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Pennsylvania Gaudyware

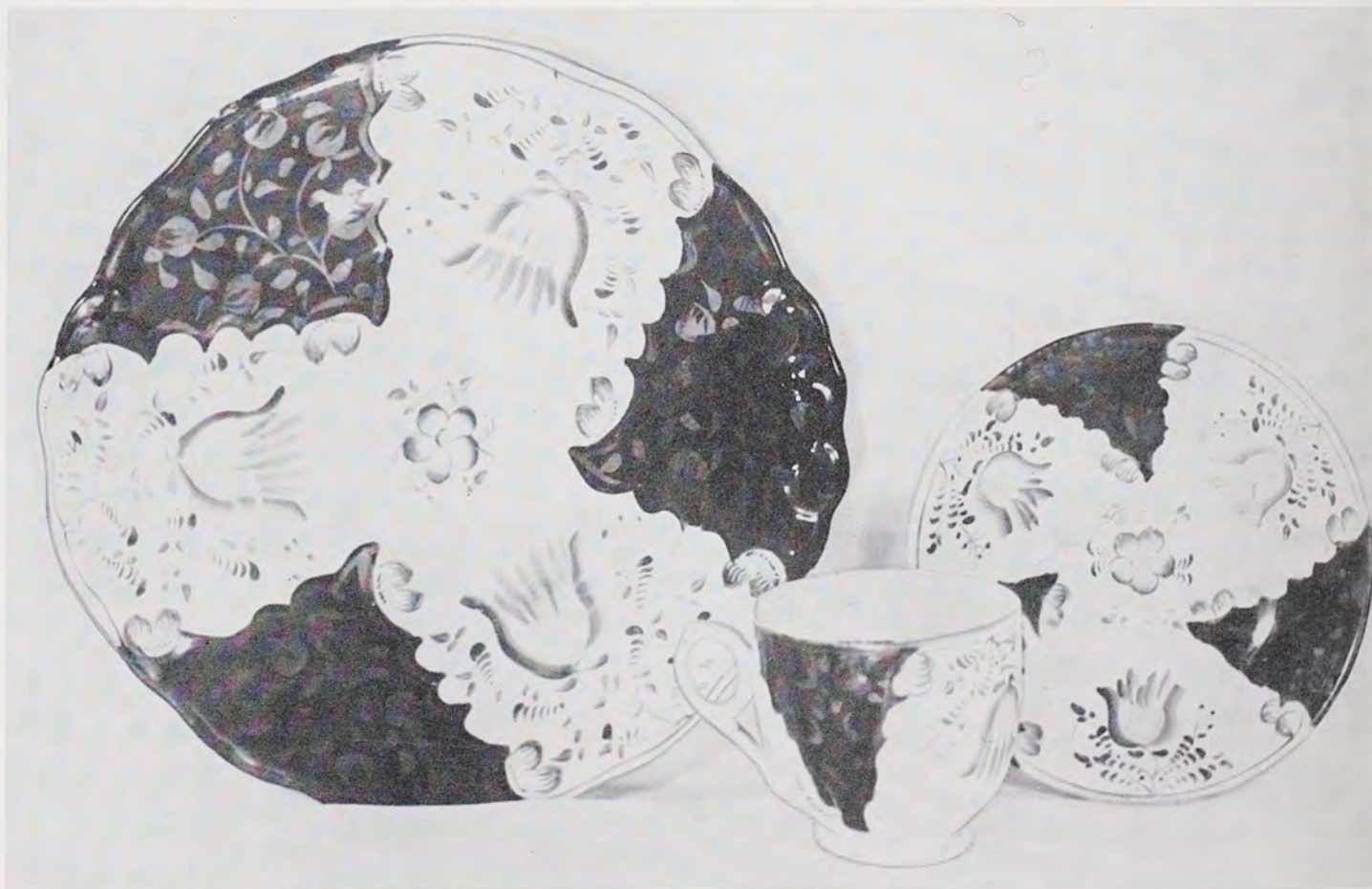
By EARL F. ROBACKER

*Photography by Charles Bahr
All illustrations from the Robacker Collection*

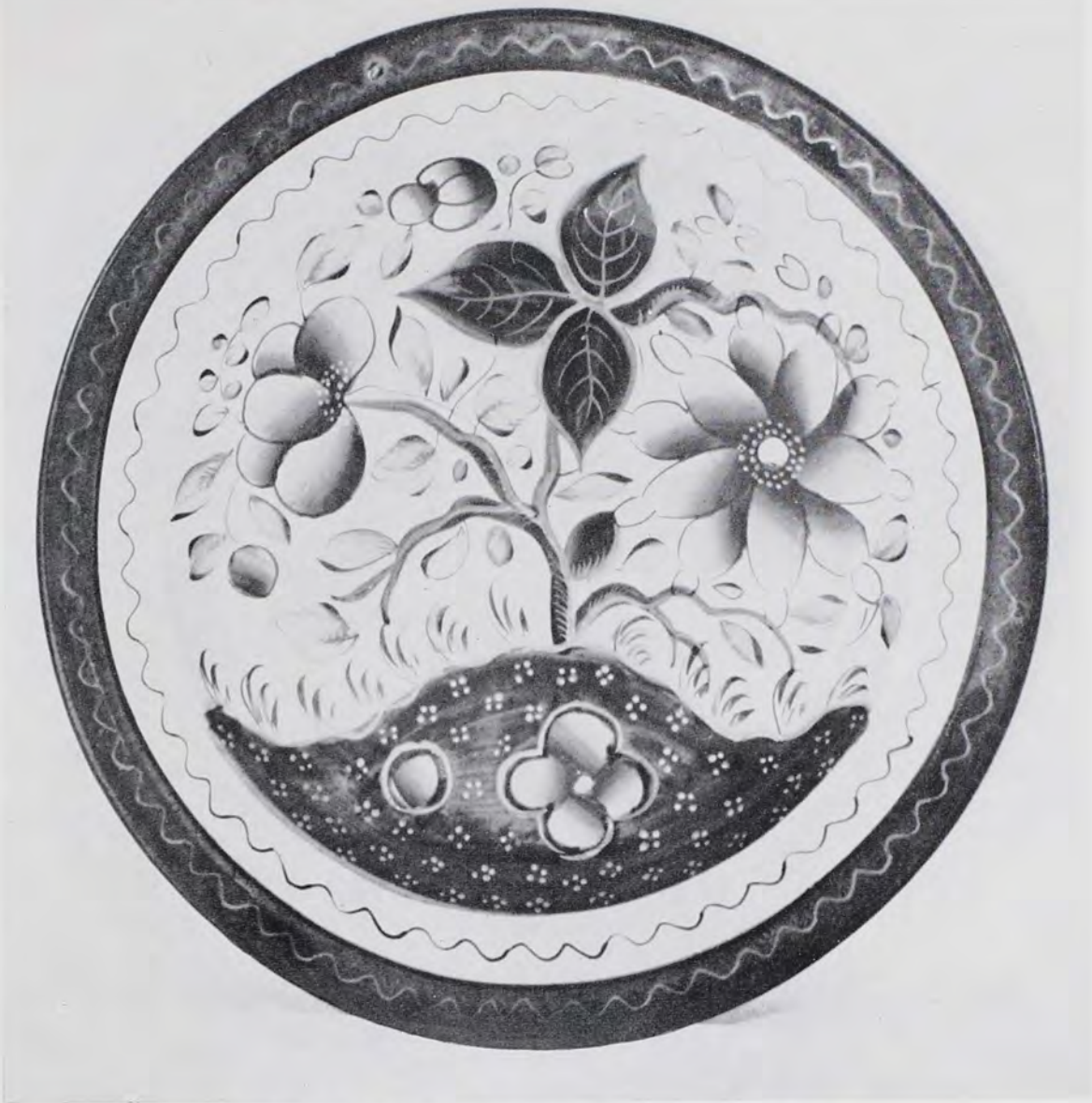
It should be stated at once that the term "gaudy," as applied to soft-paste chinaware, is a rather loose one, and that no complete agreement as to what may and what may not correctly be included exists, among collectors or dealers. Rather, the term is a handy designation which includes a fairly wide range of products competing for the same market, each ware with distinctive features of its own, but each also with one or more elements in common with the more comprehensive group.

Probably the most obvious unifying factor of all gaudyware is its obvious pretension to elegance. In the Eighteenth Century, fine, expensive "china" was justly admired—Royal Worcester and Crown Derby in particular. What the wealthy have, the less wealthy may also admire and aspire to, and thus it was not long before English factories were turning out products with which it was possible for the average housewife to grace her china closet.

But there was a difference. Good porcelain was and still is too expensive to risk for daily use. Real gold, one of the decorative elements frequently used on porcelain, could not be made cheaper. Meticulous and time-consuming craftsmanship could not be speeded up for the sake of the masses. In consequence, when the wares we now call "gaudy" came to the market, they were and they were not like the proud fraternity to which they owed their inspiration. With soft paste or even ironstone substituted for fine bone china or porcelain, with gilt or yellow pigment instead of gold, and with decorative treatment considerably simplified,



Cake plate, cup, and saucer in Gaudy Welsh, in the Tulip design. (Compare the clean-cut areas of blue with similar areas on other Gaudy Welsh pieces.)



Eight-inch Gaudy Dutch plate in the Single Rose design.

they were—for anyone who was familiar with the parent product—obvious and not always successful imitations.

It appears that, as with spatterware, there was a better market for the new ware abroad than at home—and that the Pennsylvania Dutch Country was especially receptive. Certainly, while nowadays a fine piece of Gaudy may turn up anywhere, it is true that a generation ago it was so rarely discovered outside the Dutch Country that many persons took for granted that it was an indigenous product.

This mistaken supposition accounts for the name of the first and best-known subdivision in the field—Gaudy Dutch, or “the poor man’s Crown Derby.” It is no more Dutch than spatterware, which for a long time was subject to the same misconception, but by right of association, history, and sentiment it belongs to the Dutch Country as indubitably as does a piece of sgraffito made by a local potter; in fact, it is to be doubted that even the most confirmed Anglophile would quibble over the attribution.

At least a dozen patterns of Gaudy Dutch—all of them somewhat resembling Crown Derby, and some of them closely betraying the Oriental influence which inspired the Staffordshire potters of the time—are sought by collectors. Perhaps the Butterfly design is the rarest, and thus commands a top price. The Dove, the Vase, the Oyster, and the so-called Indian War Bonnet are hard to find. The Grape, the Dahlia, the Single Rose, the Double Rose, the

Carnation, and the Sunflower—all these have their devotees among collectors. One pattern still goes by the appellation it acquired twenty years ago—“No Name”!

In all the patterns the lush designs are drawn freehand, with a bright cerise in flower forms usually tending to dominate among the reds, greens, blues, and yellows also employed. Gilt is used in restraint. Gaudy Dutch is thin, light in weight, and sometimes translucent. Seemingly, it was not much used as dinnerware, since large plates, platters, vegetable dishes, and the like are conspicuously absent in collections. However, all the appurtenances of a tea set are to be found, from elaborate and beautiful teapots through a variety of bowls, small plates, pitchers, and cups and saucers.

As one category of antiques becomes so popular with collectors that it all but vanishes from the market, another is likely to take its place. Such a circumstance may explain the growing popularity of Gaudy Welsh, which only a few years ago was passed up by collectors familiar only with Gaudy Dutch. It is maintained by some that the Welsh is less desirable than the Dutch, on the grounds of quality. It would be quite possible to demonstrate the point by picking, for immediate comparison, two pieces of the separate Gaudys—but it would be just as easy to demonstrate the opposite. Gaudy Dutch exists in just one quality and, allowing for personal preference in design, one piece may be said to be as good as another.

Dinner-size plate Gaudy Welsh Pinwheel Design. Floral motifs suggest those of Gaudy Dutch.



A rare cup plate (three inches) in Gaudy Welsh, with striking similarity in floral design to motifs on Gaudy Dutch.

On the other hand, Gaudy Welsh exists in many qualities. At its best, it displays a competence in line, proportion, composition, and color which the makers of Gaudy Dutch never attained; at its poorest, however, it appears clumsy and inept, with drawings out of proportion or badly balanced, and colors smudged.

Salient characteristics of Gaudy Welsh are the prominent use of heavy blue—sometimes purplish or reddish blue—and the lavish employment of gilt, both in some cases out of proportion to the surface they adorn. Blue was a difficult color for ceramists to handle because of its tendency to spread or run, and thus presented a challenge. Gaudy Welsh pieces run the whole gamut of competence in this respect. The gilt, frequently used to define the markings in foliage, sometimes tended to be absorbed by the blue—or to stand out too brilliantly. Here, especially, there is a wide range; “top” pieces may strongly resemble Royal Worcester, but lesser pieces could never be confused with it.

Presumably, Gaudy Welsh was made over a longer span of time than was Gaudy Dutch. Pieces known to be early were usually unmarked (after the American Revolution and at the time of the War of 1812 English manufacturers were understandably reluctant to label their export wares as English-made); later pieces bearing makers’ names are sometimes of obviously inferior quality. Soft-paste pieces finally gave way to ironstone, often unusually thick and



Gaudy Welsh in transition. The Strawberry pattern here combines a number of motifs used in other soft-paste wares.

heavy, and the vogue for Gaudy Welsh seems to have ended at that point.

In the beginning of contemporary interest in Gaudy Welsh, it appeared that, like the Gaudy Dutch, it existed only in pieces principally used for tea services. However, as attics and storehouses have begun to yield up their long-forgotten pieces, it now seems evident—with dinner-size plates, platters, large pitchers, etc., coming to light—that it was made in full dinner sets as well. A favorite sales combination seems to have been the matching plate, cup, and saucer, a unit generally popular as a gift in late Victorian times.

Gaudy Welsh as a collectible is still too new—in spite of its age—to have acquired a full complement of names for its various patterns, and some of the existing ones seem far-fetched or over-imaginative. Seeing-Eye, Adam and Eve, and Pinwheel border on the implausible; Strawberry and Tulip are more obviously representational. Curiously enough, some of the most attractive ones are still unnamed.

There is no satisfactory evidence as to why it was called *Gaudy Welsh*, although obvious suggestions—that it was popular in Wales, made in Wales, decorated in Wales, or was popular with the Welsh in Pennsylvania—have been offered. It is not improbable that some of the Welsh decorators who did such fine work on painted *tôle* may have turned their hands toward decorating chinaware also, and in so doing achieved a kind of anonymous mass immortality.



The Seeing Eye in Gaudy Welsh ironstone. The shape of the dark area near the center is said to suggest that of the human eyeball!

After the time of the better Gaudy Welsh, a watery-looking, frequently indistinctly-patterned ware now known as Flow Blue achieved a limited popularity. Often heavy and lacking in grace, it has, however, its admirers. And somewhere between bona fide Gaudy Welsh and bona fide Flow Blue we find pieces with characteristics of both: floral designs, leaves, and gilt from Gaudy Welsh, and an indeterminate "flowing" blue of varying intensity, blending with the white background. This ware may have been transitional and seems to have been experimental; whether it should be in-

cluded with the Gaudys is open to question. Many Flow Blue patterns are known by their original trade names, stamped on the back—Amoy, Scinde, Oregon, Manila, Chusan, Tonquin, Temple, Hong Kong, Chapoo, and Gothic, among others.

Purists are likely to close the ranks of Gaudy at this point with the characteristic use of blue and gilt as their criterion. Others include a number of more or less similar wares, pointing to common characteristics which seem to merit their inclusion in the ranks.

Chief among these is a soft-paste pattern known as King's Rose. Its characteristic feature is a prominent orange-red rose shown in semi-profile. On a plate, the design is off-center, the remainder of the space being filled in with non-representational flowers in yellow with red fringed or dotted borders. It is in the foliage that actual resemblance to other Gaudy is most evident; the part-yellow, part-green leaves are identical with leaves on some Gaudy Dutch designs, and curling tendrils used to extend the composition are employed in the same way.

