved and wanted.

They need the discipline of a well-ordered home to prepare them for social obligations as adults. It would be far better for you to adjust your scale of living to a smaller budget, and have the necessary time to give to your young son.

In a short time he will be leaving home. Then you will forever regret that you did not give him the training for which there is no good substitute. Teach him the basic principles of good character. Teach him eternal values. Help him to find his way to God as he observes your life and your walk with God.

You have the solution to your problem within reach. Do not neglect it while you have opportunity. And remember there is no substitute for love.



Pennsylvania German In the Shenandoah Valley

(Conclusion)

Professor Gehman's letters addressed to the Pennsylvania German dialect speaking residents of the Shenandoah Valley as published in the Harrisonburg Daily News-Record are continued in the Eck for today. Lovers of our dialect poetry will welcome Dr. Gehman's verses in which he exhibits considerable talent for rhythm and rhyme, and especially for the folksy idiom of our dialect.

SCHWETZ DEITSCH VI

Ich hab kerzlich ordlich viel an mei aldi Heemed gedenkd. Zidder dess ich vun all Eich Deitsche dorum auskfunne hab, haebbend allegebodd ebbes, des mich an die alde Zeide gemaand. Was henn mer doch als Kschbass khadd! Deheem uff de alde Bauwerei, wu mei Groosseldre un Groossgroosseldre fer siwwe adder achd Tschennarieeschens gewohnd henn, iss en langi Lehn mid zwee Roie vun groosse alde Babbelbeem. Dard iss aa en Schwamm un en Grigg un en Bungard un en Busch un en Dutzend Gebeier wu mer als kschbield henn. Schier alle Eck hodd sei Freed fer uns, des dard deheem wore.

Ich bin schur, dess es graad so bei viel vun Eich iss — es iss ee Blatz in de Weld, des swennig harder am Herz ziegd wie eeniger annre Blatz. Un es weer aa gewiss schaad, wann's ned so weer.

Awwer es wunnered mich oft, wie es geh werd mid de Kinner, des heid uff de Schtroosse rum schbringe, weil ihre Eldre arrijets schunschd rum jaage. Ich bin bang, sie warre ken so en Blatz hawwe, fer zrick ze gugge dezu.

HEEMWEH

Freind, weeschd Du noch was Heemweh iss?
Adder bischd Du driwwer draus?
Es iss en Aard vun Grangged, g'wiss,
Un doch kummd Gudes raus.

En driewer Daag iss's beschd fer sell:
Mer setzd sich gans elee —
Dann sodd mer dengge wie's als wor,
Wie mer jinger wor'n un glee.

Mer gehne in de Meind dann heem
Zu de alde Bauwerei,
Zu Scheier un Schobb un Gribb un Schdall
Voll Hinggel, Kieh un Sei.

Mer graddle iwwer die Bungard Fens
Fer's Abbel adder zwee:
Awwer ess ned zu viel griene nau,
Schunschd grigschhd Du glei Bauchweh!

Mer schbringe nunner in die Grigg
Am annre End vum Schwamm;
Nau werd moll gud drin rum geblatschd,
Un Schdee uffksetzt fer,n Damm.

Mer graddle widder nuff fer'n Schwing
Uff de alde Weidebeem.
Nau misse mer awwer zrick ins Haus:
Die Mammi rufd uns heem.

"S iss Sobber Zeid! Do iss die Bumb;
Mer wesche uns rechd kschwind.
Was hodd mer doch en Abbedid —
Dreimol so grooss wie's Kind!

Kschwind in die Kich un an der Disch!
Ich bin's erschd an meim Sitz!
— Awwer wer sin all die fremme Leid? —
Uff eemoll falld der Blitz!

Ach mei! mer wohne nimmi do!
Ich wees mer jo ken Rod;
Die Eldre, Schweschdre, Brieder, all
Sin weid fard — adder — dod!

Ei Du! was machd Dei Ksichd all nass?
Bischd grangg, adder schunschd aus fix?
Oh, bischd am Heile? Well, aal reid;
Selli Drobbe schadde nix.

Juschd ee Ding will ich saage noch,
Zu Leid mid Kinner glee,
Machd's Haus en Heemed, schunschd griege sie
Sei Lewe ken Heemweh.

SINGSCHUL

En Singschul henn mer geschder khadd
Im'me Schulhaus draus im Land.
En hunnerd sinn mer nei gedriggd,
Deel fremm un deel bekannd.

Aus alde Bicher henn mer ksunge
Bei dunkle Lichhder Glans;
Wann aa en Lied verrisse wor
Die Wohred wor noch gans.

Un all henn ksunge, glee un grooss,
Aldi Graemmaemm, junger Mann;
Un niemand wor ver Fehler bang, —
Was schadd ee Fehler dann.

Dess wor ver Alders als der Weg:
Die Singschule sin mer noh;
Un Kind un Graempaebb henn gewissd Ehre do-re-mi-re-do.

Eens hodd uns kholfe dard dezu —
Mid "scheebd Nohts" worn mer reich.
Nau lege sie Oier uff die Ruhschts
Un die Dinger gugge zu gleich.

Sell iss die Schuld, ich glaab's gewiss,
Sell un der Hochmud aa,
Dess in Karriche nau die Mjusik kummd
Vun Baxe vanne draa.

Wann Geld un Hoch mud greeser sin
Dann schdelle sie Peife rum;
Un die Arrigel schiddeld die Schindle los
Un dunnerd die Beeder schdumm.

Noh kummd en Weibsmensch vannedraa
Un greischd hoch in die Heh,
Un wackeld die Schdimm, dess mer nix verschdehd,
Un die Ohre dune em weh.

Dess all iss wull viel lauder wie Sell Ksing vun de alde Zeid;
Doch, kummt's mer vor, fer so en Zuchd
Iss der Himmel viel zu weid.

Ver Alders im Versammlinghaus
Wor's graad wie's nau sei sodd, —
En jedes hodd sei Lied gemachd
Vun Herz un Schdimm zu Godd.

SCHWETZ DEITSCH IX

Die Voreldre vun uns Pennsylweenje - Deitsche (un off koarse sell meend die Schannaendohe - Waelli Deistche aa) wore ebaud all gude Grischde, des viel uffgewwe henn misse, wie sie riwwer in dessLand kumm sin. Ehre Freind un Nochbere, ehre Heemedland un schier alles schunschd henn sie verlosse misse.

Un sellemolls wor's kenn Kschbass fer iwwer der See ze fohre. Es hodd drei, vier, fimf Moned genumme, weil der Wind ofd iwwertswarrich wor. Es sin aa viel vun ne grangg warre un kschdarwe uff'm Schiff. Un noh, wie die noch Lewendige aageland sin, henn sie moll fer's erschd 'n Heemed aushagge misse im e Wilderniss voll Insching un wilde Diere.

Un ferwas wor all des? Henn sie reich warre wolle do? Wore sie Deitschland leedig? Wore sie froh fer en Tschaens zu draewle?

Kenns vun denne Sache hodd sie riwwer gebrochd. Sie henn alles dard verlosse un alles do geriskd wegig ehrem Glaawe. Un seller Glaawe henn sie in de Biewel kfunne. Un selli Biewel leid nau iwwerall be uns rum un ward schhier gor ned aagereegd.

DIE BIEWEL

Die Biewel iss en wunners Buch —
So ald doch allfard nei;
Sie lehrd vum Aafang un vum End,
Vum Herr-Godd eens in drei.

Sie iss en Lichd in Dunggelheed,
Fer blinde Leid en Schdock,
Fer Beedler iss sie Brod un Fleesch,
Fer Nackige en Rock.

Zum Schdollse hebd sie'n Schbiggel hie:
En Dummer machd sie kscheid;
Zum Wilde gebd sie Warning schdreng,
— Un alles alle Leid.

Wer drauerd, find do ball sei Freed;
Wer sinnd, brauch's nimmi duh;
Wer farrichd, werd do widder braaf;
Wer schhdarrebd, hodd do sei Ruh.

Die Biewel iss en wunners Buch,
Sie iss en Brief vun Godd;
Sie weissd der Weg zum Himmel - Land
Wie schunschd nix kann un hodd.

Mer sodd sie lese ofd un viel,
Mer sodd sie folge aa, —
Un ned juschd marrije, awwer heid —
Schunschd kummd mer nie ned draa.

SCHWETZ DEITSCH X

Well, Brieder, ich denk mer misse des Ding uffgewwe fer die Zeid. Mei Schularwed an zwee Schule werd wie - lenger- wie greeser, un mei Gemee hodd mer kerzlich en Schweres uffgelegd, un die Fraa saagd ich missd meh Schloof griege, so scheind's wie wann der Deitsch Edidor besser abseine deed. Fleichd kenne mer im Summer widder uffschdarde Deitsch zu drugge, wann genungg vun Eich es hawwe wolle.

Ich bin gewiss froh, dass ich auskfunne hab fun all Eich dausend Deitsche do rum. Ich zehl im Summer moll rum ze kumme, un e paar Dutzend vun Eich zu psuche, des mir kschriwwe henn. Samm Nochmiddaag ,wann's zu heess iss fer Welschkarn zu schaufle, ruf ich Eich aus'm Feld, un mer hogge uns in der Schadde un butze der Schwitz vum Ksichd un blaudre moll Deitsch fer,n Schdund adder so. Nee, grooss Dank! ich kann gewiss ned bleiwe fer Sobber. Was, en Hinggel in de Brodpann? Un Eis - Kriem im Schdenner?

DIE AMSCHEL

Die Amschle sin do! Die Amschle sin do!
Ich hab die erscht gheert helt Marye im Bett;
Sie hot gsunge im Gaarde ass waer sie so froh:
"Kumm an! Kumm hett! Kumm an! Kumm hett!
'S iss die heechschte Zeit ass mer sich paare duht,
Un sucht sich fer'n Nescht en Baam ass em suut
Kumm an! Kumm hett!')

Ich glaab ass sie widder baue will datt
Uffem alt Beerebaam ass ich umghackt hett
Die neegscht Woch, waer's net fer ihr Singe alsfatt:
"Kumm an! Kumm hett! Kumm an! Kumm hett!
Do's der bechte Baam in der ganse Welt
Fer'n Nescht: un ich glaab er iss parpess hergstellt!
Kumm an! Kumm hett!"

Was laut's doch so schee im Marye gans frieh! —
En scheenere Musick winsch ich mir net —
Wann sie schwingt uff'm Gippel un singt fer sich hie:
"Kumm an! Kumm hett! Kumm an! Kumm hett!
Ferwas leischt un schlofscht wann die Nacht's verbei?
Die Welt's you nie scheener ass im erscht Sunneschei.
Kumm an! Kumm hett."

—J. MAX HARK

VUM LAND DOKTER

'S iss wunnerbaar wie Medizien In Yaahre sich vorrickt;
Ver alters hot mer nix gewisst Vun Kranket heit mer grickt.

Waar mer in de Gewaerwer schteif,
In Axel, Aerm un Bee,
Sell waar dann gheesse "Rummadis" —
Yuscht sell un schunscht nix meh.

Nau schwetzt mer vun "Arthritis" glei —
"Neurities" iss aa rum, —
"Sciatica" en beeses Ding
Wu macht em laafe grumm.

Mer hot als gheert vun Buckelweh —
's hot an de Niere gfehlt;
Nau heesst's "Lumbago" un gans leicht
Fehler net druff gezehlt.

Bruschtfiewer iss "Pneumonia" nau,
Fer Schnuppe, Kalt im Kopp,
Hot heit mer "Sinus" un sowohl Deel Naame mehner gropp.

'S iss alles "Specialist" rumhaer,
Wu ee Ding unnersucht;
Gehn drei Sach letz an eener Zeit,
Warrn glei sex Dokter bsucht.

Of kors, 'siss gut mer hen die Kerls,
Mir lewen lenger heit
So viel wie zwansich Yaahr verleicht,
Wie in der alte Zeit.

Doch hawwich noch en weecher Blatz
Im Haz — un des aa bleibt —
Fer der Dokter wu draus im Land
Sei Pflicht als ehrlich dreibt.

Der Mann waar efters aa bel Elt,
Doch zackert er als fatt
Mit Buggy un sei alter Gaul, —
Waar Granket, waar er datt.

Er hot net yuscht viel Geld gemacht,
Bezaahlung waar oft klee,
Doch waar er hoch geeschtemiert,
En Nochber, un noch meh.

Un 's waar net immer 's Medizien —
Net Pille ausgedeelt,
Schtatts, freindlich Watt un sanfti Hand
Helft mit un Kranket heelt.

Ich denk gaun an den alte Mann,
Wu zackert rum im Land,
Un gebt sich selwer, Glaawe bringt
Zu Leit uff aller Hand.

June 5, 1954

—RALPH S. FUNK

Well, fleichd kann ich doch so lang bleiwe. Es weer schaad so Sache verdarrewe zu losse, in dem heese Wedder. Awwer nau

GUBEI!

Gubei, Ihr liewe deitsche Leid!
Gubei un farre-well!
Mer henn fer'n scheenl gudi Zeid
Nau kschwetzd vun dem un sell.

Mer henn die Alde uffgelobd,
Die neie Zeid beglaagd;
Es "Geschder" sin mer noochgedoobd,
Un Kfrehss vun heid verjaagd.

Un doch iss kenns bei uns im Land,
Des geschder lewe wodd;
Mer deed liewer lewe nau,
Un lewe wie mer sodd.

So, was vun Eldre werdvoll wor,
Sell darf mer hawwe do;
Un was uns marrije schemme deed,
Sell lossd mer besser noh.

Eens awwer bassd uns alle Zeid —
Es Biewel - Buch iss sell,
Un deitsche Schbrooch fer deitsche Leid;
Schwetz Deitsch un farre-well!

—ERNEST G. GEHMAN

Eastern Mennonite College
Harrisonburg, Virginia

THE MORNING CALL

David A. Miller, Publisher-Director 1895-1958

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THE MORNING CALL, EVENING CHRONICLE, SUNDAY CALL-CHRONICLE

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Editorials

All Champions

There were no bands, no majorettes, no cheerleaders, no grand halftime demonstrations, out around Muhlenberg College during the past week.

There were crowds, however, big crowds, and 780 participants.

The latter were champions in a field other than sports.

They really were champions, too, because their achievements in science had been chosen from almost 12,000 others.

The Lehigh Valley Science Fair held in Muhlenberg Memorial Hall, serves as the regional Olympics in a phase of life that has become all-important in this 20th Century, the century that may well be known as the century of science.

Lest there may be some who may imagine that the emphasis on science may tend to de - emphasize the other subjects being taught in the schools, it is a fact that student science projects tie all segments of the curriculum together, English, social studies, mathematics, art.

Indeed, notebooks of the young scientists engaged in Science Fair projects have been accepted as worthwhile term papers in English.

The Lehigh Valley Science Fair closed its 17th annual exhibition last night.

One of the first Science Fairs to be held in the country, today there are 219, most of them patterned after the Lehigh Valley Fair, as is the national fair, itself only in its 14th year.

The Lehigh Valley may well be proud of the fact that it helped launch this movement, a movement of such vast potentials in the general education of our youth, and in the world of science itself.

More than 100,000 out-of-school hours of learning and doing something worthwhile, are represented by the projects that reached the local exhibition floor.

When one considers the total number of contenders in this and all the other Science Fairs, the almost incalculable sum of hours offers overwhelming proof of the magnitude of the work America's boys and girls are doing.

Necking Drivers

Out in Minnesota, the legislature is having fun with what has been dubbed the "anti-necking bill."

The measure proposes to ban one-armed driving by amorous couples.

The Minnesota House gave it preliminary approval by a 59-41 vote.

The closeness of the vote indicates how it has stirred the lawmakers, in spite of the facetious remarks that have been made in the legislative halls in St. Paul.

As one of the representatives remarked, "If we don't pass it we'll go on record as condoning necking while driving."

That's just the point.

Failure of the legislature to pass the bill will be taken by every motoring young swain and his fair maiden as permission to snuggle a little bit closer.

Frankly, it would seem impossible from some of the snuggling we've observed, to snuggle any closer.

We submit that there's nothing funny about any law that will promote safety on the highways and that includes the intoxication of love!

Getting Good Start

No one can ever accuse the Irish of procrastinating.

Certainly not the Allentown Irish.

It is an interesting and commendable fact that plans are already under way for next year's St. Patrick's Day parade.

Not two weeks had passed and the music of the bands was still ringing in Allentown's ears, when an item appeared in the news announcing plans for the 1964 celebration have been started.

The dates of the parade, the dinner and the ball have been definitely set and the same committee that so successfully directed this year's activities was renamed.

That's really the way to do things.

The phrase "taking time by the forelock" could not be more completely exemplified.

What Others Say

College-Hunting Time

Toledo Blade

This is the time of year, it seems, when anxious parents of anxious high school seniors move into the home stretch of a ritual known as college hunting. Where there is any choice in the matter — not always the case — parents too often make decisions, some educators contend, on the basis of campus attractions, claims by alumni of glories achieved on the playing fields.

Another approach is now provided by the columnist whose perceptive observations in the New Republic appear under the initials "T. R. B." He suggests that instead of worrying about athletic acclaim or the social amenities on the campus, parents should ask more pertinent questions. Does a professor earn more than a football coach? Is the university library well stocked? Do campus groups as a matter of policy prohibit racial and religious discrimination? Is the faculty well paid—to the extent, for example, that a professor gets a minimum of $8,000 for nine months' work?

. . . Nearly 200 years ago Thomas Jefferson, in outlining purposes of the University of Virginia, wrote:

"This institution will be based on the illimitable freedom of the human mind. For here we are not afraid to follow truth wherever it may lead, nor to tolerate error so long as reason is left free to combat it."

Public Opinion

In Defense of Drug Laetrile

To the Editor:

Your story dated March 10, 1963 regarding Laetrile, the alleged cancer control drug, quotes an anonymous spokesman of the Federal Food and Drug Administration in grouping Laetrile with Thalidomide and Liefcort. Since in the same story, the writer admits, "No one at FDA challenges the safety of the drug," we question the propriety of linking it with notoriously dangerous

Continued on Page 7, Column 2

Presidential Penknife



Bruce Russell

Unemployment Muddle

By DAVID LAWRENCE

President Kennedy told newsmen on Wednesday to look back at the period between 1958 and 1960, when the Eisenhower administration was in power, and they would find a high unemployment rate, the largest peacetime deficit and the biggest outflow of gold.

But Mr. Kennedy forgot to mention that the Democratic party had a majority in both houses and Congress during that same period. After all, the national legislature has to vote the money that's spent by the government and also decide on the tax rates. Congress, therefore, is primarily responsible for any deficits. Likewise, the outflow of gold was due then, and is due today, to the large grants and loans for "foreign aid." This also is basically the responsibility of Congress.



Lawrence

The Democratic party has had a majority in the Senate and House ever since 1932 with the exception of the period between 1946 and 1948 and between 1952 and 1954. Thus, for a total of 26 out of the last 30 years, the Democratic party has been in charge of law-making and, especially, the appropriation of public funds.

As for the unemployment rate, which has declined only slightly during the present administration, the responsibility definitely rests on the Democratic party in Congress. For Congress, year after year, has refused to broaden the antitrust laws to regulate, if not abolish, the labor-union monopolies which today push up the wage rates and force the squeeze in profits that brings unemployment.

The Kennedy administration, moreover, has not made a single recommendations to Congress thus far to deal with the abuses of "collective bargaining" and the violations of the "civil rights" of those workers who refuse to join a union or wish to cross a picket line and work.

The President's reference to the prevailing unemployment rate and that of the preceding administration was made on the same day that the secretary of labor, W. Willard Wirtz, said to a news conference at Rochester, New York, that "last year, some 19 million man-hours were lost because of strikes, but in that same year, 900 million man-hours were lost due to unemployment."

He declared that the strike picture is comparatively rosy. Wirtz sought to give the impression that the labor unions are not in the least responsible for the unemployment situation in America and that there is no connection between the unemployment problem and the behavior and policies of union leaders.

The secretary of labor didn't mention the fact that every year numerous employers go out of business because, though unable to pay higher wages, they cannot afford costly strikes and consequently must surrender to the wage demands which unions uniformly impose throughout an industry.

This means that, while the larger businesses are able to maintain themselves, the marginal companies are forced to the wall, and unemployment is the result.

The arbitrary power of trade unions which has been exercised to extort high wage scales, irrespective of whether an employer can afford them, is fundamentally responsible for the high rate of unemployment today.

The Democratic party has avoided this issue for the last 30 years, and it was a Republican congress which, in 1947, secured the revision of the one-sided Wagner act passed in 1935. The new law, known as the Taft-Hartley Act, was vetoed by a Democratic president but was passed over his veto by the Republican Congress.

The abuses, however, which have since arisen, even under the Taft-Hartley Act, and which urgently need correction, have been largely ignored by the Democratic Congress in the last eight years.

There is no evidence, either, that the labor committees of the House or Senate in a Democratic Congress will ever take up the subject as long as a substantial number of senators and representatives are elected with the aid of campaign funds furnished by the labor unions in defiance of the spirit, if not the letter, of the federal corrupt practices act.

Secretary Wirtz seems to think a remedy for unemployment will be found in the further development of the youth employment act and in an extention of the manpower development program, as well as in an enlargement of the vocation, education and area redevelopment projects.

But all this merely means a throwback to the 1930's, when "made work" by the government itself under the works projects administration — or the WPA, as it became widely known — was in vogue. It didn't cure unemployment then, and it will not do so now.

Hoods Reborn

By VICTOR RIESEL

Thousands of federal men have fanned out across the land on 934 cases using legal weapons made possible by the new anti-racketeering laws.

Most of these investigations, conducted by many grand juries, are in the early probing stage and not ready for immortalization on the TV screens. Most are ripping the lid off the gambling and narcotics end of the interlocking regional criminal syndicates.

But it is startling how frequently the pursuit of the mob leads to men who've been attempting to, or have succeeded in infiltrating labor circles and are terrorizing unions and businessmen.

It's all part of what has been reported here as "refocusing" by Atty. Robert Kennedy and the Justice Department's Organized Crime and Racketeering Section.

This word "refocusing" is being used in a city startled by what has been a constant series of bombings of restaurants, stores and the blasting of a union leader's home. Suddenly old-time hoods, some with long prison records, one a convicted killer, some out of the Touhy mob, or what's left of it, have cropped up — and in some labor groups at that.

The federals are moving in, getting indictments and convictions. But that's not what Kennedy meant by refocusing. The Justice Department's new type of intelligence operation—namely the constant collation of pooled facts tossed into the hopper by the investigative agents of 26 federal bureaus, has led Kennedy to new mob personalities.

The new intelligence system has brought into focus powerful criminals about whom little was known — and has developed "vast" information about the syndicate chiefs who have long been colorful news items.

So the Justice Department has not "refocused." It has simply given its lens a Cinerama touch.

Thus some strange characters have come within the widening scope of the probes. Chicagoans may be used to it, but to a visitor it sounds strange to hear names again such as Basil (The Owl) Banghart and Martin J. Durkin.

Banghart, who ran with the late Roger Touhy, but not fast enough because he was caught and did 27 years, has been before the famous federal labor rackets grand jury here. Durkin was a fancy bandit who stole autos and killed a federal agent — for which he did 18 years.

The other week both men showed up on a job with cards from Local 136, Machinery Movers, Riggers and Machinery Erectors Union. They did all right for a while, but that local seems to be running in tough luck.

Not long after they got their work cards, which did not make the local look good, the union's business manager, Kendall Sweeney, found his house and car, not to mention surrounding territory, bombed.

Sweeney's predecessor is in federal prison, convicted of extorting money from employers.

There's another local in which the old Touhy mob had at least one member. This is Local 393 of the Bridge, Structural Reinforcing, Steel and Ornamental Iron Workers, Riggers and Machinery Movers Union, at Aurora, Ill. The member was Roger Touhy Jr. He was sentenced to prison for robbery. The local's business agent, Roy Kramer, has been charged on five counts involving the Hobbs anti-extortion act and five violations of the Taft-Hartley law.

He is charged with extorting money through threats of disrupting labor peace.

There are a string of such probes in Chicago and throughout the Midwest. Unless the national labor leaders in Washington move in and clean up, there will be cries for another national racket probe.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Covet These

Cling to a love sweet and tender . . . love helps to make life a song . . . hold on to all that is righteous . . . and you will never go wrong . . . fix your eyes on the blue heavens . . . keep your thoughts lofty and pure . . . and should misfortune befall you . . . you will have strength to endure . . . follow the teachings of mother . . . she is an angel of God . . . those who ignore her example . . will have a rough road to trod . . . stay with the ones who will tell you . . . whether you're wrong or you're right . . . covet the sincere and honest . . . therein is life's greatest might . . . I know it's hard to adhere to . . . things which I have set in rhyme . . . but I am sure you'll agree that . . . they will live on for all time.

Try & Stop Me

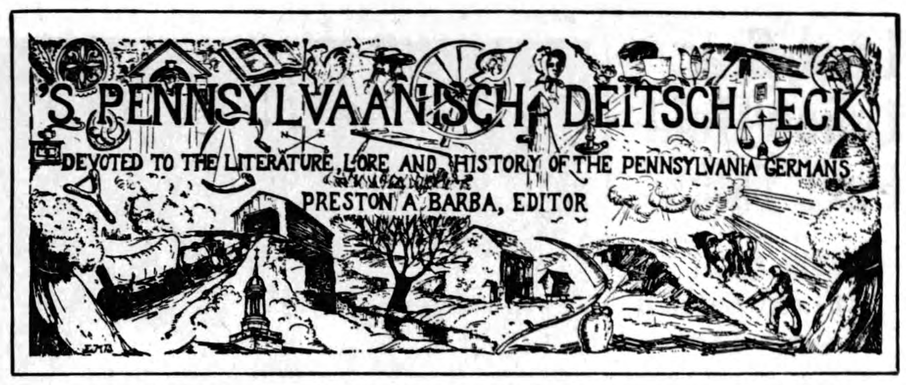
By BENNETT CERF

On a backroad in the South, a tourist stopped for gas and fell into conversation with the slow - moving but amiable attendant. "What's your name, young fellow?" asked the tourist idly. "Poe," said the attendant. "Any relation of Edgar Allan Poe?" laughed the tourist.

The attendant registered surprise, and said, "Why Ah AM Edgar Allan Poe!"

Horoscope

Follow your intuition in business. Today's child will be very intuitive.



FRIEHYAAHRS GEDANKE

'S iss Friehling uff de Baerrye
Un Friehling uff em Land;
Die Veggel peife un singe
So freehlich uff yeder Hand.

Ich kann net hupse un schpringe,
Es iss mer gaar net gut;
Ich maag net peife un singe,
Dezu haw ich kee Mut.

Sie fehle uff alle Seite,
Die Freind vum letschte Yaahr;
Der Winter hot sie eigereimt
Zum dunkle Todestor.

Die Blumme bliehe wie immer,
Die Veggel singe so schee;
Die Aaagge un die Ohre
Die Fehle. Sell dutt mer weh!

Doch ee Troscht hot mer alfert,
Wann's waerd ums Haerz rum bang;
Wu sie sin scheint die ewich Sunn
Un schallt der ewig G'sang.

Wann mer sie aa vermisse,
Sie sin viel besser ab;
Sie sin yuscht in re annere Schtubb,
Der Eigang waar en Graab.

Der liewe Gott dart drowwe,
Der hot en grooses Haus;
Fer in die Himmelschtubb eigeh,
Geht mer die Aerdschtubb naus.

Fatt trauriche Gedanke!
Guck braaf ins Lewe nei!
Un frei dich mit de Veggel,
Dann unser Gott iss trei.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

Wie Kann Ich 's Bescht Lewe Mache

Ich duh schier alle Daag Brief griegge vun alle Sadde Leit uff alle Sadde Sache. Nau, ich kann die Brief net all andwadde. Viel vun de Brief sin vun yunge Menner, ass mei Rod wisse welle wie en Lewe mache. Eener hot mich der anner Daag gfrogt: "Wie kann ich es bescht Lewe mache?" Des iss die Nadur vun viel vun de Brief. Ee Enser dutt's fer sie all. Un do geht's.

Emoll es aerscht, mei yunger Freind, sin zwee Sache ass yeder Mensch mit sich uff die Welt bringe muss, un sell iss Gsundheit un Verschtand. Du kannscht schier alles sunscht sammle in daere Welt, awwer die Zwee sin in der Mensch gebore, un du maagscht dich eddikeete bis du der bescht gelannt Mann bischt im Land, wann du ken guder Verschtand hoscht, dann gehscht du der Krebsgang. Wann en yunger Mann die zwee Sache hot, dann iss ken limit zu was er gewwe kann. Nau 's Schtaerte in Bissniss iss en missliche Sach. Wann du nausschtaertscht un du duscht 's recht Handwarrick tschuse, dann bischt du all recht, wann net, bischt du schier alsfert all letz. Do iss wu guder Verschtand neikummt. Wann du dernoh in Bissniss bischt, sei ehrlich un uffrichtich. En frei Gewisse iss viel waut. Nemm ken Geld ass du net ehrlich verdient hoscht. Verhandel net dei Ehrlichkeit uff Geld. Du maagscht un ungerechter Daaler zudecke mit ehrlich Geld so dief ass du witt, er waxt daarich ruff wie en Welschkannschtock. Verloss ken Freind im Feier. Halt dich net uff mit schlechti Kumpni. Browier net yeder ebber zu bliese, awwer duh was recht iss un geb acht uff dich selwer. En Mann ass recht dutt, grickt allfert Feind, weil deel Leit wu schlecht sin, yuscht so Leit gleiche wu schlechte Sache mit ihne duhne. Wann Dieb un Raawer un Liegner dir Sache noochsaagge for suspicion vun sich selwer schmeise, leb so ass niemand es vun dir glaabt. Du kaanscht net exschpeckte darrich die Welt kumme unni opposition, un wann du ken opposition miete deedscht, dann deedscht du aa ken Deiwel waut warre, Opposition iss was en Mann ins Feier dutt un weist was fer quality gold ass er iss. Sei net verschrocke weegge Liegge. Sie sin wie Dreck. Sie schtecke zu deim Gleed bis sie drucke sin un dernoh falle sie ab vun sich selwer. En rechtschafficher Mann iss mannichmol es bescht gekennt bei de Feind wu er hot. Duh net zarrife bis du es nimmi helfe kannscht, un dernoh geh druff los wie en Bull uff en Hoischtock. Der Martin Ludder hot gsaat: "Schtaert frisch uff, mach's Maul uff, heer ball uff," un loss mich dir saagge, der alt Ludder hot en aardlicher lewler Kopp ghatt. Der Gscheitscht gebt alsfert aerscht uff. Schaff net sunndaags, gemmel net, sie alsfert uffgelebt, halt dich vun schlechte Weibsleit. Mach all 's Geld ass du kannscht ehrlicherweis un seef all ass du kannscht unne Geiz. Geb zu gude Sache mit ere freie Hand un unnerschtitz Kaerrich un Sundaagschul. Helf de Aarme, awwer loss niemand es ausfinne; halt en frei Herz un en weise Hand, un du finnscht aus ass des die bescht Welt iss ass du in deim Lewe drin waarscht un dass die anner Welt net weit ab iss wann du die verlosscht.

—BOONASTIEL
(Thomas Hess Harter)

Pennsylvania German Folklore in the Shenandoah Valley

ELMER L. SMITH and JOHN STEWART

SHROVE TUESDAY

In many countries, Ash Wednesday is a strict day of fasting, a fact which helps make some of the Shrove Tuesday customs partly understandable. Shrove Tuesday was a special day throughout central Europe; it came to be called **mardi gras** in France and **Pancake Tuesday** in England, but in the Shenandoah Valley area it would best be called **fasch nacht day,** at least among the elderly people of German ancestry.

Despite the fact that few, if any, Valley residents of German ancestry observe fasting on Ash Wednesday, they traditionally serve special fried cakes on Shrove Tuesday. Recently the writers were invited to spend the 1963 Shrove Tuesday evening with a dialect speaking couple named Probst, who yearly prepare "fried cakes," served with "tree molasses" (maple syrup) and sassafras tea on that evening.

In Pendleton County, West Virginia, we were told, "The old people here used to raise flax and they said, 'As high as you'd have your stack of buckwheat cakes that morning was as high as your flax would grow.' "You are supposed to eat doughnuts on Shrove Tuesday too!"

In Shenandoah County, Virginia, we were told that they made "tangle-cakes" on Shrove Tuesday, and in Augusta County it was reported that, "We made doughnuts that day. They used to claim you couldn't raise any flax if you didn't have doughnuts on that day."

The last person to get up on Shrove Tuesday morning was called "Old Faschtie" and the young folks all struggled to get up early to avoid being teased throughout the day. Some mothers made a special fried cake for the last person up, just for amusement, and it was often miserably shaped and less attractive than the other cakes.

ASH WEDNESDAY

Ash Wednesday derives its name from the traditional use of ashes worn as a symbol of penitence. It is the first day of Lent, a period of penance in the preparation for Easter.

Although the ceremonial use of ashes has fallen into disuse among the reformed churches, in the Shenandoah Valley area the day is still marked by the use of ashes in some rural areas. The ashes, however, are not applied to humans, but to gardens, animals, and objects.

In some sections the first person up that day was called "Old Ashie," and he had to take the ashes out that day and the rest of the family teased him throughout the day. In other sections, the last person to arise was called "Ash-Haut" and it was a threat that ashes would be sprinkled over him.

Some of the early beliefs associated with ashes on Ash Wednesday are: (a) that ashes should be sprinkled on the garden to make it productive that year; (b) that the cattle should be ashed to keep lice away; (c) that ashes should be sprinkled in the chicken house; (d) the dog should get a liberal cover of fine ashes; (e) ashes should not be removed from the house on that day after dark; (f) ashes sprinkled around the entire outside of the house would keep snakes away and (g) ashes should be sprinkled throughout the chicken house.

A Pendleton County pow-wow doctor told the writers that when the cattle is being sprinkled with ashes on Ash Wednesday, the following unusual words should be spoken:

"The cattle must stay free
and clear
"We have two windows in
this year."

Another rhyme associated with the day is:

"To keep the lice away
Sprinkle on Ash Wednesday."

Although Ash Wednesday was a strict day of fasting in some countries, it was not in the Shenandoah Valley, for quite a few informants report that in earlier days they had the same food as was served on Shrove Tuesday. One informant said, "We made fritters, fried in hog grease and made a meal of them with tree syrup and hog meat on Ash Wednesday." Another said, "My grandmother claimed if we didn't make pancakes on Ash Wednesday the chickens wouldn't lay eggs."

Although Shrove Tuesday and Ash Wednesday have lost much of their original meaning in the Shenandoah Valley, the customs associated with these special days, though rapidly fading out of practice among the younger element of the population, have had social and functional meaning in making isolated life more pleasurable and hearty appetites satisfied.

MAUNDY THURSDAY

The Thursday before Easter has been a special day since medieval times. It is a day of the ceremony of the washing of the feet among some religious groups in commemoration of Jesus' having washed the feet of his disciples shortly before his crucifixion. The day was called Great Thursday by the Greeks and once was known as Sheer Thursday by the English, but the Pennsylvania Germans popularly referred to it as Green Thursday.

Aside from the religious aspects of the day, in the Shenandoah Valley area Maundy Thursday is associated with several practices and beliefs which are also known among the Germans in Pennsylvania. In discussing special days with several hundred elderly residents of the region, informants indicate a close association between Maundy Thursday and the dandelion. Some quotes are: "We always had greens on that day when the dandelion was available" and "We always looked for dandelions that day." Others stated, "We called it Greens Day, we tried to get our first mess of dandelions then." A few still gather them on that day.

Several interviewers referred to the dandelion in the dialect term **pissabett,** and explained that they gathered them, washed them and served them with a dressing made by mixing vinegar and bacon grease.

A few informants remembered that it was also a belief that a flower seed that was sown on Maundy Thursday would bloom with spotted flowers. Closely associated with that idea is the notion that eggs laid that day will hatch **peepies** (chicks) that would be spotted and different from the others.

Few young people in the Shenandoah Valley know or have heard that Maundy Thursday and Green Thursday have any special meaning, even those from parents who are of German ancestry, but the oldsters remember it with pleasure.

GOOD FRIDAY

Good Friday has been observed as a major festival of the Christian church from early times. Many people of the Valley celebrate this day as a religious holy day and attend special church services. In addition, there are some folk beliefs also associated with the day: For example, we are told that Good Friday is (a) the day to plant potatoes if you want an abundant crop, (b) the day to sow carrot seeds, (c) the day to bake, and (d) that it was a particularly good time to sow flax, and (e) to refrain from some activities such as scrubbing, cleaning and sewing or doing any unnecessary hard physical labor.

It was the day that many housewives colored the eggs in preparation for Easter. In the Valley, onion hulls were used to make the eggs a brownish red color; beet juice was used to produce a pale pink; and catnip was used for a pale green color. Bee's wax served two functions — to mottle the eggs and to make them yellowish. Some people scratched designs on the shells of hard - cooked eggs and made elaborate decorations.

Although some few homes prepare and decorate an Easter Egg tree, these are of recent origin and not at all a characteristic of the Easter season customs of the Shenandoah Valley.

ZEECHE

The following verses were sent to us by our oldest contributor, who is 87 years old today. The wellknown dentist, Dr. D. George Knecht, has been a steadfast contributor to the Eck for many years. After practicing his profession for 63 years he has now retired to Pen Argyl, R.D. 1. Deafness and cataracts on both eyes have not impaired his hold on life. We wish him continued faith and trust. — Ed.

En Blockhaus waar mei Pilgerzelt,
Hen mich datt uffgepickt;
Hab 's erscht Mol datt in daere Welt
Es Daageslicht erblickt.

Sell waar im Yaahr Centennial graad,
Des hawwich datt erfaahre;
Mei Mutter hot mir alfert gsaat,
Ich waer im Ochs gebore.

Kann ich dann nau die Waahret lese,
Graad wie die Meening do sei sett:
Der Baer Kalenner weist die Zeeche,
Sell iss im Zodiac der Zwett.

Wie kann en Zeeche Sarryefrei
Im Himmel hoch un fatt so weit
In Mensche nei verwandelt sei,
Ass ruld des Lewe vun de Leit?

'S waar als so gsaat, 's maag so sei,
Schtanne sin weit vun do gewiss;
Gaarde geblanst in Zeeche nei,
Ass es besser gewaxe iss.

Wer waar's hot mir der Weg gewisse,
Was net zu duh un was ich maag?
Hot gflickt mei Hosse wann verrisse,
Sell waar mei Mutter Daag bei Daag!

—D. Geo. Knecht

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Editorials

A Year Later

Somewhere along the line President Kennedy seems to have changed his mind about the relationships of the federal government to private industry.

A year ago he tied Big Steel to the public whipping post and flogged it mercilessly for daring to announce price increases without consulting him. This week, after Wheeling Steel projected a similar hike, he said his administration "is not interested in determining the appropriate price or profit levels of any particular industry."

The economic pressures in the steel industry are substantially the same this year as in April 1962. Employment costs have been rising but there has been no price increase in five years. Although there was some increase in production and an increase in depreciation allowances, three major companies were compelled to reduce their dividends.

There are, however, some differences. Wheeling Steel is a comparatively small operation compared with U.S. Steel and Bethlehem. It would be a considerably less popular whipping boy. Furthermore, the price increases it announced were selective and not across - the - board.

Then, too, the White House has been somewhat embarrassed that it was compelled to pressure for strike settlements completely ignoring the administration's so-called "non-inflationary guidelines." Apparently there is some concern some steelworkers may be thinking along the same lines. At least the President put a sentence in his statement reminding them that "with over 100,000 steelworkers still unemployed their need is for more jobs with job security, not fewer jobs with higher wages."

Obviously the statement by the White House, so different from last year's blast, was an attempt to be conciliatory. But, it was not all black and white.

Mr. Kennedy says he still is opposed to an across-the-board increase like the one that triggered last year's hostilities with Big Steel. But he has given no indication of how far the industry may go in testing the market before he will forget what sounds like a new non-intervention policy.

For the moment, the future cost of steel and the many products into which it enters, seems to be entirely in the hands of the industry and the union that represents its workers. This is precisely where it belongs.

Nearing the Limit

Problems confronting New York Mayor Robert Wagner in meeting the costs of government in the nation's largest city are not unlike those facing most other municipalities, including many in the Lehigh Valley. Taxing limits are rapidly being reached, but demands for public services and facilities far exceed available revenue.

The "income tax weekend" is a good time to recall that in 1916, when this country's population crossed the 100 million mark, all federal expenditures totalled $734 million or about $7.34 per person. With America's entry into World War I the following year, federal costs hit 10 digits for the first time, but the total still was just $1.9 billion.

New York City alone, with a population of 7.7 million, now has a budget of over $3 billion. That comes out to an average of $390 per person. And federal costs based on a $98.5 billion budget figure figure out to an individual average of $530.

Increasingly, the hard-pressed cities are turning to Washington to help lick some of their fiscal problems by taking on more local responsibilities. Inevitably this means more taxes or higher deficits both for the federal government and for the municipalities which generally have to provide matching funds.

This is the mushrooming area a Senate subcommittee recently called "the fourth branch of government," euphemistically adding it to the executive, legislative and judicial divisions defined in the Constitution and listed in the civics books. It is a vast uncoordinated bureaucracy spending from $11 to $14 billion a year. That's more than it cost to run the entire United States Government and pay all its bills in any peace-time year prior to 1941.

Little wonder many municipalities find it increasingly tough to raise the funds for discretionary spending at home. Some pay not only their own costs, but help support others whom the bureaucrats say can't meet their own needs.

What Others Say

Pope's Formula for Peace

Christian Science Monitor

Every sincere desire and effort to spread peace on earth, good will toward men, is welcome. The encyclical of Pope John XXIII gives Roman Catholics broad latitude to work with others on behalf of better organization for peace. ". . .The present system of organization and the way its principle of authority operates on a world basis no longer correspond to the objective requirements of the universal common good," he said.

A great deal of time and thought have gone into the preparation of this document and similar study and thoughtfulness will be needed to appraise it. At first glance the encyclical seems to empower Catholics to work for some form of world state, to be set up by common accord and not imposed, perhaps including Communists who have evolved away from strict Communist teachings, which shall have power to enforce peace in a largely disarmed world. The Pope suggests that the United Nations can be given power and responsibility equal to a task of this magnitude.

It remains to be seen how far the Pope would go toward the concept of a world state, which offers immense problems. One of these would be the church-state issue raised to the highest level. The world will surely wish to make every effort to serve the high cause of organization for peace without taking on the immense perils and complexities of a super state.

At the same time the Pope's concern for "an effective safeguard" for the individual's "inviolable and inalienable rights" will put careful limits on coexistence with the Communist or any other power system.

The reader cannot but be impressed with the way in which the Pope widens the range, always within "the directives of ecclesiastical authority," in which Catholics can seek broader common ground with others on these great issues. The others will surely give his proposals, and the spirit in which they are offered in this nuclear age, the conscientious study which they deserve.

Hard Boiled Eggs



White House and Steel

By DAVID LAWRENCE

President Kennedy has at last dealt sensibly with the problem of steel prices, in contrast with his action a year ago which unsettled the national economy. His mistake brought a mood of depression then. The correction of his error should bring a mood of confidence now.



Lawrence

For, in effect, the federal government has just announced that hereafter it will refrain from efforts to fix prices in any industry.

The text of the statement issued by the President is phrased, to be sure, with an eye to political effects. It was necessary to say something not merely to businessmen but to labor leaders about wage-price stability and the avoidance of inflation. For the political record, it was doubtless deemed wise to make it appear that the President's words this week are consistent with what he said a year ago.

But anyone who knows anything about the price - making process in steel is aware that a rise in the price list is always accompanied by variations, both upward and downward, in selected items. That's what the Wheeling Steel Co. announced earlier this week it intended to do, and that's what other steel companies wanted to try last year and apparently now are free to do with the ambiguous blessing of the White House.

The key sentence, however, in the President's statement — the substance of which, though not the phraseology, will be welcomed throughout the steel industry — reads as follows:

"I realize that price and wage controls in this one industry while all others are unrestrained would be unfair and inconsistent with our free competitive market — that unlike last year the government's good faith has not been engaged in talks with industry and union representatives — and that selected price adjustments, up or down, as prompted by changes in supply and demand, as opposed to across-the-board increases, are not incompatible with a framework of general stability and steel-price stability and are characteristic of any healthy economy."

Unfortunately, Mr. Kennedy again by inference accuses the steel executives of bad faith a year ago, though he must know that steel executives had said in public statements during the negotiations in 1962 that a price increase was long overdue. The administration in April 1962 made the mistake of breaking up the very same kind of process of changing prices on selected items in steel as it is approving today. Mr. Kennedy says he is merely urging restraint. He makes an appeal in general terms to labor, too, as follows:

"I urge similar restraint on the steel workers union. With over 100,000 steel workers still unemployed, their need is for more jobs with job security, not fewer jobs at higher wages. Across-the-board price increases could precipitate labor demands and unrest and would cause great difficulties for the country."

The President might better have said this same thing a year ago, and the Eisenhower administration might have said it in 1959 in settling the big steel strike of that year. For it all points up the salient fact that, if wage costs rise faster than they can be absorbed in price increases, this is bound to produce unemployment.

The problem is by no means solved by the President's statement about the announcement of one steel company that intends making selected price increases. The big question is buyer resistance.

It is conceivable that any substantial increase, even of a selective nature, in steel prices today may diminish demand. President Kennedy, however, at least has taken away the threat of intervention and removed any governmental objection to normal system of price-making in steel. This is indeed a salutary development.

Time alone will tell, on the other hand, whether the harassed and troubled industry, which faces such keen competition from the steel makers abroad, can move ahead now to the profits of previous years. If this happens, it will ensure an era of job creation, instead of job destruction.

Senate Secrecy

By TED LEWIS

One of the crudest exhibitions of unadulterated hokum ever perpetrated was unveiled by the Senate Thursday for the avowed purpose of keeping secret the proceedings at its first closed session in 20 years.

The Senate chamber was placed under heavy police guard, and all 20 clerical aids needed for the hush-hush occasion were required to sign a "so help me God" secrecy oath. While everyone knows the biggest blabbermouths are among the 100 Senators themselves, presumably it would have been an insult to their integrity similarly to take the secrecy pledge.

This strained effort at news management would only make sense had the gravest matter of national security been submitted to the Senate. Even then, it is certain that the lid could not have been kept on unless all the phone lines to the Capitol were cut and all members and staff employes had been confined to the building under Marine guard until the secrecy requirement could be lifted.

The problem dumped into the Senate's lap was not, however, in any sense a war - or - peace issue. It did involve a highly sensitive area concerning nuclear weaponry, but actually the prime question before the closed door session was not secret at all.

It concerned the question of how effective are the anti-missile missiles which the Russians have developed and whether they could knock off our long-range nuclear missiles and thus wipe out our ability to retaliate in kind for a sneak attack on the U.S. This is a subject which has been booted around publicly in the Pentagon. It has also been gone into in great and even boring length during recent Congressional committee hearings.

The individual Senator responsible for thrusting the subject before the Senate itself on a hush-hush basis was Strom Thurmond (D-S.C.), who has always shown a proclivity for political melodrama in which all the demagogic stops can be pulled out.

Talks for the Army

Thurmond, an Army reserve major general, has also shown a proclivity for pushing the Army's case on any military issue before the Senate, even if the Army brass feel his methods were often embarrassing and seldom effective.

So this, in essence, was why the Senate met in ridiculous secrecy today — to hear Thurmond try to scare the senators with a lot of vague intelligence data — all aimed, of course, at getting the U.S. anti-missile missile, the Army's controversial Nike Zeus, into big-scale production in a hurry.

If there is any lingering doubt about this, take a look at a segment of the censored hearing of Feb. 28 before the Senate Armed Services Committee, of which Thurmond is a member.

The exchange was between Thurmond and Gen. Earle Wheeler, Army chief of staff. It went like this:

Thurmond — The Nike-Zeus should be developed.

Wheeler — Yes, sir.

Thurmond — What is your feeling if Nike-Zeus is not developed, is not made available as early as possible? Do you think there might be a defense gap?

Wheeler — This, of course, is where you get into a judgment factor, Sen. Thurmond. My own feeling is that the advantages in protection of a goodly number of millions of people, and a large segment of our economy, by deploying as early as possible is worth the additional cost of about $2.8 billion, as I recall.

Wheeler continuing (going back to the "defense gap") — The figures, there is a gap of

Continued on Page 7, Column 3

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Without You

I know what it means to be lonely. . .I know what it means to be blue . . . I live in a world without sunshine . . . there's nothing for me without you. . . missing are lips sweet and tender . . . gone is the beautiful face . . . my arms enfold but a spectrum. . .as they reach out to embrace . . . silent are words of enchantment . . . phrases of pure warm delight . . . although at times I can hear them . . . calling to me through the night . . . I've tried so hard to erase you . . . from the blackboard of my heart . . . but there are too many visions . . . haunting me since we're apart . . . I know what it means to be lonely. . . I know what it is to be blue. . . I live in a world without sunshine . . . there's nothing for me without you.

Horoscope

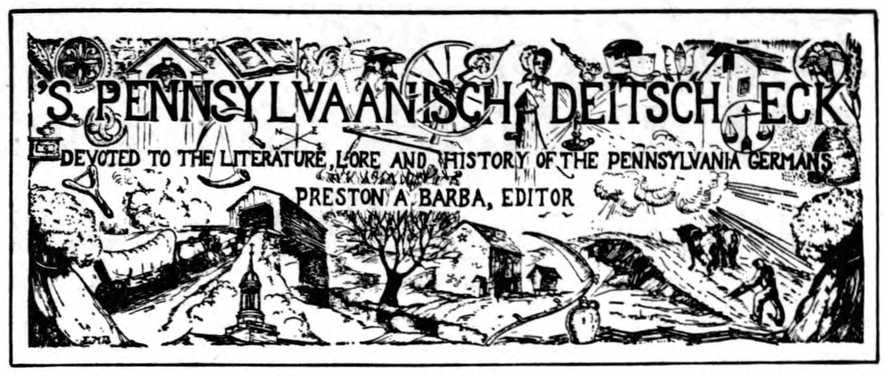
Progress will be slow but steady. Today's child will be profound.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

Question: Please explain why Jesus said, "My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" I am a firm believer in God and His righteousness, but I find this puzzling. F. S.

Answer: Shortly before our Lord died on the cross of Calvary, He cried out with a loud voice: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" In these words of agony we sense in a small way what He really did for us. On the cross He actually took upon Himself the guilt and penalty of our sins and at that moment God the Father looked away. Christ bore the punishment which rightly belongs to us, and this included the curse and judgment of sin itself. There are those who speak of this as the requirement of a vengeful God; actually, it was the meeting of God's Holiness and Justice with His Love and Mercy, all in one mighty transaction for the redemption of mankind. Today, the very heart of the Gospel message is this — we are saved by faith in what God, the Son, has done for us and in nothing else.



Pennsylvania German Folklore in the Shenandoah Valley

ELMER L. SMITH and JOHN STEWART

(Continued)

EASTER

Easter is named after the Teutonic goddess of spring, Eastre. The day is one of the three great festivals of the Christian church, celebrating the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, it is therefore an important religious event among the Germans of the Valley.

However, if one asks numerous people what they associate with Easter, they will invariably mention the Easter Rabbit or eggs, and so it is in the Shenandoah Valley.

Several elements associated with the Easter Bunny and eggs are emphasized as the most significant social aspects of the special day, and aside from the important religious meaning, they stand out in memory of most elderly people today. These are "setting caps" hiding eggs, eating eggs and "picking" eggs.

Egg Hunt

Members of the family secretly gathered eggs, and kept them in a hiding place for weeks before Easter Eve when they were brought into the house and displayed as an individual's secret and compared with the quantity others had managed to gather and hide. The traditional egg hunt is of course quite distinct from this practice, for in the Valley, when each young member of the family gathered eggs, others tried to find them and if they were successful, they confiscated them. It was of course all in fun, for all the eggs were brought together on Easter Eve anyhow and used as a family treasure. The gathering of eggs secretly and the search for the hiding place of a brother or sister continued for weeks before Easter and was a large part of the entire celebration.

Setting Caps

Young children expected a visit from the Easter Rabbit on Easter morn, so they "set their caps" or bonnets, in which they expected the Rabbit would lay some eggs. The boys placed their caps, and the girls their bonnets, under the kitchen chair or table before they went to bed on Easter Eve. In the morning a cluster of hard-cooked colored eggs would be found in the bonnets and caps.

Some families allowed the children to participate in the egg-coloring, in which case the children were told that the Easter Rabbit left only the mottled eggs and the rest were placed in the "nests" by the parents. Under such conditions, children didn't see the mottled eggs produced (made by using bee's wax) as they were prepared earlier or later.

Some Dunkard and Mennonite parents didn't believe in telling the children that there was an Easter Rabbit, but these same parents did supply their offspring with colored eggs anyhow, but not colored eggs laid by the special mythical rabbit.

Egg Feast

Easter morning was a time for an egg feast. They were looked forward to with glee, although it may seem surprising inasmuch as the people were farmers and gathered a quantity of eggs daily. Actually, few eggs were served to the family since almost all eggs were sent to market where they brought credit from the general store or needed cash. Thus, eggs to eat in quantity were a special treat, especially colored ones.

In the old days, on Easter, informants tell us that people actually tired to see how many eggs they could eat. Men often asked one another, "How many eggs did you eat this morning?" An Augusta County informant told how he "ate a dozen once" and another said, "I et a race with my brother. I et 28 eggs and he had a few less than that. We did it at one sitting. It never hurt me a bit."

Young people even carried their colored eggs to church with them, several informants recall that at a Brethren church in Pendleton County, West Virginia, the young people left so many egg shells around the premises that the preacher bawled them out on Easter Sunday.

Picking Eggs

A popular Easter game among the young people was called "picking" eggs or egg "fighting." A person selected what he considered to be his strongest egg and challenged someone else to "pick" against him. The eggs were tapped against each other until one of the egg shell cracked, then the owner of the other egg claimed the cracked one as prize.

Considerable lore has become associated with egg picking, such as the belief that an egg with a brown shell was stronger than one with a white shell, and that a chicken egg was stronger than a guinea egg but weaker than a duck egg. A goose - egg was thicker and stronger than all others including the turkey egg.

Tricks were also played with the "picking" egg. Some boys soaked them in sugar-water in an attempt to coat the shell and make it thicker and stronger, and stories are told of boys who carefully carved wooden eggs and colored them to use in the picking game.

The boy who owned the egg which had won the most cracked eggs in the neighborhood claimed to own the "King" or "Champion" egg and he bragged about such ownership just as much as he did about the number of eggs he had eaten.

ASCENSION DAY

Celebrated forty days after Easter to commemorate Christ's ascent into heaven, Ascension Thursday was one of the first festivals of the Christian Church.

The population of the Shenandoah Valley is made up primarily of people who trace their lineage to Germany and Switzerland. A large portion of their forefathers first settled in southeastern Pennsylvania before migrating to the Valley. It is little wonder that the beliefs, supersititions and practices associated with Ascension day have their counterpart in Pennsylvania.

Ascension Day is recognized among some people in the Valley area as a religious holiday when certain work is not to be engaged in.

Sewing

Elderly women tell us, "Grandma wouldn't allow any one pick up a needle or thread on that day . . . if you tore a button off your clothes she wouldn't let anyone sew it back on . . . not on that day, she said lightning would strike you or the house."

In Rockingham County we were told, "An old woman back here made a shirt for her boy on Ascension Day and lightning came and hit all around her house. She took the shirt out and put it on the limb of a tree . . . and lightning knocked the shirt to pieces."

"A Pendleton County, West Virginia, informant reported that nearby "a woman sat under a tree making a bonnet for her baby on Ascension Day when suddenly a bolt of lightning struck the tree and tore it to pieces."

Numerous stories are told about striking objects of clothing made on this day and many people can name residents who ripped every stitch out of an article they had sewed on Ascension Day, forgetting that it was that special day.

Planting

Older men well remember when it is unusual for anyone to work in the ground on Ascension day. A Criders resident said, "We planted corn one year on the mountain side, rain came and washed it all out — including the rail fence, we didn't work on that dy aince."

Several recalled a verse:

"If you plant on Ascension Day,
All your stuff will wash away."

A Pendleton County farmer said, "We never planted anything in the ground that day. It was believed something would destroy the crop; rain would wash it out, a late frost would kill it or something."

Other Beliefs

The writers were told, "We knew a man who sheared a flock of sheep on Ascension Day and lightning struck a big tree and it fell and killed a lot of his sheep." A widow claimed, "My husband cut brush on that day and a flood came and took all his cherry trees from our orchard in the bottom land." A third type of reprisal against work on this special day was told by an elderly man, "My daddy worked in the barn that day and the next day he found his heifer was dead. He never worked on Ascension Day again as long as he lived."

It is claimed by some people that bread baked on that day will get moldy and a West Virginia informant admitted that "One of my relatives won't bake bread on that day."

Still others remember when, in some neighborhoods, it was considered inappropriate to use horses in the field or for transportation of any kind on Ascension Day. The general attitude was best summed up by an aged Augusta County farmer who said, "My daddy brought us up not to do any work on that day. Why I'd rather work on Christmas than on Ascension Day!"

Fishing

While most women visited and relaxed during the special no-work day, a few believed it proper to boil soap or pick and card wool, but almost all the men believed the day was especially good for fishing. One did remind us, howeevr, that, "the worms had to be dug before hand because we couldn't take a hoe and dig the earth that day."

Although fishing was the major activity in the Shenandoah Valley on Ascension Day, and in spite of the general agreement that work was to be avoided, not quite all people agreed to such inactivity. A Broadway oldster reported that his brother-in-law went fishing instead of reporting to work. The next day his boss asked, "Where were you yesterday?" He was told, "Why I went fishing, it was Ascension Day — you know, bad luck day." The employer answered, "You can go fishing today, too!" It was a bad luck day for certain.

(To Be Continued)

FRIEHJOHR

Es Friehjohr kummd
Es kummd gewiss!
Un sell iss wohr,
Wann ebbes iss!

Der Winder gehd!
Der Schnee iss wegg;
Un iwwerall
Leid lauder Dreck.

Der Wind waar als
So grobb un rauh;
Doch bloossd er schee
Un leidlich nau.

Die Grigre wore
Kfrore un glee;
Sie schmelse, schwelle
In die Heeh.

Un Blumme sehnd
Mer hie un do—
Gehl un weiss
Un pink un blo.

Die Bisch un Beem,
Sie griene uff;
Die Sunn rufd schunn
Die Saft nau ruff.

Die Amschle rod
Un Veggel blo —
Mer sehnd und heerd
Sie hie un do.

Un 's Friehjohr bleibd
Aa ned juschd draus;
Die Deer schdehd uff
Un's kummd ins Haus.

Uff Fenschdersitz
Werd Gorde kschdard;
In Baxe wackse
Tomaets un Graud.

Un 's iss aa schdiller
Nau im Haus;
Die Kinner schbiele
Widder draus.

Es kummd aa rei
An de Kellerdeer;
Die Kohlbin iss
Un bleibd aa leer.

Wie Weld un Haus
So aa im Herz —
Dard ziegd nau naus
Der Winderschmerz.

Dard warmd un wacksd
Un singd un bliehd
In jedem Herz
En Friehjohrs Lied.

Es Friehjohr kummd!
Es kummd gewiss
Un nix iss wohr,
Wann sell ned iss

—ERNEST G. GEHMAN

Eastern Mennonite College
Harrisonburg, Virginia

HAUSBUTZ GICHTERE

Unser Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Weibsleit sin vun de beschte Hausweiwer in der Welt. Monatelang duhne sie alles fer 's eem recht leidlich mache. Awwer im Friehyaahr un widder im Harrebscht sehnt mer dass ebbes sie am Uffriehre iss. Eb mer sich umsehne kann, breche die Hausbutz Gichtere aus in ihne. Noh, fer paar Woche iss es net so leidlich im Haus rum.

Fer die Hausbutzgichtere gebt, s yuscht ee Kyur. Mer muss sie ihre Weg laafe losse. Wann mer der Maemm gut helft, noh geht, s wie es als gange iss mit em Bruschtfiewer. Nooch em neinte Daag brecht's Fiewer.

Fer was duhne unser liewe Weibsleit zweemoll 's Yaahr so leide mit de Hausbutzgichtere? Sin ihre Heiser so dreckich? Gewiss net! Ferwas dann gehne sie so ans Butze? Weil all die Weibsleit in der Nichberschaft aa draa sin. Besser aus der Welt als wie aus em Schteil.

Un wann en Fraa net ihr gans Haus uffreisst un kloppt Kaerpet un Bettkleeder, noh watt sie schlappich gscholte. Un sell will ken Fraa gsaat hawwe vun sich.

Nau ich un die Karolyn hen die Gichtere schunn etliche Woche. Alle Daag, ass wie net Sunndaag, sin mer am Hausbutze. Mir misse des so duh wie unser Krefte es erlaawe. Mit uns gehts' nimmi so schtarrig.

Ich hab net gewisst ass ich so viel muscles in mir hab, bis ich paar Daag Fenschtere un Diere helfe hab abwesche. Alle muscles in meim Karreber hen mir schmerzlich weh geduh. Un der Weg wie ich gfiehlt hab, muss ich ebaut 7000 muscles hawwe, odder verleicht noch wennicher.

Awwer wann 's Haus gebutzt iss, dann iss es ewwe doch so leidlich. Alles riecht so gut un so sauwer. Die Fenschtere glitzere un mer kann widder sehne was die Nochbere am Duh sin. Doch hawwich 's Hausbutze gaar ewich uff em Schtrich.

—Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun de Lebanon News

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Editorials

Only the Methods Differ

The ardent desire of Cuban refugees in the United States to make short work of Castro and his Soviet supporters is quite easy to understand. The idea that either Jose Miro Cardona or the Cuban Revolutionary Council should call the signals for American foreign policy is, however, completely indefensible.

Actually, the aims of the United States and most of the refugees who have found haven as guests of this country are the same. Both want to get rid of Castro and those who seemingly have made him so secure in this hemisphere.

The methods they would use differ. Cardona, who now has resigned from the council, has been pressuring for an invasion to drive them out with little delay. He accuses the President of breaking faith with those who would fight for Cuba's freedom.

Whatever this country's plan may be, the White House quite properly is counting all the possible costs of any action that would be launched from its shores.

Quite possibly, President Kennedy went too far in encouraging the Revolutionary Council to believe there would be a speedy followup to the disastrous and disheartening Bay of Pigs invasion. Whatever he may have said to Cardona in the privacy of the White House, he publicly told the ransomed prisoners of the illfated invasion that their battle flags would ultimately be returned to a free Havana.

It is the business of the President to keep the fires of freedom burning brightly in the hope that all who desire it eventually may enjoy the privileges in their own homelands. Enthusiasm may at times lead to overly optimistic hopes easily confused with promises by those eager to see them fulfilled.

The President's prime responsibility, however, is to safeguard the United States. Decisions involved in meeting this obligation cannot be surrendered to anyone, even though the objectives are the same.

Washington Hot Seat

When the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare noted its 10th anniversary the other day it was forced to admit to a unique and not too enviable record.

In its first decade, the turnover of cabinet-level secretaries has been higher than in any other department of the executive branch of government. Since President Eisenhower named Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby of Texas as secretary, there have been five department heads.

The Eisenhower policy was to name persons experienced in business and social service activities but with little knowledge of the workings of political empires. Their tenure was short-lived.

President Kennedy hasn't done much better, as far as continuity is concerned, with appointees from political life. Former Gov. Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut, who resigned to run for a seat in the Senate was his first. Former Mayor Anthony J. Celebrezze of Cleveland succeeded him and now is rounding out his first year in Washington.

Even the best-intentioned and most competent secretaries in the department are on one of the toughest spots in Washington. Their bailiwck is broad and varied.

In some areas, as in the food and drug section, their aides turn in notable performances that serve the nation and its people well. In others, particularly the assorted fields of education, in which they dabble, many of the assorted drones the cabinet secretaries inherit are primarily interested in building their own prestige. They enjoy swiveling around in foam-cushioned chairs, dreaming up new ideas to separate taxpayers from their dollars. Short of new ideas of their own, they dote on pirating going programs and on moving them from the privately or locally supported domains to the government establishment.

If Secretary Celebrezze can rein in some of these, or better still put them out to pasture, chances are he'll stick in Washington longer than any of his predecessors and enjoy himself more.

The Show Goes On

Seldom does a photograph so graphically record tragedy as did the one published on Page 1 of the Morning Call yesterday.

There, in the glare of the spotlight, sprawled the figure of a woman. In the upper right hand corner appeared an aerial platform.

The beam of light and the platform told the story. There was scarce need for the caption below.

The circus had taken the life of another aerialist.

A moment before that spotlight had been focused on the shining figure of a woman, one of the world's great, as she performed her solo act 60 feet overhead for nearly 5,000 spectators.

Now, she was but a body sprawled out on the sawdust.

Yetta Grotofent was the third member of the famed Wallendas aerialist troup to die in a fall in the past 16 months.

There was silence, sobbing, among the crowd and then the show went on.

And so will the Wallendas — go on.

"What can we do? Fold up the act? It is our living," said Karl Wallenda who suffered pelvic injuries in the accident that killed two members of the troupe in Detroit in 1962.

It is their living, but it is also their life.

The glamor of that moment as the ringmaster directs attention to the high wire above the center ring, the hushed audience, the band suddenly silent, the dimming lights, the spots picking up the performers way up there!

How can a performer who has tasted of all this forsake so spectacular a life?

There is always an audience for those who risk their lives to thrill others and the sad commentary is that the tragedies that have befallen the great Wallendas will serve only to whet the thrill.

Greased Pig



Boost to Business

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Americans pride themselves in the belief that they have a "government of law." But the news dispatches of the last few days cast doubt on whether in certain instances such a system really prevails.

Again and again the public has been given the impression that somehow the President of the United States today has the power under law to approve or disapprove of steel prices.

When the announcement was made a week ago that a small steel company had raised its prices, there began to appear dispatches from Washington and Palm Beach which reported widespread conjecture as to whether the White House would interfere and squelch the price rise.


Lawrence

Virtually all the steel companies, one by one, now have announced their decision to follow the first company, but each has applied the formula of a price rise a little differently on a "selective" basis.

Does the President really have any power to forbid price rises? There is no law that says so. But if the steel companies follow one another in a certain course of action, can they be prosecuted? The laws are not clear. There is some reason to believe that it is a possible violation of existing federal laws for several companies in an industry to conspire to raise their prices, and by the same token it is said to be unlawful for them even to reduce prices in concert.

Supposing, however, the companies do not consult one another but each one actually arrives at a judgment independently, can this action be prosecuted? The answer is that existing law is vague, and this point has never been clearly interpreted by the Supreme Court.

There is one law which says that it is a crime to sell goods at "unreasonably low prices for the purpose of destroying a competitor." The Supreme Court has recognized that a company might have a "legitimate commercial objective" such as "liquidation of excess, obsolete or perishable merchandise or to meet a lawful equally low price of a competitor."

But there apparently are risks in reducing prices as dangerous as in raising prices. If companies follow each other, what is their motive? Each company that is operating on a narrow margin may feel it should go to a higher price if its competitor does. It's the larger companies which, by keeping prices down, can drive a small company out of business.

Economic law — the natural circumstances that govern supply and demand — should, of course, prevail. But in recent months another factor far more potent than economic law itself somehow has gotten into the picture. It is the power of the President of the United States to threaten companies with grand jury investigations if the administration happens to dislike a rise in prices at a particular time.

When Mr. Kennedy in the last few days decided to acquiesce in what are called "selective" price increases in the steel industry, he took a constructive step which will do more to improve the business situation than even a tax cut could do.

Confidence on the part of the business world is a difficult thing to measure. Its absence is readily apparent, and its presence is a material factor in encouraging business planning and business expansion.

When Mr. Kennedy this time refrained from using presidential influence on the price-making machinery, he, in effect, proclaimed throughout the business world a message of encouragement. It could change the whole trend in business generally and bring the stimulus that has been lacking during the last 12 months.

Japanese Squeeze

By VICTOR RIESEL

Japanese steel makers have the United States in an iron vise. Tokyo's industrialists are dumping special steel products here worth scores of millions of dollars. They are selling tens of thousands of tons of this material at unmatchable low prices.


Riesel

This gives the Japanese enough profits to enable them to sell at extremely low cost to the new Chinese Communist industries. Thus our dollars indirectly aid the military enemy in Asia.

This has been graying the hair of many a steel executive. Production costs in the United States are skyrocketing. But the Japanese, operating on a low-wage level, have been dumping the metal into America at prices running considerably under our manufacturers' lists on certain items.

What was a Japanese trickle of steel into the United States has become a roaring flood — especially on the West Coast.

For example: In all of 1961 there came into the West Coast ports 610 tons of cold rolled steel. But in the last three months of last year, the Japanese unloaded almost 13,000 tons of such supplies.

In all, the Tokyo steel industry sold some $78 million worth of steel in 1961. But in 1962 they poured over $136 million worth into the U. S.

That's a lot of sales to lose to just one foreign low-wage competitor. To meet this competition the Kaiser Steel Corp. had to lower its prices on the West Coast last year. They slashed prices on a wide range of steel products by $12 a ton. This was followed by similar cuts by Bethlehem and U. S. Steel on the West Coast.

Last February U. S. Steel reduced the price of three types of stainless steel products by amounts ranging from $55 to $200 a ton.

But still the Japanese continue to dump their products — sometimes cutting their prices by $40 a ton less than they sell it to their own industrialists back home.

Now that increasing costs have forced the U. S. steel industry to raise prices selectively, the Japanese will have a field day. They hope to triple their sales here in '63.

Despite their low prices they have a profitable American market. Thus they are able to develop a financial cushion to enable them to sell to the Mao Tse-tung government on the Chinese mainland at the low prices demanded by the Communists.

They are selling to Peking despite direct requests from the White House — and from a Department of Commerce emissary — to cease dealing with the Communist bloc in the Orient.

Until a few weeks ago the Japanese have had trade missions in Peking working on what they hope will be a $500 million two-way trade deal. This will include steel, of course.

The Communists and the Japanese government have developed an ingenious gimmick as a method for the Tokyo regime to claim it really is not itself dealing with Mao. This is the "Friendship" trade formula.

Communist China simply designates "friendly firms" with which it will deal in Japan. There are now 174 Japanese corporations on this list, including affiliates of the Japan Iron and Steel Federation.

This private "Friendship" trade formula was first adopted by Communist China in November 1960 after consultation with some of the highest Japanese leaders. These sell Peking plant machinery, chemicals for the manufacture of dry batteries — and stainless sheets and high-speed steel.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: I am a young Christian but I have found that some of my old friends shun me. Why is this? Does this mean that I will always be unpopular? F.W.

ANSWER: A native of Kittyhawk said of the Wright Brothers: "I knew as soon as I saw those boys that they were different from the folks down here. They had an idea. It possessed them.

I used to listen as they argued by the house. I didn't understand what they were driving at, but I saw that they meant business. I knew that they would get there."

Anyone who stands out from the crowd; anyone who is distinctive will be shunned, at least for the time being. That is human nature. If you want to be popular, just conform to the crowd and be a meaningless face.

Read the biography of great men, and you will find that they were considered "outcasts." Not because they were undesirable, but because the rank and file can only understand mediocrity.

No, this slight by your friends doesn't mean that you will always be unpopular. When they "dig" you; when they see that what you have is lasting, and that you are perfectly sincere, then they will begin to ask what you've got that they haven't, and then you can tell them.

The Bible teaches that we Christians are a "peculiar" people.

Horoscope

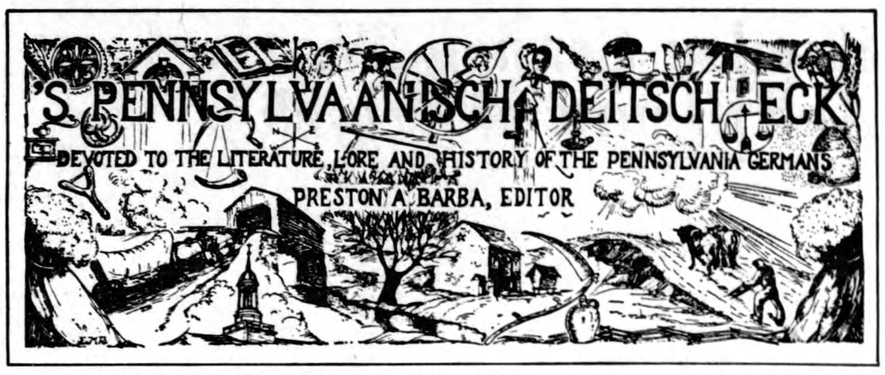
Love and travel highlight the year. Today's child will be kind and tender-hearted.

The modern generation of U. S. foot soldiers may travel on stilts. Built onto the G.I.'s boots, the wedge-shaped stilts will deflect fragments of exploding land mines away from the wearers.

NOTES ON THE NEWS


4-20

"Ivan, doesn't Cuba have anything to pay for our machinery with other than cigars?"



SOME HISTORICAL FACTS OF THE OLEY VALLEY IN BERKS COUNTY

By DAVID B. KAUFMAN

This has been written at the suggestion of the Editor of the Eck. The author has been a resident of Emmaus for better than half a centruy but our ancestral home is located in the Oley valley, our earliest American ancestor having established a homestead there about 1730, which is still in the family name. I might point out that there has been a rather unique affinity or relationship between the two places from earliest times, at first through the Moravians, as I shall point out later and which you discover if you read the interesting Moravian diaries and congregational reports so meticulously translated by Dr. Barba in his book, "They Came to Emmaus" (Holben Printing Co.; 1959). Recently the tie has been through the Lutherans primarily. The present pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church, Emmaus, is the Rev. Martin L. Rothenberger, an Oley native; the former pastor of the same, the Rev. Paul F. Spieker, on leaving here, assumed the pastorate of the Lutheran church in Oley. The late Rev. D. C. Kaufman, pastor of the Zionsville Lutheran charge, was an Oley native but resided in Emmaus for almost half a century. Perhaps you will allow me to relate a striking coincidence. A few years ago a new neighbor moved next door to me in the person of Bernarr Feather, a native of Breinigsville. After getting acquainted and comparing our family trees, we discovered that our grandfathers had been neighbors in the village of Oley, almost a century ago.

The Oley Valley is located about midway between Reading and Boyertown, over five miles in diameter and about 30 square miles in area, with very fertile soil. The principal village is also called Oley or Friedensburg. The name Oley is derived from an Indian name "Olink," meaning a kettle because it is surrounded by hills on all sides. For over 250 years it has been boiling and seething like the contents of a kettle with life of these industrious pioneers and their descendants; it seethed too with religious agitation, as we shall see. This name of Olink or Oley was corrupted by the natives in the vernacular into "Olich." An amusing but true story about this is told by P. C. Croll in his "Annals of the Oley Valley" (Reading Eagle Press; 1926). As a student in the latter part of the 19th century he spent a summer in that township doing colporteur work, namely, handing out religious tracts or booklets. Hearing the name "Olich" mentioned so frequently, he asked an old timer the meaning or derivation of the word, whereupon this home-spun etymologist made the following serious (not humorous to him) explanation: "Des will ich dir graad saagge. Wie der Columbus noch Amerika kumme iss, noh het er noch garn noch Readin gewollt selle Daag. Noh hot er ewwe abgschtard zu laafe; und wie er uff der Baerrig do kumme iss, noh iss yuscht die Sunn unner gange; noh hot er ausgerufe, 'O Licht!' Now heesst 's ewwa Olicht."

You will recall, no doubt, when Wm. Penn first laid out his colony in 1682 he divided it into three parts called counties, viz. Philadelphia, Chester, and Bucks, each vast tracts by themselves, all radiating out from the point on the Delaware where he was to locate and build his new city called by a Greek name, Philadelphia. These three counties at that time extended to the New York state line. Later they were subdivided. In 1752, the same year that Northampton County, which included our area, was formed or cut out of Bucks, Berks was cut out of Philadelphia and Chester Counties. Both Northampton and Berks then extended to the northern boundary of the State, also a vast area. In 1772 the territory north of the Blue Mountains was formed into Northumberland County, comprising about one-third of the State and included about three-fourths of what had been Berks County. Sunbury became its county seat. Lancaster County was organized in 1729; York in 1749; Cumberland in 1750; but Lehigh not until 1812 from Northampton County. Oley Township, however, had been formed already in 1710. But later several other townships were cut out of it also. All activity in Penn's woods or Pennsylvania, a coined Latin word, had its focal point in Philadelphia, whence colonists set out along the water courses, the Wissahickon, the Delaware, and the Schuylkill. As time passed and settlers kept coming, they had to proceed ever farther into the hinterland, eventually to the headwaters of these streams, to the springs which fed the rivulets which fed the creeks which fed the rivers. The Manatawny, the strongest stream in the Oley valley, is a tributary of the Schuylkill, just as the Perkiomen, along which the settlers in our area passed before crossing South Mountain. (Why local settlers came over the mountain instead of coming up the Lehigh and Little Lehigh rivers, I can't explain. It seems historians are not consistent and perhaps local settlers just wanted to be different.)

When the first colonists came, they found several Indian villages in the Oley valley. It is said that in the middle of the 17th century, before Oley was settled, a battle was fought between the Indians and a company of pioneer prospectors who tried to get their land, where the Oley churches now stand. The first white men also found traces of wallows used by buffalo that just recently had moved westward; also there is evidence that elk, panthers, and bears were prevalent. Among the early settlers were Swedes, Germans, Swiss, French, and English. The French were Huguenots, i.e. of the Protestant faith; the English were Quakers—some of the Germans were Quakers too. The Quakers were among the first arrivals. To them belongs the honor of having the first house of worship in Oley. This Quaker Meeting House was in existence already in 1727. Here worshipped Daniel Boone's grandfather who had settled nearby in 1720 and "Abe" Lincoln's forebears in 1730. Daniel Boone himself spent the first sixteen years of his life right here in Oley. (For further details see last year's issue of The Hearthstone, published by the Shelter House Scoiety of Emmaus. However, no more copies are available except through members.) The Quakers were most active and influential here in the 18th century. By 1751 they had four Meeting Houses in Berks County, and at one time had over 2000 members, but their numbers and influence have waned. Before the Revolution the English were the leaders in colonial affairs; they did the surveying, acted as Justices of the Peace, and were the representatives to councils. But because many of them were Tories and because these Quakers together with the Moravians and Schwenkfelders refused to take up arms or to take the Oath of Allegiance during the Revolution, they fell from grace and the Germans took their place; the latter furnished the soldiers and the supplies to carry on the war. Relative to the above - mentioned Moravian pacifists, we would refer you again to Dr. Barba's book (op. cit.) under chapter heading "Emmaus in the American Revolution" p. 106 ff.

But I go ahead of the story. The first land sold in Oley was a tract of 5[illegible] acres which Wm. Penn conveyed to a John Stashold of England in 1682, the same year that Penn got title to this province. But we can not prove that he settled here then or later, but in 1725 this tract was transferred to John Hoch. The first settler, however, was John Keim who in 1698 bought a tract of land on the head waters of the Manatawny and in 1706 settled there. In 1712 Isaac DeTurk established himself on a tract of 300 acres. Between 1712 and 1730 came Abraham Levan, Jonathan Herbein, Jean Bertolet, John Hoch, John Yoder, and David Kaufman. Many others came a little later. The first extant assessor's list of Oley, dated 1734, records 61 landowners in the township. By 1750 there were 131. Some of these were Huguenots, like the Levans, the DeTurks, the Herbeins, and the Bertolets. The Yoders were Swiss. The Kaufmans cannot deny their "herkunft." But all these were soon assimilated, since all intermarried and thus lost their national characteristics or identities. But it is self-evident that the Germans must have been in the majority or else Pennsylvania German would never have developed there. (The French Huguenots had settled first in the Palatinate and their descendants spoke German. Their epitaphs in The Oley Valley are in German — Ed.)

Speaking in generalities, there were three great nationalities in colonial Pennsylvania. The Quakers confined themselves for the most part within a radius of 35 miles of Philadelphia. Beyond, for 50 or more miles, were the Germans. And, thirdly, between the Germans and the Indians were the Scotch-Irish, those sturdy pioneers on the edge of civilization. These latter repelled the Indian attacks but they also had provoked them by their haste to possess the Indians' land.

All those familiar with local history will immediately recognize by the aforementioned dates that the Oley Valley was settled some time prior to our own area. Why this was so, I can only guess and that is not very scholarly. The distance from Philadelphia was about the same. South Mountain here could not have been so much of a barrier. Any one who wants to pin down anything in our area to any definite, recorded dates before 1730 is treading on dangerous ground. Perhaps, but only perhaps, the first settler in these parts, called Maguntsche, appeared in 1719, coming over from Oley (See Skizzen op. cit. p. 38). There are no definite records of the Dillingersville settlement before 1734 (See A. S. Berky, The Schoolhouse Near the Old Spring; Van Rees Press; 1955; Chapter 1). Egypt, another early settlement, had nothing definite before 1733. Allentown was not conceived until many years later, 1762. The first tree for the first log to build the first house in Bethlehem was felled on Dec. 21, 1740. Easton appeared in 1750.

Oley was the home of several prominent figures in addition to Daniel Boone and "Abe" Lincoln's forebears. John Lesher was a member of the Constitutional Convention and Commissioner of Supplies for the Continental Army. General Daniel Udree was a colonel during the Revolution and a Major-General in the war of 1812. Daniel Hunter (Jaeger) was also a colonel in the Continental Army, commanding a regiment at Trenton and at Brandywine; Daniel DeTurk also had a command in that war.

Several paper mills, woolen factories, oil mills, grist mills, saw mills, furnaces, and forges were established early, the first being a forge in 1740 and a furnace in 1744. there is a sawmill still in existance with an up-and-down saw, which was the earliest type — not a circular saw. Henry Ford was very anxious and made great effort to purchase this for his museum at Dearborn, Michigan, without avail. We too prize our antiques.

(To Be Concluded)

PARRE SCHTORIS

Mei gans Lewelang hawwich Schtoris gheert wu der Parre nooch der Breddich des gfrogt hot: "All die wu in der Himmel welle, schteht uff." Nau ich mach ken Gschpass iwwer die Religion, yuscht es waar immer ee Kall in denne Schtoris wu net uffgschtanne iss. Datt iss wu die Gschpass nei kumme iss.

1. — Der Abe Lincoln, wie er noch aardlich yung waar, iss geloffe fer Kongress. Er iss in die Kaerrich gange, un nooch der Breddig hot der Parre gsaat: "All die wu sich bekehre welle, schteht uff." Es sin paar uffgschtanne. Noh hot der Parre gsaat: "All die wu net an der schlecht Blatz welle, schteht uff." Sie sin all uffgschtanne ass wie der Lincoln. Noh saagt der Parre, "Mr. Lincoln, wu witt du hie?" Der Abe hot geandwatt, "Ich will laafe fer Kongress den Harrebscht."

2. — In re annre Kaerrich hot der Parre arrig scharref gebreddicht. Noh hot er gsaat, "All die ass in der Himmel welle, schteht uff." Niemand iss uffgschtanne. Noh hot der Parre gsaat, "All ass an der schlecht Blatz welle, schteht uff." Noh iss ee Kall uffgschtanne. Der Parre hot ihn gfrogt, "Witt du an der schlecht Blatz geh?"— "Nee!" hot der Kall gsaat.— "Ferwas bischt dann uff gschtanne?" — "Wei," saagt der Kall, "Du waarscht der Eensichscht ass uffgschtanne iss, noh hawwich dich gedauert un hab zu mer selwer ausgemacht ich gingt dann mit dir."

3.—In re kleene Landkaerrich net so weit vun Lebanon hot der Parre aa gfrogt waer in der Himmelwett. Sie sin all uffgschtanne ass wie Eener. Der Parre hot gsaat, "Witt du net in der Himmel?" Der Schelm hot gsaat, "Yo, ich will, awwer ich hab net gewisst ass mir graad uff der Weg welle."

4. — Es waar en scheener Daag in Tennessee. Datt iss alles Englisch. Noch der Breddich hot der Parre gsaat, "All who want to go to heaven, please rise." Eener iss net uffgschtanne. Der Parre frogt, "Don't you want to go to heaven?" Der Kall hot geandwatt. "Tennessee is good enough for me."

5. — Do iss noch en Schtorl ass mir en guter Freind verzehlt hot etliche Woche zerick.

Es iss en heeflicher Parre 's Schtedtel nunner aardlich schpot mol Samschdaag owets, un wie er am Wattshaus verbei iss, heert er en groossi Uffruhr datt drin. Sie waare laut am Singe, awwer ken chrischtliche Lieder. Sie hen aardliche freche Wadde geyust. Der Parre hot die Dier uffgemacht un iss in die Barschtubb. Der Bar hot voll Menner ghunke un die waare am Bier nunnersuckle wie die Ieme. Der Parre iss uffgeloffe hot eens vun denne Kalls leicht uff die Axel gekloppt un hot gsaat: "Deetscht du gaun in der Himmel geh?" Der. Kall hot gsaat, "Ei, schur." Der Parre hot gsaat, "Dann schtell dich datt niwwer ins Eck." Noh hot der Parre mit de annere gschwetzt un glei hen neine bei nanner im Eck gschtanne. Awwer noh hot der Parre en Schtarrkeppicher aagedroffe. Wie er den gfrogt hot eb er in der Himmel wott, hot er gsaat, "Nee, ich deet liewer do bleiwe!" — "Witt net in der Himmel wann du mol schtarrebscht" "Yo, ich will, hot der Versoffener geandwatt." awwer ich hab gemeent du waerscht en Bussload am uffmache fer graad geh."

(To Be Continued)

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Editorials

Teachers' Checkrein

Public school education should be significantly strengthened in Allentown by prompt and fair implementation of one of the proposals reiterated as a result of the current salary hassle.

Teachers, their leaders say, are ready to let individual performance determine eligibility for general salary increases beyond the state-mandated minimums. They, too, apparently are tired of carrying the freeloaders who coast along on tenure and share periodic across - the - board pay raises regardless of their performance.

The idea is based on the premise that all teachers have definite professional responsibilities and meet them satisfactorily. It recognizes, however, that some who either can't or won't measure up hold their jobs because of the difficulties in proving incompetence or insubordination under the terms of Pennsylvania's tenure laws.

To implement the proposal will mean careful and impartial use of state rating forms that require annual evaluation of every teacher's performance. Personality traits, preparation, teaching techniques and pupil reactions are recorded somewhat in the same fashion teachers themselves appraise their pupils. Unsatisfactory ratings must be documented with specific anecdotal notes to which the individual directly concerned has access.

The fact that teachers know such records are being faithfully kept by their immediate superiors should be a check on those who may become careless, lackadaisical or insubordinate because they believe that under any circumstances short of a major crime their jobs are secure and their salary increases only a matter of applying the proper pressures. It should be particularly effective if they know the school board will have the support of their fellow teachers in withholding increments from those with shoddy records.

Teachers who proposed this checkrein to guard against undeserved pay raises are seeking to strengthen their profession in the service of their pupils, of the community and of a school board and taxpayers who through the years have been more fair and generous than some apparently are willing to publicly admit.

How Not to Curb Speeding

The best that can be said about the Pennsylvania Traffic Safety Bureau's new policy of granting amnesty to some whose driving licenses have been suspended for speeding is that it appears to be bipartisan.

Last week the bureau returned the license temporarily lifted from Arthur J. McGonigle, former Republican candidate for governor. He had been nabbed for doing 78 miles an hour on a 65-mile-an-hour stretch of the Pennsylvania Turnpike. McGonigle, however, rejected the amnesty and is serving out his 60-day suspension.

Yesterday it was a Democrat's turn. Rep. Julian Polaski, veteran Erie County legislator, got his back after it had been suspended because he was clocked at 68 miles an hour on a 50-mile highway.

In both instances, the state officials responsible explained their generosity by citing the good driving records those they sought to favor achieved through the years. They say they will consider similar leniency for others whose records also are relatively untarnished.

Apparently they're back in the old business of letting those with political influence speak for their friends who will speed as long as they think there's a chance of getting away with nothing more than a nominal fine.

This never was the way to curb speeding and make highways safe. It isn't now.

Winning Another Battle

An awakening public interest and tremendous advances in recognizing and treating emotional and nervous conditions are among the strides being noted during the nationwide observance of mental health week that begins tomorrow.

This community has many evidences of how the still critical problem is being tackled in an effort to provide preventives and cures that decrease the need for long - term custodial care. The attack is rounded and is being broadened by organizations like the Lehigh Valley Mental Health Association, the Lehigh Valley Guidance Clinic, hospitals, physicians and many others whose awareness has been sharpened.

New treatment techniques are ending the tradition of custodial care in mental institutions like the Allentown State Hospital. Increasingly, they offer new hope even to the severely afflicted.

A large percentage of patients being treated in the Allentown General Hospital's relatively new 25-bed neuro psychiatric center, or who come there for day care and return to their families at night, never need go to a mental hospital. As a result of new drugs, many with mental illnesses never need be hospitalized.

This is another battle in which a disease that has been a scourge through all the history of mankind is being brought under control by the combined talents of medicine and science supported by communities whose people constantly are becoming more enlightened and alert.

Public Opinion

Enforce All City Ordinances

To the Editor:

Last week the public was reminded of the ordinance prohibiting the washing of cars on the city streets. It is difficult to understand why this ordinance is to be strictly enforced and the one regarding snow removal from sidewalks is completely ignored. If there is sufficient personnel available in the spring and summer to prosecute those violators of the car washing ordinance, it is reasonable to assume that this same personnel can, in the winter months, bring action against those persons who do not com-

Continued on Page 15, Column 1

'Me Retire?'



Free Enterprise Pricing

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The American people have just been given a significant demonstration of how prices are made in a big industry under the free-enterprise system.

What various steel companies did in recent weeks — in raising and then lowering some of their prices — tells more than all the congressional committee hearings and reports have ever told about price-making.



Lawrence

A small steel company raised its prices on some products, and the medium - sized companies accepted the figures. Then, one of the large companies declined to go along at as high a figure as had been set by smaller companies. This caused the small companies which had previously raised their prices to revise them downward.

All this is natural and competitive. It is a system based on the demands of the market. These modifications in steel prices would, in ordinary circumstances, have attracted no attention outside the industry. But when, a year ago, a political judgment was made by the administration to intervene and coerce the companies to change the prices they had made, the price-making process itself became a national issue.

Ever since April 1962, not only steel but other large industries have been confused and frustrated on the subject of prices. The administration at that time started federal grand jury investigations and used other threats and forms of coercion against the steel companies. The administration after a few days achieved its victory. But it was a pyrrhic victory. Confidence among businessmen sagged. The whole future of the free - enterprise system was threatened with government interference.

But it became apparent in the last several months, even to labor leaders, that if the government, even without a law of Congress, could intervene to fix prices, it could do the same with respect to wages. Thus the outlook for collective bargaining has been clouded, and the way has been pointed toward a socialistic state. It was evident, therefore, that something had to be done.

It isn't too clear yet, however, that the way prices were recently adjusted is going to be a good pattern for the future. Maybe it would have been better if one or two of the larger steel companies had taken the lead as before, so that the smaller ones wouldn't have had to guess at how high the market could go in the face of competitive factors.

But it is important to study the facts of what actually has been happening. Steel products at this time are in heavy demand.

The current demand for steel cannot, of course, be satisfied speedily by one company. But any company that sets a new price hopes for a protracted period of good business and naturally doesn't want to put the price up so high as to discourage a customer who has long-range plans.

The prices being set now do not indicate what the future will bring.

It is often argued that, when demand drops off, prices should always be lowered. But this is a fallacy. Prices cannot be reduced below the point where a profit can be made. As labor and other costs go up, the general cost level goes higher. Hence, a company has to decide whether it will try to attract business by a lower price. The steel companies know, on the other hand, that automobile manufacturers aren't going to buy more steel just because the price is low. They buy steel only when demand for cars is high enough to enable them to sell their products.

Each company, therefore, at this particular time has gone as high as it can in price. It was the judgment of the companies that their prices could be sustained at least for a while.

After all the price changes had been publicly announced in the last two weeks, the company that chose a higher figure originally couldn't keep it above that of the lowest man and maintain good relations with regular customers. So, when the smoke cleared, all the prices had to settle down to the lowest point. This is natural price-making in a free market.

Cuban Shipping

By VICTOR RIESEL

Waterfront labor leaders, pressured by the State Dept., have reluctantly declared a long moratorium on their boycott of Polish and Yugoslav merchant fleets now supplying Cuba. Longshoremen will load and unload cargoes of ships belonging to the two Communist nations — but only because the highest government leaders have sent word that the boycott, which lasted only three days, interfered with U. S. efforts to break Warsaw and Belgrade from the Soviets.

Maritime labor leaders agreed that American foreign policy should be set by the State Dept. and not by the unions. But these are angry men. And their anger, compounded by bitterness springing from detailed knowledge of the heavy supplies pouring into Fidel Castro's Communist island, seeks some answers from the Department.

They point to two Polish ships, for example, the SS Bialystok and the SS Piast. These vessels have shuttled, and other Polish ships will transport, electric motors, construction machinery, machine tools, trucks, tractors, agricultural equipment autos, bicycles, chemicals and textiles.

And if the bridge of freighters — which includes Yugoslav freighters — is not cut, Cuba will become a Communist showcase in Latin America.

Thus such labor leaders as the Longshoremen's president William Bradley, the Seafarers' chief Paul Hall, the Longshoremen's new vice president Tony Scotto — a husky and youthful mixture of culture and trade union leadership, want some answers from the various government Departments involved.

The labor leaders want to know directly from someone high in the government just how the Polish - Cuban traffic can be beneficial.

They want to know why, when the labor leaders have a problem and pass it on to the State Dept., they are told that it will be taken "under advisement" and then there is a loud silence.

They want to know just how the State Dept. plans to keep American goods out of Cuba if Polish and Yugoslav ships are worked in U. S. ports.

At the closed maritime labor conference Tuesday morning in Room Seven on the Hotel Manhattan's third floor, there were many "beefs." It was pointed out that the same Polish and Yugoslav fleets which serve Cuba and Communist China, compete with our own ships, many of which lie idle.

All the labor men resent the government's pressure. Especially since they know it followed complaints made in person to Secretary of State Dean Rusk by Polish Ambassador Edward Drozniak and Yugoslav Ambassador Veljko Micunovic.

The labor leaders point out that Mr. Drozniak is hardly one who can afford to talk. His Prime Minister Wladyslaw Gomulka made his reputation as a turbulent labor leader in the oil fields, coal mines, and textile mills, and called many a union demonstration and boycott in pre-war Poland.

It was further pointed out that Dean Rusk listened to the Polish and Yugoslav diplomats but never did bother to call in the labor men themselves. Rusk did send in a deputy to pressure them out of the boycott. Now the labor men want a joint committee. The ways of the waterfront are intricate. They believe they can help in this fight.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: A friend of mine gave me a religious book which I do not agree with, theologically. Since I have no use for it, should I thank her — and should I keep it on my bookshelf since it is not in line with my beliefs? A.N.

ANSWER: It depends entirely on the content of the book. If you could describe the book as heretical, then you should thank your friend and return it, with a note saying that you cannot share its teaching, and would rather not accept it as a gift. It is possible that your friend was not even totally aware of its contents.

But if the book only slightly differs from your beliefs (who has a book they totally agree with), then I believe you should accept it with thankfulness, and even give it a place in your library.

To me, reading books are like eating fish: I eat the meaty parts, and throw the bones away. In all of our reading we engage in accepting or rejecting certain portions. You are right, however, in being cautious, for the things we take into our minds are even more important than the food we take into our stomachs. Bad food can give you indigestion, but bad thoughts can give you doubts, depression, and despair.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Precious Gifts

God gave us the oceans . . . so wide and so deep . . . He gave us the forests . . . and mountains so steep . . . He gave us green fields . . . and sweet flowers to view . . . the sunshine and rain . . . and the fresh morning dew . . . God gave us the day . . . and He gave us the night . . . aglow with the stars . . . and the moon's mellow light . . . God gave us true love . . . to have and to hold . . . and what greater gift . . . could we ever enfold . . . God gave faith and hope . . . for mankind to use . . . the real keys to heaven . . . to find or to lose . . . with all of these treasures . . . why is it we find . . . the road is so rocky . . . to real peace of mind?

Horoscope

Guard against extravagance in an otherwise happy year. Today's child will be devoted to family.

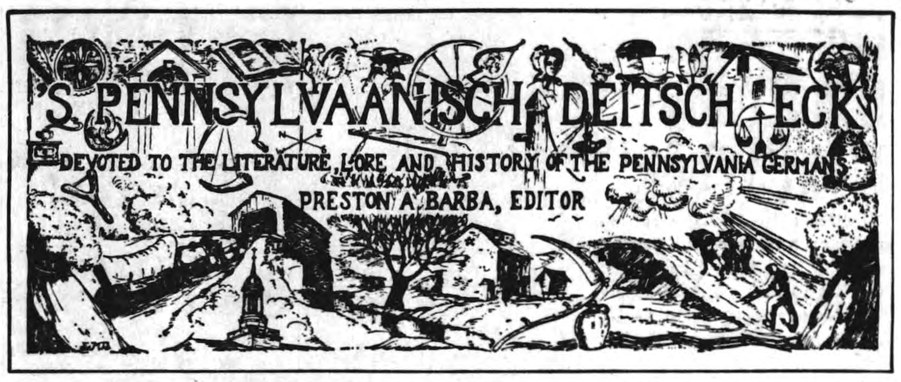
Factographs

Arch construction was understood by the Sumerians as early as 3600 B.C.

tional dance of Scotland.

Mohammedans recite their chief prayer five times daily.

Punch is a Hindu word meaning five.



SOME HISTORICAL FACTS OF THE OLEY VALLEY IN BERKS COUNTY

By DAVID KAUFMAN

(Conclusion)

But now let us take up the religious angle or side of life in Oley. We have already discussed the Quakers, so we can eliminate them. Many of these pioneers left their old homes because of religious persecution. They wanted to worship God as they pleased although they were not indifferent to religion. But they had no ministers to lead them; they were as sheep without a shepherd. In fact, there was a great longing and yearning for pastors and churches. Muhlenberg's diaries verify this (See Berky, op. cit. p. 9 ff.). So, many itinerant preachers of unknown background and questionable character showed up here as elsewhere. One of these was Mathias Baumann who appeared about 1720. He was an ignorant laborer who claimed that during an illness he had fallen into a trance and had seen a vision, divinely inspired, in which he received divine revelations, so he started a sect called the New Born. They claimed sinless perfection; they needed no church, no Bible, no means of grace; they were sufficient unto themselves. They traveled far and tried hard to make converts. In spite of their fanatical self - righteousness, arrogance, delusion, deception, and ignorant obstinacy, a considerable number of these Oley settlers were brought under their influence and Oley became a hotbed of religious fanaticism. Baumann proposed to walk across the Delaware river at Philadelphia to prove his claim of perfection, but, to his final better judgment, he never attempted it. Some famous contemporary religious leaders like Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, Count Zinzendorf, and Conrad Beissel of the Ephrata Cloisters came into unpleasant contact with him or his followers. Muhlenberg in his diaries makes mention of them several times. Under date of May, 1753 he tells of conducting the funeral service for Philip Bayer; he says (I use the translation of Tappert and Doberstein, Muhlenberg Press; 1942): "Since many German and English people assembled in a large meeting-house, I preached in German and English. I was somewhat upset, however, when an obstinate old man, who called himself a Newborn, stood outside, before the door, and began to preach to several people of his persuasion with noisy blustering which was intended to disturb me. But he became angry because few people were willing to stop and listen to him. After he had disposed of his wares, therefore, he ran home in a fit of temper . . .this was the basis of his authority: One night, many years ago, he saw a light in his room. He claimed that this light revealed to him that he was a child of God, that the magistracy, the ministry, the Bible, sacraments, churches, schools, etc., are of the devil, that all men must be like him, etc. This would certainly not be a good thing, however, for he gets drunk occasionally and beats his poor wife."

"In the home of my new master, in the vicinity of Oley, during the five years of my service, I fared well but there was little opportunity to attend religious services, because there was no church near. On one occasion, I passed a house where there was a large gathering, so that many had to stand on the outside. I thought it was a Catholic seminary, but was informed they were the 'Herrnhuter' Moravians, who a short time ago, came to this country and preached a new doctrine. Upon further investigation, I found the new doctrine the same which my sainted father held fast, and in which he instructed me. The teaching of these truths engraved themselves upon my never - dying soul, and through grace and mercy sprang up in due time and bore fruit. Amen!"

Count Zinzendorf himself arrived in New York on Nov. 30, 1741. After visiting Philadelphia he went upcountry to the settlement which on Christmas eve he named Bethlehem. On second Christmas day he came over to Oley with his daughter Benigna and several others and preached in Jean Bertolet's house, his first sermon in America. It must be remembered that the Count's original idea was not to found a new denomination but to revitalize and unite the many heterogeneous and discordant sects and denominations into one harmonious body which he called the "Congregation of God in the Spirit." This was a noble dream but like all dreams was impossible to attain. But he exerted great effort in this direction and his work had a successful beginning. A number of conferences (27, to be exact) were held to which various denominations (13 were represented at first) sent delegates. The third was held in Oley in John DeTurk's house on Feb. 10, 11, and 12, 1742. The following year a larger building was erected nearby to be used as a church and school. It was at this synod that three converted Indians, brought from Connecticut, were baptized. They were the first Indian converts made by the Moravian missionaries. They were baptized Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, because of the belief that the Indians belonged to the lost tribes of Israel. This Jacob was the hero of Cooper's "The Last of the Mohicans." Altho this synod failed in its purpose, more were held. Croll (op. cit. p. 43) has this to say about it:

"I sought to keep the German religious settlers, superabounding in these parts, from subdivisions and hoped to see them working harmoniously as one great church in America; but there were too many widely - differing and contradictory tenets to be reconciled to find this dream to work in a day, when non - essentials were emphasized with almost martyr zeal. But what a dream to bring Germantown Baptists, Skippach Mennonites, Perkiomen Schwenkfelders, Ephrata Monastics, Philadelphia Quakers, Tulpehocken Lutherans and Bethlehem Moravians under one synodic roof — and one denomination!"

As to the Oley congregation, differences and dissensions arose between Zinzendorf and th local leaders. This caused the congregation to decline and in a few years services were discontinued. But the school which the Moravians had opened in 1745, two years before the one in Emmaus (then called Maguntsche), continued a few years longer, until 1751. Pupils from a distance attended it and it must have been one of the first boarding schools in Pennsylvania. When it was abandoned, the boys were transferred to the Emmaus Moravian school, along with some of the teachers, and the girls to Bethlehem.

A little later, in 1741, came Dr. George DeBenneville, a French nobleman and Huguenot, whose god - mother was Queen Anne of England. He built a house where he conducted a school during the week and preached on Sundays his own pet doctrine. He was the father of Universalism in America and Oley is regarded as its birthplace.

About the same time that Universalism took root in Oley, the Moravians came also and wrote an important chapter in Oley religious life. What I am about to say about the Moravians at Oley can be supplemented and complemented by reading the Emmaus Moravian diaries as translated in Dr. Barba's book (op. cit.). Henry Antes was the forerunner; although an adherent of the Reformed faith and a layman, he preached in private homes and his sincere piety, rugged honesty, and devout spirit won many away from Baumann and sowed the seeds for the Moravian movement. Bishop Spangenberg followed in 1737. In April of 1740 the celebrated English revivalist, George Whitefield, visited Antes and preached in his house; here he learned of the destitute and divided religious condition of the German settlers in Pennsylvania and particularly in Oley. At once he wrote to his friend, Count Zinzendorf of Saxony, urging him to send missionaries here. In response to this request Andrew Eschenbach was sent to Oley, arriving in October of the very same year. He began preaching in houses and barns and soon drew a large following. Among them was a young redemptioner from France, Francis Clewell, who, according to Croll (op. cit. p. 15), wrote as follows:

We today would call the people of those times very narrow-minded in religious matters. Each group thought they alone were entirely right and all the others were entirely wrong and lost. There was no middle ground. There was no thought of compromise, of give and take. It was an age of firm and unyielding and uncompromising convictions. Because of this jealous and intolerant zeal in religious matters, because of the scrupulous emphasis laid on nonessentials, because of the inability to reconcile Protestant mysticism and monasticism with defined creeds, because of the arrogance of some of the leaders and the treachery and intolerance of others, a number of leading citizens of the Oley valley became so disgusted with religion in all its aspects that they drew up a document which they signed, pledging themselves never to belong to any church. For generations some families kept this pledge.

But above all the strife and shouting in the name of religion, the stable but untheatrical and unspectacular Reformed and Lutheran churches also had their followers who had remained faithful or returned to the fold after short digressions. Shortly after the Rev. George M. Weiss, a Reformed minister, arrived in America in 1727, he came to Oley to preach to the people, to baptize children, and to administer communion. A small church, no doubt of logs, was built in 1735. The Reformed congregation was organized in May, 1736 by the Rev. John Philip Boehm, famed patriarch of that denomination. On his second visit in November of that year he was elected pastor of their congregation "to visit them twice a year, during the week, to administer communion, and to baptize children." When he paid his third visit in the spring of 1737, he found another pastor had invaded his fold and "taken over," so he withdrew. According to the records, on Feb. 5, 1740, the Consistory offered 10 pounds ($26.60) and 20 bushels of oats for a minister's salary. But in spite of that lucrative (!) offer, they could not retain a pastor for more than a year or two until 1786. Moreover, they insisted on being independent of the Coetus or Synod, so the reaction of the Synod is reflected in their Minutes for 1756 thus: "The people of Oley, now as well as before, rather prefer to enter into the kingdom of heaven by the broad way. They have again chosen as their minister and undesirable (to Synod) man, because they hate seriously to relinquish the sins of the world to follow Christ. Alas, the grief!"

The origin of the Lutheran congregation is clouded in obscurity. The Ministerium of Pennsylvania records show that a parochial school and congreation existed in Oley as early as 1762 at least, and that in 1763 there was no delegate from Oley present at the annual meeting of that body "on account of fear of Indians," but there is some question whether these allusions are not to the so-called Hill Church which is located on the edge of the bowl of the Oley valley. Local Lutheran records do not go back farther than 1820 when a congregation was formally organized and a separate edifice built aside of the one in which they had worshipped with the Reformed brethren, and so the two congregations still worship side by side in separate churches. In 1830 many Lutherans and Reformeds in the western part of the valley around the village of Fridensburg (Oley) broke away and built a Union church there and so remains to this day.

What we know about the early schools of Oley is rather fragmentary. Of course, the homes were th first schools. Here the fathers and mothers, when and if able, taught their children to read their French or German Testaments or, in the case of the Quakers, their English books of meditations. As the territory came to be more populated, more formal schools were established. To the Quakers belongs the honor of establishing the first school. According to Croll (op. cit. p. 144) for nearly a century they had almost the exclusive patronage in teaching the young of this entire valley. They were reputed to be thorough and efficient. For a time Dr. George DeBenneville conducted a school as already mentioned and he was recognized as the first great teacher of Oley. Then you will recall the Moravians for about seven years had a boarding school which attracted students from a wide area. This was followed by the parochial schools of the Lutheran and Reformed churches, and private pay schools. But in Oley, as often elsewhere, these were not very successful and not very enduring. We know definitely that a parochial school existed there in 1762 and that the teacher for that year was discharged for inefficiency and that the school declined thereafter.

When the free public school system was adopted in Oley in 1849, a group of local citizens was foresighted enough to see that now teachers must be trained to supply the public schools. So they organized the Oley Academy in 1857, which was a private school without state aid, to offer advanced courses and to train teachers. It had a dormitory and boarding house since it attracted students from adjoining counties, because it had an excellent reputation and a reputable corps of teachers. For instance, Harry Hess Reichard, later Professor of German at Muhlenberg College, before the turn of the century came all the way from his home in Hellertown to attend this institution, a goodly distance in those days. It was in existence before Keystone State Normal School opened in Kutztown in 1866 with which it then competed for a time until overshadowed by it because the latter got state support. But it continued for almost 50 years until 1905.

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Editorials

Heroes of Sky and Earth

In a day when man talks glibly of landing on the moon and has already hit it with a rocket, when others circle the globe in space ships and when television programs are bounced off satellites as a matter of course, climbing Mt. Everest might seem a prosaic thing to do.

But it really isn't. For despite the advances of science and technology, this haughty Himalayan peak has been conquered only three times in all history, though dozens of attempts have been made. In many respects mountain climbing calls on all the skill, the tenacity, the perseverance, the courage and the stamina that mere man possesses.

Without discounting for a minute the feats of the heroes of space, there remains something gripping in the accomplishments of brave individuals who pit themselves virtually alone against the savage elements in a physical effort seldom equalled in any other form of endeavor.

The question is often asked: Why do men climb mountains? And the age old answer is: Because they are there. But the real reason probably lies in the fact that in every age there have been men who have not been able to resist what is considered impossible. The astronauts whirl around the earth in something less than two hours. Mountain climbers take longer than that to progress a few tortuous feet. Who is to say which are the greatest heroes? All we know is that those of us who stay at home thrill at their feats and feel the better for them. The thrill is much greater for Americans because one of them has now joined the select group of Everest's conquerors.

The United Jewish Appeal

As the United Jewish Appeal conducts its 25th anniversary campaign this month, there is good reason to remember that one of the most distressing examples of man's inhumanity to man gave rise to one of his most noble humanitarian achievements.

Neither the record of the appeal nor its challenge are written in dollars, though hundreds of millions have been contributed in these decades. The story is in the three million lives that have been rescued, resettled and rehabilitated in this quarter century and those who still need to be aided.

From its inception at the time European Jews were bearing the brunt of barbaric Nazi social assaults, this massive movement of the American Jewish Community has been uniquely successful. During World War II its funds reached those in hiding or in the perilous ghettos and helped bring thousands either to Palestine or to the United States.

Rescue and resettlement have been the keynotes of the postwar years and the results have been just as significant. The establishment of the State of Israel in 1948, followed by the influx of 250,000 displaced persons, moved American Jewry and its understanding friends to contribute an all-time high of $150 million.

Impressive though the record is, the time has not yet come to pause. The current campaign is considered one of the most important in recent years. For the third consecutive year, immigration into Israel and other free areas is exceeding the normal flow. The cost of transporting tens of thousands of men and women from the countries they feel they must leave and of integrating them into their new homelands is spiralling.

American Jews recognize that it is primarily their responsibility to sacrificially meet the needs of those still in severe distress. They are proud that through the years, so many others have counted it a privilege to join in this cause as Jews have joined in theirs.

$181-Million Tax Cut

A 2-year increase in federal payroll taxes enacted in 1961 to pay for a temporary extension in unemployment insurance during a period of heavy unemployment would be partially repealed by a bill approved by the House and expected to have quick passage in the Senate. It would cut this tax by $181 million.

To finance the extension, employers' unemployment insurance payroll taxes were raised by $12 on each employe earning as much as $3,000. The House-passed bill reduces the extra levy to $4.50 on the 1963 payrolls, due January, 1964, for employers in 34 states. Thirteen states that borrowed federal funds to provide a temporary extension and did not repay the money will pay an offsetting tax to repay these loans. Three other states will pay higher taxes to repay this and previous loans.

The 13 states where offsetting taxes will be levied are Alabama, Arkansas, California, Delaware, Indiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island and West Virginia. The three which will pay a higher levy are Alaska, Michigan and Pennsylvania. The reduction would benefit the other 34 states.

In justice to employers, the unneeded levy should be rescinded, else it will be lost in the federal fiscal jungle.

What Others Say

Little Things Important, Too

Akron Beacon Journal

We were happy to read that Sen. Philip Hart of Michigan is disturbed by the shortage of cherries in cherry pies. The Senator found only 40 cherries, "swimming in a thin paste," in a frozen cherry pie.

Since the senator represents Michigan cherry growers who supply the fruit for 60 per cent of the nation's commercial cherry pies, he has reason to be concerned. And especially so when a Detroit baker reports that he uses 103.7 cherries for the same size pie.

What with Castro, Cuba, Khrushchev, Laos and other assorted crises, it is good to know that there is someone in Washington who can take time to consider the home folks. And cherry pies.

To a great many of us, 40 or 100 cherries in an 8-inch pie are of far greater personal importance than a Communist advance in Laos.

Headin' for Last Roundup?



War Fears Persist

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The administration has decided to take a new line against the critics of its Cuban policy. It is to accuse them of wanting to plunge the United States into a nuclear war.

McGeorge Bundy, presidential adviser on foreign policy, said in a panel discussion at the U. S. Chamber of Commerce convention in Washington this week that the only alternatives to the present policy toward Cuba are a naval quarantine or military invasion. He added:

"Honest critics should say whether they prefer these acts of war to the Kennedy policy."



Lawrence

Judging by speeches in a similar vein by Democrats in Congress, it begins to look as if the administration is preparing to apply a "kept us out of war" slogan in the next political campaign if Cuba persists as a major issue — as seems likely, based on the widespread discussion of it among members of both political parties.

But they "kept us out of war" concept is the most dangerous of all political gimmicks, as it can bring on the very war that nobody wants. Back in 1916, the Democrats won a presidential election with the cry that President Wilson had "kept us out of war." Mr. Wilson never used the slogan himself in his campaign speeches or claimed it as an accomplishment of his administration. But within six months after his election, the United States was forced into World War I.

Historians can attest that the miscalculation by the Kaiser's government was based on the assumption that American public opinion would restrain the American government from going to war under any circumstances. The German government had for more than a year refrained from torpedoing any merchant ships carrying American citizens.

America's strong protest over the sinking of the "Lusitania" had brought about this forebearance on the part of Germany. But after the American presidential campaign had taken on virtually a "peace at any price" complexion, the militarists in Berlin decided to take a chance. They torpedoed unarmed ships on which Americans were traveling, and it did lead to war.

The same kind of situation arose in the 1930's in Europe. Prime Minister Chamberlain had given the impression that he feared any war. Hitler in starting his war against Poland in September 1939, took it for granted that Britain wouldn't fight.

President Kennedy made it very clear last October that he wouldn't hesitate to use military force to get rid of the Soviet missiles in Cuba. His firm attitude brought about the withdrawal of many of the missiles. This country experienced a war scare and breathed a sigh of relief when the "Soviet government apparently backed down.

But, as is characteristic of the Communists, the maneuver was merely a test. There is no evidence now that the Soviets intend to give up Cuba as a military base where they can maintain many thousands of troops and technicians and keep a measure of control over a government in this hemisphere, only 90 miles away from the territory of the United States.

Naturally, this has caused much anxiety. Some Democratic senators have been as vehement in their criticism as Republicans. But the administration has not been able to clear up the situation and gives no indication that military measures will be applied to drive the Soviet military apparatus out of Cuba. The President's advisers take the position that any such drastic steps would bring on a big war.

Will this, however, encourage the Soviets to continue their aggressive position? Will they miscalculate and compel a showdown that really could bring on a war?

These are the serious questions that are arising now, and it is in this context that comments from Mr. Kennedy's advisers about the awfulness of war can have a meaning in Moscow which is certainly not intended by anyone in a position of responsibility in the Washington government.

On top of it all — as Castro is received with enthusiasm in Moscow by Khrushchev — a speech is delivered by the Soviet minister of defense accusing the United States of carrying on "a policy of aggressions and provocations toward Cuba, supporting and encouraging the piratical activities of enemies of the Cuban people."

Strangely enough, the American government's spokesmen have failed to make strong speeches denouncing the aggressive acts and purposes of the Soviet Union which were revealed when the United States by aerial surveillance discovered missiles planted in Cuba and aimed at this country. Instead, the comments emanating from the administration are concerned wholly with a fear that the use of force to assure American rights would be displeasing to the Soviets and could bring war.

Rail Crisis Hinted

By VICTOR RIESEL

To virtually everyone a national railroad strike is "unthinkable." But not to one man, — H. E. Gilbert, president of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen. To know his story — which has not been told in full — is to know why such a crisis is "thinkable" and why Judge Samuel I. Rosenman, chairman of the President's Emergency Board, warned here that the nation is "backing into" such a coast-to-coast paralysis. This, of course, would involve the commuter lines.

Here is that story — in many ways it parallels what preceded another "unthinkable" strike, New York's four-month newspaper stoppage:

Gilbert sees his union — once the aristocrat of the rails — practically disappearing in less than 10 years if the nation's 195 lines put into effect next month what they call their new anti-featherbedding work rules.

As of May 1, the Brotherhood had 45,945 active firemen on its books.

Of this total, 37,417 firemen are on freight trains or work on diesel locomotives shunting through yards. All of these men will be eliminated. Within one year 13,000 will be laid off with severance pay. The others will have jobs for life but will not be replaced — a process which is called solving the problem by attrition.

Gilbert's union membership will be cut down in two ways. First, the firemen who are kept on will be promoted to the engineer's berth when a locomotive driver dies or retires. At the moment about 20 per cent of the nation's engineers are over 65 years of age.

At the same time the locomotive firemen will pass on or retire or quit — and will not be replaced, of course, by the railroads on oil-burning diesel locomotives.

Thus Gilbert believes that his brotherhood and craft will lose more than 10 per cent of its members annually. In the end this would leave the brotherhood — once 80,000 strong — with some 15,000 members at most in all of the U.S. and Canada.

These would be the 4,350 firemen who are on passenger-train locomotives (from which they are not being removed) and some 4,000 in Canada and another 4,000 "hostlers."

Actually it is Gilbert who is putting up the real battle behind the closed doors of the Emergency Board sessions. The other four on-train brotherhoods — the other locomotive engineers union, the brakemen and switchmen, the trainmen, and the conductors — are not too badly affected by the proposed changes.

In fact, the proposal is "to raise wages for 75 per cent of the workers who are now the least advantaged . . ." And, for example, if the firemen are removed from the diesel locomotives, it will be the head brakeman who in effect will take his place. Thus the other brotherhoods are not eager to get themselves into a national rail crisis.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: At our church we have a difficult time with our finances. We have tried rummage sales, bake sales, and all sorts of things, but still we are not able to meet our budget. Unless we find some way to raise money, we will be forced to curtail our program. What do you suggest? Y.H.

ANSWER: Why not try Christianity?

I have discovered that a dedicated church is a generous church. When I hear the clink of coins in an offering plate, I can be certain that the spiritual life of that congregation is at a low ebb. Liberal giving doesn't make a church spiritual — but being spiritual creates liberality, and generosity. Technically, there is no such thing as a miserly Christian — the Christian heart is a sharing one.

The best sermon a church an preach is one of liberality, generosity, and Christian sharing. Religion loses its meaning if it is tainted with selfishness.

Sketches

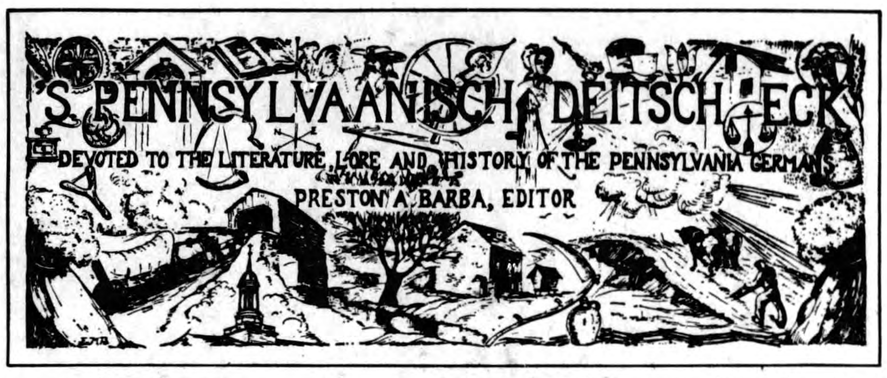
By BEN BURROUGHS

Pleasure

When I am with my Ellen. . . sharing her youthful dreams. . . I'm carried from life's blue abyss . . . to happy peaceful streams . . . I love to hear her tell about . . . what happened through the day . . . and sometimes I even join in . . . the games she wants to play. . . a daughter's love is pure and sweet . . . like flowers in the rain. . .possessing power which can quell . . . the sting of trouble's pain . . . how wonderful it is to feel . . . her arms around me tight . . . our bond of love gives me the faith. . . to tread the path of Right . . . I often wish that time would halt . . . so I could keep my treasure . . . for when she grows to womanhood . . . I'll lose my greatest pleasure.

Horoscope

Avoid speculation for an excellent year. Today's child will be tactful.



DER MAMMI IHRE KALENNER

Der Glaawe hot doch viel zu duh
Mit unserm menschlich Lewe;
Der lawyer glaabt an grosser Loh,
Der Parre glaabt an Bede;
Die yunge Maed hen grosse Freed
Fer glaawe an die Menner;
Die Mammi nemmt der gut alt Weg
Un glaabt an der Kalenner.

Sie watscht die Zeeche immer uff
Eb mer als Gaarde graawe;
Un geht beim Moon, verloss dich druff,
Fer sell iss ihre Glaawe.
Fer wachsich sei, muss alles nei
Im Zunemmede vum Moon;
So blanst sie als in sellre sign,
Wie aa noch ann're duhn.

Grumbiere blanst mer in der Wog,
Noh duhn sie schee gross warre;
Du denkschi verleicht sell iss en joke,
Awwer ich bin net so narrow.
Also ich wett sie schluppe net
So dief nei in der Grund,
Un wann's ken so en Zeeche hett,
Waere sie net so rund.

So wann mer net des Zeeche watscht,
Graad wie's iss in Kalenner,
Dann sin Grumbiere glei verbatscht
Un Marrick hen mer kenner;
Ich saag der yetz, blans net im Krebs —
Sie graddle zu dief nei,
Un warre waarzich, wie en Grott,
Un schmacke schlecht debei.

Die Gummere, waerklich, darf mer net
Im Zeeche Zwilling blanse,
Sunscht bliehe sie yuscht graad ahead,
Un graddle rum wie Wanse;
Die sign iss ab fer'n guder crop,
Sie henke gaar net aa —
Waer Gummere hawwe will, geht net
Im Zeeche Zwilling draa.

Awwer nau waer scheene Blumme suut,
Des Zeeche iss am Beschte;
Die bliehend Yungfraa iss aa gut
Fer Blumme naus zu setze.
Es Friehyaahr do, Yungfraa also,
Setzt mer die Glucke naus—
Waer geht beim Zeeche grickt dernoh
Die yunge besser raus.

Wann Ieme schwaerme in der Wog,
Waerd Hunnich schwer im Kaschte;
Wann die Katz versauft im Wasserdrog,
Dutt sie ennihau net verdarschte.
Wann Obschtbaem recht am Bliehe sin
Im Zunemmede, gebt's Frucht
Wann awwer die Bliet ins Abnemme kummt,
Gebt's net viel zum Versuch.

Im Unnergehnde deckt mer's Haus,
Sell halt die Schindle drunne;
Un waer net beim Kalenner baut,
Sei Schindle sin glei hunne.
Im Iwwergehnde Deckes duh,
Sell iss en letzi Sach;
Die Schindle ringle sich graad uff
Un's gebt en schtruwwlich Dach.

—DER SOLLY HULSBUCK

PARRE SCHTORIS

(Conclusion)

Eens vun de aerschte komische Schtoris ass ich gheert hab, iss vumme alte Parre un en kleener Bu. Des iss vorgfalle nerdlich vum Moyerschtedtel viele Yaahre zerick.

Der alt Parre iss alle zwee Woche naus noch Wohleberschtedtel (Mt. Aetna) fer bredditche in re Kaerrich datt. Er iss gfaahre mit Gaul un Wegli. Der Weg vun Moyerschtedtel iss graad un wann mer druff bleibt, kummt mer endlich noch Wohleberschtedtel.

Em Parre sei Gaul waar alt un fett un faul. Der Parre hot gut gerugt un der Gaul hot aa net hatt gschafft. Dann sehnt der Parre paar kleene Buwe am Schpiele im Fenseck. Er hot net gewisst ass die kleene Buwe ihn kenne.

Fer Dummheite hot er gschtoppt un hot gfrogt, "Kennt dihr mir der Weg saagge noch Wohleberschtedtel? Eener vun de Buwe hot en dicker Fluch ausgschtosse un hot gsaat, "Du, en Parre, witt de Leit der Weg auslegge noch em Himmel un weescht iewen net der Weg noch Wohleberschtedtel?"

Der Parre iss schier aus em Buggy gfalle, hot "Giddaepp' gsaat zu seimm Gaul un iss ans Faahre. Nau des iss en guti Schtori. Viel Yaahre schpeeter waar ich aa en Parre. En Drupp vun uns Parre hen en Meetin' ghatt in re Kaerrich in Myerschtedtel. Middaags, nooch 'm Esse, hen mer rum gschtanne un fer Zeitverdreib hen mir Schtoris verzehlt.

Ich hab noh die Schtori vun de Buwe verzehlt. En alter Parre hot gsaat, "Kaschbar, wu hoscht du selli Schtori haer?" Ich hab ihm gsaat die deet schunn Yaahre lang do rum verzehlt warre.

Er hot gsaat sie hette graad so en Schtori verzehlt vumme alte Parre in Chester Kaunty, wu er als gebreddicht hett. Mer hen uns allver - wunnert do driwwer.

Well, viel Yaahre sin widder rumgange. Noh hab ich en Buch gelese vun de deitsche Leit drowwe in de Kohlregions. Un in dem Buch waar die naemlich Schtori, awwer in daere Schtori waar der Parre der alt Parre Henry vum Beind Busch (Pine Grove).

Wu kumme die gleiche Schtoris yuscht haer? Vum alte Parre in Moyerschtedtel un vum alte Parre in Chester Kaunty un vum alte Parre in Schuylkill Kaunty?

Ich denk unser Voreldre hen die Schtoris verleicht mitgebrocht vum alte Land, un mir duhne sie nau wennich rumzimmere un verzehle sie schunn die letschte 200 yaahr.

Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News.

Some Facts and Legends About The Kaufman Family of Oley

By DAVID B. KAUFMAN

In the last two issues of the Eck we presented a brief and fragmentary history of the Oley valley in Berks County. Now we shall be more specific and personal, and relate some facts and legends about an early family of that area, viz. the Kaufman family, of which I am a descendant. Although I have all the material before me and consequently the writing and composing should be simple, yet this is a very difficult assignment. No matter what I say or how I say it, I will be misunderstood and misinterpreted. I know I will be accused of ancestor worship, of living in the past, of "blowing my own horn," of conceit, of boastfulness, and the like. But perish the thought. God forbid that I ever be guilty of any of those things. Life and health and fame are fleeting, and I have little of them. I realize full well that there are as many rotten apples, if not more, on my family tree as on any one else's. But I may be a bit more fortunate in that, by pure chance, many family records have been handed down to me. It is almost a miracle that such records are extant after passing through so many hands; since a dozen or more persons had them in the course of more than 200 years, almost inevitably some one among them was by nature careless and negligent and unmindful of their value and prone to mislay them. We possess many original documents — deeds, transfers, releases, wills, etc. — that are hoary with age, including several patents (we call them deeds) issued by Wm. Penn's sons (John, Thomas, and Richard) and signed by Thomas, by virtue of the authority given him by his brothers, who were "absolute Proprietaries and Governors-in-chief of the province of Pennsylvania and the counties of Newcastle, Kent and Sussex on the Delaware." (These were known also as "the three lower counties" and in 1776 became the state of Delaware.) The aforementioned deeds from the Penns have large seals, about five inches in diameter, attached with ribbons and enclosed in round tin boxes of the same size.

My earliest ancestor in America was a widow, Ann, with her two sons, David and Jacob. Although we have no proof, we wonder whether and suspect that the husband and father died en route. (The mortality rate among the passengers was very high on those long voyages in those early days, because of crowded conditions and poor sanitation. When Wm. Penn made his first trip to America in 1682, a third of the passengers died — about a hundred in all.) The Kaufmans came in the early 1720s and settled in Germantown. The one son, David, was not satisfied there but looked for greener pastures, so in 1727 he purchased a warrant for 200 acres of land in "Oley, Philadelphia County" from a Jonathan Herbein who had obtained it on January 25, 1720. (A warrant was an application for a survey of a certain tract of land and required a one-third down payment and entitled holder to use and occupy that land for six months, whereupon, after paying the remainder, a patent (deed) was issued. However, the time limit was not enforced. A warrant could be sold to some one else.) In 1733 and 1740 David bought more land from the Penns, which was adjacent and happened to be still unclaimed. (The price of land for much of this period was 15 pounds, 10 shillings per 100 acres, or about $4 per acre. But even after paying for his land in full, the owner was required to pay an annual fee to the Penns forever; this was called "quit-rent." In the old deeds in my possession the amount specified was one-half penny per acre per year, which if not paid in 90 days after due, would entitle the Penns to repossess and hold the tract until all arrearages were paid.) These ancestral acres from colonial times, at least in part, have remained in the family name to this present moment.

In 1729 David Kaufman became naturalized. His mother and brother stayed in Germantown and died there — Jacob in 1732 and his mother in 1740. I have her will in which she bequeathed her clock and clock case to her son David, and all the rest of her estate to David's children. Some three years later in 1743, David died too, leaving a widow and five children.

Living a few miles away (3 or 4) was the Boone family and a little farther away but still in Oley Township was the Lincoln family. Daniel who later became so famous was born here in 1733 and spent his youth here until 1750, while Abraham Lincoln, to become the grandfather and namesake of the future President, was also born here in the 1730s and reared in the neighborhood. We have often wondered whether the Kaufman children and the Boone and Lincoln offspring associated with each other. Although the Kaufmans were of German extraction and possibly with a Lutheran background, while the Boones and the Lincolns were English Quakers, those were matters which are no barriers to youngsters. In those days neighbors were scarce and far apart but prized highly, and a three or four mile hike was a lark for the young folk. We strongly suspect that David's eldest son, Jacob, and Daniel Boone, being about the same age, were acquainted. We don't know Jacob's age exactly but in 1740 when his grandmother died she mentioned him and his four brothers and sisters in her will; he was the eldest, so he must have been at least four years old in 1740 — most likely more. Daniel Boone died in 1820 at the age of 87 and Jacob died in 1824, possibly around 90 years old.

I have in hand a document dated 1763, twenty years after David's death, in which the heirs released the homestead to this Jacob II for the consideration of 380 pounds, legal tender of that day, the equivalent of about $10,100, a large sum of money for that time, but the farm consisted of over 350 acres. He remained on the homestead all his life.

Soon after Jacob acquired the property, he built another house, a large, sturdy, stone, colonial home which still stands and is occupied after two centuries of hard wear and tear from large families. It has a few features which single it out to the antiquarian and the historically - minded. A goodly number of such have come and requested to see the attic to examine the construction of the roof, an architectural masterpiece of heavy beams and braces made firm and immobile by pegging alone. It is sturdy to the n-th degree. That Indians were still prevalent is attested to by the fact that portholes were left upstairs for defense against marauding redskins. (Some historian has attempted to refute and debunk this claim, saying the holes were for other purposes, but, as long as he cannot prove definitely what other purpose they served, we shall not change our theory.) Incidentally, an older dwelling on the premises, still standing and occupied, was located with a spring right outside the door, evidently as a security measure in case of the proximity of hostile Indians. Apropos to this is a legend that has been handed down that one evening a band of about fifty Indians from a distant tribe, passing that way, came to Jacob Kaufman's farm and asked to sleep in the barn. One can easily imagine the thoughts and misgivings that raced through Jacob's mind. Uneasiness would be a mild term, to say the least. There were no near neighbors and, of course, no telephone. From his hesitancy and trembling they sensed his alarm and distrust, so they offered to have their hands tied for the night, which he finally did. Do you think he slept well that night? In the morning he untied them and gave them all a hearty breakfast (and we add reluctantly, some whiskey). They were so delighted with the reception that they, with their very limited vocabulary, called him "king" and never thereafter were the Kaufmans molested by redskins. But this had not always been the case, as we have a letter extant written in 1728 by a neighbor, George Boone, the grandfather of Daniel, to the deputy governor of Pennsylvania, requesting troops be sent to protect this neighborhood from threatening Indians.

(To Be Concluded)

MEI WINSCH FER DICH

Es Bescht vun alles in der Welt—
Gsundheit un en Sack voll Geld,
Treie Freind uff breet un weit,
Friede, Ruh un Freeblichkeit!

En Leweszeit voll Sunneschein
Un letschte Daagge siess un rein;
Iss ebbes Gutes do verfehlt—
Des iss aa mit nei gezehlt.

RALPH S. FUNK

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Editorials

Curbing the Junketeers

Thanks largely to the free-spending, night-clubbing junkets of Rep. Adam Clayton Powell of New York in Paris last year, the House of Representatives penalized its entire membership by voting, 384 to 2, to limit severely the expenses of foreign travel hereafter. No longer will so-called counterpart funds — foreign currency held for the account of the United States government — be available for spending with no questions asked. A congressman will only be allowed the usual per diem. If he exceeds it, he must justify the excesses, and show receipts or other documentary evidence.

Sen. Mike Mansfield, the majority leader, promised that the Senate will pass a resolution accepting the same limitations.

Powell's free-wheeling safari to Paris, with a couple of women staff members from his office, scandalized the Congress and brought an extraordinary public condemnation from Sen. John J. Williams, Delaware Republican. It was unheard of for one member of Congress publicly to criticize another. But the speech has brought results. Congressional junkets, charged to the taxpayers, will be much more decorous in the future now that expenses will be curtailed. Reforms come in strange ways.

Service Pay Raise

The nation's fighting men would get their first pay increase in five years under a House-passed military pay raise of $1.2 billion. The average raise would be 12.6 per cent. The onesided vote, 293 to 10, promises quick Senate action.

The only discussions were on fringe benefits, not on the basic need for a pay increase. Combat pay would be granted under one amendment that would cost one or two million a year to reward men subjected to hostile fire while on duty in the field.

Another amendment adds $30.5 million in retirement pay for servicemen who retired before June 1, 1958, the date of the last military pay raise. It would enable such retired men to recompute their pensions on the basis of active duty pay scales in effect now.

Maintenance of the huge military establishment necessitated for national defense and the security of the free world is a most costly affair. It will grow costlier with retirement pay for men who qualify for pensions. But they give the best years of their lives standing guard or fighting our battles. They deserve all the nation can afford in compensation and pensions for their sacrifice.

Justly Deserved Award

Anyone at all familiar with the operation of the Allentown Hospital will approve heartily the Benjamin Rush award to the Junior Aides.

Not only has this fine group of women provided funds for various hospital functions; its members have more importantly given of themselves through long hours of hard work in a variety of ways ranging from recreational programs to helping in the dispensary.

So important has voluntary work become in the operation of a hospital in these days of high costs that it's hard to conceive how these institutions could operate without it. And if it is valuable, it is because so many fine citizens are willing to undertake long periods of service to others at considerable personal sacrifice.

Such groups as the Gray Ladies and Junior Aides have gone a long way in bringing to hospitalized folks a touch of personal interest and friendliness that would be sorely lacking as these institutions grow bigger and busier.

Ex-Candidates Magnet

Defeated presidential candidates seem to be drawn to live in New York after they make their bids for office. Herbert Hoover of Iowa, who lost to Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1932, leads the list. Thomas E. Dewey returned to his home, as he had been governor of New York. Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois is in New York as chief U. S. delegate to the United Nations. Henry A. Wallace of Iowa is on a farm in a New York suburb. Only Alfred M. Landon choose to remain in Kansas and J. Strom Thurmond, senator from South Carolina, is in Washington. This roll call is occasioned by the news that Richard M. Nixon is joining a New York law firm and leaving his native California.

What Others Say

Congressional Secrecy

Washington Post

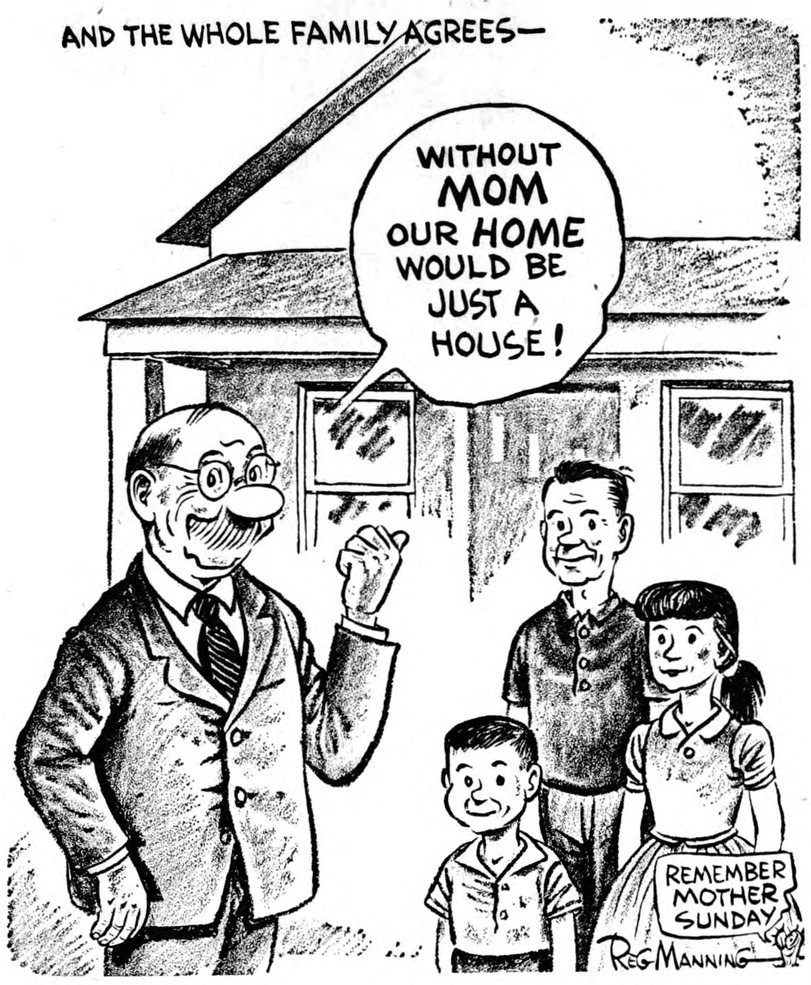
This Congress seems to be doing less than any of its predecessors and trying to keep more of the little that it is doing secret. Congressional Quarterly has found that the House has held 39 per cent of its committee meetings behind closed doors, more closed proceedings than in the opening months of any Congress since 1954 when the Quarterly began keeping a record on the committees.

Woodrow Wilson, more than 50 years ago, began to worry about this practice. He pointed out that less and less actual legislative work was done on the floor of the House or of the Senate and more and more of the real business of law-making took place in the committees. He complained that citizens were often unable to find out what went on in the committees and he argued that they should know everything about the progress of a bill through committee. John Nance Garner, when he was vice president, went so far as to say that there should be no executive sessions of committees.

Access to the committee proceedings today is virtually what access to the proceedings of the legislature itself was a few generations ago. Since the 18th century this has been held essential in a democratic society. William Hartpole Lecky said that "next to the existence of open constituencies, and a fair mode of election, the best security a nation can possess for the fidelity of its representatives is to be found in the system of parliamentary reporting."

Congress is depriving the American people of that security in all too many of its proceedings. The cold war and the rise of related security problems may account for some of the trend to secrecy, but no congressman would say that the committees could not with perfect security and safety open up more of their sessions to citizens.

We've Taken a Vote—



Constitutional Changes

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Impromptu statements by a president of the United States at a news conference can evoke widespread criticism, especially if the answers show that they have not been thought through.

Thus, President Kennedy over nationwide television and radio networks told a large section of the American people on Wednesday that, in effect, there is something wrong in trying to amend the constitution of the United States. Yet that document itself prescribes the methods of amendment, and the fact is that the constitution has been amended 22 times since the founding of the republic.



Lawrence

Mr. Kennedy has a right to oppose particular amendments that he doesn't like. But he will be regarded as out of bounds when he declares that people who want to amend the constitution are not "defending" the constitution, particularly when their purpose in the instance referred to is to secure the adoption of specific amendments that will preserve and defend the basic principles of the constitution itself against usurpation and abuse of power.

The President's words, as they appear in the White House transcript of Wednesday's news conference, were as follows:

"It has always seemed to me remarkable that those people and organizations who are founded in order to defend the constitution should seek to change it, and particularly to change it in such a basic way, either to affect the power of the Congress to amend the constitution and put severe limitations upon the Congress, which, after all, represents the people most directly, or otherwise to affect the power of the Supreme Court, which is one of the most important protections of individual rights and one of the most important securities we have for an amicable settlement of disputes, and which, after all, became such a significant part of our American constitutional development under the leadership of an American who is usually heralded — Mr. John Marshall. So I would think that the efforts will come to nothing, and I will be glad when they do not."

But Mr. Kennedy failed to tell his audience that the current movement to amend certain parts of the constitution has grown out of the controversy over who should apportion the voting districts in a state and other instances of alleged usurpation of power by the Supreme Court — which has no right to amend the constitution. The proper methods at present for making changes in the constitution are specified in the document itself.

Mr. Kennedy apparently hasn't looked into the proposals which have been made recently by various organizations of citizens and which already have received the support of several state legislatures.

First of all, it is important to emphasize something which the general public may not realize and which perhaps high officials in our government have brushed aside — namely, that the constitution can be amended in other ways than by a two-thirds vote of both houses of Congress and ratification by three-fourths of the state legislatures. It can be done directly by the people.

For Article V of the constitution provides that Congress, "on the application of the legislatures of two-thirds of the several states, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in either case, shall be valid to all intents and purposes, as part of this constitution, when ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the several states, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress."

It so happens that the famous prohibition amendment was repealed and the 21st Amendment substituting for it was adopted without being submitted to the legislatures of the states. It was ratified instead by conventions in two-thirds of the states summoned by the state legislatures. It took only nine months to accomplish ratification by the convention method, and established a record for quick ratification.

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Nixon's Future

By VICTOR RIESEL

Richard Nixon soon will become chairman of the board of a large New York corporation. His salary will come close to $100,000 a year. The firm deals in pharmaceuticals, cosmetics, toiletries and has been diversifying recently.

Some of its offices are in nearby suburbs, some in the Midwest and others in Europe — for it has an international division.

That's the word in the "way in" group of the highest Republican circles here and in Washington. How "soon" is soon? Those who know say it could be in a few months, but certainly before the end of the year.

He will not, of course, relinquish his new association with a big downtown Broad Street law firm.

But the chairmanship of the board of the pharmaceutical corporation will give Dick Nixon exactly what he has wanted ever since his defeat in California. It will give his close friends exactly what they have wanted for him since the last election:

First it will give him financial independence and enable him to meet the unusually high expenses he must incur to live on a status side of the town, to travel and to select the most advantageous of the many speaking dates and writing assignments he will be offered.

It will keep him noncontroversial and away from the necessity of handling firms which attempt to sell hardware to the government

Former Republican presidential candidate Thomas E. Dewey, who still has great influence in GOP ranks, has neutralized himself on many issues by representing several foreign governments. Nixon is expected to eschew this.

An inside group of New York Republicans want Dick Nixon to remain free of "such entangling alliances." By associating himself with the pharmaceutical firm Nixon will be able to write, speak and issue statements on foreign policy. He will be able to turn foreign correspondent during his coming European trip.

His supporters want him to take over the Republican Party's "center" and hold it — on national as well as international affairs. They believe he has weight with the liberal wing of the party — as well as with the "non-extreme conservatives."

"Dick Nixon is positively not going out of politics," one of the highest Republican policy makers in the land said the other day. "He will attempt to become an independent voice representing the center of the party. He will also be the spokesman for an influential group of men here in New York. They are vital in the media field, in financial circles, in industrial circles. Thus as he becomes more outspoken, he will become one of the few strong voices of the Republicans."

Add to this his ability to raise political funds amongst his friends.

Thus Dick Nixon will develop into a powerful figure in Republican ranks, it was said. He can do this right across the board in New York as he could not have done it in California. His new residence is in the Republican stronghold, the 17th Congressional District represented by Congressman John Lindsay — whom many in the GOP want to run for state office. Local Republicans already have contacted Nixon. He has agreed to be active.

He has not the slightest thought now of running for office. At 50 years of age, he can afford to wait for the 1968 election.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: This year I transferred from a county consolidated High School to one in a city because my folks moved. I thought I was a Christian but the kids I go with are so mixed up they have gotten me mixed up too. All they can think of is money, sex and "having a good time." What can help me? M.F.S.

ANSWER: It is not "what" can help you but "Who". From the rest of your letter I gather that you have gotten in with a wild crowd. Remember, God may have placed you where you are to set a good example as a Christian. Remember that all of the things you write about have to do with the gratification of our physical senses.

But God has created us for spiritual things and He wants us to stay clean. It is Christ who can and will help you. Start out the day asking Him to help you live as a Christian should. When the kids start telling those dirty jokes do not laugh. When they take God's name in vain ask them to stop. When they go out to drink do not go along. When they run with wild girls you look for a nice one with whom you can go and both of you stay clean.

I know you are in a tough spot but there is no spot too tough for Christ. Take the book of Proverbs and read one chapter a day for you will find in that book the answer to most of your questions. The Bible says: "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good" (Romans 12:21). You can do this with Christ's help.

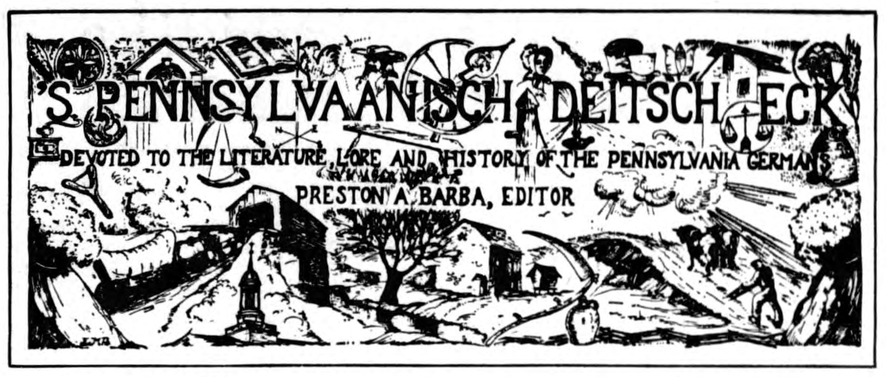
Proverbs says: "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

NOTES ON THE NEWS



"Potts, we've changed our policy again. We've stopped insulting allies."

In olden times, pie was served as the main course instead of dessert.



DER MUTTER IHRE DAAG

Mother's Day

Die Feierdaagge imme Yaahr
Sin viel vun alle Aarte;
Fer des un sell, dass emol waar,
Un Sache zu erwaarte.

Fer Patriotte lang schun dot,
Ihr Blut in Schlacht vergosse;
Fer Weise, die in Hungersnot
Die Welt hen lang verlosse.

Fer Schtaatsleit, die in ihrem Lewe
En Sarye hen gedraagge;
Die Welt ken Dank hot ihne gewwe
Bis lang waar'n sie begraawe.

Der schenscht, dass im Kalenner schteht
En Weibsperson dutt ehre;
Sie iss bekannt uff weit un breet,
Zu allem Mensch dutt g'heere.

Sie hot fer uns en Schmaerz gedraagge
Mitaus emol gewinselt;
Doch hot sie oftmols nasse Aagge,
Wann unsereens net blinselt.

So loss uns uff den Daag sie b'suche,
Die Weil sie iss noch do;
Un frisch die Mutterlieb versuche,
Des macht sie haerzlich froh.

Hot sie der lang, lang Weg genumme,
Un rugt mit Gottes Seegge,
Loss uns en Schtrauss vun scheene Blumme
Uff ihre Graab hieleegge.

LLOYD A. MOLL

DIE GROTT

'S waar Friehyaahr, un der Fenickel
Hot sei Fense fixe misse.
Iwwer'm Poschte-Lecher graawe
Hot er'n alti Grott rausgschmisse.

Un yuscht ebaut an seller Zeit
Iss dezu en Fratzhans kumme;
Der hot gemeent der Fenickel
Waer enns vun de deitsche Dumme.

Die Grott waar schteif vum Winterschlof,
Hot yuscht aafange uffwecke;
Sie schleffelt vun de waarme Sunn un
Tschumpt ebissel fer sich schtrecke.

Der Fratzhans lacht un secht 'A toad!',
Secht Fenickel — un Aagge brenne:
'Nee, nee, sie iss net tod, sie hipft''—
Sehn yuscht wie dumm Leit sei kenne!

MAY 12, 1958

—RALPH S. FUNK

BLESSIER UFF DER BAUEREI

Der Mensch iss en aardlichi Kreadur. Vun der Zeit ass er weess was 'was' iss, sucht er fer Blessier, un alle Mol findt er es yuscht ver ihm odder hinnich ihm — nie net bei ihm. Wie ich en gleener Bu waar, hawwich gewinscht fer en Mann zu sei, en Fraa zu hawwe un boss zu sei vun meinere eeggeni shanty. Nau sidder ass ich en Mann bin un der Druwwel mit der Polly uff de Axel wott ich mich widder en Bu winsche, im Fenseck hocke un Weide Peife mache mit meim alde Barlow Messer. Wann ich als mei Aagge zu mach, kann ich mich widder zerick denke mache an die alt Heemet, un ich sehn die alt weiss Sheier mit em Schkaffold voll Schprau, un es Kiehreff unne draa, es Welschkann Heisli, der Waggeschopp, der Schofschtall, der Bumpedrog un alles iss als widder nadierlich. Ya, ich sehn die Hinkle Neschter, riech die faule Nescht Oier wu mir als ennaner an die Kepp gschmisse hen, un schpier die Leis graddle. Un wann ich die Aagge zumach dann gehne mir die ohre uff un ich heer die Hinkel gaxe. Ya, ich heer der Wagge bollere was reikummt fer der naegscht Waggevoll Mischt wu mir gelaade hen fer nausfaahre, un ich muss der bully Haahne geh losse schunscht fangt der Daadi mich. Der Haahne hot alles geleddert uffem Hof, un alle Mol ass ich ihm sei Kopp dreckich gemacht hab, hen die annere ihn net gekennt un sin in ihn gepitscht yuscht fer widder verlumpt geleddert zu warre.

Der Mischt iss drauss un mer sin am Soodweze ausreide mit de Geil. Der Daadi iss an ere Leicht un es Dresche geht langsam. Mir duhne die Maschtoxe ins Denn fer der Weze ausdrede, awwer sie schtehne yuscht un fresse. Mir schteibere die Scheierdenn Diere zu mit Blanke, nemme die Hund es Hoiloch nuff, schmeisse sie ins Dreschdenn unnich die Oxe un greische 'hiss''. Blitz, Dunner un Gnalleise, un Schlosse Schtarrem! Die Oxe hen die Kepp un die Schwens in die Heeh! Drei-un-dreissig Mol sin sie schunt ums Dreschdenn rum un hen noch ken Loch gfange fer nausschpringe! Der Weze watt nass un schlipperich! es schtiemt un schmokt im Dreschdenn! Die Hund gauze un beisse fer die Oxe vun sich halde, die Oxe schpringe un blaerre fer die Hund abhalde! Der Deiwel iss los un wer kann ihn banne? Endlich fliegt es Scheierdor uff un 's verschrocke Vieh fliegt dezu naus ass wann der Deiwel ihne nooch waer. Ich denk sie sin noch am Schpringe. Es waar alles veriwwer in fimf Minutte, awwer es Gedenknis bleibt mer so lang ass ich leb.

BOONASTIEL

Thomas Hess Harter (1854 - 1933)

Some Facts and Legends About The Kaufman Family of Oley

By DAVID B. KAUFMAN

(Conclusion)

THE reader will remember that the author's earliest ancestor in America was the Widow Ann Kaufman, who arrived with her two sons, David and Jacob, in the early 1720s and first settled in Germantown. David settled on a farm in Oley in 1727 and became naturalized in 1729. David's eldest son Jacob (named for David's brother Jacob and known in this article as Jacob II) acquired the old homestead in 1763 for the consideration of 380 pounds and remained there until his death in 1824.

This same Jacob Kaufman II during the Revolution furnished the Continental Army with supplies (including cotton, strange to say) according to the records. There is a story accepted as authentic (at least the school children in their classes in local Oley history are so informed) that a very valuable horse had been captured from a high-ranking British officer and presented to General Washington who thereupon sent it to Jacob Kaufman for safe keeping, accompanied and guarded by a squadron of soldiers, as Washington must have feared attempts would be made to recapture the horse. The barn in which it was stabled was burned down some years ago but another was erected on the identical spot and still marks the historic place and incident. I also have in hand a card, dated July 25, 1778, which certifies that Jacob Kaufman voluntarily took the oath of allegiance and fidelity to the colonial cause.

When Jacob II died in 1824 he left a widow, with six sons and two daughters. Several wandered far from home. One settled in Indiana; Peter and John went to Texas, then wild and unsettled country, after whom a county, a town, a post office, and a newspaper were named Kaufman. One daughter, Kathrine, married Jacob Seltzer of Womelsdorf, whither she went to live with her in-laws at a busy hotel, catering to many travelers. She gradually took charge, entertaining and serving as hostess. One day — to be exact, Nov. 13, 1793 — several distinguished men on horseback appeared and asked for accommodations for the night together with meals which she served them. Peeping at the register which they had signed, she discovered they were President Washington; Robert Morris, financier of the Revolution; David Rittenhouse, astronomer, Treasurer of Pennsylvania, and paper manufacturer; Wm. Smith, Provost of the University of Penna.; and Tench Francis, land agent for the Penn Estate. Did her heart throb! (Although this is another of those Washington-slept - here stories, this is authentic as you can see by the date and records. Moreover, not as many Washington - slept - here stories are fictitious as you think, as he was a great traveler but could cover only a small distance in a day's time so he had to put up at many different inns.)

The eldest son, Jacob III, born on March 10, 1757, stayed at home and, as customary, inherited the homestead, although half of the land to the north was bequeathed to his brother Isaac, on which the old man had already built a house for him. This home is easily distinguisheable by a two-ton Revolutionary War cannon which decorates the front lawn. At the turn of the century (the twentieth) Isaac's son, Ephraim, also owned a farm in Chester County near the Warwick furnace where cannon were made during th Revolution. He discovered this cannon buried in the meadow, hidden there possibly right after the battle of Brandywine where our forces suffered defeat on Sept. 11, 1777. In 1904 he had it dug up and removed to his home in Oley.

But let us get back to Jacob who was a picturesque character. He went off to war (the Revolution) at an early age, for by the time he was 20 he had received an honorable discharge. He came home from the War and fell in love with a neighborhood girl by the name of Susanna Weidner. She, however, had another fellow courting her at the same time. She was what is known today as a "two - timer," or "playing the field." After keeping the two 'on the string' for some time, she finally decided in favor of John Keim. But Jacob was not easily licked or discouraged. He extracted a promise from her that he might woo her daughter if she ever had one. Ultimately this is exactly what happened. Truth is stranger than fiction. She had a daughter also named Susanna. Jacob kept up connections with the family, paid them visits, even though it made the husband jealous ,and frequently rocked his future bride in her cradle. Finally, on Sept. 14, 1807, they were married. He was now 50 years old and she 26.

He must have been patient but determined. But there is some cause for reflection and questioning. Why did she wait until she was 26 when she could have had him long before? Did she hope for a better prospect or did she have misgivings about the age differential? We wish we knew. At any rate, this 50-year old Jacob became the father of eight children; they lived together in wedlock more than 35 years, he dying in 1843 at the ripe old age of 86. All these statistics are recorded on his tombstone in the private cemetery on the ancestral acres. Most tombstones of that period are much more informative than the modern prototype — at least ours are — recording the names of the parents, when and to whom married, the wife's parents' names, the length of time married, the number of children, besides the customary dates of birth and death. Even the funeral text and hymns are listed.

He remained devoted to her to the end and made more than ample provision for his young wife after his demise. In 1834, nine years before his death, he built a separate house on the premises for her to occupy when he was gone. Incidentally, she lived 27 years longer, to 1870, also to the ripe old age of 88. I also hold his will in which he displays inordinate concern for her welfare. Among other things, he specifies that she is to be given the liberty of using any buildings on the property. It goes on in great detail, reciting all the necessities of life which are to be supplied to her gratis. Even though she married an old man, she could not have been better provided for. The will further specifies that, if she is dissatisfied with conditions on the homestead, she is given the option of living with either of two other sons where special quarters were set apart for her, free of charge, food and fuel supplied. He must have owned those properties. These quarters on her son Isaac's place have never been occupied by any one else even to this present day. With your indulgence, I shall quote just a small excerpt from this will, as follows:

". . .And my will and further order is that my said son Jacob (this is Jacob IV) shall deliver near the door, cut short and in good order for my said wife yearly and every year during her natural life or widowhood, as much good firewood as she may want for her own and family's use, and also that my said son Jacob shall allow my said wife, and her necessary domestics, to eat at his table at all times during her widowhood, and to have the same food and eatables as he and his family have, and that she shall be called or notified to her meals in due and proper season. But in case my said wife shall at any time during her widowhood choose to keep her own table, and to eat thereat, then my will and special order is that my said son Jacob shall procure and supply her and her necessary family or attendants (during her widowhood) with a sufficency of food, or all necessary provisions for her said table, ready and in proper order to set thereon, and suitable for a person of her age and condition. But in case my said wife shall at any time find it unsuitable or inconvenient to live in the house aforesaid, . . . then . . . I do hereby give her the following privilege and yearly provisions viz. the whole and free use of two rooms in the house hereinafter given to my son Isaac, the one downstairs and the other up . . . in that end of said house which is next to the barn. . ." etc.

But there is a sad sequel to this story. One of these sons, David, died just a few months after his father and so the door was closed to Susanna there. Another son, Jacob IV, living on the homestead, who was charged so meticulously in the will to provide for his mother, first and above the other children, because he was the oldest and she resided there also, died a few years later in 1852. His widow and children moved home to her folks and the farm was rented away. The third son mentioned in the will who was also to provide quarters and provisions, if desired, had a wife unfriendly to her. So Susanna, now 70, spent the last 18 years of her life alone among strangers, although her husband thought — and we would concur with him — that he had provided for any and all exigencies. This proves that mortal man cannot make himself absolutely secure; unforeseen circumstances arise. What an excellent opportunity to preach a sermon! Here is where the value of history is proved. We can learn lessons from the past and benefit by the oversights and shortcomings and blunders of our precursors and progenitors.

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Editorials

Very Special Sunday

Tomorrow is considerably more important than the usual Sunday.

For many it is, of course, a day of worship and after that a time for relaxation or for catching up with pleasant springtime chores.

For all it should be the day to take the second of three steps necessary to protect themselves, their families and their friends against the ravages of a killing and crippling disease that can be eradicated as thoroughly as the once-dread scourges of smallpox and diphtheria.

The protection more than 75 per cent of the people of Lehigh and Northampton counties received when they were given their first dose of Sabin oral vaccine seven weeks ago is not sufficient. It offers immunity against only type of polio. It's necessary to take another treated sugar cube to guard against a second strain of the disease, and a third will be required next fall. Together they should suffice for life.

Nothing is more important after church tomorrow than to visit one of the dozens of Sabin vaccine centers conveniently scattered through the cities and towns of Lehigh and Northampton counties. The few minutes required can save hours and days and years of tortured anguish. It also can save the lives of family, friends and neighbors.

The Bach Weekend

In an area as richly endowed with cultural heritages and facilities as the Lehigh Valley there are many great traditional weekends. None surpasses the ones on which Bethlehem's celebrated Bach Choir sings the magnificent works of the great master of the sacred oratorio and cantata.

For a half century or longer this great choir of doctors and lawyers and salesmen, of teachers and housewives and secretaries and others, has enjoyed a nationwide reputation. Its performances of the works of Bach under Wolle and Carey and Jones have been acclaimed as matchless.

Like performances of the great Boston Symphony Orchestra during the regular concert season in its own hall, it scarcely is worth while to attempt to buy tickets for seats in the nave of Packer Church. The rights to them are passed down within families and they go to all parts of the United States and to lands overseas. Repeat performances on two weekends has only increased the demand and lengthened the waiting list.

And there is little wonder. This is music for the heart and soul of man, sung by men and women who inspire as they are inspired. They are a credit not only to this community but also to the nation and they once again are justly receiving deserved plaudits.

Enduring Works

Citizens like the late William J. Wilcox are treasures. They enrich communities fortunate enough to have them both by their work and by the way they live.

Many who have been a part of the Allentown scene for considerably shorter periods than he was, probably became better and more widely known. Few have enjoyed greater esteem among those who know them or their accomplishments.

If Maj. Wilcox shunned the spotlight, it was because he sought more time to serve in the areas where he believed he could be most effective. To activities like the Lehigh County Historical Society and its causes, his church and its expanding mission, the YMCA and its development he gave a generous measure of his time and talent.

Works like these offer rich satisfactions because they endure in the lives of many. The memories of those as unselfishly devoted to them as Maj. Wilcox was are not quickly forgotten.

Challenging Pioneer

It doesn't take a mechanic to have a healthy respect for the kind of machine in which Maj. Gordon Cooper made his historic 22-orbit flight.

Here was a vehicle that carried a man 600,000 miles in less than a day and a half at an average speed of five miles per second and gave him incomparable views of the earth and the skies. Even though the pilot had opportunity to sleep, his craft held to its trackless course, remained in constant communication with ground forces and landed on target little more than a minute behind the predetermined split-second timetable.

No stops were necessary for maintenance, service or repairs. As a matter of fact, some excess fuel was tossed overboard before the landing.

Match this against the performance of any other vehicle ever built and you get an idea of the marvels of the space age and the skills of those making realities of dreams. The vistas such man-made machines open defy the imaginations of even the most optimistic, even as they did when the first horselsss carriage chugged down the rutted streets and when Orville Wright piloted his pioneer airplane 120 feet at Kitty Hawk a scant half century ago.

And Faith 7 is still very much a pioneer.

The Ugly Unamerican



Goldwater and the South

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Much has been written lately about the rise of Sen. Barry Goldwater of Arizona as a possible Republican nominee, but the significance of his candidacy in relation to the Birminghim controversy has gone almost unnoticed.


Lawrence

For several months now, reports from the South have indicated that Sen. Goldwater stood a good chance of carrying the electoral votes of many Southern states if he were nominated for the presidency in 1964. But this is related to the dilemma of the Democratic Party.

Thus, in almost every Southern state, the United States senators and representatives are dependent on the Democratic Party machinery. They must support the Democratic Party organization to be re-elected. Sen. Olin D. Johnston, Democrat of South Carolina, made reference to the problem at a recent meeting of the Alabama Democratic Party leaders in Birmingham. He said:

"As soon as you develop a strong two - party system in the South you are going to get the same minority - vote baiting that you have in cities like New York, Chicago and Kansas City. When we reach that point in Southern politics our states' rights will . . . go out the window. You will be turning over your senators and representatives like the farmer plows his field every spring.

"The last strength of states' rights is vested in the powers of your representatives in Washington whom you have elected, and re-elected and re-elected. Their seniority is the source of your strength and power in Washington to preserve our states' rights. Once you start swapping your statesmen for Republicans, the battle of states' rights will be lost."

This is a logical theory, but it may not necessarily convince the voters. They usually vote their resentments. That's why many incumbent Democrats in the South feel they have to express themselves vehemently in criticism of the Kennedy Administration's tactics in Birmingham, especially in connection with the President's threat to use federal troops.

There is obviously a need for a two - party system everywhere in the country. The voter wants an alternative. Often he doesn't care if the other party's platform is no better than that of the incumbent's. The tendency is to defeat at the polls the party which caused the grievance and teach a lesson for the future to the elected nominees of the other party.

Negative voting is customary throughout the United States. Many Southern Democrats would vote for Sen. Goldwater as a means of expressing their disapproval of the Kennedy administration. The Arizona senator, incidentally, will argue for civil rights and equality but wants the goal to be achieved only through the proper legal processes.

Sen. Goldwater may or may not become the Republican nominee for president, but he is one of the few Republicans active in national politics who has the temerity to insist on constitutionalism, as he foregoes the opportunities for demagoguery on the "civil rights" issue.

The Republicans in the South have been making gains in the last few years. But they have done so as an "opposition" party. They are often as "conservative," if not more so, than their Democratic opponents.

The big question is whether the current antagonism will abate or whether it will grow by the time the 1964 election is at hand. It could develop that, even with the active participation of the Democratic members of Congress on the side of the Kennedy Administration, the negative vote will be large enough to put some of the Southern states in the electoral column of an opposition party.

(Copyright, 1963, New York Herald Tribune Inc.)

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: How can a Christian be "as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove," as the Bible suggests?
D. A.

ANSWER: These words were spoken by our Lord when He sent His disciples out to preach. They carry much meaning to us today. We, as Christians, live in an alien and hostile atmosphere. The Bible teaches that the world is basically at enmity with God. But God places us here to be as light in spiritual darkness; as salt in a rotting society. That our witness be effective it must at all times be directed by love, tact and good judgment. God expects us to be very wise in sizing up our surroundings and their opportunities for Him. He expects us to be tactful in dealing with others. He expects us to use good judgment in deciding when and how we shall carry out our witness. There is such a thing as a misdirected zeal which barges in at times and places where we should keep silent. On the other hand there is a spiritual awareness which enables us to grasp opportunities when they come. The Christian who exhibits these qualities in his daily contacts will be used for God's glory, not only by the things he says and does but also by the things which he refrains from saying or doing. It is the Holy Spirit living in our hearts who gives us the spiritual qualities of love, tact, patience and good judgment.

Reuther's Drive

By VICTOR RIESEL

There's now more rusty brown amongst the red in Walter Reuther's hair — and one of those who sat with him here the other day quipped, "It's no sign the fire has gone out of him—he has mellowed, he's moving more cautiously, quietly, challenging other forces less frequently, less publicly. But watch his organization drives. These have the logistics and strategy of military methodology."

This was the comment after Reuther met with some 70 national union chiefs, the high command of the AFL-CIO's Industrial Union Dept., (IUD), in a closed skull session. Reuther, his own United Auto Workers (UAW) union now solid with assets of over $70 million, spoke of the new campaign which will take him and his contingents into the South, into the new missile bases and test centers, into the gargantuan white-collar field, into the surging ranks of technicians and scientists, into the school systems, as well as the old, formerly unconquerable areas of Southern textiles and the Du Pont corporation.

There was one moment in his private hour-long report which was more revealing than virtually all else he said. He spoke of the Department's plans to attempt to unionize the Texas Instrument Co. He is president of the Department, which resembles the old CIO. Good humoredly he said his own union already was in jurisdictional conflict with the Department's secretary treasurer, the mercurial Jim Carey. The dispute is over which union, the auto workers or Carey's International Union of Electrical Workers (IUE), should have final jurisdiction over a still unorganized Texas Instrument electronics plant.

Reuther reported his close friend Carey had claimed that the plant fell into the category of electrical workers. Reuther retorted that electronics was not an industry but "a technology."

Whatever it is, it is a vast new frontier and the auto union is preparing to move on it through a comparatively new UAW division called the "Technical, Office and Professional Department."

The UAW is already in action seeking to build it into a vast international section crossing the U.S. and Canada. Its goal, with 35,000 white-collar employes already signed up, is another 100,000 such workers employed by auto companies — and scores of thousands of technicians in the new industries of the space age.

But Reuther is setting no quotas, nor does he seek publicity on the drives.

The pool of organizers comes from the unions involved. Each man is being carefully selected. Already 38 have been assigned to Boston; 29 to Philadelphia; 43 to Chicago; 36 to Texas; 41 for the South, mostly in South Carolina.

Should the drive corral hundreds of thousands of new members — such as the 30,000 who have just signed up with the State, County and Municipal Workers and the 40,000 New York school teachers with whom Reuther had worked quietly — he will turn to the national AFL-CIO itself and insist that it go for broke.

It is a new Reuther, his colleagues and critics are saying. If he succeeds he will be a far more influential one than the old Reuther — politically as well as industrially.

Sketches

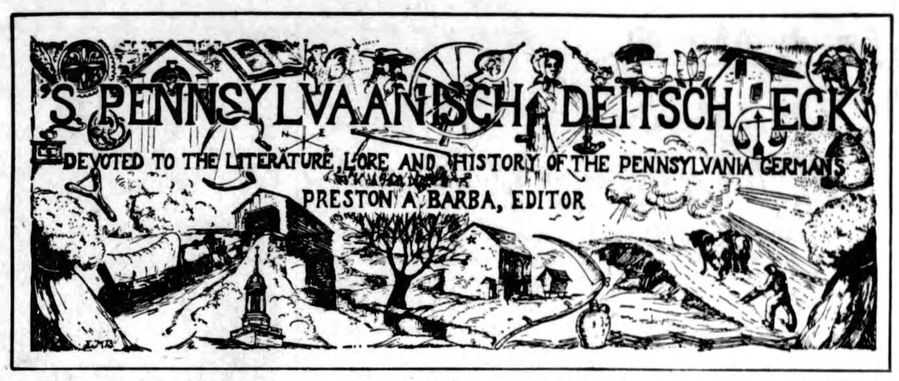
By BEN BURROUGHS

My Valley

There's a little bit of heaven . . . cradled in a velley green . . . far away from worldly sorrow . . . sheltered by Dame Nature's screen . . . just a spot where I find comfort . . . at the close of every day . . . place of peace and tender feeling . . . where my dearest loved ones stay . . . nights are joyful in my valley . . . and there is contentment rare . . . for the code to live is kindness . . . happiness is everywhere . . . friendship lights the path to my house . . . in my heart there is a song . . . and the brilliant stars add luster . . . as I make my way along . . . so each eventide I journey . . . to the place where hopes ascend . . . and I walk right into heaven . . . when I reach my journey's end.

Horoscope

Business should being notable success. Today's child will be both practical and idealistic.



THE STORY OF JOSEPH KELLER

By THE REV. ELI KELLER, D.D.

Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations: Ask thy father, and he will show thee: Thy Elders, and they will tell thee—Deut. 32, 7.

THE FIRST commandment, with a promise annexed, is that we shall honor our father and mother. This includes that we should hold in thankful remembrance our parents and ancestors. Hence it seems to me to be quite appropriate to write down here the history of one of my ancestors, with which I have become acquainted, partly through the narratives of parents and friends, and partly through written documents.

In the year 1738 my ancestors were living in the city of Zweibruecken, in the Palatinate, Germany. This is near the border of France, and sometimes known by its French name, Deux Ponts. Originally our family was of Swiss descent; but in the time of the black plague, they, with many other Swiss, emigrated and found a pleasant home in this city. The clear waters of mountain streams flowed from thousands of springs in the Hardt mountains down into the Moselle. Nor was there any lack of honest employment. But Germany then was not united as now, but split up into provinces, and in fact lay under the feet of proud France. This was under the rule of the celebrated but vicious Louis XIV. Of this king Dittmar says, in his history of the world: "Arbitrary government, regardless of consequences, gross sensuality, astonishing and dissolute extravagance, and a greed for notoriety, went out from the French court, and infected many German princes also. This brought much sorrow upon German lands; but what was worse, Louis was driven by his ambition to bring that beautiful borderland, the Palatinate, under his power. His generals ravaged the defenceless land with barbric fury."

Then it was that necessity drove many to emigrate; and among them **Joseph Keller,** with an older brother, and with a half - brother named Guth, also concluded to go to America. Of this land they had heard that there was to be found a good soil, freedom, and an abundance of food. At that time Joseph was but 19 years of age. His father had been of the Catholic faith, but his mother belonged to the Reformed Church, and had piously trained her son in the doctrines and duties as set forth by this confession.

Joseph Keller Arrives at Baltimore

In the year 1738 these wanderers arrived safely in America landing at Baltimore, Maryland after a long and tiresome voyage. Although in a strange land, without any acquaintances or relatives, the brothers were compelled to separate at the very start, in order to obtain a support. The oldest brother took his way to Virginia, and it was 40 long years before Joseph again heard a word from him. There were then no such postal arrangements as now. The way in which he heard of him again happened in this manner. In the year 1778, during the War of Independence, while Washington and his army lay at New Brunswick, N.J., Joseph, with many of his neighbors, visited the camp, and on one occasion when the roll was called he heard the name of Keller called out. This induced him to make an investigation, and he found that this Keller was his brother's son, and that he was one of the secretaries of Washington. This unexpected meeting was a source of great joy; but unfortunately the acquaintance could not be further prosecuted then, because the times were troublous, and the mail arrangements very defective.

Thus separated from his older brother, he had for a companion only his half - brother Guth. These two remained and labored in Pennsylvania until the year 1743, at which time, by means of hard toil, Joseph had earned so much, that he felt able to lay the foundations of a family of his own, and to secure the land for a farm. In entering upon the state of matrimony, as an active and industrious young man, he could no doubt have found a life-companion in America also, but his heart went back to the Palatinate, and sought out a daughter of his people, a friend of his youth, whom he had learned to know and love in his old home.

His Palatine Sweetheart Comes to America

Her name was Maria Engel Drumm, born in Annweiler, a village of the Palatinate. She followed him to America as soon as she could find an opportunity to do so in the company of friends. Possibly he may have written her and described to her the new home in America as a land where no French border incursions and no forced military service were to be found; where no officials, in imitation of the French, oppressed the common people; where no one was compelled to pull off his hat in the presence of the proud nobles; and where no mocker made sport of the Heidelberg catechism. It was a free, open land, with fine game in the forests and an abundance of fish in the numerous waters. True, the Indians carried on their depredations as yet, here and there, and the land was mostly uncleared and unsettled; but such things were not a terror to his stout heart and strong arms, but rather an incentive to activity. And now having met in this land, they pushed forward with the newer region, long the Blue Ridge of Pennsylvania, where there was yet plenty of land to be obtained.

Joseph and Maria Settle in Northampton County

From the region now known as Lehigh County they went northeast to what was later known as Plainfield Township in Northampton County, Pa. They settled at a place two miles from the Blue Mountains, where Martin's Creek, a clear mountain stream, passes on its way to the Delaware River. The first shelter they found in their new home was under a large oak tree, near by a strong spring. The Blue Mountains, with their rocks, springs, and woods, became in their eyes a second Haardt; the mountain stream was for them their native Saar; the Martin Creek was the Moselle, and the Delaware the Rhine. There was no lack of all sorts of game — deer, rabbits, pigeons and pheasants. Fish also abounded in the streams, especially the famous speckled trout. Whortleberries were superabundant. The clear atmosphere was promotive of health, and timber for the erection of buildings was everywhere. A few neighbors had also moved in, and there was the beginning of a settlement. No one looked with anxious eyes upon the newcomers. They were received with the greatest of kindness. In later years they often recalled with joy how this neighborly kindness manifested itself, not alone in words, but in numerous acts of love. Now the bright axes were laid at the trunks of the chestnut and the hickory, and the cabin of peace was soon built.

Many Years They Live in Peace and Prosperity

Prosperity dwelt beneath their roof, and the blessings of Heaven rested upon them. The old Bible and the Hymn Book, which they had brought with them from Germany, are lying before me as I write. Out of this book they sang, in the cabin under the shadows of the Blue Mountains the same hymns and tunes which they had sung in the Haardt mountains, and on church occasions they used the same forms as there; the youth were instructed in the same doctrines, so that the young as well as the old might learn to know that they were Reformed Christians.

Thus the Keller family lived in peace and quietness for 15 years and rejoiced in the rich blessings of God. The bottomland was gradually transformed into beautiful meadows; the high lands into fields for grain. The family grew in numbers, and the whole neighborhood became more thickly settled. In the old Bible before me are recorded the names of seven children, six sons and one daughter. No father need be ashamed to enter such a record in his Bible. Over the door of such a house we might well write in golden letters the words of the Psalmist: "For thou shalt eat the labor of thy hands; happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee. Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house; thy children like olive plants round about thy table." — Ps. 128: 2. 3.

In the fields they cultivated rye, buckwheat, Indian corn, oats and potatoes; in the well-kept garden were cabbage, turnips, cucumbers, radishes, beans, lettuce and onions. The finest of flax was raised, carefully cleaned, and then spun and often woven at home; of cotton nothing was known at that time. In this way too they prepared their own woolen garments for use in the winter seasons. Then the clothes cost far more labor, but less money than now; they were not so fine and bright looking, but more durable. For felling the trees they used the axe; for threshing, the flail; for the harvest, the sickle. There was no lack of work, nor of good appetite and sound sleep.

Now Dark Clouds Begin to Gather

But now dark clouds began to gather over the heads of this prosperous and happy family. The French and Indian War broke loose. The question that lay at the bottom of this was as to whether France or England should rule North America. England possessed the colonies that stretched along the Atlantic coast, as far back as to the Allegheny Mountains. But France had Canada, the Northwest, the control of the great Mississippi, and Louisiana. Because the French devoted themselves mainly to the trade in furs, and paid little attention to agriculture, therefore most of the Indians sided with them, and the settlers on the border were greatly subject to their hostility and fearfully murderous raids. In these dark clouds the lightning played constantly and the thunder rolled heavily; not alone in the distance, but here and there lightning strokes fell on the settlers in their homes.

It was on the 15th of September, 1757, that the unsuspecting Keller family by the Blue Mountains was suddenly overwhelmed. It took place in the afternoon. Joseph Keller, the father, was at that time in a distant field, engaged in plowing. After having fed and watered the horses at noon, he had taken two of his children with him, going joyfully to his work which was the preparation of his field for seeding. Another son, Simon, had been sent into a clearing in the woods, to drive away the wild pigeons from the newly sown field. The mother, with the two smaller children in the house and the babe in the cradle, was engaged in her household work.

In that region, as soon as the sun sinks behind the Blue Mountains the ploughman usually regards it as time to stop and return home. But in seeding time he may think it best to go round his field a few times more, in order to complete his work. So on this day Joseph Keller had continued his work longer than usual, and returned late in the evening, tired and weary. Arriving at the house, he at once noticed a very unusual silence. He did not, as at other times, hear the voices of the children and their joyful greetings. He saw nothing of the usual signs of an evening meal in preparation. No smoke ascended from the chimney. Only the loud crying of the babe in the cradle met him. Fear and dread overwhelmed him. He searched through the whole house and finds no one. He hurries to the barn, but only an empty echo answers to his call. The two children whom he had brought with himself from the field, and Simon, who had returned from his pigeon hunt, gather in tears about him. Where are the rest? Where possibly can the mother be? Is not this the season for going after wild grapes, plums or whortleberries? Is not this perhaps the time to make a visit to a neighbor? He leaves the children in the house and hurries to the nearest neighbor. No one of his family is there. The neighbors accompany him home. They call aloud, and search in every direction. Suddenly they see something lying on the ground, and hasten to it. Alas it is a bloody corpse, lying in the field, the corpse of Christian, the eldest son. He has been pierced through with a spear, and his scalp has been torn from his head! It is plain that he was attempting to escape, and was brought down to the ground in his flight. This at once explained a great deal: Indians had been there, and had murdered the rest also, or had carried them away as captives. This conclusion was at once reached.

But what now is to be done? The night has already fallen, and, in searching for them, what direction was to be taken? O, woe and misery! All the neighbors hasten to the scene, and soon there are plenty of well - loaded weapons standing in the corner. The whole night is consumed in discussing plans, but what can it all avail? There lay the bloody body of Christian, who had fallen a prey to the treacherous enemy — but alas! where were the rest of the family?

At the break of day Christian was buried not far from the spot where he had fallen. The whole region round was searched, far and wide, but all in vain! Joseph Keller was overwhelmed with his misfortunes. He could well say, with Job: "Oh, that my grief were thoroughly weighed, and my calamity laid in the balances together! For now it would be heavier than the sand of the sea." (Job 6:2, 3). With the same Job he could sigh: "Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me!" (Job 29:2).

(To Be Concluded)

TO THE READER

The story of Joseph Keller in today's Eck was published in the Almanac for the Reformed Church in the year 1880. It was written by the Rev. Eli Keller, great-grandson of Joseph Keller. After a distinguished career in the ministry of the Reformed Church (now the United Church of Christ) Eli Keller retired to Allentown, Pa. where he died in 1919 in his 95th year. He had endeared himself to many through his wide interest in the history, lore and dialect of the Pennsylvania Germans. Some of his dialect poems have appeared in earlier issues of the Eck. We shall in the near future give a fuller account of the life and work of Eli Keller. — Ed.

THE MORNING CALL

David A. Miller, Publisher-Director 1895 1958

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Editorials

Support for This Growth

Announcement that Air Products and Chemicals Inc. is about to start work on a $6 million expansion of its research facilities at Trexlertown is another indication of the stature the Lehigh Valley is attaining as a center of scientific development.

Bethlehem Steel's still growing Homer Research Laboratories on the top of South Mountain, the sizeable Bell Telephone Laboratories installation in Western Electric's Allentown plant and the newspaper industry's center in Easton are other evidences. Many smaller units also are scattered through the Lehigh Valley.

These complexes are bringing topnotch scientists into the community. The salaries paid generally are considerably above the average wage level and they are having a marked impact on the economy of the area.

They also are increasing the demand for trained technicians, for men and women with the skills and aptitudes scientists need to help with their experiments and to join in translating some of their dreams and theories into realities. This need ranges from secretaries and stenographers familiar with scientific terminology, to high school graduates with some basic skills in mathematics, computer operation, chemistry, physics or biological sciences below the advanced college level. Creative craftsmen and artisans also will be required as more experimental apparatus and equipment are needed in the research centers.

Much of the training needed in these growing complexes of industries, colleges and medical centers can be given in high schools that are alert to the needs and have teachers who can challenge and motivate average pupils whose plans do not include college. Some of it may have to be expanded by additional study in a technical school which an area like this shouldn't find too difficult to establish cooperatively.

Jobs already are here for those with the required skills and the willingness to apply themselves. More quite obviously will be available for those prepared to fill them.

Birthday Wishes

Congress quite appropriately took time out this week to pay a warm and deserved tribute to Rep. Francis E. Walter, a great American who through his more than 30 years in the House has served both his nation and his Eastern Pennsylvania constituency with rare distinction.

Tomorrow is his 69th birthday. Unfortunately, the only happiness it is likely to bring him in Georgetown Hospital is the knowledge that millions in his own district and across the nation are rooting for his recovery from a generally ravaging illness.

Francis Walter has been an unusual congressman. Generally counted as a staunch supporter of the three Democratic presidents under whom he served, he frequently crossed both party and sectional lines to work and vote for causes he considered in the best interest of the nation. As a result, he has almost as many Republicans as Democrats in his corner and the tributes to him have been markedly bipartisan. Those who disagree with his politics, rarely are honestly opposed to his purposes.

He has no reason to give a second thought to his few foes. For the most part, they are Communists and their fellow travelers whom he has battled for so many years and bureaucrats who sought what they could get from the nation rather than what they could do for it.

Although he currently is fighting what probably is his greatest battle, few are willing to count him out and no one really wants to. Most of them know that as he struggles for his life, he still is fighting for them and for their country.

We think they would like to join in this birthday greeting to him.

Another Conquest

It now is on the record that the world's highest and most formidable mountain has been conquered.

The ascent to the 29,028 foot summit of Mount Everest at long last has been made from both sides of the Himalayan ranges. American teams reached the peak the same day, one over the traditional southern route scaled to the top 10 years ago, and the other for the first time over the considerably more perilous west ridge.

Both were daring exploits. Stout-hearted men undertook them with a minimum of support and wrote their names in the log reserved for the bravest exponents of one of the most hazardous sports.

Although all the physical peaks on earth now appear to have been conquered, there are many other adventures that will test the mettle of men and challenge their daring and their skills. They still must discover what lies in the deepest parts of the seas, on the moon and on the planets then learn how to use all the information they have gathered through the centuries.

Some day they will and when they do the peaks will be little more than way stations along the pathways of progress.

What Others Say

What Is a Farmer?

Cato (N.Y.) Citizen

A farmer is a paradox — he is an overall executive with his home his office; a scientist using fertilizer attachments; a purchasing agent in an old hat; a personnel director with grease under his fingernails; . . . a production expert with a surplus; and a manager battling a price-cost squeeze.

He manages more capital than most of the businessmen in town. He likes sunshine, good foods. He is not much for droughts, ditches, throughways, experts, weeds, the 8-hour day, or helping with housework. . . .

A farmer must have faith to continually meet the challenges of his capacities amid the possibility that a late spring can bring his business to a standstill. You can reduce his acreage but (not) his ambition. . . .

Might as well put up with him. He is your countryman — a denim-dressed, businesswise, fast-growing statesman of stature. And when he comes in at noon, having spent the energy of his hopes, he can be recharged anew with the magic words: "The market's up."

Orville Has His 'Wheaties'



Bruce Russell

Confusing the People

By DAVID LAWRENCE

When there's a confused judiciary, there's bound to be a confused public. And how can anyone tell what "the law of the land" really is today when the judges themselves contradict each other in a matter of a few hours?



Lawrence

Thus, the first editions of two New York City newspapers —which reach many subscribers or newsstand buyers in Washington—said in their headlines Thursday morning:

"U. S. Judge Rejects Appeal to Reinstate Birmingham Pupils" — New York "Times."

"Court Won't Bar Pupil Ousters" — New York "Herald Tribune."

Yet this wasn't the fact very long. A few hours later, these same newspapers were telling their readers in later editions in New York City that a U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals judge had, on the same day, overturned the earlier ruling.

The case in question arose when the Board of Education of the City of Birmingham ordered the suspension of the 1,081 Negro students in the public schools who had been arrested on May 7, during street demonstrations, on the charge of parading without a permit. The city's policy has been to take such action against any student who is arrested for any reason until the charges are disposed of in the courts.

U. S. District Judge Clarence W. Allgood, who was appointed by President Kennedy, issued a ruling in which he said:

"This court feels that the Board of Education of the City of Birmingham in its disciplinary problems deserves no interference from this court so long as it stays in reasonable bounds." He added:

"This court was shocked to see hundreds of school children ranging in age from 6 to 16 running loose and wild without direction over the streets of Birmingham and in the business establishments."

A few hours later on Wednesday evening, Judge Elbert P. Tuttle, of the Fifth U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals, issued a ruling at Atlanta, Georgia, ordering the Birmingham school superintendent to tell the suspended pupils they could return to their classes Thursday morning even if the school superintendent had to advise them over the radio. Judge Tuttle said his order does not affect the right of school officials to discipline any students for "acts of actual violence or actual breaches of the peace other than parading without a permit." He declared that the students were "illegally arrested for exercising this constitutional right."

"What harm would it do," asked Judge Tuttle of the superintendent of school's attorney, Reid Barnes, "to put these children back in school while their appeal is pending?"

"According to the superintendent of schools," replied Mr. Barnes, "it would cause a breakdown of discipline and morale."

So now the federal judiciary, in effect, takes charge of a city's educational system and decides how children should be disciplined. Yet there isn't a word in the constitution which gives the federal government any such power over the educational system in any state.

But the confusion isn't confined to the South. Just across the Potomac from Washington, another federal judge, Oren R. Lewis, handed down a decision on Wednesday which, for the first time, emphasizes "equal rights for whites." He ordered the commissioners of the District of Columbia to give white prisoners at the Lorton Reformatory a chance to decide whether they want to sleep in an all-white dormitory or in one for both whites and Negroes. The policy for the institution had been that only the Negro prisoners could decide for themselves whether they wanted to live in an all-Negro dormitory or an integrated one.

Yet "the law of the land" is supposed to be quite clear nowadays so the citizens will always understand and obey what the courts tell them lest federal troops be mobilized "to enforce a court order." But what shall parents throughout the country think when they are refused a choice between integrated and segrated schools for their children: Are there to be "equal choices" only in the federal government's jails?

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My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: I become very disturbed when some people tell me of the wonderful transformation that came to them when they were reborn. I was raised to believe in God and to trust the teaching of the Bible. I cannot remember when I did not believe that Jesus died on the cross, for my sins. I enjoy helping my children with their Sunday School lessons and enjoy doing my own. In wonderful ways our prayers are answered, yet I have never experienced anything such as I hear these people tell about. Sometimes it frightens me. Is there something wrong with me Mrs. D.D.W

Answer: You will be surprised to know how many people are dedicated, active Christians, and yet they cannot refer to a specific time when a religious experience seemed to take place — one that they call the beginning of their Christian life when they were born again. My own wife is one of these — but her life clearly testifies that she knows Christ.

Studies into the nature of Christian conversion indicate that people have all kinds of experiences from the most violent and traumatic experiences down to those that are so mild they cannot recall them. You see, the experience is not the important part of becoming a Christian. What is important is to know whether or not you are alive today. I do not mean that you are alive physically, but it is important to know that you are alive spiritually. Eternal life is a gift that God gives through Jesus Christ.

One of the surest tests that we are Christian is that we have a love for the Word of God and a desire to obey it, not whether we have had a certain feeling or otherwise.

Another definite indication is that we love others — Jesus said: "We know we have passed from death to life because we love the brethren."

Horoscope

Seize your golden opportunities; guard against extravagance. Today's child will be ambitious.

Rural Changes

By RUSSELL KIRK

All my life, I have seen the old rural order dissolving. Born near Detroit, I reflected even as a boy on the radical alteration of farm life. Nowadays the fields where I walked in the late 20s are covered by great industrial plants.

Up north in Mecosta County, Michigan, where I live now, subsistence agriculture survives — though much of the land is in the soil bank. And the farmers are following me north from the southern counties. In Mecosta, we have welcomed recently several farmers from the neighborhood of Monroe, Michigan, where the land — some of it cultivated since the middle of the eighteenth century — is being squeezed between the industrial centers of Detroit and Toledo, and the prospects of the St. Lawrence Seaway induce or compel the farmer to sell out. One of them, near Monroe, sold his 30 acres for $20,000, and his farmhouse for $4,000; with the proceeds, he has acquired 10 times as much land in Mecosta.

The old sources of farm labor have given way, in these parts as in so much more of the country, to Mexican pickers in late summer. But probably the days of the picturesque Mexicans are now numbered: elaborate machines — prohibitively expensive for the small farmer — are supplanting them.

The county fairs dwindle as the years pass: they no longer serve much of an economic function. Even in big cities, farmers' markets are abolished or pushed into some corner. Increasingly, the farmer deals with the big canning and food-processing firms. My village's only industry is the elevator of Heinz of the 57 varieties, where cucumbers and beans are collected in season. At Hart, another village I know, the Stokely-Van Camp plant processes applesauce and cherries. These firms change even the farmers' own dietary habits: Stokely-Van camp, for instance, has introduced Bavarian-style sauerkraut, a new green bean (the "shellie"), and Hawaiian applesauce; the company has a research staff of 30 or 40 people. Thus the food-corporation, rather than the cultivator, becomes the literal aribiter of taste.

Too, the old country stores vanish, except where the growth of suburbs or of lake resorts gives them a new market. Those that survive sell mostly canned goods and bread from the city — one sighs for the cracker barrel, the home-cured ham and jars of bologna, the sacks of flour from the nearest mill.

And in this process, the rural population shrinks alarmingly. Most of America's military valor, and much of her energy and imagination, came from the farms and country villages. Though the farm subsidies may have insured the prosperity of the staple-crop farmer on a big scale, they have done next to nothing toward keeping people on the land. Will we see the day, predicted in the novels of H. .G Wells and Aldous Huxley, when the countryside is altogether deserted? Or may the prophecy of Marx be fulfilled, that town and countryside will merge in one continuous blur?

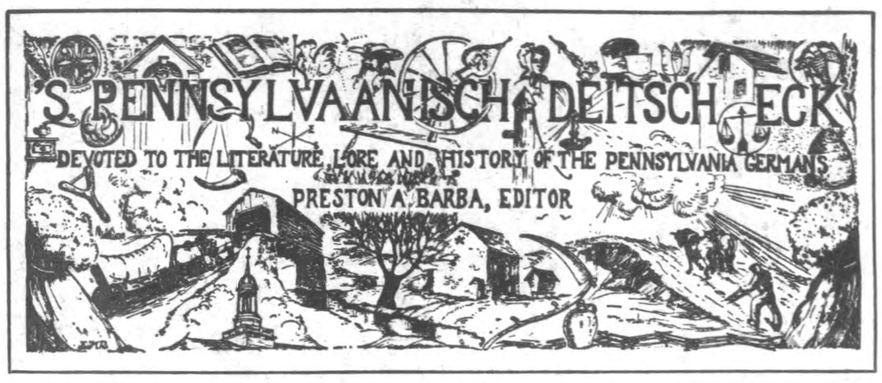
Factographs

German trains have telephones which can be connected with the German telephone system.

The 5,000-mlie Trans-Canada Highway serves about 90 per cent of Canada's population.

Your eye fluid which makes tears has germ-killing function.

The Japan Trench, which lies off the southeast coast of Japan, is deep enough to hold six Grand Canyons atop one another.



THE STORY OF JOSEPH KELLER

By THE REV. ELI KELLER, D.D.

(Conclusion)

Between Hope and Fear

If all had been murdered the anxiety would not have been so great. But as they had entirely disappeared without the slightest trace, the heart was all the time alternating between hope and fear. Every sound, by day or night, agitated his heart. Ah! how many tears fell to the ground, and how many sighs and prayers ascended to heaven!

At this time the French had gathered their main forces in Canada, especially in Montreal and Quebec. From these places as centres, they managed their raids. There, too, the Indians friendly to them were gathered without however forming any permanent settlement. As usual with these savages, they would start from one of these places, at one time in the year going over mountains and valleys to hunt, at another season, along the streams for fishing. In this way all the streams and mountains of Pennsylvania were often visited by them, and were well known to them. The town of Easton, where the Lehigh and the Bushkill fall into the Delaware, was formerly one of their chief places of gathering. Hither they often came also in their trading expeditions, when they had skins and pelts to sell. In this way they had the best of opportunities to become acquainted with the habits of the frontier settlers. Many an hour did they pass in looking down from the mountains upon the white people laboring in the valleys, conscious of the presence of their spies. When the Indians learned that the French were desirous of securing prisoners, the thought naturally arose in their minds to capture as many of the whites as possible. It was in this way that the Keller family, with its active boys, attracted the attention of some wandering Indians; for the whole surroundings were such as to favor the execution of such a robbery.

Whoever passes from the Plainfield church, northeast about two miles, on the way to the village of Bangor, will come to a conical hill. On the right, opposite the hill, was the Keller home. On the left, behind the hill, Joseph Keller had been engaged in ploughing. When he went out in the morning to his ploughing, he was wont not to return until noon, unless a horn was blown, or a child came with a message. So also in the afternoon. Keller was a fearless and courageous man, who might have given the savages a terrible reception, but under the present circumstances there was no cause for fear. The mother of the family was also unusually strong, and had a strong voice, so as scarcely to need a horn usually in calling her husband. But over this hill the voice could not penetrate, and what could a solitary woman do in the persence of the savages? The Indians had marked all this, and well knew that if they could rush upon them in the afternoon, nothing could be discovered of their raid until night, and that the pursuit could not possibly be entered upon then. For the woman, as a strong worker, they could expect a good price from the French. They acted in accordance with these cunningly laid plans, and were successful.

As the wolves, in the neighborhood of the quietly feeding sheep, crouching in the thickets, feed their eyes for a time upon their prey, until the right moment arrives, and then suddenly, with all their strength, rush forth to carry out their bloody work, so was it in this case also. Before the unfortunate family knew of its danger, it was overpowered and made helpless. It was not the object of the Indians to murder them; they also avoided setting the house on fire, else their raid might have been discovered too early, and their flight might have been cut off. Nor had they probably intended to kill Christian. As a prisoner he would have been of more value to them than his scalp. But no doubt he tried to escape from them, and was too fleet to be overtaken by them. All else turned out according to their plans, and Maria Engel Keller, with her two sons, Joseph and Jacob, aged respectively three and six years, was now in all haste hurried over mountain and valley, on the way to Montreal in Canada. The first night they halted at a place about 12 miles distant, known as Cherry Valley. The night was beautiful and cool, and a fire was kindled. Scarcely had the flames commenced to arise, when an Indian drew forth the scalp of Christian and dried it at the fire. The mother recognized it by its blonde hair, and a stab went through her bleeding mother-heart. It is easy to understand what a night of terror she must have passed, and that no sleep visited her eyes. Then followed the long and hurried march of 400 miles. She was often so exhausted that an Indian would place his weapon against her back to urge her along. Often she believed that in the end the Indians would kill her in order to get rid of her. Still, Canada was finally reached, and the mother was sold to a French officer.

Prisoners in Canada

But Canada was finally reached and the mother was sold to a French officer. The boys were taken from her, and she was now alone in her misery. Joseph was adopted into an Indian family. A young Indian had died and his sister adopted Joseph in his stead. This saved his life. What became of the other boy will only be known in eternity: nothing was ever heard of him. The situation of the mother in her servitude was not unendurable so far as the outward life was concerned. Joseph also was treated with a great deal of respect and affection by the savages, and soon became accustomed to the free, but often hard life of nature.

Anxiety at Home

But of all this not a word was known at home. The Indians were very careful not to drop a hint concerning it, although they often returned at a later period to that neighborhood, and from out of the mountain retreats observed the movements of the settlers. They noticed that the affrighted people were building themselves a blockhouse, or fort, of huge logs, in order to save themselves from future raids. The spot where this was erected was about one mile east of the Plainfield church, near a large spring, where at present Jacob Root is living. Into this building they brought the women and children for the day for safety. At night all the people of the whole neighborhood assembled there; in the daytime the men were engaged in their labors.

One evening the larger girls were more than usually noisy, and in order to bring them to quiet, they were locked out for a time from the building, when naturally enough they were filled with fright until they were again admitted. Another evening the men were engaged in shooting at a mark. This was affixed to a tree, and one of the men shot so low that he hit the roots of the tree. This caused great laughter, as sharp shooting was then necessary, but the poor marksman defended himself by affirming that a shot in the feet of the enemy was not to be despised.

One evening, at twilight, several men stood before the fort and were gazing around. One said: "Over there, in the bottom, I saw something move. I believe it was an Indian." The others laughed and said he must have been a ghost. He said: "A shot will be a good thing. I will fire at the spot." The others rejoined: "You cannot hit at this distance." He delivered his shot, and nothing further was heard. But in Canada the Indians related in the presence of mother Keller that in the fort down there in the Blue Mountains must be a good marksman, for one of their number was on that very day nearly hit when at a great distance.

Joseph Keller also experienced how constantly the Indians were in his immediate neighborhood. For one evening, after concluding his work in his house and barn, he was already a good distance on his way to the fort, when something occurred to him which he wished still to do, and he again returned to the house. When he came near, he saw that there were Indians in it. He thought it too venturesome to attack them alone, and hurried to the fort for help to capture them. But when they entered the house, the savages were all gone. But they had taken with them all his tobacco, which he had raised himself, and hung under the roof to dry. This worried him for a long time. He often said that, if he had only attacked them when he saw them, alone as he was, some of them would certainly have remained behind.

The Years Passed

Thus passed three eventful, disturbed years. In the meantime the English had been greatly successful as over against the French, and in these contests our forefathers, the colonists, rendered great services. The fortified city of Montreal, although surrounded with high walls, and a ditch eight feet deep, and placed under the special protection of the Virgin Mary, could not withstand them. With the aid of the God of Abraham, the English under General Wolff stormed the "Heights of Abraham", took the city of Quebec, and cooped up the French commander Vandreuil in Montreal. On the 6th of September, 1760, nearly 10,000 British troops advanced against the city, and two days later Montreal, with the whole of Canada, fell into their possession. All prisoners were at once released.

Home Again

At this time the farmers of upper Pennsylvania were wont to bring all their farm produce by wagon to Philadelphia, a distance of 60 miles. Joseph Keller was on his way to market, in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, when he heard the news that the prisoners were released; and this took such possession of his heart, and filled him with such hope, that he at once unhitched his team, allowing the loaded wagon to stand, and rode back home with all speed. And when he arrived at his house, behold! his beloved wife had returned. Ah! what a meeting that must have been! How must the children have gazed upon the mother, and how must the mother have embraced the children before the arrival of the father! How much there must have been to relate on both sides! True, Christian was dead and buried, and the two younger ones had not yet been found, but the mother was now restored, and there was hope that the two boys might again be found. In the family Bible the father wrote with trembling hands: "My wofe came back, anno, 1760, on the 20th of October, but of my boys I have as yet heard nothing."

Two years later another entry was made in the same Bible: "Philip, born the 29th of March, 1763." This was my grandfather (Eli Keller is writting this narrative.-Ed.), whom as a youth I often visited. Each time, on leaving him, he gave me a quarter of a dollar as a present. Had I been as observant then as now, I might have heard from him many traditions from the older times. With the older brother, Simon, I also became well acquainted. He often visited our house, and each time was presented by our mother with German cheese, of which he was very fond.

A few years after the birth of Philip the parents had the great joy of welcoming the return of Joseph, after his seven years captivity and detention in Canada. He had passed this whole period with the Indians, and in his feelings and habits had become like one of them. With the bow and arrow he was very skillful. The Indians had not yet allowed him a gun, but had promised him that the next year he should have one, and his desire for it was so great that at first he did not wish to return home. Gradually, however, he accustomed himself again to a civilized life. He was, however, always very fond of hunting, in which he easily took all sorts of game. Often he would seat himself under a tree, in a thicket, and allure all sorts of birds to him, in order to catch them, for he could imitate the cry of every kind of bird. He was also fond of playing jokes on his acquaintances, without injuring them. One day he called out to a friend at a great distance whether he might shoot an arrow at him. This one, believing it impossible to shoot so far, gave permission. But the arrow whirred so near his ear that he afterwards took good care not to give such a permission a second time.

The other boy never returned home.

It was not long now until the War of Independence began. Margaretha, the only daughter married a Mr. Miller, who served as captain under General Washington. He met with the sad misfortune that his wife and only child died while he was absent in the war. Both lie buried in the Plainfield graveyard. The inscriptions have long since become illegible, but in the stone that marks the resting place of the daughter is a hole filled with lead, in which was once fastened a crown as an ornament. Joseph also served in the Revolutionary War. The other son, John Jacob, had a son who became a minister of the Reformed Church, and died in the State of New York in the year 1852.

The two pioneer parents, Joseph and Maria Keller, lived to a venerable age. The father died at the age of 81, the mother lived to be 83. They were well and widely known for their piety. As long as she lived the mother always kept the day of her deliverance from captivity as a day of prayer and thanksgiving, which she kept strictly also as a fast-day, doing entirely without food. Both of them served God through their whole lives, remembering the severe sufferings through which they had passed, and which left ineffaceable traces in their countenances and in their hearts. But they did not forget their gratitude for the great blessings which were also vouchsafed to them.

(The reader will remember that Eli Keller was the great-grandson of the pioneer Joseph Keller. The above narrative appeared in German in the Reformed Church Almanac for 1880.—Ed.

We are not born as the partridge in the wood, or the ostrich of the desert, to be scattered everywhere; but we are to be grouped together, and brooded by love, and reared day by day in that first of churches, the family.

—Henry Ward Beecher

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Editorials

Impeding Civil Rights

Not many Americans are going to remain passive much longer watching men stomped and clubbed and set upon by vicious dogs because some don't happen to like the color of their skin and seek to bar them from constitutional rights.

Increasing violence on the streets of Alabama and Mississippi and most recently in Florida is poisoning the bloodstream of the nation. The venom is spreading and there is a very real danger it will infect susceptible rabble rousers even in those areas where the two races long have learned to respect each other and live peaceably together.

Regardless of their cause, extremists aren't helping it. Negro demonstrators can only further delay the kind of integration that gradually is changing the mores of the Southland. Since the Supreme Court's historic decision nine years ago, 977 Southern school districts, 124 Southern colleges and universities, transportation systems in 36 Southern cities and lunch counters in 110 have been desegregated with comparatively little commotion.

White demonstrators and mobsters are disgracing their own race and leaving a blot under which their communities and states and institutions long will suffer. Seldom has any picture caused so many comments as the one published in The Morning Call and many other newspapers earlier this week showing a former Jackson, Mississippi policeman brutally stomping a fallen Negro sit-in demonstrator.

Few plead the cause of Mississippi's Ross Barnett or Alabama's George Wallace. Their open defiance of court orders is scarcely an example of the rule of law and order for those they expect to abide by police edicts and local ordinances.

This nation's government cannot stand by endlessly, nor will it, while a few states ignore the Constitution written for the protection of all Americans and their government. Time is running out for the die-hard obstructionists, as recent rulings by the Supreme Court indicated.

Unfortunately, if the federal government is compelled to crack down, it quite probably will establish precedents under which all may sacrifice more of the precious privileges of state and individual rights. The highest court, whose edicts the President is bound to enforce, already has given it considerably more leeway than many dreamed it could have.

No one is serving the nation by giving cause to have more of these rights whittled away in the hope of speeding up others long overdue in some areas.

Motivating Years

The 440,000 college graduates stepping forward to get their diplomas in this month's academic processions have grown up in quite an era.

Most of them were born in the year Japan poured its bombs on Pearl Harbor. Many didn't get to know their fathers until the war ended nearly four years later and some never did. Mothers were busy, too, as they took over more of the jobs once generally regarded as part of a man's world.

In the year this June's graduates were rocked behind blackout curtains when sirens wailed, only a small handful of scientists had even an inkling of the nightmare an atom bomb could be. Jet airliners weren't even on drawing board and television was in laboratories. Polio was a scourge and many were its victims until Jonas Salk perfected his vaccine 14 years later. The only satellites were those that had been in the heavens since the beginning of time. Man was still 20 years away from his first journey into space.

It's quite a remarkable accomplishment that better than 16 per cent of the 2.7 million babies born in America the year this country began its titanic World War II battles now have completed 16 or 17 years of schooling and are about to take on new assignments. Their parents have been almost as much aghast at the subjects these youngsters have had to master in junior and senior high schools and undergraduate colleges as they have been at the skyrocketing costs of education at all levels.

To operate Allentown's public schools during the 1941-42 term cost taxpayers $2 million. Next term's bill now is calculated at better than $9.5 million. Tuition and incidental fees at Muhlenberg just before the war were $384 a year. Next fall they will be $1,300.

Those who have had these advantages in this tumultuous academic cycle still have to prove the value of the investment by demonstrating what they have learned. More jobs than ever are waiting for them and at higher salaries. The challenges never have been greater.

This may be the generation of college graduates to conquer cancer and establish colonies on the moon. But its greatest task, regardless of the fields individuals choose, will be to use what they and others have discovered for man's advance, not for his destruction. The years in which they have been growing up should be all the motivation needed.

What Others Say

Done by Hand

Baltimore Sun

Other men construct the buildings which architects design; other men play the music which composers write. In one domain, however, the directness of contact has largely been maintained. Painters still paint, don't they? Some of them grind and mix their own pigments, and more of them use store-bought; some of them pay a lot for their palettes and some of them just lay their canvas out on the floor and dribble paint on straight from the bucket. But surely, as regards the sort of thing one goes to see at art shows, paintings are still made by painters?

Ah, but that depends. For now there is an announcement from Paris, where Picasso, a dispatch says, "has invented a machine which paints pictures." It is described, insufficiently, as having a keyboard which "controls the application of various colors and strokes on canvas." It will help painters —the great Pablo has always been a fast man with a brush as it is—to produce more rapidly. This is, in sum, interpreted as a step toward automation. So, we await word of the invention next of a player-piano effect, enabling the machine to continue work while the artist steps outside for an aperitif.

Horoscope

Check a tendency to extravagance as good fortune blossoms. Today's child will be gifted.

'Court Ruling? I Have My Own Ruling!'



Dangerous Coercion

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Negro leaders are high-pressuring the Kennedy Administration to coerce the dissenters on the segregation issue, even if it means the ruin of many private businesses which are caught in the emotional collision between rival groups in local communities.


Lawrence

President Kennedy apparently has decided to pass the buck to Congress. He has gone much further without law than any other Chief Executive to compel what is called "equal rights." But the Negro leaders — stimulated by the immunity granted by the Supreme Court recently to participants in street demonstrations which have provoked violence — say Mr. Kennedy hasn't done enough. So the President concedes, in effect, that he cannot proceed without a law, and now is about to ask Congress for more sweeping authority over business than has ever been given a Chief Executive in a federal statute. If Congress balks, Mr. Kennedy can say he at least did his part.

The proposal is that the President be given the right to close down any business if it insists on choosing its own customers or if it refuses to serve those who may be disorderly or otherwise engage in provocative acts that offend other customers and cause them to abstain from patronizing the business.

Nothing in the Constitution, of course, authorizes any such use of power by the President, But Mr. Kennedy need worry little about this slight omission, for the chances are that nd Congress will ever pass such legislation. It would mean, if enacted, the delegation to a President of the power of dictatorship over all private businesses throughout the country.

The proposed law would declare in substance, that the federal government can erase all state lines for business operations and decide that every business can be regulated from Washington. Controls can then be imposed as to the customers a business must serve and the employes it must hire.

Gradually the Supreme Court has inclined to the view that all businesses can be affected by interstate commerce. The emphasis, however, has been on their interstate character and on commodities — their manufacture or production or transportation.

Only rarely has the Congress sought to deal with individuals in interstate commerce. And then only with the conditions of employment of those who are directly connected with businesses on either a local or national level. Never has the Congress or the Supreme Court held that a business cannot choose its customers or cannot discontinue operations permanently or for a short time if it feels so inclined.

The Supreme Court nowadays, however, is a quasi-political body. Just a few days ago the court ruled that those who provoked street demonstrations under cover of "civil rights" demands — often resulting in injury to other citizens — were guiltless and couldn't be disciplined as violators of local ordinances designed to preserve law and order.

So, if Congress should pass a law giving dictatorship powers to a President, a majority of the present Supreme Court justices could be expected to uphold it. They probably would disregard the article in the Constitution which says no person can be "deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law."

The only barrier which really remains is that which the voters themselves can erect in expressing their opposition to those individual members of Congress who might be inclined to vote for a measure giving the President control of the operations of every business not only as to customers chosen but as to employees hired.

The inspiration for this new move by the Kennedy administration is evidently the concurring opinion rendered recently by Justice Douglas of the Supreme Court. Although the explicit issue was not before the court in that case, he wrote at length his view that every private business which today operates under a state, city or county license thereby becomes "state - connected" and thus within the Federal concept under the Fourteenth Amendment, and that it can, therefore, be constitutionally restricted in accordance with specifications laid down by Congress.

No other issue in the 1964 campaign will affect the entire electorate so penetratingly as the one raised by the prospective legislation about to be sponsored by the Kennedy administration. The economic impact of this move might be such that the debate will no longer be confined to the racial problem but will raise the question of whether a free - enterprise system could long survive under such totalitarian controls.

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Tough Union

By VICTOR RIESEL

UNION CITY, N.J. — If you read it in a novel you would not believe it. In this general area lies the headquarters of the largest Teamster local in the land. Also the blood, the sweat, the tears, the last few dollars of the opposition to the leadership. Also from time to time dented heads, broken bodies, and a corpse, possibly two.

Men with guts who have been leading the anti - administration United Ticket have been shot at, mugged, pursued down highways, hammered, reviled lewdly by goons, cursed at from loud speaker trucks. There have been nepotism, conviction and indictment of officials, elections investigated by several divisions of the federal government. There have been suspensions of oppositionists, and weird resolutions on salaries and strong-arm tactics at meetings.

A secretary - treasurer, Tony (Three Fingers) Castellito, walked out of a union gathering on the night of June 3, 1961, got into his brown Cadillac and was never again seen.

A lone band of men making a lone fight, shuttling between here and Washington, have been leading a crusade virtually ignored by the land — though, in fact, their victory would be a victory for all, their defeat a defeat for all unionists or not. When they finally got to an election last Dec. 14, they lost by 577 votes. And they charge that some 3,000 members strangely just never got nitification of the poll.

The oppositionists might have fought on alone in blood and sweat had not one of them, six-foot, 200-pound ex-Marine Walter Glockner, been shot down in a nearby town.

But it is not the first violence, though as always the assailants are unidentified but the oppositionists are not. Like George Phillips, one of the stand - up crusaders. He was mugged and stomped in another union hall. Later his truck was followed and when he got out he was hit by claw hammers. But he came back.

It was a buddy of his who was bulleted down the other day.

Phillips had attempted to take the floor at a membership meeting to protest the appointment of a new business agent. Phillips was ruled out of order — and the union meetings were adjourned for the rest of the summer. So Glockner decided to act at a shop stewards' meeting on the night of Thursday, May 23.

This is a weird local, indeed. Its leader is twice-indicted Tony (Pro) Provenzano — on trial on charges of taking $17,100 in exchange for labor peace, and soon to be tried on charges of violating the Taft-Hartley law by living in a $26,000 home supplied by a trucking firm with which his union has contracts.

Mr. President Tony Pro is a man of influence. He is also president of the New Jersey Joint Council of Teamsters and 12th vice president of the International Brotherhood in Washington. He is the gentleman of the highways who is not now taking the $75,000 a year in wage increases voted him by some 300 of the 16,000 members of the local. When and if Mr. Pro decides to take the money, he will be the world's highest paid union president — higher even than the president of the union of the United States.

This is the land of the brave, all right. We know that because of George Phillips' sturdy band. But is it still the land of the free?

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: The Bible says, "Come apart and be ye separate". How can a Christian hope to save a non-Christian if we are to shun them? I would find life pretty miserable if I had to shun four-fifths of the people I meet up with. A.S.

ANSWER: A genuine Christian is not a prig! Our Lord, himself, mingled with publicans and sinners. He scorned religious pride and smugness. His sharpest remarks were directed toward the Pharisees who thought themselves 'better' than publicans and sinners.

But remember this: our mingling with non-Christians is not to be merely social, but redemptive. Jesus did not condemn the adulterous woman, but He did say; "Go thy way and sin no more."

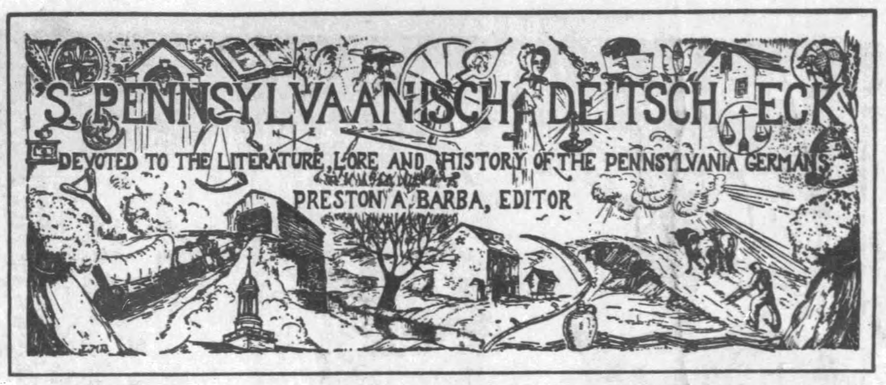
In your social mingling keep in mind that you are to "Let your light shine" and by your actions, if not by your words, let your friends know that Christ gives peace and power. You have, in your Christian faith, a powerful weapon to change men's lives. Do not let your sword rest in its scabbard.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Stroll With Me

Let's take a stroll down yonder lane. . .beneath the shady trees. . . out to the open countryside . . . where blows a gentle breeze . . . come take my hand and we will go . . . to where a brook runs clear. . . and songbirds chirp the livelong day . . . a son of joy and cheer . . . do not delay, now is the time . . . to visit nature's nest . . . for all the earth has burst in bloom. . . and looks its loveliest . . . if we desire, we can rest . . . upon the moss-patched sod. . . while gazing on the azure sky . . . fashioned by hands of God . . . you will, I know, gain peace of heart . . . and special kind of glee . . . if you will only take the time . . . to take a stroll with me.



DER DECORATION DAAG

The following sentiments, written for Memorial Day, appeared in the Lebanon Daily News for June 15, 1945, but are just as fitting today.

WELL, geschter waare mer uff der Kaerrichhof am Graewer decorate'e — die Graewer vun unsere Soldaade. Viel vun ihne leie do deheem in ihre siesse Ruh.

VIEL schlofe in fremme Lenner, weit, weit vun do. Viel sin versenkt im diefe See. Awwer wu ever ass sie ruhge, eb mer wisse wer odder wu ass sie sin, sin sie doch net vergesse.

MER ehre sie mechdich hoch, un halde sie lieb in unser Haerzer. Diefer ass der See wu sie vergraabt iss unser Lieb fer die, wu ihre Lewe gewwe hen so ass mer in Friede do wuhne kenne.

MER welle net Druwwel suche weegge eb so ebbes recht iss; mer welle dankbaar sei ass mer net meh Druwwel hen.

DIE Blumme gucke schee un rieche gut. Der Flag schwebt so schtill in der Luft; die Bend schpielt un die Kinner singe.

MER hen viel uffenthaltich Wetter ghatt so weit des Friehyaahr. Viel Leit sin hinnedraa mit ihre Aerwet uff de Felder.

YUSCHT wer net bissel abnemme hot kenne fer unser Soldaade zu ehre un zu beweise ass er ihre Aerwet un ihre Opfer zu Haerze nemmt, fer seller sett net viel waxe.

'S ISS net eb sie gaern gange sin; 's iss net eb sie's gleiche; awwer 's menscht iss, ass SIE GANGE SIN — un mer sin noch do.

UN wer ever ass sie sin un wu evver ass sie sin — sie fiehle besser wann sie heere, ass mer sie net vergesse hen— ass en lot vun ihne ihre Lewe net fer nix gewwe hen.

SCHLOFT ruhich un siess un in Friede. Eier Lewe waar net fer nix un ihr seid net vergesse.

Der Alt Bauer
(Victor Dieffenbach)

AMISH FARMER

His face, long beaten by the
rigorous weather,
Has won the redness of his native soil;
His strong hands, hardened by
unceasing toil,
Have earned the hue of an old
piece of leather.

With firm unhurried step and
sweating brow,
As patient as the horse his terse
lips guide,
He follows down the furrows
deep and wide,
Across the flat rich fields behind the plow.

He quarrels with no man.
Canaan and Cush
To him are brothers, and his
brother's grief
His grief, for his the scriptural
belief
That questions not the burning
of the bush.

Give him no laud, for all he
knows of praise
Speaks in the fond and ancient
hymns he sings;
Nor blame if a strange dearth
of humor brings
A drabness over all his sober
ways.

For he is sharpened by a sense
of sin,
And wise as cattle in the field
are wise;
Because they live and are contented in
A world close bounded by unbounded skies.

HOOKS AND EYES
(No buttons for the Amish)

When it's cold and the wind
ahver schtarik,
A coat and a collar need
shuttin',
So you just take the trouble
And sew on a couple
Of hooks and eyes — never no
button.

No, you don't never sew on no
button.
'Cause buttons are worldly
and vain,
Like neckties and watches
And rings and moustaches,
And wehrlos they gotta dress
plain.

They say when our people were
living
In the fatherland yet, long
ago,
The soldiers all wore
Shining buttons galore,
Just so they could make a big
show.

So our fathers got to hate buttons
The same as they hated the
looks
Of them that were itchin'
To change our religion,
Like you must have read in the
books.

Ach, well! it don't make any
difference
How you dress, just as long
as you dress.
A man lives and dies
With hooks and with eyes
The same as with buttons, I
guess.

So whenver the wind's ahver
schtarik
And your coat and your collar
need shuttin',
Get a needle and try
A hook and an eye
Then you won't never need no
button.

The above two poems are from Chester Wittell's Garnered from the Garden Spot. See review of this book of verse in the Eck, Feb. 2, 1963.

AMERIKA, SO SIESS BISCHT DU!

Amerika! Amerika!
Unser Verlange un Gewinn!
Gaarde, wu Freiheits Werke
Der Dienscht vum Lewe sin!

Amerika, denkt mer an dich,
Hot's Herz en Melodie.
Gemelt vun Lieb un effendlich
Gedaahed mit Freiheits Blieh!

Refrain

Guck yuscht mol hie—die Marye schtund!
Wie freehlich un gelind!
Schritt raus, schtritt fatt, bis yeder Mund
Der Raum vun Friede find!

Refrain

Dei Blumn — die Ros, vun Lieb so sanft!
Frakturt dei Berg un Daal!
Dei Adler flieggelt hoch dei Ranft
Vun Festung iwwer all!

Refrain

Die Buschamschl)
Bally, Pa. (Ralph W. Berky)

(Inspired by Katharine Lee Bates' great hymn "America the Beautiful," but the writer informs us that it is in no way to be taken as a translation).

HAUSBUTZE

Schier alles hot zwee Seide— en aagenehme un en unaagenehme. In daere Welt iss alles darchnanner gemixt. 'S gud iss net all uff eem Haufe un 's Schlecht aa net. Ich bin als froh, wann der lang un kalt Winter verbei iss, wann 's Friehyaahr kummt, wann die Kerschebeemblieh un die Veggel singe. Awwer dann kummt aa ebbes, was die Blessier widder en wennich verderbt — 's Hausbutze. Sell kummt alle Friehyaahr so regler wie der Kalenner brophezeit. Ich daet net viel drum gewwe, wann ich net helfe misst. Awwer ich muss meiner Fraa helfe hausbutze, un sell iss graad wu der Haas im Peffer hockt. Es iss aa gaar ken Ausweiche.

Ich hab schunn alles browiert. Haus muss gebutzt warre. Alles watt dreckich un schtaabich, un do muss gebutzt warre. Ich hab schunn oft gewunnert, fer was der Dreck un Schtaab iss. Un der Schtaab kummt aa iwwerall hie, es macht nix aus wie mer alles verwaahrt. Er kummt in alle Schenk, Schubblaade un Kischte. Ya, der Schtaab iss schlimmer wie die Dieb. Ich kann die Dieb aus meiner Seef halde, awwer der Schtaab schur net.

Well, es muss Haus gebutzt warre, ob mer's gleicht odder net. Un wie gschwinder un frischer mer draa geht, desto besser. Do gelt's Schprichwatt: "Frisch gewaagt iss halwer gewunne." Der Kaerpet muss uffgenumme, gekloppt un widner gelegt warre. Sell kann mer als noch schtende, awwer 's schlimmscht kummt noochderhand — die Kleene Taecks neischlagge. Ich daet gleiche zu wisse, waer sell duh kann ohne sich en paar Dutzend mol uff die Finger zu kloppe. Do watt dem beschte Mann sei Geduld uff die Prob geduh. Waer net bei daere Aerwet Flucht, den daet der Deiwel yuscht so gut geh losse. Des Fluche iss awwer en Sind. Ich fluch net, awwer— well, ich will nix saagge..

Dann muss der Schtube Offe runner genumme, geblaeckt un uff die Seit gschtellt warre. Allererscht fallt's Rohr ausenanner un der Russ vum ganse Winter watt uffem Bodde rum gschtreht. Sell bringt widder die alt Adams Nadur zimmlich naegscht owwedruff, un es verderbt all die Blessier vum Offeblaecke. Im Herbscht muss der Offe widder uffgschtellt waare, un do will 's Rohr naryets zammefitte. Un wie meener ich draa klopp un zimmer, desto wennicher will's fitte. Sell iss en neie Versuchung, sich kreftich auszudricke. Un alsemol geht darch der Summer en Schtick Rohr verlore, dernoh iss der Henker widder los. Wann mer meent, es waer endlich alles recht un gut, do schmokt der Offe, dass mer schier verschtickt. Endlich findt mer aus, dass 's Rohr zu weit in der Schannschtee nei gschteckt waare iss, so dass der Schmok ken Chaens hot nauszugeh Wann endlich alles gfixt iss, findt mer, dass die alt Graet verbroche iss, un 's Feier fallt all unne naus. Nau muss mer an die Offe Foundry geh fer en neie Graet, un do find mer, dass sie kenne uff Hand hen un selle Satt Offe nimmi mache. Nau iss 's Elend greesser wie eemol. Die Offegiesser sin all gscheide Leit. Sie wexele die Faeschons vun Effe, wie die Weibsleit ihre Haets un Dresses. Sell macht meener Bisniss. Verleicht iss mer gliecklich un kann en neie Graet gegosse griegge, odder es koscht en neier Offe.

Es nemmt en ganser Daag fer die Rumpelkammer zu butze. Die Schtubb iss voll alt Gfraess wu kee drei Cent waut iss, awwer alles muss zweemol im Yaahr gebutzt un gut uffgehowe warre, yuscht weil mei Fraa die Sache vun heem grickt hot. Do iss die alt Wieg wu mer schunn 20 Yaahr nimmi geyust hen, en alte Bsckmuhl, en Backoffeschiesser, en Schpinnraad, en Haschpel, en kleener Webschtuhl fer Schtrumpbendel zu wewe, en Tschapper Maschin, en Warscht Maschin, drei verbrochene Schockelschtiehl, un viel annere Artikel zu viel zu menschene. Ich hab des verschinnert Schtofft schunn ebaut fufzeh mol gebutzt. Ich daet es gaun alles uff der Holsplatz schmeisse un verhacke, awwer mei Fraa hot's vun heem grickt un es muss uffghowe warre.

Es nemmt aa ebaut en Daag fer 's blechich Gscharr zu butze. Alles muss gfegt warre bis es scheint wie Silwer. Do iss en alte Giesskann, die hot siwwezeh Lecher, awwer mei Fraa hot sie vun heem grickt un sie muss gut in Ehre ghalte warre. Do iss en alt Bloshann, des iss alles verroscht. Ich hab 's schunn oft weg schmeisse welle, awwer allemol saagt mei Fraa: "Sell hawwich vun heem grickt," un sell settelt die Sach. Un do iss en Buschel Karreb voll alte Kaffee Kessel, Panne, Paettepaens un so Gfraess wu gaar nix waut iss, awwer mei Fraa hot's vun heem grickt. Un so geht's fatt bis mer winscht, der Bettel hett all des alt Schtofft.

Endlich kumme mer an der Keller. Die Esch muss naus, all des alt Schtofft muss gebutzt warre un die Wend misse geweiselt warre. Do iss aa en Haufe alt Schtofft, wu mer net in zehe Yaahr geyust hen un aa sei Lebdaag nimmi yuse, awwer mei Fraa hot's vun heem grickt. Do iss en groosser Bauchzuwwer, en Lot annere Ziwwer wu ken Wasser meh halte, drei odder vier Sauerkraut Schtenner, zwee ausgewohrene Weschmaschine, drei Quilt Fraems, zwee eisene Seefkessel wu groosse Schpring hen un ken Wasser halte, un waer weess was alles. Des Schtofft daet gut Feierhols gewwe un fer 's alt Eise kennt mer en bissel ebbes griegge, awwer allemol heesst es: "Sell hawwich vun heem grickt." Ich hab alsemol schunn so heemlicherweis zu mer selwer gewinscht, mei Fraa waer aa noch deheem, awwer saagge darref ich nix.

Des Hausbutze iss hatte Aerwet, un debei grickt mer schwache Koscht, schier lauter uffgewaermte Schtumpe. Mei Fraa saagt, sie hett ken Zeit beim Hausbutze gut zu koche. Awwer alles hot en End, so aa des Hausbutze. Ich treescht mich als mit dem Gedanke, dass es im Himmel ken Hausbutze gebt. Datt bleibt alles ewich sauwer. Die Schtroosse sin mit Gold gepleschert un vun Kohleschtaab weess mer datt nix. Wie ich verschteh, iss all der Schmok amme annere Platz. Vun eem Ding bin ich schur— wann ich mei Lebdaag widder heier, dann nemm ich en Maedel wu net so viel Sach vun heem grickt. Es waer am Beschte, wann sie net so viel Sach un recht viel Geld vun heem griegge daet.

—DANIEL MILLER

THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS

You'll find them scattered far
and wide
Throughout the U.S.A.
But their stronghold has always
been
In Pennsylvania.

They're peaceful and industrious,
These monarchs of the soil;
Devoted to their homes, they
earn
The fruits of honest toil.

Their dialect they can't deny
Nor would they if they could,
For them there is no other
speech
That seems to them as good.

They care but little for some
things
Which other folks deem
clever,
To live in peace and happiness
Is their ambition ever.

The buildings on their farms
they keep
In elegant repair,
And for their stock they exercise
Humane and proper care.

The compliment they well deserve
Is written on Life's scroll
'Mongst those who serve their
fellow men
As toilers of the soil.

The above is from a recently published booklet of verse: A RURAL PREACHER SPEAKS.—A Collection of Poems by the Late Rev. W. Scott Brendle. Compiled and Edited by Warren R. Good, Wilmington 3, Delaware. pp 92.—$1.00.

COUNTING OUT RHYMES

Hambel, Bambel, Hinkel Ol,
Riewe Supp un Kaersche Bol;
Bussi, guck zum Fenschter
naus,
Hambel, Bambel, du bischt aus.

Hinkel Fuder, Hawwer Schtroh,
Schpring de gleene Buwe noh;
Fimbel, Fambel, Fleddermaus,
Dimbel, Dambel, du bischt aus.

Aus'm John Birmelin Seim
Mammi Gans Buch

THE MORNING CALL

David A. Miller, Publisher-Director 1895 1958

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

101 N. 6th St., Allentown, Pa.

THE MORNING CALL, EVENING CHRONICLE, SUNDAY CALL-CHRONICLE

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Editorials

Spray for Bureaucrats

If anyone in government should know the meaning of "bureaucratic blight" it is Abraham Ribicoff, the new junior senator from Connecticut.

Before he took his seat in the Congress last January, Ribicoff was Secretary of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. There he presided over what, for all of those who do essential jobs well, still is one of the biggest and most determined collections of smug bureaucrats in Washington.

His speech to the Senate the other day indicates he held his cabinet post long enough to learn how some of these functionaries who hold their jobs under tenure and civil service statutes operate in foisting their pet ideas on the nation and its taxpayers. Quite forthrightly, he accused them of kidding their bosses, withholding essential facts from the press and the public and giving congressmen misleading information.

The immediate issue is the reported failure of the Department of Agriculture to publicly list the pesticides it permits to be marketed for general use without meeting its own specific safety requirements. On the assumption that some of these may be harmful to humans, animals or crops, Ribicoff promptly introduced a bill to ban the "protest registrations" under which they now can be sold.

For the moment, the subcommittee he heads will have its hands full exploring the general and widespread use of pesticides about which the President's Science Advisory Committee and many others have been warning. It's prime job is to devise legislation that can be reasonably expected to make certain there will be no "Silent Spring."

When that job is done, perhaps he'll be able to convince the Congress to do an effective job of getting rid of the "bureaucratic blight" of which he seems to be aware.

Faster Air Travel

Airlines struggling with the problem of how to merge piston planes and jets into fleets that will more effectively serve those eager to travel the skyways soon are likely to have another problem.

The day of the supersonic aircraft that may double or triple the speed of the fastest jet is approaching. Pan-American World Airways is so certain these commercial airliners capable of 1,500 mile-an-hour speeds will be produced that it has ordered a half-dozen from the British and French firms now trying to develop them jointly.

To keep the United States in the race, President Kennedy wants the federal government to join American industry in underwriting the cost of developing an even faster commercial airliner and making it operational within this decade. The tab is expected to be something close to $1 billion, a small fraction of what is being spent by this country's government on the race to the moon.

The goals are tremendous and they quite probably will be attained within the lifetime of most of those who still think it's fantastic to fly across the country in rocking-chair comfort in five hours.

The challenges will be just as great. One of the biggest still may be how to get air travelers from places like the Lehigh Valley to terminals in no longer time than it will take to cross oceans.

A Proper Role

When Dr. Edward R. Annis, soon to become president of the American Medical Association, toured the Lehigh Valley this week his messages to broad community groups were far afield from the usual professional subjects. For the most part his pitch was political, with major economic overtones.

This is indicative of the role an increasing number of doctors once again are playing in American life. They are taking time out from their practices and laboratories, from golf and bridge and other earned leisure, to vigorously assert their views on government as they believe it should be administered in the nation's best interest.

The role all members of the profession are being urged to take is no more unusual than for labor leaders and politicians to mount the stump and advocate their own ideas of how medicine should be practiced and health services provided. Individual doctors, like many in other callings, have been passive for too long while social staters whittled away at segment after segment of the free enterprise system on which this nation has been built.

To win the current battle to keep medicine clear of government domination doctors, however, will have to do considerably more than talk and become active in politics. Their prime task is to continue offering proof, as most of them have for generations, that adequate health care is provided for all, that no one is being neglected either by doctors or hospitals because of their economic circumstances.

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.

The Cost of Racialism

To the Editor:

On May 13 Russell Kirk wrote: "Nearly all the talk of Africans and Asiatics resenting racial discrimination in America is hypocrisy and nonsense. . ."

I am afraid he is very wrong. Next day the New York Times summarized African reaction to Birmingham riots and the headline was: Prestige of U.S. Drops in Africa. During two recent years when we lived in Nigeria, Americans were resented only when an African diplomat was denied a meal on Route 40, or U.S. Negroes denied rights in education.

There is a real connection between African nationalism and the push of U.S. Negroes toward full rights. Scolding won't hide the link. Caucasian whites know in our hearts that the time has come when we must eradicate racial prejudice. The fact is that by around 2000 A.D. Caucasian whites will represent, in the whole human family, that percentage of population which Negroes represent in U.S.A. today.

Paul Blanshard, Jr.
East Rock Road
Allentown, Pa.

Erasism



Testing Rules of Courts

By DAVID LAWRENCE

However unpalatable the views of Governor Wallace of Alabama may be to many people who disagree with him, the fact remains that, strictly speaking, it is inaccurate to label his attitude as "defiance" of the law.