Queen's Rose has marked points of similarity with King's Rose, save that the focal flower is pink and in general the design is daintier. Queen's Rose often has a pink border—which, except for its pinkness, is strikingly similar to the blue border on some patterns of Gaudy Dutch. Perhaps because they have long been sought after, both the King's Rose and the Queen's Rose, in the tea set pieces in which they are found, have become very rare. The abundant use of yellow in both was probably an experimental substitution for gold or gilt. No satisfactory reason for the name of either has been given, but speculation has it that "King's" and "Queen's" were used to lend importance or seeming authority to a product which needed advertising.

Consistently popular with collectors over a long period of time has been Strawberry—a soft-paste ware with a real-

The King's Rose, in a sharply-detailed dinner-size plate.



The ever-popular Strawberry pattern, in realistic colors—but with the equally popular rose playing a minor role.



istic over-all representation of this popular fruit. There are three points of marked similarity with other pieces in the Gaudy category: Its leaves are identical in shape with the leaves on Gaudy Welsh Strawberry, though they are green and yellow instead of blue; its border is the pink border of Queen's Rose; and its minor decorations include a small pink rose used in a similar way in both King's and Queen's Rose.

Adams Rose, so named because of the maker's imprint on marked pieces, is a ware at once more colorful and more restrained than the three just named. Vivid red roses and equally vivid green foliage comprise the major decorations, and the scope of the composition is limited so that ample contrast with the dead-white background is provided. Its closest point of similarity with the other Gaudys comes in minor dotted circular designs, much like those of King's Rose.

"Stunning" is probably the word for Cabbage Rose—a flower and leaf over-all pattern not unlike the other roses, but of gigantic proportions. Said to be oldest of all the Gaudys, it has enjoyed such popularity that pieces out of private collections are all but non-existent. It has also, alone among the Gaudys, the dubious distinction of having been faked.

Records on inexpensive export wares were less carefully kept than records of more important products; further, with competition at home increasing and the day not far off when export markets could provide their own competition, Staffordshire wares succeeded one another rapidly and in bewildering variety.

It is not strange, therefore, that establishing positive dates of manufactures is difficult. However, Gaudy Dutch is considered most venerable, and was probably circulating before the close of the Eighteenth Century. King's Rose, Queen's Rose, Cabbage Rose, and Strawberry probably

appeared not much later. Adams Rose certainly enjoyed a more protracted period of manufacture, and has more survivals to offer as evidence. Some Gaudy Welsh was undoubtedly early, if one assumes its verisimilitude with Royal Worcester as evidence, but equally obviously some of it was Victorian—and not very good Victorian.

One thing is incontrovertible: Among the more conservative tableware which preceded and followed them, the Gaudys stand as a bright exclamation point of taste in a bygone day.

*Cabbage Rose in an over-size dinner plate.
The central flower is pink, with red over-strokes.*



Fluted-edge dinner plate in Adams Rose. The Adams pottery was established in Stoke, England, in 1880, and continued for many years thereafter.



Summer on the back Hespeler-Aberfoyle road in Puslinch Township, Ontario.

Pennsylvania Dutch CANADA

By ALFRED L. SHOEMAKER

Within recent years Pennsylvanians have become aware of a sizable Pennsylvania Dutch dialect-speaking settlement in Waterloo County, Toronto, Canada.

Though there were the usual and not infrequent visits back and forth among Pennsylvania's and Canada's Plain People, Dr. Arthur D. Graeff was the first Pennsylvanian really to "discover" our Dutch cousins above the border. In 1948 the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society published the Graeff account: *The Pennsylvania Germans in Ontario, Canada*.

On the Canadian side there are two personalities who have showed a marked interest in their Pennsylvania heritage. The one is Mabel Dunham, the author of a popular novel treating of Dutch Canada's roots: *The Trail of the Conestoga*; the other is Dr. George Elmore Reaman. The latter's

study of the Pennsylvania Dutch leaven in Canada is to be published shortly under the title *The Trail of the Black Walnut*.

The folk art editor of the *Dutchman*, Olive G. Zehner, lectured in the Area of the Twenty last winter. And more recently representatives from the Dutch areas of Canada visited and participated in the sixth annual Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival in Kutztown.

The migration from Pennsylvania to Canada commenced in the closing years of the Eighteenth Century. The cause of migration was an economic one, a search for new and cheap acres. The Pennsylvanians were from among our Plain Dutch, Mennonites in the main.

There is today a considerable body of non-Plain Pennsylvania Dutch-speaking Canadians in Waterloo County—

*Photographs by David L. Hunsberger
St. Jacobs, Ontario, Canada*



The Isaac High farm at Vineland Station, Ontario, in the Niagara Peninsula. About 50,000 acres in this part of Ontario are devoted to fruit growing: mainly peaches, pears, plums, cherries and grapes. This section of Ontario was mainly settled by Mennonites at the end of the 1700's who came there from Pennsylvania.



Three styles of Old Order Mennonite bonnets on women attending the Elmira Pig Fair, a monthly auction sale.

Overcoats with capes are dying out among the Old Order Mennonite men in Waterloo County. This is a street scene in Elmira.



Lutherans and even some Catholics, but these are the descendants of mid-Nineteenth Century immigrants directly from Germany. These later immigrants all forsook their own dialects for Pennsylvania Dutch.

On two recent visits to Pennsylvania Dutch Canada, the editor of the *Dutchman* visited small villages where the whole population—young and old alike—talk Dutch, something that we cannot match anywhere in the Dutch Country itself, excepting among the Amish and a few of the ultra-conservative Mennonite groups.

The series of photographs here are by David L. Hunsberger. Mr. Hunsberger who is noted for his photographs of Canadian Dutch life here gives us an excellent view of Dutch Canada, its farms, its meetinghouses, its horsedrawn transportation, and its Plain People.



Dinner time at an Old Order Mennonite barn raising near St. Jacobs.



An Old Order (House) Amish bonnet worn by an Amish lady from Perth County, west of Waterloo County, Ontario.

An Old Order Mennonite woman. These folk are sometimes called Wisler Mennonites. This woman was attending an auction sale at Elmira, Ontario.



Old Order Mennonite buggies fording the Conestogo river on the way home from meeting near St. Jacobs.

A "dach-wegli" (covered buggy) used by older member of the Old Order Mennonite faith standing outside the Martin Meetinghouse near St. Jacobs.





Late fall near Flesherton, Ontario.



An unusual type of three-seater carriage used by the Old Order Mennonites of Waterloo County. This one was at the Martin Meetinghouse between Waterloo and St. Jacobs.



A lineup of horses and carriages behind the Martin Meetinghouse south of St. Jacobs.



Old Order Mennonite Meetinghouse on highway 85 between Waterloo and St. Jacobs, Ontario.



Carriages lined up behind Martin's Meetinghouse near St. Jacobs. The owners of these buggies are members of the Old Order Mennonite faith and do not use cars.



The Conestogo Old Order Mennonite Meetinghouse west of St. Jacobs.

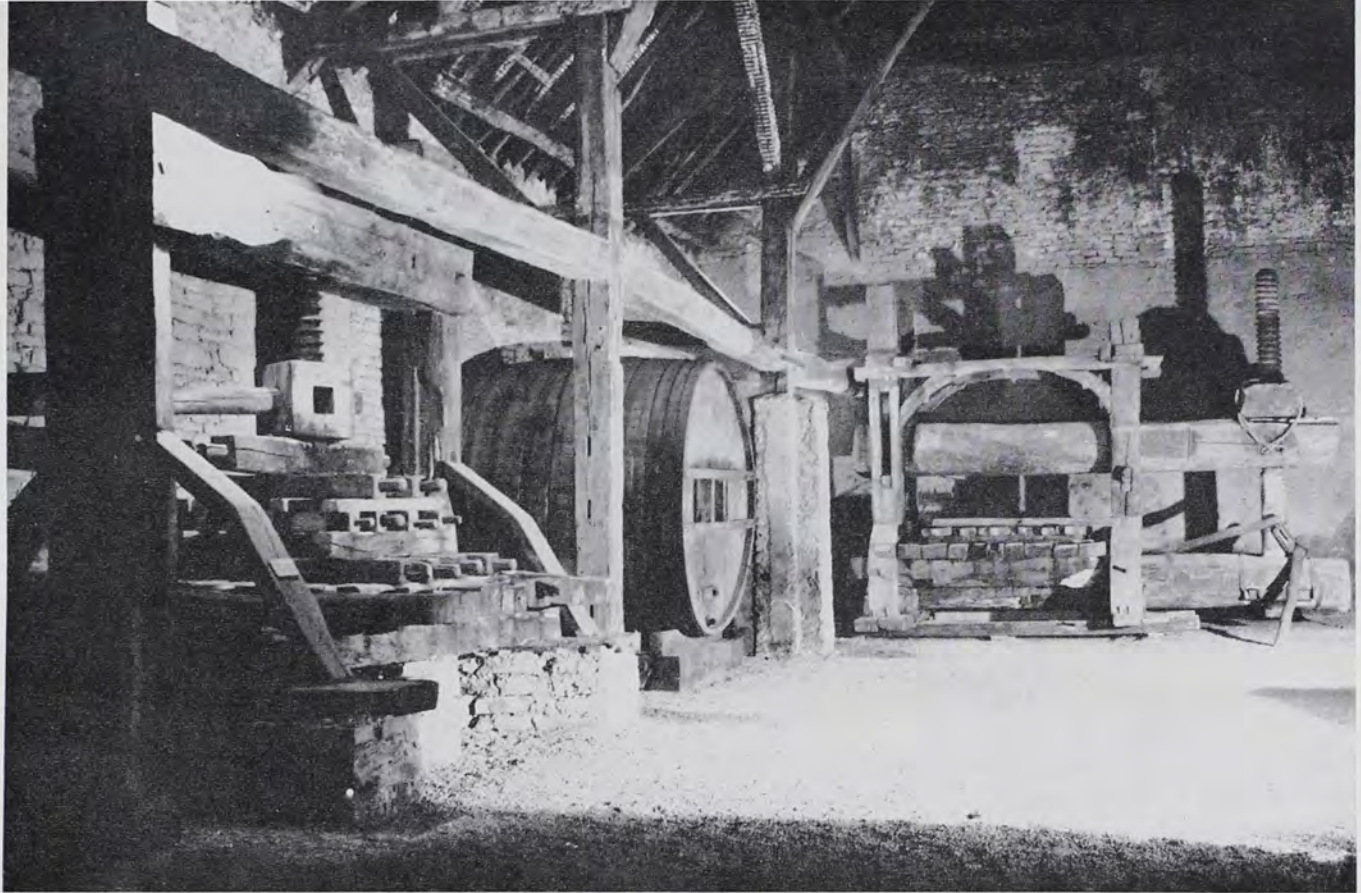


FIGURE 1: *Cellar at Beaune (Cote d'Or). Courtesy of the National Museum of Arts and Folk Traditions.*

Giant Cider Press

*at the Jordan Historical Museum of the Twenty
Jordan, Ontario, Canada*

By RUTH M. HOME

In the history of some industries, the problem of who started them is insoluble, for man, being the kind of animal he is, reacts to similar conditions no matter what part of the world he happens to live in. Thus with presses—it is impossible to say who got the idea of extracting juice by pressure first, for, generally speaking wherever there is anything squeezable, there some sort of juice extractor is likewise to be found. Hence you find a simple squeezing of pulp, by means of twisting a container with two sticks, turning up in the Western Hemisphere, in West Africa and in ancient Egypt.

The type of press in the Jordan Museum postulates an origin in areas where large timbers were available or could be imported. There is a plethora of evidence of their existence all over Europe. In the Mediterranean area, these giant presses were in general use from early times for the extraction of olive oil. Evidence in the form of grinders, grinding circles and bases are to be found in Greece dating to the classical period, and in Pompeii, overwhelmed by volcanic dust in 79 A.D., a press may still be seen. A press for oil would likewise be used for grapes. Grape vines were introduced into Europe from Persia in pre-historic times and in the seventh century before Christ, the God Bacchus became incorporated into the Greek Pantheon. In short, wood presses based on the fulcrum principle were in common use in the Mediterranean area long before the birth of Christ.

Whether the north borrowed from the Mediterranean area, or whether they developed a similar press locally, I do not know, but apples and whale oil, native to the north, need pressing for the extraction of their precious liquid and giant trees were common in Northern Europe. Hence the giant press is probably very old, although the earliest one that I have been able to locate dates only to the XIII Century. Many are still in use at the present time. The two illustrated in figure 1 date from the Middle Ages.

Figure 1 shows a cellar at Beaune Cote d'Or. Here the two presses may be seen together with a puncheon for the storage of the wine. Both presses work on the same principle as the one at Jordan, though in both the beam is shorter and the bottom part of the screw is held rigidly in place by a second beam.

Among the emigrants to the New World in the XVIIth Century were those who registered themselves as vintners. Although the European grape did not take kindly to our winters, apples did, so the vintners probably used their experience for the making of cider. In 1683 in New Jersey, trees in their eighth year from seedling, without grafting, would yield a "barrell of cyder" (8 Scots Gallons).¹ Cider became the common drink of the people, used freely even by the children at breakfast. In 1721, 3000 barrels were made for the use of one village of 40 families.

¹ Harry B. Weiss: *History of Cider Making and Applejack—1954.*



FIGURE 2: *Cider making on Long Island. Signed Wm. M. Davis. C. 1871. Courtesy of New York State Historical Association, Cooperstown, N. Y.*

Nor did the emigrants neglect the grape. In the XVIIth Century many books were published in Europe in English and German on the planting of vines and the making of wine. These found their way across the ocean and were read eagerly, for there was much experimentation with the native vines and the transplanting of the European varieties. Some of the Virginia planters had vineyards. A description of Robert Beverly's appears in a journal kept by John Fontaine in 1715. He wrote, "After breakfast we went to see Mr. Beverly's vineyard. . . . When we were in his vineyard, we saw several sorts of vines which are natural and grew here in the woods. This vineyard is situated upon the side of a hill and consists of about three acres of land. He assures us that he made this year about 400 gallons of wine. . . . He hath a wine press."²

Evidence of the same experimentation may be found in the northern colonies. By the early years of the XIXth century, the growing of the grape for the manufacture of wine became established as an industry by the people of the Mennonite faith.

The press used for the making of cider would naturally be used for the making of wine. Even the rotating crusher for the preliminary grinding to make pomace could be employed. A most interesting picture of a crusher and press in action is shown in Figure 2. It is a painting by Wm. M. Davis dating to 1871. Now in the museum at Cooperstown, To the left is the giant wheel or crusher, in principle identical with that of ancient Greece. To the right is the press, the basket of which is filled to the top with pomace alternating with layers of straw, which has been brought on the wheelbarrow in the foreground. The wood shovels and barrels with bungs of straw are both important accessory details.

Of the many giant presses undoubtedly in use in the colonies along the Atlantic Seaboard, few have come down to us. Of these, the most important are perhaps those at the Landis Valley Museum and the huge Spermecetti press in the Old Candle House of the Nantucket Historical Association at Nantucket, Mass. This monster is two stories high and at one time had a brother. An interesting story is woven around it in the book entitled "Three Bricks and Three Brothers" by Will Gardner.

Apples flourished equally well in the Niagara district of Canada West. Oral tradition states that the first families

made wine from the native grapes. We know that apples, grapes and small fruits were all well established in the area by 1829. Cider and vinegar thus became important by-product of the farm. Where wood was the most common commodity, it was inevitable that the giant press should be reproduced.

The giant press in the Museum is the only one left of the several that used to be in local operation. The others have been burnt or dismantled for the timber, as the interests of the family shifted. The one now at the Museum was originally the property of Mr. Alpheus Fry, who generously presented it to the Museum in 1953. He cannot remember when it was not in the barn and he vividly remembers walking around the screw. As the land has been in the possession of the Fry family since 1814 or 1815, the press may date from the first quarter of the Nineteenth Century. There used to be two of them in the same barn and Mr. Fry's father did a rushing business in the apple season, making cider for the community. The farmers would bring their apples to be crushed and pressed and as they waited they would gossip and exchange news. So much of a social centre was the press that notices were frequently fastened to it as a means of communication to the area of The Twenty. I first was introduced to it in the spring of 1952 when I was talking to Mr. Fry about his ancestor, Samuel Fry, the weaver. As I was leaving, Mr. Fry asked me if I should like to see a cider press. Thinking it was nothing more unusual than the common screw type, I walked politely over to the barn and there it was.

It is, however, one thing to be given a monster some 27 feet long, and another to house it appropriately. Fortunately, Jordan Wines Limited, had preserved an old School House for the community and they generously added this building to the one they had already set aside for the Museum. Hence, because of the gift, the Museum expanded suddenly from one to two buildings.

On moving it to the Museum, it was found necessary to replace the lower beams by new ones, as may be seen in Figures 3 and 4. Unfortunately, Mr. Fry had disposed of the old crusher for making the pomace some years previously. Otherwise, the Museum would have been the proud possessor of a complete cider mill.

Figure 5 is a diagram to show the operation of the press. It also gives some idea of the proportions. The main beam

² Courtesy, Research Section Colonial Williamsburg.

is 19 inches square and a little over 27 feet long. The screw of black walnut is 12 inches in diameter and seven feet long, excluding the pin and the base into which went the handle.

We are very proud of our press at Jordan and consider it one of our prize pieces. Because of the generosity of Mr. Fry in presenting it, and the generosity of Jordan Wines Limited in sponsoring the Museum, it is being preserved for posterity as a rare example of a pioneer industry.

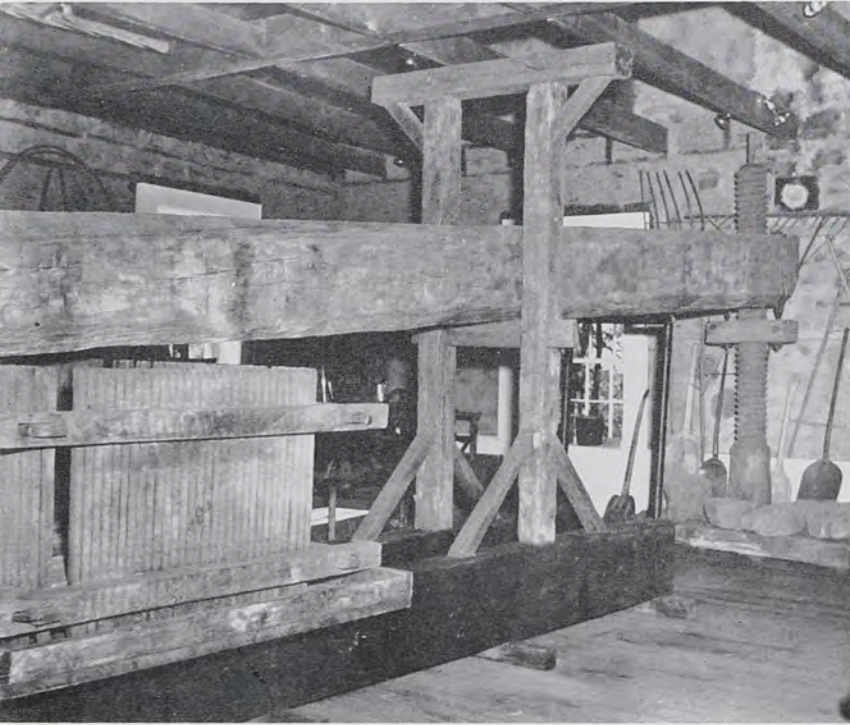


FIGURE 3: Right end of the press as it now stands in the Jordan Historical Museum of the Twenty

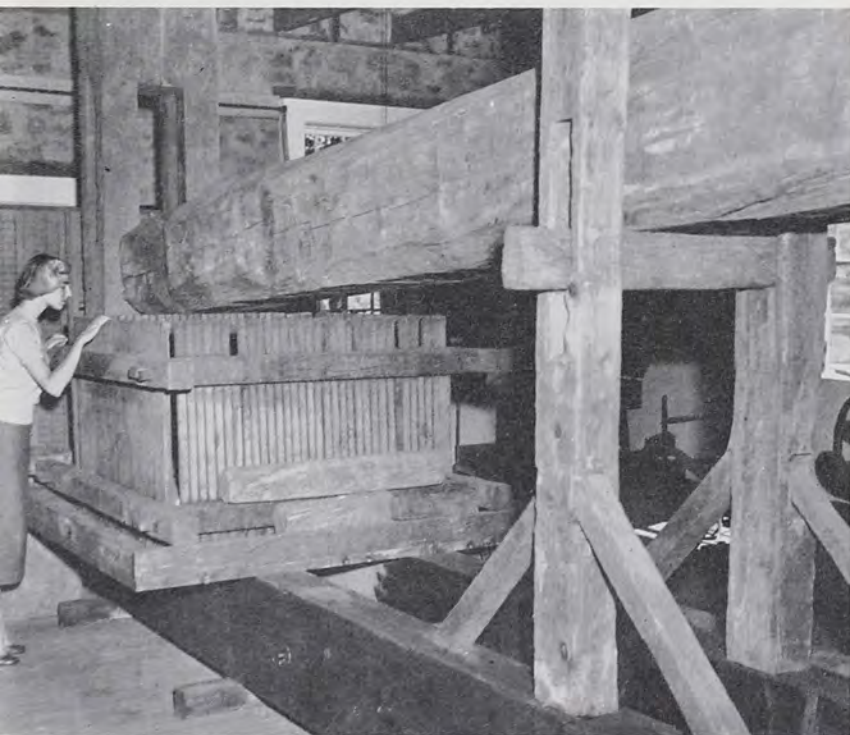
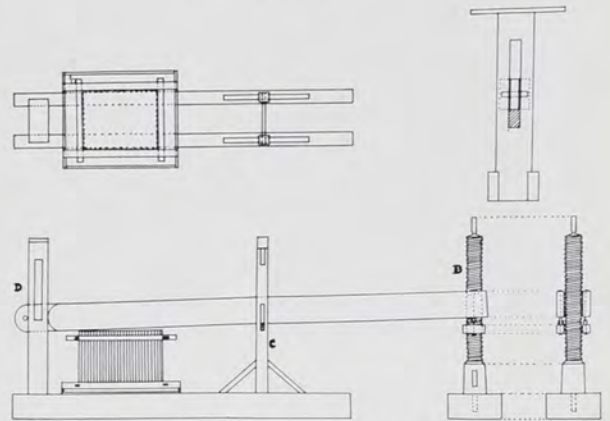


FIGURE 4: Left, or basket end of the press as it now stands in the Jordan Historical Museum of the Twenty.

FIGURE 5: Diagram to show the operation of the fruit press.



THE OPERATION OF THE FRUIT PRESS

FIRST POSITION—The beam rests on crossbar with fulcrum at C. To fill the basket, turn the screw B counter clockwise. This lifts end of beam at D to the upper part of the notch and frees the top of the basket. The basket is lined with wheat straw and then is heaped with alternate layers of fruit (pomace) and straw. The whole is covered with planks, and logs (lagging) are placed on top. The lagging, pomace, wheat straw and planks now are as high as the beam.

SECOND POSITION—Now the screw at B is turned clockwise so that the full weight of the beam falls on the lagging. The beam will thus be supported by the basket and will no longer rest on C or fulcrum. Remove the bar at C, shown by diagonal lines.

THIRD POSITION—The weight of the beam will already have pressed out some liquid so some space will have been made above beam at D. This space above must now be filled transversely with blocks, in order that the beam at D will be held down firmly.

FOURTH POSITION—Turn screw at B still clockwise to bring end of beam downwards. This operation lifts the screw, platform and stone weights off the ground to a height of three feet. The beam being held down at D, the basket becomes the fulcrum rather than C and the whole process acts like a giant lever, exerting a force of some eighteen or twenty tons. The pin at the top of the screw was to keep the screw on the nut. There were strong men in Jordan in the early days.

Pennsylvania Dutch Needlework

Where Did the Worker Find Her Patterns?

By FRANCES LICHTEN

The Moors brought the needle—that tiny but most important tool of civilization—into Europe. Since then, all through the centuries, women have felt an urge to devise patterns for decorative needlework. The best evidence we have in existence is the Bayeux tapestry, that amazing undertaking in stitchery, 231 feet long. Worked in eight colors of worsted, it depicts the conquest of England by the Normans and is supposed to have been executed by contemporary needlewomen.

Ornamental embroidery was a task to which ladies of high rank devoted many hours a day, leaving the utilitarian sewing to the household maids. Before the 17th century they were obliged to create their own patterns, but about that time there began to appear engraved pattern books. This new type of publication offered them a generous range of motifs. But if they felt disinclined to design their own patterns or even copy them from such volumes, their rank enabled them to command the services of the outstanding artists of their day for their projects. There still exist more than a few examples of needlework inspired by paintings and engravings executed by well-known artists.

In former times most gentlewomen could draw. The ability to use pencil and color was one of the few essentials in female education—one of the "accomplishments." Much of the art work the ladies produced was feeble, in most cases but pale copies of studies supplied them by the drawing master. Occasionally, however, certain women who possessed genuine artistic ability turned to nature instead of prints and produced sketch books filled with excellent

studies of birds and flowers. Such women, when they needed inspiration for a new piece of needlework, had only to select and combine motifs from studies they had previously made.

Even if they lacked artistic skill or contacts with designers, they were nevertheless quite ingenious in locating new sources of material which would forward their plans for needlework. If they turned to their stately libraries, a random search on the shelves would undoubtedly disclose one of those magnificent volumes of engravings which, in the 18th century, were then revealing newly discovered flora and fauna to a public eager to learn of the world's wonders. In such a volume they probably found the inspiration they sought. From evidence the ladies themselves have left in certain volumes of this type, one can see that there were those who did not trouble even to take up their pencils to do their own copying. "On the pages of an old garden book," mourns the 19th century owner of a 17th century herbal, "some Philistine lady of the last century has, with patient industry, pricked some of the flowers and insects all round for the purpose of taking the outlines for needlework."

Such evidence proves one of the sources of upper-class inspiration. But where did old-time country women—and I am thinking of Pennsylvania Dutch farm women in particular—derive their inspirations for needlework? Though they were completely cut off from conventional sources of cultural influence, they still managed to produce an occasional piece of admirable handwork. I have often con-

ILLUSTRATION
NO. 1: Rug worked
on black wool back-
ground with the
brightly colored
wools favored by
Victorian needle-
women. The design
was traced from that
of dower chest. See
Illustration No. 2.

Courtesy: Norman Smith,
Lenhartsville, Pa.



cerned myself about their source of designs, particularly on pieces which appear to have been made after their own folk art traditions—which had flourished for over a century—had completely died out.

Recently my interest in this subject was stimulated on seeing several unusual pieces of needlework made by Pennsylvania Dutch country women—all splendid examples of folk design. Two were very similar embroidered rugs, the other a cushion embroidered in wools. The character of both fabric and embroidery materials indicated that they were made during Victorian days, though none bore any trace of the period's sentimentality in color or design nor of the Victorian passion for Berlin woolwork which dominated the taste of the ladies of those decades. One may therefore conclude that Godey's *Lady's Book* and similar publications of the Victorian era had made but little headway in Pennsylvania Dutch sections of the very state in which these then invaluable volumes were published. This need occasion no surprise. These magazines were printed in English, and English was not the tongue in which rural Pennsylvania Dutch carried on the affairs of daily life. Indeed, they adhered to their own dialect up into the 20th century—a fact which points to their innate conservatism. Today, after a century of public education they have become bi-lingual, though one can still meet with an elderly person who speaks only Pennsylvania Dutch.

These two embroidered rugs and the cushion were found in the same rural district, one which maintains its primitive quality in spite of the slick concrete highways which wind around its rolling, tree-clad hills. To find embroidered rugs in a Pennsylvania Dutch region is in itself unusual; this type of embroidered piece seems much more at home in a cool New England parlor than it does in a humble workaday Pennsylvania farmhouse.

While these rugs are far more modest in conception than the New England variety of needleworked rug, both are similarly executed on dark grounds; one on fine woolen cloth, the other on black sateen. In embroidering these rugs with her traditional folk motifs the needlewoman used the brightly colored wools of Victorian days, restricting herself

ILLUSTRATION NO. 2: *Sketch made by author of decoration from dower chest which furnished the pattern for the embroidered rug shown in Illustration No. 1.*



ILLUSTRATION NO. 3: *The fine design quality of folk art is evinced in this naive and charming treatment of familiar motifs. Cushion embroidered in homespun wools.*

Courtesy: Norman Smith, Lenhartsville, Pa.

in the main to two simple stitches—outline and chain stitch. A touch of buttonhole stitch adds variety to the borders. See *Illustration no. 1.*

These borders, alike on both rugs, were very simply planned, and were probably marked out with the aid of a pattern snipped from cardboard—a common method of our grandmothers. But it took more than the help of a snipped paper pattern to achieve the well-designed motifs in the field of both rugs. When I first examined them, I thought that the pieces represented a personal artistic expression; that the embroiderer had conceived the motifs, sketched them in freehand and then worked them along the lines she had marked upon the fabric. As I admired the excellence of the design, a doubt crept into my mind; the motifs seemed somewhat familiar suddenly. I remembered the decorations on a Pennsylvania German dower chest—one of the rarer varieties, of which I had made a drawing. Turning to my files, I located it at once. See *Illustration no. 2.* I then gladly relinquished my idea that the rugs were original creations in the Pennsylvania Dutch folk idiom for the keen pleasure a researcher feels upon locating with certainty the source of inspiration. One glance at my own drawing convinced me that the old-time needlewoman and I had both taken our patterns from the identical chest, which, even at the time the rug was being worked, must have been regarded as a venerable piece. Similar pieces bearing dates show that the craftsman who executed them was working all through the last quarter of the 18th century; these dates run from 1773 to 1789, if not later.

In adopting her design for the rug from this particular craftsman's work, the needlewoman made an excellent choice for the craftsman was that same highly skilled person who produced the impressive "unicorn" dower chests, those much sought-after pieces of Pennsylvania Dutch origin. Though he did not restrict himself to unicorns alone, his work is still easy to identify. Unlike some of his fellow decorators, he was a man of more than one idea, and was skillful in arranging in various ways the other decorative motifs which were part of his equipment. He was unquestionably a gifted designer—an artist-craftsman.

The third piece of embroidered work, equally an expression of local folk art, was a cushion with a corded edge, designed as well as executed in a distinctive style. Its bold decoration consists of a handled basket, with four flowers, a few leaves, and two birds. Both birds are placed on the same side of the composition, but somehow this engaging informality contributes to the balance of the arrangement. The embroidery is worked in parallel lines of wide stitches built up to a quite high relief. For this purpose homespun wools are used on a warm neutral ground. In color it follows the regional preference for red, yellow, green, and brown, but because the wools are homespun and the dyeing a domestic effort, these usually strong colors emerged from the family dye-pot with a most attractive softness. See illustration no. 3.

Though I have also seen a hooked rug bearing the identical basket motif, I have not yet discovered the provenance of this striking design. The basket motif seems to suggest that both craftswomen may have turned to the same source for their inspiration. This may have been a floral woodcut of the Empire period or perhaps was derived from one of the many stylized baskets of flowers which were features of the later samplers. The basket of mixed flowers, while a commonplace in designs of English or French origin, was a late comer to Pennsylvania Dutch folk art motifs. It made its entry into the world of tulip sprays only a short time before all formalized decoration was replaced by the flagrantly naturalistic blossoms of the Victorian era.

In *Illustration no. 6* is a handsome rug, featuring two roosters, worked in homespun wools in the same technique as that used on the cushion, illustration no. 3. Very large woodcuts of crowing cocks were once used on newspapers as symbols of political victory—a Democratic victory. The cock was the classic adornment for church steeples; it became the symbol of the political triumph of the Democratic party in 1841 as the result of a contest in Indiana. At that time one Joseph Chapman announced, long before the election, that his party (the Democrats) would be the winners. "Crow, Chapman, crow," was a slogan used derisively by his opponents—one taken up all over the country. The Democrats did win, however, and the day after the election an Indiana newspaper featured an enormous cock on its front page. That the symbol at once became popular is evidenced by examples of roosters in woodcuts which appear in that decade in catalogues of type ornaments for the use of printers.

In a very rare example of one of these catalogues issued in 1849, Louis Pelouze, a notable typesetter of Philadelphia, presents a fine woodcut of one of these magnificent fowl as a pictorial ornament which he was ready to furnish to the trade along with his splendid type faces. The needlewoman who devised this rug design had only to save the issue of a paper which flaunted this symbol of victory, and then had a pattern available whenever she needed it.