Lawrence

The Alabama governor actually is exercising his constitutional right to "challenge" any decision of the Supreme Court in order to try to get a different ruling from that which has prevailed. If he fails to get a new ruling and still doesn't conform to the court's order, he must pay the penalty of what then is legally spoken of as "disobedience" or "noncompliance."

Lawyers versed in constitutional law know, but the general public doesn't realize, that there is no such thing as the "law of the land" in relation to the finality of all decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States. The correct phrase is "law of the case." This means that an individual can test any law or ruling and has a right to pursue the matter from the lower courts to the highest court, arguing new points not covered in previous cases. Governor Wallace emphasized this as follows:

"We are just raising the constitutional question for the courts, the federal court system of the land, and they may change and rule in our favor. They did rule in our favor in the South for many years and then changed in 1954. Why should not we continue — in fact, in the Savannah case the other day, in Georgia, a federal court ruled for the first time since 1954 that it is harmful to Negro and white children to integrate them into the school system."

It was pointed out immediately by a panel member that the decision was reversed the next day by the Circuit Court of Appeals, but Governor Wallace then commented that the case "hasn't gone yet to the Supreme Court, and the next case that we raise, they may rule in our favor."

If, therefore, by chance the Supreme Court of the United States did reverse itself on the issue of federal coercion of a state university and permitted the institution once more to choose its own students, the net result could be the cancellation of any order against Governor Wallace that previously was issued by the high court.

The layman may call all this "legalism," but that's the way the judicial system operates in America. It is hard not only for laymen but for lawyers to be sure what the decisions of the high court mean or how long they will remain in effect. Only this week, Justice Douglas, a veteran member of the Supreme Court, said in a dissenting opinion in a case involving water rights:

"Much is written these days about judicial law-making; and every scholar knows that judges who construe statutes must of necessity legislate interstitially (to a narrow extent), to paraphrase Mr. Justice Cardozo. The present case is different. It will, I think, be marked as the baldest attempt by judges in modern times to spin their own philosophy into the fabric of the law, in derogation of the will of the legislature. The present decision, as Mr. Justice Harlan shows, grants the federal bureaucracy a power and command over water rights in the 17 western states that it never has had, that it always wanted, that it could never persuade Congress to grant, and that this court up to now has consistently refused to recognize."

So the question might well be asked whether Justice Douglas is engaged in verbal "defiance" of the court, and whether the right to express himself vehemently doesn't extend also to the governor of Alabama in presenting his views.

The Supreme Court, moreover, recently rejected a petition from the governor of Alabama for an order that federal troops should not be deployed in that state "to suppress domestic violence," because the Federal Constitution permits the use of troops only upon the request of a governor or a state legislature. The court said the steps being taken by the President were "purely preparatory." So Governor Wallace now might also argue that his comments to the press and his announced purpose of challenging the court's order to admit Negro students to the University of Alabama are "purely preparatory" to the challenge he is planning to make later in the Supreme Court of the United States.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: My husband does not make enough for us to live on and I have recently taken a job. Now we find that our absence from home is affecting our children. We are caught in the middle of two dilemmas. What should we do? Mrs. T.B.

ANSWER: Yours is a problem faced by many people and our society is being adversely affected by it. When you say your husband "does not make enough for us to live on," do you really mean that? Is it possible that you are demanding for your family a living standard which is too high? Also, if your children are being affected by the absence of both parents from the home, it is obvious that you must make a decision, and make it very quickly. If you do not give the proper home life to your children, no one else will. They need, and are due to have, that sense of security which comes from a home and parents to whom they may turn.

It is possible that you can make some adjustment so that you will be away from home only that part of the day when your children are in school. Otherwise let me urge you to put first things first. What profit for your family if the combined wages you and your husband receive should make it possible to have a lot more comforts and gadgets than otherwise, only to lose your children and that warm love and fellowship which is to be found only in a Christian home?

China Trade?

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

By some dogged fatality, the United States has let every one of its mortal enemies off the hook since the "peace without victory" conclusion of the Korean War. Last Autumn we had Khrushchev on the run in Cuba, but since then we have permitted his forces to filter back.

Now comes the news that there is a movement afoot to help the Red Chinese recoup their strength by trade with the U.S. after the abject failure of Mao Tse-tung's Great Leap Forward, which has deprived the Peking government of everything but the ability to yell at Khrushchev. An organization called the Committee for a Review of Our China Policy has been set up on the Pacific Coast, with headquarters in Eugene, Oregon. Its co-chairmen are Charles O. Porter, a former Congressman, and Ernest T. Nash, former Deputy Secretary of the International Government in Shanghai. Porter and Nash have requested Washington for permission to sponsor a trade delegation to the Chinese trade fair in Canton next October, with a possible view to legalizing trade with Mao Tse-tung's Communist regime.

According to publicity from the Porter - Nash group, they have received a tentatively favorable response from Presidential Assistant McGeorge Bundy. He is represented as saying that U. S. policy on the desirability of permitting a trade delegation to go to Canton, is now under review by the State Department.

Such a statement commits Bundy to nothing, but the very suggestion that the Department of State might reconsider our ban on trading with Mao Tse-tung has an ominous connotation.

If there were any real likelihood that the peace of the world could be made certain by letting U. S. wheat, steel amd machinery go to rebuild Red China's wasted muscles, then this column would be for it. But the whole character of Mao Tse-tung's regime makes such an assumption completely untenable.

A reviving Red China would certainly turn its attention to the "liberation" of Formosa once more. And, since the U.S. is committed both by its interests and its honor to protect Formosa as a shining example of good "agrarian reform" in the Far East, we would have to help counter any bellicose threats to the island from the Chinese mainland. It would be like punching ourselves on the jaw to build Red China up only to have to knock it down again by sending the Seventh Fleet back into the waters between Formosa and the Red Chinese coast.

Quite aside from questions of national security, there is the problem of what we might receive from the Red Chinese in exchange for wheat, steel and machinery. Red China's big export of the moment is dope. The Red Chinese, according to Valentin Chu, are now getting an estimated gross of a billion U. S. dollars a year from the illegal trade in opium derivatives.

So we should help Mao Tse-tung's bums debauch our youth by letting wheat, steel and machinery from the U. S. balance the opium trade? Can we be that mad?

Factographs

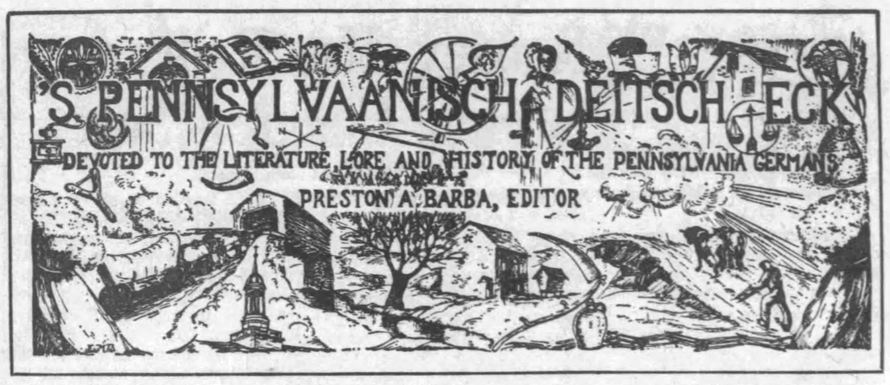
Many birds have a poor sense of smell.

The cattle heron of the Celebes is a close friend to the water buffalo. It eats ticks that prey on the buffalo.

Modern machines can plant trees in an hour.

Horoscope

Business grows rapidly. Today's child will be ambitious.



Pennsylvania German Folklore In the Shenandoah Valley

By ELMER L. SMITH and JOHN STEWART

(Continued)

THE ALMANAC

Throughout the farming areas of the Shenandoah Valley region the almanac has held a place of esteem among all the printed literature. A retired Spring Creek farmer expressed the characteristic accurately when he claimed, "It was pretty near as important as the Bible . . . right next to it . . .the signs were used for lots of activities so I guess it got as much use as the Bible."

He remembered that in earlier days even the illiterate people purchased a copy of the almanac. He said, "Lots of people could hardly read; they couldn't tell one letter from another . . .they took an almanac to someone to ask them about the sign and when they could plant certain crops."

Among elderly rural residents it is almost unanimously agreed that the almanac was an important resource for everyday use and guidance in planting, butchering, harvesting, and even for cutting hair.

A woman in the western hills of the Blue Ridge Mountains said, "We always had the almanac; we didn't always have the money for it." Others agreed, and an 86-year-old West Virginian said, "The only thing people had to read was the Bible and the almanac." An Augusta County man added, "We had the Bible to read and the books the kids got for school, we never took no papers or nothin' like that, but we had the almanac each year."

The writers were told in Shenandoah County that, "Around here 99 out of a 100 people looked at the signs before they planted. You just had to have an almanac!"

GRUBER'S

The most widely used almanac in the Valley region is the **Hagerstown Town and Country Almanac.** The rural folk simply refer to it as "Gruber's" or the "Hagerstown." This calendar is in its hundred and sixty - sixth year of continuous publication, having been established in 1797.

Although ths almanac claims sales in thirty - five different states, the bulk of the distribution is concentrated in Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Delaware and southern and western Pennsylania.

The 1963 edition includes a Pennsylania German dialect rhyme about the Zodiac signs, advice for planting under the various signs, some rhymes, recipes, a weather prognosticator, and the calender with the phases of the moon, aspects of the planets, the length of the days and other calculations originally established by W. A. Shoemaker of Macungie, Pa.

People in the Valley area had great faith in this publication. A Shenandoah County couple admitted, "We all had it, we believed every word of it . . . anything in Gruber's had to be right." Turning to his wife, the husband added, "The woman here still sets store in it." She agreed. A neighbor down the road displayed a stack of Gruber's almanacs, proudly exclaiming, "I have the Gruber's back over fifty years!"

Elderly couples in other sections of the Valley portrayed the same views. One said, "The people back a ways used to put their whole soul in the signs they had in Gruber's. They watched the Poseywoman, the Fish and Waterman and all." He claimed, however, "I never went much for it but I do believe in the moon signs though. After all the moon up in the heavens changes the tides, and if it can do that it stands to reason it is pretty powerful!"

DAILY ACTIVITIES

The wide distribution of the almanac among the rural folk of the Valley area can be attributed to the many uses it had in every-day activities. Because the moon and the signs of the Zodiac were believed to have an important relationship to the growth of plants, any source of information indicating the daily conditions and positions of these powerful forces was constantly referred to.

Some of the actvities people in the Valley region associate with almanac information follow:

(1) Several informants told that they boiled soap only in the new moon.

(2) A number of farmers considered the moon's position before hauling and spreading manure as a fertilizer. A farmer near Broadway said, "My father checked the signs for hauling manure. If he wanted to plow it under, he hauled it in the up sign, so the fertilizer wouldn't go deep and be wasted. If he was going to spread it over the pasture, he did that in the down sign."

(3) Quite a few interviewees said they watched the almanac for the new moon, then they knew it would rain soon.

(4) A Shenandoah County woman said she watched for special days like **Gallus** (Oct. 16) because if you pick apples around that time, "they get brown inside and won't keep well!" She added, "the apples picked in the time of **Gallus** have a bitter taste." It was her opinion that apples should be picked from the tree in the old of the moon, those picked in a new moon tend to "spot and rot."

(5) The almanac was referred to in order to determine the date of the various movable festivals such as Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, Ascension Day, Whitsunday and other meaningful days.

(6) Several housekeepers claimed they considered the moon before they put linoleum on the kitchen floor or in placing carpet rugs. They agreed they should be "set" in the down sign in order to keep from curling up.

(7) Others claimed in earlier days the "Dog Days" were carefully watched, because it was believed snakes became blind during that period and they were therefore much more vicious and care should be taken to avoid snakes during that time.

(8) During the Dog Days care should also be taken to avoid swimming and excessive bathing.

(9) The Dog Days were also believed to have an important effect on the weather — if it didn't rain on the first on the Dog Days, it wouldn't rain for six weeks.

(10) An 86 - year - old man reported that in his neighborhood, in Rockingham County, farmers believed that if you plowed in the down sign the ground got very hard, but in the up sign the earth stayed loose.

(11) The full new moon also had special meaning for some pregnant women. It was a common belief in some neighborhoods that more babies were born under the full new moon than at any other time. Women near their time often assumed delivery would be at the next full moon!

(12) Any number watched the almanac for a double Herschel, which was believed to mean that cold weather was coming.

(13) The moon was included as an important element in a number of sympathetic and braucha cures.

(14) Informants in three different counties told of cutting their hair under proper signs. A Rockingham County man said, "Well, I generally get my hair cut in the waning of the moon, that keeps it from growing so fast." A woman in Shenandoah County sought "healthy and luxuriant growth by cutting in the right signs" which for her was in the increase of the moon.

(15) Dig sweet potatoes in the New Moon. "If they are dug in the old moon, they won't dry and store — they'll rot on you."

(16) It is believed that pigs castrated in the proper signs will not swell and they will heal rapidly.

(17) Several farmers have a special sign for shearing sheep.

(18) Some people butcher in the increase of the moon to avoid having the meat shrink and "shrivel up" which is believed to be associated with butchery in a waning moon.

These beliefs and other beliefs about the influence of the moon and signs made it imperative that farmers have a readily available source of information. They found this in the almanac.

DUNKARD DOCTORING

Until recent years the womenfolk in almost every farmhouse throughout the Shenandoah Valley had numerous home remedies they turned to when members of the family suffered sickness and pain.

Cures, rememdies and treatments of almost every form are still used by rural farm families and some children are being measured for "undergrowth" and greased for being "livergrown." Teas were and are still made of a wide variety of herbs, leaves and roots and many home cures were made from ingredients easily available in the kitchen cupboard or by taking a stroll through the fields and meadows.

In 1902, women of the Church of the Brethren collected an assortment of home cures which were printed under the title, **The Inglenook Doctor Book.** This paper - bound booklet was used in many Dunkard homes.

Although the Sisters from various states contributed to the collection, a considerable number of "choice recipes" were from numerous residents of several counties in the Valley.

The cures contributed from the Shenandoah Valley were from Dunkard women named Shank, Bowman, Miller, Hinegardner, Seese, Kagey, Gochenour, Zimmerman, Moomaw, Flory, Wampler and others. The recipes were from families from communities such as Bridgewater, Sangersville, Edom, New Market, Dayton, Lilly, Harrisonburg, Spring Creek, and Roanoke.

The preface to the "Doctor Book" indicated the intent was to make available "tried domestic remedies, for ailments of not sufficient gravity to warrant sending for a physician." It was the opinion of the publisher that "in every family, there are remedies which experience has taught to be of great value."

In spite of the belief of the publisher that the recipes represented "the wisdom born of experience," it was specifically pointed out that "there is no guarantee of the effectiveness of these remedies." The present reader should recognize that the purpose of presenting some of the home remedies of the Dunkards of Virginis is to offer some picture of home life of the past, and most definitely is not to be considered as do-it-yourself medical advice for use today, since some of the "remedies" are actually poisonous.

Cough

Take one quart of dandelion blossoms, pour over them one gallon of boiling water, add two lemons sliced, let stand twenty-four hours, strain, add four pounds of sugar, boil and can like fruit. Take a swallow frequently.

Rheumatism

To one - half gallon of whiskey add two ounces of prickly ash bark, two ounces of May-apple root and two ounces of rattle weed or black cohash root. Dose, one teaspoonful three times a day before meals.

Earache

Roast a small unpeeled onion, peel while hot, put a drop of sweet oil on it, put in the ear as hot as can be borne. For hard hearing repeat this for nine successive evenings before retiring.

Croup

Slice raw onions very thin and sprinkle with sugar. Allow to dissolve and give the juice in teaspoonful doses freqently. This often relieves instantly.

Vomiting

Put pulverized dogwood bark on the woolly side of flannel, fold the woolly side over the bark, saturate with whiskey and apply to the stomach.

Backache

Take five drops of spirits of turnpentine internally, and rub the back with equal parts of spirits of turpentine, coal oil and meat grease.

Colic

To one teaspoonful of honey add alum and borax the size of a pea, and three sage leaves. Put in an egg shell, fill with water and use as a wash.

Diphtheria

Take one counce of black cohash, one - fourth ounce of blue cohash and one teaspoonful of golden seal. Put into a quart of water and boil down to one pint, strain, dissolve in it one heaping teaspoonful of alum and add enough honey to form a syrup. Dose: one teaspoonful every five minutes for two hours, then less frequently according to circumstances.

Other Remedies

For **croup,** give the beaten white of an egg with sugar and pulverized alum. To prevent **colds,** inhale weak salt water each evening and morning. For a **headache,** put a cold cloth to the head and a bottle of hot water to the feet. To treat a **scald,** apply flaxseed oil freely. For **inflamation** caused by bee stings, thorns, etc., cut a butter bean in two, dampen the inside and press on the affected part. For **nausea,** give adults tea made of the small twigs or the leaves of the peach tree, from three to six teaspoonfuls for a dose. It was a common belief that a dose of calomel would always break up croup.

To treat fresh cuts and stop the bleeding and prevent the soreness, dry ashes were to be applied immediately. Readers were warned however, "Do not use soot on a cut as it is liable to leave a black mark that can never be removed."

Certain common illnesses elicited wide variety of remedies. For example, it is suggested that **colic** can be treated by catnip tea, onion tea, peppermint tea, and asafoetida in whiskey; **summer complaint** by green peach tree leaves in tea, laudanum, carpet weed, catnip blossoms, dog fennel tea, nutmeg or sweet flag (calamus). **Cuts** were treated by using warm ashes from the stove, rainwater, turpentine, a slippery elm poultice, crushed leaves of the live-forever plant and by varnishing.

Remedies for any number of ailments were made available through the Dunkard collection. Womenfolk were given information to treat **snuffles, flux, screaming nightmare, white swelling, run - around, ague, gravel, king's evil** and other more commonly recognized physical problems.

Any number of elderly residents of the Shenandoah Valley have lived longer than typical life - spans without ever visiting or being visited by a medical doctor. Many women delivered their offspring without formally trained assistance and nursed their numerous children through the many diseases and sicknesses common to youth by using ready - at - hand resources along with tender loving care.

(To be continued)

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Editorials

Park Expansion

Plans to improve and expand Allentown's park system as revealed by Councilman Fenstermacher and Park Superintendent Gackenbach offer much promise and should gladden the hearts of the thousands who use them.

Much of the program is an extension of the system as originally visualized or the logical augmenting of what we have now.

This is particularly true of the plan to link the Cedar Creek and Lehigh Parkways. Here, indeed, is a "natural" which has too long been ignored.

What with the project, already authorized to widen and make permanent the roadway of the Cedar Creek Parkway, it would seem that the linking of the two now almost becomes a must.

The new plans call for a Tilghman Street entrance to Trexler Park which stirs the imagination with the thought of an uninterupted route from Tilghman Street on the north to the farthermost reaches of the beautiful Little Lehigh Parkway on the south.

The inclusion of the Ziegenfuss quarry in the plans for linking the parkways adds a highly important safety phase to the proposals.

Especially praiseworthy is the maximum attention to be given River Front Park, Allentown's first park, where proper bathing facilities are to be provided probably in a landlocked pool because of the contamination of the river water.

Practical Merger

The recent announcement that plans are on foot for a merger of the two existing societies that have for their purposes the perpetuation of the history and lore of the Pennsylvania Germans is fraught with potentialities for good.

The Pennsylvania German Society and the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society are two distinct entities and yet, their ways are not separate ways.

The Folklore Society at its recent meeting approved a joint committee report recommending the merger.

The Pennsylvania German Society is expected to implement the merger at its meeting in October.

A united organization, with the enlarged membership, will certainly be in better position to carry on the important work.

This work has been pointed up particularly during the past few weeks by the publication coincidentally of volumes by each society.

The Folklore group issued the very erudite book on the Ephrata Cloisters while the membership of the Pennsylvania German Society has just received the book about Pennsylvania German plays compiled from the collection of the late Prof. and Mrs. Harry H. Reichard of Allentown.

Both are splendid contributions to the long list of invaluable publications of both societies. It is to be hoped the output of these volumes will continue.

Eisenhower View

Anybody who would spend $40 billion in a race to the moon for national prestige is "nuts." That was the reply made by former President Dwight D. Eisenhower, in answer to a question at a breakfast meeting with Republican members of Congress. The 160 congressmen present broke out into applause. Space administration officials put the cost of placing a man on the moon at $20 billion, but critics say it will be double that. The reaction to General Eisenhower's blunt comment indicates the Republicans will try to hold the cost to the lower figure. Whether they will succeed is another matter.

What Others Say

Regressive Amendments

Philadelphia Bulletin

After the Revolutionary War the separate states acted in many ways like independent nations. They had their own currencies, raised tariffs against each other, and acted with little sense of unity. The U.S. Constitution changed that and has held this diverse and sprawling nation together ever since.

Now, three amendments to it are being proposed that, to a marked degree, would throw us back to pre-Constitution Days. One would remove action by Congress or a national convention from the three-step method of amending the Constitution, as decreed in Article V. Another would set up a super-court of the 50 chief justices of the states with power to overrule the U.S. Supreme Court in cases involving the relationship of the federal government with the states. The third would eliminate constitutional restrictions on how the states apportion their legislatures, and would wipe out last year's Supreme Court decision permitting federal courts to rule in such cases.

This nation's constitution is the hardest in the world to amend. In its history more than 3,500 amendments have been proposed; 22 have been ratified. This is part of its solidity. To remove the national forum phase from the amending process is to risk never focusing national attention on changes in our basic law. The proposal is loaded with danger.

The super-court is viewed by some as being racist in its overtones. It is the Supreme Court's racial decisions affecting the states that have put it under heaviest fire. But, with or without such motivation, the proposal amounts to judicial anarchy and is unthinkable. Both it and the first suggested amendment were unanimously rejected by the board of governors of the American Bar Association.

The final proposal can only be an attempt to perpetuate inequitable representation in state legislatures. The move may appeal to rural elements, but won't to anyone else.

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.

Helping Young Writers

To the Editor:

Back in November, Mr. Wallace Stefany and Mr. Gordon Fister of your stafff gave us the biggest piece of help that we could have asked for in our plans to orient the local high school newspaper students on the School Press Project.

For the past several years we have tried to interest our high school journalists in writing on

Continued on Page 11, Column 3

Crocodile Tears



Russell Raps Kennedy Speech

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Broadcasting companies are supposed to make available "equal time" for discussion of public issues by both sides. Yet the President of the United States is permitted to use virtually all television networks and radio stations for a public speech, while a spokesman of the opposition is given no opportunity to present his side of a controversy to that same audience immediately afterwards on the same evening.

President Kennedy addressed the nation on Tuesday night on the subject of widespread disturbances over racial questions. The same broadcasting facilities which were furnished to the President, at the request of the White House, were not given to a spokesman of the opposition viewpoint in Congress for his side of the controversy.



Lawrence

The country is fortunate, of course, in having newspapers available in which comments and rebuttal can be printed. Four newspapers in big cities in the North which this correspondent saw on Thursday did have brief reports to tell the public that Sen. Richard B. Russell of Georgia, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee and an outstanding leader of the Democratic party in the South, had read to 18 assembled senators a statement which they had approved.

But none of these papers printed any extensive extracts from the text of the statement issued by Sen. Russell, though three had printed the full text of the President's speech.

Russell announced his opposition to the President's "civil rights" program, but more important than this was his charge that the President has, in a sense, encouraged street demonstrations instead of repressing them. What Sen. Russell said is still news to many readers. He declared:

"The President's speech appealed eloquently to the emotions but completely disregarded reason, human experience and true equality under the Constitution.

"The fact that every citizen has the same right to own and operate a swimming pool or dining hall constitutes equality. The use of federal power to force the owner of a dining hall or swimming pool to unwillingly accept those of a different race as guests creates a new and special right for Negroes in derogation of the property rights of all of our people to own and control the fruits of their labor and ingenuity.

"The oustanding distinction between a government of free men and a socialistic or communistic state is that fact that free men can own and control property, whereas statism denies property rights . . .

"Our American system has always rejected the idea that one group of citizens may deprive another of legal rights in property by process of agitation, demonstration, intimidation, law defiance and civil disobedience. . .

"The highest office of the land should symbolize respect for law, whether it be legally enacted ordinances of the meanest hamlet in the land or the written word of our national charter the Constitution.

"I was, therefore, shocked to hear the President justify, if not encourage, the present wave of mass demonstrations, accompanied by the practices of sitting or lying in public streets and blocking traffic; forming human walls before the doors of legal businesses and assaulting with deadly weapons officers of the law whose only offense was undertaking to maintain order and protect private property.

"The South has its shortcomings as well as other areas. But a calculated campaign waged by the metropolitan press, television and radio has magnified the unfortunate occurrences in the South while crimes of violence in other areas have been minimized.

"This has generated bitterness and hatred against the white people of the southern states almost amounting to a national disease. It is also encouraging a condition bordering on anarchy in many communities.

"These terrible conditions are sure to further deteriorate with increasing disorder unless the President of the United States desists from using threats of mass violence to rush his social-equality legislation through the Congress . . .

"Every Negro citizen possesses every legal right that is possessed by any white citizen, but there is nothing in either the Constitution or Judaeo-Christian principles or common sense and reason which would compel one citizen to share his rights with one of another race at the same place and at the same time. Such compulsion would amount to a complete denial of the inalienable rights of the individual to choose or select his associates

"The President's legislative proposals are clearly destructive of the American system and the constitutional rights of American citizens. I shall oppose them with every means and resource at my command. I do not believe a majority of the Congress will be frightened by thinly veiled threats of violence."

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Foreign Films

By VICTOR RIESEL

Movie glamour may be sustenance for an "Oscar" but live actors can't eat it and thousands are having difficulty surviving on what they earn — for since 1957 most screen players have been averaging between $3,000 and $4,000 a year.

Our own "Hollywood" — as I learned there recently from some very troubled men—grows leaner because scores of little Hollywoods around the world grow fatter on the production of American films.

Some of these little movie centers to which flow some of the U.S. gold reserve are behind the Iron Curtain, some in Yugoslavia. Some are in allied lands which produce our films but roll up strange restrictions on the right of U.S. movie makers to show films made in the U.S.

When such movie colony leaders as Jack Dales, Screen Actors Guild executive secretary and S.A.G. president George Chandler talk of the outflow of American gold they mean it—for their records are heavy with reports of multi-million-dollar spectacles scheduled for shooting abroad right up to 1965.

Once, Hollywood produced more "movies" than England, France, Italy and Germany combined. Now, each individually either equals or surpasses us. From Don Haggerty, one of the leaders of The Committee to Promote American Made Motion Pictures, comes word that in many studio crafts there have been slashes of working members up to 50 and 60 per cent.

Our technicians go jobless because the animated films you soon may watch will have been shot in the state-owned studios of Prague, Czechoslovakia; or in Lodz, Poland; or near Budapest, Hungary. Strange, isn't it?

One of the strong bidders against Hollywood is Yugoslavia. Movies are being made there with what they used to call stellar casts — big names such as Anthony Quinn, Ingrid Bergman. Big films, such as a swashbuckling saga of King Arthur's day. Big budgets, upward of $6 million.

Belgrade bids strongly. Don Haggerty's committee has been told of offers from the Yugoslavs of such inducements to producers as the free supplying of all studio sound stages, important sets, even technicians and craftsmen and back-lot facilities. For the personal comfort of one producer, Marshal Tito's studio people threw in a free car and chauffeur.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: Is there any particular preparation we should make for prayer? I sometimes feel that I rush into the presence of God without due reverence and preparation. What do you suggest? I.B.

ANSWER: Prayer, sincere communion with God, is the noblest act and exercise of man. Our Lord talked a great deal about prayer, and was, Himself, an expert in the art of praying.

He said; "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door pray to the Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seest in secret shall reward thee openly."

When He said; "When thou hast shut the door," I don't believe that He meant merely a door of wood. I believe that He meant that we were to shut our resentment, malice, envy, and everything that might hinder our communion with our heavenly Father. Prayer comes naturally to a clean heart.

Madame Chiang Kai-shek has said; "The generalissimo refuses to pray to God unless he is attired in his best uniform, for he thinks that it is an insult to God not to be dressed in one's very best when engaging in prayer."

We may not be able to approach God attired in a general's parade uniform, but we can be attired in humility, clothed in reverence, wearing the badge of true repentance, and I am sure that God will be ready to meet us if we are thus prepared.

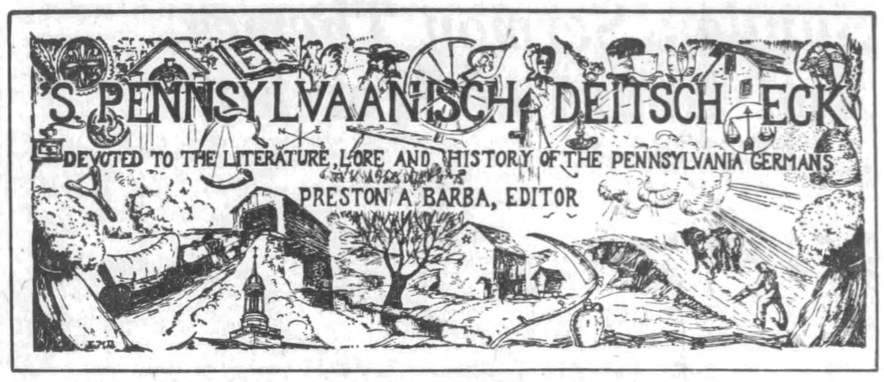
Horoscope

Friendship and marriage are well-augured. Today's child will be charming and able.

NOTES ON THE NEWS



"I'm glad the new car business is good but what's being done about the old cars?"



Pennsylvania German Folklore in the Shenandoah Valley

By ELMER L. SMITH and JOHN STEWART

Continued

The Up and Down Signs of the Moon

Throughout the Shenandoah Valley area the moon is believed to have an important influence over many events and activities from the delivery of a newborn infant to the making of sauerkraut. Although fewer people today will admit to such beliefs, a great many persons remember when their parents and grandparents set store by the moon, and some still continue to do so.

Shingles

In 1959 a new home was being built in Bridgewater, and as the young couple stood watching the workmen placing shingles on the roof an elderly relative arrived and told them, "Those shingles will turn up, it's in the wrong sign!" He advised them to have the carpenters wait until the moon was in the down sign.

Informants in six counties of the Valley area have indicated a belief in the relationship between the moon and shingles on the roof. A Spring Creek couple stated emphatically, "Shingles should be set in the down sign or they will curl up and let water in." A West Virginian agreed, "The up sign is wrong, the power of the moon pulls them upward." A more explicit view is that, "White oak shingles should be put on the roof in the down sign" but other kinds of roofing are not affected by the moon.

A story is told of a rural church roof which was shingled under both the up and down signs of the moon; the shingles in the portion of the roof that was completed in the up sign curled up, but the other section of the roof remained properly in place. This church, the Primitive Baptist, located along Runions Creek, now has a tin roof.

The writers have been told of cases of persons who scoffed at such advice and proceeded to complete roof repairs in the improper signs, only to suffer from leaks and other similar losses.

A non - believer told how he was given advice when he worked on his roof. A neighbor said, "You're shingling in the wrong sign!" He retorted, "I shingle the roof, not the signs."

The Fence

The rail fence is common in many rural sections of the Valley. In the past it must have been a time consuming task to build such fences, not only because of the vast amount of hard physical labor but also because some people waited for the proper position of the moon for various elements of the task. After the first holes were dug, many rural people awaited the down sign before they placed the fence posts in the ground. They claimed under that sign the posts would not heave and would stay firmly in place.

The bottom rail of the fence, called the "worm" or "ground chuck," was laid in the up sign, which was supposed to keep the rail from falling on the ground.

Center and top rails were set in the down sign, in the belief that the downward pressure would keep them in place rather than have them falling out of position.

There were some differences of opinion, evident in the following quotes: ' Rockingham County dialect speaker said, "Lay the first rail in the up sign and the upper rails in the down sign so it won't fall off." But a dialect speaker from West Virginia said, "I never laid a worm (lowest rail) in the up sign for fear it would fall on the ground." An 86-year-old Pendleton County farmer said, "Lay a fence worm in the down sign." A resident nearby disagreed, "Put the bottom worm of the fence in the up sign so it don't fall on the ground, but the other rails should go in the down sign."

The difference of opinion among oldsters is not in whether or not the moon has meaning, but rather in the interpretation of the signs' specific influence.

Timber

Closely related to the practices of the people shingling the roof and building fence are those related to wood. An aging widow in Shenandoah County said, "If timber is cut in the wrong sign, it will get termites. If it's cut on the old of the moon, it won't become wormeaten." A Highland County farmer advised, "Never cut hard wood in the light of the moon or light wood in the dark of the moon, otherwise you will have wormy wood or termites."

At Crummett's Run, West Virginia, we were told, "Pine is cut in the dark of the moon or it will curl," (warp) and at Moyers a farmer advised, "Cut a hardwood tree in the dark of the moon."

Kraut

The moon is believed to have a direct relationship to success in making sauerkraut, but there are differences of opinion and practice concerning what sign is best. The majority view appears to be that represented by a Rockingham County woman who claims, "If you make kraut in the down sign, you won't have enough brine, but when the sign is up you get enough to cover the kraut." An elderly housekeeper recommends making it in the down sign because, "In the up sign the broth always runs over the top." Obviously, both agtree that the up sign offers abundant brine, the difference appears to be in the amount sought.

There are numbers of rural womenfolk who do not consider the moon at all. An Augusta County woman told the writers about making kraut when her mother - in law was visiting. She was told, "It won't be fit to eat, it's in the wrong sign!" Her guest was told, "I'm making kraut in a crock not in a sign."

Planting

Among the many rural people who follow the signs it is generally agreed that root crops should be planted in the down sign and crops that bear above the ground should be planted in the up sign.

There were exceptions: onions, for example, were planted in the up sign because they didn't ned to be deep in the ground. Some people planted corn in the down sign and almost all farmers worked the clover seed in the down sign because they believed it took root better under that sign. Others plant grass seed in the down sign for the same reason.

It was a common belief that if potatoes were planted in the up sign almost all the growth went into the plant foliage, therefore, it was planted in the down sign in order to obtain large potatoes.

A considerable number of farmers associate the down sign with depth in the ground. They consider it a disadvantage to plant potatoes in the down sign because it calls for so much extra effort in digging up the harvest. A widow said, "I'm too old to plant them in the down sign, it's just too much work for me to dig them up!" An active farmer agreed with her saying, "They get deep enough anyway without planting them in the down sign."

A large number of the farmers ignore the signs entirely today; one said, "Some people around here follow the moon for almost everything, but we plant whenever it's (the weather) ready!"

An elderly widow, a member of the Church of the Brethren, indicated a different view, saying, "There's nothing in it at all . . . we just plant and turn it over to the Lord, if he wants us to have something, it will be there!"

The Weather

The rural folk of the Shenandoah Valley were comparable with many other agrarian people in America. They too had a deep interest in the weather and often it had a direct relationship with their standard-of-living.

In earlier years a large proportion of the farm population of the Valley was almost entirely dependent upon nature for their survival. Households sought self - sufficiency and the fields and forests supplied not only food for the family, but also the fuel, plant medicines, and much of their clothing.

The farm family sought adequate methods of predicting the weather, not only to regulate daily work activities but also to be able to prepare efficiently for an entire season. For example, if one were able to know in advance that the winter would be severe, with heavy snow and continued low temperatures, a greater amount of effort could be expended to assure a large wood pile for the pot-belly stove.

If an early winter was assured, butchering and all the related activities such as making sausage and pannhaas could be set ahead and all the other many preparations could be made. To prepare for winter, apple butter was boiled, apples were pressed into cider, chestnuts and English walnuts were gathered, cabbage, pumpkin and squash were stored in the earthen pit, kraut was in the barrel, and hams were smoked and hung ready for use. The typical family was large, thus in seeking self - sufficiency, vast amounts of canned and dried foods were necessary, involving a considerable amount of domestic activity.

An early frost meant the end of many of the fresh vegetables enjoyed during the summer season and the beginning of dependence upon preserved foods. If the start of the growing season was delayed by a late frost and ended by an early fall frost, the period of dependence upon canned and dried foods was extended often creating anxiety and fear of possible hunger. It is little wonder that the weather was a primary concern.

The main source of weather information was found in the almanac. Some people placed great faith in the printed words found in these publications. A Pendleton County farmer told the writers how his father once started on a trip to town with his family. The horse-and-wagon had traveled nearly ten miles before the head of the household realized he had failed to consult the almanac for the weather forecast. Stopping at a nearby farmhouse he asked to examine their almanac only to find that rain was predicted for that very day. Although the sky was clear and the sun was shining brightly, he announced to his family, "It's no use, we'll have to turn around and return home and make the trip when the weather is better."

A 92-year-old miller said he watches the almanac for a "Dutch H" now called a double Hershel which means cold weather; another informant explained how she watched for the moon signs because "when the horns point downward it meant that all the water was out and it couldn't rain." A West Virginian observed that "whatever the weather when Virgo leaves she comes back in an opposite form." She kept an eye on the almanac for the last day of Virgo, for if it was raining, then she was confident that it would be clear and dry when Virgo returned.

In addition to weather lore found in almanacs, the residents of the Valley have various notions, beliefs and verses on the subject that have been handed down verbally over the generations.

Rain

An 86-year-old Rockingham County farmer, and others, claimed that if a chicken crows before midnight it would rain the next day. A popular verse also offers the same notion:

"If a rooster crows before
going to bed,
You'll get up in the morning
with a wet head."

The behavior of the woodpecker and the swallow are also associated with precipitation. It is believed that when the redheaded woodpecker goes to a pine tree, wet weather can be expected. A verse about the swallow is self-explanatory:

"If the swallow flies low,
It will rain and blow."

The sky offered several weather omens; it was a common belief that it was sure to rain when the clouds came from the southeast or if there was a strong east wind. Any number of informants quoted the verse, "A red sky in the morning, shepherds take warning." Several substituted sailors or farmers for shepherds but the predictions remained the same, Similar verses collected were:

"Red in the morning
Shepherd's warning,
Red at night
Shepherd's delight."

"Evening gray
Nice all day,
Morning red
Wet weather ahead."

"A mackerel sky
Is never long dry."

In spite of the severity of a downpour, it was assuring to believe that "if it rains before seven it will stop before eleven."

On New Year's Eve, some residents used an onion to predict both the wet and dry months of the year ahead. The onion was hulled and cut in half. Twelve sections were separated, and placed in a line. The first represented January, the second, February, etc. In each of the cup-like sections was placed a quantity of salt and in the morning, on the first day of the New Year the onion "cups" were examined. Those sections in which the salt was melted represented rainy or snowy months and those in which the salt had not melted were believed to indicate clear dry months. Some informants were of the opinion that this system gave a fairly accurate forecast.

A popular verse, quoted locally in both the Pennsylvania German dialect and in English, implies the virtues of a cold rainy May:

"A cold wet May
Makes a barn full of hay."

Fog

Quite a few rural residents of the Valley take special notice of the number of fogs that occur in August, October and February because they believe there will be an equal number of frosts or snows in later months. Several Pendleton County residents claimed that there would be as many snow storms during the winter as there were fogs in August. One added, "We had a lot of fog last August and we had a lot of snow last winter too!"

In Rockingham County some farmers have a similar notion, except they count the fogs in the month of October rather than in August.

Elderly residents of several communities state that in order to predict late frost one need merely "keep an account of the number of fogs in February and for every fog there will be that same number of frosts in May." One man said, "I've watched that eve since I was a boy and it never fails!"

(To Be Continued)

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Editorials

Welcome Decision

The Allentown School Board is to be commended for its promise to favorably reconsider the former plan under which it had agreed to take over the support and operation of the financially handicapped public library.

Under school district jurisdiction, there is every assurance that the library will be administered soundly and economically in the continuing service of the total community. This is the way the school board is accustomed to doing things.

Neither the intentions of the board nor its ability to operate the library in the effective and efficient service of the public ever was questioned by the community. The record established by a well rounded school program and such auxiliary activities as playgrounds speaks for itself.

Confidence in the board's library proposal was best indicated by the fact that there were no objections to its plans to levy a special $3 per capita tax to provide the necessary support. There probably will be none as long as the board spends these funds as judiciously as it uses the nearly $10 million it collects for other educational purposes.

What the public wants and needs is the continuing services of a good library. It will be pleased to know that the school board is ready to accept this responsibility under terms that most folks right along have considered reasonable, fair and necessary.

A Continuing Mission

The dispatch with which Roman Catholic Cardinals elected Giovanni Battista Montini as the 262nd pontiff of their worldwide church is a significant indication that they hope to continue the progressive policies that made Pope John XXIII one of the most universally beloved and revered temporal rulers of all time.

A confidant of his two immediate predecessors on the Throne of Peter, Pope Paul VI is on record that "it will be wise not only to remember but to follow the course set by Pope John." The Sacred College obviously endorsed this view by electing him on an early ballot.

It is quite likely, then, that the Ecumenical Council will be reconvened, that there will be new and even stronger efforts to unite mankind in the cause of peace, and that through ministrations like these the new pope will endear himself to many outside of his church as well as to the half-billion Catholics who acknowledge his spiritual leadership.

Certainly, in a world fragmented by vengeance and lust and avarice and hate and all the other devices of secularism, a ministry is needed that can transcend all geographical and political boundaries. It must be a voice that uses every tongue to speak the message of love and brotherhood and hope into the hearts of all men.

As he comes to this task, Pope Paul has both the patterns and counsels of those who recently preceded him in this high and holy office and the examples of the Master whose teachings and admonitions he knows so thoroughly. Regardless of where men kneel or bow their heads, they would do well to pray for the success of such a mission.

Steel's Technique

It will stagger some employers, particularly relatively small ones in highly competitive fields, that a pace-setting industry has agreed to extend vacations for veteran employes to 13 weeks every five years. This, however, is not the major impact of the new agreement between the steel industry and the steelworkers union.

Considerably more important is the evidence that new contracts can be successfully negotiated without acrimonious wrangling, strike pressures, costly work stoppages or interference by outside agencies like the White House or other arms of the federal government.

Credit for reaching this new plateau in labor statesmanship belongs strictly to David McDonald, president of the United Steelworkers, and to the industry's negotiators. Four years ago, following the 116-day strike in steel, they set out to improve the lines of communications so that they might jointly take a new realistic look at the industry, its workers and the problems they face together.

The tool they established and used is the Human Relations Committee, a permanently constituted unit charged with exploring the problems of the industry and solving them before they become bitterly controversial issues that too often result in crippling strikes.

Interestingly enough, the agreement arrived at so amicably involves no direct wage increases. The union quite obviously realized that the 15 cents an hour its prime objectives of job protection and greater long range security will add to labor costs was all the industry could afford at this time.

These are the kind of negotiations that well might establish a pattern. If they do, steel can be the first strikeless industry and if its union and managements can achieve this long coveted goal, so can others. There's an old saying that "as steel goes, so goes the nation."

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.

Negro Wants Only Equal Treatment

To the Editor:

Mr. Harold W. Butz, 834 S. Poplar St., Allentown, Pa. — After reading your letter to the editor (Tuesday, June 18) that there is nothing wrong with segregation — might I say this: The general tendency is to think of the Negro as a slave, first introduced to this country in 1619. Nothing could be further from the truth. Negroes,

Continued on Page 11, Column 1

Knee Deep in June



Civil Rights Proposals

By DAVID LAWRENCE



Lawrence

President Kennedy has proposed to Congress that it enact certain "civil rights" laws, and he assumes they will be held constitutional by the Supreme Court. But the truth is these same proposals are of doubtful constitutionality, and members of Congress who have taken an oath to uphold the Constitution will have a hard time deciding whether, by voting for such legislation, they will be violating or sustaining the Constitution itself.

A little more than 88 years ago, Congress passed a law providing for equal accommodations in public facilities — hotels, restaurants and eating places. It sought to ban racial discrimination. But the Supreme Court of the United States, in an action known as the "civil rights cases," decided in 1883, held that Congress had no power under the 14th amendment to write any such laws and that its only power was to nullify state action of a discriminatory character. The Supreme Court decision was by an 8 to 1 vote, and the majority opinion said:

"It is clear that the law in question cannot be sustained by any grant of legislative power made to Congress by the 14th amendment . . .

"This is not corrective legislation; it is primary and direct; it takes immediate and absolute possession of the subject of the right of admission to inns, public conveyances, and places of amusement. It supersedes and displaces state legislation on the same subject, or only allows it permissive force. It ignores such legislation, and assumes that the matter is one that belongs to the domain of national regulation.

"Whether it would not have been a more effective protection of the rights of citizens to have clothed Congress with plenary power over the whole subject, is not now the question. What we have to decide is, whether such plenary power has been conferred upon Congress by the 14th Amendment, and, in our judgment, it has not."

It was declared by the court that Congress could pass a law nullifying what a state had done by way of racial discrimination, but that it could not deal with a situation in which a state has passed no law or taken no action whatsoever.

Mr. Kennedy in his message pointed out that there are 30 states which have enacted laws against discrimination in public places, and he seems to feel that, when the states fail to pass such laws, the government can step in and do so. It is precisely this extension of federal power which the Supreme Court in the 1883 case declared unconstitutional.

On the matter of employment, the President is stepping on delicate ground when he insists that the federal government can compel an employer to hire somebody whom he does not wish in his employ because of friction among his other employees due to racial feeling. Incidentally, the President had one sentence in his message which probably will be received with such enthusiasm by national organizations that have insisted that there is an inalienable "right to work" and that state laws are needed to forbid labor unions to make a contract with an employer which would compel the latter to fire an employe who refuses to join a union. The President said:

"Denial of the right to work is unfair, regardless of its victim."

There are other implications in the President's message which will complicate the legal controversies that are bound to arise if the "civil rights" proposals he made are enacted into law.

Thus, for instance, the President hints that some day private schools may be proceeded against.

What will provoke the most embarrassment for members of Congress is that part of the President's proposals which deal with uses of public funds. He asks Congress to "pass a single comprehensive provision making it clear that the federal government is not required, under any statute, to furnish any kind of financial assistance — by way of grant, loan, contract, guaranty, insurance or otherwise — to any program or activity in which racial discrimination occurs."

While the objective may be considered a worthy one from the standpoint of equal opportunity, the means to be used would be of doubtful constitutionality. There is no precedent for action of this kind.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: Will you please give me a simple answer to the question: "What must I do to be saved?" Do good works proceed or follow acceptance of Christ? V.M.

ANSWER: When Paul was asked this question, he said: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Now, that does not only mean that we trust in the righteousness of God's Son, imputed to us through faith — but it also means that we are to believe and do all that He requires.

It means that we are to be forgiving, unselfish, free from prejudice, led by His Spirit, and full of Christian compassion. Since it is obvious that we cannot do this in our unregenerate state, then it is necessary that we be converted first. Good works are not the qualification of a Christian; they are rather the result of being "in Christ." Except there is life there can be no fruit, and all the good fruit you could gather and lay before a dead vine could never give it life. The Bible says we are "dead in trespasses and sin." Christ said: "I am come that they might have life." So the order is this: first, Christ: second, good works. Jesus said: "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye; EXCEPT YE ABIDE IN ME."

Life After 65

By SYLVIA PORTER

One late evening in September 1958, Clarence B. Randall, retired chairman of Inland Steel and then President Eisenhower's special assistant on foreign economic policy, was resting "supremely content with life" on a bench in Lisbon, Portugal, when without warning he felt the distress of nausea. He walked hurriedly to his hotel room, went to bed and for three hours suffered a violent stomach upset. Despite the great pain, he diagnosed his illness as "an ordinary tourist's stomachache." The next day he flew to Paris for a series of high-level conferences, then on to London to meet his wife, then back to Washington to attend urgent meetings, fulfill speaking engagements, etc.

It wasn't until two weeks later that he went for a physical exam during which he had a routine cardiogram. Instead of catching a plane to Chicago, he was taken on a stretcher to Walter Reed Hospital. That "stomach upset" in Lisbon had been a massive coronary thrombosis.

"How could you, of all people, be so ignorant, dare to diagnose your own illness" I asked the alert, trim, inspiringly alive 72-year-old Randall when we met in New York City the other day.

His keen, blue-gray eyes twinkled at me. "All my friends keep asking me that," he said, and he proceeded with a catalogue of his "sins." He had given up the periodic medical exams on which he had scrupulously insisted during his active business years. He had become 30 pounds overweight.

Now Randall has corrected his sins, is eager to pass on to all who will listen what his coronary taught him and in his new book, "Sixty-Five Plus, The Joy and Challenge of the Years of Retirement" (Atlantic Little, Brown), he remarks, "Only a man committed to folly will hereafter approach the senior years of his life with as little understanding of coronary disease as I possessed."

For all businessmen facing retirement, Randall has advice. I think these four points are the most significant:

(1) Start when you're between 40 and 50 to prepare for retirement at 65. If you wait until you are at retirement age to cultivate other activities, to establish habits for serious reading and to plan "The mental void that will set in can be so dismal that not even alcohol will give it light."

(2) Also when you are still young, develop civic interests which will absorb and sustain you later. Be a volunteer worker not only because you should take on social responsibilities but also because this sort of work can be a most effective antidote to boredom in retirement.

(3) Enter lustily into discussing the issues of the day. Businessmen who are inarticulate and play it safe while they are working "cannot begin at 65 to establish lines of communication with the public."

(4) Face squarely the fact that your senior years will bring health problems, get competent help and learn to live with them.

If you scoff that Randall has unusual assets, I will retort that I know men of equal advantages who are wretchedly rotting away because they are idle and bored and that his advice can be applied at almost any level of income or intelligence.

Sketches

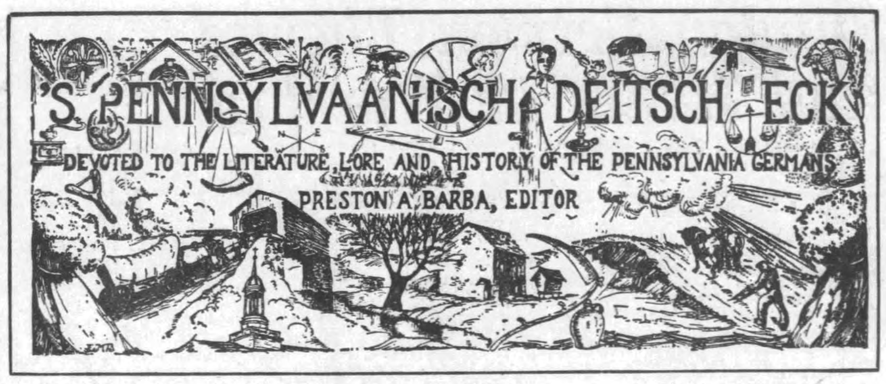
By BEN BURROUGHS

Wonderful Day

It's a wonderful day to go traveling . . . over field and stream . . . or to find a paradise . . . where we can rest and dream . . . the sun is shining brightly . . . warming us through and through . . . each scene we chance to look upon . . . presents a happy view . . . the rippling brook sings merrily . . . as it rolls along . . . and the songbirds harmonize . . . with the brook's sweet song . . . all this is truly glorious . . . we're blessed to be a part . . . of magical moments . . . dear to every heart . . . it's a wonderful day to go traveling . . . over field and stream . . . or to find a paradise . . . where we can rest and dream.

Horoscope

Check extravagance; a happy event is probable. Today's child will be lucky generally.



Pennsylvania German Folklore In the Shenandoah Valley

By ELMER L. SMITH and JOHN STEWART

(Continued)

Other Methods of Forecasting Weather

Some farmers place confidence in forecasting the winter weather by the condition of the corn husks. If the husk is thin the winter will be mild but when the husk is thick the winter will be severe. One offered the following verse:

"If the husk is thick on the ear,
That's a winter quite severe.
If the husk is thin, have no fear,
The winter will be mild that year."

It is believed by some folks that if the ear comes out of the husk of the corn, the winter will be mild.

The caterpillars are also considered to be a source that can give some indication of the winter weather. They are used in at least two ways: (1) By observing the "fur;" in years when it appears thicker, the winter will be cold and more severe than usual. (2) The color is also used as an indicator; we are told, "A wooly worm shows which end of the season will be most severe. The end that is darkest shows the hard weather." (The head equals the early portion of the season and the tail the last part.)

Thunder was another omen; if it was heard late in the fall months, it was believed that the winter would be an unusually long one with a late spring. The saying, "Late thunder, late summer," was common.

A few older persons still contend that the weather on the last Thursday of the month indicates the kind of weather that can be expected during the entire month to come.

The katydid was also supposed to warn of coming frost, somehow they were believed to inform residents six weeks before a killing frost by constantly sounding their warning cry.

The Shenandoah Valley Germans, like their ancestors in Pennsylvania, have at least one element of weather lore in common — Ground-Hog Day. In the Valley, if you ask about the importance of February second, the answer will not be Candlemas but instead, and unanimously, Ground-Hog Day.

The Signs of the Zodiac

An elderly widow in Shenandoah County told the writers, "I never had much luck in my life, I was born in the wrong sign!" This woman, like many other residents of the Valley, placed a great deal of importance in the signs of the Zodiac. She is of the belief that there is a sign for almost every activity, such as cutting one's hair, planting, butchering, preserving, pruning, setting hen eggs and other regular tasks.

Such faith in the signs is not unique to Virginia. In the past it was a common practice to consider the signs before engaging in any number of activities. It was widespread among people in New England, Pennsylvania and in other sections of the nation.

In 1904, George Kittredge of Harvard University published **The Old Farmer and His Almanack** and indicated that the signs of the Zodiac could be traced back as far as the Greeks and Romans even though "their origin is lost in antiquity." A more recent search by Dr. G.S. Hawkins, Professor of Astronomy at Boston University, took the signs back to pre-Babylonian times and he writes in **Splendor in the Sky** (1961) that "Most of the early civilizations could predict the movement of the planets among the signs of the Zodiac." Most certainly millions and millions of people in widely separated areas of the world have turned to the signs of the Zodiac."

Dr. Hawkins has little time for such nonsense, he writes, ". . . to assign them power over human destinies is nothing but superstition . . ." Yet the cold facts have not been fully accepted, and there is still an audience for our present - day wizards, witches, and astrologers."

In a future article the writers will discuss the witches in the Shenandoah Valley, but for the present we will confine ourselves to the astrologers, the Valley residents who still follow the signs and there are a considerable number of them!

More than twenty informants of the Valley area could recite a dialect rhyme about the Zodiac signs; all versions were quite similar, but the most common was:

Der Widder der schteessd
De Kinner sin bees
Der Leeb der brilld
Der Wook die gild
Der Fish der schwimmd
Der Shtee buck schpringd
Der Schitz der schiesst
Der Wasser man giesst
Der Schteribyen schtichd.
Die Yungfraa shprichd
Der Grebs der glemmd
Der Schtier der rennt.

The vast majority of people who follow the signs today consider them primarily in reference to planting and other agricultural activities, only a few also associate them with sickness and health. In early times the signs were closely associated with various parts or organs of the human body and each of the twelve signs was believed to govern a portion of the anatomy. As early as the Fourteenth Century the human anatomy was graphically portrayed as governed by the Zodiac signs and many almanacs still carry a figure of the anatomy and signs as a major illustration. Astrological medicine was an early doctrine and it was considered a "science" in the past.

It is not surprising that some people still associate illness with various signs; one woman told us, "Anybody born in the Twins (Gemini) gets double of whatever comes to them. Why I've got arthritis in both hands and both feet, not just one!"

Some people believe that if a person is ailing in some part of the body, when the moon comes around to the sign that governs that part, it will be much more painful. (For example, a person suffering from a broken arm would have more pain when the moon was in Gemini because that sign rules the arms.) It is claimed by some people that a surgical operation that is performed in the sign governing the part or organ being treated will have much less chance for success.

There are signs that are considered to be **watery, barren, dry, fruitful, fiery, airy,** as well as **masculine** or **feminine.**

Six signs of the Zodiac are considered to be feminine and six masculine, and some people believe that if a child is to be born under a feminine sign it will be a girl! Others say the sign in which conception occurs determines the sex of the child. If a female is born in a masculine sign the child will be unlucky.

Gemini

This sign is also referred to as the "Twins" and "The Arms" and is considered a dry, barren, airy and masculine sign.

(1) "Plant potatoes in the Twins and they will multiply and give you twice as much as those planted under other signs."

Leo

This is also known as the "Lion" and "The Heart" and is considered bold and strong, masculine, dry, barren and fiery.

(2) "If you plant potatoes in Leo you harvest firm fruit."

(3) "Set turkey eggs and Leo will give you strong healthy birds."

(4) "If you prune vines under Leo, they will die."

(5) "Kill brush in the Lion, it's deadening, it even kills thistle!"

(6) "People with heart trouble have the most difficulty when the sign is in Leo."

Libra

This sign is also referred to as "The Scales" and "The Weights" or "The Balance" it is supposed to rule the loins. It is considered masculine, moist and semi-fruitful.

(7) "My parents always insisted that potatoes must be planted in the "Weights." Another said, "Potatoes planted in the Balance give heavy fruit."

(8) "If you cut your hair in Libra, it will grow back stronger."

(9) "Hay should be cut in the scales."

Sagittarius

Also known as the "Archer" or "Bowman" ruling the thighs and believed to be barren, dry and masculine. Most of the lore is negative in such combinations of barren and dry.

(10) "Don't sow clover in the Archer, it won't root well."

(11) "A good sign to purge under if liquids are to be used."

(12) "Wean a child under the Archer, it takes easier."

Aquarius

Called "The Water Boy" or "The Waterman" governing the legs and associated with dry, barren and masculine.

(13) "Don't plant corn in the sign or it will get very hard."

(14) "Trim your beard or cut your hair in the Waterman and it will grow out thicker."

Pisces

Locally known as the "Fish," ruling the feet the sign is characterized as feminine, watery and fruitful.

(15) "Kraut made in this sign becomes slimy and slippery and doesn't taste good." This was one of the most common beliefs among Shenandoah Valley womenfolk. We were told, "Neighbors told me, 'Oh, you shouldn't be making kraut today, it's the Fish, it will go bad'." "A man in Fort Seybert made kraut in the Fish and it all went bad, they had to throw all of it away."

(16) "If you plant cucumbers in the Fish, they get slimy."

(17) "My father always weaned a calf or any young animal in the Fish."

(18) "Corn planted in the Fish gets too hard."

Aries

This sign is also called "The Ram" or "The Buck." It is believed to rule the face and head, and is considered barren, dry and masculine.

(19) "Make sauerkraut in the "Buck."

(20) "Make kraut in the Ram in the up sign, it keeps the brine over it."

(21) "Paint your house and barn in this sign, it will dry fast."

Taurus

"The "Bull" ruling the neck and considered to be moist, productive, and feminine. It is believed to be one of the four fruitful signs and was therefore a time for planting. (Most farmers followed the notion that all things that yield above the ground should be planted in the increase of the moon and those yielding fruit below the ground in the decrease.)

Cancer

Known as the "Crab," and governing the breast, this sign was believed to be feminine, watery and very fruitful.

(22) "Eggs should be set to hatch in the Crab, they will be better layers." (Set the chicken eggs 21 days before the sign of the Crab so they will hatch in the right sign.)

(23) "Sow grass seed in the Crab only, but wait for the down sign to do it."

(24) "If you plant potatoes in this sign, they get legs on them."

(25) "Potatoes planted in the Crab get watery and slimy."

(26) "Sow clover seed in the downside Crab, it will take root fast and strong." (One farmer told how a neighbor had trouble with his clover crop. He was advised to plant in the Crab, and since then he has had excellent clover crops.)

(27) "If you plant pole beans in the down Crab, they will never be able to climb the pole."

Virgo

This sign is referred to variously as "The Posey Gal" "Flower Girl," "Poseywoman," and "Jungfrau." Ruler of the bowels and characterized as dry, barren, and masculine, the sign is closely associated with flowers in local lore."

(28) "We planted beans in the Posey Gal and we had real good bushes but hardly any beans."

(29) "My wife always takes notice when Virgo leaves and whether or not it's wet or dry. If the Poseywoman goes out raining, when she comes back it will be dry."

(30) "It was common consensus that you shouldn't plant anything except flowers in Virgo.

(31) "The most common belief was if you plant cucumbers, you will have blossoms but few cucumbers. One woman said, "We don't use the signs, . . . but we wouldn't plant cucumbers in the Poseywoman, they just don't bear in that sign!" Another reported that a neighbor laughed when he was warned against planting cucumbers in Virgo, "He got a patch that was yellow all over, but no cucumbers — now he won't plant in that sign anymore!"

(32) "Virgo is a good sign for pulling up weeds, they don't grow back."

Scorpio

Called the "Lizzard" or "Scorpion" it is thought to be in control of the grain. It is considered to be one of the four best signs for planting because it is believed to be feminine, watery and fruitful. A good sign for transplanting and grafting.

Capricornus

Known as "Billy" or "the Goat" it was believed to rule the knees. It is considered feminine, moist and only partly productive, therefore, it is not believed to be a good sign for planting.

The majority of the present population of the Shenandoah Valley laugh at the signs and often say, "We plant in the ground, not in the signs;" another element use some signs and disregard the general use of them; a minority consult them regularly and a handful of people are almost completely dependent upon them.

One of the latter told us, 'Lots of the signs come from the Bible. They can be found in the Scriptures!" (Gen. 1:14 and Eccl. 3:1-8) She asked, "Why wouldn't these things be so if they are in the Bible?"

(To Be Continued)

DIE GUT ALT SUMMERZEIT

Wie siess iss doch die Summerzeit,
Es Paradies vum Yohr!
En Himmelsbild fer alle Leit,
Wu Aagge hen defor.

Die Landschaft, ei, guck yuscht mol rum,
Datt wu der Weeze rollt;
Sell Schdick hot g'wiss die Summersunn
Gans reichlich all vergold.

Was liewe, siesse Blumme do,
Wie schee, deel rod wie Blud;
Wie freindlich guckt's,e s macht em froh
Un gebt em frischer Mut.

Un heerscht die Musik in der Wiss
Datt newe an der Grick!
Sell iss die Laerch, recht freehlich iss
Sei Halleluyah Schdick.

Un do am Haus im Abbelbaam
Sin Singer vun de Bescht;
Oft weckt sie mich aus me Draam
Vun sellem Goldam-schelnescht.

--DER SOLLY HOLSBUCK

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Editorials

Let's Hope It's Settled

Now that boards of both the Allentown Public Library and the School District again have come to an agreement under which the community can be assured of continuing library services, we hope this issue finally has been settled.

Operation of the library by the agency responsible for levying the taxes needed for its support is the best solution, at least for Allentown. It should end the kind of controversies that have been troublesome for too long.

Through the years, successive school boards have demonstrated their ability to conscientiously and effectively manage public business in the community's best interests and to its satisfaction and credit. The library, which they have supported so generously, is not likely to be an exception.

With the approval of the courts, the substantial assets the library has accumulated through the years will become a public trust administered by publicly elected officials. There is little chance they will be dissipated either because of inefficient management or lack of funds for service and maintenance.

Decision of the Whitehall School Board to establish a public library in cooperation with the township commissioners is another significant step forward. It is one more indication that taxing bodies recognize the kind of services their constituents want them to provide.

Conserve Water

It's going to take more than a day or two of rain, whenever it comes, to replenish the water supply in much of the hot, dry and dusty Lehigh Valley. But there's not much anyone can do about it except cooperate with municipal authorities in conserving what is available.

The problem no longer is only rural. Bethlehem's reservoirs are dropping. Allentown never pumped as much water in a comparable period as it did this week. The pinch is on and, while it is anything but desperate, it could be.

It's tough, of course, to see carefully tended lawns burn brown. It would be considerably more tragic, however, if sprinklers and hoses going incessantly across the city curtailed the water pressures needed to fight a fire.

Bethlehem has come up with what seems like a happy solution. Use of hoses will be permitted on alternate days, odd-numbered houses on one and even numbers on the next. The system worked so well last year that it will be in effect again as long as the current drought continues.

This formula gives householders a definite guide on how to practice conservation. It also gives them the opportunity to water their lawns or gardens judiciously if they believe this is essential.

Enforcement is quite simple. No one really wants to risk the wrath of his neighbors, particularly not on a humid night when tempers can flare as high as temperatures.

Time to Work

To paraphrase Maj. Gen. John Peter Gabriel Muhlenberg of Revolutionary War fame, "there's a time to play and a time to work and the time to work now has come."

That's substantially what Gov. William Warren Scranton said this week when his emissaries found 16 state employes playing on Harrisburg area golf courses instead of working on the commonwealth's business. A few others were there, too, but they didn't bother the governor because they were either on sick leave or vacation.

Now the governor, we're sure, approves of golf and other recreation as much as anyone. He knows the old saw about all work making Jack a dull boy and he wants bright young men around him to assure the success of his administration.

He's oldfashioned enough, however, to believe that every state employe should do eight hours of work for eight hours of pay. When the official word gets around, it's likely to cause quite a revolution among the state's 80,000 employes.

Some of them may be just as shocked as Gen. Muhlenberg's parishioners were when he marched from services in his Woodstock church, threw off his clerical robes and stood before his congregation in the uniform of a fighting colonel in the Virginia militia.

It's time someone led a fight for an honest day's work if the mounting costs of government and most other enterprises are to be held in line, let alone

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.

Freedom's an Indivisible Word

To the Editor,

I should like to comment on the recently published letters by the Messrs. Harold W. Butz and Louis B. Roundtree.

First, not only was Mr. Roundtree's letter clear and specific in stating the Negroes' position, but it reflected the nobility of spirit that will enable his people to win their fight for equality. He concludes by saying he respects the white man just as he does the colored man. Perhaps habitual hurt begets tolerance and I haven't been hurt enough to share Mr. Roundtree's charitable attitude, but I found nothing in Mr. Butz's letter that would inspire me to respect him. On the contrary, my reaction was one of deep and profound shame for being white.

Mr. Butz's letter was colored with fallacious reasoning.

When I read his comments about Negroes doing nothing to alleviate their problems, nor making any efforts to curtail their large families, I recalled a childhood experience that might interest Mr. Butz.

I was born and raised in a semi-slum, integrated neighborhood in Philadelphia and this incident concerns the furor that

Continued on Page 11, Column 1

Ideology to Ideology



Bruce Russell

Perplexing Religion Rule

By DAVID LAWRENCE

A prominent United States Senator was telling his friends this story the other day:

"A public school teacher who entered her classroom after luncheon a few days ago saw a group of small boys kneeling on the floor and huddled together. She asked:

" 'What are you doing?'

" 'We're just shooting dice,' was the reply.

' 'Oh,' said the teacher with a sign of relief. 'That's all right. I was afraid you were engaged in prayer.' "



Lawrence

Eleven days have passed since the Supreme Court of the United States issued its 8-to-1 decision proclaiming that prayer in the school room, whether voluntary or not, is forbidden by the Constitution. Yet the school authorities throughout the country who have sought an explanation of what is or is not permissible have not found the answer.

In the District of Columbia, for instance, the school board, which would like very much to elevate the moral standards of its pupils, finds itself virtually checkmated when the subject of religion is introduced. Colonel West A. Hamilton, a member of the board, asked certain questions which were referred to the corporation counsel for reply. One question was as follows:

"May students spontaneously engage in devotional services on their own without direction or guidance from the teacher?"

It was also asked whether the court decision prohibits the holding of school assemblies at which Christmas carols and Easter hymns are sung, and whether clergymen can pronounce the benediction at commencement exercises. Another query was this:

"What would be the practical effect if a considerable number of parents demand that time be made available for their children to attend a brief religious service outside the school?"

All these queries indicate the scope of the uncertainty that prevails today. For, while New York State has a law which specifies that "released time" may be used to permit students to go to religious exercises outside the school, and the Supreme Court of the United States has upheld such a practice, doubts have been raised now because of the comments in the latest ruling of the high court on June 17.

The court emphasized then that the state government must be "neutral" and that it could not sanction voluntary prayer in the school room and allow students who didn't want to participate to leave the room. The majority opinion mentioned that the father of a student in one of the cases before the court had decided against asking to have his children leave the school room temporarily "for several reasons, including his belief that the children's relationships with their teachers and classmates would be adversely affected."

Justice Potter Stewart, who dissented, said he thought this was flimsy and didn't consider it convincing evidence of the effect of such a step. Nor is any light shed in a lengthy opinion by Justice Brennan, who, though he "concurred" with the court's decision, expressed himself in a paragraph which should give school boards plenty of mental, if not religious, exercise. He said:

"We do not, however, in my view usurp the jurisdiction of school administrators by holding as we do today that morning devotional exercises in any form are constitutionally invalid. But there is no occasion now to go further, and anticipate problems we cannot judge with the material now before us. Any attempt to impose rigid limits upon the mention of God or references to the Bible in the classroom would be fraught with dangers."

But Justice Brennan evidently forgot that the petitioners in one of the two cases before the court were avowed atheists. They don't believe in God and, if the effect on them or their children is to be considered, then maybe the motto "In God We Trust" may have to be taken off the currency and coins. It's just an example of the "involvement" in perplexity which the Supreme Court's decision has brought to the school boards of the country.

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'Depressed Area'

By RUSSELL KIRK

Your servant is a denizen of a Depressed Area — Mecosta County, Michigan. Anyway, the federal government tells us we are depressed, though many of our hardy farmers resent that designation. But I do advise the gentlemen and ladies with bleeding hearts that we sandhill savages in these parts extract quite as much from life as do the residents of any fashionable suburb.

For one thing, we're accustomed to being depressed, in these cut-over counties. Life never was easy here — not even for the Indians who preceded us. A boom of sorts came in the 'Sixties and 'Seventies and 'Eighties, with the big lumber camps, and values were inflated. The disillusionment occurred in 1893, with the great panic of that year. Nearly all the surviving timber was cut then, for what it would bring — next to nothing. Great expectations came to naught. Abjuring most of the vanities of this world thereafter, the families of these cut-over lands have survived as a frugal and cheerful people, good fighters and good friends.

One measure of the quality of a region is the sort of crime it indulges. Robbery and even petty theft are rare here — in part, perhaps, because there isn't much worth stealing, and in part because most folk have guns handy — but also because there is an ingrained respect for other people's property rights.

On a tiny cash income, one can manage herabouts in a healthier and happier fashion than do many city people with larger incomes. One hard-working farmer supports a family of 14 on 40 acres — supplementing his means by working in a fairly distant factory, when he has the chance. Our side-road people put up venison and beaver meat in cans; pick and preserve wild raspberries and blackberries, hunt mushrooms and can them, too; sometimes smoke their own hams. There being a strong sense of community, families who lose their house by fire or suffer unusual sickness always find aid from neighbors. Most people own their little houses; for those who don't, rent is low.

Fishing and hunting are ways to contentment, better than the movies, as well as aids to the budget. The chief cash-cost of living is fuel, for we need some heating nearly eight months of the year; but wood is still plentiful and cheap.

Though such a life is no bed of roses, the tautness and pressure of city existence are mercifully absent. The glaciated, slightly rolling countryside is well wooded again, for the trees have returned, mostly of their own seeding, since fatal '93. If we have few fine buildings, still our houses and barns harmonize with the landscape: we are spared the hideous sprawl of the modern metropolis. Even billboards are happily few here, possibly because the advertisers know we can't afford to buy anything.

So I trust that the largess of Kennedy & Co. to us depressed folk won't convert us altogether into shabby copies of Town Mice. Threadbare Country Mice though we be, we don't suffer from inner depression. Life has more of a relish when its comforts are prized for their difficulty.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: Why do you continually advise new Christians to become members of a Church?

ANSWER: Why should a newborn baby have a home? It is as simple as that. A child can be born outside the home, and a person can become a Christian outside the church, but nurture and care is essential to the development of both. These can be provided in the home in the case of the child, and in the church in the case of a Christian.

Every church is potentially a resurrection center. Into it come people who have been primarily concerned with their selfish affairs. In the church they broaden and come to feel the needs of other people. One of the signs of Christian life is the desire to share.

It is in the Church that you are transformed from a self-centered individual into a self-sacrificing member of society.

Only the Church provides the nurture for spiritual growth. Here we are taught to grow in the Word, and here we have the help of other Christians when we are tempted to stumble.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

The Cook-out

My dear wife sets the table . . . our family pitches in . . . I tend the charcoal burner . . . our feast will soon begin . . . steak gives a fragrant odor . . . as it simmers slow . . . the scene is one of splendor . . . a beautiful tableau . . . beneath our weeping willow . . . fanned by a gentle breeze . . . our hearts are very happy . . . peacefully at ease. . .how wonderful it is to have . . . a banquet such as this . . . joy in every mouthful. . .such is heavenly bliss. . .many times this summer . . . and without a doubt . . . many, many more times . . . our clan will cookout.

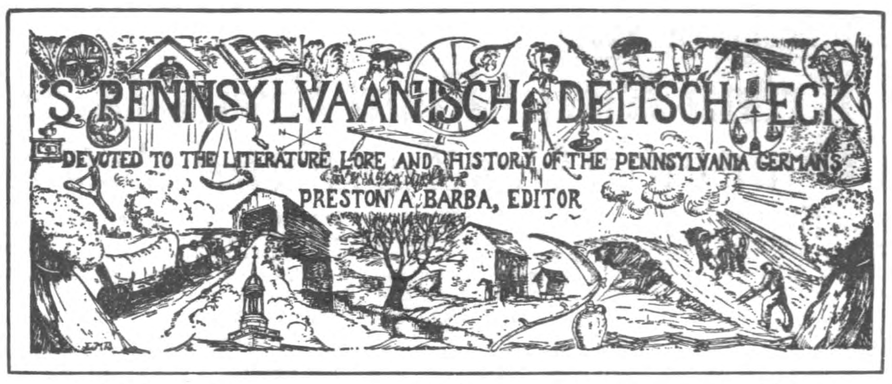
Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Irvin Cobb once was called upon to admire a hideous and ornate wedding gift somebody had vestowed upon a neighbor's daughter. "Very handsome," grunted Cobb. "Very expensive, I'm sure. But, for the love of heaven, don't let them make any more of them!"

Horoscope

Both business and domestic life prosper. Today's child will be fortunate.



ES ZIPPCHE

Zipp! Zipp! datt zippt es Zippche rum
Am Marye frieh im Hof datt draus;
Es schittelt sich un schwingt sei Kopp,
Uffem Poschte hoch schteht yo sei Haus.

Ich denk es sucht sei Breckfescht do
Un schellt verleicht fer gschteert zu sei;
Fer glee wie's iss, 's hot Sarye aa,
Un schafft de Yunge Fresse bei.

Die wisse glei was aageh dutt
Un waarte uff ihr teeglich Brod;
Wu'n Heemet iss, geht des mit nei -
'S hot neimand gern sei Brod zu schpot.

—CHARLES ALLABAR BUTZ

CONGRATULATIONS!

On July 26, 1963, 25 years shall have passed since the first issue of Dr. Arthur D. Graeff's widely-read column SCHOLLA appeared in the Reading Times. "Scholla aus Pennsylvaanisch Deitschland", now commonly known as SCHOLLA has been appearing in the Reading Times regularly on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for a quarter of a century.

It was Abe Hurwitz, then City Editor, who induced Dr. Graeff to write some experimental copy for a column which would bring to the level of the everyday newspaper reader the history and the lore and traditions of Berks County. Some feared shortage of material. Before engaging Dr. Graeff's services Mr. Hurwitz asked for assurance that the editor of such a column could supply material through eight years. Thrice that number of years has passed and Scholla continues to appear in the Reading Times, vital and informative as ever.

Dr. Graeff is more than a versatile columnist. He has long been recognized as a capable historian. Of his many works we mention here only his CONRAD WEISER: Pennsylvania Peacemaker (Vol.8,1943 of the Yearbooks of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society) and his History of Pennsylvania, widely used as a textbook in the public schools of our State. Dr. Graeff is the Editor of The Historical Review of Berks County, published quarterly by the Historical Society of Berks County and the incumbent President of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society. He has been a generous contributor to our own column 'S ECK since its beginnings in 1935.

We know the readers of the ECK, many of whom are also readers of SCHOLLA, will join with us in congratulating Dr. Graeff on his notable achievement and wishing for the SCHOLLA many more years of public usefulness and entertainment. — P.A.B.

DER KASCHBAR VERZEHLT

Ferlenger zerick hen viel Leit im Land ken so groosse Scheiere ghatt. Wann's Hoi net all in die Scheier gange iss, hen sie en groosser Hoischtock neegscht an die Scheier geduh. Do waare verleicht en Dutzend Waggevoll druff.

Nau heitesdaags sehnt mer ken Hoischteck meh. Es Hoi watt in bales geduh mit re Maschien draus im Feld. Noh geht's gut all in die Scheier un die Scheier watt net voll.

Ich hab yuscht nau an etliche Schtoris vun Hoischteck gedenkt. Wann ebber arrig huddlich waar un iss uff die Aerwet gerennt so schtarrig ass er hot kenne, hen mir als gsaat, "Seller rennt druff los wie en Bull uff der Hoischtock." Sell gebt eem en gudi Meening wann en Mann odder en Fraa arrig schusslich sin an der Aerwet.

Es waare mol etliche Parre bei nanner. Mir hen aafange zu blaudere. Un mir hen gebrowiert auszufinne wie en Parre's bescht breddiche kann.

Eens vun denne Parre waar en sonderbaarer guder Breddicher. Des iss was er gsaat hot zu uns. Ich hab's nie vergesse. Saagt der alt Breddicher, "En Breddich muss en latt gut Fuder in sich hawwe, un all des Fuder muss aus nanner gelegt sei, wu's Fieh 's bescht draa kann. Deel Breddiche sin yuscht en Haufe gut Schtoft wie en Hoischtock. Die Leit wu die Breddich heere, kenne nix du ass drum rum schpringe un allegebott en Maulvoll raus reisse. Sell nemmt lang bis sie satt sin."

Es hen Leit en yunger Bu aus me Waisehaus (Orphans Home) nemme welle un ihn ufziegge. Sie hen driwwer gschwetzt mit'm Haabtmann vum Waisehaus, un hen gsaat sie daede etliche vun denne Buwe gut gleiche. "Awwer wann mer eener mit heem nemme, bleibt er verleicht net bei uns. Was kenne mir noh duh?" Der Haabtmann hot gsaat, "Sell kummt uff eich aa un wie dihr den Bu yust. Hett dihr in eierm Lewe en Kuh sehne weck schpringe vumme Hoischtock?"

En Besoffener iss in en Hoischtock gschluppt fer schlofe. Schpeeder hot en Mann en Cigaret in der Hoischtock gschmisse. Wie die Flamm in die Heeh gschlagge hot, iss der Besoffne schnell wacker warre un hot gegrische: "Des muss der Yingscht Daag sei (Judgement Day) un nau bin ich graad wu ich immer gfarricht hab ass ich hiekeemt."

Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News.

Pennsylvania German Folklore in the Shenandoah Valley

By ELMER L. SMITH and JOHN STEWART

Continued

Apple Butter Boilings

Almost every farmhouse in the Shenandoah Valley has or had a thirty-to-forty-gallon copper kettle dating to bygone years when they were used to make applebutter each fall.

Frolics are almost entirely a social activity of the past, and at one time people in the Valley gathered together to make quilts, roll logs, pick rocks, boil maple syrup, make molasses, husk corn, scutch flax, crack walnuts and raise a barn. The most common of all frolics were those associated with making applebutter — the butter boiling is a thing of the past, but it's not forgotten! Today applebutter is made in numerous households, but it is a family project, not a neighborhood or community social outing as it was in the past.

Several church groups make applebutter as a fund raising activity — a Church of the Brethren women's group, an Evangelical United Brethren and a Lutheran congregation made hundreds of gallons of butter last season which found a ready and hungry local market, but such activities are becoming increasingly less common.

Elderly residents from most sections of the Valley are unanimously agreed that apple-boilings and snitzing-parties were major social events in their various neighborhoods when they were young.

The applebutter - boiling was primarily the same in all the communities, with minor variants in each. For example, in some sections a snitzing party was held the night before an applebutter boiling; this was sometimes called a "peeling party" or "cutting frolic." In others the snitzing and boiling was done the same day, with the women starting early to peel and quarter the apples. In still other neighborhoods, a snitzing - frolic was held and the apples were used the next day by the family who made the butter without holding a "boiling" or "stirring" frolic. Others held a boiling, but the family cut and peeled the apples in advance. A Rockingham County man said, "When our family wanted to make butter we held a snitzing-party the night before." But a Highland County woman said, "We've had as many as sixty people in an evening here cutting apples for a boiling . . . when we finished we'd have a feast and then sing and dance." In the fall someone in the area held a frolic almost every week.

Although the desire to fill the empty crocks with applebutter was the avowed goal of a frolic, one man admitted "it was the excuse to have a big time" and get the neighbors together. After the butter was boiling in the kettle, the tasks were limited. Stirring continuously and keeping the fire attended is a formidable amount of work for a few people, but for an assemblage of thirty to sixty in number it means relatively little to do except gossip, sing, dance and have fun and fellowship. Thus, although the applebutter was the cause of the gathering, any number of secondary activities took place — the fires were used for popping corn, the barrel of cider was tapped continuously and while some cut wood others joked and loafed.

The applebutter frolics were attended by old and young alike. Courting couples were given special attention, and at some boilings were given duties of stirring, placing one on each side of the long seven to eight foot paddle.

Constant Stirring

The applebutter was supposed to be stirred continuously for it was believed that if it were not, it would burn and damage the taste and flavor of the entire batch. Young people assigned the duty of stirring were carefully instructed; the most popular instructions have been put in the form of a rhyme:

"Twice around the side
And once down the middle,
That's the way to stir
The applebutter kittle."

At some frolics, if the couple stirring the butter bumped the kettle and splashed the butter, they had to kiss each other. This custom is likely to have created some problems, for splashing the butter was not a part of good stirring. Although it is unknown, it is likely that the kissing tradition is responsible for the practice of having young unmarried people draw lots in order to have a partner to stir with. Under this arrangement the butter was less likely to be purposely splashed as was apt to occur when courting couples were assigned the task together.

Jelly Butter—The Old Way

Oldsters refer to the days when they made "real" applebutter, for example, we were told, "We made the real kind, not apple sauce . . ." and "Only a few people make the real apple jelly butter . . ." Others agreed that although applebutter is still made". . . it's not like it used to be."

In earlier times applebutter was made without the use of any sugar, and this is what the elderly residents refer to as "real applebutter" or applebutter made from "jelly." This was made by gathering sweet apples and pressing a quantity into cider. The cider was boiled to a thick jelly-like consistency and at that stage apple snitz were added. These ingredients were boiled together with cloves, cinnamon or nutmeg, depending on the taste of the maker, until the quartered apples dissolved into a thick dark brown liquid.

Five bushels of apple snitz were added to each eight gallons of sweet-cider jelly. The cider was boiled outdoors in a copper kettle over a wood fire.

When the butter was declared ready, ("The longer it's cooked the darker it gets.") it was removed from the kettle, a dipperful at a time, and placed in crocks. The writers have been assured that, "If it's made right it will never sour" and "You don't have to seal the lids on applebutter, it gets a crust on top, but underneath it's okay for years and years." Nevertheless, a paper or wooden cover is placed over the crock in order to keep mice and dirt out!

The applebutter made from sweet cider was less expensive to make because it avoided the use of sugar which was costly, particularly when sweet apples were so common. At the same time it was the most time-consuming method and called for much more effort in making cider, boiling the cider and cutting the wood for the fire, then cutting the apples and boiling them. As one said, "It took a day and a half . . ."

The "New" Way

The vast majority of those households where applebutter is made today use the same method as the one the writers recorded at Hopkins Gap in Rockingham County.

Several members of the family and a few neighbors "snitzed" 10 bushels of apples into quarters in an afternoon, making six bushels of snitz. The next morning a wood fire was started, a forty gallon copper kettle was set in place in a farm shed, and by 9:00 a.m. the snitz were over the fire and boiling within the hour. At 2:30 p.m. a hundred pounds of sugar were added, (three pounds for each gallon of butter) along with a quantity of cloves and cinnamon. At 5:00 p.m., after eight hours of constant stirring, the butter was declared ready for the crocks and jars. The yield was thirty-five gallons. The cost was about twenty dollars worth of apples, firewood enough for eight hours of continuous flame and fire, at least four pairs of aching arms and legs, several blisters, and second-degree burns and smoke-inflamed eyes. The writers were assured, however, that the enterprise is well worthwhile, for we were told that, "When thirteen hungry people sit down at the table three times a day all year round, thirty-five gallons of applebutter doesn't last long."

(1) Applebutter must be made in a copper kettle to be any good in flavor.

(2) If the firewood touches the kettle the butter will burn.

(3) Nothing should touch the kettle below the applebutter line. (This rules out the use of the iron ring in which most kettles are set . . . and creates the need for the posts and bar from which the kettle is hung.)

(4) Oak rail makes the best applebutter fire, it doesn't throw much flame but gives a steady high heat.

(5) If a person is ignorant and generally stupid, he has "applebutter" brains.

(6) You can test "real" applebutter by turning the crock upside down without a lid on it, if it runs or drips out it isn't "real" applebutter.

(To Be Continued)

COCKS CROW IN THE MORN

Maeryets graeht der Haahne,
'S iss Zeit fer uffzuschteh;
Will uns draa gemaahne,
Fer an die Aerwet geh.

Oweds frieh ins Bett
Un maeryets raus bei Zeit,
Sell iss arrig gsund
Un macht eem reich un gscheit.

Aus 'n John Birmelin seim Mammi sein Gansbuch.

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Editorials

Earning Privileges

Some unusual Independence Day activities were written into the record in this free nation.

In Chicago, Mayor Daley was booed off the platform from which he was to address a rally of the National Association for Advancement of Colored People. Another speaker, the Negro president of the National Baptist Convention who supported a White House plea for a moratorium on mass civil rights demonstrations, also was shouted down.

Those coveting freedoms guaranteed all Americans by the Constitution of their country abrogated one of them. Freedom of speech was tossed out the window by mob action.

In Baltimore, 36 clergymen of two races and several faiths were among the 275 demonstrators arrested for defying the trespass laws of Maryland in a mass attempt to integrate a private park. Commendable though their motive may have been, they sought to set aside a law by force rather than by constitutional democratic processes.

But there are other voices, like that of James A. Hood, one of the two Negroes recently admitted to the University of Alabama. He says he has examined racial relations as a result of his own recent experiences and has "concluded that the protest movements have resulted in, literally, a big, unnecessary mess."

Writing in the university newspaper he says:

"With our nation on the brink of racial violence, there is a firm need for a solution which will not only meet the demands of the Negro but will also make him meet the demands of society. In order for one to be accepted in a society he must meet certain standards in accordance with that society in which he is seeking a position. He must not only seek to get into that society, but also he must have something to offer it. He must upgrade the status of that society in becoming part of it."

As Hood well understands, this isn't going to make him popular among great masses in his own race. Neither is his belief that "the whole idea of protests has gotten off course" and become "a matter of excitement rather than conviction for most Negroes."

It is a view, however, that needs to be reiterated and reemphasized and not only by one race. It commends itself to Americans of every color who would realize their cherished ambitions and reach their coveted goals.

Important Benefits

Figures in the annual report of the International Ladies Garment Workers health and welfare funds are worth more than a passing glance.

Since the first plan went into operation 21 years ago, the funds have received more than $1 billion. Employers made a whopping big contribution of $947 million based on fixed percentages of the gross weekly payroll of workers under contract. Another $67 million came from interest earned on investments.

Members of the union received better than $676 million in benefits. These included payments for medical expenses, pensions supplementing social security, severance settlements and other welfare allowances.

Potentially, however, the most significant benefit has been the union's efforts to safeguard the health of its members. In medical centers, like the one in Allentown serving the Lehigh Valley area, it offers free physical examinations and diagnostic services aimed at detecting symptoms of illness while there still is time to take relatively simple corrective measures. The record shows the important role they have had in extending the earning capacity of workers.

What surprises the union is that in spite of the proven value of these health centers, just about 25 per cent of the eligible membership uses the local facilities. The greatest benefit any society offers is better health and longer and happier productive years. This union and the industry with which it deals are making an outstanding effort to join medical science in offering it.

What Others Say

Lodge in Sensitive Post

Christian Science Monitor

Everything except the main point is being emphasized in voluminous comment on the appointment of Henry Cabot Lodge.

The new United States Ambassador to South Viet Nam has been given the second most important and difficult task confronting the United States in the world today.

First in importance is the mission of Averell Harriman to Moscow after the forthcoming Soviet - Chinese confrontation. This may — and may not—set a new direction for arms control and the cold war.

Second in importance right now is to reverse the high level of politico - military success of the Communists in South Viet Nam. This is today the weakest single point in the global defenses of the independent world. By the same token it is the most promising single wedge of international communism through the defense lines of the West.

It is not too much to say that a guerrilla success in Viet Nam will lead to the use of guerrila force in other vulnerable areas, both of Asia and other parts of the world. It is not too much to say that a sudden switch to actual guerrilla war in Thailand, for example, could turn the political weakness of the Thai government in Northeast Thailand greatly to Communist advantage. There is similar trouble already in Laos, but for reasons irrelevant to the present argument, the loss of Laos could be absorbed if necessary (it is not necessary), but the loss of Viet Nam could not—without the most serious consequences for the entire future of the cold war.

We do not know what instructions will be given to Mr. Lodge. But we respect his ability and experience and we hope his mandate is the broadest: to find out what is wrong with the battle against communism and to use every resource of United States persuasion and power to correct it. The United States is the sole financial and military support of South Viet Nam today and its 'intervention" is already complete.

We hope above all that Mr. Lodge does not become lost in the merely military approach to guerrilla warfare, however fascinating. We are confident he will find the operative cause of the trouble to be political: a people has lost confidence in its government and therefore has no reason to sacrifice and fight for it.

Mr. Lodge has a task "piled high with difficulty" and a correspondingly great opportunity.

I Hate Parades



Recognition for Conquest

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The American people don't always read the fine print in the contracts that their chosen representatives make with foreign governments. Then, a few months later, the clarifying truth sometimes emerges.

Despite the denials last October that any "deal" was made by President Kennedy with the Soviet Union to secure the withdrawal of Soviet missiles from Cuba, it turns out that the Moscow government at least construes it that way now and announces that it intends to hold the American government to its promises —allegedly a recognition of the Communist - bloc countries, including East Germany, as a military alliance confronting NATO.



Lawrence

The chain of events has all the earmarks of a carefully planned maneuver in diplomacy. First, Premier Khrushchev made a speech at East Berlin on Tuesday of this week in which he said that a test-ban agreement by itself couldn't lessen the danger of a thermonuclear war, and then added:

A test - ban agreement, combined with the simultaneous signing of a nonaggression pact between the two groups of states, will create a fresh international climate more favorable for a solution of major problems of our time, including disarmament."

American officials were at first said to be "puzzled" by this linking of the two things — the test-ban treaty and the pact with the Communist - bloc counries, including the formal recognition thereby of the puppet regime of East Germany. But it wasn't until First Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan made a statement during a Fourth of July reception at the U.S.. Embassy in Moscow that the Russian game was disclosed. He said that all conditions for the signing of a partial nuclear-test-ban — that is, one not covering underground tests but prohibiting other tests and bypassing inspections — have been met and that it is now up to the West.

News dispatches from Moscow stressed that Mr. Khrushchev had demanded a 'simultaneous" signing of the two agreements, and Mikoyan pointed out that Mr. Kennedy had, in effect, agreed to this concept in a letter which the President wrote to the Soviet premier last October during the Cuban missile crisis. It read as follows:

"I would like to say again that the United States is very much interested in reducing tensions and halting the arms race; and if your letter signifies that you are prepared to discuss a detente affecting NATO and the Warsaw Pact, we are quite prepared to consider with our allies any useful proposals."

The foregoing was sent by the President on Oct. 27, 1962, and the very next day Khrushchev announced that he would withdraw Soviet missiles and troops from Cuba.

Taken literally, Mr. Kennedy's note agreed only to "consider" any useful proposals. He spoke of a "detente," which the dictionaries of diplomacy define, not as meaning any formal agreement, but "a relaxing as of strained relations between nations."

Khrushchev says he wants the same thing, but American officials called the ambassadors of Britain, France and West Germany to the State Department in Washington on Wednesday evening to tell them that the United States does not intend to sign a test-ban agreement at the price of recognizing the Warsaw pact.

It could be, of course, that Khrushchev is stating his highest price now — just before the big conference between East and West on the subject of a test ban opens on July 15 in Moscow — and that he will be willing to accept some variation of the whole plan later on. But it is evident that he construes Mr. Kennedy's letter of Oct. 27, 1962, as a concession and that, if the "deal" isn't lived up to as he wants it — a recognition of the Soviet conquest of the countries of Eastern Europe — then perhaps there will be a slowing down, if not an abandonment, of the promised withdrawal of the 10,000 or more Soviet troops still stationed in Cuba.

All this could mean a choice between two evils — the continued defiance of the Monroe Doctrine, or American acceptance of an unreliable agreement to ban nuclear tests, together with formal American approval of the Soviet occupation of Hungary and the other Communist - bloc countries that once were independent.

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Hospitality Plus

By GEORGE DIXON

LAS VEGAS, Nev. — There are more press agents and press agents' photographers per square foot along this strip of air conditioned desert than any place else on earth. Periodically they go nuts with frustration on orders of the State Department.

Foreign chiefs of state, who would be good for front page spreads in most of the newspapers of the world, keep dropping into Las Vegas to do things they wouldn't dare do at home —but if they request anonymity they get it.

Our State Department snatches the ballpoint pens out of the hands of the press agents and the cameras out of the hands of the photogs.

If the renowned guests desire some kind of identity wherewith to make covert contacts of one sort or another, they can request the flesh-pot State Department combo to furnish them with an incognito.

The State Department furnishes this priceless service through an apparatus I never heard of until now. It carries the impressive name of Governmental Affairs Institute, and operates from a lavish setup at 1726 Massachusetts Avenue on Washington's Embassy Row. If you happen to be a foreign king or queen and want to go hi-jinking on the cuff, just give it a call.

I would never suggest it was deliberate, but in adopting the name of Governmental Affairs Institute it could convey the impression to the untutored that it was connected with the U.S. Government. But no, it's a private concern.

The government has only one connection with it, purely normal. It's the Governmental Affairs Institute's only customer, and, through you, my taxpaying pals, pays all the bills.

The foreign dignitaries tour this country, and even when they come to Las Vegas, it's on our tab.

The way they're routed piles up the biggest possible travel bill.

This free service is for top politicos. Two other private concerns are under contract to the State Department to cuff-ride students, teachers, culturalists and such: the Institute for International Education and the Experiment for International Living.

The Government Affairs Institute provides by far the most luxurious service. If the visiting nabob desires a personal shepherd, the GAI gets him an escort officer from the State Department. The escort officer protects him from any possible discovery by the press when they get to Las Vegas.

This latter service is especially appreciated if the visiting ruler is also the religious leader back home.

The head of church and state can thus anonymously savor the attractions of Las Vegas and still maintain his — or her — national image of being death on booze, gambling, and dolls who are not draped all over — sometimes including the kisser.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: People who go to worship seem satisfied, but I come away feeling that I didn't get as much as I should. Can you tell me how to worship?

F.N.

ANSWER: I'm afraid you may have the wrong conception of what worship is. I have heard people say, "I just didn't get anything out of the service," and similar remarks. It is easy to forget that worship is giving, not getting. All week God has been giving to us, and on the Lord's Day, we give Him our adoration and gratitude. I think the best way to worship is just to be grateful, and this is pleasing to God.

In these prosperous days we are inclined to think of everything in terms of "What is there in it for me?" But it is wrong to carry out secular selfishness into the temple of God, and to think only of what "we get" out of worship.

Give God your love, your gratitude. Meditate on His goodness; count your blessings. And although selfish satisfaction is not your goal, I'm sure there will be a certain satisfaction in just knowing you have been in the presence of God.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

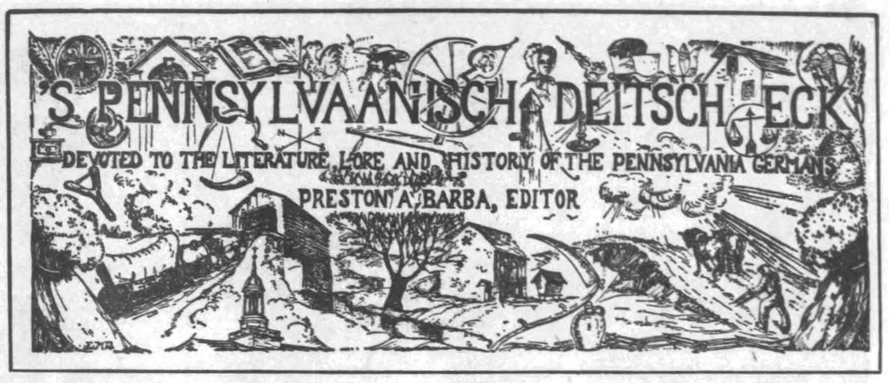
Nature's Song

Majestic is the mountain . . . beautiful the sea . . . each is a precious treasure . . . that means so much to me . . . for on the mountain I can find . . . great awnings made by God . . . and there are moss and wild flowers . . . on the paths I trod . . . amid such blessed wonderment . . . how can a man do wrong . . . in the hearts of mankind . . . nature plays its song . . . the mighty sea brings happiness . . . with every rise and fall . . . such a wide expanse of blue . . . has power to enthrall . . . to sail on or to look upon . . . the sea in all its glory . . . is like walking a mountain trail . . . each tells a wondrous story.

Horoscope

Take care not to displease your employer. Today's child will be enterprising.

Crumbly charcoal, firm graphite and superhard diamonds are chemically the same —almost pure carbon.



Pennsylvania German Folklore in the Shenandoah Valley

By ELMER L. SMITH and JOHN STEWART

(Continued)

Sugaring

In the early spring, when the days warm up and the nights are still freezing cold, the sap begins to rise from the roots of the maple trees and nature then sets the time for sugaring.

When the average American thinks of maple syrup, he automatically associates the product with New England or more specifically with the state of Vermont and seldom, if ever, with Virginia or West Virginia. Nevertheless, maple syrup and maple sugar is made each year in the western counties of Virginia and the eastern mountainous section of West Virginia. This region is the southernmost area in the nation where maple syrup is produced.

Throughout the Shenandoah Valley area, maple sugar and maple syrup were once found as common products in every home. Oldsters still refer to maple sugar as "tree sugar" and maple syrup as "tree molasses."

The maple tree provided an adequate substitute for sugar for the early settlers and continued as a basic resource for the people in the mountainous sections until recent times. These isolated farming people had great difficulty in transporting supplies both to and from the urban markets. The major commercial centers — Richmond, Baltimore, and Philalelphia — were great distances over difficult routes, resulting in high prices for products such as sugar. Because cash was scarce, sugar was often considered a luxury item.

The art of sugaring the maple tree was learned from the Indians, and although it provided the settlers with one of their tastiest and most luxurious food items, it was not obtained without a considerable amount of effort.

At sugaring time, the farmer sets the sap buckets on the trees and begins the long task of making maple syrup. At least once each day the sap buckets must be gathered and the fresh sap hauled to the sugar house or boiling kettles. In earlier times the sap was hauled in a horse drawn sledge, because quite often the ground was snow covered at the "rising-time." Today, four-wheel drive jeeps are used, since they can be maneuvered equally well in snow, mud or dry ground. The wooden buckets are also a characteristic of the past, having been replaced by metal containers which are more easily cleaned and more durable.

The boiling of the tree water continues until a barrel of sugar water finally becomes about a gallon of maple syrup — at least thirty gallons of sap go into each gallon of maple syrup. Maple sugar is simply maple syrup boiled down even further.

In earlier years a large number of farmers, who were blessed with maple trees, harvested the sap and processed it into syrup and sugar. The neighbors joined in and frolics were held at which the sap was boiled in large 30 and 40 gallon iron or copper kettles over outdoor fires. As many as three large kettles containing as much as a hundred gallons of sap could be boiling over the log fire at one time.

Some oldsters still contend that only oak logs should be used for the fire, because they give a steady heat without a great amount of flame, but others claim that thick pine logs are superior.

Almost all of the people of German ancestry agree that tree syrup makes the traditional **FASNACHT KUCHE** a particularly tasty treat for Shrove Tuesday, and a good number recall that their parents also served buckwheat cakes and maple syrup on Ash Wednesday.

Shrove Tuesday and Ash Wednesday usually come around sugaring time, so it is not entirely happenstance that the tasty delicacy has become a customary element of the special diet associated with the ushering in of the Lenten season. Any number of elderly informants have told the writers that, in their homes, the traditional evening meal on Shrove Tuesday consisted of **FASNACHT KUCHE** with maple syrup and sassafras tea. Quite frequently it was the first use of the new supply of maple syrup that the family processed for the year. Occasionally the family were without the product for a number of months and it was, therefore, a considerable treat for all participants — a meal looked forward to with eager anticipation.

The sugar camps operated today are owned largely by residents whose ancestors were early settlers of the region, and the vast majority of them are of German heritage whose forefathers migrated from Pennsylvania before the War of the Revolution.

In addition to the scattered small family camps throughout the valley, larger-scale operations are found concentrated in Highland County, Virginia, and Pendleton County, West Virginia, where more modern methods are creeping in. For example, jeeps have replaced horse-drawn wagons and sledges; plastic pipelines carry sap from the trees to the storage vats, replacing the buckets hanging on the tree; and evaporators are used to "boil" the tree water into syrup.

The camp owned and operated by George Hevener, near Monterey, uses plastic tubing and other innovations. Hevener's ancestry can be traced back to the 1770's, and at least three Hevener family heads—Peter, Jacob and John—were located in that section before 1800. This family is intermixed with other families of German ancestry, including RIGGLEMAN, ECKARD, SWADLEY, FULKS, KEISTER, ARMENTROUT, ARBOGAST, RHODES, BROCK AND STONE.

At a visit to the Camp of LOHR VANCE near McDowell, the writers found Mrs. Vance to be of German ancestry and much interested in the old time customs. The Vances retain many of the old methods of sugaring, boiling the sugar water in large iron kettles over an open wood fire. When the liquid gradually becomes more concentrated they transfer it to the large copper kettle for completion. Mrs. Vance contends that the old time-honored method gives the most flavorful syrup, although it is both time and energy consuming. (Others have told us that the final boiling should be in a copper kettle to get the proper flavor, just as it has also been claimed that apple-butter must be made outdoors in a copper kettle to taste "right.")

Since 1959 the Chamber of Commerce of Highland County, Virginia, has sponsored an annual Maple Festival. During this period several camps are open to the public and the tools and equipment of sugaring are on display. A meal of buckwheat cakes, syrup and country ham or sausage is a festival attraction. Freshly-made loaf maple sugar in various shapes and forms is also a tasty treat.

In 1963 in addition to the sugar orchards already referred to, two camps in the beautiful Blue Grass Valley, owned by IVAN PUFFENBARGER and EVERETT REXRODE, were open to the public for four days, and visitors were impressed to learn by observation that pure maple syrup is a product of patience and is limited in supply.

With prices at the camps ranging from $1.50 to $2.00 a quart and from $6.00 to $8.00 a gallon for pure maple syrup, one might imagine vast profits, but after observing the entire process and noting the tremendous amount of energy and time consumed, one wonders if the task is not a labor of love, for few sugar orchard operators in the Shenandoah Valley would sacrifice quality for convenience.

Hoop Snake Stories

The Shenandoah Valley region is rich in wild life. The hundreds of thousands of acres of national forests, the Blue Ridge, Massanutten and Allegheny mountains and the hundreds of farms and uncleared timber lands offer refuge for a wide variety of animals, birds and reptiles including the black bear, deer, wild turkey, rattlesnakes and copperheads and many others.

In spite of the abundance of actual wild life, inhabitants like to tell stories about an imaginary reptile, a snake considered to be as poisonous as it is mythical—the hoop snake.

The hoop snake is also known in tall tales among the German people of Pennsylvania, where the snake is described as having a poisonous spear at the end of its tail. In Pennsylvania folklore there is also a mythical horn snake, but in the Shenandoah Valley the hoop snake is often described as having a poisonous "horn" on its tail, thus German residents of the Valley region combine the elements of both the hoop and horn snakes of Pennsylvania into one exceedingly unusual reptile.

The writers have collected hoop snake stories in four counties of the Valley area, three in Virginia and one in West Virginia. The stories are usually told as tall tales, although two informants believed the hoop snake actually existed in the area in the past, and both told stories they believed to have been true at one time. None of the informants claim to have actually come in contact with such a snake although several told us that relatives had reported seeing them with their own eyes.

The most common story was told by more than ten different informants in widely separated areas in Shenandoah, Rockingham, and Augusta Counties in Virginia and in Pendleton County, West Virginia. The story starts out by identifying a specific local resident of years gone by, then adding, "He was out hoeing corn one day and a hoop snake came rolling along. The snake has a very poisonous tail and it took the tail in its mouth and rolled along like a barrel hoop. Well, the snake came rolling in the very row — was hoeing. He had all he could do to jump aside in time to avoid the creature. But the snake did hit the hoe handle and in no time at all the hoe handle swelled up as big as the farmer's arm."

Varieties of the story substitute a rake handle and others have the handle swell to the size of a large tree trunk or the size of a man's leg.

Hoop Snake House

Professor Phares Hertzog of Elizabethtown College collected a very tall version of this story as follows:

The snake's poisonous tail hit the hoe handle of a Blue Ridge mountain farmer and the handle started getting longer and thicker. Because of its great weight, the farmer couldn't carry it, he went for help but by the time he returned it had swollen to such an enormous size two men couldn't lift it. They finally managed to have it loaded on a truck and hauled it to a saw mill where it was cut into timber. Believe it or not, the hoe handle hit by the hoop snake made enough lumber to build a six-room frame house.

A Pendleton County informant recalled that years ago a man named Roller reported the following incident:

"A hoop snake came along and he climbed into a tree, the snake rolled along and the tail touched the tree trunk. The snake then stretched out and rested nearby along a creek, but in the meantime the leaves on the tree started to wilt. By the time he was able to climb to the ground the tree was dead.

"He picked up a rock and prayed to the good Lord to let him hit the snake. . .his first toss hit the spear and broke it right off the snake's tail."

There are any number of variants of this tree story, one tells how a great white oak was touched by the tail of the hoop snake and its leaves turned color and started dropping as it does in fall even though it was the month of June; the horn of a hoop snake became lodged in an apple tree and the fruit which was about ready to be picked immediately became as withered as baked apples.

From Bridgewater, Virginia, comes the tallest of all tales about a tree hit by a hoop snake. "The tree swelled up to such a size a farmer had a portable saw mill brought in and the tree was cut into lumber enough to build a good-sized barn and a fine sturdy picket fence surrounding the entire house and barnyard.

"The bonanza was short-lived, however, for three years later during an extended cold spell followed by a thaw and high temperatures, the poisonous fluid seeped from the timber and the barn started to shrink so rapidly that it was only through speedy action that the cows were rescued from the structure before they were squeezed to death. The pickets from the fence became only a little longer than tooth picks and the barn was later used to house Fido, the small family dog."

One day a farmer was driving his wagon down a rural road and the mule balked and brayed and refused to budge even after feeling the switch on his rump. The farmer, seeking the cause, noticed in the distance a hoop snake rolling down the road toward the mule and wagon. He jumped aside and the snake with the tail in its mouth rolled along at a tremendous speed but somehow barely scraped the rear wheel of the wooden wagon. The wheel swelled up and lifted the wagon, tilting it to such an angle that it almost turned over.

A variant tale recounts how the snake's tail came in contact with the wooden spokes of the wheel and as a result they became swollen and expanded to such an extent that they crushed the rim of the wheel, destroying it beyond repair.

When these tales were told a dialect - speaking mountaineer, he responded in a manner characteristic of his people, with the understatement, "I reckon they are far-fetched yarns!"

To Be Continued

DER VIERT TSCHULEI

Mei Buwli gleicht der Viert Tschulei,
Er meent er iss so schee.
Er hot en Aag verlore,
En Finger un en Bee!

Ya, er will widder schiesse,
Wann der Viert Tschulei kummt rum.
Sei Hand iss gans verkrippelt,
Doch er gebt gaar nix drum.

Mei Buwli gleicht der Viert Tschulei,
Kann schier net waarte bis
Er widder bei kummt unser Weg—
Was vun ihm iwwrich iss!

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

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Editorials

Jobless Pay Abuses

If there are any real assurances that loopholes in Pennsylvania's muddled unemployment compensation laws will be effectively plugged and the fund used for its intended purposes, the Scranton administration's most recent legislative proposals should arouse considerable enthusiasm.

The Pennsylvania State Chamber of Commerce and other business interests long have insisted that benefits for temporarily jobless members of the bonafide work force can be increased without higher taxes if pointless and unnecessary drains on the funds are halted. As the present law is written and administered, the main object seems to be giving all covered workers a chance to ultimately get their hands into the till for the biggest possible grab and tax business and industry for it.

By certain standard calculations, the normal 30 weeks of coverage can be extended to 60 for the so-called "double dip." Unemployment compensation also can be doled out to supplement Social Security benefits and private pensions making it possible for eligible workers to retire with more income than they received on the job.

Under some conditions, it's possible for those with seasonal employment to work a few months then collect compensation for a 30 - week vacation. Others who lose their normal jobs get full benefits from the state regardless of how much they pick up on temporary employment elsewhere.

Partly as a result of these and other abuses, Pennsylvania's unemployment compensation fund in nine of the last eleven years paid out more than it took in from the assessments levied on employers. Since 1959 it has borrowed $112 million from the federal government. If repayment isn't made by Nov. 10, an additional special tax will be levied automatically. The administration's bill seeks to avoid this.

Although the measure proposes to reduce the present tax rate, it does ask for an increase in the base on which the levy is made and thus aims at collecting an additional $43 million from employers.

Ostensibly, the governor's proposals are aimed at correcting abuses, providing higher benefits for those who really need them in periods of unemployment and rebuilding the fund without the special federal levy to repay the loan.

They will come to naught, however, if the revisions are written as carelessly as the original law so long overdue for a thorough overhaul. There must be no chance in a new one for reckless administration by those who believe the chief function of government is to pour out billions of dollars as broadly as possible, regardless of whether there is any real need for them.

Changes are vital enough to Pennsylvania's industrial future that if the legislature doesn't have time to act effectively before adjournment in little more than two weeks, the subject should be made a part of the business of the special session to be called for redistricting the legislature.

The issue has been ducked entirely too long by a state that needs to do all it possibly can to encourage new and existing industries to create the new jobs that are so urgently needed. The record of the unemployment compensation fund and the high taxes necessary to support the abuses are anything but inviting.

How About a Clambake?

The way some members of Allentown's School Board and City Council have been snarling at each other across the fences, we're beginning to wonder whether they are talking about the interests, welfare and needs of the same community.

Certainly, each of these two municipal bodies has separate functions and responsibilities. Both are charged, however, with collecting taxes from substantially the same sources and spending them as economically as possible to provide the facilities and services a community like this one needs. Some of these must of necessity be planned and directed by one or the other of the agencies. Others, however, can be met by broad cooperative planning and in some instances by specific joint efforts.

It would be the height of folly, for example, for the school district to surround its buildings with the play areas the state now mandates if they were to be used only a few hours of the day during the school term. It is just as ridiculous to build gymnasiums and auditoriums around the city and allow them to remain idle when not needed for school programs. Costs of operating these after-school programs should be shared, but there is no need to duplicate.

And it's nonsense, too, to demand the right to build a school on a specific site if it's going to block a potentially necessary street or create safety hazards that will be unnecessarily expensive for the city to police or correct.

We have an idea that most of the recent arguments have been little more than a tempest in a teapot. Before they cook up a stew that will boil over dangerously, however, we suggest that school board and city council find a quiet grove for a clambake. Here they probably would discover how to tear down the barriers they seem to be building.

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.

Case for the Railroaders

To the Editor:

I hope by the time this message gets into your Public Opinion column, the guy who told Scott Smith "I'm dying," is dead. Who put the words in this 20 year railroader's mouth; what kind of cards does he carry in his pocket? He is one of the many who does not even know he works on a railroad; what the personnel manning the trains mean to our country.

My veteran time on my rail-

Continued on Page 7, Column 1

'What Are You Laughing At?'



Checks on Dictatorships

By DAVID LAWRENCE

As the world observes from time to time Nikita Khrushchev's erratic and abrupt changes in policy, there is one factor that rarely gets the emphasis that it deserves. It is the influence of public opinion inside a dictatorship country, even when the press and radio are strictly controlled by the government.



Lawrence

It might be said of dictators, as it has been said of kings, "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Joseph Stalin, in a talk at Moscow with the late Harry Hopkins, special emissary of the Roosevelt administration, argued against the termination of lend-lease by the United States and said it could affect adversely the public opinion inside the Soviet Union. When Mr. Hopkins smiled, the dictator retorted: "Oh, yes, we have our public opinion, too."

Because the ultimate triumph of popular opinion and the overthrow of dictatorships are not always immediately discernible on the horizon, they are too often brushed aside as not only improbable but impossible. That's why particular significance attaches to the informal and impromptu remarks made by former President Dwight Eisenhower on Wednesday during a panel discussion with European leaders on a CBS television program transmitted by the Telstar system simultaneously from Europe and America.

Mr. Eisenhower was asked by Walter Cronkite, moderator of the program, to assess the seriousness and perhaps the diration of the ideological battle between Moscow and Peking. Mr. Eisenhower replied:

"Well, there's been one comforting thing about the history of dictatorships. The people that are power hungry begin to fall out among themselves. So here, I think, we have one example of — we have a Communist power becoming sort of polarized. It is now centered both in Peking and in the Kremlin, and, naturally, jealousies develop. And if these jealousies can extend not only into the military and political world but also into the economic, then we would hope that this rift is not only noticeable and, you might say, important, but it will grow.

"It isn't the people themselves that are Communists and are embracing Communist doctrines, but you go over—I was in Czechoslovakia, for example, just before the takeover in that country. Well, there was no question about the dedication of the mass of the people to freedom.

"This holds, I think, for all the Eastern (European) nations. They really want to be free and to pursue their own independent courses. Well, they are now held down by Communist military power, and that will continue for some time because, certainly, we're not going to start an aggressive war to break up this thing . . .

"But within Communist areas themselves, there is constantly an enlightenment that must go along with the scientific development that we see so marked in the communist nations today. So, I think that, while sometimes it may become very disappointing that time has to be depended upon, the whole history of dictatorships is that sooner or later they do destroy themselves.

"Now, in the meantime, I think we ought to encourage every kind of dissension, both internal and as between the Chinese and the Russians, and do everything we can to show the power and the determination of the free nations to be dedicated to those basic principles of human dignity and freedom and liberty that are truly the unifying influences among those democratic and self-governing nations."

Mr. Eisenhower today is not, of course, subject to the inhibitions in public discussion that restrain a chief executive in office. President Kennedy could not openly say what Mr. Eisenhower did. Yet it must be inferred that again and again the administration here has had in the back of its mind the possibility that, as a result of steady pressures on the Moscow government, the internal situation in the Soviet Union would come to a head.

The Eisenhower analysis will not make good reading in Moscow, but it gives a ray of hope to those in America who believe that ultimately the Communist dictatorship will go the way of the tyrannical autocracy of the Czars in Russia.

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Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Peaceful Nest

From time to time it's good to find . . . a place that's set apart . . . from all the stark realities . . . which tend to plague the heart . . . a spot surrounded by tall trees . . . where songbirds harmonize . . . while gaily dancing to and fro . . . beneath tropical skies . . . it's wonderful to walk alone . . . beside a winding stream . . . or rest upon a moss-patched bank . . . to think awhile and dream . . . there's happiness in solitude . . . a very special kind . . . bringing to the quiet one . . . a tender peace of mind . . . so when trouble plagues me . . I seek a peaceful nest . . . where I can gain new faith and hope . . . to pass each grueling test.

For Education?

By RUSSELL KIRK

Being bounced about for considerable distances on disorderly school buses does no good to a child's nerves or mind. It is one of the unpleasant features of large-scale school consolidation in most of the country. Also it is one of the reasons why fewer and fewer Americans are able to walk any distance without fatigue: the early habit acquired from walking to school is destroyed by the doubtful kindness of school buses.

Now pressures are being exerted to put more children on the buses. The new idea is to integrate colored pupils with white students by transporting Negro children out of their neighborhoods to schools predominantly white, and sometimes white children to predominantly colored schools.

Your servant asks this question: are public schools intended to educate young people, or to conduct experiments in social doctrines? It seems to me that primacy should be given to the rights of school-children, not to humanitarian abstractions.

A public school ought to have a close connection with a neighborhood in which it is situated. The pupils need to feel that they are part of a real community — not merely drops in an ocean of confused young faces. A crowd with no sense of community is a mob.