Though the rural Pennsylvania Dutch needlewoman may have lacked the usual sources of decorative inspiration, in one sense she was more fortunate than women who lived in other sections of the United States. She was a person with a folk art tradition behind her. Because of this she was never without a certain amount of inherited decorative material in her environment to which she could resort for artistic inspiration. Besides the dower chests and an occasional piece of ornamented ceramic, she could probably see—framed on the wall or pasted inside the lid of the dower chest, or even painted inside the covers of hymn book or Bible—various examples of *fraktur*—the ornamental Pennsylvania Dutch calligraphy so bright in color, so pranked



ILLUSTRATION NO. 4: Linen show-towel embroidered in the brilliant wools of Victorian days. By the 1840's this material began to replace the simple red cotton of the earlier types.

Courtesy: Index of American Design National Gallery, Washington, D. C.

out with the favorite motifs of her forebears. These objects then, were her pattern books—these stiff tulips in urns, these birds on floral sprays, these geometrical figures.

After Berlin wools were introduced in Victorian days, Pennsylvania Dutch women found their brilliant colors and smooth textures so alluring that they discarded the homespun wools and techniques sanctified by many decades of needlework tradition in favor of working in a freer way with these inviting skeins of bright color. By the 1840's we find them already experimenting with them. With the bright wools they produced some striking pieces, particularly on the "show towels," those embroidered panels which every maiden worked as part of her *aussteier* (trousseau). For motifs the girls sometimes turned, as did the rug embroiderer mentioned earlier, to the folk material at hand.

One such show towel, made over a century ago, is decorated with a pair of birds on sprays. These birds were traced, it is evident, from the common variety of printed birth certificate familiar to anyone acquainted with Pennsylvania folk art. It is the type printed from woodcuts which in-

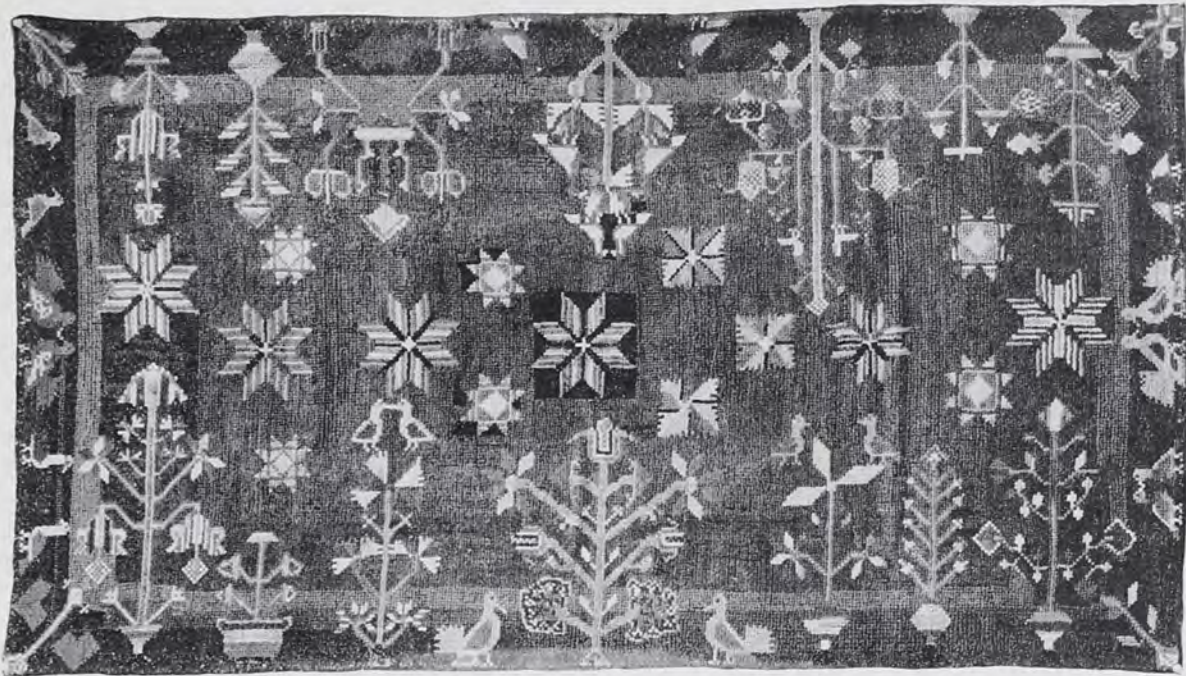


ILLUSTRATION NO. 5: Rug worked in cross-stitch, with motifs taken from pattern books of cross-stitch intended primarily for work on linens and samplers.

Courtesy: Metropolitan Museum of Art

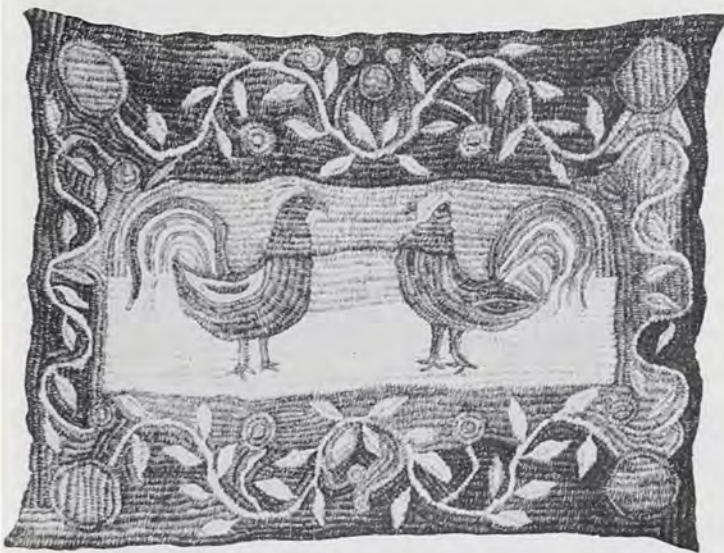


ILLUSTRATION NO. 6: Conventional vine and flower forms surround a pair of fowl. Roosters such as these used to be featured on newspapers as symbols of political victory.

Courtesy: Index of American Design National Gallery, Washington, D. C.

variably displays two angels and two pairs of large birds, balancing themselves serenely on frail twisting sprays. As the evidence indicates, the young embroiderer was not capable of creating a pattern for herself, so I can imagine the pleasure she experienced when she saw that these birds on the certificate were exactly the right size for her purpose. With very little trouble she acquired the motif for her embroidery project; by simply holding the certificate against the window pane and laying a scrap of paper over it, she could trace

the bird motif very easily. By the same or an equally simple process, she could then transfer it to the piece of linen she was going to use.

In early days, pattern-books for cross-stitch were part of every woman's gear. A girl might feel that she should adhere to tradition and use these time-honored patterns for her show-towels but, if she was in any way touched by the spirit or fashion of the day, she might discard the skeins of red cotton thread her forebears judged correct for this work and use instead the gayest of aniline-dyed wools, which were the newest fashion. See no. 4.

Though cross-stitch patterns were intended primarily for embroidery on linens, we find that one ambitious maiden used them as inspiration for an elaborate wool-worked rug. See no. 5. Every inch of this rug's surface was worked in cross-stitch with the type of design usually seen on towels. At any time such a rug was an ambitious undertaking, but this rug bears an undeniable stamp that it was planned for her *aussteier* and destined for her future home. The evidence for this assumption is presented in an engaging way: three of the corners are filled with a formal design, in the fourth, the Pennsylvania Dutch worker announced the purpose for which she was making the rug by slyly replacing the conventional cross-stitch design of the pattern-books with two somewhat angular but unmistakable hearts.

As this rug is still in fairly good condition, one deduces that, like so many pieces of fine handwork which were stored away in dower chests, it was always considered "too good to use." We may smile today at this point of view—one shared by all our thrifty forebears—but we cannot deny that we today have benefited by it. Without it, we would not have one specimen of the painstaking needlework of the women of long ago—those women who found in the slow setting of one stitch next another a restful pastime and an outlet for their craving for a bit of beauty of their own devising.

The Pennsylvania German In Fiction 1935-1955

By PRESTON A. BARBA

NO ONE WILL deny the nation-wide surge of interest in the Pennsylvania Germans. It must be admitted however that much of this interest is synonymous with a superficial curiosity. The immoderate adaptation of folk art motifs in the arts and crafts, the popular folk festivals, the plays, the radio and television programs based upon the lore, traditions and folk ways of the Pennsylvania Germans satisfy a "seeing" and a "hearing" rather than a reading public, which may explain in part why the production of fiction about the Pennsylvania Germans is not commensurate with this manifested interest.

In his thoughtful essay, "Contemporary Fiction on the Pennsylvania Germans" (in Barba's *Deitsch Eck*, July 3, 1943) Donald R. Shenton plaintively asks "Why do we have no great regional literature of the Pennsylvania Dutch? No Ole Rolvaag, no Sherwood Anderson, Robert Frost, Sandburg, or Faulkner," and expresses the conviction that it is because the character of the Pennsylvania German has developed behind the wall of dialect. He believes that the artist who will eventually recreate the Pennsylvania Ger-

mans in narrative as living, thinking and feeling individuals must know their heart language so well that he can carry across the barrier the subtlest shadings of feeling and character. Charles C. More tried to solve this inherent difficulty by writing one novel after another in the dialect as the only proper medium. The fact remains that no "outsider" however able has sufficiently understood the racial, linguistic, psychological and social involvements and no "insider" with perhaps one notable exception, has in a larger way possessed the ability to transmute his material into the literary English idiom.

Let us consider briefly in the allotted space the fiction that has appeared in this field during the last two decades.

In 1934 Harcourt, Brace and Company published Thames Williamson's *D IS FOR DUTCH*, whose lurid contents aroused great indignation among the Pennsylvania readers. The writer, looking about him for fresh and sensational material, believed to have found it among the Pennsylvania German people. He ensconced himself for several months in the home of the Gable sisters in Lebanon County where he acquainted himself with dialect phrases, proverbs, pow-wowings, spook and hex stories, all of which, together with an overdose of sex, he wove, not without some skill, around a trite plot, bent on producing a sellable book, regardless of truth and integrity. Little wonder that his kind hostesses were shocked and exclaimed "Ach, Mr. Williamson, you should shame yourself to put such things in a book!"

Joseph W. Yoder's *ROSANNA OF THE AMISH* (1940), a charming narrative, served as an antidote to Williamson's sordid novel. The writer, reared in an Amish home, knew at first hand their customs and practices socially, economically and religiously. He desired to tell the truth about them, setting forth their virtues as well as their peculiarities "instead of holding them up to ridicule as some writers apparently delight to do." *ROSANNA AND THE AMISH*, and its sequel *ROSANNA'S BOYS* (1948), are not novels in the technical sense but rather chronicles commingling fact and fancy, in the course of which the reader acquires a detailed and accurate knowledge of the Amish and their ways of life.

ONE RED ROSE FOREVER by Mildred Jordan appeared in 1941. In this ambitious "first novel" the author has depicted the life of "Baron" Heinrich Stiegel, the famous colonial maker of glass, from the time we meet Stiegel as a rather quixotic but ambitious youth in Cologne down to his last tragic years in Pennsylvania. The author shows considerable ability in the invention of plot and in the development of the fictitious characters. She has carefully studied the available biographical material but allows herself considerable latitude in the employment of the same. The novel makes pretense of being historical only with regard to some of the characters and to the milieu of colonial Philadelphia, Lancaster and Manheim. It takes its name from the phrase Stiegel wrote into the deed, stipulating that rental for the land deeded to the Zion Evangelical Lutheran Church in Manheim in 1772 is to be one red rose forever.

Ella Mae Seyfert's *AMISH MOVING DAY* appeared in 1942. Her theme is a modern one: it deals with the Amish migrations from Pennsylvania to Maryland in 1939. In that year a number of Amish farmers left with their families the fair acres of Lancaster County that had for six generations flourished under the loving care of their ancestors, in order to create more acreage for their sons. But also they migrated as an act of protest against the relentless public school laws of the state, which they felt prevented them

from continuing the pattern of the economic and spiritual life as set for them by their forefathers. In this chronicle, it can hardly be called a novel, the author does not always distinguish between the Amish and the Mennonites, but she succeeds in conveying to her readers the intimate home life of the "plain people," the man's activities out upon the field, the woman's in the home, their religious and social life, in a spirit that indicates the sympathetic reaction of the author to her subject.

FLOODS OF SPRING (1942) by Henry Bellamann deserved a wider reading public because of the unusual treatment of the Pennsylvania German material that went into its making. Peter Kettring, the motivating character in the story, was born and reared in Philadelphia, the only child of Dr. Jonathan Kettring, a Presbyterian preacher. He had been given substantial training in the languages as a preparation for European study. But now comes the Civil War. Peter enlists, is torn out of his own world of thought and feeling and plunged into an "insanity of blood and fire, pain, disease and dirt." His father dies and Peter returns to an empty house on Spruce Street. He tries to return to his books but they have become meaningless. He remains bitter and disillusioned. Only in 1866 he begins to plan a new future for himself, and later in the year finds himself schoolmaster in a small village in the heart of the Pennsylvania German country, "this beautiful and peaceful region." He boards with the family of Anton Hummelfelder and here among these people he reaches all his important conclusions. But the intellectual and spiritual injuries he had received during the Civil War had left deep and lasting scars. Henceforth he would think for himself, reach his own conclusions and abide by them. But with this assurance also comes arrogance. Too proud to take anyone for his

actual model, he nevertheless early during his sojourn in Martins Grove recognized in Anton Hummelfelder qualities that he desired for himself. That aspect of completeness in Anton's relation to the world, that was what he himself needed. Something of Anton goes over unto Peter. He marries Savina, the daughter of Gabriel Umboltz, a rich farmer, and now, at the beginning of the novel we find Peter and Savina on a small river packet, making its way slowly up the Missouri River. The gentle Savina is reminded of the Susquehanna of her native state. She is a lonely soul for she speaks only the dialect of her own people. At St. Stephens Peter Kettring disembarks with his Pennsylvania German wife, purchases farm lands, and there, cut off from intrusions from the outer world, spends the rest of his days. But it is what becomes of this proud individualist, who went forth "in search of reality," who wished to rebuild a world of his own, that forms the body of this powerful novel.

Peter Kettring pays dearly for his grim, uncompromising insistence upon living his own life. Human fellowship and affection and all that might have been dear to him were sacrificed in Peter's long struggle. His family lived in fear of him; his first-born, David, whom he strikes to earth in a fit of rage, leaves home; Robby, a delicate and sensitive child, who writes Pennsylvania German dialect poetry for Pennsylvania papers, hides his needs and aspirations from his wealthy but forbidding father, slaves in the harvest fields to earn money wherewith to publish his dialect poetry, succumbs to typhoid fever; and the silently suffering Savina herself is lost at night in the river floods that destroy his farm lands. At the end of the struggle Peter emerges as a shattered and repentant old man, who, seeing the error of his ways, now finds refuge and solace in the books upon



An illustration entitled "Going to Preaching in the New Carriage" from Joseph W. Yoder's "Rosanna of the Amish."

which he had turned his back in the bitterness of his youth.—Like a dark *leit motif* heard ominously throughout a musical composition, the Missouri River flows hauntingly through the pages of this somber novel.

The author had an interesting career as acting Director of the Julliard Musical Foundation, Dean of the Curtis Institute of Music and Professor of Music at Vassar College. His best-seller "Kings Row" appeared in 1940. The early demise of this capable writer is to be deplored.