Colored children dispatched considerable distances by bus to unfamiliar neighborhoods are going to have a difficult time, as a minority in a school community that may be hostile because the Negro children have been sent there without local assent. And I should not like to be a white child assigned — without consent of parents — to a school almost wholly Negro. Which comes first: giving all children a decent education in a friendly environment, or making children into guinea-pigs for experiments which adults will not undertake for themselves?

Admitting colored students to adequate schools near to their homes, where most students are white, is one thing. In the village of Mecosta, Michigan — where I live — we have had this voluntary and amiable integration for generations, sometimes with 20 per cent or more of the children colored. Because their families are part of the community and the white families do not feel ordered about by outsiders, we have had little or no racial hostility all that time.

But deliberately transporting either white or colored children to a quite different community, in reluctant compliance with court orders, is a very different undertaking. And I am surprised that some Negro leaders advocate it. Such measures are almost sure to rouse ill-will, and to work against the education of the colored pupils concerned. More, the theory behind this is odd. The advocates of this extreme form of integration seem to think that colored people can become educated only if they are immersed among white people. The notion implies that Negroes are natural, congenital inferiors, able to improve only by constant contact with whites. Do the Negro leaders of bus-integration really believe this? I don't.

Try & Stop Me

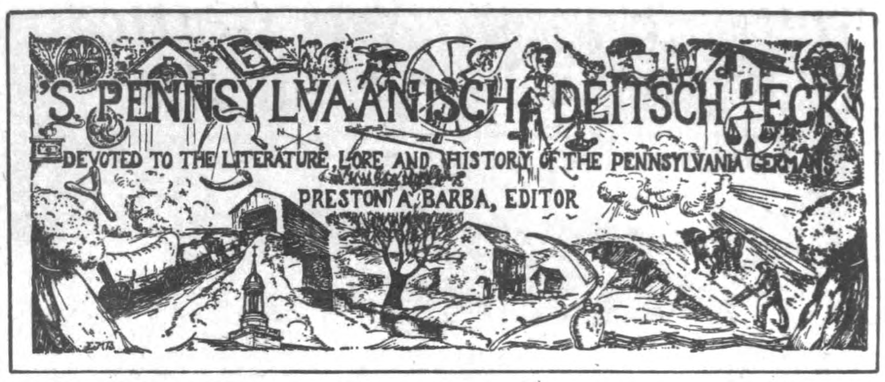
By BENNETT CERF

Sid Caesar, star of "Little Me" and one of the funniest comedians ever seen on TV, is, in private life, a reader of serious books, and a man who prefers being at home with his family in Long Island to hitting the night spots and shining in cafe society.

Caesar's greatest temperamental outburst of the season was directed at a horse. The steed bolted one morning and threw Caesar's wife from the saddle. Caesar overtook the horse — and punched it in the nose! When he calmed down, he was asked if the horse had seemed surprised. After reflection, he replied, "It seemed to shake him up pretty good."

Horoscope

Hard work and energy bring a successful year. Today's child will be very lucky.



EN SIMPLER MANN

Ich ken en gewisser Mann
Ass dankbaar iss un froh
Fer der Himmel hoch un bloo;
Fer sei Aagge, dass er so
Sei Kinner sehne kann;
Weil sei Kinner schpringe un lache
Un ihre Gschpiele mache;
Iwwer die undegleiche Sache
Frohsinnich lacht er dann.

Er lacht un iss voll Freed
Fer der Regge un der Schnee;
Fer's Graas un der lieblich Klee
Un die Blumme frisch un schee,
Un em Wald sei schattiche Peed.
Er wunnert net warum
Dass annere sin so dumm
Un lewe so schlecht un krumm
Un die Welt sich der letz Weg dreht.

Er guckt net vanne naus
Mit me sarrigfeldich Gsicht—
Bang weegge'm groosse Gericht
Er geht ins Bett unne Licht
Un die dunkel Nacht schloft aus.
En Philosoph odder'n Schnepp?
Die Leit duhne 'n aagucke schepp
Un schmunsle un schittle die Kepp
Un meene er waer "aus em Haus."

—CHARLES CALVIN ZIEGLER

MUTLOS

Bin mied! • Hab gschafft den ganse Daag
Un grick doch nix ausgericht;
Der Geischt iss mied, der Kaerper schwach,
Un's Haz fiehlt wie'n schwer Gewicht.

's hot gscheint dass Alles ich aaguck,
Iss, meiner Seel, letz gange;
Un iwwerweil warr's mir so leed,
's waar'n Gretz was aazufange.

Ich wunner was die Uhrsach iss,
Dass eem so Daagge gschehne;
Die Welt iss noch net aus ihr'm Blatz—
Des kann en Blinder sehne.

Es Graas im Feld iss alsnoch grie,
Un Blumme noch am Lache;
Die Sunn scheint noch im Himmel drin—
Des sett eem luschdich mache.

Un doch—'s iss aryets ebbes rum
Es Schteigraad abzuschmeisse;
Noh rennt mer rum vun Blatz zu Blatz—
Der Mut dutt's all verreisse.

Fleicht leit die Schuld aa graad deheem—
Schtatts Alles ausverfluche,
Sett ich mich annehocke ruhich,
Mei eegner Sinn aussuche.

Ich geh ins Bett! Fleicht in der Ruh
Kummt Ordning, un bis marye
Schtellt widder Alles sich in Roi—
Verzehrt mir all mei Sarye!

7 August, 1942 — RALPH S. FUNK

DIE HUNDSDAAGGE

Die Hundsdaagge! Sie kumme alle Yaahr un bleiwe sex Woche. Yeglicher Hund hot sei Daag un deel hen zwee. Viel Mensche hen Hundsdaagge, net yuscht allee wann die Hundsstann am Himmel iss, awwer es gans Yaahr rum. Deel Leit hen ihre Hundsdaagge der erscht Abrill wann ihre creditors kumme fer Note kolleckte, annere hen ihre Hundsdaagge noochdem ass sie heiere un ihre Geld watt all un sie misse ans Schaffe fer die Fraa un 's Bobbli fiedere. In fact, schier eenich ebber hot sei Hundsdaagge.

Der Bauer hot sei Hundsdaagge wann er sei Weeze gut in der Bodde geduh hot un eckschpeckt en groossi Aern, awwer en hatter Winder gfriehrt 's 'm raus, un was net raus gfrohre iss, fresse die Micke.

Der Dokdor hot sei Hundsdaagge in der Nacht wann eens vun unsere Ketzer am Baerrig grank warre wu 'm schund dreisich Daaler schuldich sin un er muss eischpanne un darrich der Dreck un Felse raus kumme un ihne dokdere.

Der lawyer hot sei Hundsdaagge wann niemand schunsch sie hot — sell iss wann alles recht geht unnich de Leit, wann ken Raawes un Mordes un Schtehles aageht, dernoh hot er nix zu duh fer die Deihenker vum Galye halde.

Die Parre hen ihre Hundsdaagge wann sie an en neier Blatz kumme un ihre Gemee finnt aus ass der Wind sie net fiedert un ass die Wolke sie net gleed.

De Drucker ihre Hundsdaagge fange aa der erscht Yenner un ende uff der een-undreisichscht December, un der Boonastiel hot sei Hundsdaagge verhandelt zu der Polly sidder ass er sei temberance pledge uffgschmisse hot. Die Polly hot nau zwee Hund ihre Daagge. Der anner Daag hot sie em Hullerheck Watt gschickt, er darft mir ken Licker meh gewwe un dernoh bin ich gange un bin gaar wetters voll warre yuscht fer sie zu schpeide. Ich hab gsaat sie hett ken Recht mei "Freiheit" eweck zu nemme. Of course ich heess es Freiheit, awwer die fact iss, ich hab kee Freiheit meh. Die Schpinn vun Abbedit hot mich in ihrem Weewe un ich bin fescht. Es erscht waar yuscht ee Faade um mich rum un ich hett losreisse kenne, awwer ich hab gemeent es waer ken gfaahr, un hab gelacht iwwer Leit wu gsaat hen die Schpinn daed mich am End fescht weewe. Alle whiskey jigger waar en Faade vum Weeb, un heit bin ich all iwwerschpunne. Ich nemm alle excuse fer voll warre. Ich bin die anner Nacht uffgschtanne un naus in die Scheier mit der Laddann un unnich em Kiehdrog geguckt fer mei Boddel, awwer der Billy Bixler hot sie ausgfunne ghatt, un es waar yuscht noch ebaut en Suppeleffel-voll drin.

Ich hab die anner Nacht die Saufgichdere ghatt un ich hab en groossi Ratt sehne am Offerohr runner kumme un iwwer en Dutzend vun der Polly ihre Faasnacht Kuche uff ihre Schwans feddle un hot dernoh 's Hinnerend vum Schwans ins Maul genumme un iss widder 's Rohr nuff — Kuche un alles. Wann sie noch oft kummt, dann Geht der Boonastiel emoll mit ihre es "Rohr nuff."

DER BOONASTIEL
(THOMAS HESS HARTER, 1854-1933)

Pennsylvania German Folklore in the Shenandoah Valley

By ELMER L. SMITH and JOHN STEWART

(Continued)

The One Room School

It has been only in recent years that the many small one-room schools which once dotted the rural countryside of the Shenandoah Valley have been supplanted by consolidated schools.

Beacuse many of the aging residents of the region had access to no other educational facility, a wealth of lore is still obtainable from these former students, many of whom had little or no formal education beyond their one-room school experience.

A considerable number of the informants from Pendleton County, West Virginia, and Shenandoah and Rockingham counties in Virginia stated that, because they were "raised Dutch," they could barely speak or understand English when they first went to school. Quite a few spoke the Pennsylvania German dialect exclusively in their homes and with their neighbors. Fortunately, in such neighborhoods the teacher usually could speak or understand the dialect, which enabled him to assist the pupils in their transition to the use of English.

The schools were ungraded; and served all the young people of various ages — beginners, as well as those nearing completion of their education — in one room. These pupils were from a limited geographical area and were therefore neighbors, friends and relatives. Quite frequently they were of similar cultural heritage, making the body of scholars a homogeneous group.

The writers interviewed more than a dozen retired elderly one-room school teachers (none of whom had the benefit of formal training beyond the elementary grades) and more than a hundred former pupils of one-room schools. The material in this article reflects many of the observations of these participants.

Equipment

The one-room schools were heated by a pot-bellied wood stove. Local school directors considered their responsibilities met after seeing to it that enough logs were delivered to offer an adequate supply of fuel for the winter months. Male pupils were assigned the task of chopping enough wood each day to furnish a satisfactory amount of fuel. In cold weather the teacher reported to the school early to start the fire so that the room would be warm by the time the students arrived.

The schools were totally lacking in light or running water. Thirsty pupils drank water from a bucket by using a single dipper. The bucket of water was obtained early each school day by pupils who carried the container to a nearby farmhouse. Pupils were assigned the duty of replenishing the water supply whenever necessary.

Paper, paste, pencils, ink and similar supplies were not supplied; instead, pupils were required to have a small slate and a slate pencil to use in arithmetic, writing and other problem solving. When the teacher gave a pupil an assignment he would first say, "wet the slate," meaning to clear it of any markings.

Discipline

The teachers demanded respect and by contemporary standards would be considered exceedingly strict. One ex-teacher reported "I made pupils stand up whenever they spoke to me." Another said, "I only had one rule and that was, 'Do as I tell you' and, he added, "they usually did!" A third informant claimed that "the pupils expected to be hit when they were caught doing wrong."

Former pupils confirm that disciplinary action was a regular part of the school teacher's daily tasks. Several well remembered the rod, saying, "I've seen teachers whip many a boy with the pointer," and, "I've seen him break the rod on pupils." An 80 year-old admitted that, "When I was a boy you were supposed to say 'Good Morning' to the teacher." He added that once he failed to do so and was slapped over the hands with a switch and told to "Go back out and come in again the right way."

Former teachers and pupils alike recall how some boys would carefully gash the teacher's supply of switches with their pocket knives, so they would snap and break easily when the teacher used them for disciplinary purposes.

Some neighborhood schools were considered to be particularly hard on teachers, and at times it was customary for a group of the pupils to attempt to drive the teacher out, which was sometimes referred to as "whipping the teacher out." In one school in Rockingham county three teachers in succession were whipped out in one session, and in Highland County pupils sometimes refused to respond to the ringing of the bell after recess or lunch and instead continued to play outside.

A former pupil in such a school recalls how the pupils whipped teacher after teacher out until the Superintendent became exasperated. "He finally brought a big heavy-set man as a replacement and introduced him to the pupils, advising them to listen carefully and abide by the rules. But within a day or two some of the boys started to get smart. When the new teacher asked one of the boys to cut wood for the fire, he refused and the teacher gave him a sound whipping before the class. The boy threatened to 'Tell my Daddy' and the teacher replied 'Tell him to come to the school — I'll have my sleeves rolled up waiting!'" When the pupils came to school the next day the teacher had a horse whip (referred to as a black snake) and placed it on his desk." He gained considerable respect, if not affection, from the pupils in that school and he had little difficulty thereafter.

Barring Out the Master

In some districts in Pennsylvania, it was a practice among the Pennsylvania German scholars to lock the teacher out on certain days. On Shrove Tuesday and during the Christmas season pupils sometimes demanded a promise of treats from the teacher before they allowed him to come in. In the Shenandoah Valley the practice was much less traditional and was unrelated to the seeking of special treats, but in several communities and in more than twenty schools that the writers know of, schoolmasters were occasionally barred from the schoolhouses by the pupils.

An 87-year-old remembers locking the teacher out when he went to school near Little North Mountain. He said, "At Jobes Creek School we held him out. He didn't give us a holiday so we locked him out until he gave us a week off at Christmas. We penned him out by putting benches agin the door. Some pupils stayed in side. He didn't like it too well!"

An 87-year-old teacher, who taught in every oneroom school in Pendleton County at one time or another, told the writers, "I was never locked in or out of a school, but quite a few of the teachers were. It was just a trick; sometimes they didn't like the teacher or sometimes it was just out of meanness. It happened most often around Halloween and Christmas time."

The majority of those who remember the practice associate it with a particular day or Christmas season, but some people recall doing it at any time and without any special reason. One said, "I helped bar the teacher out, but we just done it out of meanness!"

A few report that they helped lock a teacher in a school. One 84-year-old woman said, "Our teacher, John CUSTER, was locked inside while we all played the whole afternoon. . . we did it every once in a while after lunch." An Augusta County man also recalled locking a teacher in, but his friends did it in order to continue a game of Round-Town. The teacher was locked in after lunch, but only briefly, to enable the boys to complete the game.

In the six counties studied, barring out the teacher was known almost exclusively by elderly residents who attended schools in neighborhoods where the dialect was spoken. These communities were made up of a people who were affiliated primarily with the Lutheran, Reformed, Evangelical United Brethren and Church of the Brethren denominations, and they were the same sections where other Pennsylvania German folk practices were most common.

(To be continued)

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Editorials

So All May Know

Newspapers are happy that the Pennsylvania Supreme Court upheld their legal right to publish what they consider news without betraying their confidential sources.

The decision, however, is considerably more important to all the people of the Commonwealth and to the cause of good government than it is to newspapers and their employes. Chief Justice Bell made this quite clear in his opinion setting aside the conviction of two Philadelphia newspapermen cited for contempt because they insisted on protecting their information.

"Independent newspapers," the jurist wrote "are today the principal watchdogs and protectors of honest, as well as good government. They are, more than anyone else, the principal guardians of the general welfare of the community and, with few exceptions, they serve their city, state and nation with high principles, zeal and fearlessness. They are, in the best sense of the maxim, 'pro bono publico' (for the public good)."

He warned, too, that important information "will dry up and the public often will be deprived of the knowledge of dereliction of public duty, bribery, corruption, conspiracy and other crimes committed or possibly committed by public officials or powerful individuals or organizations, unless newsmen are able to fully and completely protect the sources of their information."

This legislative shield, which the 6 to 1 court decision strengthened, is not one behind which newspapers hide. Primarily it protects individuals who have information the public needs but who would place themselves in jeopardy by making official disclosures. Newspapers still have the responsibility of checking the reasonable accuracy of such information.

As they implement the trust imposed in them, dependable newspapers defend the public's right to know and protect reputations that might be damaged by false or malicious accusations.

The Dollar Problem

Both experts and amateurs will wrangle for months on how effective the latest proposals to protect the American dollar at home and abroad will be in stemming the disturbing outflow of this nation's gold reserves.

At best, the action of Federal Reserve banks increasing interest rates and the president's plan to tax American purchases of stocks and bonds are stopgap measures designed to make foreign investments less attractive by equalizing interest. They are, however, evidence that the administration is determined to defend the dollar by stronger and more specific measures than ever before used or advocated.

The deficit in payments, which is the difference between the dollars this country sends abroad and what it receives, has gone against the United States for 12 of the last 13 years. Last year it was $2 billion and indications are it will be higher this year.

This is not because the United States cannot sell its goods abroad or because it buys more than it sells. Exports exceed imports by about $4.5 billion a year and if it were not for other factors this would create a quite favorable balance.

Something like $8.2 billion, however, goes overseas through other channels. Foreign investments by American citizens, primarily in Canada, are estimated at $2.7 billion a year and American tourists spend $1.5 billion abroad, considerably more than foreign visitors leave here.

But the government itself spends about $3 billion abroad, about two thirds for overseas military expenses and the remainder as part of its $4 billion program of economic foreign aid. These also must be curtailed if the imbalance is to be corrected.

The worldwide value of the American dollar as indicated by its gold support is a concern of many foreign governments that provide part of the backing for their own monetary systems with dollar holdings. By the relatively dramatic means it is advocating to correct the recurring deficit, the administration may be challenging these nations to join in developing a monetary system under which capital can move more freely and with less hazards to the economy of any nation, including the banker.

What Others Say

Cooking Goose on a Grid

Wall Street Journal

If anybody had any lingering doubts about the direction the government's policy on electric power is taking, events of recent weeks ought to dispel them.

First there were rules quietly adopted by the Departments of Agriculture and Interior denying rights-of-way for private utility power lines across federal lands. The effect of this is to reserve public lands for federal power lines, built at the taxpayer's expense, and to compel private companies to run their lines around public lands circuitously at their customers' expense.

Now most power lines strung across public lands are used to connect one power system with another so that, in emergencies and in periods of peak demand, power can be shifted quickly from one point to another. It's not hard to see that the federal agencies' rule foreshadows government control os major power connecting links.

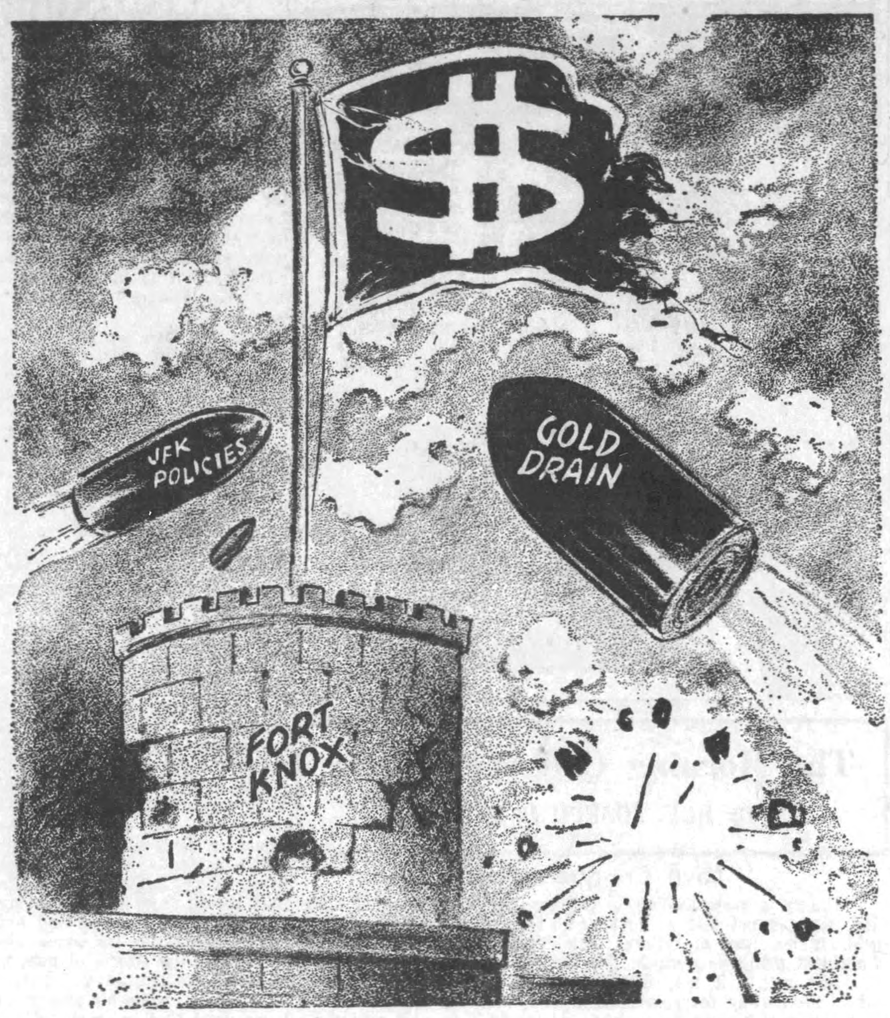
And then there is the bill, previously voted by the Senate and just approved by the House Interior Committee, which would allow the government to sell Pacific Northwest power in California.

How come the government wants to sell Northwest power in California? Simply because its power - producing Bonneville Power Administration facilities in the Northwest are under pressure to find more customers to buy power and thus help reduce Bonneville's operating deficits.

Interior Secretary Udall already has asked Congress for $23 million to meet preliminary construction expense on lines which eventually could cost as much as $350 million. This in spite of the fact that four California private utilities are planning, on their own, to build lines into the state from the Northwest.

The government long has been complaining that private companies have lagged in establishing what it calls a "coordinated national electric system." But if there's going to be unlimited expansion of the federal powe rgrid, it is plain whose goose gets cooked on it.

Anti-Missile Missile



Integration by Quota

By DAVID LAWRENCE

For a long time now, many people in the South have been saying that the newspapers of the North don't understand the "segregation" problem. But something has happened recently which indicates that prominent newspapers in the North — The New York Times and The New York Herald Tribune — are beginning to understand that "integration" isn't as simple as it has appeared to be.



Lawrence

"Equal rights," for instance, are being found to be impractical if they are literally applied in education. Even the viewpoint of the Supreme Court of the United States — that a Negro child can't get as good an education in a segregated as in a desegregated school — is turning out to be more theoretical than practical.

Perhaps the most realistic editorial that has been written on the impracticality of racial equality in the public schools appeared on Thursday in The New York Times. The text is as follows:

"New York City is doing some hard and needed thinking these days about how to give the Negro his equal opportunity in every way — education, jobs, housing, everything. That is good. But the Negro, equally with the white man, should be wary of easy solutions, quick remedies that seem to promise instant success. One of these is inherently unjust and inhumane. It is the quota system.

"It has the temptation of surface plausibility. If the population of the city is 15 per cent Negro, why shouldn't the Negro have 15 per cent of the jobs? If the population of Manhattan is 25 per cent Negro, then he should have 25 per cent of the jobs in Manhattan.

"If this reasoning were valid, the quota should be immediately applied in every business, in every industry, and on every level — whether there were qualified applicants or not. And it would apply to religions, nationalities — and how many other kinds of divisions?

"Now let us look at the public schools. With the best will in the world how, in Manhattan, can 'quota' be achieved even if it were desirable to do so? Negro and Puerto Rican children in that borough total 76.5 per cent of elementary school enrollment and 71.6 per cent junior high school enrollment. Citywide there are 117 elementary schools whose pupils are negro or Puerto Rican by 90 per cent or more. These schools cannot be made 'white.' A satisfactory percentage of integration can be achieved neither by bussing, nor by zoning, nor by governmental fiat, nor by magician's wand.

"What is possible in this impossible situation? The Board of Education can do its best with the fullest use of the tried previous methods, which include the open enrollment policy of moving some Negro children to under-utilized schools in 'white' or mixed districts. New schools can and must be built in 'fringe' areas. But the best thing it can do for the Negro now is to bring him the best school that can be bought, with money and talent."

Negro and Puerto Rican families interviewed in a study being made for the Fund of the Republic, the editorial notes, are more interested in good teachers and good teaching for their children than in color quotas.

The New York Herald Tribune just a week earlier said in an editorial:

"True equality doesn't lie in mathematical formulas, in the careful maintenance of a 'nice balance,' or in a reverse racism that seeks to boost the Negro through preferential hiring or arbitrary advancement. Racial quotas are as un-American as discrimination itself. They separate, they categorize, they label; they inherently contradict the ideal of equal opportunity, because they establish separate ladders of opportunity."

But what becomes of the view that Negro leaders have been expounding — namely, that equality should mean equality, that for all jobs held by white men there must be a certain percentage of Negroes working alongside them, and that the same rule applies in the schools? Also, what happens to the views of those "moderates" in the South who have felt "token integration" to be adequate?

Anybody who has insisted heretofore that the practicality of the problem rather than theoretical equality must be taken into account has found himself classed as "racist" or a "Negro hater." In the end, it will be discovered that the best friends of the Negro are those who want to see such changes made as will truly benefit and not injure him or his opportunity to enjoy "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

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Image Check

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

I was pleased to read that at a recent meeting of advertising people in New York, the director of creative projects at NBC news told the group that the worst word ever coined by advertising people is "image."

As reported in Advertising Age, he said that "substance and truth are the important things, rather than image, even if the picture is at times unpleasant."

The "image" is what the public sees and hears; the reality behind the image may be quite another thing. If we labor heavily and expensively at the image, and make the public believe what we are not, then there is little incentive to change the reality itself.

There is the same difference between the old-fashioned words "character" and "reputation." A man's reputation is what others have been trained to think about him; his character is what he really is. If he devotes most of his efforts to improving his reputation; for its own sake, then his character will inevitably suffer.

"We must change our image" says a company — but an image must be a true reflection of reality, or it is a fake. And the only permanent, meaningful way to change an image is to change the substance behind it.

The substance cannot be changed by publicity, by promotion, by advertising — but only by a radical re-examination of one's goals, standards, and values. This is hard work, and often unpleasant to face, but it is the only ultimately rewarding way to merge the reality with the image.

What others think of us is, of course, important; and we do not want them to have a wrong conception. Yet, merely dressing up our image to please and flatter and beguile the public is a form of prostitution, unless the inner self conforms to the outer appearance.

When a professional group, such as doctors or lawyers, feels tha its image has become somewhat tarnished in recent years, it usually opens a barrage of publicity about the "dedication," the "service," the "high ideals" that animate these professions. Rarely is any attempt made to remedy practices and reform procedures that have tarnished the image.

It is generally considered sufficient if the public is persuaded to adopt a newer and brighter image; but this, too, will fail the test of time if the substance is not altered — and successive campaigns will have to be more intense and hysterical to offset the renewed cynicism.

"Image" is a word we should all forget as quickly as possible. It is a debased currency, whose purchasing power decreases the more we inflate it with publicity.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: Does the Bible give any proof of the existence of God? Although I have asked many believers to explain God to me, I have never been satisfied with their answers. Please explain God so that I can believe. P. C.

ANSWER: Actually, the Bible does not offer formal proof for the existence of God. God is not found at the end of a logical process, but rather the Bible assumes His existence. Only when you assume that God is, can you find an answer to the perplexing problem of life. If the scientist did not assume that nature is orderly he could not pursue his experiments, and if the theologian does not assume God he cannot find the answer to the problems of the human soul. Furthermore, you do not get a full knowledge of God in order that you can believe Him. You act upon the assumption that God is, and upon that basis you proceed to confirm your assumption. The Bible says, "He that cometh unto God must believe that He is, and that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." It is to be expected that a knowledge of God is obtained as we trust Him in all the various circumstances of life.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Jimmy Durante recalls the night his father first saw him acting behind the footlights. Jimmy rushed offstage to ask his father, standing in the wings, "Well, Pop, how'd ya like my work? The father, whose name, incidentally, was Bartolomeo Durante, answered cautiously, "Lissen, boy, let's not get in an argument."

Horoscope

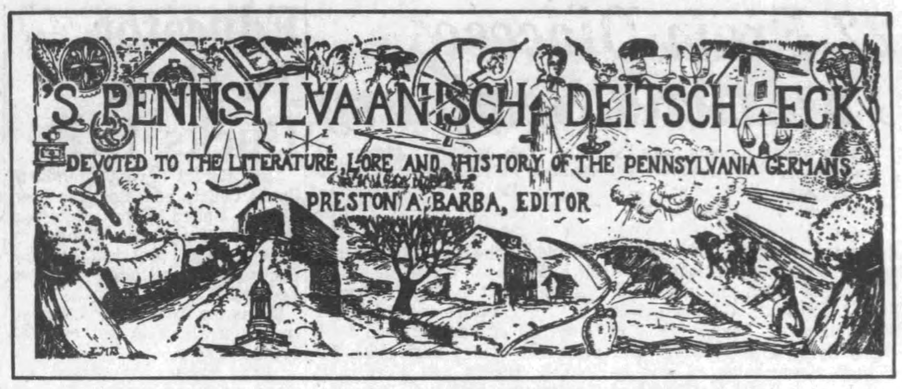
A big change in your life is for the better. Today's child will be bold.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

The Transition

Quiet is the valley . . . sun has gone to rest . . . on its velvet pillows . . . way out in the west. . .now the stars are waking. . .blooming one by one. . . they are brilliant night lights . . . for old Mother Sun. . .now the moon is rising . . . slowly from its bed . . . soon it will be roaming . . . softly it will tread . . . evening holds a magic . . . power to enthrall. . . there is deep enchantment . . . as the shadows fall . . . peace covers the valley . . . like a silken veil . . . and the incense breeze is . . . wondrous to inhale . . . such is the transition . . from the day to night. . .this will happen in reverse . . . with the dawning light.



To The Reader

Our readers over the 28 years of the Eck's weekly appearance have no doubt often wondered what manner of men and women have created the prose and verse that constitute our Pennsylvania German dialect literature.

In the months to come we shall endeavor to acquaint our readers more directly with the lives and works of outstanding literary personalities.

We can do no better than to begin with Edward Hermany, undoubtedly one of the most unique figures in our literature. Eccentric in both his life and his works, given to satire that verges on the misanthropic, he lived in obscurity and his poems remained unpublished in his lifetime.

The Editor's article on Hermany, beginning in this issue of the Eck, appeared first in the Proceedings of the Lehigh County Historical Society. Vol. 22, 1958, and is here reprinted with slight changes and deletions by Courtesy of the Society. - P.A.B.

VARNEHAER

This poem serves as the introduction to a volume of Hermany's poems, still in manuscript form. It is not too much to say that our Pennsylvania German folk character has nowhere else been expressed so pungently and in so straightforward a manner.—Ed.

Vum Wetzkump un der Sichel
Schteht gaar nix imme Bichel
Das ich noch ye gelese hab;
Drum schreiw ich des glee Liedel,
Un sing's als unni Fiedel,
Wann ich so in der Welt rum dabb!

Mir Pennsylvaani Deitsche
Hen unser baddiche Beitsche,
Un gnalle luschdich in die Welt;
Mer wuhne am Blo Baerrig,
Mer saagge Hans un Yaerrig,
Un hasse 'n Mensch der sich verschtellt.

Mer heese 'n Riesel — "Riesel,"
Un mache ken Gratzfiessel
Var yedem Barschtel uff der Schtross;
Mer duhn net rum flungiere
Un Zeit un Geld verliere—
Mer schaffe fleissich, Glee un Gross!

Mer halde nix uff Dandies,
Des Sehnt wer net verblend iss —
Der Schaffmann hockt im waermschte Eck!
Mer sin so "Graadeweck" Leit,
Un was mer heesse Dreck heit,
Iss marye gwiss ich leb, noch Dreck!

Des iss, mer hen so'n Glaawe,
Den kann uns niemand raawe,
'S waer besser bissel rau zu sei —
Doch awwer gans, gans ehrlich —
Ass wie so glatt un gfaehrlich,
Wie Tschentelleit ihr Schmeichlerei!

Die Leit wu Englisch bebbre,
Die losst mer numme schnebbre,
Ihr wisst sie fresse em net graad!
Mer wisse aa zu lewe,
Un wammer schunn net schwewe
Im Hochmut un im dumme Schtaat!

Der Hund sei Schwans kann wedle,
Un wer nix wees, kann schpeddle —
Nau sell iss so, un ken mistake!
Un wen des het verdrosse,
Der kann sich druff verlosse,
Mer gehn der graade, alde Weg!

Desweegge will ich singe
Vun allerhand so Dinge,
Die niemand meh kunsiddert gut;
Die meecht ich gaern weckreisse,
Vun yedem Naaseweise,
Der mit de Fiess druffdrede dutt!

Vun Deitschland sin sie kumme,
Meh gscheite ass wie dumme,
Die Leit wu uns gelaernt hen so!
Un viel vun ihre Weegge,
Vun ihre schlaue Weegge,
Die gehn uns heit noch immer noh!

In meine yunge Yohre
Haw ich mit scharfe Ohre
Ihr Gschpichte gheert darch dick un dinn;
Un graad ass wie der Mudder
Ihr Hunnichbrod un Budder,
Haw ich die beschte noch im Sinn!

Ich duh net gaern vergesse
Wie nooch 'm Owedesse,
Mer sich ins Feiereck hot gesetzt,
Un dann sei aerde Peifel
Als gschmokt ass wie der Deifel,
Un vun de "Alde Zeite" gschwetzt!

Die menscht Zeit waar mer luschdich,
Doch alsemol aa "Gruschdich,"
Wann ebbes letz waar mit de Alde;
Nord waar mer aa glei brutzich,
Hot's Keppche ghenkt gans mutzich,
Un's Maul schier gaar net kenne halde!

Die Mammi un der Daadi,
So oft mer waare "Naadi,"
Vun ihre Kindheit hen verzaehlt —
Vun rules gaar scharf un schpitzich,
Vun Eldre schnell un hitzich,
Wann sie die Schlaeg hen ausgedeelt!

Des waare ihre Fedder,
Die alde "Kerls" vun Ledder—
Bis neinzich saund uff ihre Fiess;
Des waare ihre Midder,
Mit Meiler schrecklich bidder,
Mit Haerze weech un zuckersiess!

Darch die haw ich vernumme,
Was in mei Lied soll kumme.
Wann ihr geduldich harriche wott;
Vun Weegge un Gebreiche,
Bei Aarme un bei Reiche,
Die niemand heitzudaag meh hot!

Vun Schaffleit un vum Schaffe,
Un ebbes aa vun—Paffe,
Warr ich zu saagge hawwe do;
Verleicht dutt's bissel schtaawe,
Doch kennt ihr numme glaawe,
Var alders waar's eggsaeckly so!

Ich reit net unni Ziggel,
Far'n grosser Aaggeschpiggel—
O nee, ich sing yo unni Fiedel,
Un duh die Wohret melde,
Die waerd wull ewich gelde
Var Gott, un in meim gleene Liedel!

Var Gott! — Ich kann net gradze
Mit seldne welvert Datze,
Wie'n zaahmer Kaader uff der Fiedel!
Ich yus ken zaarder Rassem,
Un wann ich kennt, der Bassem
Wott ich net aeckte in meim Liedel!

EDWARD HERMANY

A Pennsylvania German Poet
1832—1896

By PRESTON A. BARBA

"Here and there in the State of Pennsylvania, there are certain localities, where the people are in the habit of speaking of the 'dark corner of Lehigh'.

"Here and there in the county of Lehigh, there are certain other localities, where the peopl are in the habit of speaking of the 'dark corner of Lynn.'"

Thus read the first two paragraphs of a curious little manuscript essay entitled "Progress in Lynn", signed "Edwd. Hermany, Lynn, Pa., Feb'y 23rd 1867." It glows with both pride and indignation. Four generations of Hermanys had lived in Lynn Township since their immigrant ancestor had settled there and each generation in turn had left its imprint upon the community. The Hermanys were a part of Lynn. Edward Hermany himself was to afford ample proof of what could come forth from out of the "dark corner of Lynn." He had given a good portion of his life to teaching successive generations of children in the district school of Jacksonville in Lynn Township. When in 1896 they bore the aged teacher to his last resting place in the graveyard of St. Jacob's Church at Jacksonville there was probably no one who thought his name needed to be recorded in the Annals of Lehigh County.

Edward Hermany's life was externally uneventful. There was little to indicate the rich inner life of this unassuming and reticent bachelor and his endeavors to find artistic expression. Fortunately his literary remains were preserved by members of his family. A packet of manuscripts containing English prose and verse has now found a permanent home in the Archives of the Lehigh County Historical Society. More valuable than these are the five volumes in manuscript containing Hermany's poems in the Pennsylvania German dialect. They were acquired recently by the Library of Muhlenberg College and form a precious item among the notable manuscript collection of Pennsylvania German literature in that library. It is these poems, none of which had appeared in print during Hermany's lifetime that have given him a permanent place as the greatest master of satire in our Pennsylvania German dialect literature.

★★★★★★★★★★

Edward Hermany was born in Lynn Township, Lehigh County, Pennsylvania, on December 23, 1832, in a log house of two stories and an attic. It was later razed and its site is now occupied by a brick house built in 1850 and forming a part of the village of Wannemacher. His parents were Samuel and Salome Wannemacher Hermany, who owned the abovenamed house and 40 acres of land until the summer of 1836 when they sold it and purchased a portion of the Philip Hermany homestead. Here Edward, the second son, spent the greater part of his life. He died July 24, 1896, at the home of his brother Samuel, and on July 29 was buried in the family plot of the cemetery adjoining St. Jacob's Church at Jacksonville, the Rev. James N. Bachman officiating at the funeral.

For the following genealogical data we are indebted mainly to a small family album containing a German "Familien-register" and to some notes in pencil made by Charles, the elder brother, presumably at the time of Edward's death. These notes are also preserved in Trout Hall. According to his brother Charles, who won eminence in another domain, the Hermanys were of Swiss, French and English stock. The immigrant ancestor, George Hermany, is believed to have settled in Lynn Township about 1730. His wife was Catharina, nee Eckenroth. Their son Philip born October 10, 1759, on December 25, 1787, married Maria Catharina, the daughter of Friedrich Steigerwald and his wife Catharine, nee Heuser. Their marriage was blessed with six sons and six daughters. Of these children, Samuel, born March 28, 1807, also in Lynn Township, was the ninth child. On July 6, 1807, he was baptized by Pastor Diefenbach of the German Reformed Church. On December 25th, 1828 he married Salome, daughter of Christian and Maria Barbara Wannemacher, of Westpenn Township, Schuylkill (then Berks) County. She too was a member of the German Reformed Church. This marriage was blessed with six sons and one daughter, all born in Lynn Township, all baptized by Pastor Zuelch of the German Reformed Church. Of these Edward, the poet, was the second son. His father, Samuel, died January 9, 1868, and was buried in the family plot of St. Jacob's Church. His mother, Salome, died March 2, 1881, and was buried by the side of her husband.

The external facts of Edward Hermany's life are soon told. He attended the district school and proved himself an apt and diligent pupil, ranking first and learning with the greatest ease.

He was a healthy lad from his infancy, but in the autumn of 1841 he met with an accident which resulted in a contusion of the brain and a broken leg. He recovered only slowly from these injuries. When he had recovered sufficiently to be about on crutches he fell on an icy path near the house and broke his leg a second time. The result of these accidents was confinement to the house during the whole winter, more than half the time in bed and with his general health greatly impaired. During this time began his lifelong habit of extensive reading. He read everything that came within his reach. It was during this period that tastes, inclinations and resources were developed, which under more favorable circumstances might have led him into a successful literary career.

After regaining a fair degree of health Edward continued in the district schools until fourteen years of age. During the winters of 1846-47 and 1847-48 he attended Minerva Seminary at Easton, Pa., and with that his formal education came to an end. It must be pointed out that in the district schools of Lynn in the Forties he had been taught to read and write German. From 1848 to 1854 he lived at home, teaching school in the winter months and helping with the work on his father's farm. From 1854 to 1865 he served as bookkeeper in various mercantile enterprises in Tamaqua and in Philadelphia.

It was while living in Philadelphia that Edward Hermany seems to have turned seriously to the writing of English poetry. Unfortunately we have few facts concerning his life during these years. In an early poem **Song**, dated Phila. Sept., 1858, he gives voice to his lyric aspirations. We quote the first of the four stanzas:

All glorious gift of song, I worship thee,
Thou art my holiest shrine;
Within my soul thou rollest like the sea,
With surges All Divine;
And yet I can thy spirit only feel.
The mighty wings are furled—
Oh, grant the old Homeric power to peal
Thy anthems through the world.

The poetic aspirations of the young man, however deeply felt, could only end in disillusionment. Little might he realize that these were but steps that led to literary exprssion of a very different kind.

According to members of his family Edward Hermany wrote for Philadelphia newspapers. One of his earliest poems "Impromptu" is signed and dated Philadelphia, Nov. 4, 1858. Directly under the title are these words "Respectfully dedicated to my noble peers of th Quill".

The poem may have been written for some occasion and his five "noble peers" associates on a newspaper staff. Over the title of another poem "On to Charleston" (which we shall consider later) are the words "Written for the Evening Bulletin".

(To Be Continued)

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Editorials

Tuesday's Election

Regardless of what happens at the polls next Tuesday, the 15th Congressional District comprising Northampton, Carbon, Monroe and Pike counties will have a freshman representative in Washington.

Neither State Sen. Fred B. Rooney, the Democratic candidate, nor Robert G. Bartlett, his Republican opponent, will inherit the mantle of the late Francis E. Walter. No one can pick it up to drape about his own or another's shoulders.

It took years for Rep. Walter to develop the stature that made it possible for him to serve the nation and his constituents with such marked distinction. His influence grew through each of his more than 30 years on Capitol Hill.

From the standpoint of congressional prestige, both candidates will face the electorate as equals. Neither of them is experienced in Washington and either will have to start from scratch, as Walter did nearly a third of a century ago.

The basic decision of each qualified elector, therefore, is which of the two candidates he believes will be best able to represent the district when he stands in his own shoes in Washington. Both are young and vigorous men and veterans of military service. But there any similarity between them ends.

Rooney is the candidate of the party now in control of the national administration. For the support he is receiving from it, he will have to accept the liabilities as well as the assets. The appraisals of them differ and are not always entirely objective.

Party stalwarts are counting on him to support their legislative programs in the House. They also want the election to be evidence that the Cuban fiascos, the mounting federal deficit, continued high unemployment levels, and the handling of racial controversies haven't dimmed the image of the present administration.

Bartlett, a considerably more quiet campaigner, represents the loyal opposition. He is under no direct or indirect obligation to support every administration program or remain quiet about those with which he disagrees. He has promised to consult his constituents for their views.

His party also is looking to the local election in an effort to find what to them would be pleasing straws in the political winds blowing toward the forthcoming presidential campaign. A victory in a strong Democratic district with urban, suburban and rural communities would be taken as another indication that the people of the nation no longer are too happy with the way Washington is governing them.

The turnout should be large and the voting studied and deliberate. Unless it is, the only thing anyone will be able to read into it is that one of the candidates has been elected to fill the unexpired term of the late Rep. Walter.

School Transportation Bill

Foes of the public school reorganization law will have ample opportunity to exercise some of the home rule they claim to be seeking if the House - approved measure aimed at providing bus transportation for parochial and private school youngsters is enacted into law.

By its action the House ducked responsibility for deciding this controversial issue. If the Senate concurs, the hot potato will be tossed into the lap of each school district in the state and every local school board will have to make its own decision.

This is in line with the way those opposed to Act 561 and its suggested substitutes want the decisions on school mergers made. They insist that every district should make its own choice of whether to go it alone or join others to equalize educational opportunities. How they feel about the latest home rule proposal that could open bitter new controversies in every school district in the state still isn't clear.

The Senate also brushed off responsibility for settling the school transportation issue. It defeated a request to submit the question to the electorate in November and instead voted to put it on the ballot sometime later in the form of a constitutional amendment that presumably would settle any doubts about legality and public sentiment. To do this, the legislature will have to vote again in 1965.

Few really believe either the state or federal constitutions are involved. The state attorney general has given an informal opinion and more than a dozen years ago the U. S. Supreme Court ruled that school bus transportation is a public service comparable to police and fire protection. There would be ample opportunity to test any new statute through the courts where these decisions are properly made.

Public school systems already have the responsibility of providing state - supported health services for children in parochial schools. Their parents pay taxes even though they do not use all the facilities public schools offer.

Neither the legislature nor anyone else should permit the question of which children are entitled to school transportation to become a bitterly acrimonious issue. It should be decided in the best interests of all the children of the commonwealth and according to the ability of the state and its school districts to absorb the costs.

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.

Bible Reading Not Outlawed

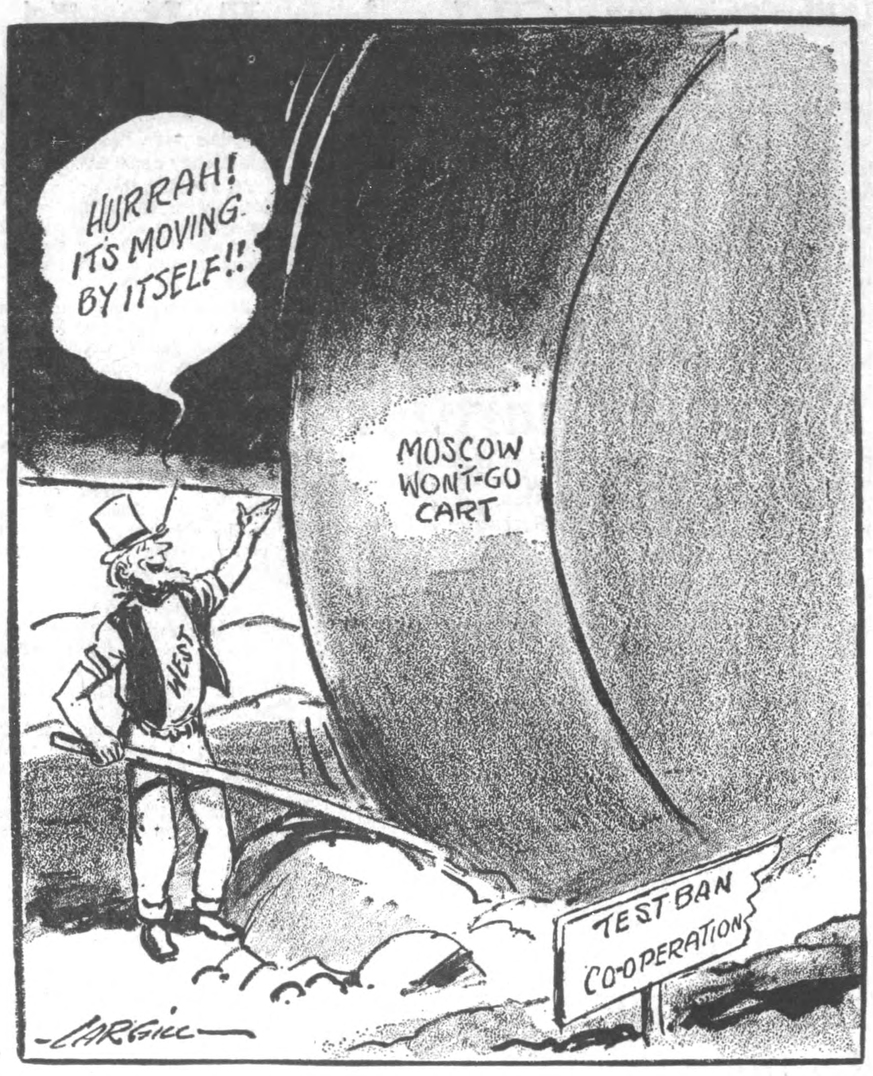
To the Editor:

I would like to take issue with both the facts and the opinions expressed by Mrs. Victor C. Wink in her letter on the Supreme Court School-Bible decision, (Morning Call, July 19, 1963).

Mrs. Wink states as a fact that, because of the "Warren

Continued on Page 7, Column 2

Came the Revolution!



Test Ban Delusions

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The biggest delusion of modern times is contained in the "nuclear-test ban" treaty just "initialed" at Moscow by representatives of the United States, Great Britain and the Soviet Union.

Formal signing is to come later, and ratification by the U.S. Senate is necessary before the document can be regarded as in effect for this country.



Lawrence

The agreement, however, does not do what most people probably think it does — reduce the danger of a nuclear war. Indeed, the impression is mistakenly given that it means the abolition of nuclear war.

The new treaty would not bar the use of any nuclear weapons in war.

It would not bring about a reduction in the existing number of nuclear weapons possessed by any government or limit in any way future production.

It would not bar nations other than the signers from carrying on whatever tests they pleased.

It would not prevent nuclear tests underground.

It would not guarantee against attempts to cheat by conducting tests above the ground. Russia cheated last time and deliberately violated her agreement.

The military advantage to the Soviet Union lies in the fact that the United States is ahead in the kind of weapons that require underground testing, and now the Soviets have gained a free hand to improve their position and catch up with the United States in this field. Also, the Soviet Union is believed to have gone ahead in certain categories, such as anti-missiles and "terror" weapons, which require atmospheric testing, and the United States cannot now conduct such tests to catch up with the Soviets. It is argued here in rebuttal, however, that bombs requiring above ground or underwater testing have been accumulated in sufficent quantity to make such testing less important.

Then why all the hullabaloo about a nuclear - test - ban treaty or "partial ban," as it is more often termed? The answer is to be found in the political domain. The same proposals were made in previous years by the United States but were rejected by the Soviets. Today, however, for undisclosed reasons, Premier Khrushchev is trying another tack. Nobody knows why he shifted tactics, but it is assumed that he needed to make some showing of peaceful intent so as to quiet his internal opposition and deflate Red China's war scare.

It is conceivable, too, that the military experts of the Soviet Union figured that, if the United States were to discontinue above - ground and underwater testing, this would in some manner halt the nuclear development of the United States in certain categories of weapons and prevent any real superiority from being achieved.

As for underground testing, it will continue to be carried on by both sides. Also, it is contended that if the moratorium on above-ground and underwater testing is some day broken by the Soviet Union, the United States can automatically resume testing anywhere. The experts among the scientists say, however, that it isn't as simple as it sounds and that continuous testing is important in developing many varieties of defense weapons.

American military men are uncertain. They haven't had much of a voice in the negotiations. They are skeptical, but probably will be required for reasons of policy to go along on the new treaty without taking much protest.

Congress, on the other hand —in which there is an abundance of skepticism — will make a thorough inquiry and carry on a considerable debate. In the end, the chances are that the agreement will be accepted by the Senate on the vague theory that it is "a step in the right direction." But there's a lot yet to be done before any tangible benefit can be derived from the pact. China, for instance, can go ahead on its own with tests, and so can France. If either country does so, this could automatically terminate the new treaty three months thereafter.

Nuclear war, therefore, can happen despite the new agreement. Further development of only certain kinds of nuclear weapons will have been deferred for the time being. Meanwhile, the delusion that nuclear war has been somehow banned by the agreement initialed at Moscow this week will gain headway. Actually, however, the true barrier to the prevention of a nuclear conflict — the power of autocratic governments — isn't likely to be removed by the signing of an agreement with the kind of regime which rules today in the Soviet Union and which is constantly extending its influence by infiltration and subversion in all continents of the world.

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School Books

By RUSSELL KIRK

Much in American education needs speedy improvement. Are our school textbooks perfect? Should they be exempt from all criticism?

When, recently, I addressed a meeting of the Alabama Education Association, I found that most of the teachers who listened to me were dissatisfied with the quality of school manuals. Some, when they could, used paperbacks in class, rather than the deadly-dull and almost infantile texts prescribed for pupils.

Mr. John Gardiner, president of the Carnegie Corporation, remarks that many textbooks appear to have been written by clerks, rather than by scholars.

Also one often encounters economic or political bias in these manuals — though less of it than one found some years ago. What is nearly as bad, many social-studies and history textbooks are woolly and sentimental in their approach. "Democracy" is made a god-term, rather as the animals in Orwell's novel "Animal Farm" were taught to bleat, "Four legs good, two legs bad."

But some of the people who should be most interested in the improvement of school manuals have set their faces against any reform. This is sadly true of the permanent staff of the National Education Association, the school-administrator's lobby. The N.E.A. has a "Commission" which tries to smear (the word isn't too harsh) even the milder critics of textbooks.

Mr. Fred Heckinger, educational editor of The New York Times, has remarked that there seems to be a campaign in progress to silence or overwhelm all critics of the present condition of American public education. With Mr. Heckinger, this writer holds that an educational system immune from criticism is liable to become decadent.

Members of school boards ought to take a hard look at the required reading in their districts, I maintain. The average textbook is handsomely printed, admirably illustrated, well bound — and offers too little for the mind. Both teachers and pupils deserve something better.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: Will you please explain the Scripture: "Let the dead bury their dead." I find this very puzzling. H.J.

ANSWER: To understand these words it is necessary to remember the occasion on which they were spoken. Here is the passage in question: "Jesus said unto another, Follow Me. But he said, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father. Jesus said unto him, Let the dead bury their dead: but go thou and preach the kingdom of God." (Luke 9:59, 60)

Here is Jesus calling a man—in all probability a young man —to follow Him. He had a work for this man to do as a preacher of the Gospel. But the man evaded the challenge and offered a polite excuse. What this man was saying in effect, in answer to the call of Jesus, was, "Not yet, Lord, perhaps some other day." It was then that Jesus said, "Let the dead bury their dead."

His meaning is clear. Any dead soul can attend to the burying of dead bodies! Let those who are alive unto God engage in a nobler calling! "Go thou and publish abroad the kingdom of God!"

The emphasis is upon the urgency of the service of God's kingdom. Our Lord also stresses the priority of His claims over all other claims. When He calls, there must be instant and complete obedience.

Horoscope

Guard against extravagance in a good year. Today's child will be artistic.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Child at Play

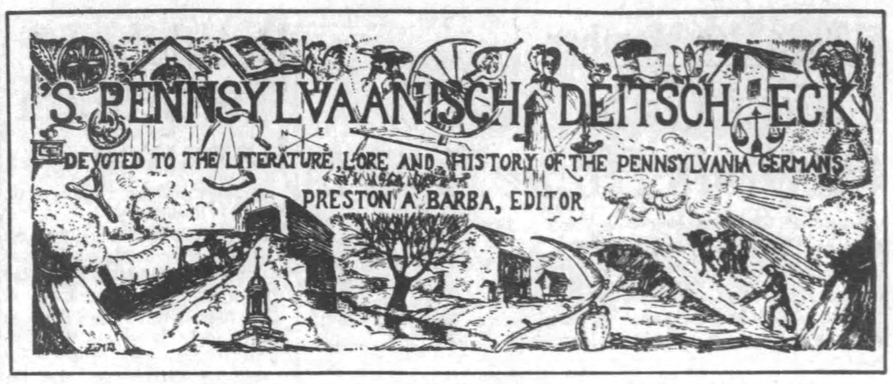
A child at play is likened to . . . an elf in fairyland. . .making even common things . . . seem wonderful and grand. . . a child at play has access to . . . the portal of pretending. . . wherein is found the magic of . . . sweet dreams without an ending . . . a child at play can travel on . . . the clouds that drift on high . . . to any spot upon this earth . . . with just a reason why . . . a child at play has power to . . . be anything at all . . . the heart of youth is fancy free . . . and ready for each call . . . a child at play can weave a thread. . . into a coat of gold . . . for youth works miraces beyond . . . the scope of being told . . . and so it is I always find . . . new faith to make my way . . . whenever I am blessed to watch . . . a little child at play.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The tools invented by the ape-man, asserts Arthur Clark, in his book "Profiles of the Future," caused them to evolve into their successor, Homo Sapiens. "The tools that WE have invented, however," he continues, "will BE our successor. To put it bluntly and brutally, the machine is going to take over."

FIRST



Die Freischul am Bloo Baerrig

This poem by Edward Hermany is dated 1872. In it the schoolmaster of Jacksonville (Lynn Township) makes a plea for the public school system now introduced also in the rural parts of Pennsylvania. But some old German preachers continue to revile the modern public state schools and to thunder from the pulpit against them—and of course they continue to praise the old-time German parochial schools.—Ed.

Die deidsche Parre am Bloo Baerrig,
Die gehne der rechde Weg ans Waerrig,
Die Freischul zu verdaerwe!-
Sie kumme paarmols alle Yaahr,
De yunge teachers in die Haar,
Un duhn sie schrecklich gaerwe!

Sie hole aus der Ewichkeid
Die Schule vun der alde Zeid,
Un duhn sie fleissich lowe;
Do iss die Frucht bei uns deheem,
Un aa noch paar so alde game-
Ferwas iss dann ihr Dowe?

Die Freischul grickd bei dem Geraat,
Ken eend gud Wadd darchs gans lang Yaahr -
Wie soll sie dann gerode?
Ihr Fehler warre scharf gewedzt,
Ihr teacher ruff un nunner ghedzt -
Im Schwewwel muss sie brode!

Die Parre dunnere! Doll un daab,
Wadd yedermann! Was fliegt der Schdaab!
Was brennd's em in de Aagge!
Mer meend's waer ebbes, un 's iss - Nix! -
Die Drauwe sin net fer die Fix,
Sell losst eich deidlich saagge!

Die gleene Kinner macht mer bang
Mit sellem Mann im Muhnd schunn lang -
Die Groosse losst mer lache;
Wu'n "Deidscher Zabbe" immer noch
Gedriwwe wadd ins "Englisch Loch",
Dadd muss mer's aa so mache!

Die "alde Deidsche!" Well, der Schnabbs
Un Schnubbduwack waar net yuschd gnabbs,
In ihre beshde Schule! -
Doch wie's als mit em Lanne waar,
Sell weisd di Gscheidheid, nau so raar,
Wu ihre Schuler rule!

Un selli Subb wadd uffgewaermd
Vun Yaahr zu Yaahr, un arg gelaermd
Fers urald Deiderlese,
Sell wadd gebudzt mit Silwersand,
Un Lumbe vum gelobde Land -
Ach Gott, was waar's en Wese!

'S waar awwer grischdlich! In der Daad,
Ihr Leid, es is doch Dauer un schaad,
Fer all die alde Biffel,
Wu uns gelannt hen am Bloo Baerrig!
Doch well, mer hen schier all noch's Maerrig
Fun ihre deidsche Griffel!

'S waar awwer grischdlich! Schdickt dezu,
Un gaerbt die Freischul unni Ruh -
Was waahr iss, soll mer glaawe,
Un's anner aa noch, bladdweis; dadd
Wu nimmand iss fer Wedderbadd
Zu halde, losst mer's schdaawe!

"Die Gemeinde Schulen! (gud, Die hen de Zeide eggseckli gsuud!)
"Ihr Singe un ihr Bede,
Ihr Lieder-lanne, un so fadd,
Sell waar gebaut uff Gottes Wadd -
O' wann mer's yuschd noch deede!

"Der schee ald Kaerrich-gsang iss fadd!
Mer horcht yuscht wie die Orgel schnadd,
Un schemmt sich mitzusinge!
Ken Eifer un ken Arnscht iss do,
'S iss alles kald un schdeif un schloo -
Mer meent mer misst verschbringe!

"Worum iss alles so verkehrt?
'S wadd zu viel fer die Welt gelehrt!
Der Kaddekism, die Biewel,
Die sin wull alsnoch in der Schul,
Doch yuscht weil's ewwe iss die Rul -
Sell macht die Sach so iwwel!

"Die Woche - schule sin nix waud!
Der Schdaad sargd fer sei eeggni Haud,
Un will yuscht Menner mache,
Die gscheid sin fer die Welt, die Welt!
Fer Pulladigg, fer Amd un Geld-Die's Grischdedum verlache!

"Zerick, zerick! ihr gude Leid,
Zu unsre Eldre ihre Zeid;
Mer misse 's widder mache,
Mit Karch un Schul, un deidschem Gsang,
Wie sie als hen, schunscht hot eblang Der Deiwel uns im Rache!"-

So duhn die Parre am Bloo Baerrig
Die Freischul hinnre in ihr'm Waerrig
Mit "Kanselgwiddre" yaehrlich!
'S waar in der Daad en guder Gschbass,
Waer net der Schul ihr alder Hass
So hie un do noch gfaehrlich!

Noch gfaehrlich? Ya gewiss, ihr Leid!
'S hot leider Gott in unsre Zeid
Noch arg viel Freischul Schbedder;
Die hasse Schul, die hasse Tax,
Un denne macht so 'n dumm Gegax
Noch immer griene Bledder.

Die deidsche Parre! Liewer Gott!
Mer ehrt sie wull net wie mer sott,
Sell schdeht der Welt ver Aaagge!
Doch heer mol des, du guder Mann,
Waer ihr falsch Zeigniss brufe kann,
Daer maag die Schul verglaagge!

O Karch! O Schul! Mer heert des Gschbodd
Un denkt gewiss 's iss ebbes rott,
Wu so viel Doggder schdarre.
Un 's iss aa! Schlecht un rott un faul!
Wen 's wunnert wu, daer schick der Saul
Zu unsre deidsche Parre!

Die rudsche fadd mit "Hols im Raad,"
So langsam uff ihr'm alde Paad-
Sin yuscht zum Schelde willich;
Die zobbe fadd darch Keld un Hidz
Am alde, leere deidsche Didz -
Ach Gott, wann kummd die Millich?

1872 —EDWARD HERMANY

EDWARD HERMANY

A Pennsylvania German Poet

1832 — 1896

By PRESTON A. BARBA

(Continued)

Most of Hermany's English poems were written in Philadelphia during the span of years from 1856 to 1862. A few are dated from Jacksonville, to which he returned in 1864 and where he remained. These poems, not without beauty, are for the most part pervaded by a deep gloom and melancholy, inherent in the poet's temperament. Some of them are faintly autobiographical, others are quite definitely so. Few readers today would respond to them sympathetically and the twentieth century critic would turn from them as mere "Mortuary verse." And yet we can hardly give these poems just appraisal without considering the status of American literature in the years when they were written.

In the middle of the nineteenth century the American reading public was only slowly wakening to a national literary consciousness. It had responded to the autumnal tones of William Cullen Bryant's (1794-1878) "Thanatopsis"; Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807 - 1882) whose "Voices of the Night" had appeared in 1839, was fast becoming America's household poet; the Quaker poet John Greenleaf Whittier (1807 - 1892), author of "Voices of Freedom", was associated for more than a decade with **The National Era,** a Washington weekly, in which Harriet Beecher Stowe's **Uncle Tom's Cabin** first appeared and then with **The Atlantic Monthly,** established in 1857, in which many of Whittier's later poems were published; Walt Whitman's (1819-1892) "Leaves of Grass" first appeared in 1855, but his "barbaric yawp" found no responsive chord in the hearts of the genteel American readers of the day; Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849), that saddest and strangest figure in American literary history, had spent two years of his short life in Philadelphia. **Graham's Magazine,** established in Philadelphia in 1841, was for a time under the editorship of Poe, with such notable contributors as Cooper, Longfellow, Lowell and Hawthorne. No critic of that day could have foretold that of these American poets only two, Poe and Whitman, would in the course of the years become the common possession of world literature. And of all these literary figures moving in the mid - nineteenth century on the American literary scene Hermany was most nearly akin in spirit and in his style to Edgar Allan Poe. He shared with Poe his melancholic temperament and also Poe's concept of poetry as "the rhythmic creation of beauty." For Hermany as for Poe sadness is the most poetic mood, but while for Poe indefiniteness was one of the essentials of lyric excellence and his somber elegiac verse was general in its nature, in the case of Hermany the sadness and preoccupation with death that recur constantly in his poems are specific and based on personal loss and grief. For Poe poetry was the medium of conveying pleasure, not truth. Both Poe and Hermany had certain misanthropic traits, but the latter was more sensitive to moral values. In pointing out characteristics common to both we disclaim any effort to place Hermany on the same literary level with Poe. At the same time one may say that Hermany's English poems are no better and no worse than those of many of the minor American poets of his day. Certainly for the young man from Lynn Township with little formal academic schooling and bilingual in speech they represent no small achievement.

It is not a part of our plan to offer a detailed analysis of these poems, but only in so far as they shed light upon the character of our subject and help us to understand Hermany's peculiar break with this phase of his literary activity and his later achievements as a Pennsylvania German dialect poet of notable dimension.

A lyric poem of four four-line stanzas, signed and dated Tamaqua, May 16, 1856, is the earliest in the collection. It is addressed to "Anna", his beloved, and begins as follows:

Thou hast heard and hast seen
that I love thee -
Yes thee and thee only alone;
Thou hast seen the bright star-eyes above thee,
Their loveliness ever hast known!

In another poem, also addressed to "Anna" written a year later, but again on the same date, May 16, 1857, presumably an anniversary day, it becomes clear that he is mourning the death of his beloved.

What was the grievous experience that befell Hermany and impelled him to retire into lifelong solitude? We shall perhaps never know, but a later poem, definitely autobiographical, brings some clarification. A long poem of 42 stanzas of four lines each, signed and dated Philadelphia, October 1, 1861 is called "Ring and Cross". Under the title are these words "Wear this for my sake". - A.M.F. At the end of the poem Hermany has added this note: "Some time since my cousin E. L. Wannemacher, asked me to give her the history of a plain gold ring I wear — Recklessly I promised — finding I could not comply by word of mouth, I have written these verses — If she can understand them, I am absolved — if not, why then 'tis but as usual, I incur guilt, but cannot seek repentance." — We choose a few stanzas at random:

The history of this ring you ask?
'Tis like most hearts, it wears
a mask,
And shrinks from all to curious eyes,
To keep a secret few would prize.

I wear this ring for one that waits
Beyond the dark, eternal gates,
For one whose sainted brow sheds light,
And gleams of hope through life's long night.'

And thus I wear this simple ring,
And to the past forever cling!
Thrice happy past! Oh, dreary song,
Unbosom not its buried wrong!

Memento sad! I marvel much,
Its lifeless clasp should seem thy touch,
Oh wan white hand, that in the mould,
Dost idly grasp the shadows cold.

Oh, gentle hand, press not again
My clouded brow and throbbing brain;
That fierce and tempest - tost domain
Thou strivest to compose in vain!

The twilight deepens, love; each star,
That beams upon thy grave afar,
Recalls the vanished years of bliss,
And smiles o'er mem'ry's dark abyss.

I know not where, but somewhere thou,
The light of love upon thy brow,
Dost wait for me, as I for thee-
Our love was for Eternity!

Farewell! I follow, sad and slow,
Bedew my way with tears, and go
My weary round of life, as one,
Who lingers when his task is done!

Some may look upon these utterances of a grieving heart as mere part and parcel from out of the vast casuistry of love poetry, but no one can doubt their sincerity.

We mention here also an essay, ten pages in longhand, dated Philadelphia, March 11th, 1859, entitled "Minerva's Fatal Gift." It is based on Alexander Pope's well known couplet:

A little learning is a dangerous thing -
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian Spring.

It is a dictum which he calls absurd. This is a weird piece of ornate prose and reflects the influence of Poe.

To be continued

THE MORNING CALL

David A. Miller, Publisher-Director 1895-1958

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

101 N. 6th St., Allentown, Pa.

THE MORNING CALL, EVENING CHRONICLE, SUNDAY CALL-CHRONICLE

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Editorials

Explanations Needed

When Pennsylvania legislators finally return home for a long overdue holiday, some may want to go into seclusion for a little while to dream up a few excuses for the inconsistencies in their voting record.

Take home rule for example.

During the tedious months in Harrisburg they waved the glorious banner fervently and furiously to slash the school reorganization bill to ribbons. The majority finally insisted it was the right of each community to decide whether to join others to strengthen their school systems or go it alone by demanding increasing financial assistance from the state.

For the vote on the law prohibiting third class cities from integrating fire and police protection in a single bureau, the home rule flag was quickly stashed away. Here the legislature had no scruples about making the decision for every individual community. There wasn't a single voice or vote for home rule.

It was easy, of course, for most legislators to vote on this bill. Most of them are elected in bailiwicks that aren't primarily interested in the problems of the state's 49 third class cities. Plus that, firemen and policemen who generally want no part of a merged safety force are more numerous than city officials.

Considerably more evidence than now is available will be required to determine whether fire and police protection can be improved by combining the two services in a single bureau and training some men in both areas. The legislature has made it impossible to make a judgment in Pennsylvania.

At the same time, legislators have demonstrated they are considerably more sensitive to pressure groups that lay claim to great power than to the home rule standards they furl and unfurl as it suits their fancy.

Patrick Hurley's Mark

In his long and colorful career, Patrick J. Hurley fought and won many battles for himself and for his country.

He conquered poverty to become an oil millionaire and a respected lawyer and banker, won military decorations for bravery under fire as he rose from private in the Indian Territory Militia to major general in the Army, and succeeded in laying aside strong partisanship to serve President Roosevelt as a trusted confidential aide after being a member of the Hoover cabinet.

What should have been his major triumph was recognized too late. As his country's ambassador to China in the waning days of World War II, he recognized that the Yalta agreement was the blueprint for the Communist conquest at least of that part of Asia. Unfortunately, he was unable to convince either President Truman or the State Department that the foes of Chiang Kai-shek were dedicated and insatiable Reds, not agrarian reformers eager to be allied with the forces of freedom. Although this impasse forced his resignation and retirement from government, he saw his observations vindicated long before his death.

Had the sagacity of this soldier-diplomat been recognized in time by the government he served so effectively in many difficult assignments, chances are the last 20 years of this world's history would have been substantially altered. In any event, there probably wouldn't have been a Korean War and both Viet Nam and Laos for most Americans still would be pinpoints on a map.

Uncomplicated Choice

It is decidedly to the credit of Lehigh County's three Democratic judges that they remained entirely aloof from partisan politics in naming a successor to the late Norman H. Flores.

Harry H. Shimer, designated to fill the unexpired portion of Flores' term as county commissioner, is a lifelong Republican with a background of business experience and broad community contacts in both city and county. He has let it be emphatically known that he will not be a candidate for the four year term.

The judges thus have not given an edge to any potential candidate either in the choice that must be made by the Republican County Committee before Sept. 11 or in the decision the voters will make in November. They have not complicated the task of the committee or sought to influence the electorate.

Meanwhile, they have made provision for the continued smooth operation of the county's business without any foreseeable upsets.

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.

Free Ride on a Train

To the Editor:

Boy, what a free ride on a choo-choo train won't do. The railroads are supposed to be private business and our state lawmakers are supposed to be public officials. But the latter sure looked out for the railroads when the bill to increase truck weights came forth. I wonder what influenced them so much?

Every state seems to have a different idea of what a trailer rig should weigh. But no state is backward in taking all the federal aid for roads it can get.

What the federal government should do, since they worry so much about transportation as we see in this proposed railroad strike, is get all the states to set the same regulations. Also the size of tires, brakes and engine power should be set.

And reducing the speed limits doesn't always help safety;

Continued on Page 11, Column 1

Destructive Emotional Earthquakes



Dubious Use of Military

By DAVID LAWRENCE

It seems incredible that, with all the denunciation that Americans have heaped on the Soviets for indoctrinating their troops with the social and political ideas of communism, the people of the United States should be reading this week in their newspapers about speeches in the Halls of Congress alleging that the Kennedy administration is trying to use the armed services to propagate its doctrines of social reform.



Lawrence

Sen. John Stennis of Mississippi, Democrat, is a high-ranking member of the Senate Armed Services Committee and chairman of its preparedness investigating subcommittee. In a speech to the Senate on Wednesday, he cited the directive which has been issued by the secretary of defense ordering commanders at military bases to declare "off limits" any businesses or areas where any racial discrimination may occur.

Not long ago, the secretary of defense had to revise an air force directive which was construed as encouraging soldiers when out of uniform to participate in racial "demonstrations." It is not yet clear how much of the Defense Department's influence still remains a factor in the activities of soldiers off duty who are in sympathy with the "demonstrations."

Sen. Stennis not only calls attention to the economic coercion involved in using military commanders to determine what places of business shall be patronized but he says the new directive brings into play the factor of influence in promotions. Mr. Stennis declared that the new directive "will affect the promotion and career advancement of officers affected" and that he could not conceive of any step "which would be more destructive of officer morale." He quoted from a presidential commission's report which proposed that officers "showing initiative and achievement" in this activity "will enhance their performance ratings and obtain favorable consideration for promotion and career advancement."

Sen. Barry Goldwater of Arizona, Republican, joined with other senators on Wednesday in denouncing the directive. He recommended that the Senate Armed Services Committee conduct an investigation of the Pentagon committee which, he said, had gone to military bases around the country "with complete dossiers on every businessman" in the surrounding communities, including "every figure, the committee can get out of income-tax returns" filed with the Internal Revenue Service. He declared:

"I think this goes much farther than what we are talking about here today; namely, the threat of a military takeover should things change in this country and we find that the military commanders have become used to running politics and the social life of the community—I do not care where it is. It goes further than a discussion of the civil rights question."

Sen. Stennis said: "This may only be the beginning. If political activity is condoned and encouraged in this field, the President some day may not be able to extricate the military from other political activity that could follow."

Rep. F. Edward Hebert of Louisiana, Democrat, on the same day denounced an order by which the federal government will withdraw contracts for the civil defense adult education program if a state doesn't sign on the dotted line an agreement against "discrimination." He declared that "what can't be done by the law and under the law is done by executive order or by departmental directive."

He declared that his statement concerning executive usurpation was based on principles underlying governmental operation and not on the merits of the discrimination problem itself. He added:

"I have a deep conviction that the very integrity of the Congress is involved here. And this integrity is being constantly compromised by what I consider capricious and unwarranted assumptions of legislative power by the executive branch."

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Aid for Bullies

By RUSSELL KIRK

Like President Eisenhower before him, President Kennedy stubbornly resists any substantial reduction in the foreign-aid program. Powerful interests, too, have a stake in continued expenditure of more than $4 billion a year, much of it on boondoggles. But the public is suspicious of the program, and Congress more than suspicious.

The drain upon American gold, if nothing else, may compel the Administration to retrench in foreign aid. Senator Morse recommends that the entire foreign-aid scheme be wound up in two years, and that thereafter aid be extended on a different and more coherent plan.

And the House Foreign Affairs Committee has resolved that America should terminate aid to Indonesia, unless the President declares such grants vital. Considerably to the annoyance of Congress, Mr. Kennedy not long ago gave Indonesia a big chunk of dollars from "contingency" funds, even though no express provision had been made by Congress for more subsidies for Sukarno, the Indonesian dictator.

What alarms Congress just now is Sukarno's arrogant endeavor to prevent the forming of the Federation of Malaysia, by interposing his fleet in the Straits of Malacca. Bent upon new conquests, and equipped with Russian weapons, Sukarno is a chief disturber of international peace, moving closer and closer toward collaboration with Soviet Russia. It is most curious that these United States should continue to back with millions upon millions of dollars this totalitarian who has crippled the economy of Indonesia by extravagance and military adventures and mismanagement.

It's no less odd that America should be subsidizing the dictator Nasser in Egypt. Nasser is aiming two-stage rockets at Israel now. He, too, is belligerent with the intoxicating power of Soviet arms. In the Yemen, Egyptian troops are devastating the country — apparently with poison gas, recently — as part of a brutal imperialistic scheme.

For that matter, we continue to deliver aid to Sallel's jackboot regime in the Yemen, which is detested and resisted by nine-tenths, if not more, of the Yemini.

In Africa, true, the Kennedy administration has threatened to cut off assistance to the Leopoldville government of the Congo, unless it cleans house. But we lavishly subsidize Ghana, where the dictator Nkrumah is now the chief agent of Soviet influence in the Dark Continent. Nkrumah and his associates are encouraging assaults on the Portugese in Angola and the Portugese are allies of America through the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. A mad world, my masters.

What will historians of the future say to this fantastic waste of American resources to shore up ideologues who actually or potentially, strive to abolish the ideas and institutions or order, justice, and freedom — for which America, professedly, is making a stand today?

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: In church I hear much about purity of heart, but in a world like we live in, I can hardly imagine a "pure heart." K.S.

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." His grace prepares us to live in a pure place, with redeemed, pure people, forever.

NOTES ON THE NEWS



"They think it's a rain dance. They don't know we're going to town and demand our rights."

Sketches

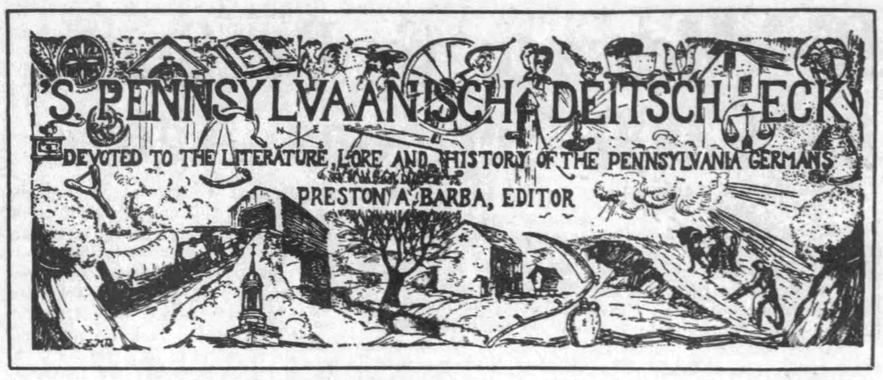
By BEN BURROUGHS

Freedom's Drive

What is the price of freedom . . . we know it all too well . . . we pay for it with sweat and blood . . . grief beyond parallel . . . all mankind wants this treasure . . . we die to gain its worth . . . but there are those who want to drive . . . freedom from this earth . . . those who seek to stifle it . . . do so with brutal force . . . however ruthless they may be . . . freedom will hold its course . . . for deep in the heart of every man . . . is the yearning to be free . . . without freedom mankind sails . . . upon a stormy sea . . . we are prepared to give our all . . . with pain and sacrifice . . . however rough the way may be . . . freedom is worth the price.

Horoscope

Do not waste the year's good gains by extravagance. Today's child will be ambitious.



EDWARD HERMANY

A Pennsylvania German Poet
1832 — 1896

By PRESTON A. BARBA

(Continued)

Of less somber hue than those mentioned (in the last Eck) is a little poem of three stanzas, dated January 16, 1861, written to accompany a photo given to Edward Hermany Wannemacher "my cousin and namesake, One year old this day." A German rime heads this poem:

Lebenszeit - Hoffnung und Leiden:
Ewigkeit — Liebe und Freuden.

The first and second stanzas read:

My name you bear (look to it well,
Some day you'll know what now I tell) —
It ne'er has been of much account,
But if, or I or you should mount
From dull obscurity to Fame,
We'll share it as we share our name.

And here's my picture if it wear
Upon its face a shade of care,
You'll scarcely notice it, just now,
And by the time your own clear brow
Is burdened with some twenty years,
You know the mystery disappears.

The above German rime reminds us that Hermany had a good hold on High German and delighted in its literature. At some time he had made the acquaintance of Josef von Eichendorff's **Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichts** (1826), that pearl of German Romanticism, and translated some of its lyrics into English verse. They are dated May, 1864. Perhaps he sensed in Eichendorff's **Taugenichts** (Good-for-Nothing) a kindred soul, for he has transmuted the original into most felicitous English verse:

Where'er I go, whate'er I see
In wood or valley sweet,
From mountain grand, to heaven's blue sea,
Most fair and gracious lady, thee,
A thousand times I greet.

My cherished garden! Here I find
Sweet flowers of every hue;
Full many wreaths of these I wind
And countless thoughts in them I bind,
And with them, greetings true.

A poem "The Unwritten Tragedy" consisting of only two stanzas of eight lines each, dated Philadelphia, May 10th, 1860, is definitely a period piece dripping with sentimentality, and yet not without art and dramatic brevity.

We mention "Silence," dated December 23, 1860 (Hermany's birthday), a long and dreary poem, lacking his usual musical phrasing.

Another melancholy poem, undated, "Deathbed and Sidewalk," consisting of four stanzas of eight lines each, reflects the illness that was to possess him in later life. Also there is in this poem a trace of that grim irony of destiny that we find in some of his later dialect poems.

The long poem, "Lost," in iambic pentameter, or blank verse, contains biographical intimations and the ever recurring note of his irrevocably lost beloved. Though undated, internal evidence would indicate the year 1862. These excerpts will serve to characterize this poem:

From feeble hope to strong despair, the path is sure and straight,
And leads o'er nameless and forgotten graves
Where sleep the longings of an aimless life.

What shall I wed me to? to love once more?
To dreams of bliss, to hopes of perfect joy?
To faith that trusts in one true heart alone?
Alas, my thirty years have many graves
That long have been unwept, but one there is
At which my heart pays nightly homage yet!

No need to ask, what shall I wed me to;
I'm wedded to a grave; my bride is true,
And in her sleep is beautiful I know;
She grows not old, she sees not change in me,
She dreams not of my lonely vigils, nor
Beholds the twilight coming, nor the dawn of day;
(Here the manuscript ends, although it would seem there were more stanzas).

A more pretentious effort to bring his inescapable melancholy into more formal literary expression is "Beauty Born for Death," dated Jacksonville, June, 1864. It is written in blank verse. There are several manuscript copies of this poem. It would seem that the poet himself thought highly of it. At the end of one of these copies he wrote that he has given copies to Mr. C.W. Wannemacher, 25 Kilby Street, Boston, and to Mrs. Chas. Henry P. Krock of Philadelphia, and adds: "It has never been published." In this poem the poet reaches new depths of gloom and pessimism.

Dost ever weep o'er Beauty's death, and o'er
The many nameless tombs, that lie between
Our cradles and our graves?

I often do,
And think it very sad, that one sweet face,
Should vanish in its beauty from our midst!
'Tis not the pain of death, nor yet the sleep,
In utter darkness, lone and still and deep,
That bids me weep, but oh, that all is o'er
When we are dead! That Time rolls up the scroll
Of all fond nothings, lays it coldly by,
And leaves us in the dark! Is this not sad?
Our thoughts, our words, our kindliest deed of love,
Ere yet we are resolved to dust, become,
As dreams to those we leave behind!

To me,
A battle lost or won, a nation's fall,
A world o'erthrown, were ne'er so deep a woe,
As of the merry-hearted little girl,
I played with yesterday, should be no more
Tomorrow!

In vain, Oh God, in vain
I strive to banish beauty's ghosts!
By all the world unseen they beckon me,
And murmur plaintively, morn, noon and night,
What though the rosy morning brightly break,
The night will come!
What though the sun shine fair,
The storm will come!
What though the night give rest,
The long and toilsome day will come!
What though
With every spring the singing birds return,
The flowers look up to God and chastely blush
Their pure orisons — still the bitter cold,
The dreary winter and the many deaths,
The early heartbreak and the weeping eyes,
The greedy stillness brooding over all,
Must be!

But let us turn aside from these sad expressions of a highly sensitive nature and consider a type of literary effort that reveals another facet of the poet's temperament.

During Hermany's sojourn in Philadelphia in the latter Fifties there was a growing national consciousness about slavery. Daniel Webster died in 1852 but his impassioned orations had contributed eminently to the increasing sentiment of national union during those ante - bellum days. Some of Whittier's poems had roused the public conscience for preservation of the Union and liberation from the curse of slavery. So too the ardent sermons of Henry Ward Beecher, as well as his articles in the periodicals of the day, denounced the compromises and outrages that led finally to the great conflict. Readers who had enjoyed the poetry of Bryant and Longfellow, its gentle portrayal of nature and mild moralizations, now turned to the poetry that expressed the actualities of the day.

Of the eleven states that seceded from the U.S. Government South Carolina was the first. Her declaration on December 20, 1860 that "the Union now existing between South Carolina and other States under the name of the U.S.A. is hereby dissolved," was tantamount to a declaration of war. On Jan. 9th, 1861 the first shot was fired in the Charleston harbor and the long bitter conflict had begun.

The course of the Civil War is reflected in many poets, both of the North and the South. We mention Henry H. Brownell's **War Lyrics** (1866), the Pennsylvanian George Henry Boker's **Poems of the War** (1864); and William Gilmore Simms' anthology **War Poetry of the South** (1866). Most of these poems inspired by the war have passed into oblivion; others continue to echo down the corridors of the years: "Sheridan's Ride," "John Brown's Body," "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," and "Tenting on the Old Camp Grounds."

Hermany too forsook his melancholy muse and in several poems gave expression to those stirring times. "On to Charleston," a spirited poem of ten four-line stanzas is signed E.H. Philadelphia, November 17, 1861. Over the title he wrote "Written for the Evening Bulletin." The man from Lynn Township wrote:

Oh, treason's loathly mother, bend thy brow,
Swift retribution is thy portion now;
Thy theft and murder - shielding banner droops,
From rampart high and citadel it stoops!

No hour for crimson hues of shame be thine,
Thy guilty cheek shall pale at ruin's shrine,
Thy deep remorse all vainly plead with Time —
Foul be thy grave as were thy deeds of crime!

Aye, tremble, even now avenging hosts,
'Neath Freedom's Flag, surround thy traitor coasts;
While every wave that rolls upon thy shore,
Doth howl to thee, with wild, terrific roar:

"On, on to Charleston! hear a nation's cry!
On, on to Charleston, land and sea reply;
On, Sherman, pause not, nor Dupont delay,
Until this monstrous shame be wiped away!

"On, on to Charleston, cannon, sword and shell!
Rage, gathering storm, and waste rebellion's hell;
On, Sherman, pause not, nor Dupont forbear,
Till wave the "Stars and Stripes" o'er treason's lair!

"On, on to Charleston, cries
The blood-stained earth
On, on, from many a sad and son-less hearth;
On, Sherman, pause not, nor Dupont delay,
Till nightwinds shriek o'er Charleston in decay!

"On, on to Charleston, pity not, nor spare,
Vile Sodom and Gomorrah guiltless were
Beside this nest of serpents—onward sweep,
With fire and sword, we answer from the deep!

"On, on to Charleston, on by land and sea,
And swear Bull's Run, Ball's Bluff, retrieved must be;
On, Sherman, pause not, nor Dupont be slow,
She quakes at heart from Beaufort's glorious blow!

When over Charleston floats once more our Flag,
Like sunset cloud o'er lightning-riven crag,
Then, Sherman, pause, and brave Dupont hold back,
For peace will follow in your glorious track.

Another interesting Civil War poem is his "Wayward Sisters, Come!" consisting of twelve four-line stanzas, signed and dated, Jacksonville, Pa., December, 1863. In these verses he begs the seceded states to cease the struggle and return to the fold of the Union. It may have been inspired by Oliver Wendell Holmes's conciliatory "Brother Jonathan's Lament for Sister Caroline." We read in part:

The good old hearth is warm and bright,
We're sitting by its blazing light,
We want no empty chairs tonight—
Wayward Sisters, come!

Columbia's heart has not grown cold,
Be welcome to your seats of old,
Behold your birthright still unsold—
Wayward Sisters, come.

We're waiting for each well-known face,
To cheer its own familiar place
We're longing for your fond embrace—
Wayward Sisters, come!

We've no reproach for deeds of ill,
Our hearts with olden mem'ries thrill;
Beside this hearth we love you still—
Wayward Sisters, come!

* * *

You've struggled well, but Heaven decreed,
That Freedom's foes should not succeed,
And Freedom's light should not recede—
Wayward Sisters, come!

No longer brave your generous foes;
Day after day with fearful woes
The "belt of desolation" grows—
Wayward Sisters, come!

Return tonight, each "Union" chair,
With honor filled, will then declare,
That ye your old allegiance bear—
Wayward Sisters, come!

Return tonight, our hearts are warm—
You've long been out and braved the storm—
Return tonight, our hearts are warm—
Pardoned Sisters, come!

(To be continued)

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Editorials

To the First Family

We are sure that everyone in this community would want us to say for them that President and Mrs. Kennedy and their family have the heartfelt sympathy of all in these their days of deep sorrow.

Eradicating Polio

What has been happening across the Lehigh Valley thus far this summer should set the stage for every community in Pennsylvania and all other states to conduct the kind of polio immunization campaign held here last Spring.

Normally, the peak of the polio season in this area is late July and early August. Happily the period has passed without the report of a single case in any of the counties where all but a relative handful availed themselves of the opportunity to take Sabin oral vaccine.

The only case diagnosed in the 12-county region of which the Lehigh Valley is a part was in Schuylkill, where there was no countywide immunization program. In Cumberland, where the campaign did not get under way until late June, 19 have been stricken.

But even in Lehigh, Northampton, Carbon, Monroe, Berks and other counties where doctors and community groups launched such a massive and apparently successful program and had such an enthusiastic response, the job is not yet complete. Because of delays necessary to assure safety, vaccines to guard against only two types of polio could be given before the approach of the critical season.

The third, to offer protection against the most dangerous form of polio and provide hoped-for total and permanent immunization, cannot be given until this fall. Mass programs again have been scheduled.

The results evident this summer should assure a full turnout. They should also make the complete immunization program a must for any community that has delayed.

Merited Pay Boosts

Both the House and the Senate correctly interpreted the will of practically all Americans when they voted pay increases for most members of the armed forces above the lowest training grades. Now that each house has adopted its own version, little time should be lost reconciling the two and making the raises effective.

Although wages and salaries for government workers and others have been steadily increasing, military pay scales haven't changed since 1958. The base for a second lieutenant or ensign, generally with a college education or its military equivalent, still ranges from $222.30 to $314 a month, depending on years of service. Maximum additional allowances are $157.98. Neither this level nor the advances that may be earned through the years offer many inducements for capable young men to remain in service.

The Senate voted unanimously on its somewhat more generous measure after hearing shameful reports that the families of hundreds of faithful noncommissioned men and young officers were suffering severe hardships. The bill it approved seems to be the most equitable way of remedying this situation and encouraging more of those the armed services are training to make the defense of their country lifetime careers.

Public endorsement of the long-overdue military pay hikes, however, should not be regarded as a signal for across-the-board increases to millions of others on the government payroll. The military is simply starting to catch up with what most of them already are enjoying.

State Gambling

According to the latest word from New Hampshire, supervision of legalized gambling now is the most important function of the state.

A Boston FBI man has just been hired as director of the lottery the Legislature established to duck the responsibility of levying the taxes necessary to meet increasing costs of public education. His prime job will be to keep the operation honest, and for that he will be paid between $20,000 and $25,000 a year.

As the take of gambling kingpins goes, this is peanuts. So are the salaries of the president of the University of New Hampshire, who gets $18,000 a year, and of the governor and state chief justices who rate $16,587 each.

Really ambitious youngsters eager to serve the state will scorn the governor's mansion or the bench. The most coveted job will be to become the state's official gambling czar. When this is open, it even may be difficult to find U.S. Senate candidates.

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.

Shades of WPA Days

To the Editor:

I have news for the taapayers!

Have always wondered why it cost so much to pave a street — even allowing for increased costs, inflation, etc. . .etc. . . but THAT much?! Now I know, having observed the operation at close hand.

Do you remember the old WPA days? Oh, they had it hard. Now they have perfected the art of shovel leaning, appearing to be busy while standing around and chatting. Putting on and taking off shirts can consume quite a bit of time if properly done. And then there is the 9 o'clock break for coffee and rolls (the debris of which is lightly tossed about the street). Then there is the ingenious lad who manages to sit on a box and read a magazine. A quick glance up and down the street occasionally is good insurance. Oh yes, here comes the blue City Department car. Quickly the magazine is laid aside. Soon he is leaning on a shovel. Another lad leans against a street barricade and reads the newspaper. So easily should my housework get done! Oh Tempora, Oh Mores!

Sincerely,
Louise B. Moyer
2024 Pennsylvania Street
Allentown, Pa.

Perennial Peking Printing



Morals of Government

By DAVID LAWRENCE

"Immorality" is such an all-inclusive word that maybe Edwin P. Neilan, president of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, stretched his metaphor a little too far when he charged in a speech before the National Press Club here that some politicians practice "seduction by subsidy." He said he found it "difficult to rank such conduct higher in the moral scale than the association of politicians, party girls and spies in Great Britain."


Lawrence

Mr. Neilan was perhaps trying dramatically to draw attention to the bribery and corruption which exists in political Washington and which is consistently ignored. The fact is that morals have reached such a low point nowadays in politics that many things which have been frowned upon in the past are today acquiesced in as normal.

Thus, what is the real difference between the handing over of a bribe to a congressman by a businessman who wants a certain piece of legislation passed or defeated and the proffer of an appropriation to be spent in a district represented by a member of the House if he will change his vote or corral votes of others on something deemed very important to an administration in power? How many members of Congress have been given hints of possible appointment to the bench, with its life tenure, or a higher post in government if they will "play ball" with an administration? How many members of Congress have been threatened with reprisals through the withholding of projects or programs they want for their districts or states if they fail to support certain administration measures? This is so widespread that it has come to be known in the parlance of Capitol Hill as "arm-twisting."

Strangely enough, there is not much exposed in connection with the chicanery and immoral methods by which committee majorities are sometimes obtained in Congress through promises of special favors at the taxpayers' expense. For years the phrase "pork-barrel bill" has been used in general conversation and in articles by newsmen about particular appropriations sought by members of Congress with an eye to winning votes back home. Some of these bills reflect the natural desire of a congressman or senator to do the utmost for his constituency, but all too often the expenditure is not justified in the public interest and sometimes, to make way for it, some other measure is sidetracked that is really more beneficial to the nation as a whole.

There are other practices which are also immoral, if not dishonest, but they are defended with the "everybody-is-doing-it" alibi. Thus, for instance, if a Democrat in one district wants an appropriation passed that isn't worthy, he hopes to get it with administration help, while a Republican in another district has little chance of getting such aid unless a conspicuously distressing set of circumstances demands the appropriation. This leads to campaign appeals for votes with the cry that "I can do more for you with a Democratic president than a Republican can." But who can say it is moral to spend the taxpayers' money in such a manner?

Mr. Neilan may have gone too far in raising, even by inference, the question as to where on the ladder of immorality those individuals should be ranked who live off the earnings of dissolute persons in comparison with those politicians who misuse the funds of the taxpayers to get political advancement.

(New York Herald Tribune Inc.)
(Copyright, 1963)

Far Off Base

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Something is muddying the waters as Negro organizations gird themselves for the big August 28 march on Washington, D.C.

That "something" is the emergence of "kook," or illiterate, economics, in the demands which the Negroes propose to take to Washington with them. According to the Negroes organizations' March Order manual, the projected business of the coming demonstration quite transcends the problem of constitutional rights. The Negroes understandably insist on such items as desegregation of public schools, the right to non-discriminatory public employment, and the right to unmolested use of the ballot. But when such demands as the ones for a "right" to massive federal public works programs, and for a minimum wage of $2 an hour appear on the list for an August 28 presentation, the Negroes themselves are entitled to look closely for hoodwinkers among them.

The truth is that there can be no such thing as a "right" to public works employment or a minimum wage. These things must come within the capacity of an economic system to supply them. In a poor, struggling economy, such as the one that pertains in the Cumberland and Ozark plateaus or the back country of Mississippi, the attempt to compel all employers to pay a minimum wage of $2 an hour would lead to many bankruptcies and the wholesale disappearance of jobs. The attempt to transfer to a federal public works project anyone who cannot earn $2 an hour at a profit to his employer must have its repercussions on the Gross National Product on the one hand, and the government's ability to finance itself through taxation on the other.

Even in prosperous regions of the North and East the employment situation is not at all simple. There must be thousands of Negro wives, for example, who supplement the family income by doing domestic work. The going wage for such employment in my neck of the woods is around $10 a day. This, for a rather common six-hour day, comes to a little less than $1.70 an hour. The attempt to add 30 cents more to the hourly wage by legal compulsion, piled on top of such things as employer assumption of social security and the provision of daily lunch and transportation, might be just too much for many employers of domestics to assume.

The intrusion of public works and minimum wage demands into the August 28 picture is the real red herring. Such demands have nothing whatsoever to do with the legal rights of minorities as such. If the Negro organizations insist on dragging strictly prudential economic matters into their current fight for "equal protection of the laws," they run the risk of confusing racial issues with class war agitation. This is something the Communists would very much like to see happen.

The trouble with the projected August 28 demonstration is that it has become subject to seizure by Millenialists who want Utopia tomorrow. I'd like a $2 minimum wage, too. Not for myself, but for my 18-year-old son who is working for a landscaping company this summer at $1.35 an hour. He's earning money for college. The only drawback to trying to force his employer to pay him $2 an hour is that he'd be fired. The Gross National Product would shrink, my college bills would go up, and whose rights would be improved?

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

The Fisherman

This was his day for pleasure . . . the purest kind and the true . . . and so he stood with rod and reel . . . scanning horizons blue . . . his eyes portrayed a soul-deep thirst . . . for nature's solitude . . . and he was thankful for the chance. . . to have this interlude . . . I knew not whether he would sail . . . or fish right from the shore . . . but I was more than certain . . . he could not ask for more . . . because in retrospect I stood . . . gazing upon the sea . . . sharing in his every joy . . . as waves ran on their spree . . . there's nothing better for mankind . . . the fisherman knew this . . . for every breath of clean salt air . . . was a ticket to sweet bliss.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

In the huge batch of fan mail received by one of Hollywood's most callipygian sirens, her press agent unearthed this classic from an impressionable young gentleman:

"Dear Jane: I seen you in a pikshur today. You are grate. My mommy says if I am good and we can afford it I mite get a govenis next year. Could you take on sum xtra work? Love. Walter —"

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: Although I try to depend upon the Lord, I become very depressed and discouraged at times. I am afraid that this means I am not a Christian. R.Y.

ANSWER: Moody people can be Christians just the same as anyone else. Some of us, by nature, are more moody than others. Accepting Christ doesn't always radically change our personalities. Peter still had some of his impetuosity, even after His conversion. But there was no doubt that He had had an encounter with Christ.

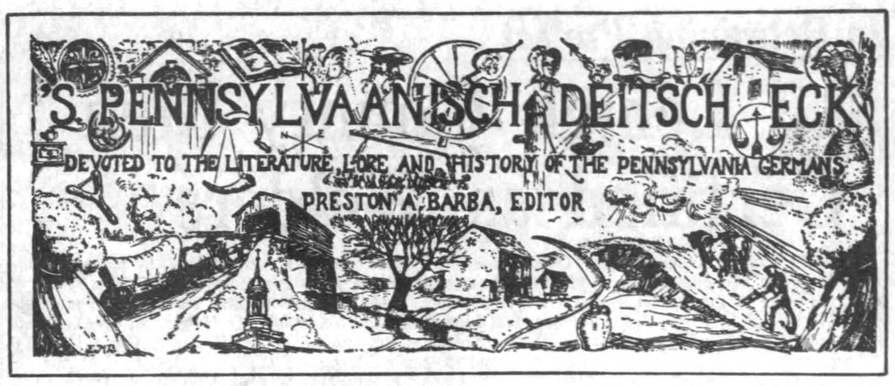
Discouragement is one of Satan's most effective tools. I should think that if he got rid of every hurtful device, and kept the instrument of discouragement, he could still carry on an effective business.

But the Christian can conquer even over discouragement and depression. "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ," said Paul, "shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword . . . Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us." Remember, all the moods we experience were experienced by Him who was "in all points tempted like as we are." And because He has been in our position, He is better equipped to help us through these difficult places. He always makes us to triumph.

Horoscope

An old friend or relative aids you. Today's child will be kind.

More than 90 per cent of American homes have electric irons and 60 per cent have vacuum cleaners.



EDWARD HERMANY

A Pennsylvania German Poet
1832—1896

By PRESTON A BARBA

(Continued)

The Native's Return

After his years in Philadelphia, during which he wrote most of his English poems, Edward Hermany returned again to his native Jacksonville in Lynn Township. We cannot be quite sure in what year he returned. According to notes left by his older brother Charles, he remained in Philadelphia until 1865 and in the family album we read that he taught school in Jacksonville from 1865 to 1875. Several English poems might indicate an earlier return. His Civil War poem "Wayward Sisters, Come" is dated Jacksonville, December, 1863. His long gloomy poem "Beauty Born for Death" bears the date Jacksonville, June, 1864; and "Outside the Church" a descriptive lament in blank verse is dated, Jacksonville, November, 1867.

We do not know why he sought the obscurity of his boyhood home. It may have been one or more of a number of factors. He was in ill health as is indicated in several of his poems. The difficult years of the Civil War may have weighed upon him. Perhaps he was needed at home. His brother Lewis had entered the service in 1862 and became a Captain in the 176th Regiment. But more than all these we are inclined to think that his sensitive nature suffered keenly with a sense of failure and disillusionment in his literary aspirations, for in the poem "Past, Present, To Come," a tripartite poem of three stanzas of ten lines each, dated October 3, 1869, the poet, now 37 years of age, writes:

All seen and unseen worlds were ours
In ripening manhood's daring powers;
We knew no pilot, feared no storm,
Essayed all climates, cold and warm.
We scrutinized all things that are
The meanest clod, the farthest star,
With upward or with downward torches,
Through Heaven - worn or through Hell - worn gorges
We tracked life's phantoms foul or fair
And found them phantoms everywhere.

It is significant to note that this poem was the last of his literary efforts in the English language. But Edward Hermany, despite his tendency to melancholy, was not vanquished. He returned to the language of his Pennsylvania German forefathers. In 1865 he wrote a remarkable poem, in theme not far removed from that of a number of his English poems, but no longer affecting Victorian sentimentality. His "Lebensmuede" expresses the futility of man's struggle against Destiny in a terse manner, with ease of rime and meter and in the best traditions of classic High German. It deserves to be given permanence in print.

LEBENSMUEDE

In Schwachheit geboren,
Zur Wehmut erkoren,
Wie schwer ist die Last!
Ich hasse das Leben,
Das endlose Streben,
Fuer Ruhe und Rast!

Was lohnt uns die Muehe?
Der Tod kommt ja fruehe,
Und raubt uns die Frucht-
Wir gruenen and bluehen,
Wir welken und fliehen—
Wir sind ja verflucht!

Die Seele will dringen,
Mit Ringen und Schwingen,
Durch's Dunkle zum Licht;
Doch wehe, nur offen
Die Tuere zum hoffen—
Einkehren wir nicht!

Wer wollte noch streiten,
Sein Schicksal zu leiten?
Es ist ja bestellt!
In haschen und keuchen
Und nicht zu erreichen,
Das goennt uns die Welt!

Der Glanz und die Pracht,
Der Reichtum, die Macht,
Der Ruhm und die Ehr,
Die Wonne, das Leid,
Die Liebe, die Freud,
Sind eitel und leer!

Lasz wueten und weben,
Das elende Leben,
Vorbei ist mein Schmerz!—
Ich labe, ich labe
Schon jetzo im Grabe,
Im Grabe mein Herz!

Edw. Hermany

Jacksonville, Pa.
May 1865

What happens in the next few years is a phenomenon in literature. Edward Hermany, who with his English verse had once aspired to literary fame in Philadelphia, and who is now living in obscurity as a schoolmaster in Lynn Township, Lehigh County, begins to write in the dialect spoken all around him. He quietly observes the traits, the whims, fancies and foibles of his immediate neighbors, and with masterful irony and satire, now gentle, now vitriolic, gives them form in long narrative poems. It appears they were all written during the years he served as community schoolmaster. None is dated later than 1873.

When Edward Hermany turns to express himself in his mother tongue, he becomes in a sense a different personality. If ever the reader has experienced how restricted and inhibited a Pennsylvania German can be until he is met on his own linguistic and psychological grounds, he will understand. Edward Hermany emerged and rose forth as if liberated from a chrysalis. He takes on another style, other verse forms, and, although still lyrical at times, he now writes long poetic narratives in a detached, objective manner.

These Pennsylvania German poems, preserved in five manuscript volumes, none of them published in the poet's lifetime, have given Edward Hermany a permanent place as the greatest master of satire in our Pennsylvania German dialect literature.

Someone may well inquire why Edward Hermany should have written these long verse narratives at all, but beyond a doubt the lonely and retiring bachelor schoolmaster, living in a remote rural area, and with his literary talents, found writing these poems a joyous process of self-expression, if not an inner necessity. He could hardly have had any ambitions to have them published, for in 1872 there existed no proper medium for the publication of such poems, unless it had been as an independent undertaking. It must be pointed out that our dialect literature was at that time, so to speak, still in its infancy. Rachel Bahn's **Poems,** a collection of English poems, among which were ten Pennsylvania German poems, was published in 1869. Ludwig A. Wollenweber's **Gemaelde** in 1869, and Harbaugh's **Harfe** only in 1870, and that was all, but for sporadic instances of dialect verses published in periodicals and newspapers.

Also the very nature of Hermany's poems forbade their publication as long as the characters portrayed, or members of their families, were still living. And so these volumes, beautifully written in long hand, remained in the author's own hidden possession. Few, if any, outside the immediate family, knew of their existence. After Edward Hermany's death on July 24, 1896, they came into the possession of his brother Amandus, where they remained until recent times. Their existence was however not quite unknown. Harry H. Reichard had made contact with the Hermany family and had listed the poems in his **Pennsylvania German Dialect Writings and Their Writers** (1918) and Marcus B. Lambert also had access to them in compiling his **Pennsylvania German Dictionary** (1924). It was only in the late Thirties that Preston A. Barba learned again of their whereabouts, then in possession of a nephew of the poet.

Now that both satirist and satirized had long ago gone the way of all flesh, and the owners themselves permitted it, there was no longer any reason why these poems should not be published. In 1925 Barba established his weekly column, **'S Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch Eck,** in the Allentown **Morning Call,** which now became a medium for conveying the cultural heritage of the Pennsylvania Germans to a larger reading public. Barba undertook to publish the poems. But one great obstacle remained.

How to spell our dialect has always been a controversial matter. Some have followed the English sound system (if one can say there is an English sound system); others, recognizing that the dialect is a German dialect, have employed the German phonetic system; still others wrote without a system and remained illiterate. Edward Hermany tried zealously and conscientiously to apply English vowel values, but in his endeavor (for example in his use of the labial **b** and the dental **d**) to give dialect coloration to his words, he took on a form of orthography, which is easily the most eccentric and inaccessible of the many orthographic forms our dialect has taken. In the hope of making the poems less difficult for the reader Barba has transcribed them to the German system of orthography set forth in the Buffington-Barba **Pennsylvania German Grammar** (1954).

The manuscript volumes comprise the following poems. In each instance are given the title, as written by the poet, the transcribed form, the English, the length of the poem, the date, if any, and also the date of publication of those poems that have already appeared in Barba's Eck.

Furnahahr (Vannehaer)—Prolog. In the ECK, April 2, 1938. One version consists of 17 six-linestanzas; another of 18.

D'r Olld Deedre (Der Ald Dieder) — Old Man Dieter. One version consists of 20 six-line stanzas; a second of 21.

D'r Porra Tiddle (Der Parre Tiddel) — Pastor Tittel. One version has 39 six-line stanzas; another has only 38.

D'r Olld Sousely (Der Alt Sously) — Old Man Sously. One version has 40 six-line stanzas; another has 45.

'S Barvlecha (Es Barwelche) — Little Barbara. One version has 26 six-line stanzas; another has 30.

K'rch oon Shooddlemedsh (Kaerrich un Schuddelmetsch) — Church and Shooting Match. There are two versions, one of 37 six-line stanzas and one of 39.

Mettlezoyer (Zettlemoyer or Zettelmeier) — a family name. One version consists of 22 six-line stanzas; another of 24. This poem appears in this article for the first time in print.

'S w'rd ewwe so sye sulla (Es wadd ewwe so sei solle)— It was so to be. — Reprinted in this article. Printed first in ECK, March 4, 1939. There are 24 six-line stanzas.

Dea Juggubs Leicht (Die Jacobs Leicht) — Jacob's Funeral. In one version there are 52 six-line stanzas; in another, two more.

Foon D'r Hoyet (Vun der Hoiyet) — About Haymaking. It consists of 30 six-line stanzas. In the ECK, June 11, 1938.

Foon D'r Ahrn (Vun der Aern) — About Harvesting. In the ECK, July 16, 1938.

Foom Lotwerk Kucha (Vum Lattwaerrick Koche) — About Cooking Applebutter. There are 22 six-line stanzas. In the ECK, October 7, 1939.

Lobbes (Lappes — The Lazy Good-for-Nothing. It consists of only 12 six-line stanzas.

Eckenroth — a family name. This poem consists of 30 six-line stanzas. In the ECK September 9, 1939.

Hinnanoh (Hinnenoh) — Epilog. One version has 32 six-line stanzas; another has 33. This poem appears in this article and has not been printed before.

D'r Boodsher Wiggle (Der Budscher Wiggle) — Butcher Wiggle. There are 57 six-line stanzas. In the ECK, Nov. 9, 1940.

'S Olld Wyserla ('s Ald Wyserle) — Little Old Man Wyserle. There are 57 six-line stanzas. In the ECK, Feb. 28, 1942.

D'r Oldd Gnuche Fridz (Der Ald Gnoche Fritz) — Old Bone Collector Fritz. There are 71 stanzas of eight lines each.

Di Oldd Bluddshawl (Die Ald Blottschaal) — Old Baldpate. It consists of 43 four-line stanzas.

D'r Dorraday ear Huchdsich (Der Darredee ihr Hochzich)— Dorothy's Wedding. — Dated April, 1872. There are 49 six-line stanzas.

Wea Di Ollds Noach D'r "Hyo" sinn (Wie die Alde nooch der Heio sin) — How the Old Folks Journeyed to Ohio. Dated April, 1872. In the ECK, Jan. 8, 1938. This poem consists of 12 verse paragraphs of varied length, but with riming couplets in iambic tetrameter.

D'r Shdodd Ongle im Boosh (Der Stadt Onkel im Busch)— The City Uncle in the Woods. Dated April 16, 1872. It consists of 37 eight-line stanzas.

Gebbt oons "Ollda" Shoolkorregder (Gebt Uns Alde Schul Korreckder) — Give Us the Oldtime School Directors. Dated January, 1873. This poem consists of 32 six-line stanzas.

Lebensmude — Weary of Life. This High German poem, consisting of six six-line stanzas, although dated May, 1865, the poet placed as a Conclusion to the fourth volume of the above poems, beginning with **D'r Boodsher Wiggle** and ending with **Gebbt oons "Ollda Shoolkorregder,** written in 1873, later than any other of his dated poems.

In addition to the above poems in the five manuscript volumes in the Muhlenberg Library a newspaper clipping, unidentified, came recently to the attention of the writer with a poem entitled "Die Fryshool om Blubb B'rk" (die Freischul am Bloo Baerrig), dated 1872 (see Eck, July 27, 1963). Although unsigned it is undeniably by Edward Hermany. In this poem of 19 six-line stanzas the poet satirizes the German preachers who favor the old-time German parochial schools and continue to criticize the now established "free" or public schools.

(To be continued)

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Editorials

Disputed City Pension

Pension funds are among the most inviolate of all trusts. Whether public or private, they are the ultimate property of all who anticipate specified benefits in return for contributions they, their employers or both make.

The retirement fund for Allentown city employes and officials is no exception. It is governed by fixed statutes and rules. These need to be scrupulously observed to protect the interests of all who count on promised income during important periods of their lives. In the case of city pensions, the stake of taxpayers who supplement the fund also is involved.

Mayor Gross followed both the rules of the fund and the most recent opinions of the city's legal department when he voted against a pension for Edward Gianetta, whose status as the retired manager of the men's comfort station is being disputed. Had other members of the pension board voted as he did, the issue could have been decided by the courts, where any questions concerning the legality of the pension would have been settled.

Gianetta was permitted to become a member of the pension fund and contribute to it five years ago when he held a contract for operation of the comfort station. The position of manager of this facility never was made a city job by ordinance nor was it filled by council. As a contractor, the manager fixed his own working hours and hired and paid his own employes.

If Gianetta's pension status now is awkward, it is primarily because Councilman William S. Ritter, whose department has been responsible for operating the comfort station, neglected to have him officially hired as a city employe.

Understandably, the situation is embarrassing to a councilman who has been so eager to act as a special watchdog of municipal finances and operations. Normally he would have been the first to object to payments such as the pension board has authorized in this case. Out of fairness to Gianetta and all present and future pensioners, he should be as interested as anyone in making certain they are both justified and legal.

Allentown's Move

Approval of a multimillion-dollar expressway to take traffic from the Lehigh Valley Thruway into downtown Bethlehem should be a shot in the arm to get a comparable project moving in Allentown.

In Bethlehem, where most of the preliminary planning was done under city auspices, the route has been selected and the right of way plans for one section have been approved by the governor. Indications are that construction may begin early in 1965.

A number of plans have been suggested to serve Allentown's busy midcity area and connect the Thruway with Route 309. They have been submitted to the state with the request that it take over responsibility for making the necessary surveys and plans. Some interest has been evidenced in Harrisburg, but there has been nothing approaching a definite proposal.

We suggest that Allentown make some prompt inquiries about what the state proposes to do here. If it has no intention of pushing the planning stage of the program in the immediate future, then the city would do well to give serious consideration to getting this phase started on its own.

The imminence of the Bethlehem program, brought about largely by its own initial efforts, makes the construction in Allentown even more imperative. This isn't simply a matter of keeping up with the family next door. The need for such a central-city access route has long been demonstrated and it is increasing daily as the city becomes the commercial center for a constantly broadening and growing community.

Major Export

One of the biggest items this country has for export is American know-how.

In dozens of foreign countries, particularly those in South America, Africa and Asia, American citizens are studying natural resources, manpower and markets. Their goal, as representatives of government or private enterprise, is to help new nations develop their industrial potential.

The planners and academicians have had their day. Engineers, financial specialists, management, marketing and technical consultants are members of the new army. Americans are particularly welcome in most of the new countries because they are not identified with the kind of colonialism most of the emerging lands so recently threw off.

For the United States, these emissaries mean new and growing markets for American products, new facilities in foreign lands and new opportunities to demonstrate this country's way of life to people eager to progress.

The expanding penetration of American business in these lands is helping them develop. It also is giving this country a good many ambassadors who are not on the government payroll and who have the opportunity to make their pitch where it counts.

What Others Say

Better Batter

Dallas Morning News

As any political speechmaker will tell you, one of the keystones of the American way of life is Cake Like Mother Used to Make. It ranks somewhere between blueberry pie and the ole swimmin' hole. The picture of the kindly old lady . . .baking cakes is printed in full color across ur national memory.

Unfortunately, the picture is fading fast. Prepared, packaged cake mixes have pretty well done away with it. . .

Now the electronic wizards have worked out a way for taking the kindly old lady out of the picture too. Electronics magazine reports that a digital computer is now being used at one bakery to direct the mixing, baking and shipping of cakes. Before long, there'll probably be one in every kitchen.

The electronic brain may make a better batter, but it's going to be pretty hard to wring out any nostalgia for Cake Like IBM Used to Make.

Where Do You Poosha, John?



Ratification Questions

By DAVID LAWRENCE

More puzzling than any of the words themselves in the pending treaty limiting nuclear tests are the strange arguments being made urging its ratification.


Lawrence

The Joint Chiefs of Staff, who represent the military judgment on which the security of the country is customarily based, say frankly that they have had their doubts but that, on the whole, they now think the disadvantages in ratifying the treaty are outweighed by the advantages. They insist, however, that the United States not only carry on a vigorous program of underground testing but that it stay ready on short notice to resume atmospheric testing if the Soviets abrogate the treaty.

The campaign to get the treaty ratified is typical of what happens when a political issue is involved, but it is not characteristic of the kind of discussion that usually takes place when purely military matters are being considered. It is doubtful whether any high military man would venture openly to question the wisdom of ratifying the nuclear-test treaty.

Another puzzling development is the attitude of the nuclear scientists. While a large number favor ratification, it is significant that Dr. Edward Teller, often referred to as the "father of the hydrogen bomb," is vehement in his opposition. Efforts are being made by the administration to pooh-pooh his objections as of secondary importance, but his testimony — just published — has served to increase the doubts prevalent on Capitol Hill.

Dr. Teller says that testing in the atmosphere is important in order to catch up with the techniques in which the Soviets are ahead of the United States. He says that nuclear explosions in the air are the key to developing missile defense. If the Soviets feel they are at an advantage, they can threaten attack and gain political concessions by such a threat. So, Dr. Teller insists, tests in the atmosphere and in outer space are absolutely essential to America's future safety.

There is considerable speculation as to why the Moscow government reversed its previous decisions and suddenly decided to go ahead with a plan it had earlier rejected. It is suggested that the Soviet experts may be planning someday to mount a mock attack by, say, 500 missiles high over Russia and counter the attack with a display of their anti - missile defense system. Dr. Teller thinks they might even invite American experts to watch the test. If the test happened to fail, the Russians would have lost only the treaty, but he thinks that, if the scheme worked, they would then be able to say: "Now, you see we have an excellent defense and can absorb any attack you can send against us. There is the proof. Now please do this and that, etc."