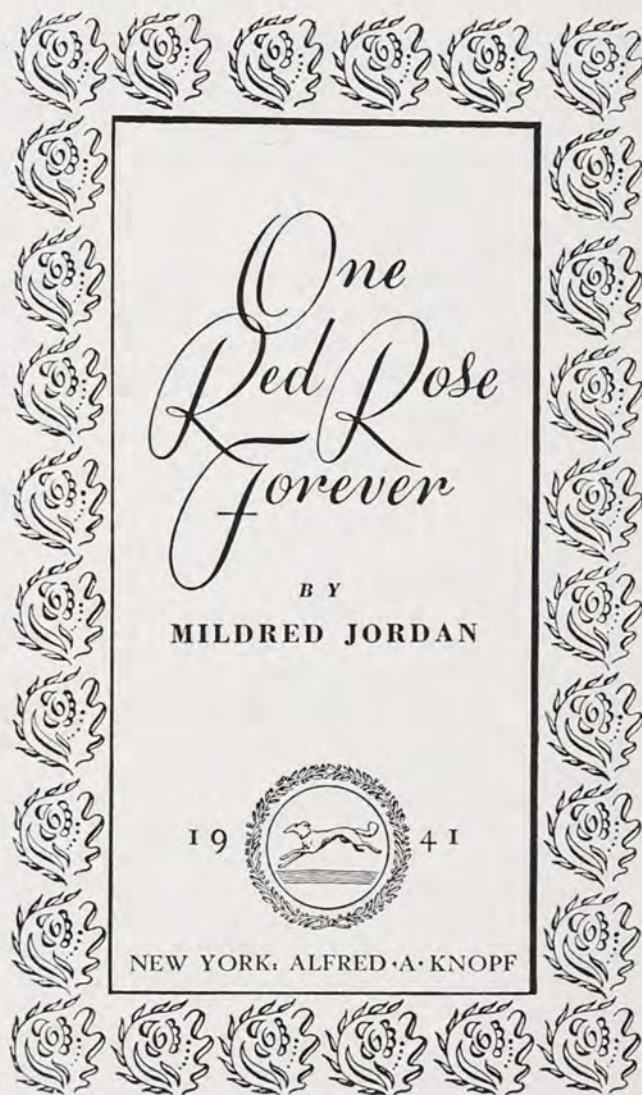
Mildred Jordan's second novel *APPLE IN THE ATTIC* appeared in 1942. In her prefatory chapter the author (in real life Mrs. J. Lee Bausher of Reading, Pa.) informs us that her novel is based upon a true story about a Pennsylvania German farmer and his wife. It is interesting to observe that nine years earlier the same was employed in "Stubborn-Heads," a prize short story published in *Liberty Magazine* (January 7, 1933). Curiously its author, Oliver Lentz, an attorney-at-law, also resided in Reading. Slender though the tale itself is it is told with facile artistry against a background the author had learned to know well in her adopted state. But for those who were rightly impressed with the talent which Mildred Jordan displayed upon that larger canvass, her historical romance *ONE RED ROSE FOREVER*, this second book is somewhat disappointing. We recognize that the theme does not offer the same opportunities, but we also recognize a yielding to that common demand which the Anglo-Saxon reading public has come to expect in a piece of fiction that has to do with the so-called Pennsylvania Dutch. The tyrannical father and husband, personification of the proverbial *furor teutonicus*, that had only recently been served to us in Patterson Greene's *PAPA IS ALL*, is the motivating force in the story. The irascible Jacob and his opposite, Emma, the exasperatingly meek and suffering wife, are placed in an Amish locale (since the Amish are so much more picturesque than the rest of us!). The story is then interwoven with the threads of our Pennsylvania German folklore and folk art: powwows, witch-doctors, hex signs on barns, even though they may not occur on Amish barns, *fraktur* *Taufscheine*, sgraffito plates and bridal chests, all interspersed with tulips, distelfinks, pomegranates, hearts, confrontal doves, schnitz un gnepp, buwe schenkel, saurkraut, shoofly cakes—these are the arabesques the author traces so profusely over the surface of a rather slender substructure.

One concludes that *APPLE IN THE ATTIC* approaches the borders of the many novels of Pennsylvania German life which came from the pen of Mrs. Helen Riemensnyder Martin's pen in the early decades of the twentieth century, and which brought her some money and a rapidly fading fame. But, in her prolog, Mildred Jordan does much to convince the reader that she is in sympathetic accord with the people among whom she has lived for the past twenty years. While we readily grant the literary artist the privilege of creating her own characters, we cannot accept her statement that she has met the prototypes of Jacob and Emma a thousand times in real life. But we can forgive her much for the golden sentence: "If New England's Puritans have been the soul of America, then I think the Pennsylvania Dutch have been the heart of America."

The year 1942 brought the flood-tide of fiction about the Pennsylvania Germans, for in this year also appeared Elsie Singmaster's *A HIGH WIND RISING*. On a scale of epic breadth it deals with the Palatine migrations to Pennsylvania and their part in the colonial history of our state and nation.

It is spring in the year 1728. In the valley of the Mohawk Indian women are planting maize. English traders with their pack-horses are plying among the Palatine settlers in the valley of the Schoharie and westward and southward among the Mohawks, Tuscaroras, Oneidas and Onondagas. One such trader has become enamored of Margaretta Schantz, a Palatine girl, and takes her with him, for there is "no way to marry on short notice in the wilderness." The trader meets with death among the Senecas and later Margaretta also perishes, leaving a little son, who is passed from one tribe to the other until he comes finally into the hands of the Mohawks. Little Bear, blond of hair and blue of eye, is now six years old. Ziguras, adopted son of the Six Nations, better known to us as Conrad Weiser, appears among the Mohawks in company with Chief Shekellimy. He takes Little Bear home with him and places him in the care of his wife Anna Eve, who recognizes in him the child of her girlhood friend Margaretta.

Fifteen years had passed since the Palatines had left Livingston Manor on the Hudson and had settled in Schoharie. But once again the security of these German settlers was threatened. A small group of them had already migrated thence to Pennsylvania and settled in the region of the Tulpehocken. Now a second group, some fifty families under Conrad Weiser's leadership, plans the long journey



The title-page of Mildred Jordan's "One Red Rose Forever."

thither. They press through the wilderness to the upper waters of the Susquehanna and up the Swatara. Here Little Bear, whom Conrad had baptized Bastian, is placed in the care of his maternal grandmother Anna Sabilla Schantz, who had come with the first group. With the Weisers and the Rieths and many others of her countrymen she had journeyed down the Rhine via Holland to England. Like them she had lingered many months amid want and disease on the Black Heath near London; there she had seen Queen Anne descend from her chariot to visit the suffering Palatines; she had endured the long voyage across the sea; she had suffered under the cruel Englishman Hunter at Livingston Manor on the Hudson; she had accompanied her surviving fellow countrymen through the Mohawk wilderness to Schoharie and finally to Pennsylvania. Here on her patch of earth wrested from the wilderness the widowed Anna Sabilla would rear her grandson Bastian and end her days in peace. This sturdy German pioneer, this "lively woman with a story for everything" not only does the many duties of her household and tills her fields, but she also finds time to feed the starving Indians, to teach Bastian the Ten Commandments and the Catechism in her native tongue, and to sit by the fireside and carve the many puppets which have had such a wide vogue among both traders and Indians and which brought her material prosperity. Gran'mom Anna Sabilla is the most fascinating character in the book.

However, the story is that of Bastian, of his boyhood, his coming to maturity, his relations with the Indians as a sort of understudy to the great Indian agent and Interpreter Conrad Weiser, who loves him as a son of his heart, if not of his flesh; of Bastian's love for the orphaned immigrant girl Otilia, whom he rescues from being indentured by giving up his small savings and who is lost to Bastian as she is swept with other immigrants to an unknown frontier; he finds her after years of persistent devotion. Engaging as this story may be, it is but a thread in the fabric of the whole. Although Bastian remains constantly in the foreground, it is Gran'mom Anna Sabilla that dominates the story and holds the reader captive.

A HIGH WIND RISING is not so much a novel with a well-knitted, unifying plot as it is a chronicle moving along through three decades of our early colonial history. For three years England and France have been at war. The Six Nations had conquered the Delawares and the latter obeyed "as long as no high wind rose to make us uneasy but now a high wind is rising." The English defend the forks of the Ohio. The French build Fort Duquesne. The Delawares and the Shawanese are defected and ally themselves with the French. Braddock is shamefully defeated at the hands of the French and the Indians. General Dunbar, receiving no reinforcements after Braddock's defeat, returns to Philadelphia. The evil day approaches. It becomes evident that Anna Sabilla and the remote German settlers will be caught up in the High Wind Rising. The pacifistic Quaker Assembly thought of Pennsylvania as a land promised to peace and provided no militia. Those poor Palatine peasants would develop the hinterland for them, and with their bodies serve as buffers against the Indians. And now the evil day is at hand. Gnadenhuetten is destroyed and many of the remoter German settlers in the valley of the Tulpehocken perish under the savage assaults of the Indians. Gran'mom Anna Sabilla, now seventy-six, and Bastian's twin daughters are abducted to the western part of the state. One of Gran'mom's carved puppets, found in possession of a captured Frenchman, furnishes a clue to their where-

abouts. Old Knochemann (a phantastic creation), devoted hunchback Delaware whom Gran'mom has befriended over many years, rescues them and brings them back.

The epical sweep of the closing narrative is superb. The surviving German settlers from the valleys of the Lehigh and the Tulpehocken march to Philadelphia to present their cause to the Quaker Assembly, to whose cruel pacifism their dead have been sacrificed. Onward they march in increasing numbers, even carting their dead with them as witnesses against the neglect of the Assembly. "Wachet auf! ruft die Stimme" they sing as they march on to Philadelphia. They enter the State House before the convened Assembly, Franklin among them. In extremity a militia act is passed and forts are built. On the spot where Gran'mom's log hut had stood Fort Henry is now reared. The German settlers had won their battle but at a grim cost.

Elsie Singmaster is to be commended upon the skillful manner in which she has introduced the historical issues and personages of the period. On every page is evidence of her vast research and the meticulous care and integrity of her craftsmanship. Throughout the entire narrative we sense the towering presence of Conrad Weiser, Indian agent, interpreter and ambassador-at-large of good will between the whites and the Indians, but with good taste and restraint he has been kept in the background. Elsie Singmaster's book is of whole cloth, genuine like the character of the people with whom she deals. A HIGH WIND RISING is beyond a doubt the most notable achievement in fiction dealing with the Germans in Pennsylvania.

Another delightful historical novel is Conrad Richter's THE FREE MAN (1943). It is the story of Henry Free, Captain Henry Free, as he was known among the English speaking element, but the Palatine settlers throughout the southeastern counties of Pennsylvania knew and loved him as Henner Frey. Only few of those who had left their ancestral homes along the Rhine and the Neckar and made the long and perilous journey with him to the promised land in Pennsylvania still remained to remember him as Henner Dellicker. The old man sat in his office and looked out with contentment upon the grey limestone walls of the little empire which he had created half way between Reading and Harris's Ferry, the store, the forge, the tannery, the still house and the grist mill. His English wife, long since deceased, had presided over the stately house on the hill.

Today his young nephew and Attorney Hartranft who writes local history for a Reading paper visit the old man in the hope of getting the story of his life. A few leading questions on their part and the white-haired, ruddy-cheeked old man is carried back to his youth.

Within this traditional framework Conrad Richter unfolds the narrative of his novel. With the old man the reader now relives the long voyage in the crowded immigrant ship; his landing in Philadelphia; his indentured service in the home of the aristocratic Bayley family; Miss Amity's ruthless treatment of him; his experience in Reading; his flight and subsequent arrest as a deserting redemptioner; his escape to the frontier beyond the Blue Mountains, where he had always wanted to be. There he would become a trader, earn money and buy himself free. "What's your name, runaway?" asks the English guard of a trading train. Henner swings a long rifle up in defense. "I am free and equal. Come no closer or I'll put a ball through your middle." From that day Henry Dellicker was known as Henry Free or Henner Frey. Inventive and resourceful he became a valuable frontiersman and trader. He tended his post by

night and learned the trade of gunpowder making by day. He was still being sought as a deserting redemptioner. Now came the news that the British had seized the gunpowder at Charleston and at Cambridge. Henner, with the dream of freedom in his rebellious heart, speeds up his own production of gunpowder. Three times he journeys back over the Blue Mountains to get the necessary saltpeter and sulphur. It is April, that unforgettable April. Bloodshed at Concord and at Lexington! At his trading post he rallies the German frontiersmen, hunters, settlers, woodcutters and charcoal burners. He addresses them in their homely German dialect: "Menfolk! the King himself has reached over the mountain today!" He tells them all he knows about the British march on Concord and about Paul Revere's ride. In the German settlements south of the Blue Mountains the people have already declared themselves. Here on the frontier north of the mountains they must do the same. And now he reads what he has drawn up for them, their own "little Declaration of Independence" (more than a year before July 4, 1776). He organizes the Blue Mountain Liberty Boys. In lieutenant's uniform he returns to Reading to pay the haughty Miss Amity for his indenture. Cruel as ever she has him arrested as a deserter. His case is tried before the squire. The verdict: the prisoner's term of service remains unchanged, but with a time penalty for every month away, amounting in his instance to 16 years. Miss Amity orders him to return to her home, although not in the capacity of a servant. Henner refuses and is jailed. From the windows of the Reading jail he shouts "Down with the King. Rise patriots! Break the chains! To arms against the bloody butchery of the redcoats!" That night the jail is attacked and he is rescued by his Blue Mountain Liberty Boys. Freedom is to be granted to all redemptioners who join the colors.

Miss Amity sends for him and begs him not to march to Boston, but to remain and become the master of the gunpowder mill her father has left her. She reveals to him that she and many of her friends and kin are now rebels. Yes, in the end the proud English lady yields to the plebeian German youth. In Miss Amity's slight imperious figure Henner feels the persuasive mastery of her race, but his peasant heart was proud and it was no compliment that she who but a few years ago had looked down with disdain upon him now admitted him and his race equal to her at last.

The old man's tale was told. This in brief is the substance of Conrad Richter's novel. Absorbing as the story is, its distinction lies rather in the spirited narrative and in the treatment of the historical and cultural backgrounds of eighteenth century Pennsylvania. The author is well equipped for his task. In his youth he lived in eastern Pennsylvania, where his father was active as a Lutheran clergyman. The novelist's choice of theme is both happy and timely. The Palatine immigrant's deep-seated desire for freedom, his sufferings at the hands of newlanders and designing ship's captains who exploit his naive honesty, his years of indentured servitude and his consequent avidity in rebelling against the tyranny of England, the forgotten part he played in the establishment of a freed people, material indeed for a novel of more epical dimensions. It was of course the author's privilege to express himself in a limited and circumscribed compass. In fact he approaches the form of the European *Novelle*, which is not merely a short story. Unlike the full-length novel which presents a comprehensive picture of some period and a full development of character in time, the *Novelle* limits itself to some particular

incident which bring about a decisive turn in the destiny of the hero. In these confines there is of course little room for character development.

Those who know Conrad Richter as the author of *THE TREES* and *A SEA OF GRASS* may regret in this work the absence of that poetic sensitivity and lyrical response to his subject matter which so distinguish his earlier novels. However, it must be admitted that the treatment of a more definite historical incident against an established locale gave him less opportunity for the expression of his particular talent.

LIBERTY FOR JOHANNY (1943) by Adelaide H. and John C. Wunsetler deserved a more enthusiastic reception. Since Elsie Singmaster's *A HIGH WIND RISING* no novel exploiting Pennsylvania German material has appeared so vast in scope and implication. Here is a piece of fiction to please the most sophisticated reader. The reader is swept breathlessly along on the hightide of action; one hopes in vain to follow the intricate maze of plot only to obtain clarity in the last pages of the authors' *L'Envoi*. In fact the action and plot are so intriguing that the reader may find himself slighting the wealth of Pennsylvania German material which the authors have interwoven into the fabric of this historical novel.

The adventures of Johann Detsicker, son of a Mennonite bishop, after meeting that unique creation, Professor Opticon, with the French accent and the peepshow box (the "movie" of colonial days) and the long chain of events in which this alert and courageous Pennsylvania German boy unwittingly takes an important part in the play against an elaborate background: the beginnings of the struggles of the colonies for liberation from English tyranny, the dark winter at Valley Forge and its starving, tattered soldiers, and the kind and generous support of the nearby Pennsylvania German farmers, who as plain people were barred from actual participation in the struggle by their religious scruples, nevertheless as loyal Whigs bring food to Washington's suffering men. Everywhere we encounter familiar Pennsylvania scenes and well-known characters of that day. The story rushes onward with the intricate undoing of General Howe's spy ring and the rejection of Lord North's untimely peace proposals.