On this point alone — inhibiting U. S. development of a missile defense — Dr. Teller feels the treaty is dangerous to the United States.

Secretary of Defense McNamara, in his testimony before a Senate committee this week, said:

"And probably more important than purely military implications, the treaty should provide us with an opportunity to test the sincerity of Soviet protestations about their desire to explore more sweeping arrangements for preserving the peace. It provides us with this opportunity at a minimum risk. . .

"I do not pretend that this or any other agreement between great contending powers can be risk-free. This one is not."

But the secretary feels that America possesses the power of a devastating retaliatory attack that could destroy Russia. America can rely on that potential power, however, only as long as the Soviets do not develop a system whereby missiles from the United States or its bases on land or underwater are intercepted and nuclear materials are disintegrated in flight. That's the true worry of the scientists who disagree about approving any treaty while it halts testing in the atmosphere.

As for fears of "fallout," testimony has been given that these claims have been exaggerated and that the radioactive substances which drop from the air after nuclear tests have not been anywhere near the maximum limits at which the nuclear "fallout" becomes dangerous to mankind.

So the whole issue is far from clear, and probably many weeks of debate in the Senate will ensue before final action is taken.

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My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: Our home has become un-Christian, selfish, self indulgent and I have not taught our children how to make friends and the pleasure of sharing. What can I do to correct this lack in our lives? P.G.

ANSWER: It is said that a case well diagnosed is half cured, and I believe you have done a good job of diagnosing your problem. It is tragic that so many parents neglect the art of Christian home-making until their home begins to fall apart.

You say your home has become un-Christian. Begin immediately to take steps to make it Christian. Call your children together in a family council. Explain to them that you have failed to be the good parent you really want to be, and that you are all going to make a new start. You lead them in making a profession of faith in Christ, and uniting with some good, spiritual church. Begin having family prayers together, and practicing Christian principles in the home. Of course, it all will be quite a shock to them, but I am sure if you handle the matter right, that they will respond. Deep down in their hearts, they want a happy, peaceful Christian home, and they will appreciate your efforts to correct the situation. If some of them don't fall in line, be patient. God will give you strength for the venture.

Not Alluring

By RUSSELL KIRK

To help relieve the unfavorable balance of international payments from which these United States have been suffering, two years ago the Kennedy administration established the United States Travel Service. Recently a Congressional subcommittee was caustic about impracticality and extravagance in this agency — which, for instance, paid one interior decorator some $192,000 to design overseas offices.

Before much more money goes into this implausible undertaking (the Service wants $4,200,000 for the next fiscal year), it might be well to consider whether it is really possible to attract crowds of tourists from overseas, and so bring dollar-exchange back into America. I suspect that no matter how fancy our government tourist-offices become, and no matter how many millions of leaflets we scatter across Europe and Asia and Africa and Latin America, the returns in dollars will not be considerable.

The chief reason is simple: it costs too much to tour America. Even Americans find domestic travel very expensive indeed, nowadays.

I suggest that the following difficulties are virtually insurmountable:

(1) America has the highest per-capita income in the world. This means that foreign visitors, on the average, can't afford to spend so much as do Americans. The holiday-money of the typical Englishman or Frenchman would last him about three days in New York.

(2) Americans expect a higher standard of comfort and elegance in hotels and restaurants than they are accustomed to at home. This means that the inexpensive, quaint, old-fashioned European hostelry has no American equivalent. To save money, in many cities, the foreign visitor would have to go to a shabby "hotel" not far off Skid Row.

(3) Public transportation is expensive in America; rail and bus service are dwindling. Even if foreign visitors own cars, and pay the high cost of bringing them along, the vastness of the country would make their gasoline bills prohibitively high.

(4) Almost noone in this land of liberty speaks any language other than English — which leaves the foreigner bewildered and unhappy.

In melancholy conclusion, I affirm that this country never will succeed in attracting anywhere near as many tourists as any Western European land does. Four million dollars for the Travel Service, or 40 million, won't change these hard facts. But of course the Travel Service does furnish numerous jobs for The Boys.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Outdoor Places

Off to the outdoor places . . . straight to the land of dreams . . . eager to blend in harmony . . . with the singing streams . . . away from toil and trouble . . . if only for a while . . . I will replace every frown . . . with a tender smile . . . onward with a light heart. . .to a wooded dell . . . framed with awnings made by God . . . without parallel . . . captured in the spell of . . . nature's magic charm . . . hidden from all hatred . . . far from wordly harm . . . I feel close to paradise. . . in this blessed place . . . where the heavens and the earth . . . seem to interlace . . . whenever I grow weary . . . I will make my way . . . to the outdoor places . . . where my heart feels gay.

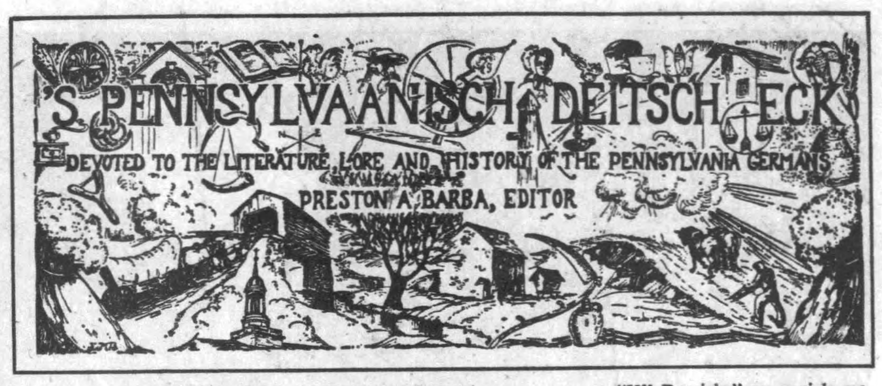
Factographs

Up until about 1814, congressmen were paid six dollars a day.

Fish have been found three miles deep in the ocean.

Horoscope

Avoid deception. The year brings great achievements. Today's child will be proud.



EDWARD HERMANY

A Pennsylvania German Poet
1832 — 1896
By PRESTON A. BARBA
(Continued)

The poems listed in the last Eck, beginning with **Vannehaer** and ending with **Hinnenoh** form a sequence or cycle held together only by a slender thread. All the poems are cast in six-line stanzas, of which lines 1, 2, 4, 5, are iambic trimeters with feminine rimes, and lines 3 and 6 are iambic tetrameters with masculine rimes, the rime pattern being aa, b, cc, b. The poet placed this sequence of poems under the general title: **Eckenroth: Sei Flooch.**

These poems show Hermany to be a careful craftsman, skilled in rime and meter. In instances where there are two versions of the same poem he has made many changes in vocabulary and phrasing and in several instances there is a difference in the number of stanzas. In choice and treatment of his subject matter he is certainly one of the most original of our dialect poets, possessing an element most nearly akin to genius. But for the few poems that present themes frequently treated by our later Pennsylvania German dialect poets, such as hay-maing, harvest time and applebutter cooking, Hermany preferred to portray odd characters — the rural preacher, the clock repairman, the peddler, the mender of tinware, the bone collector, the miser, weddings, funerals — a colorful pageantry of life in a rural community, Breughel-like in its satirical grotesqueness.

It is not within the scope of this paper to present a more detailed analysis of Hermany's poems. However, it is of some historic interest to quote here from the pencil notes left by the poet's brother Charles, who was aware of Edward's literary activities and the only contemporary to express himself about it:

"Edward Hermany, of the fourth generation, was the author of the Pennsylvania German Peasant Poetry, so named, because it is believed that this title best classifies these writings in Pennsylvania German, by which is meant what he wrote in a dialect spoken by the Pennsylvania Germans one generation ago, and also to a large extent, at the present day. Their literature, however, has always been, and is today, pure German.

The Pennsylvania German dialect comprises German, French and English words, but strangely transformed and abbreviated; one remarkable characteristic of which is, that nearly all the words of this dialect can be spelled, pronounced and formed into a written language by the use of the Roman or Latin alphabet and English sounds, forming a system of phonetic writing of great range, but ungoverned by any well - defined rule. Notwithstanding this however it is the result of linguistic law, the explanation of which is not here attempted but left for the philologist to expound. As before stated the Peasant Poetry was written in this dialect, constructed by the author according to his sensitive temperament, which construction differs somewhat from that of others who have written in the same dialect. The studious reader will find that this polyglot admits of expressing forcibly and musically, thought and sentiment of an exalted character, that it portrays in these poems, the industrial and social status of a portion of the Pennsylvania Germans with remarkable accuracy and that it will transmit to posterity a part of their history in a way that pure German is not capable of. In other words, to describe a people correctly you must do it in terms of their spoken language, though that be but a dialect.

Edward Hermany's poems in Pennsylvania German to be correctly understood must be taken as idealistic, realistic and historical compositions. The idealism which they possess will vary with the temperament and culture of the readers, but their realism and history may be taken as correctly given by the text, a claim which the author frequently makes himself.

It is believed that all the characters delineated by the author will be fully understood and appreciated from reading the text, with the exception of perhaps one, "D'r Porra Diddle." He was a man of between fifty and sixty years of age at the time the author knew him; a man of medium height, spare, erect, dignified, of an exalted bearing among his people and physically and morally a clean man, a man who attempted in a crude way, to guide his people by precept and example. His people were a group of "social drift," which had lodged in the foothills of the Blue Mountains in Schuylkill County, West Penn Township, Pa. The origin of himself and people was unknown to everybody, themselves perhaps not wholly excepted. They formed a clan of perhaps sixty people, they were only approximately a pastoral people and procured a precarious livelihood by their handicraft in making wooden household utensils such as bowls, dishes, spoons, brooms, baskets, sieves, straw-woven beehives, etc., which they carried on their backs across the Blue Mountains and exchanged them among the farmers on the south side of the mountain for provisions and some cash. In the summer season they gathered wild berries, grapes and nuts and sold them in the same market. They were very poor but in no sense a criminal class, for they managed by hook or crook to give their children the rudiments of an education and the majority of them—parents and children—were regularly instructed, confirmed members of the Protestant Church. Among the people on the south side of the mountain they were known by the class name of "Shooks." Among these people Porra Tiddle was a crude "voice in the wilderness," though a man without parents or children, a type of man without prototype in fact or in literature. The author delineated this character in perhaps his most strenuous activities and in some respects with excessive realism if not sarcasm, for the standards of social worth among the better class were not applicable to him and his class."

From the above it is evident that Charles Hermany was writing an "Introduction" preparatory to publishing his brother's poems, but Charles died in 1908 and the plan came to naught. Once more the poems seemed destined to become engulfed under the passing years. Only some thirty years later they came again to the light of day.

* * *

We cannot forego appending here several examples from Hermany's poems, transcribed from the original manuscripts.

In one of his shorter narratives the poet makes merry satire at the expense of an aged couple whom he knows and whose wellknown family name of Zettlemoyer is disguised under the title of the poem. At the beginning of the poem the reader is to imagine a group of men exchanging stories. In the first stanza the poet is challenged to surpass a story just told. He accepts and tells about the rich but avaricious Meddelzoyer who makes one breakfast egg do for three people.

MEDDELZOYER

"Fer selli Gschicht zu medsche,
Musscht du dei Seel wegredsche
Un bringscht's in Ewichkeit net hie"—
So warr ich oft gebendert!
"Kumm an," saag ich, "Waer fendert
Ee Cent, verliert sei Geld un meh!"

Ich sing vum Meddelzoyer—
Doch net vun seine Oyer,
Mei Schdori braucht yuscht eens!
Der waar en reicher Bauer,
In viele Dinge schlauer,
Ass wie en Fux bei schlechter Tscheens.

Er waar mit Reichdum gseeggent,
Zwee Bletz hot er ge-eeggent,
Un arg viel Geld noch weckgelehnt;
Ee Kind, un des verheiert
Nooch Hazenswunsch—verseiert
Kann's Lewe sei, wann's so gekreent!

Im der Nadur iss ebbes,
Scheint's mir, abaddich schebbes,
Des kann ich nie net recht verschdeh;
Ferwas en gladder Geizhals—
'n dicker, fedder Geizhals,
Die Danne fresst, un guckt fer meh!

Nau unser Meddelzoyer
Waar gaar net wie Fischroyer,
Lang in de Bee un gschdreckt im Gnick;
O nee, sei gladdes Heidel,
Des hot bedeckt "Engkeidel,"
Wie du waar er, gladd, rund un dick.

Uffkors er waar arg geizich,
Ich weess do driwwer schdreit sich
Ken Philosoph, der hot Verschdand;
Wie'n Kobb am Mullikebbche,
Wie'n Schnawwel an me Schnebbche,
So nemmt die Haabsucht iwwerhand.

's maag sei, ich will net schweere,
Das Weib der Mann kann lehre,
Un iwwerdreffe noch im Geiz;
Doch ennihau im Gnixe,
Duhd sie ihm helfe fixe,
About wie's Elend helft em Greiz!

Die Mrs. Meddelzoyer
Waar gewiss ich leb der Groyer.
In ihre Kich, an ihrem Disch;
Un ehrlich muss ich saagge,
Sie hot gaar nix abgschlagge,
"Uff Barricks" zu eenich me Fladderwisch.

Die hen sich gschickt zu nanner,
Wie Brodwascht un Karyanner,
Was sie hot gsaat hot er beyaat;
Beim Brode un beim Koche
Hot er nix letz geroche—
So wennich wie die Schibb beim Schbaat.

En Ehschdand so zufriede
Uff Gottes Aerd hiniede
Muss doch beneide mancher Drobb!
Es Hazweh hawwich, Senger,
Die Welt watt eng un enger—
Wu leg ich kie mei mieder Kobb?

Doch weider muss ich weise,
Wie sie mitnanner beise—
Der Meddelzoyer un sei Weib;
In ihre alde Yaahre
Hen sie gaar gnabbs geschore—
In fact bis uff der blose Leib!*

Im grosse Haus, gans eenich,
Hen sie gewuhnt alleenich,
Mit nimmand schunscht bei Daag un Nacht,
Ass wie so'n halwer Gribbel,
So'n aarmer Kichedribbel—
So'n Maad die net viel Koschde macht.

Des waar en wolfli Wattschaft,
Die Meddelzoyer Haerrschaft,
Drei Leffel in me See voll Subb;
Doch wann sie als hen gesse,
Ihr schmaales Marye-esse,
Sin all die Micke aus der Schdubb!

Es kann nix iwwrich bleiwe,
Wu Yudde Handel dreiwe—
Fer Grischdemensche gaar nix meh;
So denk ich aa, dass selde
En Schneekche sich duht melde,
Wann die drei Leid zum Esse geh.

Du gudi Gottesmudder,
Do iss yo Brod un Budder
Un Sals un Wasser uff em Disch:
Der Meddelzoyer sedzt sich,
Die Maad die schdeht un petzt sich—
Der Abbadit iss puddy frisch.

Die Mrs. kummt vum Kichel,
Mit ebbes in me Dichel—
Sie draagt's net in der blose Hand;
In fact, sie hot's im Schazel,
Du sehnscht noch gaar ken Schdazel—
Nau rollt sie's raus—O, ewichl Schand!

En eensich gleenes Oiche,
Gelegt im Munet Moiche!
Un nau gekocht fer drei!!! Ach, Gott
Ach, liewer Gott!! Verzwazle
Loss mich doch net, wie Azle,
Die Wadde lanne yuscht zum Schbott!

Nau sidze sie beinanner,
Un waarde eens uffs anner—
Verschdeh, die Mamm hot's Oi gekebbt,
Un geele Schdreeme walse
Draa nunner iwwerm Salse,
Des hot der Alde doch gegrebbt!

Er hot ee Haufe Brocke
Beim Deller reddi hocke,
Un yuschtament so hot die Maad!
Nau gebt's die Ald dem Alde,
Der dunkt, but duhd's net bhalde,
Zerick gebt er's der Alde graad.

Die dunkt's un gebt's dem Gribbel,
Dem aarme Kichedribbel,
Der dunkt's un haddich gebt's zerick;
Nau geht's rings rum im Zarkel,
About ass wie en Farkel
Im hoche Wind verdreht sel Gnick!

Gott, mach der Dodder reeche,
Bis die zwee Haze weeche—
Des waer en Wunnerwark fer Dich!
Ich denk Du deedscht Dir ewwe
Noochdem en Sunndaag gewwe,
Uff ewich un uff ewichlich.

So Leid, hawwich en Glaawe,
Die sott mer all begraawe
In diefe Graewer gschwind eweck;
Gaar net wie gude Grischde,
But Samschdaags nooch em Rischde,
Un freehlich singe "Dreck zu Dreck!"

Doch nee, ich bin ken Schbedder,
Un schmeiss der Welt ihr Gedder
Aa net zu gern mit Wackeschdee;
Sell iss e bissel gfehrlich,
Un doch, ich saag's gans ehrlich,
Wann ich's net duh, dann duhd mer's weh!

So Leid die muss mer lowe,
Ob Hesse odder Schwowe,
Schunscht weist mer net sel guder Gschmack!
In so re Gschdallt? Ich geeb fer
Dei Ewebild, O Schebfer,
Ken ausgekauder Tschaaduwack!

* **In another version, also in the Muhlenberg Library, the last two stanzas are lacking. This poem appears for the first time in print in this article.**

(To Be Continued)

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Editorials

Pandora's Pension Box

City employes have good reason for concern about their pension fund since the board charged with administering it established the precedent of granting benefits to a claimant who apparently never was on the official city payroll. So does city council.

Award of a pension to Edward Giannetta, with whom the city contracted for operation of the men's side of the comfort station, has opened what well could prove to be a Pandora's box. Others are eyeing their own records of municipal service to initiate or bolster pension claims.

Aldermen who served as police court magistrates for a considerable number of years before going on to other municipal posts are an example. Like Giannetta, their services on the bench were paid by the city under special arrangements but they were not bona fide employes within the usual interpretations of the Third Class City Code definitions. If the pension board gives them the same deal the former comfort station contractor got, the fund to which employes and the city contribute can be nicked for thousands of dollars.

This fund is entirely separate from the ones for policemen and firemen. Municipal employes and officials contribute three per cent of their salary or wages. Benefits are determined by years of service and earnings. An employe retiring at 60 years of age after 20 years of service is eligible for half the average of his annual salary during the five preceding years.

A two-term mayor or councilman would not be eligible for pension on the basis of this service alone. Following the Giannetta precedent, however, the pension board could consider previous part-time service as a police court magistrate and if this was ample vote him a top retirement stipend.

Pensions to be paid during the current year are estimated at something like $168,000. City contributions, limited by state law, will total approximately $150,000. The $760,000 in invested funds, primarily the payments made by employes over the last 32 years, yielded $19,785 last year. Returns are expected to be somewhat greater this year because of a more diversified portfolio.

Employes have reason to fear that if the fund is thrown wide open by rulings like the pension board made in favor of Giannetta, the present method of financing will not provide enough to pay the benefits they have been promised in the years of their retirement. City Council should share the same concern because of its obligations both to employes and taxpayers.

A matter as controversial and questionable as this one, decided against the legal advice of the city solicitor's office, should not remain unchallenged. The issue is not a pension for one individual who may or may not have been given a city assignment in a careless or slipshod manner and who was permitted to keep it while he held a salaried state job. It is the precedent that would be established and what this would cost both city employes and other taxpayers.

Pension funds are not intended to settle political debts. Neither are politicians the ones to settle an issue like this one in which some of them may be so personally involved. In fairness to themselves and others, they should be the first to do what Mayor Gross suggested and seek an opinion from the courts.

The pension board could do this itself by reversing last week's decision and forcing Mr. Giannetta to sue if he believes he is being deprived of a deserved pension without due cause.

Government Weather

We've rarely felt it necessary to apologize for published weather reports that went awry. We simply blamed them on the government weather man whose official reports we passed on.

Now that Francis W. Reichelderfer has retired as chief of the United States Weather Bureau after 25 years of service, we discover that he is due an apology. He also has been passing on what others tell him.

During his quarter-century of service the weather forecasting business has proliferated tremendously. The Amy, Navy, Air Force, Coast Guard, National Science Foundation, Atomic Energy Commission, Agriculture Department, Interior Department, Federal Aviation Commission and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare all are in on the act.

The bureau, which mans only about half the 600 weather stations around the country and few of the other outposts, gets the data from all of them and pieces them together. One wrong tip puts it on the spot.

So if a cookout or trip to a ball game has to be called off because the weather man didn't make good on his promise, don't blame him. Just blame the government and then remember that the weather forecasters are ight moe often than they're wrong.

What Others Say

Speaking of Billions

Louisville Courier-Journal

Your great - grandfather gasped and wagged his beard dubiously when the Fifty - first Congress increased government expenditures to the record level of more than a billion dollars. "A billion - dollar Congress!" the Democrats cried reproachfully, and the Speaker of the House, Thomas B. Reed, retorted: "This is a billion-dollar country."

The Fifty-first Congress, convening in 1889 at the beginning of President Benjamin Harrison's Administration, was the first in 15 years in which the Republicans controlled both houses of Congress, as well as the executive branch. Thus the party in power saw no reason to be niggardly in appropriation of funds for the operation of the government and for pensions to members of the Grand Army of the Republic.

President Kennedy is expected to submit in January a record spending budget of more than a hundred billion dollars. So we may have, in Speaker Reed's terms, a hundred - billion - dollar country — a country, the Democrats would be likely to say, which could afford a deficit of more than twelve billion dollars in a single Eisenhower year.

Diemonstration



The March on Washington

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Millions of dollars will be lost to Washington merchants of retail goods and to businesses of various kinds on August 28 because of the fear of area residents to come downtown on that day during the "demonstration" which will bring from 100,000 to 250,000 persons to the streets of the national capital. Who is to pay these losses? Why should innocent citizens be penalized?


Lawrence

The mayor of a city usually decides whether a permit to parade or demonstrate will interfere with a city's normal operations, and a permit is granted or refused on the basis of what the impact will be on the commerce of the community. This city has no mayor because the residents are not permitted to vote for their local government. A commission of three is appointed by the president to manage the affairs of the District of Columbia. So, for all practical purposes, the president is virtually the mayor here. The responsibility, therefore, for the losses incurred by private citizens rests with the federal government.

Will Congress now pass a bill permitting all businesses to claim not just a deduction but a tax credit for the entire loss incurred? Most corporations pay a 52 per cent tax rate, which means that the company itself bears 48 per cent of a loss. Why shouldn't the government take care of 100 per cent of the loss when the government is responsible entirely for the granting of an official permit which allows a "demonstration" to be held that frightens the populace and causes it to avoid the stores that day?

The leaders of the "demonstration" have been engaging in a kind of doubletalk. While promising that there will be no violence, they speak in terms that cause apprehension. The advance publicity, for instance, issued this week from the office of the "March on Washington," quotes A. Phillip Randolph, director of the "march," as saying:

"Negroes will no longer submit to humiliation, even if it costs them their lives."

The people of the Washington area are, moreover, being told not to go downtown if they can possibly avoid it. Traffic conditions, particularly at the entrances to the city, will be difficult. Many employes who live in the suburbs have been asking their employers what they should do. Unquestionably, thousands will stay home. Who is to bear all this expense?

The government already is spending a good deal of money to provide extra police, to handle traffic and for other expenses incidental to the Washington "demonstration." This is being paid for by the taxpayers of the country. Some members of Congress are closing their offices for the day and giving their staff the day off, and it is being urged that this be done throughout the government, with employes given "administrative leave" — all at the taxpayers' expense. It would appear that the generosity of the taxpayers who are thus footing the bills might at least cover compensation to the citizens here who actually incur financial losses.

Whether the "demonstration" will be peaceful is anybody's guess. Church organizations of white people in different parts of the country are sending members by buses and special trains to participate. The odds would seem to be in favor of its being a peaceful affair.

No matter how peaceful it turns out to be, the "demonstration" will set a significant precedent. How can the District of Columbia government now refuse a permit to any organization, no matter how unpopular its cause may be, to carry on a "demonstration" involving 100,000 or more persons? The Constitution, of course, recognizes the "right of petition," but this can be exercised as effectively by 60,000 people seated in a football stadium, with a television broadcast of the speeches made there, as it can be by a street parade or gathering of mobs.

There is nothing in the Constitution which says that the "right of petition" includes the right to disturb somebody's business, even for one day. But there is a clause in the Constitution which says that no person "shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use, without just compensation."

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Station Diner

By RUSSELL KIRK

Among the pleasures of yesteryear which future generations may not know is that of dining in a railway - station restaurant. Only at the really big railway terminals do these hearty eating - houses survive nowadays, and even there they are vanishing fast. Their virtues were legion.

In the days of his youth, my grandfather owned such a restaurant next door to the depot in Plymouth, Michigan. My grandmother, quite a formidable woman and an excellent cook, specialized in healthy meals for railroad men. A big steak, potatoes, bread and butter, and coffee cost a quarter, during World War I. A quarter of a wonderful pie was five cents extra. One could get extensive credit at my grandfather's restaurant, too.

But alas for the marble-topped tables and counters of those pleasant establishments! Like most dining - cars, they are abolished by the altered travel-habits of this generation, which goes by car, plane, and bus. Few young people now know the good oatmeal porridge which was a breakfast staple of every railroad restaurant. And almost no one dines in leisure and some style only a step from the station platform, while waiting for a romantic night train to puff one away to distant parts. The neat little snack which an air-stewardess plumps into your lap is but a sorry substitute for such forgotten splendors.

To find a railroad - restaurant system still in its heyday, one must go to Switzerland or (less notably) Germany. There one still encounters a big menu, bigger portions, and attentive waiters in the station cafes; one can dine, indeed, either first or second class. Any town of any size has a well-appointed, well-managed station restaurant, open nearly any hour.

Once upon a time, Britain may have had good station restaurants; but since nationalization of the railways, these institutions (like British Railways dining - cars) have grown shabby, surly, and (in point of cuisine) hostile toward the human digestive system.

Many happy hours I've loitered away, in bygone days, between trains at some railway junction, by munching a cold pork sandwich and sipping commendable coffee at a station lunch-counter, regaled by the anecdotes of the benign old night manager into the bargain. I have known the cozy station lunch-rooms where the railway lines twist through the Wasatch Mountains, and their sleepy, affable counterparts at Florida and Georgia junctions. The "food service" at the rest-stop on the interstate turnpike just isn't the same sort of place.

I commiserate with you, Rising Generation.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Just Push On

Things are never quite as bad . . . as they would seem to be . . . the trouble with most people is . . . they seldom wait to see . . . however small their problems are . . . they magnify each one . . . making a pound of worry . . . feel just like a ton . . . some jump the gun when trouble looms . . . shouldering its weight . . . but borrowers of trouble . . . often seal their fate . . . those who anticipate the worst . . . will find it in the end . . . stop and think a moment . . . the road is bound to bend . . . they say the night is darkest . . . just before the dawn . . . so never borrow trouble . . . just push on and on.

Horoscope

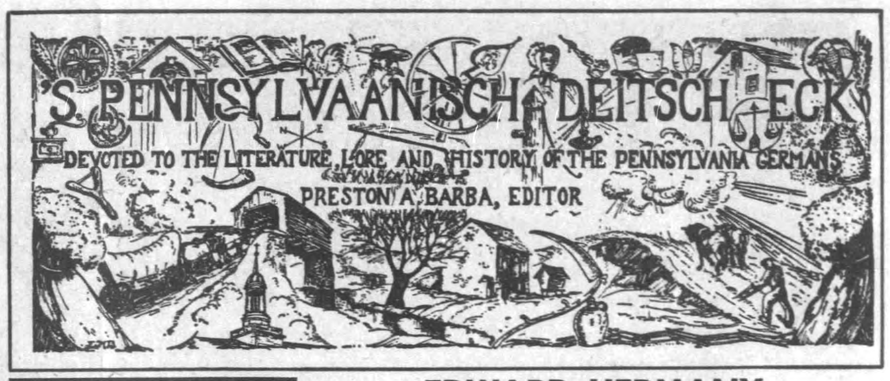
The year should be memorably happy; consult an elderly relative. Today's child will be lucky.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: As a young Christian I find it difficult to know what is right and what is wrong for me to do. Can you tell me how I can know? D.C.

ANSWER: Your question is one I am most happy to try to answer because it is one asked me in person so frequently. First of all, let me urge you to see that the Christian religion is not a negative religion. It is not because a person does not do certain things that he is a Christian. We are Christians because we believe in Christ as our Saviour. The Christian faith is a positive faith and its message is a positive one — faith in Jesus Christ as the Son of God and trust in Him as the Lord of our lives. This does not mean that a Christian has license to do as he pleases, for freedom does not mean license. There are certain things which are basically sinful and from these all Christians should turn away. There are other things which are questionable and Christians should avoid them. There are other things you may feel perfectly right, but if you do them you know they will hurt your influence. For the sake of those who would be affected, you will be wise to abstain from them, too. The surest way to know what to do, or not to do, is to ask God to be your guide. Think of Christ as a living presence and ask Him will He do this with you, or go to that place with you. If He gives you the assurance of His presence, go ahead: if not, stay with Him.



HARVEST HOME SERVICE

(In Pennsylvania German)

New Bethel Zion UCC Church, Grimsville

½ mile east of Krumsville On old Route 22

Sunday, Aug. 25 — 2:00 p.m.

The service will be in charge of the Pastor, Dr. Franklin D. Slifer. The Rev. Clarenc R. Rahn will preach the sermon.

The public is cordially invited

Thoughts On Teaching And School Discipline

At the opening of another school year the following essay may be of some interest to our readers. It was written for a local Teachers Institute by an obscure Pennsylvania German school teacher in Lynn Township, Lehigh County, 97 years ago, at a time when teaching was only an art and not yet a science. Its author was Amandus Hermany, brother of the dialect poet Edward Hermany, whose life and works we have been considering in the current issues of the Eck. The editor found the essay in a manuscript volume of Edward Hermany's poems.

Fellow Members of this Institute:

It has become my duty by the laws and customs of this Institute to write and deliver an "Essay" before you on any subject that I may elect. I am well aware of my inability to do justice to any that I may choose; however, to prove that I mean to be a peaceful and law-abiding member of the Institute, I shall try to perform this obligation to the best of my abilities.

I design to write about Teaching and School Discipline, presenting such thoughts and hints as I have found in my capacity as a teacher, to be practicable and conducive of good results in the management of our schools in this district. Our schools are institutions established for the purpose of educating our youth. The education of our youth does not consist merely in a daily routine of lessons in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, etc. No! The teacher who has conceived this idea of his work has certainly made a very low estimate of the duties of his profession. The true object of teaching is the development of all the faculties of human nature, the moral, social and physical as well as the intellectual.

It is a fact as obvious as it is deplorable, that the cultivation of the moral, social and physical faculties of our youth have been sadly neglected in our schools, receiving not more attention than was indispensable to secure immediate subordination in the schoolroom. The work of instruction by most teachers is principally directed to the cultivation of the intellectual faculties. This is an error in the principles of teaching. The ultimate and true purpose of an education is the qualification of its possessor for the active duties of life, to prepare himself for usefulness in society, that he may be the means of elevating his fellow beings, and to prepare them and himself for a higher and better state of existence after this life.

To gain these vital objects the moral, social and physical faculties are principally called into action. Therefore it is evident that they ought to receive the same attention, if not more, as the intellectual faculties. By the cultivation of the moral faculties I mean the developing and calling forth into action such faculties as Truth, Love, Honesty, Benevolence; by social development the instruction of such qualities as Kindness, Politeness, Modesty, Cheerfulness and general etiquette; and by physical training I mean the development of the bodily organs with a view to the promotion of health and vigor. "A sound mind in a sound body," is certainly a standard worthy of the most strenuous efforts of every teacher to attain both as regards himself and his pupils.

To promote these vital points in the education of our youth skillful school discipline is indispensable. It is not merely the teacher's duty (as I have remarked before) to enter upon a routine of lessons in reading, writing, arithmetic, etc., but he should strive to teach habits of diligence, patience, perseverance and punctuality: in short, everything that will contribute to the usefulness of the pupil in acting his part in life. It has been said "labor for completeness of character." I would say to the teacher, labor not only for it yourself, but labor to produce it in your pupils. The teacher is necessarily brought into contact with many various dispositions and shades of character, and he will naturally find some difficulty in adapting himself to the peculiarities of each. Some will need restraining, while others will need constant urging. But all faults should be gently and patiently borne with, except the one great fault of disobedience in any form. Let it at once be distinctly understood that you mean just what you say and that you intend to make no wavering vacillating course.

Children are generally pretty keen judges of character. They will at once see that you intend to be obeyed, and they will respect you the more highly for your firmness. Still it should be the teacher's aim to rule by love and kindness rather than by severity. Strive to impress on the minds of your pupils that you do not punish merely for the sake of the punishment itself, but for its wholesome effect upon themselves. Let the punishment be at all times proportionate to the offence.

It is almost needless to add that personal feelings of ill will should not on any account ever be allowed to dictate the manner or measurement of punishment. A candid and well - balanced mind will not find it very difficult to decide upon the course which will prove most beneficial for the pupil: as was before remarked, the teacher will be brought into contact with many various dispositions. He will need to study them closely, so as to adapt himself to each one. A mode of punishment which would prove to be beneficial in one case would not answer at all in an other. A few words spoken kindly in private to one will be amply sufficient. Another will regard as a great punishment a few minutes detention after school. Corporal punishment should be resorted to as rarely as possible. I have known some of the most unmanageable and rebellious boys become quite docile and obedient scholars by a course of continued kindness and attention to their interests. Such boys are completely worn out by an appeal to their self-respect and sense of honor.

Fault - finding should be seldom or never practiced. It has the most pernicious effect upon the minds of children, only tending to discourage them and rendering their tempers sour and morose. Try to find something which you can consistently and conscientiously commend, and you will find it has a far more cheering result.

Situated as a teacher is, he becomes in himself a center of influence. How careful then should each teacher be, that his example be exerted for good upon all who come within the circle of his influence. Pupils generally look up to their teacher, and all their words and thoughts imperceptibly take color from him. To wield this influence successfully, the teacher should have sound moral principles. He should inculcate both by precept and example, love and obedience towards God, and under him towards parents and other rightful authority; also abhorrence of all profane and indecent language, and respect and reverence for all things holy and sacred. The teacher should cultivate a cheerful, amiable and obliging disposition. It will go far toward producing the like qualities in his pupils. Kindness and forebearance towards one another should be especially dwelt upon.

The teacher should therefore be firm and earnest in the discharge of the duties in his great mission and educate the moral, mental, social and physical faculties of his pupils impartially and harmoniously. The faithful teacher who thus discharges his duty will be amply repaid for his devoted labors by seeing the development of those budding flowers which ere long will burst into full bloom, and scent with their sweet fragrance the intellectual, moral, social and physical atmosphere of the world.

—AMANDUS HERMANY

Jacksonville, Pa., Feb. 1, 1866

EDWARD HERMANY

A Pennsylvania German Poet

1832 — 1896

By PRESTON A. BARBA

(Continued)

Many of Hermany's poems express a melancholy mood of resignation, now gentle, now acrid. The theme of his "Es watt ewwe so sei soile" is not a new one, but even among the English poets we believe none has set forth the transitory nature of man's life on earth and the finality of all earthly things with such effective irony and at the same time with such simple means, surely a test of high achievement.

Es watt ewwe so sei solle

In unserm aarme Lewe,
Dutt mancher immer wewe,
Un schmeisst der Schiffel hie un haer:
Mit Darscht un Hunger Schdreefe
Watt 's Duch voll breede Schleefe -
Un doch, wann's yuscht sei eegge waer?

Uff unre rauhe Weegge
Gehn viel mit leere Meegge,
Die fille noch die vellschte voll;
Die draagge all die Kiwwel,
Die grubbe all die Hiwwel -
Die laafe Meil un faahre Zoll!

'N Welt voll kalde Schpeicher!
Do denkt mol draa, du Reicher,
Un bsinn dich, was du gewwe witt,
Die Aarme zu erlese.
Denk yuscht mol an die Gschmeesse -
Mit ihrem ewiche Abbedit!

Do driwwer muss ich heile,
Wann ich hab Langeweile -
Doch alsemol bin ich aa froh,
Un denk der Herr im Himmel
Der schprengt ken darrer Schimmel,
Un fiedert ihn mit Hawwerschtroh!

Wohlan! Glee bissel lache,
Dudd oft gross Heile mache,
So iss es alleweil bei mir.
Drum denk ich, liewe Brieder,
'N paar Begraebnis Lieder,
Die waere schee un schicklich hier!

Der Dod nemmt sei Almose,
Ihr scheene, rode Rose,
Vun eich in Sunn un Hitz un Froscht!
Im scheene Sommerwedder
Verbleecht er ihre Bledder,
Un raabt un raabt vun Wescht zu Oscht!

Der Dod nemmt sei Almose
Vun Gleene un vun Grosse,
Do helft un batt nix in der Welt!
Mer sehnt sei Schadde schwewe
Schwaz iwwers aermlichscht Lewe,
Un kaaft ihn net mit Gut un Geld.

Die Kinner, die mer pfleegge
Nooch allerbeschde Weegge,
Die reisst er weck am helle Daag;
Er nemmt sie iwwerm Schockle
Die Meilcher noch voll Brockle,
Un kehrt sich net an Schmaz un Glaagg!

Die Meedcher un die Buwe
Gehn in sei dunkle Gruwe,
Un froogge net, "Was hoscht du do?"
Ihr waarme Liewesgschichte
Dudd nimmand meh ausrichde-
'S bleibt nix wie des: "Es waar mol so!"

Zum Mann in seine Grefde,
Zur Fraa bei ihre Gschefde,
Saagt er: "Loss leie, 's iss verbei!"
Un zu de alde weisse,
Gedankenlose Greise:
"Kummt heem," sie duhn's, bei meiner Drei!

So gehn un sin mer gange,
Vun yehaer darrich die lange Vergessne, dunkle dausend Yohr;
Waer singt vun dem, wadd finne
Im diefe driwwer Sinne,
Ken Doder brummelt ihm ins Ohr!

Warum sin dann die Schmaze
In alle Mensche Haze?
Warum die Sehnsucht doch so gross
Fer ebbes anners immer,
Nau besser un nau schlimmer?-
Ken Doder helft ihm do drin los!

. . . . .

Des Darschde un des Hungre!
Des Darschde un des Hungre,
Des waar un waar, des iss un iss!
Des Liewe un des Scheide,
Des Leenich sei un leide,
Des waar un waar, un iss un iss!

Ach Gott! ich duh als denke,
Was sin doch des fer Gschenke,
Zu alle Mensche ausgedeelt!
Des schtecht mich un des brennt mich,
Des reisst mich un des drennt mich
Vun dir eweck, gequeelt, gequeelt!

Un muss es dann so bleiwe,
Des ewich graabwarts Dreiwe,
Mit allem was mer liebt un liebt?
En Welt voll Dodeslieder,
En Welt voll Dodeslieder,
Die mache doch mei Haz bedriebt!

Ach, so viel scheene Sache,
Die Welt so hallich mache,
Un dann zu alle kummt der Dod!
Ach, so viel yunge Seele
Duhn sich Geselle weehle,
Un dann, zu alle kummt der Dod!

Was soll doch des bedeide? —
Do driwwer muss ich schdreide-
Ich kennt's net helfe, wann ich wott!
Ich hab eemols die Gfiehle,
Un will sie net abkiehle
Im Weltgedimmel — dank sei Gott!

Ich weess net, was zu saagge,
Ich maag net weider glaagge—
Ich weess yuscht des: Es geht zum Graab!
Ich weess net was zu liewe,
Es wadd mich doch bedriewe -
Ich weess yuscht des: Es geht zum Graab!

Well! wie vor alde Zeide,
Am Blooe Baerrig die Leide
Ihr Dode hen ins Graab gedraagge —
Mit was fer Mieh un Druwwel,
Gewinsel un Ge-uwwel,
Des will ich marye frieh eich saagge.

Gut Nacht! un Gottes Friede,
Zu alle, aile Miede,
Die Owedschtunn iss widder do!
Ich leg mich hie gans sicher,
Der "Gut Mann" halt die Bicher,
Un was Er schreibt, bleibt ewich so!

A reference to Hermany's next poem "Die Jacobs Leicht," a poem rich in burial lore and customs of our Pennsylvania German forefathers.

(To be concluded)

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Editorials

Labor's Choice

For all the sticky spots in the labor picture, this has been a good year for the American working man and he has reason for a happy observance of the Labor Day weekend.

The nation's work force is numerically at its peak. Employment has maintained an all-time record of more than 70 million throughout the summer. Although some 4.3 million remain unemployed, this figure has been cut slightly. Thousands of jobs are waiting to be filled by those with the required skills.

Weekly wages never have been so high. Although the taxes on them have not yet been reduced, enough remains in pay envelopes for workers to buy an increasing share of the greater volume of goods they help produce.

Many thousands of new labor contracts have been negotiated through the normal processes of collective bargaining, most of them without strikes or interrupted earnings. Millions have shared these gains.

Two significant precedents, as far apart as the poles, were established during the year since the unions last paused and urged others to join them in the celebrations that have been held annually in this country since 1882. Either could become a pattern for resolving major conflicts between labor and management.

The United Steelworkers and the companies that employ its members signed new contracts without even going into formal bargaining sessions. Each side recognized the problems of the other long before there were strike threats and came to amicable agreements without creating tensions and pressures. The gains were mutual.

Railroads weren't quite as fortunate. Unions representing their operating employes turned deaf ears to all proposals seeking settlement of issues blamed for many of the ills of this sick industry. When all other overtures failed, Congress protected the public interest and staved off a paralyzing strike by adopting the first peacetime legislation mandating binding arbitration.

On this Labor Day weekend it is entirely proper to celebrate the important gains workers have made through the years and the part unions have played in helping achieve them. It is just as imperative to note, however, that if reason and sound common sense are booted out the window there still are ways to protect the nation's welfare and that Congress is willing to use them.

The choice of how settlements in great nationwide industries will be made in the future is up to labor. There are real opportunities for more statesmen.

Sound Veto of Speed

Appropriately enough, Gov. Scranton chose the start of the summer's last long holiday weekend to underscore the important relationship between speed and highway slaughter.

The legislature ignored facts and booted reason out of its chambers when it hurriedly voted to increase speed limits even on the narrow, winding roads through Pennsylvania's pleasant countryside. The governor served the best interests of all motorists when he vetoed this ill-advised measure.

All available records offer convincing evidence that excessive speed is the largest single cause of traffic accidents. Last year 12,760 persons, 39.5 per cent of the total killed on highways, died as a result of speed. The same reason was given for accidents that caused 1,147,000 injuries.

This year's death toll on the Lehigh Valley Thruway raises some question of whether the present limits of 60 miles an hour for passenger vehicles and 50 miles for trucks may not be too high even for a limited access freeway. Without the veto, the legislature would have increased these limits by five miles and upped those on 35-mile-an-hour blacktops to 50 miles.

The sorry records and the governor's veto are reason enough to abide by the present limits and enforce them strictly this weekend and every other day and night of the year. Both police and motorists, truckers included, should take notice.

Commendable Interest

Complaints residents of Allentown's First Ward made to council the other day are evidence that they want to prevent creeping blight from inundating their homes and business places and making this another redevelopment target.

Quite evidently, they made a thorough survey of what needs to be done to make living in this area more pleasant. Individually, none of the complaints involve extensive projects. Together, they cause considerable annoyance.

The city's promised answer is bound to note that some of the cleanup already is underway. It also should promise strict enforcement of all existing ordinances designed to promote health and safety. These are definite city responsibilities.

Residents of the area also have responsibilities for helping create the kind of neighborhood they want. Their interest in checking the area and petitioning council is commendable. What they themselves do to arrest blight also is important.

What Others Say

Honest Answer

Chicago Daily News

Nawang Gombu, the Sherpa guide who accompanied James Whittaker of Seattle to the summit of Mt. Everest this year, was asked what he thought about when he stood atop the mighty peak.

"How to get down," said Gombu.

He could have been speaking for all of us.

Like Gombu, we all stand atop a mighty peak. Through valor and sacrifice and the painful, plodding, step-by-step progress of science, mankind has reached a summit of achievement, with nuclear lightning in its hands, able to heal the world's ill, feed the world's hungry, and soar to the stars.

And like Gombu, instead of thrilling to the sense of mastery, we stand trembling from the panting exertion, fearful of the future, wondering how to get down.

$Tumbling Block



March Due Against Crime

By DAVID LAWRENCE

If a "March on Washington" is the most effective way nowadays to attract national attention, who will organize the next "march"?

Civil rights are supposed to include the right to be safe from robbery, from assault, from murder. These rights are presumably guaranteed by those provisions in the Constitution which protect the "life, liberty, and property" of all citizens.



Lawrence

Orlando W. Wilson, Chicago superintendent of police, said recently:

"Everybody seems to be organizing today to protect civil liberties. I would like to organize the victims of criminal assaults who have been robbed and raped in our streets."

Mr. Wilson is a leading authority on police work. He said in a speech this month to a committee of the American Bar Assn:

"Crime is overwhelming our society . . . In the name of protecting individual liberties, we are permitting so many technicalities to creep into our system of criminal justice that we are no longer convicting a sufficiently high proportion of guilty criminals."

In the nation's capital, Police Chief Robert Murray tells of the frustration among his men due to restrictions on their efforts to enforce the law and due to court decisions that have liberated criminals through technicalities. Chief Murray says:

"The criminal is being afforded more legal protection than the ordinary citizen. I often wonder who, besides the police, is concerned about the rights of citizens to be free from attack by criminals."

Crime in the United States is getting out of hand generally, but some amazing statistics have been issued lately showing the relationship between strict law enforcement and the crime rate. Official figures show, for instance, that in 1962 in Washington, D.C., aggravated assaults were the highest per capita in America. Yet, in Seattle, Wash., and in Milwaukee, Wis. — where criminals are dealt with as criminals — the percentage was about one-tenth of what these crimes were in the national capital.

The House of Representatives has passed a bill providing for a change in criminal laws that will help the police in the nation's capital, which is governed solely by federal laws. The Senate, however, is under pressure to block the effort.

The newspapers tell daily of murders, assaults, robberies and other crimes. In the City of Washington, for example, people in the very best residential neighborhoods, as well as those in other areas, do not dare to venture out alone at night.

This very week the newspapers have reported the murder of two girls in a New York City apartment. Two days before, the wife of the Chilean consul-general was murdered as she sat before her television set at 7 o'clock in the evening at her country home in New Jersey. A few days ago in Washington, the 27-year-old son of a prominent attorney — a brilliant young man with a splendid record in college — was killed as he walked his dog a short distance from his home in one of the city's best residential districts. Hoodlums, robbed and shot him, then sped away in a car.

Incidents like these are being multiplied throughout the nation. The protection of human life — the most important of all civil rights — which seems to be neglected in many parts of the country, certainly needs emphasis as well as national attention.

Strike Weapon

By VICTOR RIESEL

There are other national labor crises waiting in the wings for the rail dispute to be shunted off stage. Because multi-billion dollar industries on which the entire nation is based are involved in these new struggles, weary insiders now coping with the railroad battle, say that the blazing era of the crippling national strike must and will be ended.

A reluctant Congress, not eager to antagonize influential political forces in the home districts, none the less will begin ending the era by passing a series of compulsory arbitration laws. The unions will have brought it on themselves, and that's exactly what a handful of national labor chiefs are privately telling their more belligerent colleagues — and in some mighty salty language.

They are aware that just about the time the rail rumpus is quieted sometime next year the country will face a bitter feud on the waterfront and most likely a massive longshoremen's strike.

This fight will break wide open just about the time Jim Hoffa tells the owners of tens of thousands of trucks they will have to sign a national master contract. Parallel waterfront and trucking strikes would paralyze much of the nation's business — and snarl the railroads, too.

This would not be tolerated because our highly interdependent social order must continue to operate.

So the ball from now on will be bounced to Congress as it has been in the railroad controversy.

There is no other force now which can stop such strikes. The unions have worked themselves into a corner.

The story begins on the first day of the Kennedy administration. There was a New York harbor strike of tugboats owned by railroads. The then Secretary of Labor Arthur Goldberg asked George Meany to phone New York in an effort to ease the strike which was slowly paralyzing Eastern railroads.

Mr. Meany did. Goldberg flew into New York. There was a truce. Many times since then the administration has called on Meany's aid.

Later the President began intervening personally. Long before he clobbered the U. S. Steel Corp., he met secretly with its chief executive Roger Blough, steel union leader Dave McDonald and Arthur Goldberg in the White House. There were similar meetings with auto union leader Walter Reuther and aerospace company executives.

Only once, however, when Mr. Kennedy made personal appeals to strike leaders or their contacts was he successful. Early in July he telephoned Joe Curran, president of the National Maritime Union (NMU).

He asked Curran to head off picketing of hundreds of ships, because another union was picketing a ship manned by NMU men. Curran acceded to the chief executive of the land. But this was the exception. This summer the rail leaders did not accede. They provoked the Congress into action.

Thus a precedent was set. It is the beginning of the end of an era. At first only transport will be affected.

But the belief here is that eventually Congressional action will be extended to cover national strikes in other vital fields — unless real industrial peace breaks out.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: How can I love God when I have never seen Him and don't understand what He is like? L.K.

ANSWER: Whether we realize it or not, all of us in this world walk by faith not by sight. We should love God because He first loved us and we are the recipients of His love every moment of the day. It is not necessary for us to see God with our physical eyes, for He has given the evidence of His presence and power all around us. Tonight, go out and look up at the stars. Remember that the universe, of which we are but an infinitesimal part, all proclaim the glory of God. Look at the world around you, at the beauties and mysteries of nature and you see the hand of the Creator. Take the Bible (I would suggest you read through the Gospel of John a number of times), and there you will find the love and mercy of God revealed as it tells of His Son and what He has done for all who will accept Him. Nothing prompts our love for God and His Son more than to realize that He loved us enough to die for us. And nothing makes us realize the depth of sin more than to realize that such a sacrifice was necessary. Ask God to help you realize what He has done for you. You cannot help loving Him if you do.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Time to Learn

Toward the moon we travel . . . our goals are high above . . . but we haven't learned to live in peace . . . replacing hate with love . . . mankind is racing forward . . . this progress has to be . . . yet, with all this advancement . . . mankind is still at sea . . . could it be that we are putting . . . the cart before the horse . . . for it seems with each advance . . . we turn up more remorse . . . with all the modern gadgets . . . we're just as far away . . . from the true and lasting peace . . . for which the righteous pray . . . we cannot stop progress . . . but we should go with God . . . then and only then will we . . . have smoother roads to plod.

Horoscope

Be very cautious about the loans you make. Today's child will be industrious.



EDWARD HERMANY

A Pennsylvania German Poet

1832 — 1896

By PRESTON A. BARBA

(Conclusion)

The following poem is the Epilog to the sequence of thirteen poems which Hermany placed under the general title of "Eckenroth: Sei Flooch."

HINNENOH

Mit miede, madde Dritte
Sin all die Alde gschridde
Bei mir verbei; so loss sie geh;
Mer sott sie nimmi bloogge,
Sie hen ihr Lood gezoogge—
Ihr Luh verdient, gross odder glee!

Ich wott ich kennt mich bringe
Mit all meim eidle Singe
Noch eemol unnichs Schindeldach
Im alde Blockhaus, Mutter—
Im alde Blockhaus, Mutter —
Noch eemol unnichs Schindeldach!

"O Regge, Regge Drobbe,
Die Buwe muss mer globbe,
Die Meedcher muss mer robbe"
So hen mer als gegrische—
Ich muss die Dreene wische—
"O Regge, Regge Drobbe!"

"Ich bin klein" — O Mutter!
"Mein Herz ist rein" — O Mutter!
"Un niemand soll darinnen wohnen
Als Jesus allein" — O, Mutter!
"Als Jesus allein" — O, Mutter —
"Sunscht niemand soll darinnen wohnen!

So hen mer als gebede!
O, wann mer noch so deede
Noch eemol unnich em Schindeldach! —
"O, Regge, Regge Drobbe!" —
"Ich bin" — "Mein Herz" — ro — robbe —
Uff ewich unnichem Schindeldach!

Ach Gott! Du losscht em wandle,
Viel schaffe un viel handle,
Un leide bis zum bittre Dod!—
Des hawwich aa schunn gsehne —
So bees wascht Du's net meene
Mit uns im ewiche Maryerod!

Ach Gott so'n heess Verlange,
Ich schreib's mit nasse Wange,
Dudd immer brenne in meim Haz!
Ihr Alde un ihr Weise,
Wie kann ich's doch rausreisse? —
Des Lied vergreessert noch mei Schmaz!

An viel verschlossne Diere,
Die ins schee Lichtland fiehre,
Haw ich gerufe un geglobbt—
Doch alles iss vergeblich,
Ich finn yo nix so leblich,
Ass wie en Mann mit Schtroh ausgschtobbt.

En graader Rickschdrang giebt mer'm,
Un dann en Greizhols schiebt mer'm
Gans darch un darch sei weechi Bruscht;
Un dann en aldes Reckche,
Un noch en grummes Schdeckche,
Un dann? en alder Hud dudd's yuscht!

Mer schdellt ihn an der Hiwwel,
Mer fillt sei Seck mit Schiwwel,
Un saagt, "nau hied dei Feggel schmaerd!"
Er schteht im Wind un fladdert,
Die Grabb fliegt hoch un schnaddert,
Vun Welschkanne in der Aerd!

So schdeht er heid un marye,
Un nix macht ihm kee Sarye!
Ken Wetter dreibt ihn vun seim Bladz,
Ken Huschde un ken Schnubbe—
In fact er hot ken Nubbe,
Ken Hochmud un ken dumme Fradz

Er duhd yuscht ee Weg gucke,
Un duhd sich net vermucke—
Ken Schpielwark braucht er un ken Geld!
Er hot sei eegner Wille,
Un yust gewiss ken Pille —
Der Buutzemann im Welschkannfeld!

Sie Zeit iss kaz, ich wees wull,
Sei Feindschaft schwaz, ich wees wull,
Doch heert ihn niemand in der Welt;
Sei Freind un Feind schdummbiere,
In alle Dreck rumriehre
Den Buutzemann im Welschkannfeld!

Wann's Welschkann uff iss, kickt mer'n,
Un "rough un tumble" schickt mer'n
Ins Fenseck iwwer Kobb un Hals!
Datt leit er, un die Hummle
Duhn warklich in ihm brummle!
Gesang im Hann? O, yedenfalls!

Ich hab moll eener gfunne
Im Fenseck, arg verschunne,
So'n weckgekickter Buutzemann —
In dem seim schdrohne Hannche,
Graad mitte drin im Kannche,
Datt waar en Hummlenescht —wohlan

En mancher in seim Hannche,
Graad mitte drin im Kannche,
Hot yuscht so'n Unruh immerfatt!
So'n Schdeche un so'n Brummle,
So'n warkner Kobb voll Hummle,
Vun eenre odder annre Satt!

Ich wees, ich bin so eener,
Gegweelt wie noch viel mehner
Mit ewichme Zwarwle in meim Hann!
Ich denk net, dass es so iss,
Wie datt wu alles Schdroh iss—
Un doch gebt's zimmlich viel Gezwann!

Der Webschduhl muss yo greckse,
Ass wie die schdeife Fleckse,
Un doch geht's Schiffle Daag un Nacht!
Er gnackt un macht em draame,
Er saet sei Uuruhsaame
Noch in die Schlofkabb bis mer wacht!

Ich meen, die Uhr im Kaschde,
Des Hann wisst nix vum Raschde,
Un hockt doch gans so owwedruff
Es schinnt un schaabt sich immer,
Un bleibt en Schpinnezimmer—
Waer wickelt all die Feedem uff?

Befriedicht mich, ihr Weise,
Ihr lengscht verfaulde Greise—
In ihre Wadde sott doch sei
En bissel grefdich Fuder
Fer so'n verhidsder Bruder?—
Zum heesse Wasser schprent ihr'n nei!

Des iss so, do un dadde,
En Welt voll leere Wadde,
Un gaar nix drin, un gaar nix drin!
Ich geh zerick ins Haze,
Un lieb mei eegner Schmaze,
Wu ich sie finn, wu ich sie finn!

Do waart ich uffs Erleese,
Vun all dem viele Beese,
Das Gott der Herr so gschehne losst;
Do denk ich an die Dode,
Den Aerdeschoss voll Dode,
Die Gott der Herr mit Friede losst!

Noh saag ich als im Schdille,
Ich geh nooch seinem Wille,
Zu denne die so ruhich sin!—
So frei vun allem Kummer,
So dief im ledschde Schlummer —
Gott lob, ich weess wu ich sie finn!

Miehseelich un belaade,
Un scheinbar unni Gnaade,
Geh ich, so in die Zukunft nei,
Doch weess ich was der Schluss iss,
Un wem der ledscht kalt Kuss iss,
Wann Gott der Herr saagt, " 'S iss verbei "

Es kummt zum End, des Grenke! —
Waer kann doch des bedenke—
Im miede Haz watt alles schdill.
Es kummt zum End, des Leide!—
Gott sedzt en Ziel zum Leide—
Im miede Haz watt alles schdill!

Des Drehe un des Raschble,
Des Wickle un des Haschble,
Heert eemol uff, die Seet laaft aus;
Gsunge watt's ledscht Liedel,
Verbroche watt die Fiedel,
Un dann geht's nuff nooch Gottes Haus!

Doch ach, des ewich Schlebbe!
Die hoche, hoche Drebbe
Gehn nuff un nuff, un immer nuff! —
Un nimmand helft em ziegge—
O kennt mer doch yuscht fliegge,
Wie dabber waer mer owwedruff!

Des ewich, ewich Schlebbe!
Die hoche, hoche Drebbe—
Ach Gott! die fiehre doch zu Dir.
Un ob mer zaagt un ziddert,
Un 's Haz mit Angscht erschiddert —
Die fiehre gans gewiss zu Dir.

Mei Lascht will ich dann Schlebbe
Die hoche, hoche Drebbe,
Als nuff un nuff darch Freed un Leed!
Es kann net sei zum Schaade,
Was mir iss uffgelaade,
Weil's heem zum gude Vater geht!

Ken Driebsaal un ken Yammer,
Ken dunkli Dodeskammer,
Verschreckt waer aahalt im Gebet
Geduldich kann er leide.
Un ruhich vorwarts schreide—
Weil's heem zum gude Vater geht!

Des soll mich immer dreeschde,
Wann's Elend iss am Greeschde,
Un wann die gans weit Welt mich schmeht,
Dann saag ich noch voll Demud,
En Dank fer all mei Wehmud,—
Weil's heem zum gude Vater geht!

THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS

Among the Hermany papers is the following little essay, written by Charles Hermany, the elder brotrer of the poet, Edward Hermany.

German immigration into the province of Pennsylvania commenced in 1682 and continued until 1776, a period of 94 years.

These Germans were largely, though not exclusively, a peasant class, but as such they stood high and most of them were educated to a degree which entitled them to the highest rank of this class, or higher than a strictly peasant class. There were also amongst them men of learning and culture, who accompanied their people into the land of their adoption. In religion they were Protestants and nearly all either German Reformed or Lutheran members of the Evangelical Christian Church. They were accompanied by Pastors of these denominations.

These early immigrants, as a class, were physically robust men and women, who as pioneers in the Province, comprised farmers, carpenters, blacksmiths, masons, wheelwrights, millwrights, artisans, spinners, weavers, tailors, dressmakers and all the needful accomplishments to form a prosperous people.

They were a people who made handicraft an accomplishment and brought it to and maintained it at a high degree of perfection for several generations. They made textile fabrics of all needed grades, including woolen and linen cloths of great range in texture from the coarsest to the finest and wrought them into garments for both sexes and all persons. Their fine linens, handspun and handwoven, were bleached as white as snow, and made into garments of great taste and beauty; even the sewing thread was handspun and bleached. Not until the third generation was purchased thread (cotton balls) used and called "kaaf neets" or "wollfeler dreck" because of its lack of fibre and strength.

Their descendants of the first and second native - born generations, had but limited educational training, though they were taught to read (Primer, Psalter and New Testament being their textbooks), regularly instructed in their respective denominational religious doctrines, publicly confirmed and made members of the church.

Though their ancestors for generations — back to the days of the Reformation — were Protestants, they nevertheless constantly displayed in social and religious matters the childlike sense (kindlichen Sinn) of dependence which revealed a heredity of earlier training in the Catholic Church, which, in its greatest dominance, through Jesuitic policy, strove to keep its people, their hopes, thoughts and actions, in perpetual childlike subordination.

It is this heredity which frequently caused the Pennsylvania Germans of today (written in the Nineties of the 19th century.—Ed.) to be classed as a meek, spiritless and submissive people. Those of them who have outgrown this classification, by transforming the submissive children into manly men, who, upon reflection, remember how arduous was the struggle which emancipated them from this inherited thralldom, will see and admit that this medieval clog has retarded their growth and development for generations.

The third generation (second, native born) were, from the writer's personal observation, of nervous, not phlegmatic, temperament, about equally divided into blonds and brunets; those of the latter class, dark-skinned, blackeyed and black - haired, took the lead in emancipating themselves from the inherited submissive and subordinating disposition.

In self - reliant, self - sufficient, independent and resourceful characteristics, the migrants into the United States during the past hundred years, are not comparable with the pioneeers who settled in this part of Pennsylvania.

Aside from their intrinsic literary significance, the poems of Edward Hermany are rich in vocabulary and archaic phrases, a veritable treasure - trove for future philologists and lexicographers.

In ill health, Edward Hermany spent his latter years living with his brothers in comparative obscurity. In the little family album we read the following:

Edward Hermany, the second son of Samuel and Salome Hermany, died on the 24th day of July, 1896, aged 63 years, 7 months and 1 day, and was buried on the family lot in Jacksonville Cemetery adjoining Jacob's Church, on the 29th day of July. The Rev. James N. Bachman officiated at the funeral. He preached from Romans 14:8 — "For whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's."

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Editorials

Safeguarding Miners

Until Dave Fellin was rescued from his Sheppton mine and fully recovered from his ordeal, the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania let him do most of the talking. Its only concern was to bring him and his workers out safely.

Now that Fellin and one of his companions are safe and all reasonable hope of rescuing the third has been abandoned, the time has come for the state to ask questions. This is precisely what it proposes to do, in Sheppton and throughout the hard coal fields.

Fellin was the co-owner of the mine in which he and Henry Throne were trapped for nearly two weeks and where Louis Bova probably has perished. He was responsible for operating it in accordance with the regulations the state has established for reducing the dangers of a hazardous occupation. The state wants to know whether he did.

The investigation is not aimed at dethroning a man who for days was regarded as something of a hero but who let his crown slip a bit when he lambasted his rescuers. The object of the inquiry is to safeguard all who work in more than 750 other coal pits employing fewer than five men each.

Federal and state governments and unions were demanding and exacting when most of Pennsylvania's anthracite mines were major operations that employed many hundreds. In some of the shoestring operations where brave men eke out a living, the risks are greater than most of this state's miners took in the heyday of this industry. The responsibility of protecting them is as important as ever. The state cannot permit any mine owner or operator to neglect it.

Court Wins Approval

The United States Supreme Court may be under fire in certain areas for some of its decisions, but if the justices were elected officials chances are that at least a majority would be returned to the bench in any current nationwide voting.

This is the inference of a Gallup Poll which found 43 per cent of the American people approving the work of the high court as either excellent or good and another 26 per cent rating it as fair. Only 15 per cent said the record is poor and the remaining 16 per cent offered no opinion.

At first blush, an expression like this is rather surprising because of the furor over some recent decisions. The poll showed that 70 per cent disapproved the rulings banning prayer and Bible reading in public schools. Many southerners oppose its rules on segregation and rural voters are not at all happy that many states will be required to reapportion legislative districts in favor of stronger representation from heavily populated cities. Other decisions were unpopular to one faction or another.

But in establishing this court, the founding fathers made certain that it never need toady to popular whims, majority pressures or partisan politics. It is the most free and independent branch of government, the watchdog of the president and Congress, of legislatures and their agents, of police and all other courts.

Before its bar any man, regardless of how humble or friendless he may be, is free to challenge any statute he believes unjust or any infringement of what he considers to be his rights. And he can win, regardless of how powerful the forces arrayed against him.

The Elder Citizens

The 65-year-old and over group numbered 17 million in 1960, out of a total population of 179,323,175, or 9 per cent. Today, it is estimated at 19 million, or slightly more than 10 per cent. By 1970, authorities predict it will rise to 23 per cent of the population at that time, or something around 45 million.

With the voluntary retirement age under social security, for men who elect to take lower benefits reduced to 62 years and for women to 62 years with full benefits, major adaptations should be made now to take care of such vast numbers. They will put an excessive burden on medical, hospital and social facilities.

There is one bright effect. The withdrawal of nearly one in four persons from the labor force because of old age should make room for the youngsters who will be looking for jobs through the decade.

What Others Say

Asking for the Cutoff

Louisville Courier Journal

Last spring Pakistan, to annoy India, negotiated a border agreement with Red China, including territory in Kashmir, to which both India and Pakistan lay bitter claim. Last month Pakistan Foreign Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto said that if India were to attack Pakistan, his nation would receive aid "from the biggest state in Asia" — meaning, clearly, Red China.

And last week Pakistan became the first Western-aligned nation to sign a civil aviation agreement with Peking — an agreement that would give Peking its first air outlet in the free world, permit its planes to land at airports to be built or equipped with U. S. funds, and give Pakistan's American-made transport planes a route through Red China to Tokyo.

The State Department was commendably prompt in suspending a promised $4.3 million loan to Pakistan, most of which would have gone to building or improving the Dacca port of the Pakistan-Japan line. And it announced "other action" may be taken if Pakistan undertakes to equip maintenance shops at Canton, Shanghai, or elsewhere in China with U. S. spare parts.

"Other action," clearly, could mean a review and revision of aid agreements vital to Pakistan's current five-year plan — agreements under which the West is giving half as much assistance to Pakistan as to five-times-as-big India.

Whether Pakistan will come to its senses remains to be seen; certainly the U.S. cannot continue to aid it unless it does. But India could speed the return of reason by showing good sense itself and at long last live up to Premier Nehru's shelved agreement to let the people of disputed Kashmir determine their own future in a plebiscite conducted by the United Nations.

In the meantime, there is historic irony in the great Asian subcontinent. Nine years ago India was scornfully turning down proffered American military aid, Pakistan eagerly bidding for it. Pakistan, zealously anti-Communist, became a darling of those extreme right-wing Americans who decried U. S. economic aid to an India they considered all-but-Communist. Now the U.S. and Britain are moving impressively to give eagerly welcomed new strength to India's military posture — and Pakistan is playing footsie with Peking!

How to Turn on a Diem?



Foreign Aid Obstacles

By DAVID LAWRENCE

There's nothing wrong with the principle of foreign aid, but there is much that is wrong with the method of applying it.

This is the real basis for the difference in Congress over the size of the appropriations to be made for economic aid to other countries. Everybody in the free world presumably wants to see Communist imperialism thwarted. The granting of gifts or loans of American billions is supposed to be the way to win, if not "buy," allies. Maybe it is—but, unfortunately, some of the governments benefitted don't stay "bought," as they begin to flirt with the Communist side, and a form of blackmail emerges.


Lawrence

This need not be regarded as a partisan question inside the United States. The same difficulties have confronted the administration in power here under Presidents Truman and Eisenhower. That's why a comprehensive review and revision of American policy is in order. For certainly if the right policy were developed, a majority in Congress would quickly reflect the wishes of the American people and authorize a "go-ahead" at whatever cost seemed to be necessary to achieve the agreed - upon objectives.

There has to be, first of all, a frank appraisal of what's been going on. What good, for instance, is it to give hundreds of millions of dollars to the "Alliance for Progress" when so many of the countries in Latin America insist on doing business with Castro?

The same criticism can be made of the American foreign-aid program with respect to countries like Yugoslavia, where Soviet Premier Khrushchev has lately been hugging Marshal Tito. Or take a case like Viet Nam where American aid — military and economic — costs about a million dollars a day, but the ruling regime in that country is recalcitrant and uncooperative and openly assails American policies.

The real weakness is the lack of a standard policy — a firm and positive position by the United States that is clearly set forth to the world. What should such a policy include?

First, there is need to return to fundamental principles in international intercourse. Hit-or-miss policies get nowhere and tend to confuse public opinion.

Second, the existence of a "cold war" must be recognized as a fact. A government which seeks any form of aid from the United States must make up its mind which side it wants to be on. There is no place for "neutralism" or "neutrals" in a "cold war" that has been started and carried on persistently by international communism.

Third, the American people are willing to help allies and partners, but not those who play both sides against each other in a game of blackmail.

Fourth, the policies of the United States must be aimed at winning alliances with peoples. If any people is unsuccessful for the time being in getting rid of governments that lean toward the Soviet Union, the natural course is for America to refrain from giving aid to that regime and to let the people know about it publicly through the "Voice of America" and otherwise by stating and restating the principles of the whole foreign-aid program.

Naturally, a good deal of discretion has to be vested in the executive branch of the government but only within the limits of the principles set forth by Congress.

Government officials in the special agencies do try to administer the program conscientiously, but they are sometimes influenced by lack of correct information or by bad advice.

President Kennedy today deserves the support of Congress on a foreign-aid program, but the nature and extent of it and the places and conditions under which it should be operated should not be left to day-by-day reactions to events in the "cold war" nor to the whims of diplomats abroad who do not always see the forest for the trees. The policies should be proclaimed unequivocally and comprehensively once and for all by Congress with specific guidelines to the executive that should not be violated.

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Restore Pride

By RUSSELL KIRK

According to the statistics of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, rates of crime, vandalism, and juvenile delinquency have been rising steadily in this country since the Second World War. Never were our city streets so unsafe: Dodge City, or Abilene, or Tombstone, in the wild and woolly days of the West, were positively tranquil, compared with sections of many of our great cities today.

Yet it will not do to look upon this as a phenomenon wholly American. The same troubles occur in the prosperous countries of northern Europe — in welfare - state Sweden, or in changing Britain. And it is especially interesting to find that Soviet Russia and her satellites are similarly embarrassed by criminals, rowdies, and lawless youth.

Soviet newspapers, for the past several years, have lamented the increase of violent crime, fraud, drunkenness and wanton destruction in the Soviet Union. Gangs of youths between 14 and 18 years of age are the most active offenders. Finding the regular police unable to cope with these afflictions, in many places the Soviet regime created volunteer auxiliary police forces, armed with clubs; but again and again these volunteer organizations proved to be vigilantes in the bad sense of the word, establishing local tyrannies and themselves forming criminal rings.

Some social maladies which transcend political boundaries and even political doctrines, apparently, are at work in our age. The late C. E. M. Joad defined "decadence" as "the loss of an object." When a man has lost any aim in life, he becomes decadent; and this is as true of great nations. The material prosperity of the United States, Soviet Russia, Great Britain and Sweden, for instance, never was equalled in any previous age of these nations; and yet men and women do not improve in their conduct.

Collectivistic social systems are no more crime-free than are "capitalistic" states. One must look beyond ideology for the causes.

One serious cause of this decadence, very probably, is the increasing mechanization and standardization of production, in both "capitalistic" and "collectivistic" economies. Though modern industrial methods bring more goods and services, and increased leisure (or idleness), they also tend to make work routine, boring, and unsatisfying. It is worth noting that states little industrialized, like Ireland and Portugal, have not much suffered from an increase of crime and delinquency.

We need to restore purpose and pride of accomplishment to our methods of work. "We must find our happiness in work," said Irving Babbitt, "or not at all." The alternative is decadence.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: My husband has been recently converted but I have been a Christian for 20 years. He goes to church and takes our two children with him. I go to a church of another denomination and feel that he should go with me. What is your opinion? K. C.

ANSWER: I say that you should thank God your husband has been converted and, if after praying together over the matter he still wishes to go to the church where he was converted, you should go with him. Both of the denominations you mention are excellent churches and you should be so thankful that your husband has finally come to know Christ as his Savior that changing your own church affiliation would be a matter of secondary importance. Furthermore, be very careful that you do not discourage him in his new-found faith by harping on minor matters.

God has also now given you the opportunity and privilege of bringing up your children in a truly Christian home. Be sure that you thank Him for this and by your personal life and attitudes, as well as by establishing a family altar, bring these children up as God would have you bring them up. The change you may be required to make in your own church may cause a temporary heartache but just think how much you are gaining.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

An antique shop up Bedford way featured an extensive collection of old snuff boxes. "They were handed down to me," explained the proprietor, "by my dear departed grandmother." "Oh," nodded a customer. "Your grandmother took snuff." "Not at all," said the proprietor. "She took snuff boxes."

Limerick time:

An imaginary line is the waist:
It never stays long where it's placed,
But rises or slips
From shoulder to hips,
According to popular taste.

Sketches

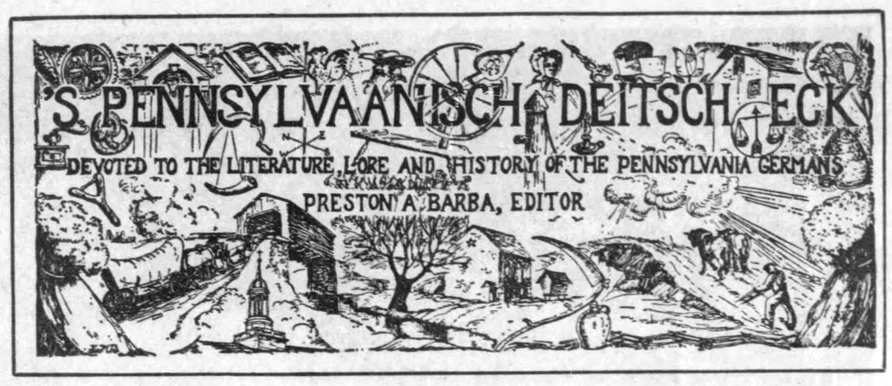
By BEN BURROUGHS

In the Woods

Mellow is the moonlight . . . quiet is the stream . . . stars are blooming one by one . . . life is but a dream . . . velvet breezes fan me . . . tender is their might . . . every warm caress tells me . . . everything's all right. . .rustling leaves console me . . . with their magic song . . . here in such a peaceful place . . . there can be no wrong . . . seems I'm close to heaven . . . as I pause to rest . . . God is all around me . . . to this I'll attest . . . for the heart within me . . . beats with faith anew . . . though the path I walk is worn . . . things always look new . . . such is life at twilight . . . in the wooded dell . . . I'm a willing captive . . . in Dame Nature's spell.

Horoscope

Adopt new business methods. Today's child will have good business sense.



REVIEW

THE REICHARD COLLECTION OF EARLY PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN DIALOGUES AND PLAYS, Edited and Re-transcribed by Albert F. Buffington, Professor of German, The Pennsylvania State University. — Vol. 61, Pennsylvania German Society, Fackenthal Library, Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., 1962. — [illegible] .xxviii, 439. — $7.50.

The latest publication of the Pennsylvania German Society is the most significant contribution to our dialect literature in recent years.

At a time when many thought the dialect was fast fading into extinction there was a sudden upsurge of interest in our dialect as a speech medium. This may be attributed to several factors. The early Thirties saw the organization of a number of so-called **Versammlinge** and **Grundsau Lodges** and radio talks which remain popular to this day. Of greater significance was the writing, production and performance of many dialect plays and dialogues which now swept the eastern and southeastern counties of Pennsylvania. Phenomenal as these activities might seem, few thought of them as anything else but ephemeral sources of entertainment.

However, one eminent scholar in the field of our Pennsylvania German folk culture thought otherwise. Dr. Harry Hess Reichard believed the dialect plays deserved to find a more permanent form in print. Upon his retirement as Professor of German at Muhlenberg College he and his wife, Ida Ruch Reichard, devoted much of their time to gathering the texts of Pennsylvania German plays and all kinds of ephemera pertaining to them. These, together with many notes, were to be edited and published in the proceedings of the Pennsylvania German Society. Both were well equipped for the work. They had during many years labored together in the field. In 1918 the Pennsylvania German Society had published Dr. Reichard's "Pennsylvania German Dialect Writings and Their Writers" and in 1940 his "Pennsylvania German Verse — an Anthology of Representative Selection in the Dialect Popularly Known as Pennsylvania Dutch." Before they could complete their work of sifting, selecting and editing their extensive collection time ran out and they passed on to their eternal rest.

The onerous task of taking up the unfinished work fell to the lot of Dr. Albert F. Buffington, Professor of German at the Pennsylvania State University. The first of the two planned volumes lies before us.

Inasmuch as the writers of some of the plays had had no formal training in German and the use of the German system of spelling they could only write our dialect in terms of the nonphonetic English alphabet with the resulting chaos. In order to bring some semblance of literacy to the printed page Dr. Buffington re-transcribed words that might offer difficulties and create false pictures of the dialect. He has therefore included in his Introduction the "Key to Pronunciation" from the Buffington-Barba Pennsylvania German Grammar (1954).

The reader of these plays will no doubt agree with the Editor when he writes: "Compared to the plays of Shakespeare, Goethe, and Schiller, these dialect plays in the present collection are not great literature. Such a comparison, however, would be unfair. Pennsylvania German dialect literature is folk literature, and it is from this viewpoint that one should judge the dialogues and plays in this collection."

Some critics will say these plays possess less literacy value than the lyrical and narrative poetry of Harbaugh, Wuchter, Keller, Hermany and Birmelin and the prose fiction of Charles More. Certainly as dramatic literature they fall far below the traditional standards of dramatic art as accepted from Aristotle down the centuries. Why then preserve them?

If it is inevitably true that our dialect and with it the culture of which it is a part is destined to fade away, then these plays and the ones to appear in the second volume will have caught up in permanent form a part of our Pennsylvania German life with a vividness and a vibrance that no other literary form can impart. For this the future student of our manifold American civilization will be most grateful. Also the specialists: the lexicographers, the philologists the folklorists, all will find here a rich reservoir of material.

The title "Early Pennsylvania German Plays" may be slightly misleading for some readers. None are early in the sense that we speak of early English, German or French Plays, reaching back into the Middle Ages. This volume includes some of Wollenweber's **Dialogs** (1869); Ezra Grumbine's **Die Inschurens Bissness,** the first published P.G. play (1880); Edward H. Rauch's **Rip Van Winkle** (1883); and Moss and Newhard's **Pinafore** (1882). After these "early" plays there were several unproductive decades. In 1928 came Clarence F. Iobst's inimitable **En Quart Millich un en Halb Beint Raahm** which brought in its wake a veritable flood of dialect plays. Of Iobst's later successes **Die Calline Browiert's** and **Es Hellers Chrischtdag** are included. Now follow plays by the Rev. Thomas B. Brendle, Paul R. Wieand, Edith Romig Fink, Preston A. Barba and John Birmelin.

Quite aside from its literary and linguistic significance this volume and the one to follow present a beautiful memorial to Harry Hess Reichard and Ida Ruch Reichard. All who knew them and met them in their many academic, religious and social activities (and their names are legion) will be grateful to the Reverend William J. Rupp for his touching tribute to their memory.

—P.A.B.

Pennsylvania German Folklore in the Shenandoah Valley

By ELMER L. SMITH and JOHN STEWART

(Continued)

Shenandoah Pottery and the Potters

Almost every flourishing community in the nation at one time had a pottery, but the product of only a relatively few of the early potters has been sought after in contemporary times. Authorities claim that the famous early pottery came from Connecticut, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, and Virginia, and interestingly, in three of those areas Pennsylvania Germans had a marked influence on the product.

According to Earl Robacker, much of the Pennsylvania German pottery produced was what has been termed **redware.** It was individually made of local clay which burned in the kiln to a brick red and darkened in use. Some was glazed, partly glazed or unglazed and the bulk of redware was plain, although some pieces were decorated and highly glazed. The Pennsylvania German potters also produced limited amounts of **slipware** and **sgraffito,** and heavy **stoneware** in the forms of jugs, crocks and pitchers. Some of these were decorated in blue.

The work of the potters of the Valley went unrecognized until the first quarter of the present century when Alvin H. Rice became interested in Pennsylvania Pottery and studied and collected it. In his studies he found that almost every community in eastern Pennsylvania had a pottery and most of the potters were from Palatinate ancestry.

In 1925, tracing the Pennsylvania German migration to Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, Rice found pottery products very similar to that of Pennsylvania of a century earlier. In the Shenandoah Valley he found a variety of German potters and in time he brought three Pennsylvanian colleagues, John Baer Stoudt, Edgar Clause and Ed Dry, and together they "discovered" what is now well-known among antiquarians throughout the nation as "Shenandoah Pottery."

Keister Pottery

Adam Keister established the first known major pottery in the Valley sometime in the 18th century. Keister learned the art in the Palatinate region of Germany, where he was born. After migrating to Pennsylvania, he later moved to Strasburg, Va., where according to tradition he became the first potter in the neighborhood which was later the center of the art in the entire Valley.

Five of his sons became locally involved and a sixth established a large pottery in Ohio. One son crossed the mountains and established a pottery in Hampshire County, West Virginia.

Star Pottery

In 1880 Jacob J. Eberly, a Shenandoah County farmer, purchased the Keister Pottery and employed at least two Pennsylvania Germans potters, George Miller and Grim. The plant produced "fancy ware" and some commemorative pieces of note. They used the name Star Pottery.

Baecher

Anthony W. Baecher was probably the most outstanding pottery craftsman of the Valley. Although a late arrival, some of his creations have been in museums for more than half a century and his products are considered to have influenced the Eberly and Bell potteries.

Baecher arrived from Germany in 1848 and worked as a potter in Adams County, Pennsylvania. Later he established a shop in Maryland and a second in Winchester, Virginia. With two German potters handling his Maryland business, Baecher operated the Virginia branch where he produced earthenware in forms ranging from the most ornamented to the most common.

Suter

Recently the writers had the pleasure of spending an afternoon with an 86-year-old former potter, Emmanuel Suter, near Cooks Creek, Rockingham County. Almost totally blind, the aging potter is probably the last living potter of the old school in the region.

Born on the very land where he is now living, he recalls his father's extensive production, sizeable kiln and the methods of distribution with a vividness. His father learned the art from an older potter some distance away and after completing his apprenticeship, set up a kiln and produced between two and four thousand crocks, dishes, pie plates, jugs and other products each year.

Suter remembers, as a youth, digging clay from a nearby bank and screening it to make it more pure and the trips by wagon to near Timberville in order to dig clay which would fire to a light grey color.

At the turn of the century his father sold the business to several "outsiders" who moved it to Harrisonburg where it eventually faded from operation in a rather short time.

New Market's Schweinfurt

John George Schweinfurt was born in Eppingen, Baden, Germany in 1825, and with his wife, Annie Immel, migrated to Pennsylvania and later Edinboro, Virginia. Although the date of his arrival is unknown, one of his hand-made molds has the date 1851 inscribed in it.

He established a pottery in New Market sometime before 1862.

His grandson, Henry Tusing, showed the writers a collection of his product and some of the molds that were used for decoration. The molds include birds, children's faces, letters and a leaping deer. (The leaping deer is almost the same size and almost exactly the same design as the figures found on the Birth and Baptismal Certificates printed by Bauman at Ephrata.) A flower pot in the New Market Lutheran cemetery has the very designs from the molds in the possession of the potter's grandson.

According to tradition, the potter sold and distributed his wares by packing them in a wagon and driving with his team of two white mules from farm to farm. He made a variety of sizes in chamber pots and it is claimed that he increased his sales at the farms he visited by suggesting to various members of the family that they try them for size before selecting the one of their choice!

Bell Pottery

The most sought after pottery in the Shenandoah Valley was produced by the Bell potteries of Strasburg and Winchester in Virginia and Waynesboro, Pennsylvania. At least eleven members of the Bell family in three generations were recognized potters.

Peter Bell was born in Wiesbaden, Germany and came to Maryland in 1767. He joined the Militia in 1777 and was with the troops in New Jersey. He died an early death, leaving six children. Peter Bell, Jr. learned the potter's trade at Leisinger's in Hagerstown, Maryland, and from this beginning the famous line of Bell potters was born.

His marriage to Mary Ziegler of York County, Pennsylvania, produced ten children, and five of his sons became potters!

Opening his own shop in Hagerstown, his products enjoyed great demand, but by 1821 with increased competition, he moved to Winchester, Virginia.

Two sons of Peter Bell, Jr. became equally famous potters. Samuel took over Beyers Pottery at Strasburg, Virginia, in 1833 and his brother Solomon conducted the shop. This pottery faced the severe competition created by the fact that there were six potteries in that small community, but the production continued until 1908.

The Bell Pottery was created in the 1790's and continued until 1908 in three states. Although its product was large, it went virtually unrecognized among American pottery until thirty years ago.

Others

Other known Valley potters include Samuel H. Sonner, John H. Sonner, J. P. Baecher, C. W. Mackley, Isaac Good, L. D. Funkhouser, W. B. Kenner, J. W. Miller, George W. Miller, William H. Lehew, and James M. Hickerson. Lesser known craftsmen include a Puffenbarger at Staunton, and an unnamed potter who had a shop at Mt. Crawford.

The product of these potters, the majority of whom were German heritage, has become increasingly evident. John Baer Stoudt and Alvin Rice summarize it well in theirimportant work, **The Shenandoah Pottery,** when they state, "Antiquarians of late have come to recognize the peculiar beauty and charm of the earthenware produced in the Shenandoah Valley during the 19th century." They added that the product, "compares favorably with the well-known Bennington Pottery, and likewise, occupies a unique place in the story of the making of pottery in America."

(To be continued)

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Editorials

Court Is the Place

There isn't sufficient interest in this country in what the so-called students who broke a state department travel ban to visit Cuba have to say for Congress to give them a national forum or a chance to make martyrs of themselves.

Most of them probably could have given their "fact - finding" reports from their favorite coffee houses without taking the trip. They began singing Castro's praises the moment they became his guests and not many have changed their tune since.

The current row before the House Un-American Activities Committee is exactly what was expected. The committee experienced the same sort of thing before when it probed for evidence of Communist infiltration on the West Coast. The pattern is standard for those sympathetic to Communist causes and they rarely miss an opportunity to practice it.

It's not up to any of these 58 students, or to Congress for that matter, to determine whether the junket to Castroland broke any of the nation's laws or who may be guilty of violating them. The place to decide matters like these is in the federal courts which have rules of evidence and procedures quite different from those of congressional committees. Courts rarely are sounding boards for propaganda and court room demonstrators are not hustled out to anterooms where they can sound off some more. They can be sent to prison for contempt of court and kept there until they either learn respect or cool off.

If there's sound evidence that any of this crowd broke the nation's laws by violating a State Department order, the Department of Justice should take the required action before the courts without more delay. If there isn't, there's no point in wasting the time of congressmen who should be busy with other matters or of giving "witnesses" of this kind the sounding board they are seeking.

A Show for Many

Even before the Allentown Fair officially got under way last night there was the usual chatter that it has become a gigantic carnival and no longer is a county fair.

It's a carnival, of course, a bigger and more glamorous one than ever. It's also a bigger fair and a better one.

New records have been set this year in every category of exhibits from farms, homes, schools and industry in Lehigh and many other counties. For the first time a foreign country is an official exhibitor. There are more cattle and other livestock, more fruit and vegetables and flowers, more antiques and handwork and crafts and paintings than in any other year. Youth has better shows in the exhibit areas than ever. The cash awards of between $35,000 and $40,000 are higher than at any county fair in Pennsylvania.

Many thousands of admissions are needed to support this side of the fair, attract topnotch entertainers to perform in front of the grandstand at reasonably popular prices and maintain and operate the grounds this week and 51 other weeks of the year. Because a good portion of the more than 500,000 visitors come primarily to enjoy the sights and sounds and fun of the carnival, it must be a good one if the Fair is to be successful.

In each of its 111 years, the Fair's unique blend of a carnival and more serious attractions has introduced thousands of visitors to Allentown. Most of them liked what they found here and have been returning for more than the Fair.

Certainly the Fair has its critics. Every enterprise does. But for everyone who criticizes there are a thousand boosters. They like a fair, particularly the kind that has been produced in Allentown through the interest and efforts of its own people. They're looking forward, as usual, to the best edition ever in the week ahead.

They Merit Praise

Through even more days and nights than valiant rescue crews worked feverishly to save the lives of miners trapped in a Sheppton coal shaft, others toiled just as tirelessly at a water-filled quarry in Wind Gap.

Volunteers who for more than three weeks sought the body of the skin diver trapped in the quarry knew from the beginning that there was no chance of saving a life. Many risked their own lives, nevertheless, to recover a body and perhaps learn what had happened so others might avoid similar tragedies.

Trained divers made repeated underwater searches in caverns and along jagged crevices. Industries provided barges, pumps and other necessary equipment. Volunteer firemen from five nearby communities, police and emergency forces spent long hours on the job. The Salvation Army and others stood by to serve them.

Their only hope was to prove how concerned men can be about the sorrows of others. This they did the other day when the body of the victim finally was returned to his family for proper burial.

What Others Say

Opportunity

William Feather Magazine

Every young man should understand that he is being watched by many eyes, and often when he least expects it.

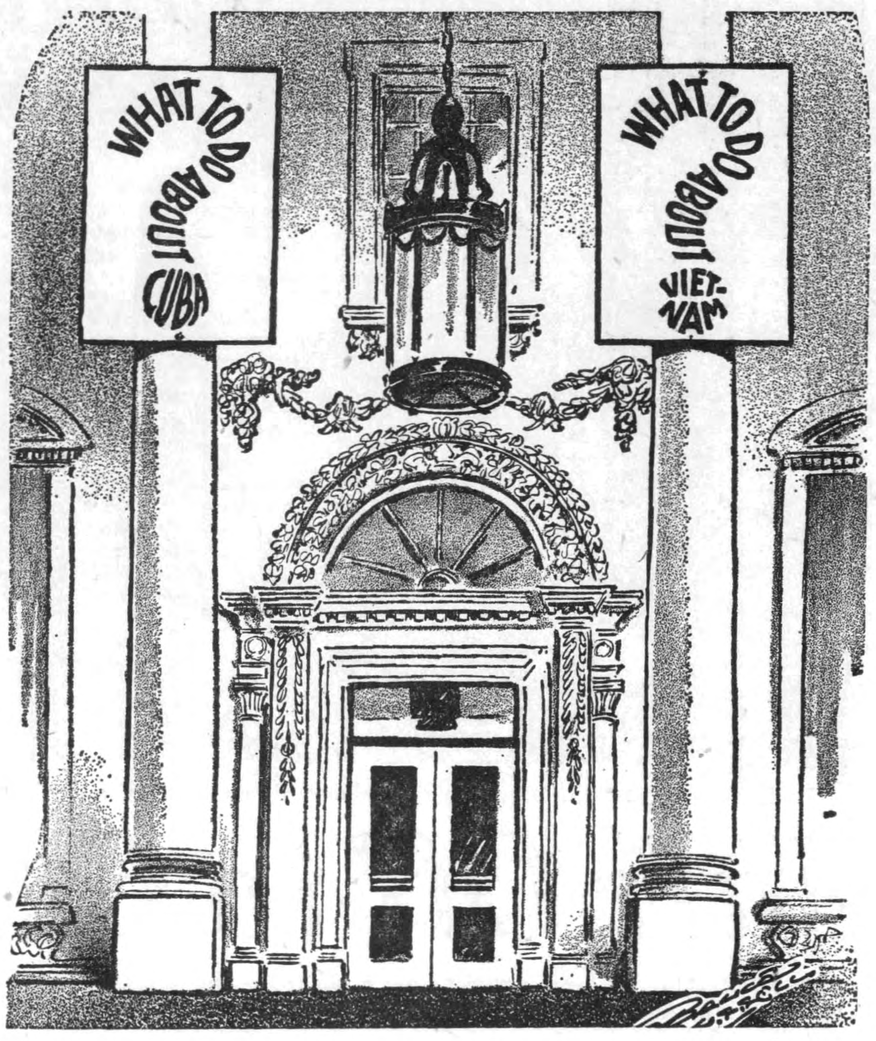
Scouts, the baseball word for men who search out promising material for the professional leagues, are everywhere.

Old men and middle - aged men, bankers and lawyers, manufacturers and merchants, editors and publishers hold this thought uppermost in their minds at all times: Where can I find young men with the right stuff in them, the right habits, the right temper, the right balance? These veterans have money that needs watching, that must be put to work. They control enterprises that are floundering, and need the energy of youth in the management.

Let a young man demonstrate that he has the qualities required for success in modern enterprise, and some one will make him an offer if he exposes himself to opportunity.

Only those who are compelled to depend upon others for the execution of their plans and dreams can ever know how persistent and relentless is the search for youth of high spirit and capacity. It is going on day and night. At many times in our life we all come under the appraising eye of a scout.

From Pillar to Post



The President's Tax Cut

By DAVID LAWRENCE

President Kennedy, in a speech on Tuesday to a National Conference of Businessmen, indicated that he is, in effect, up against an old dilemma in public life—he will be criticized if he gets his tax bill passed by Congress and criticized if he doesn't. Mr. Kennedy, however, being an astute and resourceful politician, has a ready answer. He hopes to prove that in either contingency the country will be better off than it has been on the economic side. He says, for instance:


Lawrence

"Excluding war years, this nation has had a recession on the average every 42 months, since the Second World War, or every 44 months since the end of World War I. By January, it will have been 44 months since the last recession began.

"I do not say that a recession next year is either inevitable, without a tax cut, or impossible with one. But I do know that the prompt enactment of this bill, making certain both immediate and prospective tax reduction, will improve business conditions, increase consumer and investment incentives, and make the most of the anti-recession thrust that this tax cut can provide."

The President adds that to wait till next year to enact the taxcut bill "would be to court uncertainty, inadequacy, and perhaps total failure."

It is plain that Mr. Kennedy wants the bill passed during 1963 if it is at all possible. He is betting on improved business conditions to win him re-election in November 1964. It is natural for him, politically speaking, to wish to have the full effect of any tax cut felt in the business world beginning in the first quarter of 1964 rather than in the middle of 1964.

If Congress balks, the President and his speechwriters are ready to place the blame on the Republicans, especially if there are any signs of a recession. Conservative Democrats who vote against the President on major issues are rarely mentioned as being responsible for administration setbacks in Congress.

Mr. Kennedy argues that the tax cut shouldn't be conditioned on any fixed budget or on reduction of expenditures. He speaks of "unavoidable" increases and contends that defense, the space program and increases in interest on the national debt force the budget upward despite efforts to economize. He promises in general terms to restrain spending and says that budget estimates are difficult to make because they depend on "dozens" of unpredictable contingencies."

There is nothing new in these arguments. Every president has been up against uncertainties when legislation affecting economic conditions has come up for consideration in Congress. But, unfortunately, the experts on economics in the presidential entourage rarely take into account the basic factors of psychology and lack of confidence which are at the root of business recessions. Mr. Kennedy furnished a sensational example of this when he cracked down on the steel companies in 1962 as they tried to adjust their prices to meet increased wage costs.

The economic life of the country is dependent on confidence by businessmen that they will be able to earn equitable returns for their investors. Otherwise, expansion is impeded. Investor confidence has become a necessity. Recessions come when wage rates are forced upward faster than they can be absorbed by price increases.

The President is convinced that a tax cut is the key to economic prosperity. Some kind of tax reduction is coming, but its extent is uncertain today. The amount of it will be small, relatively speaking, in financial benefit to business directly, but the administration is sure that consumer spending will be greatly stimulated by a tax cut.

Some stimulus may be expected, but it could be offset by a stagnation due to a lack of confidence in planning expansion based on a temporary boom, the benefits of which might be exhausted in a year or two. Businessmen will be grateful for whatever cuts in taxes are made, but they cannot plan their outlays for plant and equipment on what has been called "a one-time shot in the arm." Businessmen have to worry about economic conditions that may arise even after Mr. Kennedy may have gotten through the 1964 election campaign.

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Horoscope

Many changes are in store; watch for deception. Today's child will be shy.

We Should Pray

By RUSSELL KIRK

If the accident-rate on our highways continues to rise at its present rate, most Americans will have been involved in at least one major auto-smash before — or when — they die. Prof. Herbert Butterfield remarks that we need not dread our own destruction by atomic disintegration: first, because Christian doctrine always has said the world is destined to a bad end, anyway; second, because such a death would be no more painful than the "death on the road" which most of us face every day of our lives.

Well, your servant has just experienced his own major crash — so perhaps he will be exempt for the rest of his days. On the Labor Day weekend, the car in which I was traveling blew a rear tire and flip-flopped on the crowded and frantic New York Thruway, a hundred miles north of Manhattan.

Three of us were in the car: Annette Courtemanche, whom I have described elsewhere in my writings as The Conservative Beauty; her friend Peggy Travers, who sings; and this bohemian Tory. Before we knew what was happening, the car turned upside down with a horrid smash, and the front and back windows were disintegrated. I found myself, sardine-like, sandwiched between the back seat and the inverted roof of the car.

Annette and I cried out messages of reassurance to each other, and scrambled out of the wreck. Little Peggy already had escaped through a window. The girls were unscratched and unbruised, as if they had come out of a bandbox; and I was only dusty.

Twenty or thirty people stopped their cars to make sure we were alive. A doctor appeared to ask if anyone was hurt — and was astounded, like the others, to find us intact. A colored minister, perceiving Annette's missal in our scattered luggage, declared that the Good Book had saved us. (I had a King James Version in my suitcase, too, for reading along the way.) Certainly we had a most remarkable deliverance.

On the bus to Manhattan, we felt quite like the bus-riders in D. S. Lewis' moral romance "The Great Divorce:" as if we were dead, actually, and on our way to Heaven. We resolved to take the wreck as a Providential admonition, and to live more dutiful lives in gratitude, and to stay out of auto-crashes.

Hundreds suffered from a harsher providence or fate, this past Labor Day weekend. For the reckless, one may feel pity, and yet think, "Well, they asked for it."

But it is far otherwise with the victims who, though they drove prudently, were killed or injured by careless or even maniacal speeders. From New York to California, incidentally, a new form of suicide by madmen and madwomen has come into vogue: heading in the wrong direction on a crowded freeway or thruway, and so destroying others at the moment of one's self-destruction.

There is small prospect that our highways will become less perilous. You and I can only pray.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: Is it possible for a backslider to come back to Christ, be forgiven for leaving Him and going back to the world? That is what I did and I am miserable. T. P.

ANSWER: Let me assure you straight away that the New Testament holds out plenty of hope for the backslider, never mind how faithless he has been to Christ.

Consider the case of Simon Peter the disciple who had lived so close to Jesus Christ and who yet three times denied Him. Here was a tragic case of backsliding if ever there was one. Yet Peter was fully forgiven and restored and became one of Christ's greatest witnesses.

Do you remember the message which the angel at the empty tomb gave to the disciples on the day of resurrection? "Go, tell His disciples and Peter, He goeth before you into Galilee." (Mark 16:7).

The mention of Peter's name was a reminder that the Lord had not written off the unhappy disciple as a hopeless failure. No, Christ loved him still, and later He gave Peter the opportunity to confess his love for Him three times. (See John 21: 15-17).

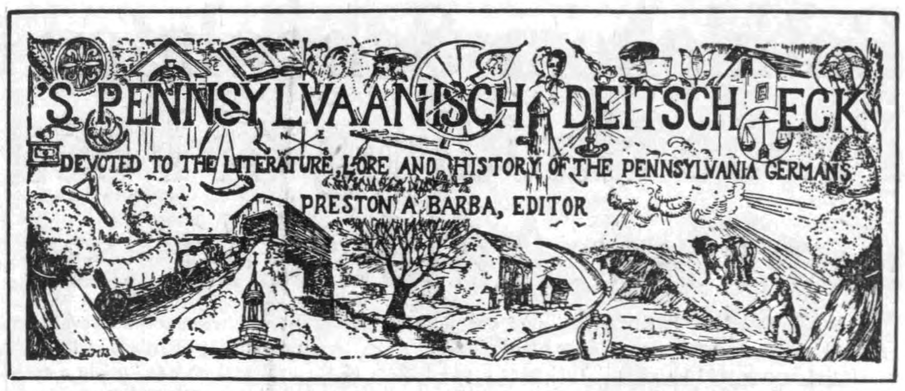
So let me beg of you to come back to the Savior in a spirit of penitence and simple trust. Acknowledge your faithfulness. Lay hold upon His promises — now, as at the first. Remember, He loves you still, and His promise is certain: "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out."

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Joy in Giving

One of this world's profound pleasures . . . is the sincere act of giving . . . an attribute that makes this life . . . one that is worth the living . . .. there are many ways of giving . . . and each plays a special part . . . in helping someone get along . . . and have a happy heart . . . we can give advice or money . . . or a fraction of our time . . . each will help someone to prosper . . . so life will be more sublime. . . we can also give affection. . . to a lonely heart in need . . . yes, when we impart affection . . . it's a good and tender deed . . . when we offer up our labor . . . and expect no great return . . . we receive from those who benefit . . . thanks only love can earn . . . so it is and always will be . . . and it makes for joyful living . . .for those who gain the favor and . . . for those who do the giving.



DIE ZEIT WEXELT ALLES

Ich denk als oft draa—
Ihr Alte wisst's aa—
Wie Yaahre zrick dauss im Land
Mir laafen paar Meil—
Sell waar als die Schteil—
Un heessen's aa gaar ken Schand.

Eb's Karrich odder Schul,
Un des iss ken Gful,
"S waar geloffe an seller Zeit;
Waar'n Gaul vleicht im Schtall,
Dann waar's als der Fall
Mer reide kann, waar's bissel weit.

Net bis mer uff Elt,
Waar's selli Zeit bschtellt,
Dass mer'n Buggy un Gaul eeggne deet;
Des notwennich sei
In der Schpargerei
Mer Sanschdaag oweds faahre geht.

Zwische datte un nau
Gschehnt's Auto Gebau,
Sell wexelt es Lewe all rum;
En sechzeh - Yaahr Kind—
Der Weg wie mer's finnt—
Hot en Auto, gscheit odder dumm.

Es laaft niemand meh
Noch'm Schtor kaafe geh,
Der Gas-wagge schteht an der Deer;
Do tschumpe sie nei
Un saaggen dir glei
Die paar gleene Tutte waern schwer.

Die Yunge — O weh!
Sin immer am Geh—
Am Rumdunnre draus gansi Nacht;
Sie faahrn driwwer nei,
Doch unschuldich glei,
Wann ihr Narrheit en Accident macht,

Ich hab ken Geduld—
'Siss Eltre ihr Schuld,
Dass Kinner heit sin wie sie sin;
'S iss niemand so gscheit
Wie ihr Kinner heit,
Do macht's nix aus was sie sin drin.

Scheint en bessrer Weg,
Gaebt's endlich meh Schleeg,
Un wennicher Schtrosse Rumgschpring;
Wennicher Autos — schtatts
Meh Laafes in Blatz—
Der Auto iss en gfaehrlich Ding.

1959 —RALPH S. FUNK

BOOK REVIEW

EPHRATA. A History. By James E. Ernst. Posthumously edited by John Joseph Stoudt. Allentown: The Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, Vol. 25, 1963. — pp. xxl, 354. — $6.50.

The physical remains of the Ephrata **Kloster** have been preserved with commendable accuracy, but accurate information about the character and motives of its members has been largely on two original but hardly unbiased sources. The **Chronicon** will always be the principal source for the narrative history of this colony of German Pietists, and the most convincing glorification of its founder, Conrad Beissel. Sangmeister's **Leben und Wandel** does not add much to the narrative but presents a much more critical view of Beissel. There was need for a more objective study, and Dr. Ernst has provided both objectivity and a scholarly and readable analysis of the achievements and tribulations of the Ephrata colony.

The late Dr. Ernst apparently worked for many years on this study, which consisted of two drafts at the time of his death in 1848. Dr. John Joseph Stoudt undertook the task of editing and combining the two scripts, and has not only provided a fine ntroduction to the historical background of European Pietism, but has produced for the first time a coherent and well organized history of the Solitary.

EPHRATA is primarily a narrative history, but one is constantly aware that the narrative depends in large part on the activities of Beissel, the "strange genius" who founded and guided the Mystical Order.

Conrad Beissel, born in the Palatinate in 1690, poor, orphaned, frail in health but mentally precocious, became interested in a new and exciting movement, Pietism, while he was a baker's apprentice. Here was an opportunity for him to use his intellectual ability and desire for leadership. It was during this period that he became a proponent of celibacy, probably because of adolescent disillusionment with his employer's mistress. In 1720, after association with unorthodox groups of various beliefs, he came to America, and resolved to live in solitude, but he found evangelism more exciting than solitary isolation, and it was not long before he boldly assumed leadership of the Separatist groups, and attracted both male and female followers by his zealous and hypnotic oratory. It was inevitable that rumors should arise, and scandal, not always unfounded, followed the Angelic Brothers and Spiritual Virgins as they formed the Camp of the Solitary at Ephrata. Constant rivalries, particularly with the Eckerlins, plagued the group frequently, as well as disputes over dress, discipline, music and administration. There were ever - present jealousies over the relations between the Brothers and the Sisters. It is apparent that Beissel succumbed occasionally to mortal weakness with regard to drink and women, but the author has provided a realistic picture of the eighteenth century religious zealot, since in his belief of his destiny, honest in his showmanship, and human enough to fall victim to the mortal frailties of all mortal men.

This is an important and valuable contribution to the understanding of the strange religious fervor of early Pennsylvania. The book is thoroughly annotated, and contains excellent illustrations of the reconstructed **Kloster**.

FREDERIC SHRIVER KLEIN
Franklin and Marshall College

Pennsylvania German Folklore in the Shenandoah Valley

By ELMER L. SMITH and JOHN STEWART

(Continued)

The Old Spitz — A Pennsylvania Rifle

In recent years an insurance company has featured the Shenandoah Valley in a nation-wide advertising campaign. In one feature of the series it was stated that "many so-called 'Pennsylvania rifles' were made by Shenandoah Valley gunsmiths." It is not our purpose to refute this statement but rather to elaborate on it. The so-called "Kentucky Rifle" is a term used to describe the long flintlock or percussion rifle which Pennsylvania gunsmiths created years before Daniel Boone explored the Kentucky territory, thus the "Kentucky" rifle is the "Pennsylvania" rifle. These unique pieces were made throughout southeastern Pennsylvania although rifle shops were established very early in the history of Lancaster County and many famous gunsmiths were located there.

In Berks County, Samuel Boone, a close relative of Daniel, made Pennsylvania rifles long before the birth of the nation and of course Daniel and other relatives of the gunsmith migrated southward settling temporarily in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia.

Although this famous rifle was developed in southeastern Pennsylvania, it moved westward and southward with the migration of Pennsylvania Germans. Gunsmith shops were established in Maryland and Virginia as well as in midwestern states. Certainly, then some rifles bearing the design and characteristics of the Pennsylvania rifle were produced by craftsmen in the Shenandoah Valley. It is reasonable to assume that a large number of the early gunsmiths of the Valley were one-time residents of the Keystone State and of German heritage.

One such early gunsmith was Henry Spitzer of New Market, Virginia. The Spitzers were German born migrants to Pennsylvania who chose the Shenandoah Valley as a permanent home before the end of the Eighteenth century.

Henry established a gunsmith shop and served the residents, who were primarily migrants from Pennsylvania, for many miles in all directions. Two sons, Charles and William followed in their father's footsteps continuing the work until 1862 when Charles died during the Civil War.

In 1823 Henry Spitzer was taxed for one acre of land at 62c, a horse, 12c; a carryal, 75c; and other items totaling $2.24.

Today, products of the Spitzer gunsmiths shop are uncommon because relatively few were produced. Those guns the Spitzers made served heavy duty for many of the buyers were farmers who hunted for food and not merely for sport animals. Guns were also needed for protection against wild animals. Another cause of the scarcity of examples of Spitzer guns was the fact that some guns were confiscated from local residents by Federal troops during the War between the States and production of the Spitzers ceased before the end of the war.

Fortunately, Charles Spitzer kept an account book which the writers have in their possession for study. This hand written record totals 157 pages and includes a period from 1832 through 1860. Unfortunately, in later years the gunsmith failed to record all his work activities in the book and instead used slips of paper which he loosely inserted and as a result, a good number of records are probably missing.

The New Market gunsmith's rifle was locally referred to as an "Old Spitz" or "Old Spitzer." They cost between $15.00 and $23.00 depending on the finish and the year when purchase was made. Prices gradually increased thus in 1835 a rifle costing $15.00 cost about $18.00 ten years later.

It took about a weeks work to make a single rifle in that period and any elaborate carving or brass or silver inlay work added to the craftsman's time and also the cost. Shot guns were less expensive and brought around $10.00.

Much of Charles Spitzer's time was taken doing repair work of various kinds. His account book shows a wide variety of repairs on almost any household item such as "mending pot to cooking stove, 50c; mending candlesticks 12c; repair two door locks 25c; mending farm bell 12c; repairing sleigh 50c; mending a pair of specticles 12c; repair of umbrella staff 25c; mending hand iron 25c; mending 3 snuffers 25c; and making spindle for wood wheel 25c."

Charles Spitzer must have been a particularly skilled craftsman for other metal workers occasionally turned to him for help in completing a task they were unable to do. In 1844, William Hopkins wrote him, "Charlie, I send you the leg of a hand iron which was sent to me to mend and it had been tried . . . but failed, I send it to you to get it well done. I also send you a pistol, . . ."

In addition to repair work, occasionally Spitzer was called upon to make such items as a coffee mill, $3.50; door keys, 25c; saddlers knives 50c; and to cast screws, brass boxes and other fittings.

Much time was also devoted to the repair of guns. Records indicate he fit new locks; stained stock; mended tumblers, filed barrels, balanced rifles, and remodeled old rifles or what he recorded as "percusioning of an old rifle." Notes indicate that people were often in haste seeking the repair work completed immediately, if not sooner, although the craftsman might have had to caste a new port before the gun could be put in working order.

Nor was he always paid in money, he was often satisfied to receive as an alternative to cash such things as "six quarts of dried cherries, 75c; one load of wood, $1.50; one turkey, 50c; one pound of tobacco, 25c; two pieces of brass; silver, steel or bushels of corn, wheat or oats." However, when a new rifle or shot gun was sold it was for cash!

Purchases the gunsmith made included tincture of niter; sulphate copper; "blew" vitril; muriatic acid; lead; antimony; bismuth and nitric acid. In addition, he was dependent upon charcoal furnaces and ironworks several of which were located nearby. Hardwood was abundant and easily accessible.

One can almost picture Charles, with his heavy round face, dark hair with long sideburns but without a beard or mustache. He had broad but sloping shoulders. His shop was a center for discussing hunting, marksmanship and guns. Some of his many customers included Crosmus, A. Berry, Jacob Bushong, Martin Beem, Joseph Bare, Michael, Neff, Moses Zerkel, Christian Whitmer and many others. With the start of winter in 1834 Zacharia Sherfley bought three new guns, for himself a "new smooth bore" and "new rifles" for his two sons and the bill was $41.00.

His customers seem to have been satisfied because they returned with neighbors, relatives and friends. Aary Berry of Madison bought five rifles at different times, a "smooth rifle $13.00; and finally a "new silver mounted rifle, $21.00' 'in addition he also bought shot guns. A relative, Henry Berry purchased one of Spitzers most expensive rifles, paying $23.00.

The work of the gunsmith included making or having on hand a supply of powder horns, bullet molds and powder, ramrods and wiping sticks.

Charles Spitzer made his own bullet molds and sold a considerable number of them at 50 cents each. He also cast rivets at 25c a pound and screws at various prices.

The gunsmith shop had a large anvil, 2 small anvils, a vise, four hand vises, a grind stone, drawing knife, seven plate saw, and miscellaneous tools such as chisels, sledge hammers, squares, planes and saws.

The equipment and furniture in the Spitzer home included a candle stand, chests, tables, cupboard, two sets of six plank bottom chairs, copper kettles, a six plate stove, iron pots, stoneware kegs, jugs, tea pots, plates and dishes and other personal property.

Patrons from Madison, Page, Orange and other more distant counties benefited from the services and product of the Spitzers and a number of their "Old Spitz" rifles were almost certainly carried to Kentucky and Tennessee by pioneer settlers as Pennsylvania rifles were and are now also referred to as "Kentucky rifles."

(To Be Continued)

THE MORNING CALL

David A. Miller, Publisher-Director 1895-1958

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

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Editorials

Aid for Mob Rule

Authoritarian governments frequently come into power riding the terror generated by mobs. It is not surprising, therefore, to find Indonesia's president turning to a mob to express his displeasure at the creation of the new Southeast Asian nation of Malaysia.

Sukarno grabbed Dutch Guiana by threats and mob scenes and hoped to do the same with the western strip of Borneo that until a few days ago was British. To demonstrate his displeasure with the creation of the new nation, he permitted vandals to wreck the British embassy, stone the ambassador and his staff and pillage homes while police were conveniently delayed.

This is one of the nations into which the United States is pouring millions of dollars of foreign aid. It is helping keep this Communist-inclined ruler in power to play Red China's game of seizing or subverting new nations that as colonies were prepared for democratic self-rule.

Little wonder some congressmen are demanding an end to handouts for Sukarno and his kind.

Last Chances

Take another look at the record of the 18-year-old hoodlum who has been before the Lehigh County Juvenile Court four times in the last year and in prison twice during that period while awaiting hearings.

His first arrest last November was for being involved in eight burglaries, three attempted burglaries and extensive vandalism. He was placed on probation and given a chance to mend his ways.

Less than three weeks later he was picked up again for driving without a license, threatening a young couple and spending a night with a juvenile girl in an apartment. After several months in prison he was placed on a more strict probation. Later he was picked up three times at juvenile drinking parties and given a suspended sentence to a correctional institution. Last week he was arrested again for violating his probation and yesterday he was finally sent to what once was called a reformatory.

We point this up only because the probation officer, known for being eager to give erring youngsters another chance, says this one has been responsible for heartaches to other juveniles and their families. We wonder how many of these heartaches would have been prevented, how much less delinquency there would have been, if he had been sent away on his second or even his third arrest.

Proceed With Caution

Public pronouncements by the spokesmen for democracy and communism will not end the cold war, but there is guarded optimism that the 18th annual session of the United Nations General Assembly may be another turning point in the long perilous struggle between the Soviets and the West.

In their opening statements, both President Kennedy and Foreign Minister Gromyko appeared to be paving the way for further steps toward conciliation. This time the United States wasn't alone in holding out an olive branch.

The American president did little more than underscore the proposals he and his predecessors in the White House previously read into the record. Nothing more was required of him. This nation long has been ready to join Russia in promoting any realistic efforts that will mean progress for civilization, security for the free world and an honorable peace for all nations.

The Russian foreign minister's proposal for a summit disarmament conference didn't sound quite as hollow as these suggestions once did. There is after all the precedent of the limited nuclear test ban treaty. It will give others the opportunity to observe how ready Moscow may be to honor its commitments and act in good faith.

But other things may be responsible for any change in the attitude and approach of the Kremlin in the current deliberations.

The Soviets come to this year's General Assembly sorely in need of friends. Their split with Red China appears to be real and widening. Their agricultural program has flopped and few of the emerging nations are likely to voluntarily take it as a pattern. Their industrial development may depend on massive loans from the American capitalists they have flayed so mercilessly for 40 years.

The Russians also know that for all the shouting and shoe pounding, the quiet voice of the United States generally has prevailed in the Assembly. Even with the proliferation of the Asian-African bloc and the emergence of the many so-called neutrals, this nation has rarely been on the losing side of a vote.

But the caution flags are still up. They must be kept there until the Russians do something more than just talk about peace and disarmament on the one hand, and their plans to bury us on the other. One early evidence of their sincerity should be withdrawal of all their armed forces from Cuba and their agents from other countries in this hemisphere.

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.

Constitutional Change

To the Editor:

I do not move in the same circles as Mr. Lloyd O. Loechel Jr., who is so anxious to see a constitutional convention financed by the taxpayers' millions, but I am wondering

(1) Why do Mr. Loechel and the big monied interests want to spend our taxes on a convention when the same thing could have been done by the Legislature?

(2) Could it be possible that they intend to slip in a joker on us taxpayers — say a graduated income tax in addition to our 5 per cent sales tax?

Continued on Page 7, Column 2

Creeping Growth



A Task for Persuasion

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Sometimes an irreconcilable conflict becomes reconcilable with the passage of time and by the avoidance of incitement to further conflict. It is conceivable that a moratorium now of one year on racial "demonstrations" and picketing may constructively lead to an adjustment of views.



Lawrence

Attempted coercion of Congress is fruitless. The spreading of threats and counter - threats will be of little avail and will only stir passions on both sides and result in tragic episodes of violence.

A moratorium is an agreed-upon method of delay. It does not require commitments in advance from either side, but can mean progress through an effort to attain a meeting of minds.

To bring about an atmosphere in which reason can make progress, it is necessary that both sides exercise the self - restraint which recognizes, first of all, that human problems are not always settled by statute and must be considered in an environment of good will.

It will not be helpful for either side to accuse the other of a lack of fairness of reasonableness. It will not help for agitators to continue the "marches" and "demonstrations" which now are not confined to Negroes but are participated in by both sides. Resentments are produced by carrying such problems to the streets, where the possibility of violence is always present.

The churches can play a part — an influential one. But the preachers can do much to solve the problem by avoiding emotional outbursts themselves or participation in "marches." They could — without taking sides — exercise instead a spiritual influence for conciliation in the community.

For the function of the church is not to write legislation or to engage in lobbying but to bring persons of all classes and groups together so that they themselves may apply the rule of reason and humaneness to the discussion of vexatious problems of adjustment in everyday life.

The problems of race friction are deep - rooted and will not be solved overnight. More can be gained for the objectives of a "civil rights" program by the activities of community leaders than by federal law or even state laws.

For the fact is that the 1954 "desegregation" decision of the Supreme Court of the United States caught the country by surprise. It was a reversal of the previous "law of the land" or "law of the case" which had prevailed for many decades.

Only nine years have elapsed since the decision ordering desegregation in public schools was announced by the high court. But during that brief period there has been a great deal of public discussion and debate without violence or threats of violence.

Good progress was being made when suddenly a wrong decision was reached — to go to the streets with "demonstrations." The theory was that a virtual threat of revolt would persuade those who had not yet been persuaded. The opposite happened. It caused a hardening of positions and a turbulence that naturally curtailed the influence of even the so-called "moderates."

A return to the atmosphere that prevailed before the "demonstrations" started would be most helpful. For, basically, the segregation problem is a human problem. This writer attended an integrated public school and would do so again if he were a student. He would today cast his ballot for desegregation of public schools. But one's personal beliefs do not erase the fact that other people have different beliefs and that in free America individuals maintain a right to be unconvinced in a debate that touches their daily lives and the lives of their children. The constitutionality of laws, new or old, can always be tested in the courts without any display or exhibitionism.

As Attorney General Kennedy said in a televised interview this week, "people can't be led by bayonets" and "only a change of heart" can bring about needed changes in human attitudes in the present controversy.

So a monumental task of persuasion lies ahead. The arguments on both sides will never be heard in an atmosphere in which whites and Negroes are being killed and many are being wounded. For emotion and the heat of passion never solved a dispute, whereas reason, calmness and the honesty that comes from self - examination and spiritual guidance have settled many a conflict.

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My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: While you were in Chicago, I watched your Crusade on television. I believe I have been what you call "converted" as I was moved as never before. I bought a Bible but can't find the word conversion. Is it used in the Bible?

A. P.

ANSWER: Yes, the word conversion is used many times in the Bible. Psalm 19:7 says: "The law of the Lord is perfect converting the soul." David said: Psalm 51, "Then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee." Jesus said in Matthew 18:3 "Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Peter preaching on the day of Pentecost said: "Repent ye therefore, and be converted that your sins may be blotted out."

The word conversion actually means "to turn". A person repents of sin — that is the negative side. Turns to Christ — that is the positive side. Anyone can be converted. It is not an emotional experience, but a surrender of the total personality to Christ.

Bored Students

By RUSSELL KIRK

At least half of the students who enter our colleges do not complete their studies and do not take degrees. A large part of the student body seems aimless and bored while enrolled. How many undergraduates are genuinely interested in something for the mind? And what is the trouble with those who aren't?

A modest inquiry into these problems has been made by K. S. Hogg, Jr., of the Saginaw Kiwanis Joint Committee for Public Education. He sent questionnaires to the several state universities of Michigan, asking university officials about the motives of freshmen. On the average, the survey revealed, some 15 per cent of freshmen are "highly motivated students devoted to scholarship and. . . working very close to their maximum capacities," in the opinion of university officials.

About 30 per cent of the freshmen could do better work, but still are reasonably serious students; about 35 per cent are working well below their natural abilities, though they may obtain marks good enough to squeeze by; and about 19 per cent do next to nothing.

This Kiwanis committee also inquired whether there is a noticeable lack of ability to read adequately in the lower two groups; the answer from the university officials was a clear "yes." They emphasized, however, that programs in "speed reading" do not succeed in remedying this deficiency. And they felt that even more serious than reading-troubles are other factors — among them, the attitudes of family and community toward the goals — if any — of education; the aimlessness in general of many students; the lack of sound personal goals. Much of the difficulty, it seemed, came from the families of the students.

The university officers agreed that better instruction in reading in primary and secondary schools would help these students greatly in college, nevertheless.

Having visited colleges in nearly every state of the Union, I fancy that Michigan is sufficiently typical of America generally, so far as motive and performance of students is concerned.

The university and college empire - builders want to double the capacity of American colleges within a decade. But what good will it do to lure in twice as many bored and aimless students — indeed, to increase the proportion thereof? There is no genuine education except self-education. Learning cannot be poured into an empty human vessel, as milk into a bottle.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Such Is Life

Now that the storm is over . . . soon the sun will shine . . . gone are the weary hours . . . when my heart used to pine . . . the road once filled with pitfalls . . . is smoother than before . . . life was a turbulent ocean . . . now I am on the shore. . .in retrospect I ponder on . . . that space of time when I . . . didn't seem to care a bit . . . if I would live or die . . . thank God for giving me the faith . . . to see my troubles through . . . now the gray clouds have dispersed . . . to make way for the blue . . . such is life: we lose, then win . . . and of this I am sure . . . with the help of God on high . . . we can long endure.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

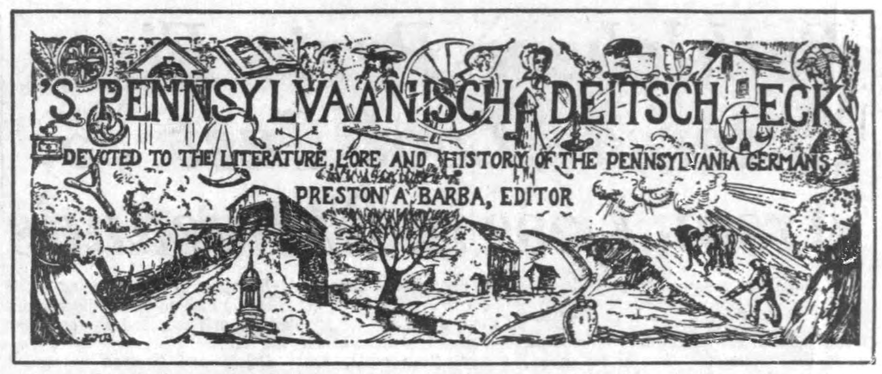
John Straley at last is convinced that all this talk he's been hearing about women taking over control in this land of ours is the real McCoy. He overheard two little girls quarreling one day last week. Shrilled one of them, "My mother can lick your mother!"

Limerick department:

There was a young pastor in Kew
Who kept a brown cow in a pew.
There he taught it each week
A new letter in Greek,
But it never got further than MU.

Horoscope

Elderly relatives may present obstacles, but progress will be good. Today's child could be outstanding in medicine.



Pennsylvania German Folklore in the Shenandoah Valley

By ELMER L. SMITH and JOHN STEWART

(Continued)

The Stone Cutters

Tombstones often offer a wealth of interesting information; epitaphs, demographic, geneological, and migration data, and an insight into the religious beliefs of a people. The headstones serve as a partial record in stone.

In the past two years the writers have visited more than fifty burial places in five counties of the Shenandoah Valley.

Unfortunately, a large number of the early burial places in the Valley were in family plots in a corner of a field on the home farm. Many of these have been lost over the years and those that remain often offer little information because the graves were usually unmarked except for a simple local stone gathered from the nearby river bed and placed uncut at the head of a grave. Occasionally some are found with crude inscriptions, hand cut by some loving father or husband with simple identifications such as **Susie** or **Annie** and the year. These were usually before the year 1800.

A number of wooden headstones, hand carved, give more adequate information, but most of those that can be found are rotting at the base and cannot be expected to survive any meaningful time in the future. The wooden markers are usually of oak although a few are in walnut.

The Craftsmen

The vast majority of the tombstones erected after 1800 were the product of a relatively few craftsmen scattered throughout the Valley. The vast majority of the stone-cutters, whose work can be identified, were of German heritage.

In the rural cemeteries of south-western Rockingham and Augusta counties the tombstones carved by J. H. Wine are of particular interest. This cutter had his shop at Bridgewater and a relative recalls watching him work years ago. He was in the shop when the craftsman was nearing the completion of an inscription on a slab when it split into several pieces. The German's tongue, less controllable than his skilled hands, gave out with a flow of emphatic words best left unrecorded here.

Wine often "signed" his product, either out of pride of his artistic accomplishment or as an advertising device — he cut at the bottom of the tombstone, "J. H. Wine" sometimes adding, "stone cutter" and occasionally even including his location, "Bridgewater."

Other stone-cutters were **A. Rife** of Timberville, **F. Hess; J. Hess; A. Funk; J. C. Miller; J. W. Miller; G. E. Miller; H. A. Rife; I. Fridley; G. D. Anthony; L. B. Jordan, W. N. Cox; Rinker, Myers and Howard.** At various times some of these craftsmen worked in partnership with one another, **Hess and Weaver, Rife and Rinker** and **Hess and Myers** had partnerships at one time.

Other stone-cutters, of non-German heritage did considerable work in both ends of the Valley. In Winchester, McKendrick produced numerous memorials and in the Scotch-Irish neighborhoods, **J. H. Burdett, J. White,** and **Marquis and Kelly** were productive.

Probably the most widespread distribution of tombstones have been the product of the **Loewners.** Samuel once operated a shop in Dayton and Charles in Harrisonburg. The Loewner Marble Works is presently a major producer of memorials.

Designs

Most of the hand cut stones are quite simple in design, including name of the deceased, date of birth and death, and often their status, such as wife or husband to an identified person. In earlier times, epitaphs were quite short, but after 1800 some lengthy verses were carved.

The stone cutter often could be identified by his lettering and unique decorative patterns. J. H. Wine often carved leaves down the side of the stone, others used the lily.

Any number of stones have the symbolic Weeping Willow tree and geometric designs somewhat similar to barn signs are found on quite a few.

The very early red sandstone markers inscribed in German quite frequently have a crude multi-pointed star or sun-burst type design.

Inscriptions

In spite of the fact that a vast majority of the residents of the Valley were of German heritage, there are surprising few tombstones that were inscribed in German.

In Probst Church cemetery, the oldest Lutheran church in West Virginia, the dialect was and is still spoken throughout the neighborhood, but not a single stone is in German. At St. Paul's Lutheran church in Shenandoah county, more than thirty of the present parishioners Kagey, Miller, Pifer, Henkel, Long, Windle, Roller, Rosenberger, Soner, Meems, Brock, Funkhouser, Lutz, Huff, Sibert, Olinger, Cline, Myers, Sites, Gochenour, Peachy, Harnsberger, Crickenberger, Will, Zerkel, Sprinkel, Driver, Harpine, Brubaker, Good, Hepner, Shuler, Hoover and others.

In 1868, Rupp decorated the halls and parlor in the home of Colonel Pifer of Strasburg, using a method he referred to as fresco. This involves painting a wall or ceiling or painting a picture in water colors on fresh plaster. Early the next year he was contracted to do the same style of work in the new home of Michael Long in Page County.

In 1870 he did frescoing in the Methodist Church at Edinburg, Virginia, charging $175 and this appears to be the beginning of a considerable rise in demand for such type of decoration in the Protestant Churches of the Shenandoah Valley. Rupp did fresco-type decorating in forty-three churches between 1870 and 1902.

When members of the United Brethren Church at Hawkinstown saw the decorations he did at the Edinburg Church, a committee composed of William Lutz, Andrew Funkhouser and Joseph Hawkins visited Rupp and contracted for his services which he completed in 1872.

The next year the Lutheran Church at Mt. Jackson contracted for a ceiling to be frescoed and his artistic accomplishments spread throughout the Valley. He did fresco decorations in twelve Lutheran Churches in Mt. Jackson, Staunton, Timberville, Harpers Ferry, W. Va., Centreville, Pennsylvania, Concord, North Carolina, Madison, Woodstock, and Salem. Quite frequently when a church of one denomination in a community obtained his services, a church of a different denomination sought his artistic talent shortly thereafter. He decorated thirteen Methodist Churches in Edinburg, Waynesboro, McGaheysville, Harrisonburg, Luray, Woodstock, Staunton, Lexington and New Market and it appears that the Methodists of Concord, North Carolina had to keep up with the Lutherans of that town and have some frescoing.

In addition to churches, Rupp decorated in fresco-style Inns, business office, the parlors of several leading citizens, the library of the Polytechnic School at New Market, the Kagey and Rosenberger Bank at Luray, the Courtroom of Shenandoah County, and similar establishments.

His account book also indicates a demand for his **stipple** and **graining** work. Some wood-paneled walls are stippled, that is painted by means of finishing which is an imitation of the grain or texture of wood. In one home he records, "Stipple walls, grain woodwork and fresco the ceiling."

When William Rupp lent his talents to the typical resident, he often received his remuneration in goods rather than in cash. In 1868 when he painted the house ("inside and out, three coats") of William Sibert, he charged $47.00 and his first payment of one third the amount was settled by fifteen bushels of wheat. When he charged Philip Olinger $7.50 for painting his tin roof two coats he received two loads of wood and Olinger shod his horse using two new shoes.

Other forms of payment for his services included hay, timothy, potatoes, straw, oats, apples, beef, bran, and pigs. Nor was he a Prohibitionist judging from his attitude toward accepting hard drink in turn for services rendered. On occasion he accepted apple brandy and cider instead of cash, in December 1870 he records, "5 gallons cider and 3 gal. apple brandy in settlement."

He made occasional trips out of state to Pennsylvania, North Carolina and West Virginia where his works adorned various churches.

This artist, a man of small stature with slim face featuring a flowing black mustache and beard, has left few contemporary examples of his work. This is understandable in that 60 years have passed since his last fresco work. Some idea of the length of time his work held up in full meaning is recorded in his account book. In October 1879 he frescoed the Shenandoah County Court Room and did it again in September 1900. Judging from this, few examples today would portray the color and beauty and his creations.

The writers have examined the parlor of the former Miss Mary Henkel, New Market where Rupp's fresco work remains on the walls and ceiling. In spite of the age one can visualize the fine craftsmanship and artistic abilities of this Valley artist. The Emmanuel Lutheran Church at New Market still displays lettering by Rupp. He painted the Apostles Creed in black and gold on the front wall.

Still in existence are several of his paper patterns and fresco designs and a small sketch book which proves he was a professional indeed.

William Frederick Rupp Fresco Painter

One of the very few professional painters of the Shenandoah Valley a century ago was William Frederick Rupp who was born in Germany on January 3, 1834.

Before migrating to America, Rupp served his apprenticeship in painting for three years and was trained in methods of graining, stippling, glass staining, lettering, pattern - making and frescoing.

At age twenty he arrived in the port of New York with his father in 1854. His brother took employment in New York and became a successful jeweler; William went immediately to the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia where he had a commission to paint and decorate the Mansion Inn at Luray, Page County. By the summer of 1855 he settled permanently in New Market.

Few records exist that shed light on his works or other activities from his first settlement until after the Civil War. We do know he remained in the community throughout the War period for he married Mary C. Spitzer of New Market in 1862.

Before the War he had quite likely decorated several churches, for Rader's Church records show a payment to him.

Fortunately, the artist-painter kept an account book covering the period 1867 until his death shortly after the turn of the present century. From this 130 page hand-written record the writers have been able to determine information and facts about his work that have been previously unknown

Much of Rupp's daily work consisted of tasks that were commonplace. It must be kept in mind that demands for artistic decoration were limited and he had to earn a living. As a result, he painted houses, both inside and out, barns and other outbuildings, tin roofs, wagons, furniture and similar ordinary painting. In 1868 he decorated an Omnibus in Staunton for $20 and a spring wagon in Mt. Jackson and in 1872 he charged $5 for "painting and lettering tombboards for three graves." But he also did some more skilled work, in 1870 he noted, "Staining and ornamenting 24 panes of glass for Dr. F. E. Rice, $3.60" and "Painting, lettering and ornamenting Butcher Shop Sign."

He did assorted painting and decorating for various residents of the Valley, accounts show the following surnames: Scheffer,

(To Be Continued)

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Editorials

A Mobster's Buildup

The only really new note about the song Joseph Valachi is singing as the cameras grind away in the Capitol is that here is a mobster who thus far hasn't taken the fifth amendment.

For all the Justice Department fanfare, this convicted murderer and dope peddler isn't a hero. He's a hoodlum, has been one for 45 of his 60 years and has come to the end of his line. If there was any possibility of his going back to the boys he wouldn't be singing.

What he's telling the Senate Investigations subcommittee is all in the record. The FBI knows the story in perhaps even greater detail than Valachi. So do most of the senators, the police departments of many cities and some just plain Joe Citizens. The files are bulging with the dossiers of hoodlums, the kingpins of the crime syndicates and their henchmen who occasionally take the rap.

The full dress rehash of the sordid tale that makes a mockery of much of this nation's law enforcement effort does little more than put the gangsters on notice that the heat probably is on. Until the Senate and the Department of Justice lash out at other targets, the big boys will simply sit tight, bury any evidence that may be floating around and, as one suggested, perhaps hire a public relations counsel to give them a better public image.

Unless Valachi comes up with some evidence that can be used to salt down the criminal army and its high command, a lot of time, money and effort are being wasted on a show. It's theme is simply how big and powerful and brazen the crime syndicates have become because there still are so many millions of gullible dupes who let themselves be bilked out of billions of dollars every year by the mobsters in their own home towns.

The Department of Justice would do a considerably better job of building its own image by digging up the solid evidence needed to put these enemies of the American people in prison and making certain that once they are there they get the treatment due all criminals. The job of Congress is to give them the laws they need, not put on a show.

New Task in Rome

As the bishops and theologians of the Roman Catholic Church assembled for the second session of the Vatican Council opening tomorrow, they were on notice that Pope Paul VI means to take bold new steps toward the ancient dream of a unified Christendom.

From the beginning of his reign, the pontiff has made clear that he means to follow in the footsteps of Pope John XXIII and bring the administration of the worldwide church up to date. His announcement that the predominantly Italian Curia will be internationalized and some of its historic functions transferred to the diocesan bishops is an indication that he means to take even broader strides toward reform than his trail-blazing predecessor.

The promised diversification of the administrative council's ecclesiastical membership and the transfer of some of its responsibilities does not mean that the doctrines of the church will be diluted or the strength of the papacy diminished. It does suggest, however, that the Pope wants his most intimate advisers to include men with first hand knowledge of the lands in which the church is at work.

Many within the church long have been seeking these changes both to strengthen their work and to broaden its appeal. The Pope agrees with them that the machinery of the Curia has become antiquated through the centuries and that diocesan bishops understand the needs of their flocks better than a remote and relatively anonymous Vatican court.

Pope Paul VI quite obviously wants to make the great church of which he is the temporal head better understood among its own members and by their neighbors in all lands. This must be the foundation for any ecumenical movement that has hopes of bearing fruit.

Santa's Early Samples

We read somewhere that within the last few days toy manufacturers have been holding a trade preview in New York of what Janie and Johnny will be asking Santa Claus to leave under their Christmas trees.

This may be something of a surprise to those whose youngsters have been looking longingly at local toy counters and newspaper ads within the last few weeks or who have seen for themselves. We have and it looks to us as if the old boy whose workshop is said to be at the North Pole dropped in here on his way to New York and left many of his samples.

If the kids haven't said anything about it, don't ask them. You'll be hearing soon enough.

What Others Say

Verdant Freshmen

Wall Street Journal

The older generation no doubt will be pardoned if it muses for a bit, at about this season, over headlines similar to the one appearing the other day over a news story from New Haven, Conn.: "New Yale Men Told They Top Fathers in Size and Wisdom."

Doing the telling was Yale's Dean George May, warning the entering class of 1967 that the college was considerably changed from the one their fathers knew. The word "wisdom" is clearly a headline writer's earnest effort to compress into a small space Dean May's observation that 30 years ago only 23 per cent of the freshmen made grades of 80 or more, whereas last year 43 per cent did so. He also noted that today's freshmen were about an inch taller and 12 pounds heavier than those in the class of 1938.

For a good many decades, deans all over the country have been reeling off to freshmen similar impressive statistics. Which makes not a few alumni—today long from ivied walls, and perhaps shorter and scholastically less well equipped than those they preceded—wonder what it is happens to all these youths as they mature. For though they've been getting bigger, healthier and brighter year after year they don't seem to be any better at cleaning up the world's social, economic and political tangles than their dads were.

Saddle Bags



The Tax Cut Planning

By DAVID LAWRENCE

There'll be a tax cut beginning next January and another the following year. This was the outlook as the House passed the measure involving an $11 billion total reduction in taxes in two years. While the Senate may use up a few weeks in committee hearings and debate, it may find preponderant the reasons for enacting the new law this year instead of next year.


Lawrence

Opinions will differ as to whether the country will be benefitted by passage of a two-step $11 billion reduction in taxes raising the treasury deficit to above $8 billion next year and entailing further deficits in the next two or three years. But whatever viewpoints may be held about the wisdom of the plan, the fact is that tax legislation now will produce an immediate impact on the national economy.

The big question at the moment is what the tax cuts will do to or for business. The revision of tax rates favors the individuals in the upper and lower brackets. The citizens in the middle bracket get no comparable treatment. The theory advanced in favor of this strategy of the administration is that people in the higher income brackets have been experiencing virtual confiscation of their earnings and, when they get relief, they will promptly put their funds to work by investment in securities. This is supposed to produce a plentiful supply of money for expansion of plant and equipment and for new enterprises and maybe even a drop in interest rates.

Unfortunately for the theorists, it hasn't been lack of funds for expansion which has stunted America's economic growth in recent years, but a failure of profits to keep pace with the rise in volume of sales and output. Higher and higher wage scales have not been accompanied by an increase in productivity which is so necessary to a balanced economy.

The main argument made by President Kennedy for the tax bill is that it will stimulate consumer spending. The experience of the 1930's shows that temporary rises in consumption do not bring prosperity or cure high unemployment.

The administration realizes that, for political purposes, temporary prosperity can be fruitful. Hence the pressure to get the tax bill through this autumn so it will begin to take effect in January 1964. As the taxpayer gets a cut in the taxes withheld from his paycheck, the assumption is that he will go happily t the polls in November to express his gratitude. But, unfortunately, the savings are relatively small to the vast majority of tax-paying families—amounting in many cases to less than 50 cents a day.

Business Planning

So it's the sum total of increased turnover or volume in business which will count. Will it produce the feeling of "good times?" If it does, the administration will benefit for a while. Economic history, however, shows that prosperity comes and stays for a long while only when conditions justify a capital-goods expansion. Plenty of funds are already available for investment if a fair margin of profit increases should come into sight.

Business planning requires a careful appraisal of the future trend. Even this very month there are many company executives who are trying to figure out what to do about 1964 budgets. For an expected decrease in corporation taxes next year is not the only factor. It is important to appraise the outlook for 1965 as well as 1964 and judge on the basis of past experience whether the stimulus furnished by the revision of tax rates will be more than a passing phenomenon.

Not only must federal tax legislation be taken into account but the rise in state and local taxes. Some taxpayers will find the savings made on federal income tax offset to some extent by increases in state and local taxes and by a rise in consumer prices.

But, from the administration point of view, it is important for the new tax bill to be gotten through congress before next January, so that businessmen can indeed do some advance planning and so that the economic effects may be felt by the country before the November 1964 presidential election.

That's why the administration has given priority to the tax measure over "civil rights" legislation.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: Why pray to God to change events if everything that happens is meant to be? H. B.

ANSWER: Who said that everything happens just as it was meant to be? This is not according to the Bible, and if unscriptural, it is untrue. God was grieved when Adam sinned and walked sadly out of his garden of bliss. If God was grieved, then it certainly follows that He did not plan it that way.

God is all-powerful, that is true. But what we often forget is that God also gave man great power: the power of good and evil. That is to say, He gave man the power of choice. Adam could have overcome his temptation. He had the capacity to triumph over evil, but he failed in the crucial test. We see sin and evil all around us; immorality, greed, lying, stealing, profanity, and all the rest. But God did not ordain that men should yield to these sins. They do it deliberately, by choice — in defiance of God's law and commands.

Just as Adam made an unwise choice and suffered the subsequent consequences, men today are making wrong choices and are paying in kind for their deeds. Things in the world are certainly not as they were meant to be. But if men would take seriously the claims of Christ they could be.

Try Books

By RUSSELL KIRK

"Things are in the saddle, and ride mankind," Emerson wrote, more than a century ago. This is true increasingly in the realm of education, where the pressures of the mass-age push us toward mediocrity and uniformity.

One means of giving everybody a smattering of education is the newly developed mechanization of teaching, still only in its formative stages. What is called "programmed instruction," for instance, employs computing machines to supplant the old-fangled schoolmaster. The student is exposed to a series of machine lessons and machine tests, inducing — to be blunt — a "conditioned response."

Now some highly intelligent people are working on such schemes. And of course it is all to the good if we can take some of the drudgery out of the teaching process, or transfer the drudgery from a human being to a machine. But I fear that as thes processes become vulgarized and applied to masses of students, human imagination and variety of opinions may wither. Neither Shakespeare nor quantum mechanics will be better taught by a machine than by a living mind.

The dean of the graduate school of Boston University writes that in the urban university of the future, "well-prepared films and tapes" will supplant the personal lectures of today. In that glorious future, professors will simply keep the tapes up to date.

Now it is true that our lecture-system in college is mostly obsolete, and that many college lectures are boring. But an instrument was invented several centuries ago which is more efficient than the tape or the film, and superior to most lectures. Also it is comparatively cheap. It is called a book, and movable type made it easily available. My system of "programmed instruction" amounts to a program of book-reading. If students don't know how to read books — well, either they ought to be somewhere other than in college, or else our primary and secondary schools urgently need reform.

I note that certain of the brochures put out by the advocates of computer-type teaching-machines are written badly, in jargon; and their authors do not understand properly many of the philosophical, political, and pedagogical terms they employ. I do not relish the prospect of the conditioned-response sort of "education" that young people may obtain from educationists who don't know how to feed the truth into their own machines. Heal thyself, physician, before clamping thy program upon me and mine.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Inspiration

My inspiration comes from those . . . who form my family . . . from them I gain the faith and hope . . . to face what is to be . . . my dad and mother gave me treasures . . . gold could never buy . . . they taught me what was right or wrong . . . and gave the reason why . . . my two sweet daughters . . . bring me thrills . . . that hinge upon sublime . . . I need their tenderness so much . . . for there's so little time . . . then there is Grace, my loving wife . . . oh, what a wealth of bliss . . . without her sincere guidance . . . my life would go amiss . . . my in-laws, too, are faithful friends . . . who bring me consolation . . . so you can see just why I say . . . they give me inspiration.

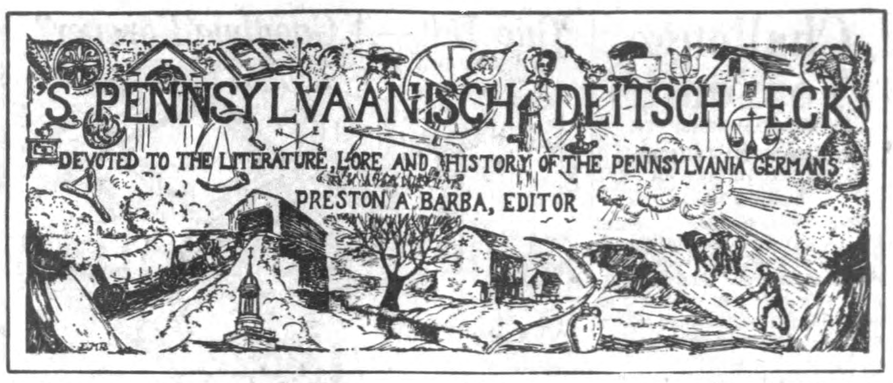
Factographs

About one out of every seven persons in the United States is dependent in some way upon the automotive industry for his livelihood.

There are more than 4 million tracors in use on American farms.

Horoscope

Business advancement is well-augured. Today's child will be popular and lucky.



Pennsylvania German Folklore in the Shenandoah Valley

By ELMER L. SMITH and JOHN STEWART

(Continued)

Paul Henkel — Pioneer Preacher

The Rev. Paul Henkel was one of six brothers, Mose , Benjamin, Isaac, Joseph and John, who served the Lutheran Church as ministers. Together this group made a considerable impact on the development of the denomination in the Shenandoah Valley region, although Paul was more influential than his brothers.

Although Peter Muhlenberg was probably the most famous Lutheran preacher ever to serve in Virginia, and Joseph Seiss and Charles Krauth were Luthern ministers in the Valley who reached national prominence, whereas Paul Henkel won mostly local or regional fame, but his efforts were enduring and his contributions diverse. In D. M. Gilbert's, **The Lutheran Church in Virginia** (1876) Henkel is listed as one of the five men considered to be the fathers of the church in Virginia. Interestingly, Peter Muhlenberg is not included on that list.

Paul Henkel was a descendant of Anthony Jacob Henkel (Henckel) who was born in 1668 and was a graduate of the University of Giessen before being ordained a Lutheran pastor in 1692. His marriage to Maria Dentzer produced twelve children.

The progenitor of the Henkel family in America served the Lutheran ministry in the Palatinate until 1717 when he emigrated to Philadelphia accompanied by his seven living children.

Settling in what is now Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, with others he formed the colony of New Hanover, erecting homes, a school and a church.

His eighth child, John Justus who was born in 1706 married Magdalena Eschmann and after taking up land in Pennsylvania migrated to North Carolina after 1748. In North Carolina the family faced the continual threats of the Indians and the seasonal dread of malaria and to escape they joined neighbors and moved northward to what is now Pendleton County, West Virginia where they settled in an area now known as German Valley.

John Justus Henkel pioneered for his third time, cutting timber, clearing land, building shelters and a protection against the Indians. Two markers were erected that tell the story in brief. One is shaped in the form of an Indian arrow head with the following inscription:

Hinkle's Fort

John Justus Henckel, Sr., built a blockhouse as a home for his family and a protection against the Indians. It became a nucleus for a colonial Frontier Fort. Later used by Continental forces during the Revolution and was called Hinkle's Fort."

A second monument is erected at the grave:

"In memory of John Justus Hinckel, Sr.

1706-1778

and his wife, Magdalena Eschman. Emigrated from Germany in 1717, pioneered in Pennsylvania, North Carolina and Virginia."

The area where Henkle settled was originally part of Virginia but is now West Virginia.

He had twelve children; his son Jacob moved from Pennsylvania to North Carolina with his father where he farmed. When his father moved northward, Jacob did likewise but continued on to Maryland where he worked as a carpenter and shoemaker. Later he moved to Hampshire County, West Virginia, where he farmed and worked as a cooper. Jacob had ten children, six sons became Lutheran ministers and one daughter was burned to death by the Indians during the Indian wars.

The Rev. Paul Henkel was the first child of Jacob, born in 1754 on Dutchman's Creek, Rowan County, North Carolina.

The writers have two small pocket - sized notebooks, handwritten in German by the Rev. Paul Henkel, with numerous entries dated from 1798 in which the preacher had detailed directions for various rituals including the words to be spoken, gestures and the step-by-step process. Baptism, confirmation, and funeral ceremonies are included.

In his early life, Paul lived for three years in a crude fort shelter in Hampshire County in order to be secure against Indian raids. In spite of the primitive living conditions, he was taught to read and write in German.

He served for a short term during 1775 in a company of Rangers but after his marriage to Elizabeth Negley, he built a dam and started to erect a mill only to have it washed away in a flood. Thereafter he became active in work of the church and by 1783 served in the Lutheran ministry under the authority of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania.

After serving at Shepherdstown, he moved to Shenandoah County near Forestville and in 1790 moved to New Market where he maintained formal residence until his death in 1825.

Rev. Henkel was constantly travelling, both to preach at various Lutheran churches throughout the Valley as well as to take temporary charges in North Carolina and at Point Pleasant on the Ohio River. He was involved in the work of the North Carolina Synod and in the establishment of the Tennessee Synod. He served as minister at several of the early Lutheran Churches of the Valley including Rader's at Timberville and was instrumental in building St. Matthews in New Market.

Paul Henkel's Children

The cultural contributions of Paul Henkel extend well beyond his work as a clergyman and church leader.

In 1793 when Henkel travelled by wagon to the annual convention of the Ministerium at Philadelphia he took his two oldest sons, Solomon and Philip, hoping to find them a profession or trade. Arrangements were made for Solomon to apprentice with an apothecary. In time Dr. Solomon Henkel served for many years as a medical doctor for patients throughout the Valley.

Rev. Henkel considered the need for a printery neecssary to further the work of the church and in 1805 he attended a special conference at Hagerstown in order to have a special edition of the Augsburg Confession printed. He later contacted John Gruber (of almanac fame) and discussed establishing a print shop at New Market. As a result, his son Ambrose became an apprentice in Gruber's shop, later working in print shops in Reading and Hanover, Pennsylvania. By the fall of 1806 the Henkel Press was established in the name of Ambrose but closely supervised at first by Reverend Paul Henkel.

The printing press was from Gruber's in Hagerstown, as was much of the type. The early product was almost exclusively printed in German and much of the work was related to the Lutheran church needs.

The work of Dr. Solomon Henkel and that of Ambrose Henkel's Press deserves special treatment in more detail, for much remains unpublished on both topics. But the purpose here is to emphasize the important role played by Rev. Paul Henkel, both in spreading the gospel by word of mouth and by organizing the German press to help spread it in print.

The writers have an interesting hand - written document in English, German and Latin titled **Epitaphium** (the proposed tombstone inscription for Rev. Paul Henkel):

"Here lies interred the body of the Reverend Paul Henkel, Pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran Church;

Who was born on the 15th day of December A.D. 1754

In Rowan County, North Carolina:

Ordained a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ, on the 6th day of June; A.D. 1792;

And died on the 17th day of November, A.D. 1825

Aged 70 years, 11 months and 11 days

His zeal for the promulgation of the gospel of Christ Jesus, was exemplary, and his labours were many and difficult.

He is now with Christ, and no evil can befall him."

The Henkel Press

In 1806, when much of the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia was still a wilderness, Ambrose Henkel established a printery which exists and is in operation today.

Ambrose was a son of Rev. Paul Henkel, a pioneer Lutheran preacher. His father recognized the need for a printery which would produce German language materials and aiding in his church work. Ambrose was born July 11, 1786, near Forestville, Shenandoah County, and in his sixteenth year arrangements were made for him to serve his apprenticeship as a printer in Hagerstown, Maryland.

Young Henkel walked the entire distance carrying his belongings in a pack on his back and arrived at the print shop of John Gruber, who was particularly famous for his publication of an almanac which was widely distributed in the Maryland, Virginia, and West Virginia area.

Snow on July 4th

According to Henkel family tradition, John Gruber left his printery one time for a short trip away from town and in preparation for his absence left prepared copy for his almanac for his compositors to set and print during his absence. After he left, however, it was soon discovered that the weather forecasts had been omitted and it was agreed by the printers that each would make the necessary forecasts and include them in the forms in order that the printing would not be behind the schedule.

Ambrose Henkel set the type for July the Fourth and he forecast "snow " The almanac was printed before Gruber noticed the fantastic and ridiculous prediction but he was furious when he found the "errors." When it was determined that Henkel, the young apprentice, made the prediction, Gruber exclaimed that unless there was snow on the Fourth of July as had been predicted, the print shop could do without Henkel's assistance. According to tradition, the first three days of July that year were unusually cold and on the Fourth, for a few minutes, slight snow flurries appeared in the surrounding hills. Henkel's status and the reputation of the Hagerstown Almanac were preserved. This tale is handed down by Elan O. Henkel, grandson of Ambrose and former operator of the Henkel Press.

After working with Gruber, Henkel served for a short time with a Reading, Pennsylvania printer and also at a shop in Baltimore but before he attained the age of twenty he purchased the bed and irons of a Ramage press and obtained some used type and established one of the early printing shops in the Shenandoah Valley in 1806.

The Henkel press is often considered to be the first German language printing office south of the Mason-Dixon Line, however, some claim a Winchester printery issued an Almanac in German before 1806.

Henkel made ink from lamp black, linseed oil, and boiled onions and carved some wood cuts himself.

In 1807, Ambrose Henkel published the first German newspaper in the South, **The Virginia and New Market Popular Instructor and Weekly News.** The sheet, 10x15" in size, was discontinued after two years for lack of advertising patronage.

Ambrose arranged and published a pictorial German spelling book which was the first school text published in Virginia.

After the newspaper failed, Ambrose once again worked for Gruber in Baltimore, while his press in New Market was handled by his brothers, Andrew and David. Returning in 1810, Ambrose brought a new press from Philadelphia for the purpose of publishing a German Hymn Book his father prepared. The hymn book reached a second edition and an English version was produced which reached four editions.

Until this time, almost all production was in the German language, readers, primers, catechisms and Lutheran Synod minutes.

In 1814, Solomon Henkel, an older brother, purchased the printery and the beginnings of a transition to the English was started. It was felt that the Doctrines of the Lutheran Church needed translation from German to English in order to assist the German emigrants to adjust to the language of their adopted country. It was also believed that the children of German migrants would become Anglecized and in order to keep them in the Lutheran fold published materials in English would need to be available. As a result, the Press had the **Christian Book of Concord** (Symbolical Books of the Lutheran Church) translated. This work was accomplished by family members, four sons of Solomon and their close relatives, the three Lutheran ministers, Ambrose, David and Socrates Henkel translated much of the book and after seven years the edition was published in 1851. This was the first English edition in the world of this basic Lutheran work.

The Henkel Press played a leading role in German printing in Virginia according to Klaus Wust's article **German Printing in Virginia,** published by the Society for **The History of Germans in Maryland,** 1953. His checklist includes Special Conference Reports, verses, broadsides, prayers, ABC Books, Sermons, and church yearbooks. In 1814, the press published Benjamin Rush's works, "The Dunkards Emblem" which included an account of how to prevent alcoholism and offering remedies for a cure.

Of interest to many is the fact that Ambrose Henkel designed and printed Birth and Baptismal certificates both in English and in German in 1811.

The writers have had the pleasure of examining both the Tusing and Miller private collections of Henkel imprints and find them to be very similar to many publications of the early Pennsylvania German printing houses.

Many of the rare Henkel imprints are preserved but dispersed in three main libraries or archives, The University of Virginia, William and Mary, and Duke University. The early primitive Henkel press is on display at the Duke Historical Museum.

Meanwhile, the Henkel Press rolls steadily on in its hundred and fifty seventh year of operation with a direct descendant of the early pioneer printer at the helm.

(To Be Continued)

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Editorials

Housing for Aged

The Federal Public Housing Administration will soon approve a new site for a projected 150 unit housing development for the aged, Allentown City Council has been told.

Most agree something should be done. But throughout the community, there is some pretty strong disagreement as to whether this $1.5 million project should be undertaken with federal funds. Private builders, it is argued, could do the job more economically and more efficiently. We agree.

However, this discussion reminds us of a comment made many years ago by the late Jay House of the former Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"They say," House wrote, "that there is enough nicotine in a pack of cigarettes to kill 20 Indians. If this is the case, why doesn't it?"

Good Act, No Action

No one can deny that the performance of Joseph Valachi before the TV cameras in a Senate Investigating Committee hearing is a good show. For blood and thunder, crime and double crossing, defiance of law and order and vivid descriptions of the unbelievable lands of the underworld it has had few equals.

But the fact of the matter is Valachi's "singing" has revealed little new. Even the names he drops are old hat to the law agencies and to citizens who have



been following the newspapers and magazines since Thomas E. Dewey sent the infamous Lucky Luciano to jail back in the 1930s.

The questions raised by the hearings are: Are they necessary? and What good will they do?

The record of past hearings of this kind is that they have been unusually unproductive. Very few of these arch criminals have gone to the clink as a result of these sensational congressional disclosures.

If the powerful underworld is to be conquered, it will not be by publicity stunts, but by thorough going detective work, the proper preparation of cases and effective prosecution in the courts.

The more we read of this week's testimony, the more we are impressed not by the extent of underworld crime, but by the dismal failure of the Justice Department to do anything impressive about it. The attorney general, for all his declarations, has been much more successful in sending corporation executives to jail for price fixing than criminals for murder, mayhem, blackmail, robbery, gambling and corrupting officials. If the Senate hearings have emphasized anything, it has been the failure of law enforcement.

What Others Say

The Beardniks

New York Times

A British newspaper reports that some Swedish restaurants will not admit young men who wear beards. The truth is that the American type of beatnik beard flourishes not only in San Francisco and New York but also in London, Paris, Rome and other European cities. Such beards irritate some people. They are intended to do so. They are a cry of defiance—against what, the wearers do not always seem to know.

But we have to be careful in condemning them. Nature evidently intended men to grow hair on their faces. The ability to do so has sometimes been regarded as a sign of virility. The Romans usually shaved during their imperial period but the Greeks did not. Our Revolutionary War was won by men who, at least in their portraits, liked to appear clean - shaven. The Civil War was fought by soldiers who grew beards if they were old enough. Try to imagine Washington with a beard — or Lincoln, as President, without one. As for Presidents, the beard diminished to a mustache — Taft's was memorable — and in recent years there hasn't been any.

One ancient reason for beards was that men were afraid they would cut off parts of their faces if they used old-fashioned razors. The safety razor, followed by the electric razor, removed this fear. But every now and then men have an urge to look different, and proceed to do so. After all, if one shaves his face, why not shave the top of the head, too?

Let us not despise Socrates, Lincoln, William James, even Horace Greeley — all in one fashion or another bearded. Let us not even deny the right of beardniks, wild and unwashed though they may be, to grow such facial crops. If other men wore whiskers the present beardniks would shave. We just have to be patient.

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.

A Criminal's Paradise

To the Editor:

F.B.I. Director J. Edgar Hoover said: "A crime explosion in this country is outstripping the population growth by almost four to one." He said in his annual Crime Reports that during the past five years the crime rate in this country went up 27 per cent while the population increased 7 per cent.

At this rate, the very well known Prestige of the United States of America soon will be changed into a Criminal's Paradise. The only way to stop these future expanding crime explosions effectively, is with the help of the National Service Corps, as proposed by President Kennedy and Presidential Consultant William Anderson.

The U.S.A. House of Representatives would do well to follow the U.S.A. Senate and vote for the passage of the National Service Corps. We must have it to help reduce crime. If we do not want crime to grow over our heads, let us write to: The Hon. John McCormack, Speaker of the House of Representatives, Washington, D.C. and ask for his strong support to have the National Service Corps, also known as the Domestic Peace Corps, adopted.

Please do not be too late — help to stop crime right now.

Mrs. Max Arbenz
Summit Lawn
Allentown, Pa.

Canadian 'Bacon'



President's Inconsistency

By DAVID LAWRENCE

It must be hard for a president to avoid inconsistencies in his public pronouncements and policies. This very week Mr. Kennedy pointed out the high rate of illiteracy among the young men who are examined for induction into the military service.

Yet, less than four months ago, he was proposing in his "civil rights" message to Congress that, in the matter of voting qualifications, anybody should be presumed "literate" and eligible to vote if he or she has a sixth-grade education. Certainly in these days when compulsory education for at least 9 or ten years is almost universal throughout the country, few young men in the age groups being called for Selective Service have not completed the sixth grade of school.



Lawrence

The President in his statement Monday said:

"I am deeply concerned about the fact that half of the young men who have been reporting for pre-induction examinations under the selective service system are being found unqualified for military service; and that one out of every four is failing the mental tests, which means, for all practical purposes, that his mental attainments are below those which should be provided by a grade-school education."

The President pointed out that last year, out of the 306,073 young men — at an average age of 22 to 23 years — who reported for the examinations, 75,043, or 24.5 per cent, failed the mental tests.

Now, these cases are by no mean's hopeless. For, as the President points out, the Army during World War II established special training units for the illiterate.

Eighty - five per cent of the 303,000 who received such training graduated and went on to serve as regular enlisted personnel.

But the fact remains that they had to have more education. They were not qualified mentally to serve in one of the most important fields of citizenship with the education they had. Yet Mr. Kennedy, in his message to Congress on "civil rights," June 19 recommended that, in the laws to govern eligibility for voting, the following provision be included:

"In voting suits pertaining to such elections, the completion of the sixth grade by any applicant creates a presumption that he is literate."

The attorney general a year before had said that the states could fix any number of years of education as a "standard," but that, in the absence of such a provision, Congress has the right to fix a sixth-grade education as fulfilling the requirement of "literacy" for voting in federal elections. It is not clear just where in the constitution the federal government could derive such a right.

Three Democratic senators — Sam Ervin of North Carolina, Willis Robertson of Virginia and Herman Talmadge of Georgia — have cited, in speeches to the Senate, decision after decision of the Supreme Court of the United States contradicting the administration's proposal.

As recently as June 8, 1959, the Supreme Court upheld a North Carolina test which required a prospective voter to "be able to read and write any section of the constitution of North Carolina in the English language."

Justice Douglas, speaking for a unanimous court, quoted with approval from a previous decision of the high court, which had said:

"No time need be spent on the question of the validity of the literacy test, considered alone, since, as we have seen, its establishment was but the exercise by the state of a lawful power vested in it not subject to our supervision, and indeed, its validity is admitted."

The extent and significance of illiteracy is somehow being softpedaled in the "civil rights" controversy. The implication is that the Southern States are abusing their discretionary powers in determining the eligibility of voters.

But President Kennedy, in his statement last Monday, said of the applicants for induction into the military service that "the most common deficiency was apparently that they could not read or do simple arithmetic."

The President made another interesting point — namely, that there should be "serious appraisal" of "the reasons why the rejection rate on the mental tests ranges from under 5 per cent in some states to over 50 per cent in others."

This appraisal — which is to be undertaken by a task force appointed by the President — could disclose that a high percentage of both Negroes and whites from Southern states were not found qualified, and this could be an argument for better education in that area.

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My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: I listen to your sermons on the radio and noticed that in most of them you speak of sin in the heart. Why? P. W.

ANSWER: Because sin is in every heart and because it is man's greatest problem. I have recently made a study of what Jesus had to say about the source of the evil things we do and think. He tells us it is not what is without a man which hurts him, rather it is the sin within which gives its expression in impurity, lying, murder, jealousy, hatred, pride, and many other ugly things.

He makes it very plain that these things spring from the evil which is inherent in the heart.

Jesus is much like a good doctor who first of all makes a proper diagnosis, then proceeds to give the medicine or the treatment designed to cure the disease.

He tells us that our trouble is sin and He spells out what the manifestations of sin are. Then, He tells us what the cure is.

It was because of this terrible thing, called sin, that God had to send His Son into the world to redeem it. I am not preaching about this because I enjoy it. But, the Gospel message must include God's own diagnosis — and His cure.

Observations

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

It is easy to tell when a woman cares for a man — if, while talking to her, he gazes away, her eyes will unconsciously follow the line of his, to see if he is looking at another woman.

Watching a plumber at work in our kitchen the other day, I thought of Charles Dudley Warner's remark: "Nothing can move a man who is paid by the hour; how sweet the flight of time seems to his calm mind."

A man who has never made a fool of himself over some woman, and is proud that he hasn't, deserves (and usually gets) the kind of woman who makes a fool of him without his ever knowing it.

Parents who are always "sensible" with their children — who do the practical, punctual, reasonable things, even on vacations are depriving their children of the joyful spontaneity that is so important a part of growing up; and most of the depressed personalities in adult life are the victims of such perverted "sensibleness."

Public attitudes have not changed much in the half-century since William James observed that a theory usually goes through three stages in its career from birth to acceptance: "First it is attacked as preposterous; then it is admitted to be true, but insignificant; and lastly it is considered so important that those who once attacked it claim it to be their own discovery."

There is a certain combination of piety and parsimoniousness that offends me more than vice; the flamboyantly wicked man is less a scandal than those conspicuous church-goers who open their arms to God and close their fists against their fellowmen without ever realizing the fundamental contradiction.

Couples who are "blindly in love" need to be reminded of Madame Recamier's comment that "lovers should keep their eyes wide open during the courtship — and half closed after the marriage." In most cases, it's precisely the reverse.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

John Straley tells about the young Wall Street clerk who was summarily discharged, allegedly having stolen $500 in postage stamps. A crusading lawyer, convinced of the young man's innocence, volunteered to take his case and boasted, "We'll sue that former boss of yours for false arrest, mental cruelty, defamation of character, and several other things I'll think of later. My fee will be $500."

"I haven't got that in cash," admitted the young man. "Can I give it to you in postage stamps?"

Sketches

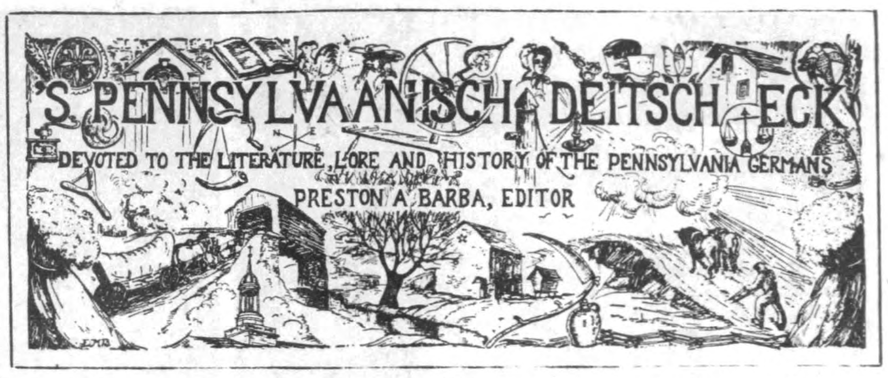
By BEN BURROUGHS

I Leave These

To leave the world some tenderness . . . is my heart's desire. . .for in this world of hate and greed . . . there burns a raging fire . . . to lift man's waning spirit . . . above his self-made strife . . . is the chosen mission . . . of my borrowed life . . . thus I pen flowery phrases . . . of love and happiness . . . hoping they will form a raft . . . for those lost in distress . . . or words about the value . . . of friendly brotherhood . . . these I want to leave behind . . . they are forces for good . . . hope for the weary and strong faith . . . for those who are afraid . . . oh God please make my humble words . . . help someone make the grade . . . the pay is often ridicule . . . but of this I am sure . . . I want to leave these things behind . . . to help mankind endure.

Horoscope

An initial loss should be followed by marked business success. Today's child may be brilliant.



TWO FAITHFUL COMRADES

THE FIRST TWO GERMAN SETTLERS IN PENNSYLVANIA

An historical narrative of German immigration to Pennsylvania before the arrival of William Penn

By LUDWIG AUGUST WOLLENWEBER

(Translated from the German by Preston A. Barba)

Early in the year 1680 two sturdy young Germans sat engaged in intimate conversation in an inn in the Dutch seaport of Rotterdam. Their faces radiated general contentment, and it was very evident that the topic of their conversation was a pleasant one. The elder of the two, about 24 years of age, was Heinrich Frey, a native of the free imperial city of Heilbronn; the other, perhaps two years younger, was Joseph Plattenbach, who had first seen the light of day in the then Palatinate city of Bruchsal. The two young men had first met each other in the famous city of Cologne on the Rhine, where they had hired out as oarsmen on a timber raft, which had been laden with a cargo of logs hewn in the Black Forest in Baden and designated for Rotterdam. Upon their first meeting they had already been attracted to each other, and soon they had entered upon a friendship which was to be severed only by death. As oarsmen they had worked with equal diligence and skill to the great satisfaction of the captain. Whenever they had leisure they were together and talked of their loved ones at home. They concluded, once they got to Holland, to share their joys and their sorrows together. After a journey of five or six days they had reached Rotterdam, were paid and discharged by the captain, and then took lodging in the inn where our story begins.

Henrich Frey had learned the carpenter's trade in his native city. When his apprenticeship was at an end and he was to become a journeyman, he received from his master, as well as from the officials of the imperial city, most excellent testimonials. But from his parents, who loved him deeply, he received only blessings and from his brothers and sisters their heartfelt wishes for his future. With well-laden knapsack, as was then the custom, and also some money in his pocket, he wandered forth toward the Rhine.

Joseph Plattenbach had been apprenticed to a blacksmith in his native city of Bruchsal during which time he had shown himself as an eager and diligent youth. In his free hours he was a Jack-of-all-trades, always making all sorts of useful little tools and instruments. He was especially skilled in making little locks for chests and trunks, such as were at that time quite uncommon upon the markets. With money he had saved he had purchased one of the most modern of such locks, using it as a model, but he had soon improved upon it. His master, Jacob Zahn, was astonished at the superior workmanship and now allowed him more time for such improvements and inventions. When his term of apprenticeship had ended he did not remain much longer in his native city, despite the fact that he was held in great esteem there, both for his skill and his character. He wished to journey forth, improve himself in his trade and learn to know foreign lands and people. After he had taken farewell from his parents and relatives, from his master and friends, he wandered to Holland, for the news had already reached Bruchsal that Holland was a good field for capable artisans.

Heinrich and Joseph Wander to Holland

Heinrich Frey had likewise been allured by the call to Holland, and so chance brought the two young men together. But unfortunately they were sadly disappointed when they arrived in Holland. In spite of their wearisome search they found no employment there. They therefore concluded, unless they found means to support themselves, to enlist as soldiers for the island of Batavia in the Dutch East Indies. But the situation was soon to be remedied, and hence the lively conversation the two young men were having in the Dutch inn.

"Are you certain," said Frey to his friend Plattenbach, "that the ship will soon be sailing from here for the distant New World, and that it is to land at William Penn's new colony. And have you heard that the captain needs recruits and that we can get transportation thither for our services?" — "Yes," replied Plattenbach, "and listen further. You know I went out this morning to buy a loaf of bread for us. I came to a bakeshop, before which a friendly-looking man in baker's garb stood. He must have recognized that I am a German, for he addressed me in the German tongue, asked me whence I had come and whither I wanted to go, and also he inquired about my trade. When I had answered him freely and frankly, he invited me to go with him into his room. Here I told him that I had a very good friend with me, a carpenter by trade, and that we had concluded to remain together. Also I told him that since we had found no employment we had concluded to enter into the Dutch military service and to sail on the first ship to Batavia. 'For Heaven's sake, my countrymen, you have not yet enlisted, have you?' asked the baker. When I told him that we had not yet done so, he said, 'Thank the Lord that you have not been too hasty. Do not go to Batavia, nor any other of the Dutch possessions in Asia, for even though you might get remunerative employment there, it has been shown with certainty that out of a hundred Germans who migrate thither, scarcely a third can survive the climate.

The Friendly Baker

"When I had heard those words from the man and had looked into his honest countenance, I was completely convinced that he meant well by us, and I thanked him for his good counsel. 'Now,' continued the honest baker, 'if you find no employment here and wish to try your fortune in a foreign land, then let me give you certain advice. If you follow it you will be assured of greater happiness and contentment than you would find in the Dutch possessions, where contagious fevers rage the year round. That is no place for happy young German hearts. Hear then! Since you come from South Germany you will no doubt have heard about an Englishman by the name of William Penn, who is an adherent of the Quaker religion, and is at present travelling about in German lands in order to find converts to his sect, and also to influence the people to emigrate to his lovely lands in America which the King of England had chartered to him. It is said that William Penn intends to name this land Pennsylvania and found a city between two rivers, the Schuylkill and the Delaware, which is to be called Philadelphia, or The City of Brotherly Love. Neither in this city nor in this province shall anyone suffer persecution on account of his religious views, and each is to be permitted to serve God according to his own conscience, so long he does not act against the general morals and manners. Also land is to be sold, if the settler wishes, in certain extent, at a reasonable price. A sailor who returned recently from those new settlements told me yesterday that the same were situated on the beautiful Delaware river and were making rapid progress. Several log houses and huts had already been built and were occupied. Although there was no lack of material, there was a lack of able artisans. Further, he said there was a healthy climate, soil that was easily tilled and game and fish in greatest variety and abundance. 'The good ship Marcus,' continued the baker, 'to which the sailor belonged, was now lying in the harbor, was taking cargo for the new settlement and would probably return again thither in eight or ten days. I am a friend of the captain, Caspar Sauter, whom I have known for several years, and whenever he leaves I furnish him bread and zwieback for the journey. He visits me now and then. If you will follow my advice and travel to the new settlements in Pennsylvania, then give me your answer early tomorrow morning, and then I shall go to him and speak to him for you. He is a cultured man, an exception among the many coarse sea captains.'

America—Large and Unknown

"I thanked the good man for his kind counsel and promised to return to him the following morning. When I wished to pay for the loaf of bread he refused to accept any money from me."

After Plattenbach had finished his story, Frey inquired: "Dear brother, and what do you say to the plan?" — "Brother Frey, if you go to America, I shall certainly not remain behind. Did we not promise to stay together?" — "The plan is agreeable to me," Frey continued, "but let us give the plan our due consideration, for America is a very large and unknown land and the journey thither, even with favorable winds, takes three to four months. I tell you frankly, if it were approaching winter I should guard against entering upon the journey, but now that spring is approaching, the weather is not so stormy, so that we could venture to sail thither on the ship Marcus, if they will accept us for the labor we can render, and provided captain and helmsman are not bullies and will promise to treat us humanely." — "Then let us go to the baker tomorrow and give him our decision," replied Plattenbach.

After this conversation, and after they had eaten their bread made more palatable with salt, they walked down to the wharves, since it was still light. There they soon found the Marcus with its masts rising above the other ships lying in the harbor. It was one of the largest and best threemasters of Rotterdam. The two comrades looked with admiration upon the proud ship on which they were to sail to the New World. Upon the wharves and on the vessel was great bustle and animation. Sailors and dockmen were bringing bales, chests, casks and other articles upon the Marcus. Upon an elevation on the boat stood a robust form with coppery red face issuing commands, and whenever anything went wrong he gave forth curses and blows. "If this man is the captain or helmsman of the Marcus, then I wish to reconsider whether I shall enter upon the long journey on the Marcus," said Frey. "I have heard from travellers who came to Heilbronn that the captain of a ship has unlimited authority. When such a man is also addicted to alcohol, as it seems so many sea captains are, then our lot would be hard, and I should rather toil in the galleys, than on such a ship." — "Let us not worry now," replied Plattenbach, "and do not be fearsome. Tomorrow we shall go to the baker, who will certainly tell us the truth about the commander of the vessel." With this intention the young men left the wharf, hastened to their inn and sought their simple beds, where, tormented by cares, they slept restlessly until the morning dawned.

(To Be Continued)

LUDWIG AUGUST WOLLENWEBER

In this issue of the ECK the editor presents the first installment of Wollenweber's historical narrative: **Zwei Treue Kameraden. — Die Beiden Ersten Deutschen Ansiedler in Pennsylvania** (Philadelphia, 1880).

Ludwig August Wollenweber was born at Ixheim, near Zweibruecken in the Rhenish Palatinate, in 1807. While employed upon a newspaper in Hamburg he became involved in revolutionary activities and there-upon fled to America in 1832. For a time he was engaged in various newspaper enterprises in Philadelphia, but later withdrew and dedicated himself to his literary pursuits. As a German from the Palatinate he spoke the dialect akin to our Pennsylvania German. He spent his latter years in Berks County, where he was known to his contemporary Pennsylvania Germans as "Der Alte Vom Berge," the penname under which he wrote. He died in Reading in 1888.

Wollenweber loved the Pennsylvania Germans and liked to think himself one of them. He was the first to see in their history and in their way of life here in their adopted counry material for literary expression. From his pen came various longer narratives, based mainly upon the history of the Pennsylvania Germans. Among these we mention "Aus Berks County's Schwerster Zeit," "General Peter Muehlenberg," Die Erste Muehle am Muehlbach," and "Zwei Treue Kameraden."

The last mentioned, "The First Two German Settlers in Pennsylvania," will be reprinted in the Eck current during the next weeks. It is the story of the two German comrades Heinrich Frey and Joseph Plattenbach. How much history and how much fiction the author has woven into his narrative is not always easy to determine. Of Heinrich Frey we have authentic information. He is mentioned in the "Hallesche Nachrichten," that important collection of reports sent by Heinrich Melchoir Muehlenberg and other divines to the Lutheran Ministerium of Halle, Germany. In the Ninth Report, (1754) we read: "In the first period, namely from 1680 to 1708, some (Germans) came by chance, among whom was one Heinrich Frey, whose wife is said to be still living. He came about the year 1680." This passage is also cited in the publication of the Pennsylvania German Society, the **"Pennsylvania German Pioneers** (1934). — Dr. Oswald Seidensticker, in an article on Franz Daniel Pastorius, which appeared in "Der Deutsche Pionier" for 1870, informs us that Heinrich Frey on April 2, 1692, married the twenty year old Anna Catharina Levering, whose father Wigard Levering of Muelheim an der Ruhr had brought his family to Germantown in 1685. It is therefore not precluded that Heinrich Frey's widow could still have been living in 1754. In 1870 the marriage certificate was still in existence, signed by Franz Daniel Pastorius, as justice of the peace, and by other witnesses.

Unfortunately the editor has found nowhere any reference to the Joseph Plattenbach in our narrative and is inclined to think that he is a creation of Wollenweber's fancy. Although the story is written in the naive sentiment of the Eighties of the 19th century, the editor trusts his indulgent readers will find in this simple narrative something of the atmosphere in which our German forefathers moved and had their being in the sylvan days of Penn's colony.—Ed.

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Editorials

Macmillan's Decision



Although the announced reasons are to be regretted, the decision of Prime Minister Harold Macmillan to retire as the chief of Britain's government is not unwelcome to the Conservative Party he also heads.

Pressures against him have been mounting and are particularly embarrassing because elections are due sometime before next October. Long before illness paved the way for a graceful withdrawal, the party was debating whether he should go or stay and there were many undercover contenders for his place.

Public opinion polls indicate that the fortunes of the Conservative Party are at low ebb. They suffered when Britain was denied a place in the European Common Market and were set back sharply by the Profumo scandals.

Few believed that for all Macmillan did in the earlier period of his seven-year tenure, he could lead his party to another victory. Many question whether anyone can recapture the image in the months remaining before a new parliament is elected.

The situation in which the Conservatives find themselves is not unusual for a party that has been in power in a democracy for a dozen years. The mistakes are more likely to be remembered than the accomplishments. Memories of De Gaulle's rebuffs, a tough winter and the cabinet scandals that reached close to the throne are bright. What Macmillan did as he pulled the pieces of the Suez crisis together, rebuilt the economy, eased unemployment and helped set the stage for the limited nuclear test ban is a considerably more faint vision and will not be polished by the opposition.

Whatever his reasons, by removing himself from the political wars Macmillan has given his party the opportunity to go to the electorate with the promises a new leader of its own choice can make. Under the British system, only he could have made this decision.

Go Together

Manufacturers of blue jeans have a new gimmick they hope will appeal to teachers in the many schools where this kind of apparel is taboo. Dimensions of hip pockets are being changed to more comforatably accommodate the increasingly popular paperback books.

The National Education Association reports the growth is approaching the explosive stage. Students bought between 15 and 20 per cent of the 275 million copies sold last year.

It's good to have this evidence that reading is picking up and the added word that youngsters are selecting classics and semi-classics as well as the more popular titles. Most of them are dressing more neatly, too. Somehow or other, we have a hunch there's some relationship between the two commendable trends.

Fair Warning

It is becoming increasingly clear that the Pennsylvania Liquor Control Board and police are planning to be somewhat tougher on teenage drinking.

Notices went out some weeks ago to the heads of all college living groups reminding them that it is a violation of the law to serve alcoholic drinks to anyone under the age of 21. This, the law and the notice say, includes beer.

Now all college and high school students are receiving individual notices that a new law makes them subject to arrest and fines if they buy, attempt to buy or consume an alcoholic drink anywhere in Pennsylvania.

This may result in some changes for the kind of weekend parties that long have been traditional. It's better to change, however, than to be sorry.

This New World

There has been quite a hassle in New York about painting a colored stripe along the route of today's Columbus Day parade and while city officials have reluctantly yielded to another proud nationalistic group, they say this will be the last time. It should be.

Christopher Columbus was an Italian by birth but on his voyage of discovery he sailed under the flag of Spain. The new world he discovered 471 years ago, and particularly this part of it, has become a haven for people of all lands. Each of the nations now established therein has its own flag and colors. None has place for any other.

This is not a day to be observed by any one nationality group. All may share it and all should because of the opportunities the discovery brought them.

Even in his own day Christopher Columbus brought new hope to a weary world and challenged it to an unprecedented period of discovery. A proper celebration would repeat the challenge, if not to discover new landfalls, then to discover how to live more happily together in the new world and the old.

Powdered Butter

New ways of processing foods and spices are making the housewife's cooking chores ever easier. After two years of work, Australian researchers developed a process for making a superior powdered butter. Used in cooking, its advantage is that it does not melt as fast as regular butter. The time it takes to cook a meal or bake will continue to grow shorter as new wonders of research come on the market.

What Others Say

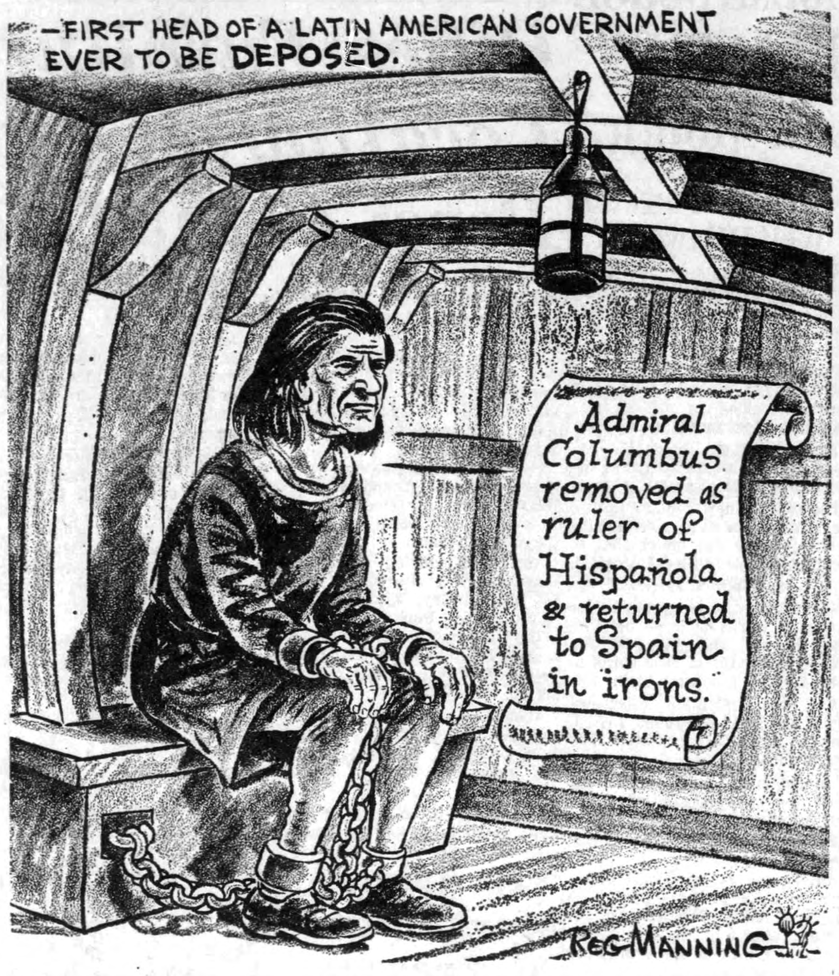
Nobel Peacenik Prize

(Herald Tribune)

Signing of the test ban treaty was, to some extent, a vindication of Linus Pauling's long, combative but never lonely campaign for an end to nuclear testing. But others who also sought this goal sought it with a better sense of balance. Award of the Nobel Peace Prize to Dr. Pauling, whatever the committee's reasons, inevitably associates this semi - sacrosanct honor with the extravagant posturings of a placarding peacenik.

Peace, in our precarious world, depends on strength in the hands of the non-aggressors, and on the manifest will to use that strength if necessary—without which the strength itself is useless. The Linus Paulings of the world have, at the very least, undercut that manifest will, and with all their multitudinous "peace" organizations (with which Dr. Pauling has rather indiscriminately associated himself) have made themselves not only nuisances, but dangerous nuisances. The award is bound to play into the hands of those who can't see, or try to obscure, the difference between advocating war and advocating the deterrence of war, and this hardly serves the cause of peace.

Another First For Columbus–



Campaign Issues for 1964

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Whenever President Kennedy completes his government service, he can certainly expect to get a fruitful job as a political writer. It would not be based solely on his prestige as a former president but also on his astute knowledge of political trends and fundamentals.



Lawrence

Mr. Kennedy gave at Wednesday's news conference a good illustration of his perspicacity when he placed in proper perspective all the current talk about the outcome of the 1964 election.

The President put his finger on something which is too often overlooked — the difference between the seeming personal popularity of a candidate and his real popularity based on actual achievements in public office. For it doesn't follow that a man who is well-liked or makes a spectacular campaign will necessarily win. In 1920, for instance, the Democratic nominee, James M. Cox — who had served as governor of Ohio for three terms — was an excellent public speaker and made a good appearance on the stump. In fact, he campaigned from coast to coast while his Republican opponent, Sen. Warren G. Harding, spoke from the front porch of his home in Marion, Ohio, and left his residence only two or three times for one-day trips to make speeches. Yet Mr. Harding won an overwhelming victory.

The lesson of that campaign has been emphasized often since — that economic conditions are paramount. Such issues are reflected as the people vote against an administration or party in power. They did this in 1920 when they voted their resentment against a disrupted economy and blamed the Democratic administration for entering World War I after having won the 1916 campaign on a platform of "peace and prosperity." The same thing — economic discontent — caused the Hoover defeat in 1932.

President Kennedy rightly stresses the peace issue as well as the economic issue, and wisely points out that it will be easier to judge the outcome of the next presidential campaign in the summer and autumn of 1964 than it is today.

Mr. Kennedy is well aware that employment and business are not booming in all areas today and that, in some of the pivotal states, emotional issues —such as the race controversy —as well as pocketbook issues may cause him to lose electoral votes. That's why he says candidly:

"I would say we are going to have a hard, close fight in 1964, but that has been my impression for a good many months."

Mr. Kennedy also said that he believes Sen. Goldwater could win the Republican presidential nomination, but that the Arizona senator "has a long road to go" and has a "trying seven or eight months which will test his endurance and his perseverance and his agility."

There is always a chance that a slip of the tongue may turn the tide against any candidate in either party. Right now, for instance, President Kennedy himself has cause for concern about a slip he made in his impromptu remarks at his news conference of September 12. It already has had political repercussions. In discussing in general terms the future of the racial problem in America, he declared:

"So I would say that over the long run, we are going to have a mix. This will be true racially, socially, ethnically, geographically, and that is really, finally, the best way."

Critics are beginning to ask in letters from different parts of the country whether Mr. Kennedy was endorsing the doctrine of racial intermarriage. Unquestionably, this kind of an issue can be embarrassing in a political campaign.

As for a "dark horse" in 1964 on the Republican side — or even a "light horse," in which category former Vice President Nixon is often mentioned — there is no definite trend as yet. Unless Mr. Nixon becomes an active candidate long in advance of the national convention, which seems unlikely, the Republicans will turn to him only if a stalemate develops between Goldwater and Rockefeller forces, with combinations of "favorite sons" from various states holding the balance of power, as often happens in national conventions.

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New Coal Story

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

WHEELING, West. Va. — In the Nineteen Forties I used to write a good deal about the coal industry. When the union contract time came up, the show at the Hotel Shoreham in Washington was always a good one. Invariably the United Mine Workers' boss, John L. Lewis, would stand before the coal operators and point to their hands. "There's blood on those hands," he would intone dramatically.

Well, times change. For the past few days I have been flying around the coal country with a group under the tutelage of the National Coal Policy Conference. The NCPC, whose members include men from coal management, men from the coal - carrying railroads, representatives of the coal-burning public utilities, and highly placed United Mine Worker officials (John L. Lewis himself was chairman of the conference until his retirement), is an amazing organization in which lion and lamb lie down together in amity.

How has the change come about? It happened because coal, as a fuel, was suddenly beset by what seemed to be a thousand enemies. The U.S. government built the Big Inch and Little Inch oil pipelines during World War II. The oil-burning diesel train caught on. The need for coking coal in steel diminished. The Atomic Energy Commission started subsidizing atomic power. And one-fine day John L. Lewis and his old enemies, the operators, decided they must make common cause if either set of participants in an old grudge fight were to live.

Lewis, as is well known, supported every move of the operators to mechanize their mines wherever it was possible to do so. All he asked for in exchange was the highest union wage scale in the world. He and Joe Moody, who had become president of the NCPC, became the best of friends.

With labor and management working in tandem, it might be thought that a monopoly system would be the natural — and menacing — result. But this has not happened. The threat of the other fuels — residual oil, fissioning uranium — is always there to prevent the gouging of the consumer. And in addition to this, the producing end of the coal industry has developed its own threat to those old-time coal carriers, the railroads. The cost of coal transportation has fallen dramatically.

The big threat to the railroads has been the coal slurry pipeline. The pioneer pipeline, built in Ohio, has recently been closed down. What happened is that the railroads decided to meet the competition by developing the "integral" coal train, capable of hauling tremendous tonnages to big electrical utilities with 24-hour turn-arounds at each end of the loading-unloading cycle.

Competition, competition, competition — it's been good for everyone. Everyone, that is, save for the marginal miners in the "dog hole" mines spotted from the anthracite country of Pennsylvania to the southern Cumberlands. That is another, and not so happy story.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Worst Enemy

Man is his own worst enemy . . . this fact is sad but true . . . these words may or may not apply . . . to the likes of you . . . I make this statement for I'm sure . . . of the things I write . . . man is his own worst enemy. . .read on, you'll see the light. . .put hate and love upon a scale . . . and I know you will find . . . hate is heavier by far . . . it stifles peace of mind . . . hate also destroys the one. . .who plants the wicked seed . . . and it makes the strongest heart. . . ache and often bleed . . . until mankind hates no more . . . he will always be . . . discontent beause he is . . . his own worst enemy.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: Do you think Matthew 21:12, 13, means Jesus meant we should not have church bazaars, suppers, concerts, etc. to raise money? D.A.F.

ANSWER: Although the Bible does not speak out clearly against social functions in the church, it does speak out very clearly, according to the Scripture that you are mentioning, against the commercializing trend that had come to pass in the Temple in the times of Jesus.

You must remember that the sacrifices that were called for in the Temple in the times of Jesus had a deeply religious significance. What was originally planned to be a time of soul-searching, worship and repentance had turned out to be a matter of buying salvation for money.

This was really the danger that Jesus was attacking when He threw the moneychangers out of the Temple. He was saying that forgiveness can never be had for a price, because the price has been paid once and for all by Christ Himself. Salvation must be received — never purchased.

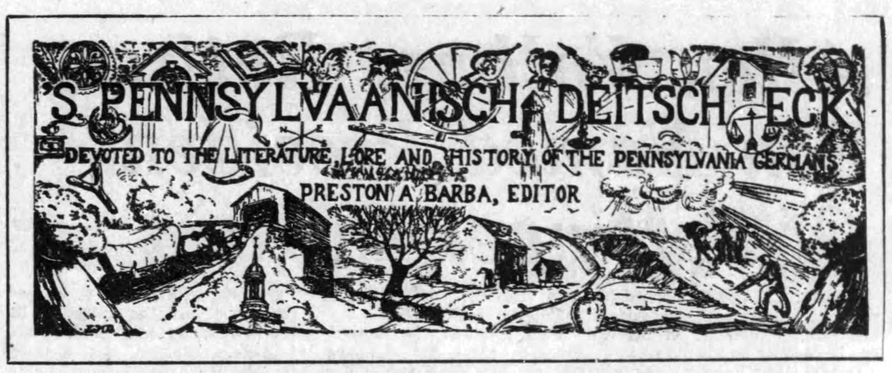
If the people of God gave as they are instructed to give in the Scriptures, there would be no call for this type of activity in the church. When such methods are resorted to, it is often, though not always, an indication of the spiritual death existing in the church.

When we see this kind of activity characterizing the life of any church, it is then time for deep concern over spiritual vitality.

A survey by a national magazine shows the average college freshman girl invested $348.41 in her fall wardrobe last year. Total coed spending on fall clothes was approximately $151 million.

Horoscope

Avoid a sharp quarrel for a good year. Today's child will be very idealistic.



TWO FAITHFUL COMRADES

THE FIRST TWO GERMAN SETTLERS IN PENNSYLVANIA

An historical narrative of German immigration to Pennsylvania before the arrival of William Penn

by LUDWIG AUGUST WOLLENWEBER

(Translated from the German by Preston A.Barba)

(Continued)

CHAPTER II

A Friendly German

At an early hour the two young men betook themselves to the baker to learn from him the exact hour of the departure of the ship and to question him about the characters of the captain and the helmsman. The baker received them both in a friendly manner, and led them into a rear room in his house, where they might talk unmolested. When they had entered the room and had taken seats, they saw a sturdy man in his best years sitting in an armchair, his face tanned with exposure to the elements. He was smoking a long clay pipe such as was then the fashion in Holland, smoking it with a calm that did not allow itself to be disturbed by the entrance of the baker with the two young men.

Plattenbach now introduced his friend Frey to the baker, then both bowed respectfully before the silent man in the armchair, whereupon Plattenbach began: "Dear Master, you were kind enough to call our attention to the new settlement in America and have advised us to go thither, since there was an opportunity to do so shortly on the ship Marcus, which is to sail thither in a few days. Also you said that the captain is a good man and you expressed the hope that we could perhaps get transportation for labor rendered on our part. I informed my comrade here of your good advice and he is very glad, especially since you praised the captain as an exception among those who now traversed the seas. We have therefore concluded to follow your advice and to inform you this morning of our resolve; also to ask you at the same time to put in a good word for us and to tell the captain we shall be glad to do the work assigned to us on the boat, if it is not beyond our ability and if we are otherwise humanely treated." He then related how he and Frey, eager to see the Marcus, had gone to the wharf and soon found there the beautiful ship upon which they were to sail to the New World. "There were many people bustling about on land and upon the boat, and already we felt eager to assist, but — ", and here the speaker hesitated, "but we saw on a raised place a robust man with coarse features and a coppery complexion who seemed to be in command. His orders were accompanied by vile curses and if not promptly followed he gave the men blows. If this man, whom we saw yesterday, is the Captain, then God forbid that we journey with him. Better it is to remain in Europe than to give ourselves into the hands of this coarse and godless fellow."

After he had listened to Plattenbach the good-natured baker smiled and said that he agreed with him. The stranger who had up to this time sat so phlegmatically in his armchair, now suddenly rose, walked over toward Plattenbach, looked him over from head to foot, and then asked with a scornful expression whether some landlubber had informed him how a captain with such great responsibility had to deport himself. "Dear sir," replied Plattenbach in a kindly manner, "I have in my boyhood read much about sea journeys and about captains, and also about men who have taken long voyages, whose reports can be trusted. The latter related that captains and helmsmen very often abuse their authority, that they often discipline their subordinates most cruelly and when they are intoxicated, which is often the case, maltreat their passengers without being punished by the ship owners. There are of course exceptions. I have heard of captains who adhere faithfully to their duties, who keep order and discipline without tyranny. But such are few in number." — "Nicely put," said the stranger, "but now I should like to know, if I may inquire, what conditions you young men set, if we transport you upon the long journey to Pennsylvania free of charge." — "Nothing further", replied Plattenbach vexed, "only that we, if we faithfully perform the tasks assigned to us, and if they lie within our power, that we be treated humanely. And we believe, since my friend is a carpenter and I a blacksmith, that we can be useful in other ways, in addition to the common labors assigned."

Ein Mann Ein Wort

The face of the stranger, which had looked so surly, now became more cheerful, and the good baker wore a broad grin, when he heard how firmly and unhesitatingly the lad had answered the stranger. Now the young man from Heilbronn, who had remained silent, rose and said: "Once and for all, we are not going to America on the Marcus. The captain, whom we have seen on the ship, has filled us with horror." — "Now, now, do not become so fiery," said the stranger, "you wish to go to America, and since you have trades that are needed in a new settlement, I am sure that you will do well; if you simply will not travel with that hard captain, whom you have seen on the Marcus, then come with me. I am also a captain, and I promise you, that I will faithfully meet your conditions, and I shall let our good baker master here pledge for me." — "Gratefully we would accept your offer," replied Plattenbach, "but our intention is to go to Penn's settlement, and I suppose you are not sailing thither. Our only opportunity offered here in Rotterdam is on the Marcus." — "Ho! ho!" laughed the stranger, "it is my intention to sail within the next three or four days from the harbor of Rotterdam with Philadelphia as my destination. If the weather is favorable, I hope, before three months have passed, to land there."

The young Germans looked at each other perplexed, but when they again saw the grin on the baker's face, they both joyously exclaimed: "We shall go with you! We shall go with you! We shall faithfully and honestly fulfill our tasks, let the Marcus sail whither it will!" Upon these words the baker clapped his hands and could not refrain from laughing. But the stranger extended his hand to them and said: "Shake hands, my good lads. The German proverb **Ein Mann ein Wort** (a man is as good as his word) shall cement this contract. We shall abide by it." The young men accepted, and the good baker's eyes glistened with tears. "But that you young men may know with whom you are dealing, I wish to inform you that my name is Caspar Sauter, captain of the Marcus." The young men looked at each other alarmed and nonplused, but the Captain continued: "You need fear neither me nor my helmsman. That rough fellow whom you saw on the ship yesterday is an old discharged helmsman, who understands so well the loading of ships that he has been employed by the owners to take charge of the loading."

While the baker's two guests were chatting with each other, the former hastened from the room but soon appeared again with several bottles. He invited his friends to sit down with him to drink a few glasses of wine to the success of this undertaking. He remarked that the wine was of the famous Niersteiner, from the upper banks of the Rhine. His brother was cellar master at Nierstein and had sent him some of this noble vintage. He hoped that his friends might enjoy it with him, quoting from the Roman poet: **In vino veritas** — a time-honored proverb quite applicable now to the captain.

After some time the men rose in the best of spirits and thanked the baker for his hospitality and friendship. The captain returned to the ship and the young men to their room in the inn to prepare for the long journey.

The following morning the young men took their knapsacks, left the inn and betook themselves to the ship where they were heartily greeted by the captain and the friendly young helmsman of the Marcus. They were shown to their quarters and given the necessary instructions about their tasks.

CHAPTER III

The Voyage

Wenn Sturm und Wind
Den Schiffer greift an,
Da denkt er dabei,
Dass die Hoffnung noch sei;
Denn, wie ging es denn hin,
Wie ging es denn her,
Wenn Hoffnung nicht waer?

When the ship was ready to put out to sea, Frey and Plattenbach, with permission of the helmsman, went to the city to make a few necessary purchases. In their wanderings about the city they happened upon a music dealer, who had various musical instruments for sale at a moderate price. Frey suddenly stood still for a moment lost in thought, and then said: "Brother of Bruchsal, in the inn in Cologne where we happened to meet each other, I heard you play upon a violin, and if I can judge, you played right well. How would it be if you were to buy such an instrument for yourself? If then there is any leisure on the ship, I shall get my old flute from my knapsack, oil it properly, and then we shall be able to entertain ourselves and our fellow crew on the ship." — "Quite right, brother from Heilbronn, your idea is an excellent one. Let us go in and buy the violin and also some music arranged for flute and violin, else our music will only be bungled." They went into the shop and obtained what they wanted.

Scarcely had the friends returned to the ship when the sails were hoisted, the anchor lifted and majestically the beautiful vessel sailed down the city front. By evening it had arrived at the little port of Helfingslies, where it lay until the following morning and then with a good breeze it sailed out into the North Sea.

On the High Sea

As is often the case upon a first sea voyage, both our friends succumbed to sea sickness. Frey especially suffered with it, and began to reproach himself for ever having left the Fatherland for a foreign country. But Plattenbach, who suffered less, comforted and encouraged him, pictured to him the future that awaited them, and in a touching voice said:

Wer nur den lieben Gott laesst walten
Und hoffet auf ihn alle Zeit,
Den wird er wunderbar erhalten,
In aller Not und Traurigkeit.
Wer Gott, dem Allerhoechsten, traut,
Der hat auf keinen Sand gebaut.

Plattenbach was the first to recover, dispatched with energy the work assigned to him and cared for his sick friend who was now on the way to recovery. Since the sailors had but little to do during the spell of calm weather they busied themselves with mending sails, but Plattenbach and Frey were assigned to restorations in the cabins, which they did with great skill. They made all sorts of practical improvements to the delight of the captain and the helmsman, who concluded that since the carpenter and the blacksmith were so useful to them, they should be excused from the common tasks of the sailors except in extreme necessity. Frey and Plattenbach now resorted often to their inetruments. The crew then assembled about them and were happy for such entertainment.

Four weeks had passed on the high sea and the Marcus still continued, though slowly, upon the calm course. Then one day the helmsman beckoned to the two Germans, led them into the steerage and whispered to them that on the morrow the captain was having a birthday. He was to be serenaded during the night and congratulated. He requested the two to make the arrangements. They joyously entered upon the plan and arranged the program. First a beautiful choral was to be sung, then some more music, after which came the words of congratulation. The helmsman approved of the arrangements and announced them to the sailors. It was a glorious moonlight night and a calm sea when the serenade was begun at midnight before the door of the captain's cabin. The musicians played the melody of the lovely old chorale: **Wie gross ist des Allmaechtigen Guete.** All were deeply moved. Hereupon the sailors lustily sang a seaman's song of thanks. Scarcely had they ended when the captain, half dressed, already appeared among his men, thanking them for the pleasure and the honor which they had shown him . . . The captain now commanded the cook and the cabin boy, since the weather was so mild, to prepare a meal for the crew on deck. But the helmsman had already anticipated the captain's order. In a few minutes he had arranged a long table and benches at which all could sit comfortably . . . Soon the whole crew of the Marcus had the table laden with food and drink. After they had partaken generously they entertained each other with jests, stories, music and song until the rosy dawn announced the new day.

The captain remarked that it was time to adjourn for a few hours of rest, for they were in a position upon the sea where sudden thunder storms were common and they needed to be prepared.

A few days after the festivity, they came into the vicinity of the Banks of Newfoundland, where heavy fogs enveloped them. The sea became more and more restless and soon a terrible storm was upon them. It continued unabated for two days and two nights. Upon the third day the storm let up and the sea became calmer. Upon the fourth day a southwest wind set in, which helped the ship upon its course. Since they now hoped to see land soon, our young emigrants were on deck every morning and longingly looked westward to discover land.

At last upon an early morning, when they were again standing on deck, they saw in the far distance a blue strip, which looked like a long thin cloud hemming in the sea. As they continued to look thither with great intensity, a sailor stepped up to them and said: "That is land, America, the New World! — The hearts of the young men jubilated when the sun now rose and very plainly illuminated for the longing voyagers the happy spectacle.

(To Be Continued)

THE MORNING CALL

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Editorials

Boys Worth Watching

A good boy to know and to follow as he matures is the youngster who brought this morning's newspaper to your doorstep. He has the makings of a winner and is learning to use them.

Newspaperboys like yours have a habit and tradition of moving ahead and reaching the top. Leaders in every business and profession have come from their ranks. Several have become presidents of the United States and many are serving in Congress, in state legislatures and in other positions of public trust.



The success these boys generally achieve as they move into their chosen fields shouldn't be surprising. They are carefully screened before newspapers set them up in business with lists of long - time customers. They begin acquiring extra training and experience early and get a head start on learning the importance of shouldering responsibilities.

Most of them have never had a job or earned money before. Here they get their first real idea of these values.

By the time they have been covering their routes for a week or two and have balanced their accounts the first time, they have met 75 or more customers and discovered that no two of them are really alike. Regardless of the differences, newspaperboys soon recognize that the way to make friends and keep customers is to be prompt, pleasant courteous and efficient in all dealings with them.

We're pleased with the records so many of our former newspaperboys have been making through the years and grateful for any part we may have had in helping shape their careers. We're also happy about the reports constantly coming in about the grand job the current crop of some 1,400 teen-agers are doing as they represent us in scores of communities across the Lehigh Valley.

We salute them today as the nation joins in honoring the more than 700,000 who each year deliver newspapers to some 60 million American homes.

Palmerton's Choice

Something approaching a new era should begin in Palmerton next month when the hospital built and operated by the New Jersey Zinc Co. becomes a public institution.

What the Zinc Company action amounts to is the tentative gift of a 65-bed hospital to the people of Palmerton and their neighbors. Apparently all the community needs do is demonstrate that it wants these facilities and can manage them effectively.

There aren't many parallels, and certainly no recent ones, for offers of this kind. Communities that want convenient hospitals generally are required to raise a substantial portion of the funds to build or buy them. To build anything comparable in size to this one at current prices would cost somewhat better than $1 million.

The management is to be quite similar to that of other community hospitals. The zinc company is withdrawing entirely from the operation and policies will be established by a board of area residents broadly representative of the community the hospital hopes to continue serving.

Basically, the biggest decision the people of Palmerton and its environs will have to make is the extent to which they will use the services their own hospital offers. For most of the general purposes in medicine and surgery and obstetrics these are on a par with any other hospital.

Nothing promotes a community's progress like a project into which all who are part of its life can sink their teeth. Here's one that should point Palmerton to new horizons.

Don't Be Gullible

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania is cracking down on a Pennsylvania firm for fraud because it has been offering customers an "opportunity" to make $48,000 by purchasing a vacuum cleaning unit for $1,036.

The gimmick seems to be that all a buyer has to do is write 30 personal letters to friends recommending the cleaner. If they buy, the original purchaser stands a chance to get back commissions amounting to $48,000.

This sounds pretty phony. The surprising thing is not that the commonwealth has moved in, but that so many suckers in Pennsylvania fall for so many glib sales pitches. We suppose they need the protection of the law but they don't deserve much sympathy. They should know better in the first place.

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.

New Resident Likes New Home

To the Editor:

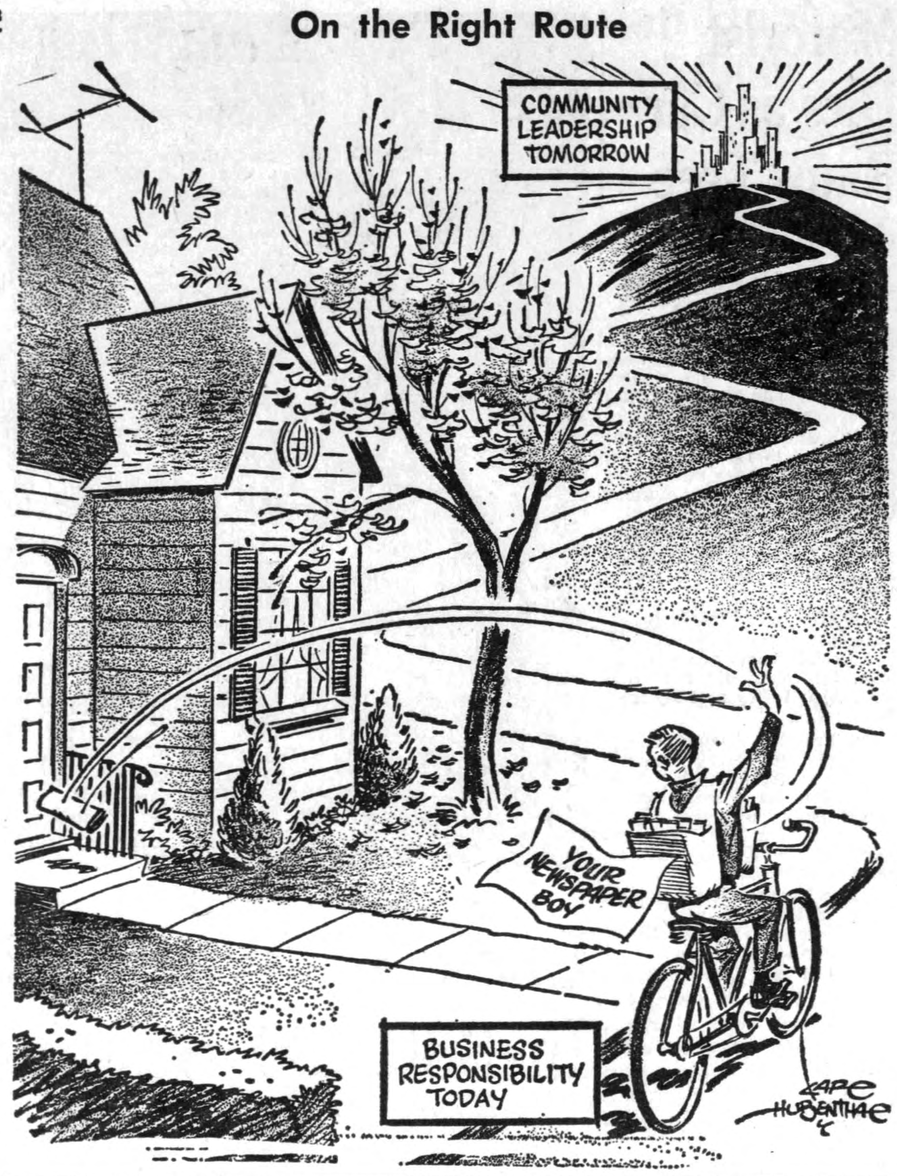
Your editorial "The Climate Counts" which appeared in today's Morning Call prompted me to give you a few of my views since becoming a resident of this fine community.

First of all, let me compliment you and your staff for turning out an interesting, easy to read newspaper which is free to a great degree of typographical errors so often found in other newspapers.

Also, if the rest of your carriers are as courteous and still businesslike as the carrier who serves our area, your

Continued on Page 7, Column 2

On the Right Route



Competent Military Advance

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Congress is about to pass a bill which already is being threatened with a presidential veto.

The bill provides for a four-year term for members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, but it actually has far more significance. The safety of the people of the United States could very well depend on the quality of the judgment rendered in a crisis by its top military chiefs. If, however, those same chiefs are to become the tools of civilian policy makers, the United States could some day find itself without competent military chiefs in a dangerous situation.



Lawrence

The issue is whether the president, as commander-in-chief, is to rely directly on the advice of the best military minds he can get or whether these same men are to be subjected to pressures from civilian officials so as to require them to recommend what may seem for the moment sound politically but which may be unwise militarily. If the joint chiefs are to serve "at the pleasure of the president," as Mr. Kennedy's representatives proposed to a committee of Congress this very week, the heads of the armed services will be uncertain from day to day whether they will keep their jobs.

Three former heads of different military services of the United States — Generals Twining, White and Decker — have just told a subcommittee of the House Armed Services Committee that they favor a specified term, preferably four years. These men have no axes to grind. They are retired now. But they see dangers if military chiefs are to be inhibited or intimidated when they go counter to what the little cliques of civilians in the Pentagon or the State Department may wish them to recommend.

The current controversy emerged because Admiral George W. Anderson was not reappointed recently as Chief of Naval Operations. Members of Congress are convinced that he was punished because of his outspoken criticism of the award of the TFX contract.

For many years there has been an impression among observers in Washington that the Joint Chiefs have been made subservient to the civilian heads of military departments and presidential advisers. During World War II — before the present joint chiefs arrangement was formalized — the heads of the armed services conferred directly with Presidents Roosevelt and Truman many times a week. Under existing law, they can have access to the president, but they must notify the secretary of defense. They sometimes hesitate to ask to see the president because it gives the impression that they are at odds with the civilians in the lower echelons who try to make policy in international affairs, in which military factors are often involved.

The facts of history tell us that the whole course of events in the Korean war and its aftermath might have been different if the joint chiefs had been able to sustain their own recommendation that communist bases be bombed in Red China across the Yalu river, over which the troops were coming into Korea to fight the United Nations forces.

When General Eisenhower was president for eight years, the American people had a feeling they had a military man in the White House who could take care of any crises involving the use of the armed forces. But President Kennedy is dependent today on a combination of military and civilian recommendations. Congress is worried as to whether the President, under his responsibility as commander-in-chief of the armed services, is getting directly the military advice he needs.

The report that Mr. Kennedy would veto the pending bill if, as seems likely, it is passed by Congress is incredible. For what possible objection is there to appointing for a four-year term the heads of the armed services? Any one of them could be removed by the President if he really proved incompetent, but at least the joint chiefs would feel free to express directly to the President and to Congress views different from those of the civilians in the Pentagon and the State Department. If war is threatened, competent military advice is essential to national security.

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Tito's Visit

By TED LEWIS

The red-carpet treatment given Marshal Tito by the White House serves to emphasize the problem the Republican Party faces in presidential 1964.

It cannot, for example, go after President Kennedy on the Tito issue without repudiating former President Eisenhower. It was Ike who brought Nikita Khrushchev, the biggest Communist of them all, over here in 1959 on his personal invite. So how can the GOP now pick on Kennedy for having a lower-rung Red factotum use the official welcome mat?

It also happens that the Republican party is somewhat stymied, because of the record of the Eisenhower administration, in mounting a forceful attack on Kennedy on some other key cold war issues.

This is true on the nuclear test ban issue. Democrats in 1964 will not let the voters overlook the fact that the Eisenhower Administration pushed the same idea years before, but without success.

The Cuba issue gets gummed up in somewhat the same way. Fidel Castro took over in January of 1959. He is still there, but he was also still there when Ike left office, two years after Cuba became a Moscow satellite.

Even on the Kennedy wheat deal, the GOP is boxed in because the GOP is split on the issue, the Farm Belt Republicans being generally for it.

In connection with Tito's visit itself, as far back as 1957 Gen. Eisenhower had in mind asking the Yugoslav dictator to pay the U.S. a formal visit. The backtracking came only after a storm of resentment arose, in and out of Congress.

Ike did see Tito in New York at the United Nations in 1960 but didn't invite him to drop down to Washington.

Kennedy has had to kick around this problem ever since he came into office, for it was known that Tito always had his bags packed and used every diplomatic ruse to inveigle an invitation. He wanted it for a most simple reason. Until he came to Washington, he was not going to be recognized globally as the big shot he thought he was.

In order to get the right perspective about this Tito visit, the first thing to dismiss is the phony guff from certain administration officials about its significance. There is, for example, the report that by talking to Tito the president can get a complete fill-in on what Khrushchev said to Tito cent visit to Belgrade. Our embassy in Yugoslavia transmitted all this information weeks ago.

Actually, it is admitted by those in the administration who can be most relied on, the Kennedy-Tito meetings today were important in only a very limited sense. They allowed the two leaders to look each other over. A confrontation of this kind is worthwhile, whether between adversaries or between friends involved in a petty quarrel.

Looking backward, this has been the result of most of the top level two-man meetings of this type. Those talks in 1959 at Camp David between Ike and Khrushchev never bloomed into a cold war easement. Kennedy's meeting with Khrushchev in Vienna in June of 1961 gave the new president an eye-opening conviction the Moscow boss was a tough cookie. That was all.

Yet it is axiomatic that in Congress there are strained efforts both to magnify the importance and distort the significance of such sessions. About the sanest comment to come out of Congress about the Tito visit has been that of Sen. Thomas J. Dodd (D-Conn.), who said:

"I believe that our diplomacy was much more effectively conducted before the era of summit meetings and before the invitation to Khrushchev opened the door to the dismal parade of despots who have visited our country."

Sketches

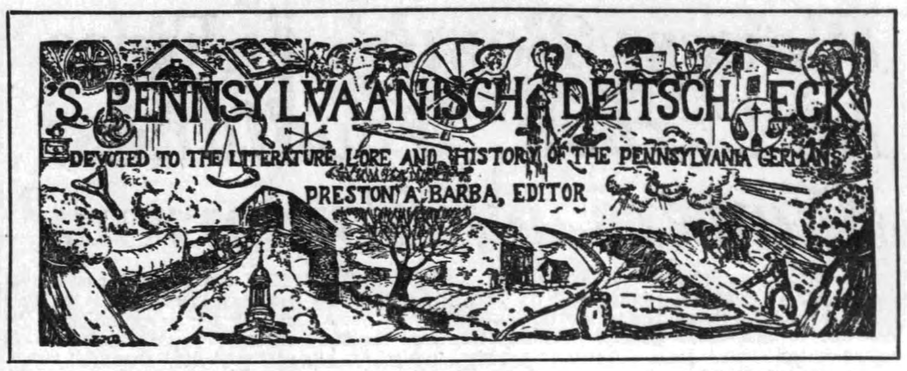
By BEN BURROUGHS

Lost Season

Now the trees are changing colors . . . nature readies for the frost . . . all the wonder of the summer. . .now is just a season lost . . . emerald grass and sweet wild flowers . . . place strong padlocks on their doors . . . they must be prepared for winter . . . and the icy wind that roars . . . mankind is akin to nature. . . for he scurries to and fro. . . making every sincere effort . . . to avoid old winter's blow . . . mankind misses summer sunshine . . . but he must push on and on . . . he cannot sleep like Dame Nature . . . he must face each bitter dawn . . . but deep inside his heart he carries . . . faith to stand on frozen ground . . . knowing that the season lost . . . will soon once more be found.

Horoscope

An elder proves deceptive; unusual people bring gain. Today's child will be lucky in love.



TWO FAITHFUL COMRADES

THE FIRST TWO GERMAN SETTLERS IN PENNSYLVANIA

An historical narrative of German immigration to Pennsylvania before the arrival of William Penn

by LUDWIG AUGUST WOLLENWEBER

(Translated from the German by Preston A. Barba)

(Continued)

CHAPTER IV

Amerika! O du herrliches Land,
So lange der Menschheit unbekannt!
Bewohnt nur von wenigen wilden Horden,
Bist nun der Menschheit ein Segen geworden.

Eighty-eight days had passed since the Marcus had left Rotterdam. Now it was sailing into the Delaware Bay. Under favorable winds and tide it continued up the Delaware River. Here and there one caught sight of small huts and people busy round about them. In deep green meadows horses and cattle were grazing, all of which offered the two young men a charming sight. Also here and there they met with little boats occupied by white men.

Here I cannot forego digressing somewhat from my narrative, to insert what the late Daniel Rupp in his GESCHICHTE DER ERSTEN DEUTSCHEN EINWANDERUNG VON PENNSYLVANIEN has so painstakingingly set forth especially with respect to the German settlers.

"Two hundred years have passed since the first white men from Europe sailed up the Delaware River. These white men were Swedes. They found the land upon both sides of the river most favorable and adapted for tilling. They therefore concluded to settle here and to establish for themselves and their offspring a new home.

They named this land New Sweden, built some log huts as well as they could, zealously tilled the soil and in a short time had assured themselves of sufficient food supplies, for the land was rich in game and the river abounded with fish. It was the same Swedes who were the first to build places of worship in this region, of which Old Swedes Church of Philadelphia remains to this day. The Dutch now joined the Swedes. A considerable number came up the Delaware in 1655 and settled along the Delaware, now marked by Kensington, a suburb of Philadelphia. Later, when the English had taken possession of this land by force, and a great part of this territory was granted to William Penn, the Swedes moved westward into present Montgomery County."

But let us return to our narrative.

They Sail Up the Delaware

The Marcus had now arrived at the spot on the Delaware where the English settlement was, and there cast anchor. But before they could let down the anchor the colonists had already gathered on the shore and bid them a friendly welcome through all sorts of signs. The arrival of a ship from Europe was an event in the lives of the colonists.

After the crew had rested a day the ship was again loaded, in which the two young Germans gave sturdy assistance until all had been securely placed upon the ship. Now the captain presented to the two many useful tools and two hundredweight of iron, which was a most useful thing for them, for at that time iron was a rarity in America. The little iron which was in the settlement had come from England. The two young men were quartered with elderly Quakers who had no children.

One day Captain Sauter looked them up and told them that on the following day anchor would be lifted with the tide and the Marcus would return to Rotterdam. If they wished to send letters to their parents he would see to their punctual delivery. The two then settled down to writing to their good parents and to the baker at Rotterdam. To the latter they sent several of the best buffalo hides to be found in the colony. The departure of the two Germans from their companions on the Marcus was touching. The captain comforted them with the information that if nothing unexpected happened, he would be back again before winter set in.

When the Marcus lifted its anchor, the inhabitants of the future Philadelphia again stood on the banks of the Delaware and wished the departing ones Godspeed to the old Fatherland and a happy return to the new.

CHAPTER V

The Germans and the Indians

Wir Menschen sind ja alle Brueder,
Ein jeder ist mit uns verwandt.

After our German artisans had helped their neighbors where they were most needed, they came to the decision to build a hut for themselves, and beside it a carpenter shop and a smithy, where they could then work at all seasons and in all weather. When this became known in the settlement the good people hastened thither and offered them wood, clay and everything necessary for the building in the most kindly manner, and when they finally began the labor, old and young hastened to help them. Under the supervision of Carpenter Frey they brought the wood, dug, dragged and carpentered with all diligence until hut and workshops were completely under roof. The young men thanked God and their neighbors.

Since there was in this new settlement no proper edifice for worship they offered, if the colonists furnished the necessary material, to build such an edifice according to the best of their abilities and to complete it with the help of God.

The hut and the workshops of our young friends stood on the site of the present Front and Arch Streets, beside a splendid spring shaded by a colossal chestnut tree. From the hut one had a fine view upon the Delaware and the opposite shore. In their workshops they now hammered and planed from early morn to night, in order to be able to carry out the many orders they were receiving.

One day while they were both busy at the forge a sturdy young Indian appeared in the doorway of the smithy, attracted there by the hammering, and he saw with great astonishment how the two palefaces were striking upon the glowing iron that the sparks flew from it, finally bringing it into the desired form. When the smith became aware of the young redman standing there in astonishment, he beckoned to him in a friendly manner. The Indian followed the invitation rather timidly. When the smith then showed him an axe, a pickaxe, and a big knife, and then with all sorts of gestures indicated how these tools had been fashioned out of the glowing iron, the young redman was still more astonished, and expressed his amazement by various signs and sounds quite unintelligible to the young Germans.

A Red Friend

Early the next morning the young Indian was again at the doorway of the smithy and watched the labors of the two young palefaces with the greatest attentiveness. When he saw that something heavy was to be lifted or carried, he hastened there and was very happy when they allowed him to help. Thus several weeks passed. Minsi Usquerat, the young brave's name (it signified "gentle wolf") now came daily to the workshops of the Germans, sought everywhere to be of aid and was most happy when he was permitted to strike upon the glowing iron on the forge, or to saw through a piece of wood in the shop of the carpenter, in return for which the white men allowed him to partake of their meal. When they assigned him to a decent place where he might sleep the young Indian no longer wished to return to his brothers in the wilderness.

Minsi Usquerat belonged to the tribe of Leni Lenapi, who at that time were the most numerous of the redmen in that region and were very peace-loving. They came often with hides, antlers and woven baskets to the settlement on the Delaware to exchange them for blankets, adornments or food, and then quietly again returned to their camps.

One day several of the Leni Lenapi came into the smithy and were quite astonished to see one of their tribe with the palefaces and to see him laboring with them. They reproached him for making himself a slave to the white man, instead of remaining with his people as a free man. But Minsi Usquerat replied: I am slave of no man, I rise with these whites in the morning, eat what they eat, and go to work with them; when the night comes, I lie down and sleep with them. I go fishing and hunting with them too, for they do the same that I do, and I could wish all my brethren to be such slaves. Then surely they would fare better than now, where they live in the idea that they are free men, but are often visited by hunger, cold and disease.

The young man then presented his red brothers, with the consent of the paleface friends, an axe, a strong knife and several fishhooks made of iron, with which the wild men were very happy, especially with the latter, since they had not ever seen such hooks and had only used birds' claws for fishing. Upon their departure they begged the young man to bring his paleface friends to their village.

The late autumn had come and with it the hunt for big game, the harvest time of the Indian, and since Minsi Usquerat had since his boyhood participated therein each year, he requested his friends for permission to return to the camp of his red brothers in order to help them prepare for the hunt. He promised to be back again in a few days. The young Germans gladly yielded to this request and said they wanted to makes various weapons for him which might be of use to his brothers upon the hunt, and that he was to present them to the chief of his tribe as a gift from them; upon his return from the hunt they would then visit with him the Indian village.

When after a few days the weapons were completed and the young Indian had received instructions in the use of them, he packed the same upon his back, took hearty departure and then quickly strode through the forest in the direction of the village, which he reached after a march of about four hours. When the Indians saw their brother coming into the village so heavily laden they were most curious to see what he brought with him from the settlement. They plied him with questions, none of which he answered, but with rapid strides hastened to the wigwam of the chieftain, to whom he brought greetings from the pale people, and with wishes that the Great Spirit might protect him, presented him the gifts.

(To Be Continued)

ICH BIN E PENNSYLVAENIER

Ich bin e Pennsylvaenier —
Druff bin ich stolz un froh.
Das Land ist schoe, die Leut sin nett.
Bei Tschinks! ich mach schier en'ge Wett,
'S biets ke' Land der Welt.

Mir stamme vun de Deutsche her,
Druff bin ich a recht stolz.
Die Deutsche sin arg brave Leut,
Sin sparsam, fleissig and gescheut,
Sie biet ke Volk der Welt.

Do guk nur ens de Garte an,
Wie Pennsylvaenie hesst;
Wachst do net Alles schoe un gut,
Un hot net jeder gsundes Blut?
'S biets ke Land der Welt.

Un net allenig uf der Erd'
Wachst Alles schoe un gut,
A drunne gebts so viel ihr wollt,
Kohle, Eise, — meh werth wie Gold,
'S biets ke Land der Welt.

Do you know an English poem that sets forth the pride of being a Pennsylvania with such naive rapture? It is found in the Introduction to Ludwig August Wollenweber's **Gemaelde aus dem Pennsylvanischen Volksleben. Schilderungen und Aufsaetze in poetischer und prosaischer Form, in Mundart und Ausdrucksweise der Deutsch-Pennsylvanier.** This first book about the Pennsylvania Germans was published by Schaefer and Koradi, Philadelphia and Leipzig, 1869.

How he came to write it Wollenweber relates in the Introduction as follows:

"Ich waer nie uf de Gedanke gekomme das Buch zu schreiwe, aber, do war ich das Fruehjohr uf dem grosse Felse bei Allentaun, un hab uf dem wunnerbar schoene Platz, wo mer viele Meile weit die schoene Berge un das vun Gott so gesegnete Land sehne kann.

"Un wie ich do so gestanne, un die Natur bewunnert hab, das mei Herz ganz weeg geworre, un's Wasser mer schier in die Auge komme ischt, do kommt uf e mol en alter Mann dorch die Hecke un stellt sich grand nebe mich, and frogt mich, wie ich die Ansicht do gleiche thaet. Sehr gut, geb ich ihm zur Antwort. Well, sagt er, ich wohne a paar Meile von do, un komme wanns Wetter schoe ischt, schier alle Monat uf de Felse, un wann ich mich dann so recht satt gesehene hab, do geht mei Herz uf, un ich mehn ich waer im rechte Tempel Gottes, und dank dem guten Vater un Schoepfer mit ganzer Seele, mit ganzem Herze, dass er uns e so schoen's un gut's Land gegebe hot. — Un wann ich vun meiner Bergraes wieder hem kumm, bin ich ganz vergnuegt, un predig meiner Fra un Kinner, wie schoe als Gott die Welt gemacht hot, un wie mer ihm defuer danke sollte. —

"Nau hab ich a schon dran gedenkt, wenn e mol so e Buchhaendler dran gehn daet, un daet e Buch drucke losse wo mer in unsre egene deutsche Sproch ueber unser Land un Volk lese koennte . . . ich bin schur davon alle meine Nochbere daete so e Buch kafe, un der Buchhaendler daet net schlecht dabei ausmache und sich noch Dank dazu verdiene."

Dem alte Mann sei Geschwaetz ischt mir die ganze Nacht dorch de Kop gegange, un naechste Morge bin ich noch Philadelphia un weil mei Geschaeft a bald gesettelt war, hab ich dem Buchhaendler dem alten Mann von Lecha County sei Wunsch gesagt, un sie ware a gleich redy for die Sach' un nau werd bald das Buch ueberall rum gehn, wanns nur a gefallt, das daet dem Schreiwer en arge Freud mache, un er daet uf sei Pennsylvaenier un uf sei Pennsylvaenien noch stolzer werre wie er jetzt schun ischt.

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Editorials

Measure of Community

The things Allentown is hearing from newcomers these days tend to make its future appear increasingly bright.

Take the new plant manager for Mack Trucks and the president of Pet Milk as examples. Both have been taking a close look at the city, its officials and its people. They liked what they saw and made no bones about saying so.

ALLENTOWN ALL-AMERICA CITY

At Mack, the recently arrived manager is getting the hang of his new job and at the same time directing initial phases of the centralization program that hopefully will result in expanded local operations. But he also is eager to take an active part in the community and wants other members of the Mack family to do the same.

The president of Pet Milk was here briefly to look over his company's recently acquired Downeyflake Foods plant. He was impressed with the opportunities here and spoke particularly of the pride people obviously take in their community and of the efforts made by city officials on behalf of industrial expansion.

You can build quite a story about these things in brochures and the other sales pitches generally made to attract the interest of new industries. Only people can validate them, however, and this is a continuing process.

The evidence is how people work and play and live. It's found in the way they dress and keep their homes, in the schools they build and maintain, in the causes they support, in the kind of local government they elect and the way it serves.

These appraisals are made daily and usually without advance notice. Allentown's industrial growth and its recognition as an All-America City are indications that it has measured up. It has no choice but to continue meeting even higher standards if it means to provide more jobs and bring greater prosperity.

The Economy Mood

An unusual progress report on the cuts being made in federal spending came out of Washington the other day. Even more unusual, it carried the seal of the United States Chamber of Commerce.

The substance was that Congress deserves more credit than it generally is getting for the push behind the economy drive. For the first time since 1958, the economy bloc in the House of Representatives appears to be making budget cutting politically popular.

As the Chamber figures it, Congress will chop approximately $9.5 billion from President Kennedy's over-all request for $108 billion in new appropriations or spending authority. The House already has trimmed about $4.5 billion, some of which ultimately may be restored. Congress, however, is expected to reject half of the new spending schemes still pending, including the domestic peace corps, federal aid to public schools and a mass transit program.

Pleasant as it is to note this apparent trend in Washington and commend those responsible, not all the credit can be given to Congress. There has been an impressive wave of economy sentiment across the country, brought on in part by the President's tax cutting proposals. Millions have become aware of how difficult it is to cut even a few dollars from their personal tax bills as long as the public purse is wide open to those so eager to drain it of billions.

Congress is simply responding to the mounting pressures. These may not be strong enough to result in any substantial cuts in federal spending. They could, however, have enough potency to prevent politicians and their bureaucratic aides from spiralling costs with more of the pet programs few but they consider either necessary or essential.

What Others Say

Joys of Skiing

Wall Street Journal

It's beyond reasonable doubt, we guess, that the Blue Knob Mountain area of Pennsylvania is rural. It may also have the makings of a winter resort, as at least some local businessmen believe.

Whether these circumstances automatically make it a happy hunting-ground for the Rural Electrification Adminstration is, however, another matter. A House committee recently expressed skepticism about the REA's $110,000 loan to a rural electric co-op to finance a ski lift and snow-making maching at Blue Knob — a loan provided after sufficient funds proved unobtainable from local banks.

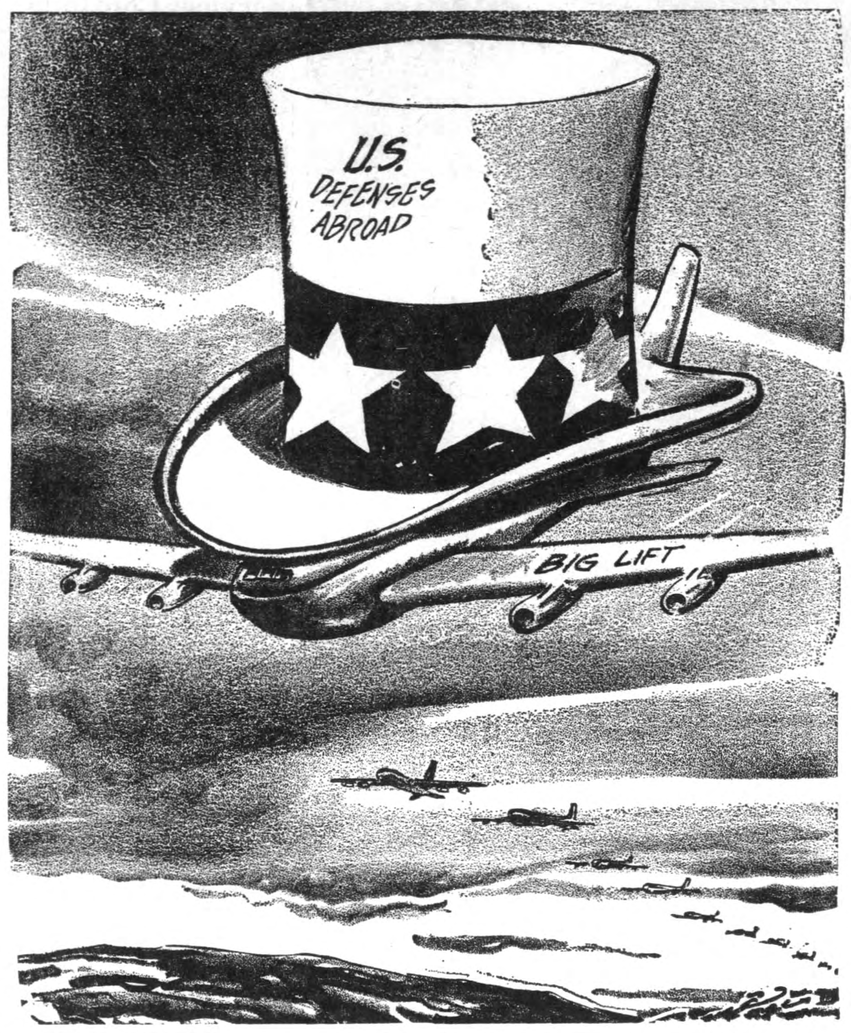
Administrator Clapp stoutly insisted there was no question about his agency's legal authority to enter upon such ventures. He was considerably less certain when he admitted to the committee that "some difference of opinion" exists whether Congress ever intended to include ski lifts and the like when it originally authorized REA loans for "electrical and plumbing appliances and equipment" on the premises of "persons in rural areas."