One is impressed on every hand with the wealth of historical detail, testimony that the authors have not spared themselves in the acquisition of pertinent minutiae. Especially delightful is their treatment of the early colonial theatre in Philadelphia. If we were to allow ourselves a general criticism it would be with reference to this very wealth of detail, not always essential to the onward movement of the plot and forming only a superficial adornment of the scene. But for this weakness the authors have themselves furnished an antidote: so thrilling and intriguing is the plot itself that the many details are only too readily overlooked. This is especially regrettable in relation to the Pennsylvania German material which the authors have so zealously gathered. We find portrayals of family life, descriptions of interior furnishings, the dress of the Mennonites and the uniforms of the Pennsylvania German colonial soldiers; hex doctors and their hocus pocus; dower chests decorated with distelfinks and tulips, etc.

An added joy in the reading of this book are the illustrations by the artist-author John C. Wunsetler, which are more than slavish imitations of the designs on our *fraktur* manuscripts. They are original creations, which at the beginnings of the chapters strike the keynote of that chapter.

THE SPANGLERS. A Novel of Lancaster, Pennsylvania and the Civil War (1948) by Henry Castor is the brilliant achievement of a precocious youth. The characters that live their lives in the Lancaster of the Civil War are convincing enough, though somewhat lurid in thought and deed. The narrative glows with youthful vitality even though the author's at times sophomoric display of knowledge and his all too apparent straining for effect through frequent use of period words and phrases may become irritating. The reader is impressed on every hand with the firm hold the author has on the history of the Civil War and minutiae of that period. The passages in which he deals with campaigns, battle scenes and prison life are achievements of a high order.

The reader who is beguiled by the sub-title "A Novel of Lancaster, Pennsylvania" to expect a novel about the Pennsylvania Germans as such will meet with some disappointment. We are of the opinion that this novel would not have suffered much if the local scene had been that of almost any other city in any northern state. The author was reared in Lancaster and would naturally have some acquaintance with the Pennsylvania Germans and their dialect. The pages of this novel are sprinkled with such words as freindschaft, shusslich, dopplich, hawsenpeffer, dummkopps, schtruvvlich, opnemma, ponhaws, schnitz un knepp, nix kumm raus, schpritz and schnuffling. Such is the nature of the dialect words, ill digested and superficially tossed about to add local color. There is good writing in this novel and one can therefore only regret the young author's efforts "to arrive" by descending to sex crudities and cheap Freudianism.

I HEARD OF A RIVER. A Story of the Pennsylvania Germans (1948) by Elsie Singmaster deals in general with that small group of German-Swiss Mennonites, who, after many persecutions left their native Switzerland and found temporary refuge in the Palatinate. The Palatines had also suffered unspeakable hardships. Hardly had they recovered from the devastations of the Thirty Years War, when they were for decades subjected both to the religious tyranny of their own ruling princes and to the repeated invasions of the French who burned their cities and villages and destroyed their orchards and crops. Thousands now sought to leave their native land. They remembered William Penn, who had thrice journeyed through the Rhineland, extending a welcoming hand to them. They had also heard, perhaps through that earlier group of Mennonites, who settled Germantown, of a beautiful river that flowed, broad and majestic, through Penn's primeval forests. There life would begin anew for them.

But this is the story in particular of Hannes Berg, a Palatine Lutheran boy, who, after his parents had succumbed to disease and starvation, joined with the emigrating group of Swiss Mennonites, whom his parents had sheltered. Hannes' father, a gunsmith, had taught the youth how to rifle the barrel of a gun, and with his dying breath tried to convey to Hannes what he must do to make the bullet hit still more accurate and true.

In a large sense **I HEARD OF A RIVER** is the story of the migration of the rifle from its native origins to Pennsylvania. The author has studied both European and American backgrounds with the thoroughness characteristic of this careful craftsman. Almost every page bears witness to her honest efforts to offer authenticity of detail. Like the subtle interlacings of a fugue, we hear the recurrence of this

threefold theme: the story of a group of Mennonites migrating to Pennsylvania and their settlement on the Peckway (Pequa), bordered on the north by the Conestoga and the west by the Susquehanna; the story of our young hero, Hannes Berg; and the story of the rifled gun in the New World.

The historicity of the beginnings of the rifled gun in Europe, its importation by the German pioneers to Pennsylvania, its extensive manufacture here, its significance in the winning of the American Revolution, its journey westward as the Kentucky rifle, and the part it played in the winning of the West, have long ago been established by reliable historians. Elsie Singmaster has added nothing new, but what is recorded history here becomes under the skilled pen of a literary artist a living, pulsating document. What matters it that the plot is slight? All through her narrative we hear the subdued murmurs of its leit motif "I heard of a river," flowing by the once fair villages of the Palatinate, the Rhine itself, that river of so many joys and sorrows, to Holland, to England, across the wide expanses of ocean, into the port of Philadelphia, onward through the primeval forests, across the Schuylkill, westward, always accompanied by the subdued murmur "I heard of a river." Whether it was the final consummation of his vision, the Susquehanna itself, something it was that suddenly cleared his mind and in a flash Hannes remembered what his father had said with his last breath—namely, to take a small rag or patch and grease it, wrap it round the bullet and push it into the barrel with the ramrod and then the bullet would go forth smoothly and true. At that moment Martin Meylin, the Swiss Mennonite gunsmith, who was soon to establish his mill and his gunshop, stood by his side. When Hannes Berg showed Meylin how much more accurate his marksmanship was with the aid of the little grease patch, neither could foresee that one yet unborn, known to posterity as George Washington, would rise and call some day for men armed with the rifles made by the German gunsmiths of Pennsylvania and would weep with joy and relief when the descendants of the same Martin Meylin and Hannes Berg delivered them into his hands.

I HEARD OF A RIVER is listed as a book for juveniles but we venture to say it will be enjoyed equally by grown-ups and by all who are rifle fans.

Elsie Singmaster's book is the second in a series of historical novels called **LAND OF THE FREE**. The set is to comprise 16 novels, each of which is to be a story about a distinctive national group that came from another country to seek freedom in America and the particular contributions they have made to the building of our nation. This book should be required reading for all highschool students in Pennsylvania.

Of all the writers here considered only Elsie Singmaster has consistently and wholeheartedly devoted herself, through wellnigh half a century, with sympathetic understanding and ever increasing literary art, to setting forth in fiction the history, lore and ways of life of the Pennsylvania German people.

Having examined the fiction in the field that has been published from 1935 to 1955 we are inclined, by way of retrospection, to express the belief, that, despite notable achievements, the great novel about the Pennsylvania Germans, or perhaps series of novels, an epic saga, exploring with imagination and literary skill the historical, psychological and sociological lengths and breadths of our people, still remains to be written.

CONEWAGO CHAPEL

By ELMER C. STAUFFER



The face of Conewago Chapel.

Ten or so miles east of the nationally famous borough of Gettysburg, on a pleasant knoll overlooking the spacious farms, flourishing orchards, and luxuriant gardens of the fertile valley of the Little Conewago Creek, stands a lone country church.

To a casual passer-by it is just another of those substantial country churches, of a modified Georgian architecture, that the sturdy Pennsylvania Dutch parishes built as places of worship—just four walls with windows not too ornate, a spire not too tall, and adjoining it the burying ground. That is all. Officially, it is called "The Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus," the first church of that name in the United States, but locally it is known as The Old Conewago Chapel.

But, oh, what a story this church could tell—a story of a vision, of faith, of growth, of persecution, of hardships, of struggles, of victory.

In addition to being a church, it is a monument to a courageous priest, and to a people's devotion to their faith.

The search for a beginning of our story takes us back to Europe, two and a quarter centuries ago. The Europe of the fifteen, the sixteen, and the seventeen hundreds was really one long religious war. Sects were then forming in profusion. Each of these longed for freedom to worship God. Yet none of them was willing to grant this freedom to others.

The Dawn Breaks

In the darkest of these dark days arose two men of exalted vision. One of them, a Baptist, Roger Williams; the other, a Catholic, Cecil Calvert, the second Lord Baltimore. Each of these leaders believed that men of good will could live in amity side by side, regardless of their faiths. Calvert only is pertinent to our story.

Lord Baltimore won from King Charles I of England a grant of land, now the state of Maryland, as a refuge for persecuted Catholics. But, with a wisdom far ahead of his time, he declared his colony a home for Christians of all denominations.

They came! From England, from Ireland, from Holland, from Germany! These immigrants found a land, blest by religious freedom, blessed indeed. Especially happy were the English Catholics. Not so the German and Irish. These "other-than-English" people found the Catholic environment wholly to their liking. But the English ways-of-life-and-thought proved slightly irksome.

The Toleration Acts

Lord Baltimore's faith in the peaceful intentions of those who sought his colony seems to have been too optimistic. Fourteen years after its founding the colony was more than seventy per cent peopled by militant Protestants. They ravaged Catholic churches and stoned the worshipers. Lord Baltimore was compelled to ask the colonial assembly to pass "Toleration Acts." These forbade the disturbance of any religious service—the first such laws in the history of the world.

Hence the fretful ones began packing up such goods as they could carry with them, and taking to the hills. Each band found a spring, cleared a bit of land and made themselves homes.

Frontier Life

The forest cabins were, in a primitive sort of way, cozy. The woods furnished fuel in abundance. Plentiful deer and bear gave them meat, and clothing. With these people coon-skin caps and coats were not fads. Besides, the women

were masters of the spinning-wheel, the loom, and the needle. Linsey-woolsey—cloth made with a rough linen warp and a woolen woof—was the standard for rough clothing. Linen was the regular cloth for napery. Many a household of the wealthy today keeps as one of the family treasures a bit of home-woven linen dating back to this time. No cotton cloth! Eli Whitney and his cotton-gin were a half century in the future. Cotton cloth at that time was only for royalty.

Their few acres of virgin soil yielded beans, squash, corn, and rye. And the streams gave them an abundance of fish—trout, bass, crappies, eels, chubb—in season waves of herring and shad rushed up the Conewago, the Monocacy and a hundred other creeks, to their spawning grounds, springs far up in the hills. One thing, however, was lacking. It was put into words by the Master, long, long ago: "Man does not live by bread alone." These woodland families missed, and, without knowing what exactly it was, they longed for the Church.

Religious Wars Move to the American Forests

This scattering abroad began about 1650; it continued until the American Revolution. In the early seventeen hundreds, John Digges asked the Calverts for a large estate, a manor, to create a colony of the unhappy Irish and German Catholics then living in the colonies on the shores of the Chesapeake. He chose his tract—no careful surveys then—on land now crossed by the Mason and Dixon line, part in Maryland and part in Pennsylvania.

About the same time, the heirs of William Penn sent surveyors to measure a large plot that he named the "Manor of Maske." It comprised what is now part of York and Adams counties, Pennsylvania.

In 1683, the German Protestants began coming to Pennsylvania; (the first colony came on October 6, 1683). By the seventeen thirties, Pennsylvania, east of the Susquehanna, was, by the standards of that day, filled-up. The Penns began selling farms on the "Manor of Maske." Yet here was Digges' colony.

The European wars moved into southern Pennsylvania. Here, however, they were wars for lands, accentuated by religious differences. These quarrels, with real bloodshed, continued until Messrs. Mason and Dixon surveyed this line so well known in American history. After that line was established settlers knew whether they were in Pennsylvania, or in Maryland.

Mason and Dixon Line

Historians usually give 1763 as the date of the surveying of the Mason and Dixon Line. Actually the job was twenty-one years in the doing. The surveyors were engaged in August 1763. A year later the men determined the point of beginning, and ran the line west. Two hundred and forty-four miles were surveyed when the Indian guide and interpreter told them that the Iroquois said the work must stop. At this point, called "Dunkards" Creek, they stopped. Other surveyors completed the line in 1782; in 1784 the last markers were put into place.

But Our Subject Is the Old Conewago Chapel

By some mysterious telepathy, as such things have a way of doing, the religious longing of the people in the remote mountain glens reached across the seas. The *Provincial* of the German Province of the Society of Jesus said to

those present, "We must not let these lost children perish. We must take the Church to them. Who will go?" The probabilities are that every one volunteered for the mission. The Jesuit Fathers felt happiest when duty called them where the going was toughest.

Be that as it may, the mantle—or was it the Cross—fell upon Fathers Theodore Schneider and William Wappeler. In the judgement of the present writer those men were true Soldiers of the Cross. Their names are properly mentioned in the same breath and with the same accent that one should speak of Fathers Marquette, Hennepin, Massillon, DeStem and many many others of their character. Where are their monuments?

A few cities, a few rivers, those are all! Some day a Homer will arise to sing of those early priests. He will need no skill in hyperbole, no imagination; he will need only to record the facts. They will be epic enough.

Fathers Wappeler and Schneider were made of sturdy stuff. Having arrived, in 1740, they plunged into their work. All the wide valleys, and all the hidden glens of Eastern Central Pennsylvania, and Maryland, and Virginia constituted their field. They slept in the woods, they swam rivers, they waded creeks, they ate (when they could find nothing else, and that was often) berries and wild fruits. They endured frost, and snow, and rain, and heat. They went as far south as the present Staunton, Virginia, and as far north-east as Easton, Pennsylvania. Whenever they heard of a lone mountain settlement, no matter how remote, or how difficult the approach, they went thither.

Their hardships were not all parts of living in the woods and hills. There were many hostile Protestants. Clubs, sticks, stones and even bullets were their portion too.

In a few settlements they found grandparents and children unbaptized, unconfirmed, and married by local magistrates, but without the blessing of the Church. In such cases they borrowed a table, blessed it, created an altar, baptized and confirmed all adults, and then blessed the marriages and baptized the little ones. These sacred duties performed, the intinerant priests went on their burdensome way, giving comfort and blessing and the abiding peace that only the Church can give.

Their survey completed, the priests reported that they found Catholics in abundance, but only one concentration sufficiently large to justify the establishment of a parish, the Conewago settlement, now the site of the Old Conewago Chapel. The two missionaries recommended that the Church acquire title to some land, and erect a home for the priests to which they could retire for a while and then periodically retrace their steps bringing the services and privileges of the Church to the scattered families of the mountain valleys.

Their superiors carried out the recommendations, and bought four hundred acres on which our old church stands. Here they built a home for the priests, and a log chapel.

Organized Mission Work Begins

Father Wappeler's priests began their work. Every month, in winter's biting cold, and summer's scorching heat, a priest started out. A year or so later he returned, foot-sore, but not dispirited, to rest a short while and then off again on the work of the Church. It is a pity that Father Wappeler cannot return to see the results of his years of sacrifice—hundreds of thriving parishes where he could find only log cabins and millions of people living and thriving where he saw only hundreds.

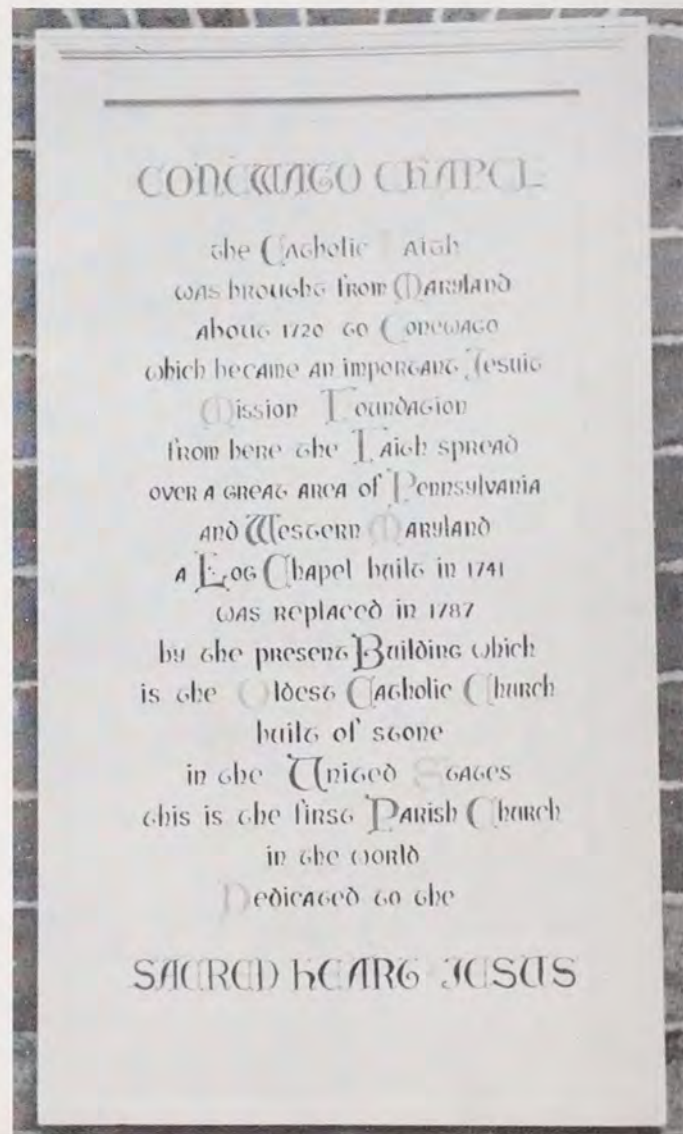
Just when the first Catholic missionaries visited the region of the Old Conewago Chapel has not been determined beyond question. Vague allusions to having gone west of the Susquehanna have been found in the records of the Canadian missionaries. A careful historian accepts these with caution.

In 1609 had occurred one of those little episodes that, in themselves quite petty, have often been of tremendous historic importance. In that year, for a lark, Champlain and his unerring marksmen joined with the Hurons in one of the frequent skirmishes with the Iroquois. With the first blasts from the rifles of the Frenchmen, the Iroquois fled. When, at length, they recovered from their fright, the Indians were mad through and through. After that day no Frenchman intending to stay dared set foot south of the St. Lawrence.

The Indians living where the old church stands were the Conewagoes (it is variously spelled), a distant branch of the Iroquois. Would these northern Indians, having sworn eternal enmity toward the French, have tolerated a French Priest? Maybe they did! I cannot assert with conviction that they did not.

In 1735, a band of Lutherans travelling from York to the Kreutz (now Christ) Church settlement near Littlestown passed near here. They spoke of having seen a "small masse house," obviously a Catholic chapel. Father Craydon's (now Creighton) records speak of having come west periodically to hold services among the "Chaughnawaghas" as early as 1720. Did he come here? Was the "small masse house" his chapel?

Beautifully lettered plaque recently erected at the Chapel.





An inside view of the Conewago Chapel.

We can be certain only of what happened after Father Wappeler arrived in 1740. It is not certain when the missionary journeys ended. Cities came into being, and in them churches were erected and parishes organized. The long missionary circuits probably, however, continued until well after the Revolution. The Conewago Mission remained an active parish through all the years. Father Wappeler's work on earth ended, but others carried on in his place. In 1750, the Mission opened a school. It is still here, under the tutelage of the Sisters of Saint Joseph. Then as now, it was open to children of all faiths.

The Present Church Is Built

In 1787, Father James Pellentz, the pastor, felt that the parish should have a better church. He and his people laid their plans and began to build. Stone a-plenty could be found right at hand, but, Father Pellentz and his flock felt that a church should be built of something special. He found it fifteen miles away, with only trails leading to it, only horse-drawn wagons for drayage, and the turbulent, bridgeless, Conewago to cross. Nevertheless they began to work, quarrying the brown-stone that forms the core of Pine Hill just north-west of East Berlin.

In May of 1787, Father Pellentz laid the corner stone of the Old Conewago Chapel. Sixty-three years later the transepts were constructed. Another quarter of a century passed before the spire was added. And five years after that, almost a hundred years after the ground was broken, the present marble altar was installed.

Since the erection of the marble altar in 1877 no changes have been made in the church except the frescoes. These show a beauty of concept, a richness of color, and a mastery of technique seldom seen in an American country church. Their story as told me many years ago runs somewhat like this: a pastor had a brother, an artist, who asked nothing of the world except a place to live, and food to eat. He took up his abode with his priestly brother, and practically devoted his life to beautifying his brother's church.

Two Famous Men

Two colorful men were, in its history, associated with the region of the Old Conewago Chapel—the one remotely, the other intimately: Michael Cresap and Father Gallitzin.

At this distance in time it is hard to tell just what the living Cresap was. Time has cast over the stories of his exploits the sheltering cloak of romance. In all probability



The cemetery adjoining Conewago Chapel.

he was a spiritual ancestor of Jesse James. He came to the Conewago Mission, not to pray, but because in this rich community he found the fattest steers to be rustled and slaughtered, the best-stocked smoke-houses to be looted, the most populous hen-houses to be raided.

One of his exploits was to perpetrate the brutal slaughter of the Mingo Chief Logan's family, the episode which gave American Literature that pathetic fragment known to every school-boy as "Logan's Speech."

But when the call from Boston came for men to rally to the side of Washington, Cresap raised a company and went. Of him it may be said, "Nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it." He died in the Battle of Long Island. Since it is the custom of the English-speaking people to let a soldier's death erase anything sordid that he did in life, we must inscribe the name of Michael Cresap among the legends of our heroes. *Requiescat in pace!*

Father Demetrius Gallitzin, known to his friends as Father Schmedt, was an assistant pastor here in the seventeen nineties. He was the only son of a wealthy Russian nobleman, a member of the Czar's diplomatic corps. While the father was stationed at The Hague, the son became a Catholic. Later he entered a seminary in Baltimore and was ordained a priest. His earliest assignment was as assistant pastor at the Old Conewago Mission. But he felt that taking the message of the Cross to the Indians was a more worthy service than being pastor of a country church. He obtained money from his mother, who had also become a Catholic, and left to start the mission at Loretto, at that time the hunting-ground of the reputedly terrible Tuscaroras. Here, more than a hundred miles from civilization he spent his life in hardship and in poverty. His reward was that he lived a dearly beloved priest.

When his nobleman father died, Father Gallitzin refused to go home and claim his title. He felt that his Indian "children" needed him. Unscrupulous executors defrauded him of his estate; he declined to ask for an investigation. His final word on the matter was, "An investigation is bound to hurt someone."

In his extreme old age he borrowed money to help others. When his home was to be sold for debt, the laborers on the

canal took up a collection and paid the mortgage so that their priestly friend might spend his final days in peace.

The city of Gallitzin, on the summit of the mountains that he loved, is his only visible monument.

The Old Church Has Seen Many Changes

In its more than two hundred years' life the old mission has seen many changes. First, the Indians disappeared. Whither they went no one seems to know. It is possible that they wandered south to eventually lose their identity among the tribes living under the shadows of the Great Smokies. It is also just as possible that they moved west to become a part of the Tuscaroras. All that is definite about them is that they vanished.

Slavery was the order of the day when the two courageous missionaries arrived and during the time of their earthly labors. When, in time, slavery moved toward the south, and the abolition movement arose in the north, innumerable houses of the community became stations on the underground railway.

Kings—divine and unassailable—ruled all lands when the old church came into being! It has seen a rail-splitter, a mule-driver on a canal, and a Vermont farm boy made Presidents of the United States. Today the kings who "rule" can be counted on the fingers of one hand. A few are permitted to sit on thrones; but many men of kingly birth are head-waiters.

The forests of oak and hickory and maple melted away and the land on which they stood became the region of fertile farms that it is today. The log cabins give way to the large farm-houses of brick or stone so characteristic of the Pennsylvania Dutch. It saw thatched roofs yield to oaken shingles, to pine, to cypress, to slate.

Forest trails sufficed to bring colonial worshippers to church. These gave way to dirt roads, to turnpikes, to ribbons of concrete. In the homes, the open fire-place and the large outdoor ovens yielded to the electric range. The spring-drain cooler and the cabbage leaf were supplanted by the Kelvinator.

In Father Wappeler's day, rye, the only hard grain except corn then grown, was laboriously cut with a sickle, and

threshed with the flail. Both these were supplanted by the cradle, the threshing-machine and the "wind-mill," the hand-raker, the self-raker, the binder, the steam-powered separator until they became the combine, the universal machine today. And every other laborious detail of farming saw changes just as great.

It saw the country grow in other ways. When, after the battle of Fallen Timbers, and the resulting Treaty of Greenville, the Ohio valley was freed of savages, the old church smiled upon our civilization moving westward. There were two main roads to the Forks of the Ohio, now Pittsburgh; the old Monocacy road ran a few miles south, and the Horse shoe trail, now the Lincoln Highway, a few miles north.

Over these highways rolled a continuous stream of ponderous Conestoga wagons, as many as thirty in one day, each drawn by six or eight stalwart Conestoga horses, carrying five or so tons of axes, saws, scythes, sickles, picks, shovels, mattocks, pots and pans—whatever the foundries and factories of Leeds and Birmingham could produce. Each piece was brought to Philadelphia, but was destined to find its eventual place and use in some lonely settler's cabin on the banks of the Miami, or of the Shenandoah.

Hardly a morning mass was celebrated that was not accompanied by the silvery tinkle of the bells dangling from arches over the hames of the lead horses, or the tuneful chanting of the wagoners' *Fuhrmans Lied*.

On the return trip the wagons carried hams, fitches, rye and other farm products to be shipped to England to feed the workers in the mills that produced the goods carried west.

In the eighteen thirties—the mission was about ninety years old, and the old church approaching fifty—the canals began carrying the freight. Stage coaches in numbers as great as the freighters took over the passenger traffic. Colorful affairs they were! Four strong horses drew the ponderous coaches—nine passengers rode within, two sat with the driver and four rode on top. In the rear clung a great leather "boot" containing the mails and the valises of the passengers. Sometimes as many as twenty went in a single train, and all the passengers and the drivers joined in merry songs. Now the trucks and busses, maybe not so colorfully, perform the same service.

Patriots Lived Here

The people of the region of the Old Conewago Chapel took an active part in all the struggles of the country. Men of the settlement joined the ill-fated Braddock in 1755.

The old mass-house.



Two years later, they gathered at Bedford to march with Colonel John Forbes to drive the French from Pittsburgh. In this enterprise, Colonel George Washington led the troops from Virginia.

In addition to Colonel Cresap's brigade, mentioned before, several regiments from York County, then including this area, marched to join Washington's army at Boston. That war having ended the men returned home and a few years later encouraged their sons to muster, again at Bedford, to march under their old leader, now the Commander-in-Chief, to put down the Whiskey Rebellion. And so on through all the struggles of our land, the children of the men and women who helped establish the old mission, wrote their chapters in service, in toils, in courage, and sometimes in blood.

The men who carried the chains and rods of Messrs. Mason and Dixon came to the "Small Mass House" on Sundays to attend services. The wagoners freighting the gear of General Braddock, stopped here to kneel and voice a prayer. The soldiers of Arthur Saint Clair and Mad Anthony Wayne, on their far way to far-away Ohio, stopped to pray for courage to do their work well; on their return, after Fallen Timbers, they uttered prayers of thanks for a safe return.

During the hectic days at the end of June and the beginning of July, 1863, the cavalymen of Stuart, as well as those of Kilpatrick,—men of all faiths—reeling from the battle of Hanover, sought spiritual comfort within the walls of the Old Conewago Chapel. Very few bigots remain bigots when maddened horses rear, sabres clash, and carbines crackle. Temporarily disorganized soldiers of both Meade and Lee found their ways here, after Gettysburg and for the moment not enemies, knelt at the altar and prayed for peace.

Through all these changes, through peace and through war, the Old Conewago Chapel has stood calm and serene, sheltering a faith as unchangeable as the hills. At its altar children were brought for baptism. In time they were confirmed. Still later they knelt to speak their marriage vows. Here too they brought their own children to be baptized. And, again in time, here their bodies were brought for the blessing of the Church before loving hands bore them to the neighboring cemetery to be placed for an eternal sleep among their forefathers—even six generations.

Rich is a community that can keep *one* spot holy, devoted entirely to the things of the spirit, a perpetual shelter for the "Blessed Sacrament," and just such a spot is the Community of the Old Conewago Chapel.

Conewago Chapel Hall built in 1954.





These photographs showing the making of "Liebesmahlbrot" were taken in May, 1955, at the Meyer Church of the Brethren, located one mile south of Hamlin, on the Berks-Lebanon border. The dough is still prepared in the dough tray shown here.

After the dough is ready for kneading it is divided into two-pound units.



"LOVE FEASTS"

By DON YODER

In the hills and valleys of the Dutch Country, where Pennsylvania's colorful religious groups preserve church customs that call one back over the centuries to earlier days and earlier ways, one hears a great deal about "love feasts." Like the primitive Christians in the days of the apostles, the "love" that they feast on is not "earthly" but "heavenly love." While this "heavenly love" or Christian fellowship is the aim of meeting, it is achieved in most cases through sharing a common meal, or an appetizing coffee snack, together. Far removed from the general American "church supper," the love feast as found among Pennsylvania's Brethren and Moravian groups is actually a religious service, worship with a Dutch touch, which features a worshipping congregation enjoying the old Pennsylvania Dutch pastime of eating together.

The Brethren "Love Feast"

Pennsylvania's "Brethren" groups—called colloquially the "Dunkers" or "Dunkards"—hold the most elaborate love feasts of all. In Brethren circles the "love feast" always precedes Communion. Because the Brethren follow the Gospel of John in their interpretation of the communion, they hold it in the evening (the first communion was, after all, the "Last Supper"), they precede it with a common meal (our "love feast"), and they precede that with the rite

of feetwashing (for John tells us how before the Last Supper Jesus washed the disciples' feet).

As served today in the meetinghouse belt of Pennsylvania, the Brethren "love feast" is a modest meal—usually made up of bowls of warmed broth, boiled meat, and hearty loaves of Pennsylvania Dutch bread. From older days come accounts of tables laden with additional Dutch delicacies, even beet pickles and purple pickled eggs and bowls of apple butter for the generous slices of bread. Eaten by conservative Dunkards in their homes, or by more liberal Brethren in the meetinghouse, the meal is a symbol of Christian fellowship, a sign that all of life, even the fellowship at the table, had its religious significance.

In the older congregations men ate on the one side, women on the other, at linen spread tables made by flipping up the backs of the meetinghouse benches. Hence the Dunkards have added to the roster of Dutchland antiques another practical item—the love-feast bench-table.

The Brethren "love feast" is a religious service, accompanied with the singing of hymns. It is accompanied also with much kissing, as the "holy kiss" (which we read about in the New Testament) is passed from man to man and from woman to woman, as a symbol of the unity of the congregation. Another echo of New Testament practice is the serving of tables by the men. After all, the women



Kneading the dough, from l. to r.: Annie Heisey, Anna Lineveaver, Lucille Meyer, Elva Lentz, Verda Gibbel, Gladys Merkey and Sallie Bomberger.



The dough, when rolled out, is ruled off into strips with the use of a marker.

prepared the meal, and they are happy twice a year to sit back and let the menfolks serve it. The "deacons" of the New Testament churches did as much.

The Moravian "Love Feasts"

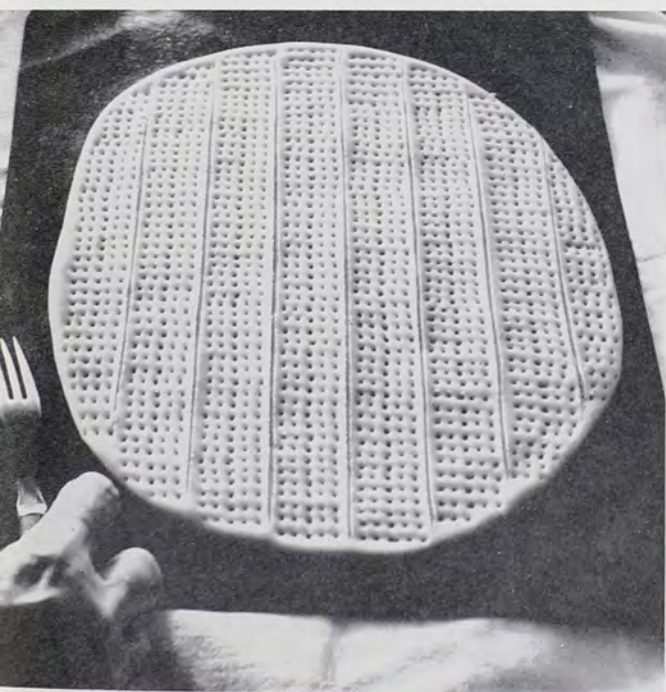
In Bethlehem, Nazareth, Emmaus, Lititz and elsewhere, the Moravians also hold love feasts. Outsiders who venture into their services can be forgiven for expressing surprise when, in the midst of an otherwise ordinary religious meeting featuring hymns and prayers and a sermon, women *dieners* enter with trays of succulent sugar-buns, called *streisslers*, and steaming urns of coffee. It's a "love feast," and where



A three-pronged fork is used to prick holes into the bread—always five in number, representing the five wounds of Christ on the Cross.