Yes indeed there is a difference of opinion. Some members of the committee question this whole REA assumption that it's perfectly proper to make Government - subsidized loans to set up commercial enterprises unable to obtain funds from private sources at equally low rates. The way things are going, five out of six new REA loans now are being made to industrial, commercial and other nonfarm borrowers.

The Congressmen and others also question the current REA assumption that part of its function is to stimulate employment, however commendable the goal. As it happens, an alphabetical cousin of the REA — namely the Area Redevelopment Administration— has sunk $222,155 for that purpose into this same Blue Knob project.

There is an implicit warning in this Congressional criticism, though it doesn't seem to register on the REA: If the agency doesn't quit trying to snow the public and Congress about its intrusions into unwarranted areas, it just might break a leg skiing.

Exercise 'Big Emphasis'



Politics and Civil Rights

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Maybe there will have to be another "March on Washington," and this time the demonstration may have to be directed to President Kennedy himself.



Lawrence

For Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., hero of the last "march" and perhaps the most prominent of the Negro integration leaders, feels that Mr. Kennedy has "retreated" on the proposed "civil rights" legislation. Dr. King has just said in a public speech that "no president can be great or even fit for office if he attempts to accommodate political expediency with human rights."

This criticism came as a result of the efforts of the President and the attorney general to obtain a "civil rights" bill which would get through both houses of Congress. Dr. King accused the administration of using "bad tactics" and said that, "if you start with a weak bill, and then get it watered down," it could become "a nothing bill."

The president, however, is much more familiar with what goes on behind the scenes in Congress than is Dr. King. He feels that, if there is an opportunity to obtain later a separate bill that is stronger, he could always give his support to it.

Negro leaders themselves are not united and one set of politicians here is not sure which bill will get them the most Negro votes at the polls, while another set of congressmen see ways of mobilizing votes of resentment.

There are fundamental differences between what is being called a "strong" bill and a "weak" bill. Thus, the President would be content with a bill which provided safeguards for the right to vote, the speed-up of public-school desegregation, and the banning of discrimination in "public accommodations" and in programs which the federal government itself operates.

Extremists, on the other hand, take the position that the bill on "public accommodations" should be aimed not merely at hotels and motels, restaurants, lunch counters, retail stores, gasoline stations and places of entertainment, but also at any business operating under state or city "authorization, permission or license."

It was this sweeping provision which members of the House Committee of the Judiciary were ready to champion. It caused dismay in the ranks of the administration because of a fear that such a clause would arouse nationwide opposition since it could be applied to private schools, social clubs, law firms, and apartment houses.

As soon as it became evident that the bill was of an extreme nature, some of the members of Congress who do not want to see any legislation at all passed seized the opportunity to help get the "strong" bill out of the House committee and on to the floor, where it might readily be defeated and no substitute enacted at this session of Congress.

Being practical politicians, the President and the attorney general are anxious to get some "civil rights" legislation passed right away. They would like to avoid a lengthy controversy in Congress during 1964 as the presidential campaign approaches. The administration, of course, is following a normal and natural course in politics. Many of the Negro leaders, on the other hand, have gotten an exaggerated impression of what the "March on Washington" really meant in a political sense and are insisting on an "all or nothing" procedure.

There are, moreover, some Republicans in Congress who are quick to take advantage of this situation and who will not only help to get the bills out of committee but will vote for them on the floor because they wish to put their Democratic opponents in a hole and go before the Negro voters in the populous states as having championed a really strong "civil rights" measure. The whole controversy is characteristic of the game of politics.

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Late Bloomer

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Harold Wilson, the leader of Britain's Labor Party, has been represented as chortling over the Conservatives' choice of Lord Home, a belted earl from the Scottish border country, to succeed Harold Macmillan as Prime Minister. According to Mr. Wilson, this product of Eton, Oxford, and the Scottish grouse moors where he reputedly retires to do most of his thinking, is an "elegant anachronism." As such, he appears to Mr. Wilson to be a positive pushover for the Laborites when the next big British election rolls around.

Mr. Wilson may know whereof he speaks. But there are people around the UN in New York who would be willing to give him an argument about this. Less than a month ago Lord Home, then visiting in these parts as a traveling British Foreign Secretary, presented a figure of extraordinary toughness and candor in his speech before the UN General Assembly. Taking on the well-nigh sacrosanct Afro-Asian bloc, which very few people care to do, he assailed its methods of using trumped-up charges of "neo-colonialism" in order to justify grabbing the property of older powers which are sincerely attempting to help the new nations out. "Neo-colonialism," said Lord Home, "is a synthetic grievance," and as such it plays into the hands of "racialism and poverty, both of which should be eschewed like the human plague."

To top off his venture in plain speaking in New York, Lord Home denounced those countries which have refused to pay their fair share of the bills for UN peace-keeping operations.

If Lord Home carries this sort of intransigent will-to-truth to the hustings, the Labor Party's Harold Wilson will at least know that he has been in a fight.

Lord Home, to those who know him, is a man who has developed slowly, reaching maturity rather later than others. But his late blooming means that he is still resilient and eager at a time of life when most people succumb to perfunctoriness. Such characters have always played a great part in British history. Indeed, Winston Churchill himself was a late bloomer. He got bad marks in school, seemed little more than a Richard Harding Davis adventurer as a young war correspondent, and he didn't really learn to write the English language until he began to read historians like Gibbon while on military service in India.

Lord Home's economic views are clear in his essentially liberal theory that both the labor unions and the industrialists must abandon the "stick-in-the-mud attitudes of the twenties and thirties . . ." "For the industrialist," he has said, "the choice is whether to divide up the market, to insist on restrictive practices, or whether to get out and take those risks which created British industrial supremacy in the first place."

For putting forward a similar point of view in post-war Germany when he was Minister of Economics, Chancellor Ludwig Erhard earned the reputation of being a farsighted economic prophet. Harold Wilson, of course, would label the Erhard-Home type of economic thinking as "reactionary." But Germany has prospered under the Erhard theory, staging what has often been described as an "economic miracle," and if Lord Home can become the Erhard of England, maybe the Britain of the late Nineteen Sixties will surprise Mr. Wilson.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: Can you tell me how to get closer to God through prayer? I am not growing in my prayer life. S.E.

ANSWER: Prayer is a spiritual exercise, and the only way to become proficient in any exercise is by practice. The best way to learn to pray is to pray. I find that the more I pray, the easier and more natural it is to pray. But by the same token prayerlessness can become a habit — if we practice not praying, we lapse into prayerlessness, and pay the price of feeling "afar off" from God. The Bible says: "Draw nigh unto God, and God will draw nigh to you." He rushes to those who lift holy hands to Him in prayer. "Where two or three are gathered in His name," He will be in the midst of them.

Remember, prayer is not just words. Our prayers are to mean something to us if they are to mean anything to God. Remember too, prayer is a two-way conversation, and the most important part of it is listening to what God has to say to us.

Sketches

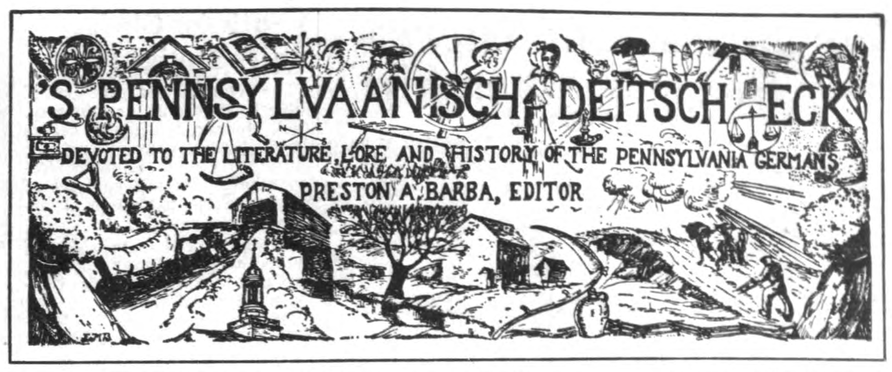
By BEN BURROUGHS

Once

Once when my heart beat faster . . . back in the long ago . . . mine was the magic power . . . to overcome all woe . . . once when my eyes shone brighter . . . things had a rosy hue . . . I looked toward the future . . . things past were out of view . . . once I could laugh at trouble . . . my voice was clear and strong . . . now, somehow, it is fading . . . I sing a plaintive song . . . once love was warm and tender . . . fire was in each kiss . . . and there were other sweet things . . . which I now sorely miss . . . once, is a long time finished . . . yet deep in memory . . . dwell all the happy moments . . . lost in the used-to-be.

Horoscope

Avoid speculation and deception. Today's child will be venturesome.



TWO FAITHFUL COMRADES

THE FIRST TWO GERMAN SETTLERS IN PENNSYLVANIA

An historical narrative of German immigration to Pennsylvania before tre arrival of William Penn

by LUGWIG AUGUST WOLLENWEBER

(Translated from the German by Preston A. Barba)

(Continued)

Weapons for The Indians

Plattenbach and Frey had fashioned some useful weapons and implements for their young Indian friend Minsi Usquerat, which he now took with him to his native Indian village. These he presented to his chief, together with greetings from the pale people, and with wishes that the Great Spirit might protect him.

Tamane, that was the name of the chief of the tribe of the Leni Lenapi, was a man in his best years, a tall, sturdy form, with sharp and penetrating eyes. He could be called a splendid type of the Indian of those days. Through his open and frank dealings he had won for himself the epithet To-bi-no-nu (the upright one). With much satisfaction did Tamane To-bi-no-nu examine the gifts, which the palefaces had sent him, and requested of the one who brought them, since there were so many people of the village present, that he show them how these objects were to be used, a request the young man at once fulfilled.

With the chieftain and the curious ones he went out before the wigwam. There he took the javelin and hurled it at a tree forty paces away where it struck so deeply that it could only be pulled forth with great effort. Hereupon he laid a pointed arrow upon his bow and shot a raven, which sat upon a distant tree. This caused much stir among the Indians. Soon thereafter he hewed down a tree with an axe, made a deep hole in the earth with his hoe, and then showed two two-edged knives with which one could easily finish wolf, bear or panther in quick order. The astonishment of the Indians was hardly describable. At that time they knew but little about iron. Their arrows, battle - axes and knives consisted for the most part of hard stones, which they fashioned with great skill and effort.

The winter of the year 1680-81 was a terrible one for the settlers on the Delaware. The Delaware and the Schuylkill were long frozen over, and the snowstorms so severe, that for several days one could not get from one hut to the other, and especially did the cattle suffer, for only with great effort could they be fed. Fortunately every one in the settlement had provided himself amply with food and fuel, so that there was no need in this respect. But before the cold weather set in the Indians had returned with rich booty. As return gifts they sent to the Germans three large bear skins, deer pelts, fox skins and some excellent deer hams, together with an invitation to visit them in their village as soon as the winter storms ceased. The gifts were received with thanks, the bringers were presented with return gifts and the promise to visit the Indian village as soon as the weather permitted.

During the winter the Germans had little to do in their workshops and amused themselves with reading and making music. The young Indian gave the Germans instructions in the Iroquois language, which was the main language among the Indians along the Atlantic coast. Minsi Usquerat readily learned the German language as well as some English. The young Germans also felt themselves obligated to give the Indian instructions in religion which was at first very difficult, for he felt himself greatly attached to the Great Spirit of the Indians, who reigned in the eternal forests and who would give the brave Indian extensive hunting grounds in the great Beyong. But gradually as he understood better the wise teachings of the world Saviour, he became a zealous follower of the same. He took upon himself the name of Joseph and was pleased to do so when one had read to him the story of Joseph from the Bible.

The Land Grant Rising Sun

On a beautiful Spring morning, when the earth was beginning to adorn itself with verdure and flowers, and the leaves upon the trees were unfolding, the three young men left the settlement on the Delaware with gifts for the Indians. Directly behind the settlement to the North still lay the deep primeval forest through which no roads but an Indian path led. Minsi Usquerat, now called Joseph, started out upon this path and after several hours reached a lovely dale in which the wigwams of the Leni Lenapi stood and where they were hospitably received by the latter. Without stopping to answer the many questions which the red men directed to them, Joseph led his friends directly to the wigwam of the chief. Joseph was received by the chieftain who stood before the opening of his tent with outstretched arms of welcome, and then led him to the tent. Here the gifts were placed upon the benches which stood about the tent, so that the Indians who now thronged in might readily see them. After Joeph and the two young men had rested and refreshed themselves, Joseph wished that they now step outside the wigwam and show his red brothers how to use the gifts.

Great as was their astonishment at the few weapons which Joseph had brought them in the previous fall before the hunt, it now knew no bounds when they examined hammers, forks, knives, hoes and planes and had their uses explained to them.

The young Germans had purchased two guns before their departure from Rotterdam and had provided themselves with ample munitions. They now concluded to give one of these to the Indians. Joseph had already learned the use of a gun while on the hunt with his paleface friends, and now began to show his red brothers how one used the machine, as he called it. First he showed the black grains of powder, took some in his hands and then let it run down the course of the barrel. Then, in sight of all he placed a wad of paper on it and thrust the same into the barrel upon the powder with his ramrod. Then he rolled a bullet into the barrel and also placed a wad upon that, then lifted the gun, opened the pan and also poured some powder upon it. The Indians watched this procedure with the greatest curiosity, but could not explain to themselves to what purpose this thing was to be used, for they had never seen a weapon before. When Joseph now stepped to one side, lifted the gun, aimed and pressed the trigger, and the Indians saw the streak of lightning, and heard the accompanying thunder, most of them rushed away. They thought Minis Usquerat had called down thunder and lightning from Heaven. But when the chief was induced to take the weapon in his own hand and was shown how to load it and to shoot, then the alarmed men once more approached and followed the example of their chief. Fear was now followed by admiration, especially when they saw how accurately the bullet had hit its aim. Now the chieftain ordered the redmen to gather in a circle about the two young palefaces, whereupon one of the eldest of his tribe appeared with the pipe of peace, from which the old man then took a few puffs, followed by the chief, and then extended it to the two young whites. After they had also taken of it, it went the rounds of the redmen and was returned again to the eldest. The latter then said: "Now you are our brothers, the covenant is made to the end that we shall be honest and faithful to each other. The Great Spirit has seen us. Woe! woe! to all who break this covenant." Joseph now interpreted what was said to his paleface friends, whereupon each of them went around the circle and shook hands with each of the redmen as a sign of their confirmation of the covenant. The chief Tamane then led his guests into the wigwam, where the squaws had prepared a meal for them. They partook of it with gusto, even though it consisted only of roast venison and tubers.

After the repast they sat over their pipes for a time, and then when the night had come an excellent bed of the finest bearskins was prepared for the three young men, upon which they soon sank into a deep sleep. Early next morning Tamane himself wakened them out of their sweet slumbers and invited them to accompany him upon a walk. It was a clear spring morning and the sun had not yet risen when the chief, two other Indians and his guests left the wigwam and wandered up a hill from which one had a charming prospect upon the surrounding country, now gloriously illuminated by the rising sun. Here the chief paused and turned to Joseph, asking him whether he were ready to interpret to his pale friends what he was about to say, and when the young man declared himself ready, the chieftain began as follows:

"You paleface men have not come to us to disturb our peace, nor to deceive us and to teach us corrupt manners, but on the other hand you have come to us as honest men. You have brought us useful and necessary gifts; one of us you have taken up in your wigwam, you have treated him kindly and have taught him those things that will be useful and advantageous in the future. Then redman is not ungrateful when one is frank and fair with him, and so, last night when you were already in the arms of sleep, we held council and have concluded since we are the owners of all these lands, to bestow upon you as a gift a fine tract of this land, the same to be your rightful possession until the Great Spirit call you into the eternal forest, and it shall remain unto your descendants for all future time. If you wish to accept this gift, which comes to you from the goodness of our hearts, then say Yes!

Joseph now translated the speech of the chief, and when the young Germans had understood the same, they responded with a lusty "Yes" and hastened to the chief and gave him their hands. Thereupon the latter called to himself one of the accompanying Indians who was armed with an axe. They now walked around the beautifully situated tract of land, and the Indian designated the area by hewing into the trees that were to enclose it. When this was done, the Germans gave the land the name of "Aufgehende Sonne", and to this day it bears the name of "Rising Sun."

(To Be Continued)

DER HERBST

Der Herbst ischt e Johreszeit wo der Bauer a noch herzhaft an die Erwet muss, doch ischt die Erwet net meh so schwer wie im Summer un plogt ihn die Hitz un der Dorscht net meh so arg.

Der. Bauer der gut gesaet, gut gesaubert un die Felder recht gewatscht hot, freut sich uewer sei segensvolle Ernt. Heu, Wetze, Rey (rye), Gerst, etc. — die Summer Ernt ischt dehem, jetzt kommt's Welschkorn, der Buchweze, die Grumbere, etc., un wann der Bauer war, hot er a Kraut zu ernte, wo's Sauerkraut devon gemacht werd, denn das ischt jetzt en Artikel wo Geld dran gemacht werre kann. In de Staedt bezahle se jetzt schier eniger Preis for's Kraut, wann's gut ischt und partikulaer, wann's von Pennsylvanie kommt, denn's Sauerkraut von Pennsylvanischem Stoff gemacht, ischt's Beste, un die Stadtleut sin anfangs ganz naerrisch uf's Sauerkraut un's geht ihne schier nix meh drueber, un for die Baure werd's a bald 's bescht Winteresse, partikulaer, wann gute Brodwerscht un Spek dezu kommt.

Geht der Bauer in der Herbstzeit dorch sei Bamgarte un siht die schoene Aepel, do lacht for Fred sei Herz, un er ischt froh, dasz er sei Baem gewatscht, un for Ungeziffer gehuetet hat, dann a Apel isch a gar nuetzlich Obst.

Manche Baure, besunners in Berks County, habe a Weinberge angelegt, un habe vor Johre zrick gut ausgemacht, un's ware in dem ene County schier 500 Acker, un do war's e Vergnuege wann in der Herbstzeit der Wein gepresst worre ischt, un mer hot die schoene Traube esse koenne, aber do ischt Anno 1849 a Krankhet an die Traube kumme, die jetzt noch immer so arg haust, dass Viele ihre Weinstoeck ausgehaue hen, un jetzt nimme viel Weinberge in Berks zu finne sin.

Der. Alte vom Berge (Wollenweber's penname. — Ed.) hot emol e schoe Lied abaut 15 Johr zrick vun de Berks County Weinberge gesunge, wo ich mich noch ene Vers erinnere kann:

In Berks! in Berks, da wachsen schoene Reben,
Gesegnet sei der Wein, gesegnet sei der Wein!
Da waechst er bald, wir werden's noch erleben,
So gut als wie am Rhein, so gut als wie am Rhein!

Der Alte vom Berg hat awer a Huk gefunne un singt nix meh vom Berks County Wein.

Viele Leut sin der Mening, dass der Herbst a schoenere Johreszeit waer wie der Fruehling, un ich mehn schier a so. 'S Fruehjohr ischt so arg korz, un manchmol gebt's arg veraennerlich Wetter, un do kummt noch dezu, dass mer immer dran denkt, dass nau der Summer kommt, wo die Hitz de Schaffleut un Faulenzer plogt. Do ischt aber der Herbst en annerer Kerl, do ischt's net zu worm un a net zu kalt, ueberall wo mer hinguckt, Frucht un Obst un hinnedran der schoe Gedanke, dass der Winter jetzt kommt, wo die Baure ausruhe un Brotwerscht dezu esse, Un's junge Volk an's Schlitterfahre un 's Heire denkt.

Aus Wollenwebers Gemaelde aus dem Pennsylvanischen Volkselben.

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David A. Miller, Publisher-Director 1895-1958

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Editorials

Weekend Responsibilities

Some of the decisions being kicked around in Lehigh Valley households this weekend are simply matters of common sense. Others require sound and sober judgments.

It shouldn't be difficult for anyone in Lehigh and Northampton Counties to decide about taking the third dose of Sabin vaccine to complete what could be lifetime protection against polio. Close to 90 per cent of the population is expected to go to medical society clinics Sunday afternoon for treated sugar lumps.

Choices to be made at the polls on Tuesday aren't quite as obvious. Dozens of candidates must be measured. In an election like this, primarily concerned with local government, there are yardsticks considerably more valid than party labels.

Measurements may be made with relative ease if a candidate is seeking reelection. There is, after all, his record and little more should be involved than a fair and objective appraisal of the quality of his total performance for the community and in it. Unless another can successfully challenge what has been done or back up the usual promises that he can do the same job more effectively, there is no good reason for making a change.

Two candidates seeking an initial term in the same office pose a different problem. They can be judged only on the basis of their training, ability, experience and knowledge of the job to be done.

Qualities that make for good public officials and sound government can't be evaluated on a short walk or drive to a polling place. The qualifications of candidates aren't found on picture cards, matchbook covers or any of the other gimmicks floating around. They are found only in the backgrounds of ability and service the candidates have been building through the years, in office and out.

Just a few days are left to check them objectively before pulling the levers that will determine the kind of government your community will have. You can do this conveniently by reading the backgrounds and statements of all the candidates in the political pages of tomorrow's Sunday Call-Chronicle.

Play It Safe

The needless death of a six-year-old youngster in an otherwise minor fire in his Allentown home points up the responsibilities householders and firemen must share to prevent more such tragedies.

It's essential, of course, for all parents to impress their own children with the dangers of fire and to keep matches, mechanical lighters and readily inflammable materials out of the reach of any who haven't learned to use them properly. But it's equally important for every member of all families to know what to do in their own homes in case of fire.

We'd like to urge — again — that every family get together on planning an alternate route to leave their own home under emergency conditions and practice using it until safe escape becomes second nature. Many are doing it and in some areas it has become a community - wide project.

If it's essential to practice evacuating fireproof schools where children are under constant supervision, it also is urgent for them to know how to leave their own homes in time of danger. There are, as the record will show, many more fire hazards in every home than in any school.

Regardless of the risks individuals take or the precautions families exercise for their own protection, firemen will have to continue making as certain as they possibly can be that no lives are in danger in a fire. This is their first responsibility and it always will be.

One Technical School

It is encouraging to note that the Parkland School Board is among the first to express itself in favor of establishing a single technical school to serve all Lehigh County high school pupils who want this specific kind of education.

The suggestion frequently has been made that the Allentown technical and vocational program in which close to $3 million has been invested be used as the nucleus for the proposed area school. Allentown is agreed because it recognizes that even a school system as large as the city's cannot possibly offer all the technical courses pupils or the community would like.

Current discussions, however, are entirely exploratory and the expressions by the various school boards are opinions rather than binding action. There are long studies and delicate negotiations ahead before any joint program can be activated.

The interest in establishing a single school of this kind to broaden educational opportunities in vocational areas is commendable. Hopefully it will meet with more success than the proposals for a single county-wide school system to which the Parkland Board was the first to object less than a year ago.

What Others Say

Call Constitutional Convention

By DAVID LAWRENCE (Ex-Pennsylvania Governor)

One final word — don't let your people be frightened by the scare propaganda as to what a new Constituton might contain. All we are voting on this year is to call a convention, as Pennsylanians have done four times in the past and as other states have done recently, to look over our constitution and suggest a revision.

Election of delegates will come next year, and voting on what they propose will come the year after. Then we can tell what the new Constitution will contain, and only then.

This year all we decide is to hold the convention, and I sincerely hope you will vote "Yes" and urge your friends and neighbors to do the same. Pennsylvania deserves this chance.

Your Biggest Dates

November

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

There are no more important days this month, or in the rest of the year for that matter, than tomorrow and Tuesday. Mark them as boldly on your calendar as they are on this one. Then remember what to do.

TOMORROW, NOVEMBER 3, between 12 noon and 8 p.m., go to the Polio Center closest to your home for the last of the three drops of oral vaccine that should make you immune to this crippling and killing disease. Take your family and friends with you. And don't worry if you haven't been there before. This one drop will be better than none at all and there'll be chance for the others.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, between 7 a.m. and 8 p.m., go to your polling place. This is the day to vote for the kind of government you want in your state and county, in your city or borough or township, even in your own neighborhood. And be sure you don't skip an office or an issue. Each one is vital to good government and to you.

Unusual Approach to Ally

By DAVID LAWRENCE

An unprecedented method of attack has been employed to influence General De Gaulle to change the policies of the French government so they will be more pleasing to the United States.

Sen. J. W. Fulbright of Arkansas, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, has just made a speech that expressed views which, it might have been expected, would be uttered only by the president or secretary of state. For the executive branch of the government has heretofore jealously guarded its prerogative to conduct foreign relations.



Fulbright

It is conceivable, of course, that the Fulbright speech was cleared in advance by the Department of State. For it would seem incredible that a speech of this importance, attacking an allied government, would be made without the knowledge and consent of the executive branch.

Senator Fulbright's words were bluntly expressed. He said, for instance:

"It is on this level of practical co-operation that French policy has been deeply disappointing to France's allies. It is a policy which, if long continued, could lead to the disruption of the Western Alliance, not by open repudiation but by abnegation in detail."

This is a very serious charge to be leveled at the head of a government allied with the United States. But more surprising is the statement that France's policy has been disappointing not only to the United States but to France's other allies. This will be disputed to some extent in Europe, but in this country it will be wondered why the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate is privileged to speak in behalf of any of the allied governments.

The speech, which may have been assigned to Sen. Fulbright, will not assist in the solving of difficulties between the United States and France. In fact, within the last 24 hours, word has come from Paris that President De Gaulle has abandoned any idea of visiting the United States during the next several months.

Perhaps the most extraordinary part of the Fulbright speech is that in which he directed his remarks at President De Gaulle personally. Chairman Fulbright said:

"I don't believe that President De Gaulle is disposed at present to take such a dispassionate view of American policy. One perceives in his remarks of July 29 that he is still looking at America through the distorting prism of wounded pride."

It is significant that in this same speech the Arkansas senator made a reference to France's unpaid debt from World War I to the United States. The total still unpaid, together with interest, amounts to more than $6 billion, of which $4.3 billion was due as of June 30, 1963.

The whole purpose of the Fulbright speech was ostensibly to persuade General De Gaulle to liberalize his trade policies. But it remains to be seen whether this form of attack will be persuasive.

While Senator Fulbright asserted that the United States has not the slightest intention of standing aside if Europe is attacked and overrun, and although he reiterated that this country is committed "unalterably to the defense of Europe," he pointed out that the more likely occurrence would be a Soviet "assault on the United States from which Europe would be spared." Mr. Fulbright insisted that Europe, including France, must commit itself to a unified defense of the West. He added that, while the United States is committed to such a defense, "this does not mean that it cannot be driven from Europe." He declared:

"If our partners pursue protectionist trade policies and decline to carry a proportion of the military and foreign aid burdens commensurate with their resources, the United States will be left with no choice but to reduce its commitments."

This is, to say the least, a most unusual commentary on the policies of an allied government and specifically on the attitude of the head of that government. For certainly it doesn't make negotiation easier, and it is an undiplomatic way to conduct the foreign relations of the United States.

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Willful Men

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Whenever I hear that this country is threatened with the bogyman of legislative "conformity," my thoughts go wandering to the two states of Oregon and Wisconsin. For better or worse they can always be counted on to provide the nation with effective mavericks. Back in the early Nineteen Hundreds Oregon contributed William U'Ren, father of the initiative, the referendum and the recall, to the progressive movement of the day. And in Wisconsin there was Fighting Bob La Follette. His seat in the Senate was later occupied by his son, Young Bob, who was followed in turn by Joe McCarthy, a Republican maverick of a different breed.

U'Ren, La Follette and his son, and Joe McCarthy, are gone, but the old yeast still works in Oregon and Wisconsin. And as President Kennedy sits on the anxious seat, waiting for the U.S. Senate to pronounce on civil rights and the tax cut, the two Administration "musts" for the session, he must wish in his heart that the mavericks of those two unconventional states would learn a little discipline and tell their chronically dissident senators where to head in.

Specifically, the two men who are threatening to poleaxe the whole Kennedy program in the Senate are, respectively, Oregon's Wayne Morse and Wisconsin's William Proxmire, both nominal Democrats. It is not that either Morse or Proxmire necessarily wishes to keep the Senate from passing on the two measures that are closest to Kennedy's heart. They just happen to have the bit between their teeth on this business of foreign aid. They are out to sustain the House's insistence that the President's $4.2 billion foreign aid bill be cut to $3.5 billion.

When Morse gets his teeth into something, he hangs on like a bulldog. And if he chooses to filibuster against the Administration's insistence that $4.2 billion be authorized for foreign aid, the President can say good-bye to a civil rights bill or a tax cut this year.

The situation becomes more complicated because of Senator J. W. Fulbright's distaste for committing himself on civil rights. Fulbright, as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, supports the President's $4.2 billion foreign aid bill. But his advocacy has not been particularly spirited. Conceivably he might welcome a filibuster on foreign aid in order to stave off the necessity of coming to grip with the civil rights issue.

Meanwhile, Proxmire hovers in the background. He is a pretty good long-distance speechifier, too. Back in August of 1961 he surpassed Morse by holding the floor of the Senate for 26 hours and 42 minutes to oppose the nomination of Lawrence O'Connor, a Texas oil man, to the Federal Power Commission.

If Morse and Proxmire begin to put anti-foreign aid speeches back to back, and if they continue their will to obstruct when it comes to matching authorizations with appropriations, Congress will never get to the Presidential "must go."

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Now Hear This

Follow the Master's teachings . . . join hands in brotherhood . . . because this is the only way . . . to foster what is good . . . help those who are less fortunate .. . your rewards will be great . . . plant life's garden with true love . . . stamp out the weeds of hate . . . put yourself in the place of . . . those you ridicule . . . make your code to live by .. . the blessed golden rule . . . how wonderful this life would be . . . without the vice of greed . . . happiness cannot be bought . . love is our greatest need . . perhaps my words fall on deaf ears . . . but I say "now hear this" . . . unless we walk together . . . we'll roam a dark abyss.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

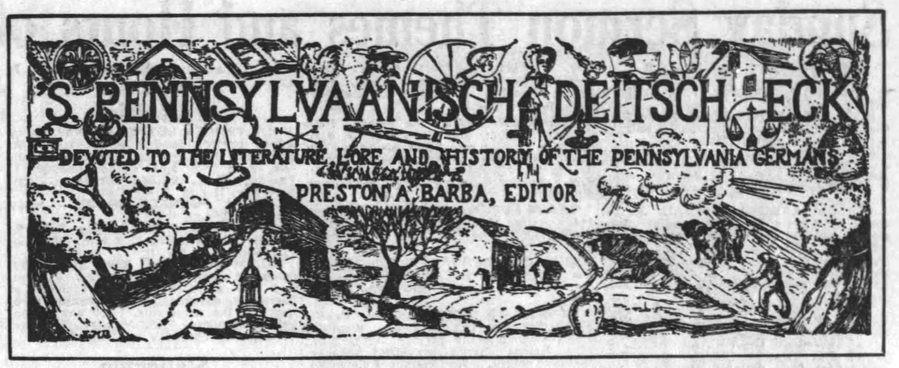
QUESTION: I will be entering college next year and keep thinking about what I want from life. In your opinion what should a Christian want most from life? B.D.

ANSWER: I believe that a Christian should not so much ask: "What do I want from life," as "What can I give to life." Gladstone once said: "A gentleman is not a man who tries to get all he can out of life — but one who has a deep desire to contribute to life."

Make the most of your best for the sake of others, and the glory of God. This is Christianity at its highest.

Horoscope

Use prudence in dealing with heavy expenses. Today's child will be emotional.



TWO FAITHFUL COMRADES

THE FIRST TWO GERMAN SETTLERS IN PENNSYLVANIA

An historical narrative of German immigration to Pennsylvania before tre arrival of William Penn

by LUGWIG AUGUST WOLLENWEBER

(Translated from the German by Preston A. Barba)

(Continued)

CHAPTER VI
The Letters From Heilbronn and Bruchsal

The young Germans had again returned with their Indian friend to the settlement, but in heaviness of heart, for Joseph had informed them that he could only remain with them until the hunting season, since his kin enjoined upon him to return to his people, and had not ceased with their entreaties and remonstrances until he had promised to return to them at the beginning of the hunting season. "We are not separating forever," said the young brave, "nor do we live far away, and our friendship is so great, that nothing in the world can hinder us from visiting each other frequently."

One morning in May, when the three were once more busy at work, they heard the cry "A ship! A ship!" and when they stepped out before their workshops, they saw a ship sailing up the Delaware. Who will describe their joy? It was the Marcus. They hastened to the bank, unloosed a boat and rowed out to the ship. They were heartily received by the captain, and when the first joy of meeting had passed, the captain requested his earlier cabin boys, as he was wont to call Frey and Plattenbach, to come into his cabin, as he had some news for them. On entering the cabin of the captain they already found the table covered with a frugal breakfast. When the helmsman had also joined them, the captain invited his guests to the table with the remark that it was better to eat first before receiving news that might destroy their appetite.

After they had breakfasted, the captain drew a big letter from his pocket, saying that he had intended to return to the settlement last fall, but that his cargo had not been brought in readiness as he had anticipated. Also very cold weather had set in and the owners deemed it inadvisable to let the vessel sail. Four weeks before his departure he had written to Bruchsal and Heilbronn and in answer had received the big letter accompanied by instructions in which their parents had thanked him cordially for the attention which he had shown to their children. Several days later there arrived from the Heilbronn a cask of "Weibertreu" wine from near Weinsberg in Wuerttemberg. Also their baker friend Kuebler had received from the parents in Bruchsal a cask of Affenthaler red wine, accompanied by a letter expressing their gratefulness. Of both wines the captain had six flasks for Frey and six for Plattenbach. After they had expressed their thanks to the captain, Plattenbach opened the letter addressed to him and read as follows:

Bruchsal, February 1, 1681

Dear Son:

We have received your letter from the New World, and thank the dear God that you and your faithful friend have safely arrived and that the good captain treated you so well on the long voyage. You no doubt also thanked God that led you safely. We are all well, the Lord be praised. Soon after we had received your letter I journeyed to Heilbronn, to learn to know the parents of your good friend. When I had introduced myself, they received me cordially and were very happy that their son had found in my son so loyal a friend. You write us that we are all to come to the beautiful and blessed land of America, where there are no tax collectors, where there are no princes nor their officials, to prescribe and to regulate, and where each is permitted to worship the dear Lord according to his own views, a land in which there is no religious coercion, no police system, a land where one can live in peace and quiet; a land where thievery is unknown and diligence and labor are human adornments. We, as well as the parents of your friend, should be glad to come, since every year brings increasing oppressions. We have considered the matter and have concluded to come to you with the first opportunity offered us.

Your dear mother, your sister Maria and your brother Philipp greet you a thousand times and pray daily that the dear Lord may protect you.

Your faithful father,
Jacob Plattenbach

After the reading of this letter tears stood in the eyes of all those present. Now Frey opened his letter also and read:

Heilbronn, February 6, 1681

Dear Son:

Your letter from distant America we have received through the kindness of your kind Captain Sauter and we rejoiced over it. When a few days later the father of your loyal friend came to us, there was no end of rejoicing. According to your description America must be a beautiful country, and we are especially happy that you are living among such God - fearing people, and that even the Indians in your neighborhood are peace-loving.

Dear Henry! Since you have left us things have gotten still worse in southern Germany. The many devastations wrought by the French weigh heavily upon us and our ruling princes have imposed heavy taxes. Thousands would gladly leave the Fatherland if they had the means. Last week a merchant from Frankfurt was with us, and he told us that several families along the Rhine have founded a company with the purpose of responding to an invitation of an Englishman by the name of William Penn, who had a short time before visited the Rhineland. They intended to settle upon his fine land and there establish a new home for themselves. After I had heard this information, I went at once to our pastor, whose parents dwell at Worms on the Rhine, and requested him urgently to find out what truth there was in it, and whether we could find opportunity to accompany them to the new homeland. He told me that it was the truth, that in the market town of Griesheim near Worms many people were preparing to emigrate to the New World. When I gave the old man your letter to read, he was quite astonished and said that you were dwelling upon the lands whither the emigrants wished to go. He declared that it was kind Providence who had shown the oppressed such a glorious land. We and the Plattenbach family are now only waiting for an opportunity to lead us to you.

Your brother is apprenticed to a cobbler and will soon be free. Your sister Liesel is dreaming only of America, and Katrina, now six years old, asks every day when we are going to our brother in America. Your dear mother and your brothers and sisters greet you heartily and pray the dear God that he may protect and watch over you.

Your faithful father
Heinrich Frey

The ship Marcus was again ready to sail back to Rotterdam. The inhabitants of the settlement gave the captain and the entire crew all sorts of little gifts upon their departure. The young Germans were especially grateful to the captain who had again presented them a considerable amount of iron.

CHAPTER VII
Joseph the Indian Departs

The young Germans continued to work zealously in their workshops. The orders increased with each day and they tried to satisfy their patrons as quickly as possible. The other settlers were busy with the harvest and were storing for times of need, for in those days the winters were far more rugged.

Autumn had once more come, moist winds were blowing over the country. In the Indian village all was stirring with preparations for the hunt. Now, since they had the new weapons, a greater abundance of game was expected than ever before. Laden with many suitable gifts for the hunt, they accompanied their friend to the Indian village, where they were once more greeted heartily by young and old. The chieftain thanked them for the many and useful gifts they had brought them.

The next day the young men returned to the settlement. On their departure Joseph promised to visit them soon after his return from the hunt.

Joseph went upon the hunt with his red brothers, and in spite of hardships caused by bad weather, they returned from the hunt with rich stores of game, thanks to the new weapons. Joseph soon thereafter visited the settlement, told his friends of the successful hunt and invited his friends soon to visit the Indian village. Frey and Plattenbach started out the following morning with Joseph and were soon among their red friends. The chief had heaped up gifts for his pale friends in his own wigwam and had ordered six men to carry the same back to the settlement. After they had expressed their thanks for the same, they concluded to return the same day, since they feared bad weather was setting in. Joseph accompanied them for a short distance, during which time they attempted to pursuade him to return with them to the settlement of the whites, but he was determined in his refusal, saying he had given his word to his kin not to leave them again and that he had to keep his word.

(To Be Continued)

DIE SAG VON ZWEE SAEUFER

ALLENTOWN war noch e arg klener Platz, un 's sin schun viele Jahre verflosse, wo die Geschicht pasiert sein soll, die ich jetzt erzaehle will, wie ich sie vum a Bauer in Lecha County gehoert hab.

Am obere End vun Allentown, wo der Turnpeik naus geht noch Kutztaun un Reading, hot en alt fraem Wertshaus gestanne das aber jetzt schun lang enem schoene Brickhaus hat Platz mache muesse, un das nau a schun wider alt worre ischt, do in sell Wertshaus sin zwee Maenner jede Tag hinkumme for de Dram zu trinke, un se habe so viel vun dem Giftstoff etrunke, dass sie schier jede Tag besoffe ware, un habe dann im Suff Streit mit ordentliche Leut angefange, hen bloe Auge krikt un bloe Auge gemacht. Der Dram un's Fechte hat sie zu so gute Freund gemacht, weil Bede, bedes gegliche, dasz sie schier immer zur naemliche Zeit sich in dem fraem Wertshaus gefunne habe. — Wann der Ene ke Geld for Dram gehat, hot der Annere die Zech bezahlt, un so gings e paar Johr fort, bis sie uf emol unenig worre sin un sich enander die Auge selber recht verdrosche hen. Vun seller Zeit hen sie fort un fort gequarllt, un sich oft gelettert, wo die menste Zeit der John Stroh vum Charles Vetter gebotte worre ischt. — An Friede zu mache war nimmer zu denke, dann sie sin jede Tag speitvoller gege enanner worre, bis der Charle Vetter gestorbe ischt un mer ihn uf de Kerchhof gelegt hot.

Wo mer dem Tode Alles vergebe, un aller Speit vergesse sein sott, war die Sach vum John Stroh net, der hot uf de tode Mann fortgeflucht un gescholte, un wann's die Nochbere ihm's noch so uebel genomme.

'S war Samstags Obends, do war der John Stroh wieder an ener Spri (Sauferei), de Rausch hot er sich en oder zwe Meile vor Allentown geholt. Uf em Hemweg kommt er am Kerchhof vorbei, do falle ihm die Fechtereie mit dem Charle Vetter wieder ein, un er stellt sich ans Kerchhofsthor, fangt an zu wettere un zu fluche, un fodert sei alter Freund aus dem Grab for nochemol zu Boxe. Des Grab ischt aber net ufgange.

Am annere Morge, wie dem Stroh sei Fra ufgewacht ischt, hot sie ihre Mann net im Bett gefunne, un hot gedenkt er haett schun in aller Frueh wieder Dorst, un waer im fraem Wertschaus; wie sie 's Breckfest fertig gehat, schickt sie ihre Johnny ins Wertshaus for de Daet (dad) hem zu hole, aber der Bu kommt hem un sagt der Memm, dass der Daet net druebe waer un 's haett ihn a Niemand in der Nochberschaft gesehne. — Die Fra wunnert wo ihr Mann hingekomme ischt un sucht ihn im Stall, in der Scheuer un ueberall, doch hot sie ihn nirgends gefunne.

Sie setzt sich jetzt mit ihre Kinner an's Breckfest, un grad wollt sie e Schluck warmer Kaffee nehme, do hoert sie en arger Laerm uf der Stross, un sieht die Leut gege die Stadt naus lafe. Sie geht for's Haus um zu sehne was es gebt, un sieht wie e paar Maenner uf Baemaescht e Mann trage, un wie sie immer naeher gege ihr Haus komme, un o Gott! sie werd for Schreck schier lahm — es war ihr Mann, der John Stroh. — Sei Gesicht war ganz ufgeloffe un sei Auge bald aus dem Kopf geschlage.

Der alte Squire Busch ruft gleich e Jury wo die Wittniss angebe, dass sie de John Stroh tod an dem Kerchhofsthor gefunne haette, wo er de Abend zuvor so gewettert un de Charle Vetter zum Fechte rausgerufe.

Zwe Tag druff hot mer de John Stroh zum Charle Vetter uf de Kerchhof getrage, un der ganz alt Parre Jaeger der in seller Zeit noch e junger Mann war, soll am Grab en arg schoene Predig gethan habe, ueber die Liebe un ueber de Hass, un wie weit es die Brand weinsaeufer bringe koenne.

Aus Wollenweber's Gemaelde aus em Pennsylvanischen Volksleben.

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Editorials

The Rockefeller Decision

There is no reason to wonder why Gov. Rockefeller became an official candidate for the presidential nomination so early in the game, particularly since few ever have doubted how eager he is to lead the Republican challenge to President Kennedy's bid for re-election.

His own story is that he entered the New Hampshire primary to be held next March because it offers a forum for candidates to express their views forthrightly, without fence-straddling or double-talk. He wants all to know precisely how every candidate stands on the issues of the day before one of them is nominated.



At the moment, however, the governor is in the ring alone and there are no assurances that Sen. Goldwater or anyone else will join him in a pre - convention primary fight in any state. Unless there is an active opponent in these preliminary skirmishes they generally are pointless. President Kennedy had one in Sen. Humphrey and scored two impressive knockouts. Estes Kefauver had none. Without anyone to swing at he won headlines but not delegates.

Many adequate forums are available for Gov. Rockefeller, Sen. Goldwater, Sen. Margaret Chase Smith, Gov. Scranton or any other potential candidates to use in making themselves clear about national issues long before the Republican delegates start for California. We agree with the New York governor that they should speak out on how they would solve the important problems that confront this nation.

What probably interests Mr. Rockefeller most, however, is how he really stands with the voters at this crucial point in his long quest for the White House. The most recent polls indicate that since his remarriage six months ago to the divorced mother of four young children, his political fortunes have dropped to their lowest ebb. With or without an opponent, the New Hampshire primary or any other in which he chooses to run could provide a measure of how accurate the pollsters have been.

This would be helpful both to Mr. Rockefeller and convention delegates in making their future decisions.

Khrushchev's Old Look

Looks like it's time to pick up where we left off a few weeks ago when the White House and the Kremlin appeared to be going through the preliminaries of playing kiss-and-make-up.

We said then that no American could afford the dangerous luxury of wishful thinking just because Khrushchev was eager to sign the nuclear test ban treaty, calling the Red Chinese nasty names or asking to trade Russian gold for U.S. wheat. The President and his aides said the same thing.

This week the Russian premier underscored all the warnings.

Once again allied military convoys were stopped on the autobahn in East Germany. This time, however, Moscow added a footnote that if Americans had exercised their right to go through before the Soviets agreed they could, a shooting war would have been triggered. The Russians also flexed their muscle by parading what appeared to be revolutionary ground-to-air rockets which they boasted could knock anything else out of the skies.

And Khrushchev didn't seem nearly as angry at the Red Chinese as at Americans. He didn't promise to bury us, but he did warn he'd overtake our economy in another seven years.

No one ever can be certain, however, about why Khrushchev or any other Communists do or say anything or how serious they may be. Could be he simply is trying to get Peking back on the party line or preparing to ask more sacrifices of the Russian people when the Communist Central Committee meets.

But even if he himself isn't serious, one of his military commanders in East Germany just might take him at his public word.

That's why the Berlin road is one of the world's most dangerous thoroughfares. It's also the reason this nation must keep up its guard and recognize all Communists for the enemies they are no matter how often Khrushchev puts on the mask that smiles.

What Others Say

The Presidency

Nework News

A lot of people, with no thirst for power or place, find it hard to understand why anyone would want to be President of the United States. The hours are long, the responsibilities appalling, and pay and fringe benefits are better in many less burdensome and more secure jobs

Only Theodore Roosevelt claimed that being President was fun, and much has changed since his time. At his press conference John F. Kennedy tried to explain why he likes being President, but he didn't make it sould like fun

The office is "rewarding," he said, and in the Greek sense that happiness is "the full use of your powers along lines of excellence," he finds that "the presidency provides some happiness."

Whatever they are, the rewards of the presidency must compensate for its burdens. Only Washington and Polk left office with no trace of regret. Even though Mr. Kennedy is said to have found the presidency somewhat more demanding than he anticipated, he's ready to reenlist.

And now as for more than a century and a half past, there is no shortage of other public-spirited citizens eager to sacrifice themselves in the service of their countrymen.

Horoscope

Act circumspectly in property dealings and with elders. Today's child will be ingenious.

Nothing to Worry About–He's Tied



Tensions in Berlin

By DAVID LAWRENCE

A most sensational revelation has just been made by Premier Khrushchev. He tells the world that at any moment a war could break out between the United States and the Soviet Union, inasmuch as the Russian military commanders on the Berlin highway can decide for themselves to open fire on Allied troops and vehicles.

This state of affairs would normally be protected against a dangerous climax by diplomatic intervention, but Mr. Khrushchev apparently has given discretion to subordinate officers to shoot if they construe existing regulations about access to Berlin to be challenged. He indicates that, irrespective of the facts, he will blame the United States for having provoked the fighting.

The Soviet premier permitted an unedited version of his remarks to a group of American businessmen to be released without any modification of his extreme statements. This is unusual. One of the visitors asked:

"Are you saying that if we cannot agree over procedure on the autobahn, that you would give an order that would result in shooting and possible war?"

To this, Mr. Khurshchev replied:

"No, we gave no such order but there is an established procedure . . . It is a matter of a soldier being a soldier. He has operational instructions and if someone wants to break through, then it is in the natural course of things that force will be met by force."

The American version of the autobahn incident is that it was the Soviets who departed from the "established" procedure. This is the kind of argument that normally is threshed out by the foreign offices and the diplomats, but the Khrushchev statement incates clearly that the Soviet troops are under "operational instructions" to shoot whenever they themselves wish to deviate from the customary procedure and the Allied forces in response attempt to maintain their own rights.



ON THE OTHER HAND...

No more dangerous set-up could be devised to bring on a war. If shooting starts, there will not be time to argue afterwards just who departed from the "established" rules. But now everybody knows that the Soviet military forces have been told to shoot when challenged. Mr. Khrushchev's policy appears to be to seek gradually to impose more and more restrictions until the Allied forces have been driven out of the Berlin area altogether.

Mr. Khrushchev views it as a test of nerves. He says:

"Evidently it must be a test of nerves on your part. When you decided to test our nerves, we decided in response to put our armored cars across the autobahn to test your nerves and see if you would start shooting or not. And we were glad you didn't."

It seems incredible that the relations between the Soviet Union and the United States have reached a point where any instructions have to be issued to the respective military forces of these two countries to "test nerves."

The whole episode comes as a big surprise to many people who had been led to believe that the signing of the nuclear test-ban treaty and prospective sale of wheat to the Russians had established a kind of "euphoria," or at least a spirit of mutual understanding or restraint. Today the remarks of Premier Khrushchev stand before the world as a disclosure of the strategy and tactics of the dictator in the Kremlin. His latest words will be widely construed as an effort to bluff the United States into getting out of Berlin. He may have come to believe that nuclear war is feared so much in America that almost any step which could possibly become an involvement in war will be avoided and that concessions will be made to the Communists.

It would appear that nothing is more important now for the United States government than to have a clear-cut understanding with the Soviet Union as to what it intends to do in the area around Berlin and to ascertain whether Khrushchev has actually instructed his military forces to fire upon American forces whenever the latter do not act in accordance with procedures "established" unilaterally by the Soviets. It would seem desirable, too, to set up a machinery for immediately resolving any conflicts in understanding about "established" procedures.

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My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: I want to be in the will of God, but I am afraid I will be changed emotionally if I go to Christian meetings. M.J.

ANSWER: The statement which you made, "I can't seem to commit myself to God," is the key to your difficulty. You say you are afraid of being changed emotionally, and yet it is obvious that you need to be spiritually transformed. It is a paradox to say that you want to be in the will of God, and in the next breath say that you can't commit yourself to Him. God has given you a will, and you have the power to exercise it for good or for evil. Our Lord taught: "If any man do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God."

As to your fear of being changed emotionally, I would say that with the uncertainty you harbor, you need to have your emotions changed. Never fear that any change which God works will be damaging. The change that He will bring will be for the better, for "He doeth all things well." Put the weight of your faith in Christ. He has never disappointed anyone who came in full commitment and dedication.

Influence

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

I know that I should be valiantly exercised about the current scandals and rumors of scandals in Washington. But, to be perfectly honest about it, the stories about Bobby Baker, Navy Secretary Fred Korth and others leave me with very mixed fellings.

What seems so ho-hum about it all is that minor scandals are quite unremarkable when they are projected against a background of what might be termed total scandal. Here we have Bobby Baker being accused of the crime, if it is a crime, of using his reputation as an influential Secretary to the Senate Majority in ways that have enabled him to make a lot of extra-curricular money. But whatever power Bobby had was merely a reflected power — if he could trade on "influence," it was only because certain of his employers in the U.S. Senate really do have influence. Nobody would have given Bobby a nickel he shouldn't have had if there hadn't been a fear that retribution might be lurking at the hands of somebody who could really affect the distribution of governmental rewards.

This matter of "influence" is so all-pervasive in modern politicalized society that it is next to impossible to frame an ethical course for anybody save a hermit. Some things are right by sanction, and some are not, but the sanctions themselves frequently make no logical sense.

For example, it is considered quite all right for the mayor of an important city to go to Washington in the middle of an election campaign and come home with the announcement that federal funds are about to be channelled to some bit of local urban redevelopment. This is merely a traditional way of attempting to swing a few votes.

When Navy Secretary Fred Korth, a former Fort Worth, Texas banker, allegedly uses his personal prestige to help some banks he once headed, it hardly differs in its essential marrow from a tip from a dominant political party that it would be wise for a relief agency to get out those relief checks a week before the elections instead of the week after. But Korth, for his supposed indiscretions, gets it in the neck.

No individual farmer is licensed by our present moral code to get a special benefit at the expense of his fellow taxpayers. However, it is perfectly all right for farmers as a group to pressure their senators into giving them special benefits at the expense of all the urban taxpayers taken together.

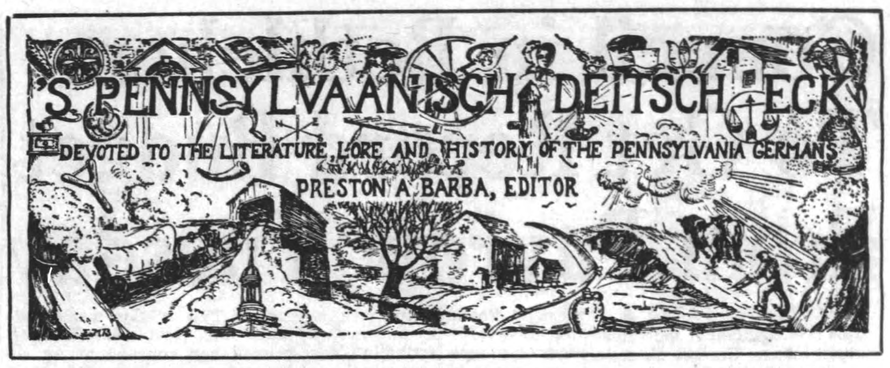
With group-theft sanctioned by a law that results from the tug of pressure group forces, scandal has been so diffused throughout our society that it doesn't seem scandalous at all. Everybody is licensed to live off everybody else, and who cares?

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Bedtime Story

Good night, my little darling . . . close your eyes, rest well . . . listen to the story . . . I'm about to tell . . . once upon a time there was . . . a very pretty girl . . . who loved someone so very much . . . her head was in a whirl . . . she sang a song of happiness . . . throughout each livelong day . . . but suddenly it happened . . . her love was called away . . . warm tears superseded smiles . . . songs were replaced by sighs. . .and the look of loneliness. . .filled her plaintive eyes. . .then one fine day her love returned . . . soon wedding bells were heard . . . the story ends, you're fast asleep . . . you did not hear a word.



TWO FAITHFUL COMRADES

THE FIRST TWO GERMAN SETTLERS IN PENNSYLVANIA

An historical narrative of German immigration to Pennsylvania before tre arrival of William Penn

by LUGWIG AUGUST WOLLENWEBER

(Translated from the German by Preston A. Barba)

(Continued)

CHAPTER VIII
The Surprise

Nichts im Leben ist so schoen,
Als ein freudig's Wiedersehn.

Finally, after the long and dreary winter time, spring returned once more and the sun sent his warm rays down upon the beautiful landscape of the Delaware. The settlement once more showed signs of animation. The ice on the Delaware and the Schuylkill vanished and merrily the boats plied up and down the rivers. It was also reported that ships from Europe had arrived in the Swedish and Dutch colonies, and that some were to arrive at the English settlement also. These hopes were soon fulfilled, for after some days a big three-master sailed up the Delaware and was enthusiastically greeted by the settlers. The ship came from England with several Quaker families on board and a large cargo of merchandise for the settlement. The captain announced that William Penn, the proprietary of this province, was preparing for a journey to America, and that it was certain that he would arrive this year in order to arrange for the necessary government of the province.

Scarcely had a week passed, when shortly after midnight the rattle of anchor chains was heard. Scarcely had the day dawned when young and old hastened to the river. Frey and Plattenbach were among the first, for they believed the ship could be no other than their beloved Marcus. But they were disappointed and went away disheartened to their workshops, after they had learned that the ship was a Dutch craft, but had not come from Rotterdam.

Since the weather was so fine, and their work was not urgent, they concluded to banish their disappointment by visiting the Indian village, and looking once more upon the land given them. Quietly they marched through the forest in its fresh green garment, rejoicing with the birds which had returned in great numbers. Soon they reached the village, and when Joseph became aware of their presence, he hastened to them and accompanied them to the land of the **Rising Sun.** It appeared to them to be still more beautiful than when they first beheld it, and they were proud to be the owners of it. When they had enjoyed the prospect and had returned to the village, Plattenbach was suddenly seized with a sense of great anguish, which he could not explain. It seemed to him that some one were literally pulling him by his hair in the direction of the settlement. He had premonitions of some great misfortune. Since the young man appeared very pale, Frey too was seized with a strange feeling, and also wished to hurry back to the settlement. Joseph, who noticed the anxiety of his friends, insisted on accompanying them back to the settlement and in case of some calamity, to render them his aid.

With great haste the three hurried back. In following the path of the Indians, they came upon an elevated clearing, from which which they could see a large part of the settlement. With their sharp eyes they saw that many people were stirring back and forth and as they came nearer, they perceived that the throng was thickest about their workshops. Their fear increased to such an extent, that they could hardly press forward. Having come still nearer they saw men, women, boys and girls busied with carrying chests and boxes into their huts, and could not explain to themselves what all this implied. they were seen by one of the men who stood upon a big chest before the workshops. As with an electric shock, the hats of the men and the kerchiefs of the women went into the air. A few minutes later Heinrich Frey and Joseph Plattenbach lay in the arms of their parents and their brothers and sisters. Laughter and tears followed in utter confusion, and our Indian Joseph, who had never seen such a spectacle, stood there like a pillar of salt.

Father Plattenbach now related that they had arrived safely last night on the Dutch ship. The good Captain Sauter had arranged the passage for them and had in the most paternal manner advised them what they were to take with them into their new home.

When they had gotten through their first flood of joyous conversation, they again went about bringing their various possessions into the hut and workshops of the first German settlers in Pennsylvania. Among the most diligent of the helpers was the Indian Joseph, who was watched by the women and the girls with the greatest amazement, for he was the first Indian they had seen. When all was brought under shelter, Joseph stole away and hastened back to the Indian village. The next morning he appeared again, accompanied by two of his red brothers, who brought with them beautiful soft skins, which their chief Tamane had sent as gifts to the newcomers and which were received with due gratitude. The women prepared a meal for the Indians, at whom they gazed with astonishment. The Indians partook freely of foods they had never yet tasted and then returned to their village.

When the new settlers had attended to the most necessary matters, Heinrich Frey and Joseph Plattenbach led their parents and brothers and sisters to their neighbors in the settlement, where they were given a friendly welcome. When they had once more returned to the huts they thanked God for having led them among such kindly people.

In their family council they now concluded to visit the given land as soon as possible, and if the same lent itself to cultivation, then the new arrivals were to go thither, build huts there and till the soil. But the young artisans were in the meanwhile to remain in the settlement in Philadelphia.

CHAPTER IX
A Visit to the Rising Sun

It was a glorious summer morning when the families Frey and Plattenbach under Joseph's escort early left the settlement to wander to the Indian village, where they wished to thank the redmen for the gift of land and to look upon the same. The little group had gone but a little way, when they found themselves in the primeval forest with its giant trees and thickets, through which the Indian path wound, admitting but two persons to walk abreast. On this deeply shaded path a certain anxiety took possession of the new arrivals, especially when they heard a noise in the bushes. They had heard in the settlement that the forest still sheltered bears, wolves, panthers and various treacherous snakes. Their escort calmed them and explained to them that when the animals heard the voices of several people they hurried away. Their fears allayed, they wandered on for a time. Now the forest became less dense and the sun sent its beams down through the gigantic limbs. Here and there birds of gay plumage were seen and the song of the red mocking bird could be heard everywhere.

Finally they came to a charming forest gorge, in which a fine spring came bubbling forth out of a rock. Huge treetrunks lay about, inviting them to friendly rest. Upon advice of the guide the party halted here. They refreshed themselves with the cool of the shade and the excellent water, and then they continued on their way. They soon reached another clearing in the woods, from which one could see the tents of the Indians, to which they now hurried. Joseph led them at once to the wigwam of the chieftain, who was already informed of the arrival of the Germans. The remaining Indians, who knew nothing of their coming, were taken aback when they saw so many palefaces marching through their village. But they soon became calm again when they saw that the palefaces were accompanied by Minsi Usquerat. Soon the wigwam of the chieftain was surrounded by Indians, men, women and children, and especially the squaws could not get enough of looking at their neatly dressed pale sisters.

The Indian Joseph, who with great diligence had made progress in the German tongue, now acted as interpreter in the wigwam, and declared to the chief and the elders, who had come into the wigwam, that the Germans had come to see the given land and to examine it. If the same were suitable for tilling, then they wished to build huts there and become good neighbors to the Indians. The chief replied: We know that these palefaces are good people. We therefore bid them welcome. If they continue to be faithful to their red brothers, then we wish to protect them not only against the wild beasts but also against evil people. In company with the chief and some of the eldest of the Leni Lenapi they now proceeded to the height where the large strip of the given land lay, and when the chief pointed out the area of the same, the elder Frey and Plattenbach strode over it to examine the soil. Both had tilled the soil in the Fatherland and could therefore readily determine.

They needed but little time and were soon convinced that this land possessed excellent soil for the raising of grain. When they saw the gigantic sycamore oaks and chestnut trees, and had come upon some springs of the best drinking water, they joyously turned back to the group and declared they would build their huts there and be good neighbors to the Indians who had given them so handsome a gift. When the Indian Joseph told the chief of the decision of the Germans he was happy.

(To Be Concluded)

DER FROSCHT

Die Bletter falle vun de Baem,
Des Wetter watt als kiehler;
Die Schulbell heert mer darrich's Land,
Des Schulhaus iss voll Schieler.

Die Kaerbseranke gucke schwaz,
Der Frosch waar datt dehinner;
Die Kaerbse leie drauwerich rum
Als wie so Waisekinner.

Des Welschkann schteht aa datt in Schocks,
Der Kopp in Driebsaal henke;
Un vun der lange Ewichkeit
Dutt yeder Schtengel denke.

Die Grabbe hocke uff der Fens,
Un mehner kumme schpaeder;
Wie Drauerleit so an 're Leicht
In ihre schwaze Gleeder.

Un darre Schtengel schtehne datt
Un drauwere mit de Hecke;
Noh kummt der Schnee in der schtille Nacht
Un dutt der Dod zudecke.

—DER GUS
(WILLIAM H. ERB)

ES SCHNECKEHANN

Wie schee waar 's als am Lechaa nuff,
Wie der Kanaal noch geht;
Wie schee die Zucht wum Schneckehann
Zu mir beim Wind geweht.

Wie lieblich un geheemlich waar
'm Schneckehann sei "Whoo—oo";
En Wanning dass der Lackmann muss
Sei Lack in Adder duh.

Wie oft, wie oft gehn als die boats
So sacht an mir verbei;
Die Esel amme lange Schtrick
Mit Dreiwer hinner drei.

Sell waarn die gute Zeite—ya,
Mer winscht fer sie gedicht;
's waar net so'n groosser Schussel un
Doch alles ausgericht.

Die Zeit die wexelt alles rum,
Der Kanaal waar gans zu schlo;
Trucks un Riggelweg draage nau
Was boats als gfaahre do.

Der alt Kanaal sehnt hesslich aus—
Ausgerisse in Bletz;
Gans uffgewaxe nau mit Graas—
Leit voll mit Bleck un Gletz.

Doch heer ich noch der Lechaa nuff
'm Schneckehann sei "Whoo—oo",
So dass der Lackmann weess, er muss
Sei Lack in Adder duh.

Leit saage sell waer yuscht der Wind
Im Gippel vun de Beem;
Ich draame deet vun alter Zeit
Un Sach wear nimme 's seem.

Doch wu ich schteh geht so gewiss
En schpuckish boat verbei,
Mit Esel amme lange Schtrick
Un Dreiwer hinner drei.

Bin ich am draame?—'s kann wull sei!
Doch iss 's meh wie 'n Draam
Vum Schneckehann—'s iss echtich sell,
Un net der Wind im Baam.

July 8, 1953

—RALPH S. FUNK

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Editorials

Spirit of Moscow

No one expected today's 30th anniversary of the resumption of diplomatic relations between the United States and Russia to set off any really wild celebrations. But, there was little reason for believing the planned parties would fall as flat as they have.

Admittedly, it's almost impossible to tell what Khrushchev will do after he leaves a whingding with a prize or two. But his masquerade apparently is becoming so clever that even official Washington finds it difficult to determine when he wears it.

For reasons he alone knows, it went into mothballs again when the Soviet secret police arrested a visiting Yale professor on spy charges and put him on ice in a Moscow prison. Remote judgments on matters like these aren't always accurate. But, even remembering the U-2 denials, we'll take the word of the President that Prof. Barghoorn isn't anything even closely resembling a spy. The description columnist John Chamberlain gives of the academician elsewhere on this page is added evidence.



With his mask off, Khrushchev makes clear that if any chinks seem to have developed in the Iron Curtain they are being resealed. Moscow quite obviously is no more interested in broadening cultural exchanges with the United States than it is in inviting a U.S. astronaut to ride a Soviet spaceship.

Under these conditions, President Kennedy was entirely correct in emphasizing that a cultural program with the Soviet Union is hopeless. Just as properly, next week's negotiations in Moscow for broader exchanges have been postponed "until a more appropriate date." Even when Dr. Barghoorn is liberated, most Americans will think a few times before exposing their freedom to a similar risk.

Meanwhile, Russian scientists, writers and artists who are finding doors slamming in their faces during their so-called good will mission to the United States have little reason to complain. They may be getting the cold shoulder, but they aren't in prison.

The Soviet high command apparently is as eager to bury last summer's "Spirit of Moscow" as it was to kill "The Spirit of Camp David" four years ago.

It's Quite a Stew

According to the ACPC, the CRP for Allentown has been approved by the URA Philadelphia Regional Office which quite obviously has headquarters in Washington. It operates under the HHFA.

What makes this particularly interesting is that a two year study of CRP under the general auspices of the ACPC which is the LPA in these parts will cost about $143,000. The federal government is expected to pay two-thirds and Allentown's cash outlay will be only $16,800.

One of the chief concerns is the GNRP. The ASPO, the PAHRA and the AIP have been talking about it. Others certainly will be involved by the time CRP is completed.

This being the case, you should know that the ACPC is the Allentown City Planning Commission and that what it is talking about in a recent newsletter is the Community Renewal Program under the Urban Renewal Administration, a branch of the Housing and Home Finance Agency.

With that much clear at one point or another, we still had the rest of the alphabetical potpourri to digest. A telephone call to the ACPC offices in city hall and three-quarters of an hour of skull-pounding by its staff did the trick.

GNRP means General Neighborhood Renewal Program and LPA is the Local Public Agency responsible for the study. The American Society of Planning Officials (ASPO), the American Institute of Planners (AIP) and the Pennsylvania Association of Housing and Renewal Agencies (PAHRA) are in the alphabetical stew because they discuss these things regularly.

But pity the poor public. Since Washington bureaucrats started juggling the letters 30 years ago, it has been increasingly tough to discover precisely what many of them have been trying to cook.

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.

The Forgotten Man

To the Editor:

The forgotten man is the pensioner and the recipient of Social Security benefits — one of some 16 million over 65. He put in the dollar over the years. Prices have tripled. Now he is paid back the dollar, worth about one third in purchasing power of the dollar he put in.

In 1937 and subsequently the forgotten man earned $1 per hour. Today for the same work he then did, he pays $3 or more per hour.

Unobstructed wage increases, combinations in restraint of trade, higher prices, and political demagaugery have robbed the forgotten man of about 65 per cent of his birthright.

For 25 years appropriations of the government have increased. With each increase, has come the story that increases of appropriations and the national debt, will not be inflationary. Yet, the purchasing power of the dollar declines.

Without entering into discussion of "pulling yourself up by the boot - straps," reducing taxes and increasing the national debt, it is time to think of the 16 million forgotten men.

The forgotten man wants no more inflation, increased wages, higher prices, or demagougery. He wants an "honest dollar."

Louis W. Rabe
425 Third St.
East Greenville

Horoscope

You can surmount difficulties for a good year. Today's child will be clever.

Back to the Checkered Board



Foreign Policy Confusion

By DAVID LAWRENCE

American foreign policy is floundering because of a lack of understanding of the responsibility of the President and the Congress, respectively, in the field of foreign relations. The Constitution gives the president the right to carry on negotiations and make agreements with other countries but gives to Congress the right to appropriate any money needed to carry out foreign policy.



Lawrence

Mr. Kennedy is complaining that Congress is interfering with the conduct of foreign policy because it wants to cut down "foreign aid" appropriations or impose limitations or conditions on how the money should be spent. The President said in his news conference on Thursday:

"This program (foreign aid) is essential to the conduct of our foreign policy, and, therefore, I am asking the Congress of the United States to give me the means of conducting the foreign policy of the United States, and if they do not want to do so, then they should recognize that they are severely limiting my ability to protect the interests. That is how important I think this program is . . .

"I think it is a very dangerous, untidy world, but we're going to have to live with it, and I think one of the ways to live with it is to permit us to function. Then, if we don't function, the voters will throw us out. But don't make it impossible for us to function by legislative restraints or inadequate appropriations."

Mr. Kennedy's words come at a time when the conduct of foreign policy by the United States is largely opportunistic. The course has not been charted clearly, and the policies vary in different parts of the world. Only a few weeks ago, the American preople were assured that the signing of the nuclear test-ban treaty meant a new era in the relations of this country with Russia. Instead of a peaceful relationship, there now are signs of irritation on both sides.

As a consequence of the development of an atmosphere of friction between the two countries, President Kennedy found himself puzzled by the Soviet course. He was asked at his news conference whether the Soviets may be seizing innocent Americans "with the hope of somehow extracting political concessions from us."

He replied:

"Obviously, they would not be successful. I wouldn't attempt to make a judgment as to the conduct of the Soviet Union or what may motivate it from week to week, day to day, but I am certain — it is quite obvious that if it is based on the presumptions you state, that it will not be successful."

Mr. Kennedy was asked, of course, about the wheat deal. He promptly insisted that it was not affected by the general situation and "pretty much stands on its own." Yet this is the very thing that upsets many members of Congress. They feel the United States should not be doing things for Russia without getting better treatment in all its relationships.

At times Mr. Kennedy gives the impression that the foreign aid program is a one-way street and that the United States would be making a mistake to insist upon any conditions when it gives away taxpayers' money. This, however, tends to encourage the smaller countries to play Russia against the United States, which also is one of the factors that militates against the foreign-aid program.

What is most disturbing at the moment is that, despite every effort on the part of this country to establish friendly relations with the Soviet Union, there is no reciprocation by the Moscow government.

It seems to be more than a coincidence that the Red Chinese are starting trouble in Korea and that the war in South Viet Nam is continuing to require the presence of American military forces in larger and larger numbers.

All this indicates, in spite of all the talk of peaceful relations between the two countries, that the sources of friction have by no means been dimished. Huge sums are being spent for military purposes, and while it is considered probable that the Soviets would not venture now to make a surprise attack with nuclear weapons, the idea of a limited war of some kind in some part of the world—which would possibly reach the proportions of the Korean conflict — is not ruled out as impossible.

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Academic 'Spy'

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

When a sovereign nation picks up a man as a spy, one hesitates, at a distance, to make any judgment on the justice of the charge. After all, how can one know? But when the Soviets arrested Prof. Frederick Barghoorn of Yale the other day, they surely fastened upon the least likely candidate for the role of Nathan Hale that could be found on the political science faculty payroll of any U.S. university.

Barghoorn, to his friends, is not exactly a Caspar Milquetoast. But he is an academic of academics, a careful, methodical writer who uses material in an unexciting way. His books, are almost painfully objective. They are critical of Russia, if it be critical to call a dictatorship a dictatorship, but Barghoorn was never one to push anybody into making bellicose gestures toward Khrushchev.

Indeed, if he is the "image" of anything, it is of the current Kennedy line toward Russia. Barghoorn, like the President, is not in favor of the Soviet system. But he recognizes that it is there, and he has felt that we must accommodate ourselves to its existence if we are to have any semblance of peace in the world.

During World War II and after, Barghoorn worked for the U.S. Embassy in Moscow. Later, before going to Yale as a lecturer, he was associated with "Osteuropa," a scholarly German publication. Working in Germany after the war, he interviewed Soviet defectors and helped tabulate the results. Naturally, the interrogations resulted in an unflattering picture of life in Russia. But Barghoorn was content to record the picture.

There have already been a score of speculations about the possible motives for the seizure of Barghoorn. Are the Russians trying to establish some obscure trading point for next week's scheduled talks between Moscow and Washington over new cultural exchange agreements? The crazy atmosphere surrounding the Barghoorn arrest is compounded by the fact that it was made on the eve of the planned departure from Moscow of sixteen Soviet poets, surgeons, editors and political commentators, all of them bound for an extensive visit to American cities from New York to San Francisco.

Now, any Soviet poet or editor who possesses a pad or pencil is, in the Russian way of reasoning, just as much of a spy as Barghoorn. It would be wrong to throw any of the visiting culture-spreaders in the clink just to get even with the Russians. But why not a social boycott of the visitors? Let everybody including the mayors of San Francisco and New York refuse to meet them unless Barghoorn is released. Let customers turn resolutely away from the visiting Soviet ballets and circuses. And let members of the Yale faculty who have been doing their share of anti-segregation picketing in Alabama and Maryland do a little pressuring in Washington on their colleague's behalf. After all, the poor fellow may be in for some "brain-washing" secret police torture that would make the plight of a Negro in Birmingham seem heavenly by comparison.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: I am a Christian girl in high school and have a problem that may seem unimportant to you. But I am troubled by my temptation to cheat in doing my school work. I know this is wrong. Can you help me? C.T.

ANSWER: Cheating is a combination of stealing and lying, which comprises two of the worst sins we can commit. I would never trust anyone who cheated in school.

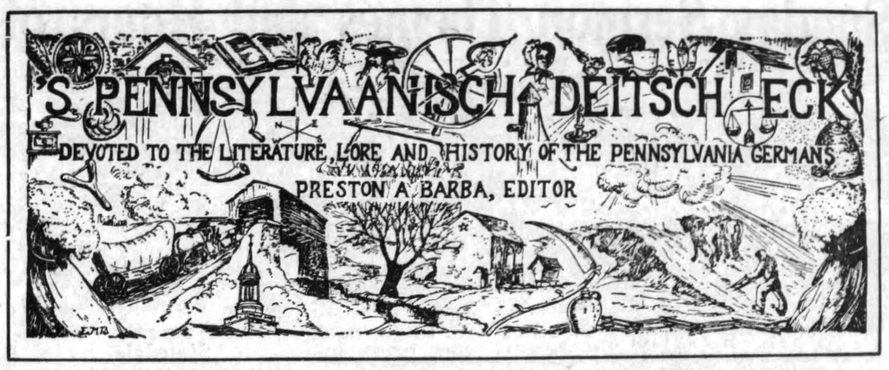
However, I wish that every student who cheats would be as conscious of the wrong as you are. Already you have the battle half won because you admit that the practice is wrong, and also that you need help. Until we see the wrong in our conduct, and realize that we need help, there is no opportunity for God to help. The mistake that is most commonly made is that we do not realize that we need God's help continually. The next time you go to take an exam, enter the room recognizing that this is your weakness. Confess it to the Lord and ask His help every minute of the time to keep you from this evil. You will get a victory, not by self determination, but by a recognition of your weakness and your need of His help.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Faith

Stormy are the seas of life . . . whirlpools of despair . . . seldom do we ever find . . . harbors free of care . . . every day we come upon . . . strife and misery . . . happy times are very few . . . grief runs on a spree . . . yet, with all this turmoil . . . peace can still be found . . . those with fervent faith will find . . . . strength to stand their ground . . . and the wildest waves will calm . . . for all those who pray . . . prayer has magic power . . . to drive clouds away . . . matters not how rough the way . . . this I know for sure . . . God gives those with faith in Him . . . reasons to endure.



DER KASCHBAR VERZEHLT

Was Dod Iss, Bleibt Dod

Der Dod iss en Schrecke un mer fiehlt net fer viel Gschpass driwwer zu mache, un ich will aa net, awwer ebmols gebt's ewwe doch Gschpass wann Leit meene ebbes waer dod.

En Hochdeitscher iss in des Land kumme. Mol ee Owed hot er en gschpassich Ding sehne hie un haer tschumpe im Hof. Er hot net gewisst was des iss. Er hot nie devor so ebbes gsehne ghatt.

Er hot yuscht paar englische Wadde gewisst. Noh hot er gfrogt, "Vat iss datt?" Sie hen ihm gsaat, "It's a toad." Er hot gsaat, "Nee, er iss net dod. Er huppst yo!"

En Dokdor vun do rum iss noch Colorado fer die Dokdorbissnis aafange. Datt waare en Lat Hochdeitsche, awwer der Dokdor hot schwetze kenne mit ihne. Glei sin sie all zum deitsche Dokdor kumme.

Mol ee Daag hot die alt Schmitten ihn uffgerufe un hot gsaat der Paepp waer so ruhich im Bett. Der Dokdor iss graad hie un hot ihn beguckt. Noh saagt er, "Mammi, der Daadi iss dod." Awwer noh iss der alt Schmitt zu sich kumme. Er hot gsaat, "Mammi, ich bin net dod." Noh hot die alt Schmitten gsaat, "Leg dich yuscht widder hie. Der Dokdor secht du waerscht dod un der Dokdor wees des 's bescht.

Yaahre zerick waar en Kall in unser Nochberschaft ass wennich owwich de Ohre verkleppert waar. Er hot arrig gegliche Dode zu sehne. Alle Owed iss er am Dodesversarriyer sei Blatz fer die sehne wu seller Daag nei gebrocht sin warre. Er hot als gfrogt, "Hett ihr aardlich viel grickt heit?" Noh hen sie ihn als hinne nei genumme un hen ihn die Dode sehne losse.

Nau etliche vun de Schaffleit datt hen ausgemacht sie wette den Kall moll vergellschtere. Wie er vanne nei kumme iss, hot sich eener uffs Bord gelegt un hot sich dod aagschickt. Er hot sich schee ruhich ghalte. Der verrickt Kall iss um ihn rum geloffe un hot ihn gut beguckt. Dann hot der Kall uffem Bord bissel geblinselt. Sell hot der Verrickt arrig schnarrt. Noh hot der uffem Bord sich uffghockt. Sie hen gedenkt der ald Dummlack gingt ans Schpringe. Er hot awwer net. Er hot en Schtock grickt un hot den Kall nunner gschlage, un secht, "Was dod iss, bleibt dod!"

BOBBLIN

Wann en Mensch mol ausgewaxe iss, dann iss er aardlich gross. En Mann iss im Darrichschnitt so ungfehr fimf Fuss un sex Zoll un wiegt 175 Pund, un en Fraa ebaut fimf Fuss un zwee Zoll un wiegt 125 Pound.

Nau die grosse Leit waare all moll kleene Boblin, verleicht zwee Fuss lang un hen vun sex bis acht Pund gewoogge. Mer meent net ass so kleene Mensche so gross un schwer warre kennte in zwansich Yaahr.

Ya, en Bobbli iss der Aafang vumme grosse Mensch. Die Boblin sin hilflos un misse sich uff ihre Mammi un Daadi verlosse, un doch duhne die Bobblin ihre Eldre recht rumaddere.

Doyetz hawwich en yunger Mann un sei Fraa gsehne, es erscht Mol imme Yaahr. Sie hen nau en Bobbli ass schier en Yaahr alt iss. Ich hab der yung Daadi gfrogt, "Wer iss der Boss in eierm Haus?" Er hot graad gsaat, "Es Bobbli." Un sell iss verhaftdich aa waahr.

Wann 's Bobbli en "walk" nemme will mittes in der Nacht, riehrt's uff bis der Daadi uffschteht un draagt's hie un haer in der Betstchtubb. Es Bobbli greischt un brillt un der Daadi bleibt am Laafe bis es ruhich iss. Sell weist wer Boss iss.

Es hen moll paar Menner nanner aagedroffe in der Schtadt. Sie hen nanner schunn lang nimmi gsehne ghatt. Der Eent hot zum Annere gsaat, "Ich heer dihr hett en nei Bobbli. Was iss es, en Bu odder en Maedel?" — "Was der Henker kennt's annerscht sei?" hot der Daadi gsaat.

Ya, Bobblin sin leidlich zu hawwe. Awwer sie mache aa en gansi Latt Druwwel. Es hot mol en Mann sei kleene Zwilling uffem Schooss ghatt. Ebber hot ihn gfrogt, "Was deetscht du nemme fer dei Zwilling?" Er hot geandwatt, "ich deet die net gewwe fer en million Daaler, awwer ich gaebt ken drei Cent fer noch en Paar." Ya, genunk iss genunk!

Es gebt alle Sadde Bobblin Schtoris. Darrich der erscht Weltgrieg sin en Latt yunge Weibsleit vun der Schtadt naus uff die Bauerei fer helfe in der Hoiet un in der Aern. Sie hen die Meed "farmerettes" gheesse. Die hen gans wennich gewisst vum Bauere.

Es waare zwee vun denne Maed bei me Bauer fer helfe. Datt hen sie en halb Dutzend Kelwer sehne schpringe imme Feld. Die Meed hen gsaat, "Look at the cowlets!" Der Bauer hot gsaat, "Girls, them's bullets." Sie hette saagge selle, Kelwer.

Ich hab moll gheert vumme Bobbli ass en hunnert Pund zugenumme hot in seim erschte Yaahr. Die Leit hen des net verschteh kenne. Sie hen gfrogt, "Was hett dihr dem Bobbli gfiedert, ass es so schtarrig zugenumme hot?" Sie hen geandwatt, "Elefante Millich." Un des waar aa gewiss waahr. Es waar em Elefant sei Bobbli.

Amme grosse Schtor in Fildelfy hen sie en Blatz ghatt ass sie die Nursery gheesse hen. Datt hen die Mammis ihre Bobblin hieduh kenne bis sie ihre schtorsach kaaft ghatt hen. Es waar en nurse datt un die hot achtgewwe uff die Bobblin.

Ee Daag iss die Fraa Jones in der Schtor. Sie hot ihr Bobbli in die Nursery geduh. Alles waar gut bis sie ihr Bobbli widder griegge hot welle, noh hot sie en schwaz Bobbli grickt. Awwer die Fraa Jones waar ewwe aa schwaz.

Ya, Bobblin sin liebliche kleene Dinger, eb Menschebobblin odder Diere - Bobblin. Sie sin all wusslich un hen scheene Name. Der Katz ihre Bobbli iss en Bussli odder en Ketzli. Em Gaul sei Bobbli iss en Hutsch. Der Kuh ihre Bobbli iss en Kalb. Ya, ich gleich alle Sadde Bobblin.

Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News.

TWO FAITHFUL COMRADES

THE FIRST TWO GERMAN SETTLERS IN PENNSYLVANIA

An historical narrative of German immigration to Pennsylvania before the arrival of William Penn

by LUGWIG AUGUST WOLLENWEBER

(Translated from the German by Preston A. Barba)

(Conclusion)

CHAPTER X
WILLIAM PENN

Geleitet, ja durch Gottes Hand,
Gab Penn uns das so schoene Land;
Die Nachwelt dankt dem braven Mann,
Der so viel Gutes hat getan.

It was on October 26, 1682 when William Penn, the proprietary of the province of Pennsylvania, landed at Newcastle, where the best harbor on the Delaware then was. There he was received with great jubilation. He stayed there but a short time and then hurried on to the new settlement of Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, as he called it, where they were prepared for his reception. He landed at the foot of Market Street, was received in festive style, and then escorted to the house in Laetitia Court designated for him.

What Penn has done is too well known and unnecessary to repeat. Only incidentally be it said that Frey and Plattenbach did most of the work upon Penn's first house. The good man often associated with the Germans and gave the parents of Frey and Plattenbach a legal title to the land of the Rising Sun. With Penn had come several more of German families, converts to the Quaker sect. Later they participated in the founding of Germantown, which soon became a flourishing town.

Penn concluded a friendly treaty with the Leni Lenapi, after which the latter, richly recompensed, removed to their new abodes along the Lehigh River. The departure of the Indians fro i their former habitations was most touching, especially the leavetaking from the graves of their fathers. These were surrounded by stone enclosures which Penn promised to respect. Most touching though was the farewell of Joseph from his friends and their families. He promised to visit them as soon as they had got settled in their new abodes.

CHAPTER XI

Life on the Farms of Rising Sun, The Weddings and Unexpected Visitors

Scarcely had two years passed since the families Frey and Plattenbach had come to their new homes, when they had already through their diligence, skill and persistence, in this short time made a large tract of land in the wilderness arable. With the help of their sons each family had built a neat log house and the necessary stable, laid out gardens and grafted cherry and apple trees. They had procured several horses, cows and hogs, and numerous fowls, ducks and geese thronged about the houses. There were boundless quantities of game in the neighborhood. All want was at an end and one could look toward a happy future. So they lived peacefully and contented side by side, each helping the other as necessity prompted.

Every Sunday the young men came from Philadelphia to visit their parents upon their farms. Upon these visits the little god Amor soon busied himself. Plattenbach was attracted to the pretty Elise Frey and Heinrich Frey no longer wished to live without Maria Plattenbach. Since the two young women were of the same mind the pact was soon made. It was decided that the young men were to build dwelling houses beside their workshops in Philadelphia, after which the weddings were to be solemnized. In a short time the dwellings were completed and the day set for the wedding.

A young preacher who had just come from Germany, Julius Falkner by name, married the two young couples on the farms at Rising Sun. The weddings were celebrated in the usual German manner. All the friends in the neighborhood had been invited and brought all sorts of gifts for the young couples. When the good wishes of the friends had been received after the ceremony, there suddenly appeared in the doorway, as if conjured there, a tall sturdy redman in full regalia, and behind him the painted faces of other redskins, who were all looking with curiosity upon the scene. It was Joseph who stood in the doorway. Joyously Frey and Plattenbach hastened toward Joseph and greeted him. Many of those present, and especially the pastor, were astonished when the Indian presented the newly-weds his best wishes in the German tongue. Now Joseph's companions appeared and covered tables and chairs with their gifts. Joseph then told his friends that the tribe of the Leni Lenapi had migrated to the banks of the Lehigh, where the land was very fertile and that he had left his brothers no peace until they had made arable two large fields and planted them with Indian corn, which had turned out good crops last year and provided them with ample bread. But, alas, Tamane, the brave chief, had become very ill, and felt that he would soon journey into the land of the eternal forests. He bade the eldest of his tribe to come to him, admonished them to live in peace with each other and with their white brothers and desired, that when the "Great Spirit" had called him hence, they elect Joseph as their chief and heed his counsel. A few days later good old Tamane closed his eyes and he was laid in a grave upon a hill, beneath a giant oak, after the fashion of Indian burial. After a due season of mourning the eldest of the tribe chose Minsi Usquerat, the Gentle Wolfe, as their chieftain. Since all was well in the village on the Lehigh, Joseph had concluded to visit the settlement on the Delaware in order to trade for some necessities for his people. When he had come to the workshops he had found them closed, but was told that his friends were celebrating their weddings on the farms at Rising Sun.

After they had listened to Joseph's narrative the young couples and all their guests went out into the open, where they gathered in the deep shade of the mighty chestnuts and partook of the wedding feast. But now the hour of departure had arrived. The young couples prepared to journey to their new homes, accompanied by the blessings of their parents. The redmen also prepared to leave and Minsi Usquerat took his departure from his faithful friends.

The two families Frey and Plattenbach continued to live on their farms at Rising Sun and in Philadelphia happily and contented for many years until death sundered these ties and all were once more gathered back to the earth from which they had been taken.

The "Hallesche Nachrichten," reports which Heinrich Melchior Muehlenberg sent back to Germany about his work in organizing the Lutheran Church in Pennsylvania, also contain much about our first German settlers in Pennsylvania. We are informed in these "Nachrichten" that the widow of Heinrich Frey was still living in Germantown in the year 1754. Of the descendants of Heinrich Frey many are living in Philadelphia to this day, but the Plattenbachs seem to have become extinct.

FINIS

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Editorials

In the Nation's Service

This nation mourns and with good reason.

The man who yesterday was the President of all Americans is dead, by an assassin's bullet.

No less than any who died on the battlefield of a war, he gave his life in the service of his country.

Although another has taken over the leadership of this nation through the orderly succession of constitutional government, this does not assuage the universal grief. Countless tongues express it and it is deeply etched in every heart, almost as a personal loss.

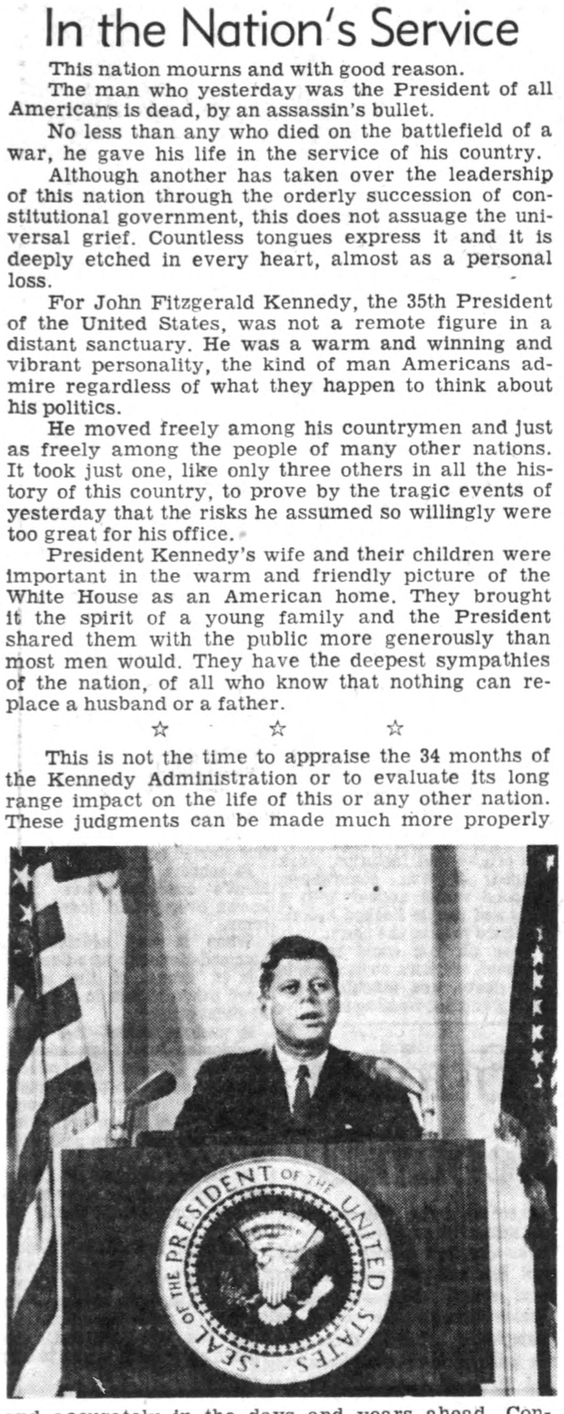
For John Fitzgerald Kennedy, the 35th President of the United States, was not a remote figure in a distant sanctuary. He was a warm and winning and vibrant personality, the kind of man Americans admire regardless of what they happen to think about his politics.

He moved freely among his countrymen and just as freely among the people of many other nations. It took just one, like only three others in all the history of this country, to prove by the tragic events of yesterday that the risks he assumed so willingly were too great for his office.

President Kennedy's wife and their children were important in the warm and friendly picture of the White House as an American home. They brought it the spirit of a young family and the President shared them with the public more generously than most men would. They have the deepest sympathies of the nation, of all who know that nothing can replace a husband or a father.

☆ ☆ ☆

This is not the time to appraise the 34 months of the Kennedy Administration or to evaluate its long range impact on the life of this or any other nation. These judgments can be made much more properly



and accurately in the days and years ahead. Congress, after all, has provided little opportunity for testing most of the measures and programs for which the late President campaigned so vigorously both before and after his election.

Probably never in peacetime have as many vexing problems been carried to the White House nor has any American president been faced with so many grave and difficult decisions. Most of the issues, both domestic and foreign, Mr. Kennedy inherited from one or more of his predecessors.

Some of them, like the grave problems of civil rights, have been building up for a century or longer. Others, the fruits of two world wars, have become more thorny as they piled up years in the cold war battles.

There are few, if any, that now aren't in the hands of President Johnson or that he won't turn over to his ultimate successor. Any president would be fortunate if he could come up with a lasting solution to one of them.

☆ ☆ ☆

One thing can be said, however, without equivocation and with no fears that the judgment of history will find it was influenced by emotions rather than by facts: When the chips were down and President Kennedy reached a decision he knew was right, he stood up squarely to his opponent whether he happened to be a governor with tin-helmeted patrolmen to back his defiance or a dictator with nuclear weapons on his launching pads.

He spoke to Premier Khrushchev in substantially the same tone he used in dealing with the governors of Mississippi and Alabama. And because he gave evidence that he meant precisely what he was saying, this nation is still ruled by laws and has managed to steer clear of the most feared of all wars.

In an era when some men threaten to bury those they envy, when others demonstrate that they haven't yet learned to live peaceably under the same laws of justice, liberty and freedom, and when reason so often gives way to violence, this is quite a legacy. Any man who can leave it to his countrymen after the arduous years President Kennedy experienced is deserving of their everlasting gratitude.

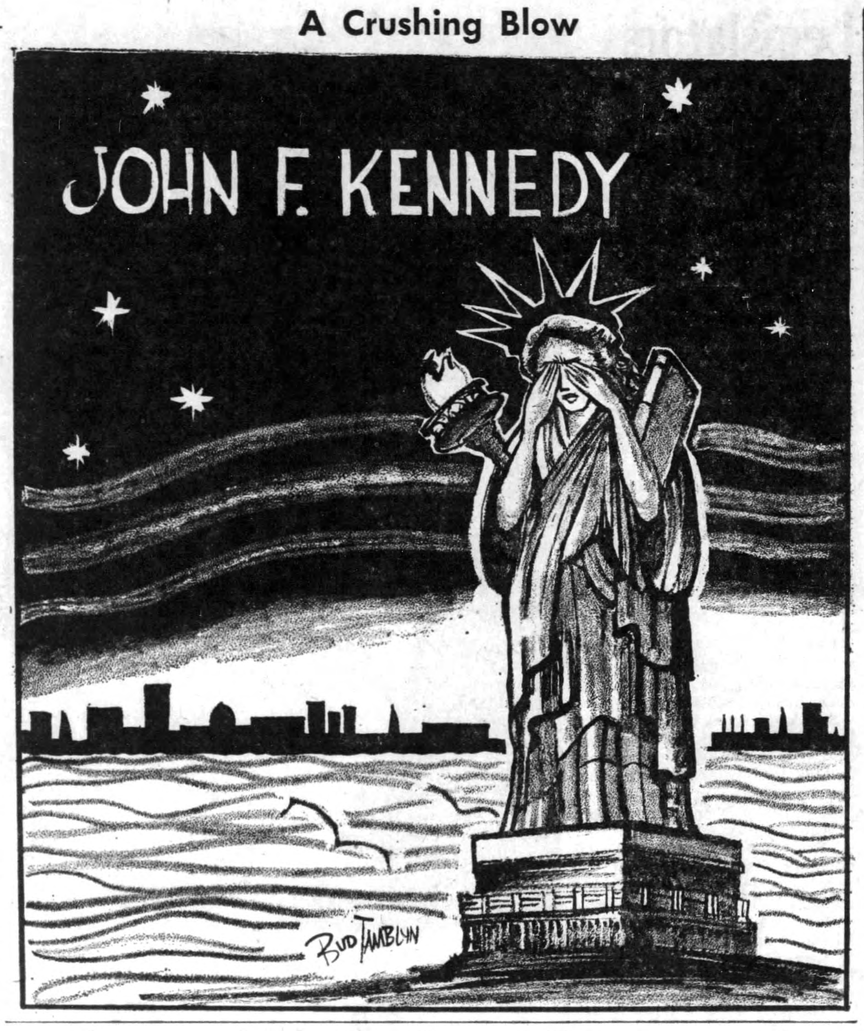
Mr. Kennedy earned this gratitude not because he is one of this country's four martyred presidents, but because of the way he served the nation in some of its most trying years.

As he did this, he gave the fullest possible expression to the challenge that well might be his most appropriate epitaph.

He spoke it on the day of his inauguration when he exhorted his fellow Americans to "Ask not what your country can do for you. Ask what you can do for your country."

President Kennedy served it as few men do in peacetime. He gave it his life in the line of what he considered his duty.

A Crushing Blow



Amazing Labor Proposal

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The union of the American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations was supposed to create a powerful friend for the workingman and to help build the system of free enterprise as a means of creating jobs and maintaining employment. But a recommendation just adopted by the AFL-CIO at its convention in New York City casts doubt on whether such an objective would be furthered if the principle endorsed by the top labor leaders and delegates were enacted into law. For it would tend to impede the operation and expansion of various businesses.



Lawrence

The resolution adopted at the convention referred only to sales or mergers of newspapers, but, if the federal statute proposed were passed, the formula could be applied to any business which was in financial trouble and wanted to conserve its assets by a sale or merger.

An Associated Press dispatch on Wednesday read in part as follows:

"The resolution would require publishers to give advance notice to all labor organizations involved in a proposed merger, suspension or sale of a newspaper.

"The resolution said that, when there are claims that a newspaper is being disposed of because it is losing money, the Justice Department should be authorized to ask for a court-appointed appraiser to determine its fair market value.

"Then, under the resolution, the newspaper would be thrown open for bids from prospective purchasers willing to pledge continued publication. The publisher would be required to accept a bid equal to the value set by the court-appointed appraiser."

This is an astonishing proposal, for it would set aside the right of the seller to do business with whomever he pleases — a broad consequence perhaps of the assumption in the "civil rights" debate that Congress can dictate to whom sales in the business market should be made. Many times a would-be buyer offers cash and promissory notes, but the seller has to make up his own mind whether the bidder is likely to have enough success in the business to pay off such notes. Often a sale of property goes to a bidder who doesn't make the highest financial offer but who seems to the seller to be most capable of paying the amount due in the years ahead. Yet, in the AFL-CIO resolution, no such discretion would be allowed to the seller.

Another phase of the AFL-CIO scheme which could impair the market value of a business is the requirement that notice must be given in advance of an intention to sell or suspend a publication. One can imagine what psychological impact this could have on the employes, as many of them — during the interval of public discussion of a possible sale — would promptly turn to other jobs and make it impossible for the owner company actually to pass on to the buyer a going concern.

Newspapers are no different from other businesses which are merged or suspended due to economic conditions. The superior efforts of one competitor as against another really determine whether particular businesses can continue on their own steam or should be sold while there is still a chance to salvage some of the assets. In almost every industry — for instance, in the manufacture of automobiles or in steel or in the corner grocery — there has been a diminution in the number of businesses but there has also been an expansion in other directions so that the total national output has risen steadily and employment has been substantially augmented.

It is unrealistic to insist that the government now should become the dictator in the transfer of ownership of those businesses which are losing money. Nor should businessmen who are thinking of selling their properties be compelled to tell the world they are in danger of bankruptcy if they continue to operate. This kind of law is not likely to preserve the free-enterprise system but could eventually bring instead a state-controlled system and legalized monopoly.

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My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: What do you think of the new rulings regarding no religion in the schools? G.B.

ANSWER: I think the Supreme Court is wrong — however . . . you can ban "religion from the classroom, but you can't take it from the hearts of little children. They learn it in arithmetic by honesty and accuracy; they learn it in history through the lessons of judgment; they learn it in geography by concern and interest in the world; they learn it in language by forthrightness; they learn it in sports by fair play; they learn it in handcraft by initiative and individuality; they learn it in astronomy by awe and reverence; they learn it in science by immutable law; and they learn it on the playground through the Golden Rule.

Take religion out of the schools! No court, no legislature can do that. They have tried that in Russia for 40 years, and religion is still strong there today. You could more easily pry the sun from the sky, drain the water from the ocean, or scoop the mountains from the face of the earth, than you could remove a sense of God from the human consciousness.

Recognize Him?

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

He is a short, chunky, near-bald man, with a shrewd eye, an aggressive jaw, and a ready joke for nearly all occasions.

His beliefs are firm and explicit, in every realm, from the economic to the psychological to the esthetic. He is a man who knows his own mind, and expresses himself freely and pungently.

In economics, he believes that the economic factor is the most important in human life. Ideals and spiritual qualities are all very well in their place, but it is money that makes the mare go. What most deeply influence men's decisions are their economic needs and drives.

In psychology, he is suspicious and disdainful of any Freudian interpretations. Psychoanalysis should be banned, he believes, because it holds that unconscious psychic factors determine our conduct — and he will have no truck with such mystical interpretations of life.

In esthetics, he is against all "modern" manifestations. He despises abstract art as a corrupt, degenerate and infantile activity; he will have nothing to do with music that is not traditional and familiarly melodic. In literature, he prefers facts to fancy; he wants a "mesage" to be got across, in plain, everyday language.

Indeed, "practical" is the keyword of his nature. He will use ideology when it suits his purposes, but what he wants to see is a huge industrial machinery operating at top productive power, a high standard of living, and an administration that is cool and efficient, with emphasis on technical and scientific developments.

He is ardently nationalistic, although he may pay lip-service to such concepts as "humanity" and "brotherhood." He wants his nation to be first in everything, from missiles to marathons; and his entire foreign policy is based on national self-interest. What is good for his country, he firmly believes, is good for the world.

He is, in short, a completely modern man: pragmatic, materialistic, bourthe needs of the communty; the arts, uneasy in the presence of psychological subtleties, utterly convinced that right political party in the saddle and the economy booming, most of the people's problems would be solved.

What he most dislikes are intellectuals, fanatics, artists who will not sensibly serve the needs of the community in clear and simple terms, people who will not work hard at their jobs, beatniks of al sorts, religious cranks, promiscuous and immoral citizens, and those who flirt with alien creeds.

His name: Nikita Khrushchev. Do you recognize him in yourself?

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Old Roads

When time hangs heavy on my heart . . . and nothing seems worthwhile . . . I take a sojourn to the past . . . when my heart wore a smile . . . I walk the same old dusty roads . . . where childhood days were spent . . . those were the happy moments . . . so full of wonderment . . while there I meet with friends now gone . . . oh what a precious time . . . such a trip adds reason . . . to life's complex rhyme . . . but reverie is so shortlived . . . the vision fades from view . . . the present looms before me . . . I bid the past adieu . . . yet I am sure I will return . . . when trouble makes life tart . . . for though the past is said and done . . . it lives within my heart.

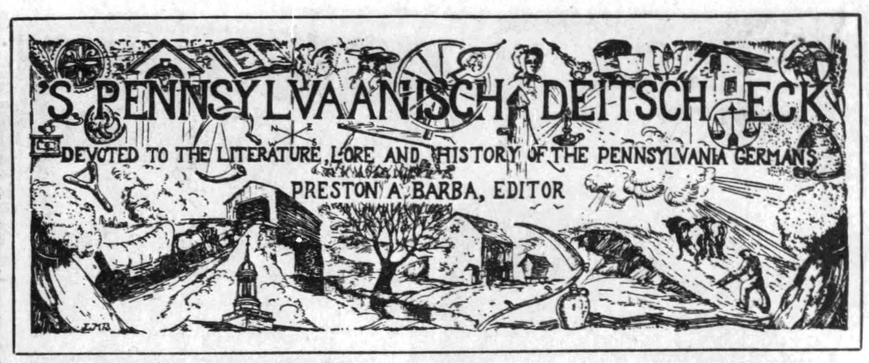
Factographs

The best wool from sheep comes from the shoulders and sides.

The only object in the White House today that belonged to President Thomas Jefferson is a bronze inkstand that bears the inscription "T. Jefferson, 1804."

Horoscope

Obstacles are overcome with courage and patience. Today's child will be prudent.



Pennsylvania German Folklore in the Shenandoah Valley

By ELMER L. SMITH and JOHN STEWART

(Continued)

DUNKARD RECIPES

Throughout the rural areas of the Shenandoah Valley many farm wives prepare meals for their families which are typically "Pennsylvania Dutch."

In earlier times only a few recipes were ever published and the few that were written down were handed from mother to daughters and kept in the family.

In 1901 a collection of written recipes gathered from among the Dunkard sisters was published under the title, **The Inglenook Cook Book.** The **Inglenook Magazine** which was published by the Brethren Publishing House at Elgin, Illinois sponsored the project and it was well received by families affiliated with the Church of the Brethren.

These Dunkard tried - and-recommended recipes came from several sections of the nation where Dunkards settled and a good number were from residents of the Shenandoah Valley area.

The recipes from the Valley were gathered from Dunkard women with the following surnames: Miller ,Kline, Sanger, Farrer, Wampler, Sheets Bowman, Crist, Zimmerman, Smucker, Falls, Brown, Wener, Thomas, Fellers, Myers, Moomaw, Hershberger, and others. The families were from communities as far apart as Roanoke and Winchester but the majority were in small towns such as Dayton, Timberville, New Market, Broadway, Bridgewater, Greenmount, Mt. Solon and Spring Creek, with Harrisonburg approximately the center.

The recipes often reflect socially significant elements; for example, the quantities of the ingredients given for a particular dish indicate the preparation was for a large sized family. A recipe for pie dough produced "enough to make ten large pies" and another advised, "Take twelve large sized tomatoes." When it is remembered that homes were without running water, electricity, automatic heat and stoves, refrigeration and other modern conveniences, it reveals the vast amount of time and energy that was necessary in preparing meals for the family.

The written recipes indicate they were originally from an oral source because they are inexplicit and assume an experience in cooking. Quantities are often given as "the size of an egg," "the size of a walnut," "a pinch of soda" cr "salt to taste."

Almost all the farm products were used as food in one form or another and often they took multiple forms—pumpkin, for example, was made into pie and also served as fritters. Sauerkraut was served with Knepp and Speck, and even fried! Other dishes include fried parsnips, baked pears, radish slaw, fried cucumbers, onion salad, okra soup, and buttermilk soup.

Any number of elderly residents still enjoy meals provided by the natural environment, which were common dishes of the past in the Valley area; these include meat of the rabbit, bear, deer, squirrel, ground hog and raccoon.

Some of the more interesting recipes collected from the sisters of the Church of the Brethren at the turn of the century are:

Grandmother Kline's Potato Soup

Take three quarts of water, one quart of potatoes, one pint of bread crumbs, rivels (made from two cups of flour and an egg) and four tablespoonfuls of butter or lard.

Cut the potatoes in small pieces and cook them in the water with salt to season. In a skillet place the butter or lard and brown the bread crumbs. When the potatoes are soft, stir in the rivels then add the browned bread crumbs. Let the soup stand ten minutes before serving.

Baked Potpie

Take one and a half pints of sour milk, a half teaspoonful of soda, a half teaspoon full of lard and make a stiff dough and roll it a half-inch thick. Place a layer of the dough in a pie pan.

Take fresh cooked beef or pork, cut in small pieces and place a layer in the pie pan on top of the dough, add pepper and broth and cover it with dough and bake the pie until it is a light brown color. Serve the pie with the remaining broth.

Rice Pancakes

To two cups of left-over rice, add two eggs, one cup of flour and a teaspoon of baking powder. Add salt to flavor and enough sweet milk to thin the mixture to a batter. Fry the cakes in lard and serve with syrup.

Fried Cabbage

For each medium-sized head of cabbage use a half pint of water. Cut the cabbage with a slaw cutter and fry it in the water with one tablespoonful of butter. Add salt and pepper to taste.

Fried Green Tomatoes

Take nice, firm, green tomatoes, slice very thin, roll in flour and fry in butter and lard until nicely browned on both sides. Sprinkle with salt and pepper while frying. Serve while hot.

Onion Salad

Take six or eight good-sized onions, peel, slice them and cook until tender in salt water. Drain and place over the onions a dressing made of one tablespoon of flour, a cup of cream, a tablespoon of sugar and vinegar to suit the taste.

Apple Pudding

Fill a baking dish half full of sliced apples. Pour over them a batter made of one tablespoon of butter, a half cup of sugar, two eggs, one cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour in which have been sifted two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Serve warm with cream.

Blackberry Flummery

To one pint of bkackberries add one pint of water and boil until tender. Add one cup of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, a pinch of salt and stir until it boils. Serve with sugar and cream.

Caramel Pie

Take one cup of damson preserves, a quarter cup of butter, one cup of sugar and four eggs. Beat all ingredients together, then pour over the mixture one cup of boiling water and two teaspoonsfuls of vanilla. Pour into open crust that has been baked and bake the pie. This mixture makes two pies.

Chess Pie

Mix together four eggs, 2 cups of sugar, one cup of sweet cram, two-thirds cup of butter and one tablespoonful of flour. Place the mixture in a baked crust and bake until light brown.

Green Tomato Pie

Peel and slice nine pounds of green tomaotes, add three pounds of sugar and one sliced lemon. Cook until soft, Place in glass jars and it will keep until needed for pie filling. Make pies with upper and lower crusts. (Some prefer to season by adding allspice, cloves, and cinnamon.)

Rebel Cake

Take three eggs, two teacups of sguar, a half cup of butter, one cup of sour milk, three cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one teaspoonful of soda. Flavor to taste (vanilla, lemon extract, etc.) and bake in jelly tins.

Other Recipes

Among the hundreds of other recipes are directions for making homemade hard soap; preparing home -grown mustard seed into a condiment; methods of sugar-curing ham, making mince meat, **pawn haus,** sausage, and cheese.

Among the assorted hints of interest is this advice when boiling apple butter . . . "A small piece of butter put into the kettle when it is rising fast, will prevent it boiling over," and when rendering lard, "a small piece of bread put into the kettle will prevent it boiling over."

Although these recipes were gathered from among the women of the Dunkard faith, there is little reason to believe that they are unique to the members of that church group and instead it is probable that they reflect the eating habits of the majority of the people of the area, in short, the Pennsylvania Germans of the Shenandoah Valley.

The Magic of May the First

May the first has been associated with special activities since ancient times. Hundreds of young people dance around the Maypole each year on the first day of May, a tradition traced to early times in England. In Russia, on the same day, a mass demonstration is held in Red Square in Moscow.

In Finland it was a popular holiday held to celebrate the return of light and in Czechoslovakia fires were lit on the slopes and hillsides in an attempt to burn out witches on May Day Eve, April 30th. The name May Day is derived from the goddess Maia and customs and traditions have been related to it in ancient Rome as well as in Medieval England.

Among the Pennsylvania Germans of the Shenandoah Valley, May the first was a time of special magical power. Elderly informants in four different counties of Virginia and two counties in West Virginia have indicated that it was once a common belief that freckles could be removed on that special day.

Removing Freckles

Parents of numerous living residents of the region claimed that freckles could be removed from the face of a person if the proper procedures were carefully followed on the first day of May. Some also remembered an old rhyme:

"Wash your face on the first of May,
It will take your freckles away."

The person wishing to remove freckles must proceed as follows:

(a) Get up before sunrise on May the first.

(b) Maintain strict silence and refuse to speak to anyone who might address him.

(c) If the person sleeps in an upstairs room, he should walk downstairs backwards.

(d) Proceed to a stump of a tree in which rain water has been trapped or place the hands in the grass or in the wheat and moisten them in the dew.

(e) The moist hands should be rubbed over the face where the freckles are located.

(f) The remaining moisture on the hands must be removed by wiping it on a part of the body where freckles would not show publicly.

(g) The process must be repeated three years in succession on the first of May.

The exact procedure varied from region to region in the Valley but several basic elements were common to all variations. All agreed the practitioner should arise before sunrise, not speak to anyone, and wash the freckles in dew or rain water. In some neighborhoods they added walking downstairs backwards and in others it was claimed that the freckles disappeared only when the process was carried out for three years. About half of the informants recalled that it was believed that after the freckles were washed with dew they were transferred from the face to the hands and if the hands were dried on some specific part of the body, the freckles would become established on that area. Some persons said a little rhyme during the rubbing of the moisture from their hands:

"The first morning in May,
I wash my freckles away.
Where I put them I want them to stay."

Only a few people considered it necessary to follow all the steps indicated above. A woman from Briary Branch, Rockingham County, said, "My daddy told me to do it, I didn't have to go downstairs backward, but it had to be done three years straight."

When asked if it removed her freckles she said, "Well, when I went out those mornings, I had lots of freckles on my face. Do you see any now?" The writers confessed they could not. The informant continued, "I still have freckles on my arms, and that's where I wiped my hands after washing those freckles those May day mornings when I was a girl."

(To Be Continued)

SCHMAERZE

Leit heert mer schwetze heitesdaags
Was Schmaerz verdraagge waar
Bei ihne in ihr Leweszeit,
Un brallen noch sogaar.

Nau Koppweh iss dann ken Blessier,
Was macht's em krank un leed;
Du ye! Was kloppt's datt hinne drin,
Wie'n Schmitt am Ambos schteht.

Un schtecht mer sich, wie's oftmol geht,
Mit Nodel odder Schpell,
Datt schlenkert mer die Hand mol weil—
's dutt weh, sell schteche, gel?

Noh zingelt's im Elboogge aa
Wann fleicht mer wedder rennt;
Schtann Sackerment! Was dutt sell weh,
Mer meent mer greische kennt.

Im Nagle drefft mer alsemol
Der Daume—was er zuckt!
Un was mer secht yuscht selli Zeit
Iss besser net gedruckt.

Un Zaahweh iss en beeses Ding,
Was schiesst's am Kopp draa nuff!
Un's Roppe! — Gash, mer meent er keemt
Gans vun de Zehe ruff.

Die Schmaerze kummen nau un dann,
Mer laaft so in sie nei;
Sie wissen ass mer als noch lebt,
Doch sin vergesse glei.

Vun eem Schmaerz awwer brallt mer net,
Der macht em schier verrickt;
Saag, hoscht sei Lewe ass du weesscht,
Eens an dei Schinnbee grickt?

15 Feb., 1940 —RALPH S. FUNK

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Editorials

Welcome Words

Some of the strongest criticism of the federal government in recent years has concerned its ever-mounting cost. This is why a considerable body of citizens oppose a tax reduction without compensating cuts in expenditures.

President Johnson has indicated both can be achieved, though not necessarily in the same bill or in the form Sen. Harry Byrd wants it. In his address to the Congress he recognized public concern over government costs and made this firm commitment.:

". . .In particular I pledge that the expenditures of government will be administered with the utmost thrift and frugality. I will insist that the government get a dollar's value for a dollar spent. The government will set an example of prudence and economy. This does not mean we will not meet our unfulfilled needs or that we will not honor our commitments. We will do both."

Here is something a great many people have been waiting for and in his efforts to bring it about the new chief executive will have plenty of support.

Back in Limelight

Quiet, unobtrusive David Lawrence, former governor of Pennsylvania, had been more or less in the shadows for some time. Last week he was catapulted into the limelight by being asked to sit with the Johnson family at the President's "inaugural" address to Congress.



Lawrence

If others had forgotten, Mr. Johnson remembered that it was David Lawrence who was largely instrumental in making him vice president. He first suggested Johnson as the Kennedy running mate, persuaded both to accept the idea and made the nominating speech for the man who is now President.

In all likelihood, Lawrence will rank high in the councils of the new chief executive. As a man with his feet on the ground, he commands wide respect throughout the country. He should be a valuable aide in Washington in the difficult days ahead.

Let's Think It Through

Easton has already named its Center Square Kennedy Square. There has been some suggestion that Allentown's Center Square be so designated. Communities across the land and abroad are also planning memorial installations. President Johnson has announced that a number of installations devoted to the space program will be named after the late President.

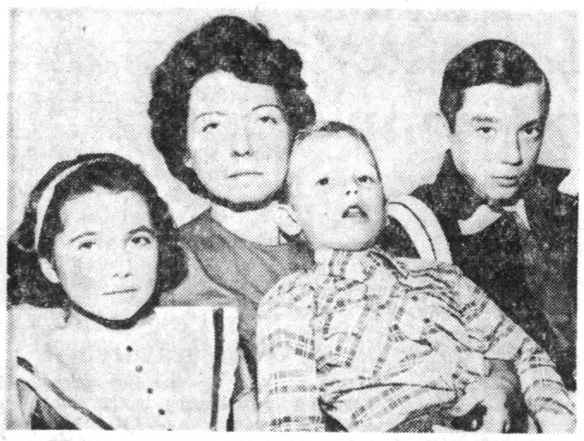
Surely the city will eventually have a proper memorial to Mr. Kennedy, but we would like to suggest that it be selected and planned after considerably more thought.

Some precedent has already been set here in naming of school buldings after presidents who died as Mr. Kennedy did. They are Lincoln, McKinley and Garfield schools. It is possible this tradition may continue to be carried out.

In any event, let whatever memorial is selected be the result of careful consideration to insure it will be a credit to President Kennedy and to the community. In any planning, the possibility of a Lehigh County memorial should not be discounted.

A Hero's Reward

J. D. Tippit, the forgotten man of the tragedy in Dallas, is becoming a well remembered hero.



The family of the policeman, who met death while he was trying to arrest President Kennedy's alleged assassin, is receiving thousands of dollars from sympathetic and grateful Americans.

This is as it should be, for Officer Tippit was in every sense in his country's service on that fateful day.

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.

Gave His Greatest Possession

To the Editor:

On Jan. 21, 1961 John Fitzgerald Kennedy took the oath of office and became president of the United States. In his inaugural speech he said, "Ask not what your country can do for you, but ask what you can do for your country."

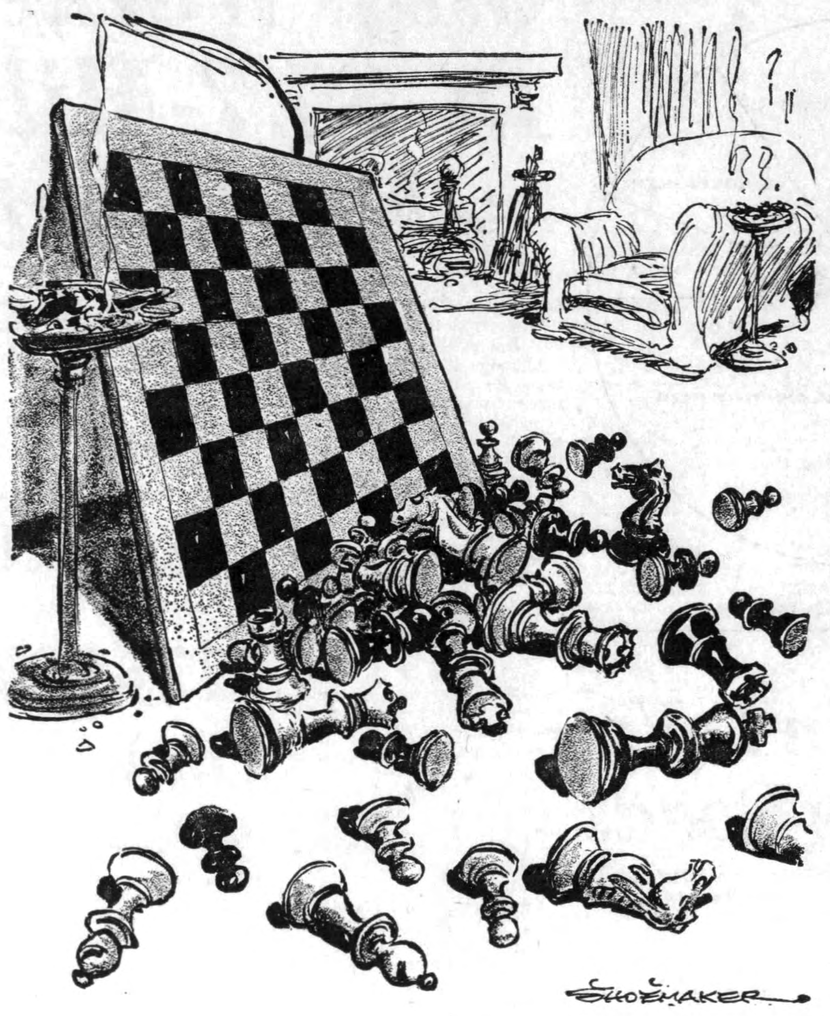
Nov. 22, 1963 John F. Kennedy lay dead, having given his country the greatest thing he possessed, his life. Will Americans ever be worthy of what their President sacrificed for them? Time only will tell. Their actions and their words only can prove this.

President Kennedy wanted his people to unite, for in unity only can anything be accomplished, and in unity there is strength.

He did his best and then he could do no more. Americans, if they as their forefathers are lovers of freedom and justice, will follow in the footsteps of their beloved president and

Continued on Page 7, Column 1

1964 Politics



Oswald's Background

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The search continues in a distraught world for clues to the terrible behavior of Lee Harvey Oswald. The effort to pin the blame on this or that trend in modern life befogs the truth. For this case is like tens of thousands of others and never would have attracted world-wide attention if the crime had not taken the life of a President of the United States.

Indeed the medical books are full of histories of illnesses with similar climaxes that have resulted in suicide or homicide after a life of seeming helplessness and frustration. To attribute Oswald's act to the atmosphere created by a "right wing" or "left wing" movement or to a "hate" group or to some foreign ideology or country is to fail to see the forest for the trees. Too often there is a tendency to blame society as a whole for the sins of omission which characterize the lives of individuals as opportunities to help troubled and distressed persons in the community are lost by many of us.



Lawrence

The evidence gathered thus far shows that Oswald had an unhappy life. Family unity was broken before his birth with the death of his father. The young man seemed to lead a purposeless existence. He enlisted in the Marine Corps. He was guilty of misdeeds and twice court-martialed. He was finally given an undesirable discharge in 1959.

All this left a tragic mark on him. He started to read books about communism. He went to Russia, denounced his own country and asked the Soviet government for citizenship, which was refused. He married a Russian girl there and then asked for money so he could get passage back to America. In pity, he was helped by the American Embassy. But after this he seems to have been abandoned. He tried to find a job. He didn't seem to fit into anything. He was short in stature, too, and probably had an inferiority complex about this.

The books Oswald read when he came back to America were critical of communism. But he also read a book on the assassination of Gov. Huey Long in Louisiana. Oswald now was living in New Orleans. He sought prominence. He wanted to be conspicuous. He distributed in public places some pro-Castro literature. He imagined he could start a Fair Play for Cuba Committee by himself. All this was perhaps a manifestation of a feeling of inferiority. Even as a prisoner last Sunday as he was being moved from one jail to the other he wanted his picture taken—to be televised — and said so.

A confused mind certainly must have led Oswald to try to return to Russia. He went to Mexico City a few weeks ago to seek a passport via Cuba. But this was refused. Possibly he wanted to isolate himself in Russia, where his wife's family lived. He returned to Dallas more frustrated than before and perhaps even more desperate about his future. He got an unimportant job in a warehouse. But his mind was the kind that wanted to express itself. He was bitter about his fate. The rifle which he purchased by mail may not have been immediately connected with a plot to kill anyone. His service in the Marine Corps undoubtedly made him yearn for opportunities to practice his marksmanship.

At what moment the decision came to commit murder will never be known. His pent-up resentment against the Navy Department because the Marine Corps gave him an "undesirable" discharge may have made him resentful at Gov. Connally, a former Secretary of the Navy, and against the President, too, as the head of the government that he felt had grievously injured him.

Oswald, to be sure, was a confused man, and neither American nor foreign political issues produced that confusion in the first place. He was the victim of an unhappy life. He was a man deserted and isolated. It's a familiar story of what brings on mental depression. Friends can be helpful, as the medical books tell us. But in our self-centered lives, where time is so precious, there is a tendency to pass by the broken - down human beings who need every day the warmth of human love and understanding and finally, if all else fails, the benefits of psychiatric treatment and even hospital care.

In our otherwise busy and preoccupied society, constructive help to prevent such tragedies might be extended by friends and neighbors as they come to learn more about the potential dangers in these cases. Maybe a wider knowledge of such matters by people generally might have saved President Kennedy's life and also the life of Oswald, whose wife and children now face a dismal future.

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Help or Hindrance

By RUSSELL KIRK

The Senate and the House are haggling over their respective bills to grant plenty of money to colleges and universities for their building programs. The Senate would give $1.9 billion, the House $1.2 billion.

But more hotly disputed is the controversy over whether church - connected colleges should get a share of this loot: or, rather, whether they should get it with, or without, reservations.

As sometimes happens in Congress, the real issue involved is raised by almost no one. Someone needs to ask the question, "Will this generosity really help the colleges? Or may it harm them?"

A number of college presidents are resolutely opposed to both bills. They say that these huge building grants will reward inferior colleges that are too lacking in reputation or energy to find their own money, and correspondingly penalize colleges that already have finished or half-finished their building programs without subsidy from Washington.

Also the "bricks and mortar" approach to the higher learning is wondrously superficial. Not buildings, but professors, students, and books, make educational institutions.

A vast sudden expansion of the "plant" of American colleges would harm the quality of instruction, encouraging every university or college to open its doors to the unqualified or the indolent young person, so that all this new "plant" won't go embarrassingly to waste.

Already, in the city colleges of New York, administrators talk of admitting a host of young applicants previously turned away as inferior material. If one can get the buildings, why not let them in, too?

Why not? Well, for one reason, there simply aren't enough college instructors to go round: you can't manufacture them in a few months.

So the city college administrators are said to be planning to hold classes of 200, 300 and even 400 undergraduates! Build enormous lecture rooms, and herd them in. But the quality of teaching that a professor can do in the midst of such a mob is little better than despicable.

American colleges are in no desperate financial plight. Personal and foundation benefactions are adequate to provide for the reasonable expansion of private institutions; and no state is too poor to find money enough for any reasonable building - program at state colleges. Federal grants for this purpose never were less needed.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

In a Republican stronghold in New England, an 8-year-old student held up a picture of Abraham Lincoln in class and gravely declared, "This is the president who frayed the sleeves." "You're a bit off the beam," contradicted the teacher. "Mr. Lincoln freed the slaves. The president who frayed the sleeves didn't come along until many years later."

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Isle Far Apart

There is a special island. . far from the race of time. . where each moment is aglow . . with happiness sublime. . away from all the torments. . that pave the roads of life . . for on that special island . . . there is no pain or strife . . peace is the treasure found there . . . tenderness fills each day . . . and when the evening shadows fall. . . hope fills each prayer I pray . . I long for such an island . . as I have written of. . . where the code to live by. . . is founded on true love . . . perhaps I'll never find it . . this island far apart . . . but till I do I keep it in. . . the harbor of my heart.

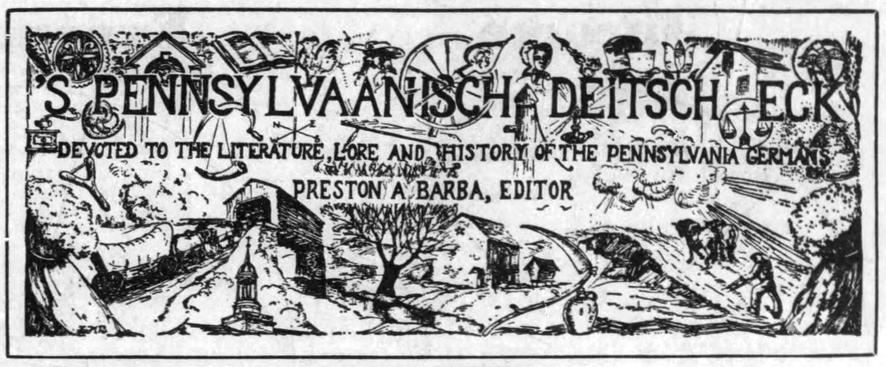
Horoscope

Avoid important changes and respect elders. Today's child will be clever.

NOTES ON THE NEWS



"There you are, Sir. We'd like to ask some questions about the Bobby Baker case."



Pennsylvania German Folklore in the Shenandoah Valley

By ELMER L. SMITH and JOHN STEWART

(Continued)

The Magic Mirror and the Well

Another belief associated with the first day of May relates to being able to see a future spouse if you look in the well.

This belief, much less widespread and common as compared with the removal of freckles, commonly involved a looking-glass held over a well. The mirror was supposed to reveal any of three main images. (a) A man will see his future wife; (b) a woman will see her future husband; (c) persons who will remain unmarried will see their own casket.

At Brandywine, Pendleton County, West Virginia, the writers were told, "At midnight on the first of May you can look in the well and see your future husband or wife." Another informant recalled how, "A group of us were sitting around visiting at Sugar Grove and the mother of one of the girls said, 'Why, it's May first, you could see your future husbands if you looked in the spring. . .' We all went and tried it and everyone said they saw something."

A woman from Briary Branch, Virginia, reported, "I went to a spring and looked over my shoulder with a mirror. I saw a person with a broad - brimmed hat on in the water." She added, "My husband wore a hat like that all the time and that was before we were going together."

The story is told of a woman from Hardy County, West Virginia, who took her mirror to the well and saw a clear image of a man in the glass. She refused to reveal the identity of the man but admitted that she knew him. Not long after this experience, a woman in the neighborhood passed away and eventually her husband remarried, selecting the woman who looked in the well as his second wife. The woman then told that it was this man's face she had found in the mirror but at the time she couldn't understand it because he was already married."

In some neighborhoods it is claimed that freckles can be removed and a future spouse can be viewed on both May first and on New Year's Eve. Others claim the special phenomenon is possible only on May first. Nevertheless, May Day has had special meaning and was a time for some very unusual activities for some residents of the Shenandoah Valley.

Hex or Barn Signs

The hex sign or barn decoration is rapidly emerging as one of the symbols of the Pennsylvania Germans. Leading department stores, mail-order houses and gift shops advertise an assortment of ready-made, brightly colored, "signs" at a variety of prices.

These "hey' signs are associated in advertising copy with protection against fire, disease or evil spirits and to assure happiness, love, fertility, abundant crops and numerous other desired conditions. Whether any Pennsylvania German ever decorated his barn with such markings for the reasons that have been popularly ascribed is a subject of continual debate, for any number of articles have been written which support both the pro and the con.

Barn signs are found on numerous barns and outbuildings in eastern Pennsylvania particularly in Lehigh, Berks and Schylkill counties. These geometric, circular "signs" are found in hundreds of specifically different designs although the large portion are generally similar. They are oft-times multi-colored with yellow, black, white, red and green predominating. Some Pennsylvania barns have five or more decorations each in a different design.

Barn decorations are also found in seven counties of the Shenandoah Valley. The writers have noted such signs are more common in Highland, Augusta, Rockingham, Page and Shenandoah Counties in Virginia and Pendleton and Hardy Counties than in the other sections of the Valley although such decorations are not nearly as typical of the region as they are in eastern Pennsylvania, nor are they thought of or associated in popular tradition with warding off evil spirits.

The barn signs in the Valley are almost entirely restricted to four basic forms, stars, circles, cross marks and horse designs.

The star and circle designs far outnumber all others in the Valley and make up a large percentage of the total.

The star design is usually with five points but occasionally six, at least half are enclosed inside circles usually of the same color as the star is painted. Some are located on the barn-ends near the roof, others are on the barn doors. Seldom are more than two decorations found on any one barn. The most decorated farmstead, west of Dayton, Virginia, has the stars inside circles painted in a chocolate brown on a cream colored barn. This design and color combination is carried out on sheds, garage, and barn. There are eleven barn stars in all.

The only multi - colored star decorations that have been observed in the region are on a large Mennonite barn near Montezuma. These two decorations are more characteristic of those found in Eastern Pennsylvania than any others noted in the Valley.

The circle design takes a very simple form, usually it consists of a completely white circle without any other lines, decoration or marking. These are usually located on each of the two panels of the sliding doors. This design is also found in two other varieties, a simple circle without being filled in solid; and a series of circles one inside the other giving the appearance of a marksmanship target. This design is most common in white on a red barn although the form is found in blue, black, green and red on white or grey barns.

The cross designs are the crudest of all types found in the Valley area. These consist of simple brush strokes forming an "X" with a few enclosed inside a circle. Quite a few barns are so marked in the area where Highland, Augusta and Pendleton counties adjoin.

The figure of a horse is also quite common, and appears to be copied from weather vain designs. Of the Valley barn decorations, this design when found is executed in a more professional quality than any of the other forms. The horses are usually in an active pose although several barns feature only the horse head.

Other more unique designs include a six petal flower inside a circle painted in green on a white barn in Augusta County; a large dove (similar in design to a popular Pennsylvania cookie cutter) executed in blue-green on a barn near Bridgewater; and the head of a bull. Other unusual combinations consist of stars with circles in the center; small solid circles inside squares and crosses inside solid colored squares.

When the writers asked the owner of several farms in Rockingham and Augusta counties about the barn signs he disclaimed any knowledge of their origin or significance. But he told of two aged neighbors who used various forms of witchcraft in treating cattle and for other purposes and recalled how they marked an "X" on one gate post and a "÷" on the other but they would not explain its purpose when he asked them about it. He claimed they often checked gate posts before entering a farm lane and at times refused to pass between gate posts and instead avoided them by climbing over the fence and going around them.

Others have remarked of neighbors and relatives who carved "X" marks inside barns or door sills but none could account for similar designs painted on the exterior of the barns, in spite of what appears to be a logical relationship in symbol usage.

In eastern Pennsylvania several painters were and are known as barn-sign or hex-sign painters and although they are commercial painters who redecorate the entire barn or house exterior they also add the unique geometric designs. Some such painters had a variety of designs they created and considered "theirs." Some residents had such painters repaint faded decorations or add new ones without repainting the rest of the barn. There are no known barn sign painters in the Valley, although regular commercial painters have no doubt been called upon to place designs on some barns. Considering the simplicity of the barn decorations that have been executed in the area it is reasonable to assume that professional barn-sign painters do not exist, for the decorations that are found could be accomplished by anyone with a will.

In summary, the Shenandoah Valley decorations are usually found on barns owned by farmers of German heritage located more frequently in the western portion of the Valley in neighborhoods that are classified as open country. The markings are at best simple and frequently crude and almost always in one color and the number of different designs are extremely limited.

The markings in the Valley have gone almost unnoticed. When the writers ask a resident about the design on the barn of a farm adjoining his property they frequently indicate a complete lack of previous interest or knowledge of design and offer little if any reason for its existence.

The question which admittedly arouses the curiosity of at least the writers is why some of the very crude markings are made when they can hardly be viewed by anyone as a decoration?

DANKBAAR
(Thanksgiving)

Ich will net viel in daere Welt
Vun Land un Heiser odder Geld,
Ken Reichdum wie en mancher hot,
Wu'n Daaler aaguckt wie en Gott;
Ken Mecht ass an're unnerdrickt,
Un all Gerechtichkeet verschtickt,
Un mit me wolfich Haerz un Hand
Nemmt alles un gebt niemols Dank.

Yuscht geb mer G'sundheet, uffgerollt
In Lumbe bied sell all del Gold;
En Heisli wu en Weibli singt
En Schlummerlied zu ihre Kind;
En waarm, rein Haerz un ehrlich Blut,
Ken grosser Naame, awwer gut;
En feschter Freind, en Kruscht im Schank,
Fer all des saag ich: "GOTT SEI DANK!"

—SOLLY HULSBUCK

HAASE SCHIESSE

Ei, mei liewe Leit, es waar awwer drucke dorum den Harrebscht. Es hot ebaut gaar net gereggert im Oktower. Die Brunne sin drucke warre. Deel Leit hen net genunk Wasser ghatt fer ihre dreckiche Kleeder wesche. Sie hen der Baadzuwwer aa nimmi yuse kenne.

Die Bletter wu vun de Beem gfalle sin draus im Barrick un in de Bisch waare so drucke wie Punk un iwweraal waar Feier am Barrick. Des iss immer so'n grosser Verluscht.

Unser Governier Scranton hot's Yaagee verbodde bis es reggere deed. Yeder ebber hot die Leit gewannt weegge'm Schmoke. Die Leit waare gfrogt fer net an der Barrick geh wann die Not 's net foddere deed. Ya, es waar arrig drucke.

Die Yaeger hen gekaut am Gebiss weil sie net an der Barrick hen darrefe. Die Yaaghund hen's arrig gut ghatt un die Haase un Fassante noch besser.

Dann hot's mol bissel gereggert. Der Daag vorm Leckschundaag hot der Governier gsaat, "Buwe, dihr meecht nau naus an der Barrick un schiesse, awwer seid achtsam."

Sell warr genunk. Alles ass graddle hot kenne iss ans Courthaus fer sich en Yaeger License hole. Es wild Schtoft, die Haase un so weiter, hen nix gewisst vun dem, awwer der neegscht Daag, der fimfte November, hen sie's beim Hund ausgfunne.

Es hen mir Leit gsaat es waer gut ass die Haase un Fassante gschosse kennte warre. Es deed so voll warre vun dem Wilbert ass mer 's dod dreede deed wann mer iwwer en Feld laafe deed. Ich hett ennihaus mit meine groosse Fiess un Schtiwwel.

Uff Leckschundaag bin ich net so frieh uffgschtanne. Ich waar in der Baadschtubb am Balwiere ebaut Vaddel iwwer siwwe. Dann heer ich die Flinte grache. Es hot gemacht ass wann die Russe endlich am Kumme waere. Es sin ebmols en habl Dutzend Schuss abgange in re Roi. Ich denk die Yaeger sin iwwer die Felder, zehe Mann Bruscht zu Bruscht.

Wann en Haas abgschprunge iss, hen sie all gschosse noch ihm un die menscht Zeit hen sie all verfehlt. Wann yeder Schuss ebbes dod gemacht hett, waere all die Haase un Fassante gschtarrewe uff Leckschundaag.

Ya, wie ich am Balwiere waar, hot's gedunnert un geblitzt un gflatscht. Es hot mich gemaahnt an Schulzeite. Mer hen als en Schtick gelese im Lesebuch ass denne Weg aagfange hot: "He springs out of the hammock and jumps for the deck." Fer Deiwelschtreech hen mr sell als denne Weg iwwersetzt: "Er schpringt aus em Hemm un tschumpt fer die Deck, wu's dunnert un knellt un knallt. Es Schiff iss am Brenne, glei iss es en Wreck, un es gwittert un rauscht un schallt." So hot's gemacht mit de Haase der fimft November.

Wie devor gsaat, es iss gut ass alle Yaahr en Lat Haase gschosse warre. Weesscht die Haase heiere gans yung un hen all groosse Familye. Sie hen etliche Neschtervoll Yunge in eem Summer.

Der Kaschbar Hufnagle vun der Lebanon News.

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Editorials

Settle Park Issue

Decision by Muhlenberg as to the location of one of two new fraternity houses on land owned by the college adjacent to Cedar Crest Parkway appears to have removed fears that the popular Bake Oven picnic grove would be lost to the city park system.

So far so good. There remain, however, other tracts owned by Muhlenberg also adjacent to the park system. Now that the question has come up their future use should also be resolved as soon as possible.

Over the years, the public has come to regard these properties as an integral part of the park system. Hence the concern when it is realized they are not really that at all.

A "piecemeal" approach seems unsound in the light of the fact that the whole problem has to be solved eventually. It would have been solved several years ago, had residents in the neighborhood not raised strenous objections to a land swap agreed to by both the college and the city.

Muhlenberg we are sure, plans to cause the least disruption to the park system, and the city will, of course, want to do its planning with the least disruption to Muhlenberg's inevitable expansion, keeping in mind the broader public interest. Toward this end, a comprehensive settlement now would be the most satisfactory for all concerned.

Exemplary Citizen

Not until he was 50 years old did Herbert Lehman enter the field of politics and he was eventually elected to all the highest offices in New York State.

Four times he was governor; twice United States senator. After that he served in important capacities as the head of quasi-governmental agencies.

His conduct throughout gave office holding a unique dignity and as a result of this, his many philanthropies, his support of the arts and his own attractive personality he became one of America's best loved and most highly respected citizens.

Death came quickly and quietly at the age of 85 as he was preparing to go to Washington to receive a Freedom Award, the highest civilian honor for service in peacetime. Like everything else about him in life, there seems to be a special appropriateness to the atmosphere of his passing.

Memorials Take Time

Memorials to honor President Kennedy have been proposed in practically every city, village and hamlet in the nation he served. Sooner or later his name will be given to libraries and schools, highways and plazas, bridges, airports, parks and other public works.

Literally thousands of proposals have been made, some of them before the nation began recovering from the shock of the assassination. President Johnson changed the name of Cape Canaveral to Cape Kennedy and several towns at least toyed with the idea of renaming themselves.

It is entirely proper for communities, states and the nation to honor the martyred president and perpetuate his name in suitable memorials. There is a danger, however, that in the rush to be among the first to act there will be such a proliferation of monuments that most will lose their significance.

Any memorials that will give expression to the dreams and ideals President Kennedy cherished or that will challenge Americans to do something more for their country than is required by law will be appropriate. Others, involving little more than the change of an area or street name, will only arouse unnecessary controversies.

To plan the great national monument that will be a lasting and appropriate tribute to the late president will take more than a few weeks. It must be something in which millions of Americans will want to share and which will be meaningful both to this and future generations.

And if this nation pauses to consider the most appropriate national shrine or memorial, every community also should give its own tribute to Mr. Kennedy due and proper thought.

Lasting memorials are not built or named over night.

What Others Say

Unwarranted Fear

Baltimore Sun

The one fact which most Americans have firmly in mind about the European Common Market is that within its own boundaries it has been an overwhelming success. Total production of goods and services by the six members since January, 1958, has increased almost twice as rapidly as in the United States — although in the past year the European rate of growth has declined somewhat and America's has accelerated. Trade among France, Italy, West Germany and the Benelux countries rose by about 85 per cent over the first five years as tariff rates were drastically reduced.

In the light of this demonstrated accomplishment, and because the chicken war emphasized certain inward-looking tendencies, there have been increasing fears about a growing economic isolationism within the Common Market. The danger should be noted, of course, but there ought to be no unwarranted assumptions. The fact is that internal Common Market growth has been complemented by an extremely healthy increase in trade with nonmember countries.

This "foreign" trade increased in the first five years of the Common Market by 25 per cent in value — almost 50 per cent in volume. Moreover, it has been rising even more rapidly during the past two years than internal trade. As prices within the Common Market continue to go up, goods from without will become even more competitive. In short, far from closing the doors to trade with the rest of the world, the Common Market has so far recognized the important place this exchange has occupied in the member nations' own growth. The negotiations to take place next year will be tough and realistic; but they will not proceed from any assumption on the part of the Common Market that it can or should go it alone.

The Captain Needs No Chart Here



Beware Reds, Hoover Warns

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Probably no man in the government of the United States is more familiar with the infiltration which the Communists are carrying on in this country than J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. When he makes a speech, therefore, on this activity, it may be inferred that something is going on under the surface to which public attention needs to be drawn.

Hoover, in an address delivered in Washington in connection with an achievement award given to him by the Brotherhood of the Washington Hebrew congregation, described the Communist operations inside this country, and said:



Lawrence

"We are at war with communism and the sooner every red-blooded American realizes this the safer we will be.

"Here in the United States, the cause of international communism is represented by the Communist Party, USA — a cunning and defiant subversive conspiracy which is financed, directed and controlled by the Kremlin.

"Its membership consists today of a hard core of revolutionary fanatics who are knowingly and eagerly subservient to the dictates of Moscow. The dupes, the dissidents and the faint of heart have long since been purged from the party's ranks."

Hoover urged Negro leaders in the United States to beware of the attempts by the Communists to infiltrate the movement for civil rights and warned them that the Soviets have tried and are still trying to take a hand behind the scenes in the civil rights movement. He added:

"Today, the Communists are engaged in a vigorous campaign to divide and weaken America from within. Foremost in this campaign are the party's efforts to exploit misunderstandings and capitalize upon areas of dissension and unrest wherever they exist.

"This is especially true in the intense civil rights movement, for America's 20 million Negroes and all others engaged in this struggle are a major target for Communist propaganda and subversion.

"It would be absurd to suggest that the aspirations of Negroes for equality are Communist inspired. This is demonstrably not true. But what is demonstrable is that some individuals and groups exploit the tension for purposes not confined to the equality of human rights under the Constitution of the United States. The crusade should not become a vehicle for political radicalism or organized violence.

"Devotion to race must not supersede devotion to established institutions.

"It would be useful if responsible Negro leaders themselves could make it clear to all who follow them that their interest is solely in racial equality . . .

"Legitimate civil rights organizations must remain constantly alert to attempts by the Communists to influence their actions, take over their programs and corrupt their ranks."

Hoover pointed out that "communism feeds upon ignorance, prejudice and sickness of the mind and soul," and said that "the cause of communism is well served by the hatemongers, the lunatic fringe and other rabble who preach a doctrine of malice and intolerance toward their fellow man." He continued:

"These venomous fanatics, whether they are extremists of the left or the right, are carriers of a highly infectious disease. They clutter the streets — and the mails — with their slanderous obscenities, urging impressionable teen-agers and unstable adults to acts of hate, terror and intimidation.

"They have brought forth the bombs and ignited the flames that have killed decent Americans and even innocent children and destroyed churches and other temples of worship. They are a national disgrace.

"Invariably, these merchants of hate attempt to drape themselves in a cloak of patriotism. But their real objective is to profiteer and capitalize upon ignorance, prejudice and bigotry while destroying the very ideals which they claim to uphold."

The FBI director said that "the fires of anti-semitism continue to burn with fierce intensity in many areas of the world." He declared:

"Despite Communist claims of improved conditions for Jews under the Khrushchev regime, the opposite actually is true. Additional forms of suppression have been introduced."

Hoover said that the Communists cannot reach the great majority of American youth. But he warned that there are others who, though they are genuinely convinced that they would not fall for the Communist bait, might never know they were "hooked" until they almost unwittingly have become dupes of the Communists.

The FBI tries to ferret out the Communists who infiltrate organizations of American citizens. While congressional committees can frequently expose Communist operations inside the United States, innocent members of these organizations generally are unaware of just who are or who are not party members and just who are being financed by the Communist partisans.

Hoover's speech is a significant pronouncement on a subject which has proven vexatious in the past and which is able to learn more about the way Communists conduct probably will continue to be until American public opinion their clandestine operations.

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Number Magic

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

There is a kind of magic in the naming of a large sum of money, a sort of incantation that hypnotizes people into taking the name for the fact — the way a child uses "a million dollars" to express some infinite and unattainable sum at the rainbow's end.

I thought of this while overhearing two women in the booth next to me at lunch, who were talking about a television comedienne recently signed to a 10-year contract for $1 million by a network. The women seemed to feel that this was a staggering sum to receive.

It amounts to $100,000 a year. If the performer receives this as straight salary (and not as capital gain), she will pay about half of it in federal taxes, off the top.

Another 10 per cent will go to her agent. Her lawyers will receive a substantial cut. Her personal manager must be paid out of this, as well as her publicity man. And, in most cases, comedians pay the writers of their material out of their own income.

Out of the half remaining, then, she is lucky if she retains a half of that. Her personal entourage will include a maid, a hairdresser, a wardrobe superviser. Her living expenses, simply to maintain theatrical standards in New York, will be crushing.

At the end of the year, unless she is able to supplement her income through personal appearances or other marginal activities, she is quite likely to be broke. For she is being paid in modern "paper" money, that sounds big in print, but lacks the real substance out of which profits are made.

We are living in a paper economy. Salaries sound high, but they are illusory, and still based on standards we dimly remember from a quarter-century ago. The "bite" taken out by taxes, heightened living expenses, and the shrinking power of the dollar, makes such figures almost meaningless, and always misleading.

A man making $200 a week 20 years ago would have been able to accumulate more property and more savings than the comedienne making $1 million the next 10 years.

A country doctor earning even $8,000 a year today may be relatively better off than an actress making 10 times as much in Hollywood or Manhattan. Absolute figures in money have as little significance as absolute temperatures — for 20 below zero in dry skiing country, as everyone knows, is not nearly as cold as 15 above zero in the damp and windy city. But the magic of the big number moves us all.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Reverie

Here on the rock - bound coastline . . . gazing upon the sea . . . wild waves pluck my heartstrings . . . and stir my memory . . . here where the seagulls frolic . . . and the portly propoise play . . . I am carried through the years . . . back to yesterday . . . old loves smile before me . . . old friends come in view . . . those were golden happy times . . . I have bid adieu . . . yet, here by the mighty ocean . . . I capture for a spell . . . that which meant so much to me . . . that which said "farewell" so peaceful is this interlude . . . I wish I could stay . . . in this land of reverie . . . just a thought away.

Horoscope

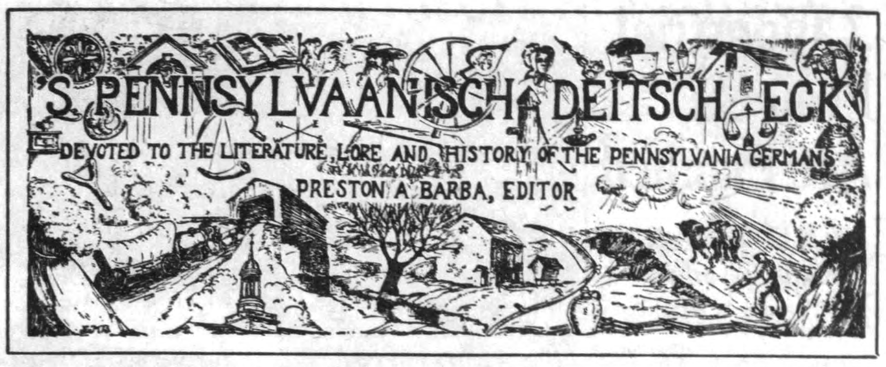
Weigh business decisions carefully; the year will be happy domestically. Today's child will be loyal.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A fraternity house in Michigan went in for a thorough spring cleaning, which involved sending all the window curtains to the laundry. This brought an angry note from the sorority across the road. "Gentlemen," it read. "We must must insist that you put back the curtains in your upstairs windows immediately. We are not interested in a course in anatomy."

Back went this note from the fraternity brothers: "Dear Girls: This course is not compulsory."



The Pennsylvania-German Dialect in the Shenandoah Valley

By M. ELLSWORTH KYGER

Ich bin e Deitscher vun de Shenandoah Valley, un ich wett eich e wenig vun de Valley erzehle un vun de Deitsche Leit, as do wuhne.

'S erscht, muss ich saage: Ebschunt mei Grossmutter Deitsch gschwetzt hat, hawwich schegaar ken Deitsch vun re gelannt. Sie is schunt gschtarwe, wie ich noch 'n glenner Buu waar. Ich hab waarde misse, bis ich uffgwackse waar, eb ich Deitsch lanne hab kenne. Un des is net so guut, as wann mer 's lanne deet, wammer 'n Kind is. Wann ich do un datt un Fehler maach, hoff ich, as dihr's vergewwe deete. Ich muss aa saage, unser Deitsch do is e bissel different vun eierm Deitsch druff in Pennsylvania.

Ebaut zwee hunnert Yohr zrick odder dattrum sin deel Leit aus Pennsylvania noch de Shenandoah Valley haerkumme un hen gsettelt in was heidichdaags sin Shenandoah, Rockingham, Page un Augusta Counties, Virginia, un in Hardy un Pendleton Counties, West Virginia. Mei Voreldre sin vun Lancaster un York Counties dohaerkumme un hen in Rockingham County gsettelt, un ihre Nochkummer hen do gewuhnt ever sinter. Die menscht Leit hen noch heit deitschi Naame dorum. Es waar aa deel Leit vun Germany noch Madison County kumme, un deel vun ehne sin aa dohaergezogge.

Die Shenandoah Valley is ebaut fazig Meil breet, un 's Paert, wu die Deitschi gsettelt hen, is ebaut siwwezig Meil lang. Un dann sett ich aa die Sections driwwer in West Virginia zaehle. Paar vun denne Leit sin dohaergezogge un duun noch aa Deitsch schwetze.

Darrich die Yohre nunner hen die menscht Leit 's Deitsch uffgewwe far Englisch, awwer es sin noch menche, as Deitsch schwetze odder verschtee kenne. Mer finnt die menscht vun ne in drei odder vier Communities do in de Shenandoah Valley un in a paar Communities driwwer in West Virginia.

Wann epper dorum geraised is, Deitsch zu schwetze, saagt er: "Ich bin Deitsch geraised," odder "Ich bin e Deitscher." Wann er schwetzt vun denne Leit, as vun Kind uff geraised sin, Englisch zu schwetze, saagt er: "Sie sin Englisch geraised," odder: "Sie sin Englisch." Es is meeglich, as selli Leit so viel deitschi Voreldre hen as er.

Man duut mannichmol heere: "Mei Mutter (odder mei Vater) hat Deitsch schwetze kenne (nadierlich saage sie's uff Englisch), nawwer ich hab's net gelannt." 'S is schegaar zum Point kumme, as deel Leit do in de Valley net wisse, as Deitsch noch gschwetzt is do. Un menche, as Deitsch schwetze, wisse net, as sie net die onli Deitschschwetzer sin, odder as es Leit sin in annere Communities, as Deitsch schwetze.

Do is e glenni Schtoori vun eppes, as e paar Yohre zrick g'happent is drunne in Shenandoah County. Es sin zwee Communities datt ebaut zehe Miles vunenanner, wu es Deitschschwetzer sin. Die Menner duun nanner usually kenne, nawwer 's is net immer so mit de Weibsleit. Der Charley B. hat in eener Community gewuhnt un waar der Taxsesser in seller Section, un er waar am Sesse in de annere deitsche Community. Er waar am Tom M. seim Haus am Sesse e wennig eb Middaag. Er hat der Tom gut gekennt un hat der Plan ghatte, as er do bleibt far Middaag. Er un der Tom waare in de Parlor am Schwetze, nawwer sie waare Englisch am Schwetze. Am Tom sei Fraa un sei Dochter Lizzie waare drauss in de Kich 's Middaag am Grieye un waare Deitsch am Schwetze. Sie hen net gewisst as der Charley Deitsch schwetzt odder verschteht. "S Lizzie saagt zu re Mutter: "Ich wunner, eb er bleibt do far Middaag." Der Charley hot 's gheert un hot gerufe: "Ya, ich bleib do far Middaag!"

Do in Harrisonburg waar 'n alder Mennonite un sei Fraa in e Gleederschtoor gange. Der Alde saagt zu seinre Fraa: "Ich wunner wu die lange Unnergleeder sin, awwer ich scheem mich zu froge." 'S waar e Salesmeedel dattdebei am Schtee, as Deitsch verschteht, un sie hat ihm uff Englisch gsaat, wu er die Unnergleeder finne hett kenne. Der Alde hat re gedankt, hat e paar Schritt genumme, un dann is er uff emol all rot warre am Gsicht.

Es happent aa epmols, as Auslenner — sell is, Leit as net do in de Shenandoah Valley wuhne — dodarrich kumme, un wisse oft net, as Deitschi Leit dorum sin, aa wann selli Auslenner Pennsylvanians sin.

Selli Schtoori hat e Nochberweibsmensch mer erzehlt. 'S waar zrick in 1909, wie die Dunker ihre Annual Conference do in Harrisonburg ghatte hen, un ihre Members sin von iwwerall dohaerkumme — aa aus Pennsylvania. De Nochberfraa ihre Mutter — ich hees sie Mrs. Groos, sell waar awwer net ihre Naame — waar uff de Committee, as Lodging far die Delegates arrainge hatt selle. Die Aldie Groos hat aa Deitsch schwetze kenne. Die Aldie un ihre Dochter waare drauss newwich de Karrich am Sitze un Deitsch am Schwetze. Uff emol is die Aldie Groos nausgebroche lache, un die zwee Weibsleit hen geguckt, as wann sie arrig verschtaunt waare. Sie waare am Schwetze vun de Bettkeffer in ihrer Lodging.

'S is arrig selde, awwer es is g'happened, as e Mann un sei Fraa hen Yohre in re Community gewuhnt, un die Leit, as newwich ihne wuhne, net gwisst hen, as sie Deitschschwetzer waare.

'S is net oft, as mer ebbes gschriwwe sehnt dorum uff Pennsylvania Deitsch, So kummt es, as mer Deitsch schwetzt, nawwer 's is fascht nemmand as Deitsch leest. Es is em net eigfalle, as mer Deitsch schreiwe deet kenne. Wie ich dorum geh, far Deitsch mit de Leit schwetze un du ebbes nidderschreiwe, duun sie mich mannichmol froge: "Wie deetscht du Deitsch schreiwe?" Dann schreiwwich nidder, was sie yuscht gsaat hen, un sie sin verschtaunt. Mannichmol, wann ich sie e wennig helfe, kenne sie 's ausfiggere.

Ebaut 'n Yohr zrick hemmer e Deitsch Daag ghatte in eener Community. In de Lutherische Karrich datt hemmer 's ghatte un hen all die Leit dattrum invite, as Deitsch kenne. Mer hen deitschie Poems mimeographed un nausgewwe zu ne, un die Leit hen e grossie Kick rausgrickt, wie sie prowiert hen 's Deitsch lese. Un deel vun ne hen 's gekennt. A paar vun ne hen e Deitsch Lied gekennt un hen 's gsunge. Mer hen 's same Lied in annre Communities gheert. Ich geb eich do a paar vun de Vaasch, as mer gheert hen:

Wann ich in mei Gaarde geh
Mei Gaarde far zu graase,
Do schteht des grubblich Mennli do
Un fangt mich aa zu baase.

Chorus

Aalamorili Zuckamaschtiehli,
Koch mer gehli Riewe;
Glenni Meedlinebs ich gaern
Un grossie so viel liewer.

Wann ich in mei Gaarde geh
Mei Riewe far zu blanse,
Do schteht des grubblich Mennli do
Un fangt dann aa zu danse.

Wann ich in mei Scheier geh
Mei Kiehli far zu melke,
Do schteht des grubblich Mennli do
Un fangt mich aa zu schelde.

Wann ich in mei Scheier geh
E paarli Oier suche,
Do kummt des grubblich Mennli do
Un duut mich ausverfluche.

Wann ich in mei Schpeicher geh
Mei Bettli far zu mache,
Do schteht des grubblich Mennli do
Un fangt dann aa zu lache.

In en annere Community driwwer in West Virginia hen die Leit in re Lutherische Karrich 'n Deitschie Grischtdaag - service hawwe welle. Die hen **O Christmas Tree** singe welle uff Deitsch, nawwer sie hen die Deitsche Wadde dezu net gekennt. Zwee odder drei vun ne hen deitschie Wadde uffge macht, un e Quartet hat's gsunge. Wie es so oft happent, hen sie 's Lied uff Deitsch schegaar vergesse — 's waar Yohre zrick — awwer eener hat mer 's erscht Vaasch gewwe kenne:

O Grischtdaagbaam,
O Grischtdaagbaam,
Wie schee sin deini Bletter.
Du griensecht net yuscht wann Summer's do,
But also wann 's iss kalt un blo.
O Grischtdaagbaam,
o Grischtdaagbaam,
Wie schee sin deini Bletter.

Paar annrie Leit kenne Riddles, un so wie sell. Deel vun de alde deitsche Folk-Literature is awwer verlore, weil nemmand 's nidder-gschriwwe hat.

Es happent ebmols, as Leit, as ken Deitsch kenne, duun mich froge, was gut es is noch Deitsch zu schwetze. "Mer sin Americans," saage sie, "un Americans schwetze Englisch." — "Kann sei," saag ich, "nawwer 's Deitsch waar do eb's Englisch. Die erschte Settlers in Rockingham County hen Deitsch gschwetzt, net Englisch. Mer hen yuscht so viel Recht do wie dihr. Un 's duut nemmand Schaade, wammer Deitsch schwetze." Un dann verzehl ich ne, was ghappent is zum Grossvater vum me Mann, as mei Cousin gheiert hat.

Der Grossvater hat Jake Harschbarger gheese. 'S waar in de Civil Grigg, wann die Yankees dorum waare die Scheier am Brenne, un sie hen schegaar all die Scheier in Rockingham un Augusta Counties gebrennt. Paar Yankees sin zum Jake seim Platz kumme, un der Captain hat zu 'm gsaat, as sie Orders hen, far sei Scheier brenne. Sie deete ihm e glee Weil gewwe far sei Sach rausgrieye. Die Family hat Deitsch gschwetzt, un wie die Kinner dattrumgschprunge sin far die Wutzlin rausgrieye, hen sie Deitsch gschwetzt.

Uff emol hat der Captain sei Menner weggerufe, un sie waare ready am mache far fattgeh. Der Ald Mann Harshbarger hat sell net verschtanne un hat gfrogt, wie viel Zeit er noch ghatte hett. Der Captain hat zu 'm gsaat, uff Deitsch: "Du bischt vun Pennsylvania, yuscht wie ich. Ich will dei Scheier net verbrenne." Un er hat aa net.

TO OUR READERS

It is not commonly known that our Pennsylvania German dialect is still spoken among some of the descendants of those Germans who migrated from Pennsylvania into the Shenandoah Valley in the second half of the eighteenth century. — We are fortunate in being able to publish in the ECK for today an example of that dialect in the article the editor has received from Professor M. Ellsworth Kyger of the Language Department of Bridgewater College, Bridgewater, Virginia. Dr. Kyger, himself a Pennsylvania German of the Shenandoah Valley, informs us that he is the scion of an old Lancaster family. The pioneer was Christian Geiger, who, with his son William, came to Pennsylvania in 1737. They were members of Trinity Lutheran Church in Lancaster. Apparently the son William came to Shenandoah County, Virginia, some time after 1750. William had a son Christian who was one of the founders of the Peaked Mountain Lutheran and Reformed Church in McGaheysville, Va., in 1769. In the civil records he is listed as Christian Kyger, but in the church records as Christian Geiger, as one might expect, since the former were kept in English and the latter in German. In most of the Pennsylvania German churches in the Shenandoah Valley German ceased to be used in the 1830's, although some of the Brethren and the Mennonites continued to use German as late as the 1950's (in at least one case).

Dr. Kyger is collaborating with Professor Elmer L. Smith and Professor John Stewart, both of Madison College, Harrisonburg, Va., in the preparation of a volume about the Pennsylvania Germans in the Shenandoah Valley. The work is to be published as one of the Yearbooks of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society. Articles about the lore of the Pennsylvania Germans in the Shenandoah Valley by both Professor Smith and Professor Stewart have been appearing in the ECK during the last several months.—ED.

DER YAEGER

Der Yaeger, der Hund un die Flint,
Die gehne schunn frieh uff die Yacht;
'S iss kalt, un en beissicher Wind,
Do watt yuscht noch driwwer gelacht.

Darrich Felder un Baschdert druff nei,
Fassande un Haase sin frei.
En fleissicher Hund vannehaer,
Der rechelt's sich selwer en Ehr.

Der Yeger iss schtols uff die Flint,
"So gut ass mer eeni noch finnt!"
So richdich im Zuck un genau im Visier;
Mit so me Gewehr iss es Yaagge 'n Blessier.

Un wann sich mol ebbes verregt,
Do watt schunn die Flint aagelegt;
Der Yaeger iss wacker, der Yaeger iss kiehl,
Un losst er's mol grache, do drefft er sei Ziel.

Nau hawwich ken Hund un hab aa ken Flint,
So gehn ich wull net uff die Yacht;
Doch heer ich des Schiesse gedraagge vum Wind,
Do freet's mich im Haze wann's gracht.

—JOHN BIRMELIN

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Editorials

What, Politics!

With the kind of influence the late Rep. Francis E. Walter had as a result of his long and distinguished career in Congress, it was not at all surprising that the Lehigh Valley Mail Distribution Center should be attached to a post office in his district.

Rep. Curtin, however, comes up with some sound non - political arguments for returning to the original concept and placing the new facility under the jurisdiction of the Allentown office.

This is the largest city and postal area in the enclave to be served from the new central facility. Of the 340 employes working out of Allentown, something like 270 are expected to be transferred to the Lehigh Valley unit. Bethlehem will contribute about half its force of 200 employes.

Geographically, the new mail center at the Airport Interchange of the Lehigh Valley Thruway is in the Eighth Congressional District served by Rep. Curtin. Attached to the Bethlehem post office, a part of the 15th District, it will be under the jurisdiction of an acting postmaster who was appointed in 1961 but has not yet been given Senate confirmation. Allentown's postmaster has been on the job for 11 years and was confirmed seven years ago.

When announcement was made last July that the command post was being shifted, the Post Office Department painstakingly denied there was any political significance in the move. Now that the matter has been called to the attention of the new postmaster general, it will be interesting to see whether he takes the same view of what constitutes politics in postal operations.

Rep. Curtin isn't the only one who would appreciate a prompt reply.

The Housing Job

Findings of the Citizens Advisory Committee for Urban Renewal and Development that Allentown needs more low rental housing can be taken at face value. This is the kind of group that gathers facts carefully, evaluates them intelligently and reports them fairly.

The next question is how the need can best be met. This must be studied just as objectively before there is any final commitment to build another federal government - financed housing project.

It would be a mistake to assume that the only feasible way to provide a few hundred satisfactory housing units for low income families is to tear down existing buildings and start from scratch. Redevelopment means rehabilitation as well as replacement.

The first determination, therefore, is how many existing structures can be converted into safe, comfortable and pleasant housing units and offered for rent at between $30 and $50 a month. Part of this answer will depend on the kind of dwellings to be vacated by tenants of the proposed housing development for the elderly and by families moving into some of the higher - priced apartments soon to be available.

The second is to discover how much of the job can and will be done privately. This is important primarily to keep as many of the properties as possible on the city, county and school district tax rolls. Unless they are, revenue losses will have to be apportioned among all other taxpayers.

It's entirely possible that the Allentown Housing Authority, backed by its record and experience in building and managing Hanover Acres and Riverview Terrace ultimately may have to do the job with the federal funds it hopes to have allocated. This, however, should be a last resort, and should come only after all the facts are in and weighed.

Exemplary Records

THOMAS WATKINS

No one who is part of a solid organization is irreplaceable but there are some like Thomas W. Watkins, supervising principal of Southern Lehigh schools, whom no one likes to see leave.

The record Watkins and the people of his community wrote is a proud one. Together they built one of the finest small school systems in the state.

And the way they did it was equally commendable. There were differences of opinion, of course, but professional and lay views always were reconciled before either the welfare of children or the interests of the taxpayers were jeopardized.

This is the kind of record about which parents and teachers spoke when they unwittingly recommended Watkins for his new job. It also is a recommendation for them as they look for a new administrator.

ROBERT STONEBACK

It may seem a bit unusual that men who were imprisoned can walk down the street after their release and shake hands with anyone responsible for making certain their sentence was enforced.

This kind of greeting, however, has not been exceptional for Robert S. Stoneback, about to retire after 30 years on the Lehigh County Prison Board. The welfare of prisoners always was his concern.

Perhaps it's even more amazing, however, that anyone should be as grateful as he says he is for the privilege of serving in a job like it. There were plenty of headaches and the honorarium barely paid expenses.

The only folks who aren't surprised by all this are the many who have known Bob Stoneback during his long life in Emmaus. There he always has demonstrated that service to others is his chief concern.

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.

'Quakertown Memorial Drive'

To the Editor:

As a resident of Mill Street, Quakertown, my preference of name is Memorial Drive, for the following reasons:

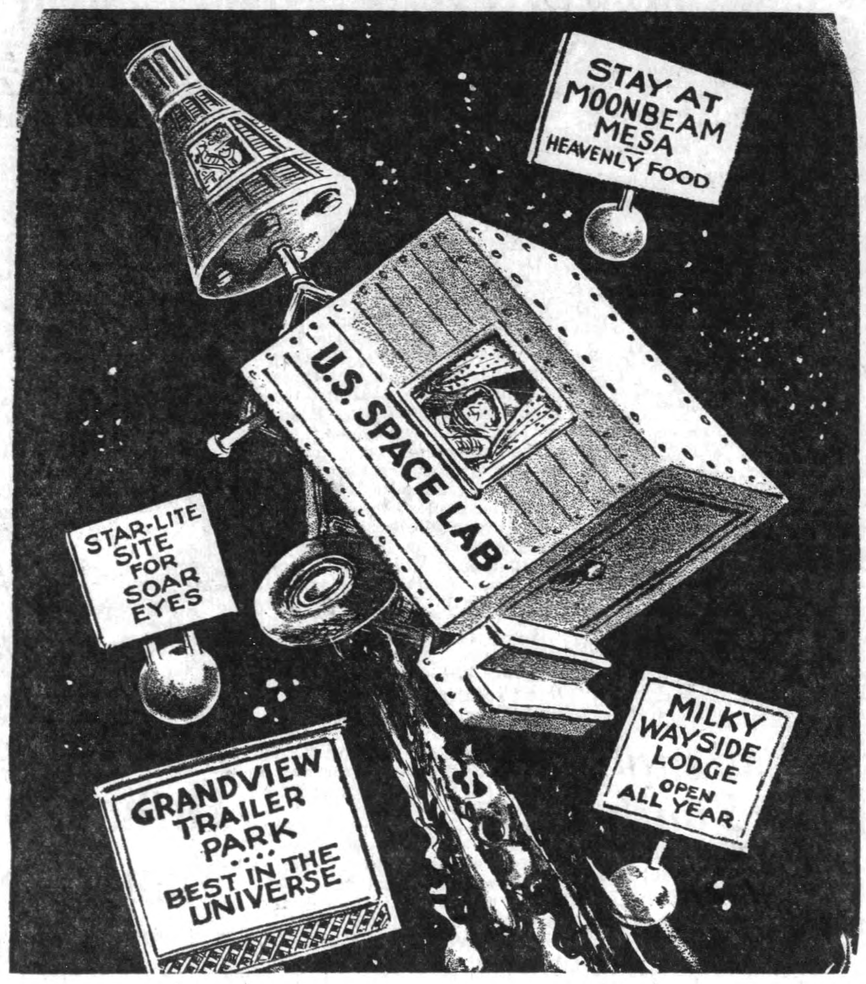
1. From that which is so central and significant to the thoroughfare, in a community sense — namely, Memorial Park.

2. As such, the name would honor all the dead, including our late fallen hero and leader, John F. Kennedy.

3. This street also passes within the shadow of our local cemetery, which might, by the way, be dignified and

Continued on Page 11, Column 1

All the Comforts of Earth



Revise Succession Law

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Much talk is being heard today and serious consideration is being given here to what may soon become a major issue throughout the country. For the nation has suddenly come to realize that it has no vice president.



Lawrence

It's true there is a line of succession to the presidency, but both the speaker of the House and the president pro tem of the Senate have their own duties to perform and cannot give their time now to all the tasks performed by a vice president. In short, nobody today is in training to take over the presidency in an emergency.

Sen. Jacob Javits, R-N.Y., has come forth with a proposal that a constitutional amendment be adopted authorizing a joint session of the two houses of Congress to elect a vice president the moment a vacancy in that office occurs. But the defect in his proposal is that it would permit either a member of Congress or a cabinet officer to be chosen. No cabinet member, however, is placed in office by the vote of the people.

The reason why so many persons have brushed aside their worries over the recent change in the presidency is that Lyndon Johnson became vice president after he had served the preceding eight years as majority leader of the Senate. Confidence in him arises today out of the fact that he has demonstrated in a position of leadership in Congress skill in handling national and international problems.

The fact is that the present law of succession is inadequate and perhaps even dangerous. It provides no method of selecting a vice president. The existing law merely designates the speaker of the House and the presiding officer of the Senate to be next in line when a vacancy occurs in the presidency, to be followed by members of the cabinet in a specified order. No reference is made to a vacancy in the vice presidency. It has been suggested that a return to the law prior to 1947 — which put cabinet members in direct line ahead of anyone in Congress — would be desirable, but this is opposed in both the Senate and the House, where the feeling is that the selection itself should be made by the people's elected representatives in Congress.

Uncertainties

To choose, as is proposed by some, an acting president and wait an interval of even a few months for a general election would produce deep uncertainty in public policy and might even cause some foreign adversary to precipitate a crisis which might be difficult for the temporary official at the head of the executive branch of the government to handle.

What is needed, of course, is a new vice president immediately that there is a vacancy in that office. He should be selected by Congress from its own membership. He would then go in training for the presidency in his capacity as vice president. He would, as in the past, succeed at once to the presidency in an emergency. But he would presumably be a man trained in leadership by his experience in the post to which he had previously been elected by the members of his own party in either house. Under such a plan, the selection could be made from either the House or the Senate, and the choice would be by majority vote of the members of both houses, who themselves have been elected by the people.

A constitutional amendment is also needed to cover all phases of the problem that arises during any period of disability which a president might experience due to illness or accident.

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My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: I cannot seem to get my prayers answered. Is it possible that there is sin in my life that hinders my prayers? H.G.

ANSWER: You know better than I about the sin in your life. Isaiah said, "The Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save . . . but your sins have separated between you and your God."

Remember also, God does not always give us what we want — He gives us what we need. Just as a good parent does not always grant the request of his child, God doesn't give us every request on a silver platter.

Sometimes our prayers are answered in a way that we fail to recognize. We pray for prosperity, and sometimes financial stress is given. But our souls are made stronger for the test. We pray for health and affliction is given, and we are better able to sympathize with those in affliction.

He makes no mistakes, though at times we may question His wisdom. But when we get to heaven and see the reasons for the things that come to us, we will fall at His feet and thank Him for not answering some of our foolish prayers. "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face."

Violent World

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Khrushchev wants to place big orders in capitalist countries for chemical manufacturing equipment, but he warns that no "political conditions" can be attached to the sales. The Soviet dictator's blunt words clearly indicate a vast contempt for western worries about Communist-inspired violence that is erupting all over the world.

Well, Mr. Western Business Man, what are you going to do about it? If you were dealing with a private party, would you sell to a man who provides the material for gunning down your neighbors in cold blood? The analogy between Khrushchev and our hypothetical private party is perfectly legitimate, for the Soviets have supplied Castro with the ships and the arms that have been used to stake the Communist FALN in Venezuela to its career in local political crime.

In a letter published on October 31, 1963, in "The Wanderer" of St. Paul, Minnesota, a Catholic weekly, Taylor Caldwell, the author of a dozen best-selling novels, made the prophetic statement that President Kennedy was in "personal jeopardy" because of Communist encouragement of a world spirit of violence. What caused Miss Caldwell to send her warning to the editor of "The Wanderer" was the "sense of disaster near at hand" which was being expressed in "letters from all over the world" from her many novel - reading fans. "Lately," so she wrote, "the letters are full of disquiet . . . it is as if free men everywhere now 'feel' a monster threat . . . Human beings have instincts as well as the lower animals, and it is obvious, to me at least, that human instinct is stirring in fear everywhere."

The spirit of violence is not limited to the Communists, of course. Just dipping into a single newspaper I read that the young son of Frank Sinatra had been kidnaped in Nevada, that a Cuban has been seized in New York for threatening to kill Lyndon Johnson, that a girl student at the Yale Divinity School has been beaten in an attempted rape, that vandals have toppled 30 gravestones in Milford, Conn., that an Episcopal Church vestryman has been charged with murdering a 17-year-old girl, that a teen-age boy has shot his sleeping father with a shotgun blast, that a Negro's house has been fired on in Georgia. Violence of this sort is always with us, but it does seem that it has been compounded in recent months.

The point is that human beings seem to be growing more and more hardened to violence. And, being hardened to it, they may have fewer qualms about permitting chemical equipment to go to Khrushchev without forcing him to call off the worst of the world's violence as the precondition for a deal.

Well, why shouldn't the governments of the West impose a "political condition" on the sale of chemical equipment to the Soviet dictator's government? Khrushchev is obviously unable to control Mao Tse-tung, but he could dry up the Castroite violence in Latin America within a month by disowning Fidel Castro and depriving him of arms for transshipment to Venezuela and British Guiana. He could impose a dignified constitutionalism on Communists wherever they are under his control.

The only "political condition" we want is peace, real peace. Is there anything so nefarious about that? Stalin might have thought so, Nikita, but you are supposed to be repudiating him.

Sketches

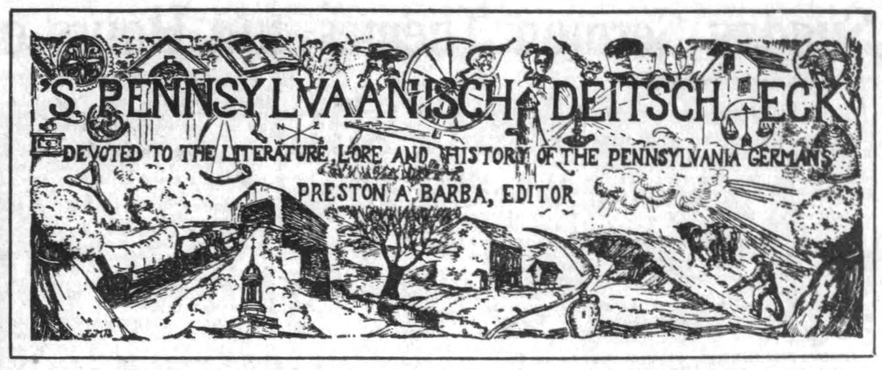
By BEN BURROUGHS

Be Satisfied

When all your luck is running smooth . . . and skies above are blue . . . remember to be satisfied . . . with what life offers you . . . don't press your luck or try too hard . . . or commence to complain . . . because before you know it all . . . your skies will fill with rain . . . by nature we are prone to be . . . ambitious all the way . . . but oftentimes ambition brings . . . regret day after day . . . now I don't say we should stand still . . . for few of us do that . . . it's all in knowing when to move . . . or when to just stand pat . . . as fate is funny in its way . . . we're up and then we're down . . . at times we play a starring role . . . and other times a clown . . . always remember life is sweet . . when in a temperate zone . . . so that is why I say to you . . . leave well enough alone.

Horoscope

The year should prove most eventful. Today's child will be very independent.



Pennsylvania German Folklore in the Shenandoah Valley

(Continued)

By ELMER L. SMITH and JOHN STEWART

PETER MUHLENBERG — THE PATRIOTIC PREACHER

The most famous Lutheran preacher ever to serve in the Shenandoah Valley was both born and buried in Pennsylvania.

Peter Muhlenberg was born in the village of Trappe in southeastern Pennsylvania in 1746 the son of Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, Patriach of the Lutheran Church in America. His mother was the daughter of the interpreter and Indian guide of colonial fame, Col. Conrad Weiser.

Educated in Philadelphia, Peter Muhlenberg was sent to Europe to study for the ministry where he spent four years in Germany. After returning home he studied theology further under special instruction and in 1769 was licensed as a Lutheran preacher by the Pennsylvania Ministerium.

After serving as an assistant to his father in New Jersey, he was offered a vacancy in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia in 1772 primarily because he was capable of preaching both in the English and German languages. (A large proportion of the Lutherans of the region spoke German or the dialect in everyday affairs and it was expected by many church members that sermons should and would be preached in German.)

Desiring to serve the Valley call, Muhlenberg was faced with a delicate problem — Virginia did not offer freedom of religion as did Pennsylvania and the Church of England was the established church of the state. A clergyman without ordination of the Church of England was without any legal standing. According to W. J. Finck, author of **Lutheran Landmark,** in order to satisfy the laws of Virginia, Muhlenberg went to London, England, where on April 23, 1772, he was ordained a priest of the Church of England by the bishop of London at King's Chapel of St. James. This gave Muhlenberg the authority and status of a regular clergyman in the province.

Dr. John W. Wayland refers to this situation in **The German Element of the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia** (1907) stating, "A number of the prominent German pioneers of the lower Valley appear to have been identified with the Episcopal church." After naming several, the eminent Valley historian adds, "Early Germans classed by Bishop Meade as Episcopalians appear later, in the work of the same author as Lutherans."

Certainly there have been claims that Muhlenberg was an Episcopalian and some controversy over his religious affiliation. As a matter of fact, he was Lutheran by parentage, early training, personal preference and convictions nor did he ever leave the Lutheran ministry but legally he was an ordained clergyman of both church groups. At times he ministered to Episcopal congregations in Virginia but the congregations of his charge in Woodstock were composed largely of German Lutherans who were originally from Pennsylvania and Maryland.

Although many of the early pioneer settlers of the Valley were Lutheran, Muhlenberg, who arrived in 1772, was the first regular Lutheran minister to serve. As early as 1762 a union worship house was built to serve the Lutheran and Reformed congregations at McGaheysville (Peaked Mountain Church) and in 1765 the Lutherans and Reformed jointly erected Rader's Church at Timber and Lord Fairfax gave the Lutherans of Winchester an acre of ground for sacred uses as early as 1753. Thus the house of worship built at Woodstock in 1773 by Muhlenberg's congregation was not the first Lutheran church in the Valley, but he was the first regular pastor of the denomination in the Valley.

In a surprising short period, Peter Muhlenberg became very active in affairs of Church and State and in 1775 was elected a member of the House of Burgesses at a time when the first voices for the cause of freedom were heard. As the call for freedom became increasingly popular and resistance was being strongly advocated, Muhlenberg was selected to the important post as chairman of the Committee for Safety.

In December of 1775 the Virginia Assembly passed an act providing for the raising of six more regiments of 680 men each. One was to be called the "German Regiment" and Muhlenberg was appointed to the rank of Colonel to command the Eighth Virginia or German Regiment.

In January 1776, in a sermon to his Lutheran congregation at Woodstock, Virginia based on the words in Ecclesiastes, "There is a time for all things," he concluded by dramatically casting aside his clerical robe to display to the congregation his regimental uniform underneath — **"There is a time for all things, a time to preach and a time to fight."**

The Colonel recruited men from his own congregation and they followed his command until he was made a General and the leadership of the German Regiment was taken over by Abraham Bowman.

The German Regiment won laurels serving in numerous battles and campaigns, and were well known for the influential role they played at the siege of Yorktown.

Muhlenberg, as Colonel, Brigadier General and finally as Major General was actively engaged in the battles of Charleston, Sullivan's Island, Brandywine, Germantown, Mammouth, Stony Point, Petersburg, and Yorktown.

After the War of the Revolution, the General returned to his native state where he became active in political life. Serving as a member of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania he was later selected to serve as Vice President of the Commonwealth under Benjamin Franklin's leadership.

He was elected a Representative of the First Congress and re-elected in the Third and Sixth. From Congress he was elected a U.S. Senator from Pennsylvania and under the administration of President Thomas Jefferson Muhlenberg was appointed Collector of the Port of Philadelphia.

General Peter Muhlenberg died in 1807, and in his memory a grateful native state erected a life - sized statue in the Hall of Fame at the Nation's Capitol in Washington and in 1910, the German Society of Philadelphia placed a large monument on the plaza of the Philadelphia City Hall.

Woodstock with which his name is forever associated was laid out in 1761 by one Jacob Mueller and was at first called Muellerstadt. Though there were English-speaking members in the congregation at Woodstock it is clear that the German Lutherans predominated. To this the old altar cloth bears silent witness, not only through its characteristic embroideries of hearts, flowers, winged angel heads and crowns, but also by its inscription:

FRIEDERICH HENGERER
EVA MARAGREDA HENGERIN
WUTSTACK
GOTT ALLEIN DIE EHR 1767

What could better tell the tale than that orthographic adjustment of Woodstock to the demands of the German phonetics!

This altar cloth and the pewter communion vessels used by the Reverend Peter Muhlenberg in his administration of the Sacraments are still in existence in Philadelphia.

The ministerial robe, worn when the patriotic preacher delivered his famous sermon was given by him to a young Lutheran missionary who took up the work in the Shenandoah Valley left vacant by Muhlenberg, namely the Rev. Paul Henkel. After more than one hundred and fifty years Elon O. Henkel of New Market, Virginia, a direct descendant of the Rev. Paul Henkel, donated the famous Muhlenberg robe to the Krauth Library of the Mt. Airy Theological Seminary in Philadelphia, for display as an historic relic.

• • •

Editor's Note. — To the above narrative we should like to add the following: Although the defeat at Yorktown (Oct. 19, 1781) really ended the War of the Revolution, some believed that England would make further attempts to vanquish the colonies. General Muhlenberg withdrew to Winchester, Va., to recruit and train further troops. Here, only 20 miles from his home in Woodstock, in constant correspondence with Washington at Newburgh, he remained until in March, 1783, word was received that peace preliminaries had been signed in Paris. The General now returned to Woodstock but could not be prevailed upon to take up again the duties of his pastorate. On Sept. 30 of that same year Congress bestowed upon him the rank of Major-General. In November of that year he removed to Pennsylvania, bringing his family to his father at Providence. For a time he entertained the idea of settling on the vast land grant of 13,000 acres bestowed upon him by the government in recognition of his services. On Feb. 22, 1784, he started out on horseback to investigate the lands which were to be located somewhere on the Ohio west of Fort Pitt. Returning after a dangerous journey of four months he submitted a lengthy report to Congress. A second visit was necessary before the land warrants finally became his. His son later settled on these lands and became prominent in the affairs of the young state of Ohio. He himself was discouraged from settling there by various members of his family. Besides, the young nation required the services of the experienced and able retired officer. —

"THERE IS A TIME FOR ALL THINGS"

The following poetical account of Peter Muhlenberg's stirring appeal from his pulpit at Woodstock, Virginia, was written by the Pennsylvania poet Thomas Buchanan Read (1822-1872). These verses are to be found in "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies," a long narrative poem, the scenes of which are laid chiefly on the banks of the Schuylkill between Philadelphia and Valley Forge somewhat before and during a great part of the War of Independence. —ED.

The pastor rose: the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might, —
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquuence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause, —
When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"
The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause:
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant foe:
In this the dawn of Freedom's day
There is a time to fight and pray!"

And now before the open door —
The warrior - priest had ordered so —
The enlisting trumpet's sudden soar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;

While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before;
It seemed as it would never cease,
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was "WAR! WAR! WAR!"

"Who dares" — this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came—
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands, flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, "I!"

THE MORNING CALL

David A. Miller, Publisher-Director 1895-1958

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

101 N. 6th St., Allentown, Pa.

THE MORNING CALL, EVENING CHRONICLE, SUNDAY CALL-CHRONICLE

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Editorials

Christmas Lists

All indications are that when the reindeer streak across the skies next Tuesday night they will be pulling a heavier load than ever.

National estimates are that retail sales for the month will top $25 billion. This would be about $1 billion more than last December and a jump of better than $5 billion in six years.

Some will say, as they usually do, that this means Christmas is being increasingly commercialized. The charge isn't nearly as true as the mounting sales figures seem to indicate. And even if it was, this wouldn't be indefensible.

The nation's economy, which means the degree of prosperity all its people enjoy, is determined by the goods it produces and sells. The customs of Christmas help stimulate the demands. Many millions reap the benefits months before Christmas and long afterwards.

The lower the inventories go, the more goods will have to be produced to rebuild them and the greater the payroll this will provide. Wages and profits feed and clothe families, build homes, pay taxes, support churches, buy cars, operate schools. The more there are, the healthier the economy of the nation and all its people.

A Christmas list, no matter how extensive or lavish it may be, is commercial only if it is compiled or filled selfishly. The more generous it is to the needy poor, the lonely aged, the friendless, the child starving for parental love and care or to loved ones regardless of their circumstances, the closer it approaches the true meaning of Christmas.

Many have Christmas lists like these. In addition to their immediate families and friends they include others whose needs they may know, old folks in public and private homes, youngsters in orphanages, and the churches, institutions and organizations that care for them through the year.

There is still time to appraise individual lists for any oversights that resulted from the hustle and bustle of the season. Those who find them and join in filling them will experience the greatest joys on Christmas.

Stamps

There's a Bethlehem in Connecticut whose representative in Congress wants it officially recognized as the nation's Christmas Village. He is running into trouble because communities in 22 states are proud to have the same ancient name.

Bethlehem, Pennsylvania is one of them. It was named for the ancient Judean city in 1741 when the original Moravian settlers held their first Christmas vigil in a log cabin. The inspiration came as they sang the Advent hymn, "Not Jerusalem, Lowly Bethlehem."

The others, from New Hampshire and Georgia to California, all have their own legends and traditions. None can be told effectively on postage stamps.

Neither should the special brightness of Christmas be tarnished by politics. All Bethlehems are Christmas cities, towns or villages. If there are any special postal designations these should be shared.

Coins

As complete coin collections go, a set of Benjamin Franklin half dollars still isn't costly to acquire. There are only 16 pieces in the set and all still are in circulation.

The series, started in 1948 when the likeness of the Pennsylvania patriot replaced the standing figure of Liberty, ends this month. Beginning next year, the newly minted coins will honor John F. Kennedy.

Congress acted entirely properly in making the switch. The half dollar was the only coin still being minted with the likeness of anyone other than a former president. For all that Franklin's name probably would be among the top six Americans on anyone's list, he never held this office.

Removing his image from coins will not dull his deeds or the memory of them. They are at this nation's foundation and live in its history.

Taxes That Are Due

There is no valid reason for the furor some are raising because Pennsylvania is out to collect all the sales taxes it is due.

The law is entirely clear. Pennsylvanians who buy taxable merchandise in other states are subject to the same levies as if they shopped here. Out-of-state residents aren't taxed if their purchases in Pennsylvania are shipped to them at home.

As far as the statute is concerned, there are no penalties for buying outside the state. Neither, however, does it permit special tax benefits for any who do.

Pennsylvania retailers could suffer severely as a result of sales lost through lack of enforcement. So could their customers who ultimately would have to pick up the tab others ducked by shopping outside the state and ignoring their tax obligations. It's entirely legal for Pennsylvanians to buy most things wherever they choose, providing they pay the required levies.

No one enjoys paying taxes. It's considerably more annoying to pay them, however, if there is any indication that some are deliberately avoiding those for which they are liable. This is one reason that most Pennsylvania taxpayers, regardless of where they live, should be pleased that the crackdown has been started. There should be no question about continuing it and insisting that the levies already due be paid promptly and in full.

What Others Say

Illusion of Affluence

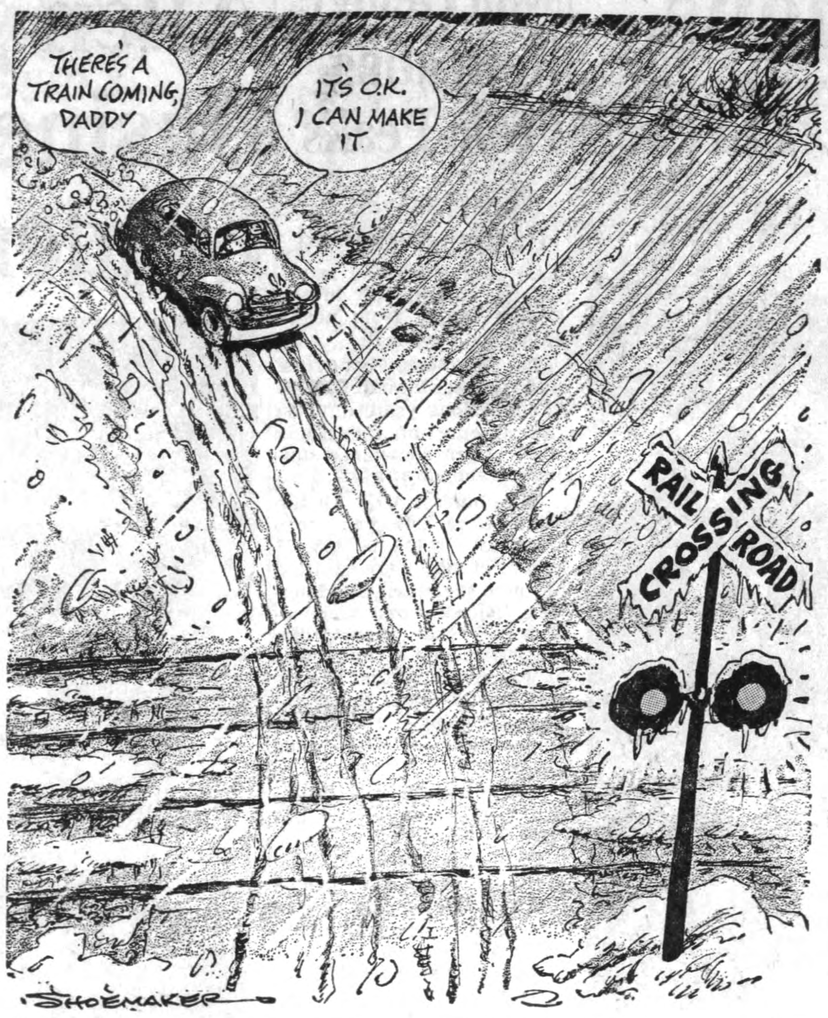
Wall Street Journal

There may be something to be said for the plan to mint a heap of new silver dollars. If Congress approves, more cartwheels would be spread around the country instead of being confined, as now, mostly to the West.

True, the cost of minting 50 million silver dollars, the first since 1935, would be $675,000; but think what it would do for the kids. A lot of youngsters today are familiar only with a dollar in the form of a silver certificate, which isn't much to look at, especially since the size of the paper was reduced in 1929.

Ideally, anyway, every boy ought to have a chance to experience the sense of affluence that comes from the rich feel of a silver dollar in the pocket or from its satisfying clank on a store counter. He deserves a little time of illusion — before he finds out what imprudent adults have done to his dollars with their fondness for spinning inflation's cartwheel.

Getting a Train for Christmas?



Behind Our Back at U.N.

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The American people got only one side of the story of the United Nations this week. President Johnson lent his prestige to the organization when he addressed it with high - sounding words, but for expediency reasons he naturally spoke no words of criticism.



Lawrence

The whole story, however, is a disturbing one — a betrayal of the simple rules of morality by an organization that is financially bankrupt because many of its members refuse to pay their assessments and depend instead on the United States to continue to bail the UN out of its financial difficulties.

Currently a plot has been hatched by the Afro-Asian bloc to exercise control first by increasing the number of its members, and then by making such alterations in the UN charter from time to time as could paralyze the one-vote veto of the United States.

If the Security Council is enlarged to 15 members, it would take a 9-member group to pass a resolution, This, too, could work to the Soviet advantage. The Afro-Asian bloc proposes that the Security Council be composed of three members from Africa, two from Asia, one from East Europe, two from Latin America, two from West Europe and other states, plus the five permanent members —the U. S., Britain, France, China and the Soviet Union.

On any issue involving "colonialism," there would be a majority vote against the U.S. Our own delegation has expressed itself against "colonialism," but the Afro-Asian bloc wishes to go further and meddle inthe internal affairs of other states, even to the point of regulating their governmental actions and threatening them with economic boycott if they do not obey.

Confiscation of private property, for instance, is nowadays considered legitimate in some parts of the world as a weapon against "colonialism." This has caused hesitation among those business men who would otherwise invest capital in various countries where confiscation has been going on. This puts the burden on American taxpayers to keep on furnishing foreign aid funds to countries which are discouraging the investment of private capital.

Sooner or later the full story of how Uncle Sam plays the role of a "sucker" in the UN will come into the open when Congress considers appropriations. Other nations are not paying an equitable share.

In 1960, when the UN had less than 100 members, a European economic officer at the UN figured that 50 of these were contributing only 2.5 per cent of the costs of the whole organization. Yet these same 50 nations made up a majority in the General Assembly—enough to control its voting. The situation since then has not changed perceptibly. Actually, the money furnished by the UN itself to each delegation for five round-trip tickets to each session in New York takes up a substantial part of what many of the member countries pay in dues.

Apart from financial troubles, the real failure of the UN is the lack of morality on the part of so many of the Afro-Asian governments. They regard the UN as their political tool. They brush aside consistency and long-standing principles of international conduct by indulging in conspiracies such as are common in corrupt political machines.

What goes on behind the scenes in the UN—euphemistically called "politicking"—is a far cry from the lofty ideals enunciated by President Woodrow Wilson in 1919 when he urged the world to form a League of Nations. He didn't favor a superstate but advocated that the sovereignty of every nation and its territorial independence be respected and preserved. He envisioned not a Tammany-like political organization but a high-minded international association dedicated to moral force as the savior of mankind. His concept seems to have been abandoned.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: What is conscience? Isn't it really social custom? I have heard you say that God speaks through the conscience, but isn't it really the voice of social convention which speaks out against bad manners, and bad actions? W.H.

ANSWER: I have seen thousands of people for conscience' sake defy social custom, and go against public opinion. In our Crusades I have seen people break away from their friends, away from their tradition, and away from their habits, to come forward to receive Christ. Their conscience told them it was right thing to do, and they dit it regardless of the social pressures exerted against them.

Right is right if no one is going it, and wrong is wrong if everyone is doing it. I would hate to think that we were mechanical automatons —acting in accordance with psychological law, rather than the dictates of our conscience.

I would hate to think that society dictated our every action. The Bible says: "Be not conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your minds, that you may prove what is that perfect and acceptable will of God."

God give us men who will listen to the inner voice regardless of public opinion.

Duty's Child

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

In my home town of Cheshire, Conn., they have been honoring old Bronson Alcott, who, before he became famous as one of Ralph Waldo Emerson's circle of philosophers in Concord, Mass., maintained a pioneer "progressive school" not far from where I live. The Alcott ideas about education were truly revolutionary when he advanced them a hundred and more years ago. He did not believe in ordinary school discipline; when a student disobeyed, he thought it a sufficiently fit punishment to ask the offending boy or girl to take a ruler and strike the teacher smartly over the hand. Such was old Bronson's idea of illustrating the Christian idea that one should always repay a blow by turning the other cheek.

Bronson Alcott didn't last very long in Cheshire, for his theories did not commend themselves to hard - bitten Yankee farmers who thought a teacher should drill his young charges in the three R's. He went on to Boston and Concord, where he became famous as a vegetarian, an early advocate of women's suffrage, an abolitionist, and a Utopian socialist. He was, of course, the father of Louisa May Alcott, the author of "Little Women."

Alcott's insistence that children can be lured by kindness into taking education seriously works for some children at least some of the time. But if he had lived to see what has been made of his doctrines in some modern school systems I think he would be just a bit horrified. One cannot always hold young savages in check by turning the other cheek.

Amid our modern permissive society which frowns on the Three D's of drill, duty and discipline, it could even be argued that it is carrying coals to Newcastle to exalt old Bronson Alcott for his "revolutionary" contribution.

Like so many Utopians and idealists, Alcott let his family suffer to provide papa with a career. Old Bronson couldn't keep a nickel; his experiment in Utopian living with a group of like - minded people at a community called Fruitlands ended in a big flop. So daughter Louisa, who has been called "duty's child," decided that she must wear the pants for the family. She taught school, served as a Civil War nurse, did dressmaking, even hired out as a housemaid, and, after doing some miscelleneous writing, finally hit upon a vein of great popularity in her books for children. Her consuming idea was to earn enough money to get the Alcott family out of the debts that old Bronson thought nothing of piling up.

As a parent who, for temperamental reasons, errs all too often on the permissive side, I don't need to have old Bronson Alcott held up to me as a paragon. A good dose of Louisa May Alcott's philosophy would do me far more good. Moreover, in the age of the Welfare State, it cannot be reiterated too often that if there were not a few Louisa May Alcotts around, the government would have no source of taxes with which to pay the bills for running our modern federal version of old Bronson's Fruitlands.

Sketches

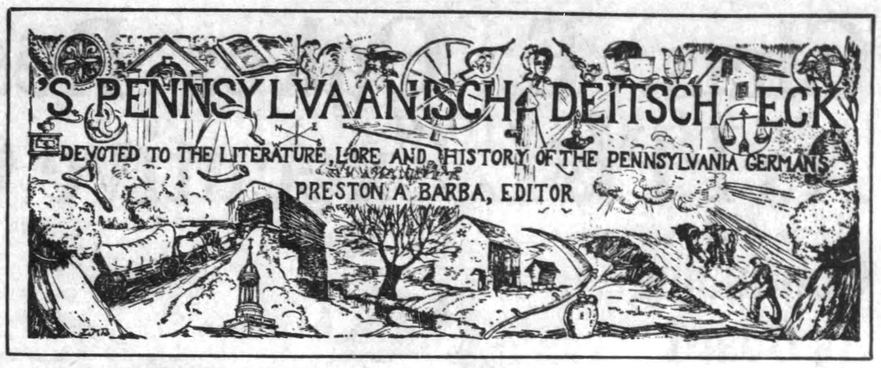
BEN BURROUGHS

Face of Winter

The face of winter. . .is somber and long. . .weak are the eyes. . .that once were so strong. . .Jack Frost put a mask . . . on autumn's last fling. . .now Old Man Winter . . .tightens the string . . . bare are the trees . . . and barren the ground . . . and from the brook. . .there is hardly a sound. . .cold is the wind . . . colder still human ears. . .and dreary shadows . . .create doubts and fears . . .gray clouds above. . .are heavy with snow. . .and to keep warm. . we must keep on the go . .the face of winter. . .is sorry at best. . .but spring beats beneath. . .winter's swelling breast.

Horoscope

Be on the lookout for coming opportunities. Today's child is good-natured, kind.



Pennsylvania German Folklore in the Shenandoah Valley

By ELMER L. SMITH and JOHN STEWART

(Continued)

BELSNICKELING: A CHRISTMAS CUSTOM

Almost every elderly Pennsylvania German of the Shenandoah Valley remembers when **belsnickeling** was common throughout the Christmas season. At one time the custom was associated with the holiday season more than such symbols as the decorated tree, the stocking hanging by the fireplace, Santa Claus, holly wreaths or carolling.

In Pennsylvania the **Belsnickel** has been described as variously as the word was spelled, but both Phebe Gibbons (1882) and William Beidelman (1898) wrote accounts of the practice in which the basic elements were similar although one was a resident of Lancaster and the latter was from Easton. Beidelman claimed that on Christmas Eve "All Pennsylvania German children look forward to that evening with great anxiety. That is the evening for the 'Bellsnickel' to put in his appearance in hideous disguise to look after naughty boys and girls, and he distributes his gifts in the shape of nuts and cakes, throwing them on the floor, woe to any youngster who dares to pick up any of them . . . he will be sure to get a sound whack on his back with a whip . . ."

In the Shenandoah Valley the **belsnicklers** often carried on the visitations for as long as two weeks, starting a week before Christmas and continuing until New Year.

In most sections the activities would persist for at least a week.

Masks were made from old stockings by cutting out holes for their eyes and mouth, or paper bags (pokes) were placed over their heads with designs drawn on them and peep holes cut in them, but most people used charcoal to blacken their faces. One woman recalled, "I always had to wash the pillows twice during Christmas season, they'd blacken their faces and when they came home they'd be so tired they wouldn't take time to wash it all off — the pillows got filthy."

In more recent times a commercial false face or mask was purchased at the general store and used for the occasion. In mid - December, 1962, a seventy - year old male resident of Augusta County displayed for the writers the new mask he purchased and planned to wear during the coming holiday season.

They dressed in old worn clothing or in garments in contrast to their sex, with men wearing dresses and women in trousers or overalls. They usually placed padding in their clothing to help disguise themselves in the attempt to evade easy identification.

The **belsnicklers** travelled in groups visiting the homes of friends, relatives and neighbors. Usually they walked from farm to farm, making merriment as they went, a boistrous, noisy and happy group. They started out shortly after dark and ceased their activities long before midnight because farm people went to bed quite early — even during the holiday season.

In some communities it was customary to treat the costumed visitors. On such occasions the hosts tried to guess who the various guests were. Then the **belsnicklers** unmasked and identified themselves and were invited to take refreshments. The most common treats were doughnuts, molasses cakes, coffee, lemonade, or cider. Sometimes the group were given apples or nuts.

In other sections a treat was not expected or given and in all areas there were some residents who did not welcome the noisy, "worldly" callers at all. All regular **belsnicklers** can recall having dogs turned loose on them occasionally!

The popularity of the custom was widespread and the participants numerous although strict adherents to the faith and standards of conduct among the Church of the Brethren and Mennonites did not take part in the activities. Several elderly members have recounted how they "slipped out" once or twice during the season to go with a **belsnickeling** group in spite of parental objections. Others told how they permitted **belsnicklers** in the house after their parents went to bed. One Dunkard preacher woke up and came downstairs to find more than ten costumed **belsnicklers** in his kitchen eating cakes and drinking his cider. He ordered them out and disciplined his daughters.

Some Lutheran parents also considered the custom inappropriate, several informants told how their parents wouldn't allow them to participate because "it wasn't a proper way to behave considering. it was the birth of Christ."

In Pendleton County, W. Va., a mother asked her daughters not to participate but they pestered her so that she gave permission to go and visit the nearby neighbors as **belsnicklers.** While they were preparing for the visitation an older brother went to a nearby cemetery and dressed in a white sheet waited until his sisters passed by. When they finally came along he slowly rose from a prone position and seeing the ghost rise from a grave they ran home as fast as they could. They decided that mother was right!

KRIS KRINGLING

In some sections of the Shenandoah Valley where people of German descent are less numerous, a similar custom exists which the people refer to as **Kris Kringling.** In eastern Rockingham county informants have heard of **belsnickeling** but claimed that when they "dressed - up clown - like during Christmas time and wore masks and visited," it was going Kris Kringling!

(As early as the eighteenth century the Pennsylvania Germans also had a **Christ-Kindel** or Christ - child who brought gifts to good children. **Christ - Kindel** became **Kriss Kringle** sometime during the first half of the nineteenth century and a century ago merged into the popular Santa Claus of today)

SHANGHAI-ING

In the past, there was a practice in several communities of the Valley area called shanghai-ing, which had some elements similar to **belsnickeling.** Although this custom is remembered by older residents in many towns and villages it was actually engaged in by relatively few. Elderly residents of Spring Creek, Sangersville and Stokesville, Virginia, and Headwaters, Brushy Fork and Brandywine, West Virginia, can still be found who actually took part in this unique practice.

Shanghai-ing took place in the daylight hours during the same season when people went **belsnickeling.** Grown-up males dressed in clown - like disguises, with blackened or masked faces and rode on horses or mules. Some rode in wagons in a group. They rode in single file, eight or more horses in a shanghai group. One observer recalls that some ride two and three on a single animal.

The group rode down rural roads from village to village making a great amount of noise. Some of the horses were decorated with ribbons or streamers. The merrimakers seldom visited at homes, instead they rode by as a parade, making noise by blowing on a horn or shouting in order to attract attention.

Strong spirits sometimes proved enough to change the spirit of the season. On at least one occasion a major battle raged between **shanghai** groups from two communities. Almost a half-century ago, a number of residents (on horseback) from Sangersville met a group of loggers boarding at Stokesville, they were in good "spirits" and the results are remembered, little talked about, and best forgotten, by oldsters of both communities.

Some Scotch - Irish residents of Augusta and Rockbridge counties use the term **shangahi** to describe **belsnickeling,** whereas the residents of dialect - speaking neighborhoods separate the terms as distinctly unique customs. **Belsnickeling** was a custom practiced at night and on foot, but **shanghai-ing** was engaged in during the day on horseback. One includes visiting homes while the other does not.

The Contemporary Custom

Belsnickeling in the Shenandoah Valley isn't what it used to be. In early days young people could expect and appreciate a few sticks of candy and an orange for a Christmas treat. Commercial entertainment and recreation was almost unknown, as a result getting together in a group represented a good time and a custom which allowed dressing up in old clothes with masks. It was an exciting experience to look forward to. Little wonder the young people tramped miles and miles to visit farmhouses during the holiday season.

Today some **belsnicklers** still visit homes in some neighborhoods of Page, Rockingham, and Augusta counties in Virginia and in Pendleton County, West Virginia, but most of them travel in automobiles rather than by foot. They wear commercial masks and even commercial costumes at times, but they are as boisterous and fun-loving as were their grandparents before them.

During the past season, the **belsnicklers** were few. This year the heavy snows came early and many rural roads were closed or almost impassable during the Christmas season. In spite of the weather a Lutheran minister reported having three groups of **belsnicklers** visit his rural home and several others reported visitations. Nevertheless, the practice is gradually fading from the scene.

(To Be Continued)

EN GRISCHTDAAG SYMPHONETTE

SCHHH — SCHhh — Schhh!
Harrich! — Harrich!
Wie schtill iss die Nacht!
Un doch — wie alles lacht!
Un siesser singt wie'n Larrich!
Schhh! — Alles Erdliche
fescht ruht
Un alles Geischtliche fasst
Muth!
Die gans Welt yubelt yo!
Harrich! Harrich! Harrich
wieder,
Der gans Himmel zu Aerd
biegt nieder!
En Engel Chor
Schtimmt ei so glor! so glor!
"Des Grischtkindel iss do!"—

Schhh! Harrich! Harrich!
Harrich! Die Glocke!
Die goldne Weihnacht
Glocke!
Wie sie locke locke! locke!
Iwwer's Lechaa Daal
Un iwweraal!
Gnalle im Haus,
Schalle rum draus!
Was saagge sie,
Was draagge sie? —
" 's iss waahr! 's iss waahr!
Seid froh! seid froh!
Des Grischtkindel iss do!"

Schhh! die Musick vergeht,
Awwer Gottes Lieb schteht!

Schhhhh! — Harrich —
"O kummt doch, Ihr Gedrele
All,
Kummt, losst uns Gott lowe
Un danke un bewillkomme
Sei Grischtkinndel do!

Schhhh! Still iss die Nacht—
Gottes Plan iss vollbracht!

—DIE BUSCHAMSCHEL

Bally, Pa.
In der Adventszeit

AM GRISCHDAAG

'S iss Grischdaag. Die gans Welt iwwer
Freehe die Leit sich sehr,
Un alles iss hallich, ass wann der Daag
Vum Himmel gelosse waer.

Ich hock allee in meim Zimmer
Un denk so iwwer die Zeit—
Wie der Geischt vun Grischti sich immer
Weiter un weiter ausbreit;

Un wie heit en yedi Familie
Freehlich un gutes Mut
In der liewe alte Heemet
Sich widder versammle duut.

All widder deheem! Ach Yammer!—
Net all! Deel sin yo heit
Zu weit vun uns ab zu kumme—
Fatt in die Ewichkeit.

Net all deheem! Verleicht awwer—
Un ich behaapt 's kann sei—
Im Geischt sin mer all beisamme
Un griesse enanner uffs nei.

So sin mer vereenicht widder—
Loss die Zeit vergeh wie sie will;
Ich drink eich en Gruss, ihr Brieder!
Ferwas sitzt dihr all so schtill?

Weit ab — iwwer Barrig un Valley,
Un iwwer der Ewichkeits-Brick—
Vun eich Brieder all, wie en Geischte-schall
Kummit mir eier Gruss zerick.

1882 —CHARLES CALVIN ZIEGLER 1854—1930

IM DEZEMBER

Dezember, uff em Pocono,
Datt reisst der Wind so kalt un roh;
Des macht die Backe rot wie Blut
Un macht dem Yaeger frischer Mut.

Was sin die wilde Hasch so gschwind!
Sie fliegge wie'n Dezember Wind.
Fer dreffe nemmt's en guder Schitz,
En ruhichi Hand un kiehler Witz.

'S Gewilbert macht en wilder Schprung,
Vun Maul do henkt en rodi Zung;
En Kuggel daerrichs zaarte Haerz,
En schtolser Yaeger fiehlt der Schmaerz!

—John Birmelin

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Editorials

Big Police Job

It will take some time to determine the full impact of the shakeup in state police commands in the Lehigh Valley and elsewhere in the commonwealth.

The transfers, according to Commissioner Purdy who has had just about a year to evaluate the force he heads, reflects the emphasis on stamping out gambling and other vice in areas where it is known to exist. They will not be a reflection on any of the officers being moved unless their successors turn up conditions overdue for a cleanup. Significantly, there are no apparent demotions in the changes.

One of the big jobs Capt. Engle and his Troop D command will have on their hands is to curb the slaughter that has set such a shameful new record this year on the Lehigh Valley highways. They also will have to be increasingly concerned with the rising rate of thievery and vandalism in rural areas that depend on the state for their policing, with Sunday sales where laws are ignored, and with other violations.

This command has a beat that covers all of Lehigh, Northampton and Bucks counties, one of the most populous areas of the state. It is responsible for patrolling thousands of miles of state and township roads in the three counties. There are just 140 men to do the job around the clock, every day.

The more thorough a job police of individual municipalities do in keeping law and order, the better the job the state police will be able to do on the highways.

Heroic Doctors

There should be no misunderstanding the term "horse and buggy doctor" when applied to physicians like the late Dr. William Fetherolf who served a broad area around Steinsville for some 50 years.

The reference is strictly to their mode of travel. It has no relationship to their ability.

These country doctors of a half century ago and some of their city contemporaries were among the heroes of their profession. Hospitals were usually hours away and specialists few and far between. The doctor was the physician and surgeon, obstetrician, pediatrician, psychiatrist and ofttimes the dentist too. He often operated on a kitchen table and carried a drugstore in his satchel.

This is why Dr. Fetherolf and so many of his contemporaries, together with the preacher and sometimes the teacher, were the top citizens in their villages and hamlets. It also is why none who knew them will let them fade from memory.

Master Showmen

In the history of the American theater, few names are greater or better known than Shubert. The brothers probably have more hit shows and stars to their credit than any producers before them or since.

Although the line ended with the death of Jake Shubert in New York the other day, the name goes on. It will exist for a time in the theaters they owned or operated. But it will endure even longer in shows like "The Student Prince" and "Blossom Time," "Countess Maritza," "The Last Waltz" and many others of the thousand they are credited with producing.

Whether they were producing musicals or plays or promoting new stars like Al Jolson or Eddie Cantor or Marilyn Miller, Jake Shubert and his brothers set high standards for the theater. What they managed to do in their own houses, at least provided a pattern for what others did elsewhere as they entertained millions across America.

Seeking New Formula

President Johnson's order for a prompt and thorough study of what needs to be done to make this nation's foreign aid program more palatable is a certain indication that he doesn't want another hassle with the Congress like the one that plagued the first month of his administration.

Year-after-year this subject seems to take up more time of both legislative and executive branches of the federal government and create more pressures and tensions. The White House makes proposals and Congress slashes them at least twice before coming up with the final appropriations. Ultimately the President reluctantly admits they are adequate after all, particularly with an unspent nest egg which now stands at about $7 billion previously appropriated.

Significantly, the committee President Johnson has charged with helping him formulate sound and reasonable proposals for presentation to Congress late next month has been chosen entirely from the high echelons of his administration. Members are government officials primarily responsible for developing the aid programs, directing them, and making certain they are firmly tied to the economy and security of this nation and the rest of the free world.

A committee like this is quite different from the public group headed by Gen. Clay which presented its findings to the late President Kennedy. It is an integral part of an administration which thus far has majored in repeatedly emphasizing that one of its major goals is greater economy in every area of government.

President Johnson has not suggested that either military or economic aid to foreign countries be suspended.

But he has made it clear that here, as in every other area of government, he wants full value for every dollar spent.

What Others Say

The Perils of ZIP

Milwaukee Journal

The Post Office Department has set three engineering firms to work designing a machine that will read and sort letters with ZIP code addresses at the rate of 17,000 an hour.

The purpose is to speed up the handling of printed matter sent out by mass mailers. Hand addressed letters from that cherished aunt of yours or a son or daughter at college would presumably get extra attention only to the extent that the regular mail handlers were relieved of the junk mail burden.

A scanning - sorting machine would undoubtedly increase efficiency, and the Post Office Department is to be encouraged in its efforts to keep on top of the mounting pile of mail. But we have had qualms ever since we read about the subscriber who received 3,000 copies of the same magazine because a machine goofed.

Imagine the result if the new post office machine got stuck on your name and ZIP number for just an hour. The amount of junk mail reaching our mailboxes is bad enough now. But 17,000 pieces at one time. Whew!—

Horoscope

A happy romance should bring you joy. Today's child will have a lively wit.

Will It Last?



Selecting Our Presidents

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The American system of government is relatively young — not even two centuries old — but it has rarely shown so conspicuously its lack of maturity as it does today. To realize how little progress has been made in the field of responsible government, all one needs to do is to read about the prospective candidates for the presidency being brought forward to serve, if elected, in the highest office in the land.



Lawrence

Take, for example, the different men being talked about for the Republican presidential nomination. For months, attention centered on two or three possible candidates. Then, as if these men had suddenly become politically ineligible, the search turned to persons relatively unknown — as if it would be easier to elect someone who hasn't become identified with any particular issues or controversial questions in the national field. The fact that such newly discovered persons of prominence have not had any experience in a position of leadership or major responsibility in either the executive or the legislative branch of the federal government is regarded as of no importance by their political sponsors. All that seems to count is that the prospective candidate performs well on television or appears to be a man of congenial and pleasing personality. The quest is apparently for someone with no political liabilities. This is not unusual. It has happened before.

Our presidents have not always been the ablest of public servants. Often they have had little background but lots of courage. Once a man is endowed with presidential power, he feels a sense of responsibility to be honest and fair. Mistakes usually come, however, as a result of the special prejudices of anonymous advisers who have no direct responsibility to the people.

Seek Experience

Throughout history, however, some citizens have sought to improve the ways of free and representative government. There is no convincing reason, for instance, why candidates for the presidency should not be selected only from those men who have had substantial experience in leadership posts in either the executive or legislative branch of the government. The Constitution can be amended at any time to require this.

It isn't sufficient that a prospective nominee should have merely been a governor or even a member of Congress or the cabinet. He should have risen to the top rank through his work in either the executive or legislative branch of the national government. He will not necessarily make a good president because he has been elected to some office in a state or city or because he is impressive on the stump.

What America needs is a system that will insure the selection of a competent president of experience and not just a candidate with personal appeal but without prior training in the national government. These are days when wrong decisions can mean war or national bankruptcy or other catastrophe to the American people.

As the population increases, the problem of government becomes more complex. Can one man be expected to rule effectively in the presidency? Wouldn't it be better to pick from the most capable men inside government the presidential nomineees of their respective parties and to put alongside of them — to be chosen in the same election — a cabinet of 10 men also well qualified in national governmental problems? Wouldn't it be better to organize in this way an elected presidential council? These men then could appoint general managers for the various government departments, so that the cabinet secretaries themselves could sit at the side of the president in the executive office building available for daily conferences, as is the practice in so many successful business enterprises of the country.

Some change is long overdue, and the stories about the process of selecting a Republican presidential candidate emphasize the weakness in the present system. Often the people vote for an incumbent administration because the alternative is no better. This is a reflection on the quality of men brought to the fore under the system that prevails today.

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New Candidate?

By RUSSELL KIRK

Rather abruptly, Congressman Gerald Ford, of Grand Rapids, is being mentioned in the press as a possible Republican presidential nominee.

At present, the principal Republican possibilities are Sen. Goldwater, Mr. Nixon, Gov. Rockefeller, Gov. Scranton, and Rep. Ford — about in that order. The Lodge balloon was no sooner inflated than it collapsed. Gov. Romney has no strong backing, even in Michigan. The chances of Sen. Morton, Gov. Hatfield, and others are infinitely remote.

Sen. Goldwater, after much fuss about his prospects being damaged by the Johnson assumption of the presidency, remains in the lead. Contrary to rumors circulated by people both friendly and unfriendly to Goldwater, the senator's attitude is unchanged by recent events.

Whether or not he wins the nomination, undoubtedly he will command by far the largest single bloc of delegates at the San Francisco convention. This means that, almost certainly, he will be able to veto the nomination of anyone he strongly dislikes, and probably can succeed in pushing forward any other candidate of whom he approves.

In such circumstances, a likely nominee is Ford. Repeatedly praised in public by Goldwater, Rep. Ford is a Republican conservative with imagination and practicality. In terms of Washington experience, he is better qualified than any other aspirant—with the partial exception of Nixon. Comparatively young, he has a face and a manner which inspire confidence. And he and Senator Goldwater are on excellent terms.

Were he to remain in the House of Representatives, before long Ford probably would become speaker—should the Republicans gain a majority. He has no large private means, and so might be reluctant to give up a safe seat for a risky contest. But the presidency is a great prize.

Thoroughly honest, calm, and a painstaking worker, he has antagonized no important interest either inside or outside his party, although he has spoken often with courage and frankness. In his district, he even gets a good many normally Democratic votes.

Though it has been a good while since a member of the House received either party's nomination, the thing is now quite conceivable. Lacking big financial backing, and with much of the Republican leadership in Michigan still nominally committed to Governor Romney, it is improbable that Mr. Ford will make a formal push for the nomination. But the race is not always to the swift.

My Answer

By BILLY GRAHAM

QUESTION: Why is communism growing so rapidly when Christianity seems to be lagging behind? What is the reason for this? I think we ought to know. H.B.

ANSWER: C. E. M. Joad, speaking to a large gathering of ministers and theologians, said: "I know my generation, and if you are to convince them, you must confront them with a bold, authoritative, and demanding creed."

Alas, in too many instances, Christianity has lost her boldness, her authority, and her demands. The New Testament tells of the "Boldness of Peter and John"; the courage of Paul, the discipline of the followers of Christ.

President Pusey of Harvard has said: "We need a creed to believe and a song to sing."

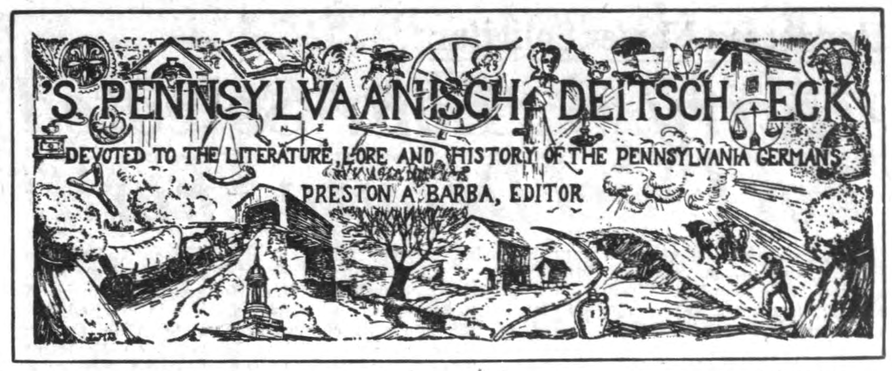
But, how do we come by this boldness, this faith, and this Christian joy we have somehow lost along the way? The disciples before Pentecost were just about where we are today. They were discouraged, depressed, afraid, apologetic, and defeated. But, with the knowledge that their Lord was alive, they went on their knees, and refused to arise until they were filled with the promised Holy Spirit. Then they found their lost boldness, their lost authority, and their lost purpose. One thing is sure: our faith will never be daring and challenging if we continue to tuck Christ away back in a little idealistic compartment of our lives. He must not be second, or fourth, or fourteenth in our lives: but first. Then something will happen to us and others.

Sketches

By BEN BURROUGHS

Gift of Sorrow

Even sorrow is a blessing . . . this one thing I know for sure. . .for without the pains of sorrow. . .man would lack strength to endure . . . sorrow is the stepping stone. . . toward real success . . . those who know no sorrow. . .know no happiness . . . for through suffering we learn . . . to appreciate . . . things we take for granted . . . before they terminate . . . sorrow, in reality . . . is a priceless gift . . . for without it other things . . . would be hard to lift. . . so it is I'm thankful . . . for the gift of sorrow . . . with faith I will be equal to. . . whatever comes tomorrow.



Pennsylvania German Folklore in the Shenandoah Valley

By ELMER L. SMITH and JOHN STEWART

(Continued)

Shooting in the New Year

On January 2, 1963, the writers visited an elderly dialect-speaking resident of Rockingham county and were told, "When I got up yesterday morning, my daughter wished me a Happy New Year. I told her about the old days when we went around shooting in the New Year, but I couldn't remember the old verse!"

Although the custom of "shooting in the New Year" is only a memory in the Shenandoah Valley, some elderly residents still remember the shooters arriving at their homes in the wee hours of the morning and some men can describe their experiences as members of shooting parties.

The custom also is quite extinct in Pennsylvania as judged from references in various publications. In 1868 the Guardian stated, "this custom has well nigh become extinct" and on January 1, 1881, the **Daily Times,** Lebanon, Penna. stated ". . .in olden times . . . the young men of every neighborhood went from house to house and 'shot off the old year' . . . song was sung after firing . . . after the song they were invited into the house, where a good supper awaited them,. . .the firing parties were composed of from eight to ten persons . . ." In 1891 the Reformed Church **Record** claimed, "In former days it was the general custom to usher in the New Year by firing of rifles and the reading of addresses. This custom still prevails to some extent in the country districts, but to a far smaller extend than formerly."

In the Shanandoah Valley the custom varied by region and religious affiliation. For example, it was more popular among members of Lutheran congregations and least acceptable among the Mennonite groups. The Evangelical United Brethren, United Brethren, Reformed and Methodists participated while the Dunkards or Church of the Brethren leaders frowned on it but often accepted the greetings from non - Brethren neighbors with at least a show of hospitality.

A member of the Church of the Brethren said, "They used to come around to make a wish at our house, a man recited the greeting and the group shot off the guns. We had them come in and we'd give them something to eat but we wouldn't give them anything to drink. The Lutherans did, but my father wouldn't even allow cider in the house that wasn't boiled so it coudn't get hard."

A middle - aged woman said, "I remember when they came around, once when I was young they used a big two-man wood saw and they really made a lot of noise with that at the shooting . . . My father, Early Wilfong, was one of the shooters. He memorized the greeting and when I was a child I loved to hear father repeat the verses on New Year's Eve before they went out."

In Shenandoah County, in th neighborhood of Jerome, the shooters came around early in the morning on New Year's day. They fired just one gun at a farmhouse and then waited for the head of the household to rise and then asked him if they could shoot. When the leader of the group was assured they were welcome, he read a message wishing the members of the household a good New Year. "Some men carried big saws, cow bells and occasionally a device they called a bull fiddle which made an unusual noise that could be heard a long distance." Permission was asked in order to make certain any members of the household who might be sick would not be disturbed or frightened. In Pendleton County we were told that the custom was a way to show that the community was in accord and everyone was friendly and concerned about their neighbor." We were also reminded that, "In those days people didn't send Christmas or New Year cards, so we visited or delivered messages in person, the New Year shooting was a way to give greetings. As the greeting cards came into popular use the **Belsnickeling** and New Year Shooting gradually faded out of practice."

A living Wilfongtown resident served as captain of the neighborhood shooters. The captain called out the name of the head of the household and directed the shooting. He recited the greetings and served as the group leader.

He told the writers, "the group carried muskets, they made noise, I'll tell you! They loaded them too heavy. The men just kept pouring powder in and then they stuffed in paper and kept on stomping them with a foot full of powder. Sometimes the barrels bursted into pieces!

"Noah Crummet was the captain of our neighborhood group years ago, he's been gone a long while, but I've heard him recite the greetings, He said it in Dutch still!"

Three variant New Year Greetings have been collected by the writers; a twenty-four verse piece (copied from a hand - written document) originally used by the captain of the shooters from near Sugar Grove, West Virginia; an eleven verse greeting used in Brandywine, W. Va., community and twelve line piece used at Brushy Fork, W. Va. In each case the documents were obtained from relatives of known captains of shooting groups.

In addition three greetings were collected verbally from people who remembered them from the distant past. All six vary except for the opening lines:

"Awake, Awake, My neighbor Dear"

The second line ranges from, "And to the cry prolonged the year;" "Unto the rifle and the year;" "We wish you all a happy year," etc.

With the 24 verse greeting, the group fire a volley after the eleventh verse and shoot again at the conclusion of the wish. The twelve line version calls for an opening shot. Then the verse is read while the men re-load and they shoot a round at the completion of the recitation. The eleven verse greeting called for three rounds, the first after the seventh verse, a second after the eighth verse and the third at the completion of the wish.

The shooters in the group using the later verses had to follow instructions of the captain, half the group fired their guns after the seventh verse and the other after the eighth, otherwise they wouldn't have time to reload. The entire group fired at the conclusion — thus each member fired twice.

Although the verses are far from professional in quality, they do portray a home - spun brand of sincerity and simplicity typical of a folk culture. One of the several greetings follows:

Awake, Awake, my neighbor dear,
And to my wish prolonging year,
The New Year is now at the door;
The old one's past and comes no more.

I wish to you a happy year,
That from bad luck you may be clear;
You and your family and all the rest,
May with content be ever blessed.

That health and plenty may abound
With you and all the rest around,
That you may be free and able
To feed the hungry at your table.

Your barn may well with grain be filled;
Your fields and meadows handsome flocked;
Your cribs may well with corn be flowing
And the thirst may not be known.

But mind beside that blessed hand,
Is that which takes at your command;
All that we have can be destroyed
In which our minds are most employed.

By day, by night, at home, abroad
Still we are guarded by our God.
By his unreared bounteous led
By his unreared closed fed.

Then far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll meet with those that's gone before.
Then to think we'll gain the day,
To load and shoot the good old way.
(One shot)

Though he may his power employ,
For too exist, for too destroy.
Yet never we'll gain the day
To load and shoot the good old way.
(One shot)

And wish I now to make an end
For too much time I cannot spend
Shall I salute your wish again,
Or would you be opposed to shame?

Either pudding, sausage, cider bounce or brandy
Or any such a thing which is handy.

DER BELSNICKEL

Der Belsnickel kummt uff der Neiyaahr Nacht,
Mit Keschte un candy un anner gud Sach;
Er hot aa en Gatt ebaut siwwe Fuuss lang,
Das er weess wie zu yuse, un wann.

Sei Gaul iss en Basser un er reid uff dem Wind;
Er bsucht alle Haus un er bsucht alle Kind;
Er guckt wie en Schpuck un er reid wie en Hex;
Sei lang, rodi Naas guckt yuscht wie en Gwex.

..r yaagt iwwer Hiwwel, iwwer Rewwer un Wald,
Un schtoppt net fer Regge, fer Schnee odder Kald;
Er kann net lang schtoppe, er hot net viel Zeit;
Wann er zu lang schtoppt, verfehlt er deel Leit.

An der Dier gloppt er net, un er macht ken Larrem;
Er schniekt in die Schtupp wie en Katz aus dem Schtarrem;
Er laaft hie un haer, un saagt gaar ken Watt;
Ee Hand iss voll candy, in der anner, sei Gatt.

Die Kinner sin braaf uff der Neiyaahr Nacht;
Sie zarrefe net un sie mache ken Yacht;
Fer der Belsnickel watscht, un er heert alle Watt,
Un waer net beheeft, den hickert er hatt.

Waer gud iss, grickt Kuche un candy un Niss,
Un wunnerbaar Glick des gans Yaahr, ya gewiss!
Alle Mensch grickt yuscht was er verdient,
Un der Belsnickel zaahlt Alle Mann, Fraa un Kind.

Ball schmeisst er des Candy un die Niss uff der Floor,
Un watscht fer der Schelm das so mischiffich waar;
Wann der ebbes nemmt, dann grickt er die Gatt,
Die annere nemme un er saagt gaar ken Watt.

Der Daadi bringt Seider, un der Belsnickel danst—
Mer kennt Kaarde schpiele uff seim lange Schwans;
Un wie sie all lache! Heit hen sie ken Gschpass
Wie mer als ghatt hen uff Belsnickel Nacht.

Der Belsnickel geht yuscht so schnell wie er kummt;
Er schlagt die Dier zu, dass alle Kind tschumpt;
Er greischt "Farriwell, un gud Glick zu eich all!"
Un er iss schunn so weit, du heerscht yuscht der Schall.

So gschwind dass er geht, gehn die Kinner ins Bett,
Un "you bet!" sie vergesse der Belsnickel net;
Er schteckt ne im Sinn bis sie alt sin un groo,
Un sie winsche oftmols dass er waer heit noch do.

Heit wisse sie nix vun Belsnickel Nacht,
Sie hen ihre Gschpass mit anneri Sach,
Un des iss all recht — neie Zeite, neie Gscheft!
Doch ich un die Sal gleiche die alde noch bescht.

—SEM KAUFFMAN

The above verses appear here by courtesy of Professor Richard Beam, Millersville State Teachers College. The author is a former resident of Somerset County, where the appearance of Belsnickel is associated with New Year's Eve, contrary to the tradition that associates him with Christmas Eve. See in this connection the last issue of the ECK.

The noise shall sound through out the air
This is the day I do declare.

And you I will decline,
This shall be an ending wish of mine.
(Volley)

In some dialect - speaking communities, guns or firecrackers wers fired on New Years but not in any organized form. Around Bergton and Criders guns were fired at midnight; at Broadway and Timberville some people stayed up and shot off firecrackers; in areas of Augusta County gun powder was placed in a hole drilled in a log and plugged up after a fuse was inserted. . . it made a very loud noise.

We are told that at Spring Creek, one man "took dynamite and wrapped sticks in burlap sacks and tied binder twine around it, layer on layer and soaked it in water to make it tight. When it was shot off on a hillside it jarred some dishes off the shelf at a nearby home."

Certainly a resident would feel somewhat slighted if the **belsnicklers** or the New Year Shooters failed to visit their home during the season for the Pennsylvania Germans of the Shenandoah Valley celebrated the Christmas and New Year season in a variety of ways which brought friends, relatives, and neighbors closer together into a meaningful fellowship.

(To be Continued)