After the kneading process is completed (it takes in the neighborhood of an hour) the women roll out the dough.



A finished "loaf" of Liebesmahlbrot, ready for the oven. At communion, the ministers break off the strips. The end pieces (with fewer holes than five) are frequently given the children.

but in the practical Dutch Country can one find the "coffee-break" system applied even in the churches?

In the old days the Moravians held these joyous services on various occasions. They seemed to delight in holding them often. The old accounts tell us that whenever they built a house or a church, finished a missionary campaign, whenever a missionary arrived from the Indian country or from Europe, whenever a member had a birthday or a congregation had an anniversary, they held a "love feast," accompanied with much singing and prayer and outpouring of coffee. They are still popular and are held in the older congregations as many as eight or nine times a year, not always in connection with Communion, but on anniversary occasions or special festal days. Most popular of all is the Christmas Eve "love feast," when the buns and coffee taste especially good in a church decorated with evergreens.

"Love Feasts" of the "Bush-Meeting People"

Yet another significance for the word "love feast" exists in the Dutch Country. Among the Methodists and their Dutch Country children, the "Bush-Meeting People" (the Evangelical United Brethren and related groups), "love feasts" are still held in connection with the annual conferences in the spring and the camp-meetings in the summer or early fall.

These "love feasts" are feasts not of Pennsylvania Dutch food specialties but of spiritual things. They are the old-fashioned "testimony meetings," when, one after another, members of the audience tell their religious experience, interspersed with hymn-singing and prayer.

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH PIONEERS

By DR. FRIEDRICH KREBS—Palatine State Archives, Speyer, Germany

Translated by DON YODER

Lambsborn (Kreis Zweibruecken)

MARIA EVA TRAUTMANN (married) and GEORG TRAUTMANN—children of Henrich Trautmann of Lambsborn and his wife Susanna Heinz of Langwieden—"have gone to the New Land" (Document dated April 9, 1749). [*Hans George Drautman, Ship Princess Augusta, September 16, 1736.*]

Lambsheim (Kreis Frankenthal)

JACOB HOENICH of Lambsheim, former resident (but non-citizen) of Lambsheim, who wants to go to Pennsylvania or to the New Land, is, on account to his meager property, manumitted gratis, likewise his stepdaughter ANNA MARIA HAUCK, yet the latter must pay 12 florins to buy her herself out of vassalage and 10 florins for the tithe (Protocols of the Oberamt of Neustadt, 1764). [*Jacob Hoenicke, Ship Hero, October 27, 1764.*]

Limbach (Kreis Homburg, Saar)

JACOB LEIBROCK—son of Johann Georg Leibrock of Limbach—"who had resided at Bischweiler (Alsace), but has now gone to Pennsylvania" (Document dated March 13, 1752). [*Jacob Leibrock, Ship Patience, September 9, 1751.*] PHILIPP CARL KOCH—son of the Reformed pastor Georg Friedrich Koch of Limbach—"who has learned the bookbinder's trade and has been about 14 years in America" (Inventory of 1790, which places his emigration therefore about 1776).

JOHANN HENRICH OBERKIRCHER—son of Wilhelm Oberkircher of Limbach and his wife Maria Margaretha Keller—"who about 12 years ago left his wife and children behind and secretly escaped from here" (Inventory of 1783). [Presumably *Henrich Oberkircher, Ship Sally, October 31, 1774.*]

Loetzbeuren (Kreis Zell, Mosel)

CATHARINA ELISABETHA SCHNEE, born at Loetzbeuren August 27, 1730—daughter of Johannes Schnee and wife Maria Margretha—"went away to Pennsylvania in 1751." (Reference in Lutheran Church Book of Loetzbeuren).

ANNA MARGRETHA DIETERICH, born at Loetzbeuren October 4, 1730—daughter of Johann Nicol Dieterich and wife Susanna Elisabetha—"this person has gone to Pennsylvania with her husband" (*Ibid.*).

MARIA CATHARINA HOFF, born at Loetzbeuren May 26, 1732—daughter of Frantz Hoff and wife Anna Elisabetha—"went to Pennsylvania" (*Ibid.*).

JOHANN WILLHELM LUETZ, born at Loetzbeuren September 12, 1732—son of Matthes Luetz and wife Elisabetha Catharina—"went away to Pennsylvania in 1751" (*Ibid.*).

ANNA ELISABETHA FRANTZ, born at Loetzbeuren March 25, 1735—daughter of Johann Nicol Frantz and wife Maria Elisabetha—"went to Pennsylvania in 1751" (*Ibid.*).

Mannweiler (Kreis Rockenhausen)

VALENTIN FROELLICH—son of Johann Henrich Froelich of Mannweiler and wife Anna Margaretha—"now absent and with his wife Apolonia nee Rapp as well as two

children gone away to the New Land" (Document dated May 22, 1723).

Mauschbach (Kreis Zweibruecken)

DANIEL, GEORG and JACOB WEBER—sons of Philipp Weber of Mauschbach—"went to America" around the year 1750, "without previously being manumitted from vassalage by our most gracious authorities." [Possibly *Johann Daniel Weber, Ship Isaac, September 27, 1749.*]

Minderslachen (near Kandel)

ANNA BARBARA BOHLANDER—daughter of Georg Beyerle, citizen of Minderslachen, and his wife Anna Catharina Roth—married to JOHANN ADAM BOHLANDER of Minderslachen, "who went together to the New Land" (about 1755). [*Johannes Bohlander, Ship Good Intent, October 3, 1754.*]

JOSEPH FETSCH—son of Christian Fetsch of Minderslachen and his wife Barbara Himmler—"who is said actually to be residing in Philadelphia" (about 1774). [*Joseph Foetsch, Ship Union, September 30, 1774.*]

Minfeld (Kreis Germersheim)

GEORG MICHAEL GROSS, unmarried, and ANNA MARIA GROSS—children of Frantz Gross of Minfeld—"went to the New Land" (about 1751).

HANSS ERHARD FOSSELMANN—son of Ludwig Fosselman of Minfeld and wife Maria Margaretha Schaeffer—"who now thirty years ago went to the so-called New Land" (Inventory of 1762). [*Hans Erhart Vosselman, Ship John and William, October 17, 1732.*]

MARIA ELISABETHA KAUFFMANN, sister of Erhard Fosselmann, married to the mason JOHANNES KAUFFMANN, "who (about 1750) went to Zweibruecken and (about 1756) to America".

MARIA KOENIG and ABRAHAMB KOENIG—children of Frantz Koenig, farm-steward of the cloister at Minfeld, "went to the New Land" about 1752.

RACHELL BOUQUET—daughter of the citizen and farm-steward of the cloister at Minfeld, "who went off single to the West Indies." ROSINA BOUQUET, sister of Rachell, wife of HANSS GEORG HOFFMAN, "who likewise went to America." MATHEUS BOUQUET, brother of the two preceding, "who likewise went away, single, and in common with the above mentioned, to America". The emigration of all three is posited in a document dated February 26, 1762. JACOB HAEN of Minfeld, "went to the New Land" (Document dated 1761). [*Jacob Haen, Snow Kelly, October 16, 1752.*]

NICLAUS OTH—son of Michael Oth of Minfeld and wife Maria Margaretha Fosselmann—"in New England or America" (emigration about 1754). [Presumably *Johann Nickolaus Ott, Ship Phoenix, November 2, 1752.*]

Moersbach (Kreis Zweibruecken)

MICHAEL BINCKLE (BENCKLE)—son of Hanss Binckli of Moersbach—"went to America" (about 1734). The family was of Swiss origin—the official papers mention an aunt of the emigrant who died in Canton Berne. [*Hans Michel Bingley, Ship Oliver, August 26, 1735.*]

Muehlhofen (Kreis Bergzabern)

JOHANN ADAM TRAUB and JACOB TRAUB—sons of Heinrich Traub of Muehlhofen and his wife Maria Catharina Roeller—"who both went to the so-called New Land a year ago (1754)". [*J. Adam Traub, Jacob Traub, Ship Barclay*, September 14, 1754.]

VALENTIN JUNG—son of Peter Jung, citizen resident at Muehlhofen and his wife Magdalena Fine—"who went to the so-called New Land" (about 1736). [*Valantine Young, Ship Charming Nancy*, October 8, 1737.] JOHANN JACOB JUNG, brother of Valentin, "who also went there" (about 1749). MARIA CATHARINA, their sister, "married CASPAR BAER, and afterwards went there (i. e., America) with him" [*Caspar Ber, Ship Restauration*, October 9, 1747.] JOHANN ADAM JUNG, brother of the preceding, "who went there too" (Document dated September 15, 1756). [*Johann Adam Jung, Ship Two Brothers*, September 14, 1749.] BENEDICT FORSTER—son of the citizen and master miller Ludwig Forster of Muehlhofen and his wife Anna Juditha Reuther—"to the New Land" (after 1746). [*Benedict Forster, Ship Neptune*, September 30, 1754.]

FRANTZ WEISS, ABRAHAM WEISS, HANSS PETER WEISS, and DANIEL WEISS—sons of Jacob Weiss of Muehlhofen and his wife Margaretha Kessler—"which four children went one after the other to America; news of them received now and then" (Property Inventory of March 16, 1763). According to official declarations of the end of April, 1750, ABRAHAM WEISS is said to have gone with wife and children to America, from Moerzheim, where he was working as a farmer. FRANTZ WEISS "is reported to have gone away, a single man, with his brother ABRAHAM WEISS, to America." According to the Acta he was born April 9, 1705, at Barbelroth in the Palatinate. For HANSS PETER WEISS (born May 5, 1712, at Barbelroth) the same emigration data apply as for his brother FRANTZ. [*Johann Peter Weis, Ship Anderson*, August 21, 1750.] DANIEL WEISS (born October 6, 1715, at Muehlhofen), "went to America from here (Muehlhofen) with his wife and four children in the year 1754". [*Daniel Weiss, Ship Barclay*, September 14, 1754.] MARGRETHA WEIS—daughter of Matheis Mans of Muehlhofen and his wife Eva—"wife of DANIEL WEIS, who went off the beginning of 1754 to New England." "Daniel Weis's wife, who left Muehlhofen in the year 1754 and went to America" (cf. DANIEL WEIS). CATHARINA WEISS (born October 10, 1709, at Barbelroth), "went to America with her husband (KAEUFER of Heuchelheim, q.v.) and FRANTZ and ABRAHAM WEISS to America.

BARBARA HAUSWIRTH—daughter of Adam Zimpelmann, assistant judge of Muehlhofen—"wife of CHRISTIAN HAUSWIRTH from here (Muehlhofen), who went with her husband to America in the year 1753." [*Christian Hauswirth, Ship John and Elizabeth*, November 7, 1754.]

JOHANN JACOB KOEHLER—son of the assistant judge and citizen Andreas Koehler at Muehlhofen and his wife Anna Catharine Zimmer—"who now over fourteen years ago traveled to the so-called New Land" (Property Inventory of 1765). [*Jacob Koehler, Ship Phoenix*, September 25, 1751.]

ANNA ELISABETHA MEISTER—daughter of Peter Meister of Muehlhofen and his wife Anna Maria Kessler—"went away single from Muehlhofen to America" (Document dated June 18, 1754).

Mutterstadt (Kreis Ludwigshafen)

BALTHASAR REYMER of Mutterstadt is permitted to go to the New Land with wife and children, but must pay the tithe on his property that he is taking out of the country (Protocols of the Oberamt of Neustadt, 1753). [*Balthaser Reimer, Ship Brothers*, September 30, 1754.]

Niederlustadt (Kreis Germersheim)

PETER ROCH—son of the blacksmith Peter Roch of Niederlustadt and his wife Maria Barbara Stadler—"who went to Pennsylvania in the year 1753 and left in this neighborhood at Offenbach his wife, Margaret nee Lutz, besides a little son, Friedrich Roch, aged eight years". [*Johann Peter Roch, Ship Rowand*, September 19, 1753.]

ANDREAS OTT—son of Georg Ott of Niederlustadt and his wife Catharina Groh—"went to the New Land" (about 1750).

Niedermiesau (today Miesau, Kreis Kusel)

GERTRUD FRANCK—daughter of Johannes Franck of Niedermiesau and his wife Anna Catharina Rheinberger of Otterberg—"married to Henrich Kohl in the New Land"; her sister ANNA MARIA was "married to Valentin HOFFMANN in the New Land" (Document dated April 1, 1762).

Oberkleinich (Kreis Bernkastel)

According to a report of the Village-Mayor of Kleinich to the Government of Trarbach, dated May 8, 1741, MARIA CATHARINA and NICKEL LAHM—children of Matthias Lahm of Oberkleinich—want "to go to the New Land." [*Johann Nicklaus Lahm, Ship Lydia*, September 29, 1741.] In a report to the Sponheim Government, dated May 12, 1741, the Village-Mayor of Irmenach wrote: "I wish herewith to report that in the past year, as I recently learned, two young apprentices have gone to the so-called New Land under the pretense of completing their apprenticeship. One of them, by the name of JOHANN PETER LORENTZ, was born in the village of Hoschidt (= Hochscheidt), the other, JOHAN PETTER LAHM, was a native of Oberkleinich." According to an entry of the Government of Trarbach, dated 1740, they were both described as actually emigrated "to the New Land". [*Peter Lorentz, Peter Laam, Ship Lydia*, September 27, 1740.]

Oberlustadt (Kreis Germersheim)

DANIEL HOFFMANN—son of Jacob Hoffman of Oberlustadt and Christina Brueckner, his second wife—"who went to the New Land" (Document dated August 30, 1758). [Either *Daniel Hoffman, Ship Neptune*, September 30, 1753, or *Daniel Hoffman, Ship Robert and Alice*, September 3, 1739.]

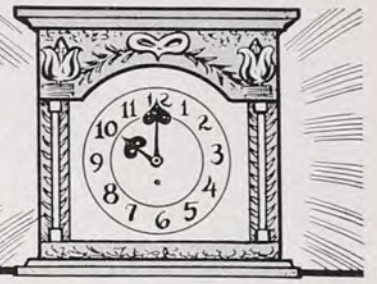
JOHANN JAKOB FAUTH—son of Bernhard Fauth of Oberlustadt and wife Katharina Haf—"went to America" (about 1765). [*Jacob Faut, Ship Polly*, August 24, 1765.] See next entry.

CATHARINA HEINTZ—daughter of Johann Adam Theiss of Oberlustadt and wife Magdalena Schmitt—"who married GEORG JAKOB HEINTZ of Roth (Rhodt u. Rietburg, Kreis Landau) and went with him to Pennsylvania." LOUISA, her sister, "married JACOB FAUTH from here and likewise went to Pennsylvania."

GEORG ADAM HORTER—son of Jacob Horter of Oberlustadt and Agnes Sohland his wife—"who now 12 years ago went to Pennsylvania" (Property Inventory of 1768, which places the date of emigration about 1756).

The Zehn-uhr Schtick

By Olive G. Zehner



It may seem strange to mention New Year's Day happenings when Spring is already here, but I have not had a chance, before this, to mention that on that day more people were able to see a program featuring Pennsylvania Dutch Folk than ever before. An estimated 30 million people saw and heard Dave Garroway introduce his WIDE WIDE WORLD television audience to "one of the cleanest little towns you've ever seen—Kutztown, Pa." The second part of the all live 90 minute NBC-TV feature opened by showing a panoramic view of our beautiful Berks County hills and valleys. There the huge Zoomar-lens came to rest upon the farm of Leroy Swoyer, where a scene was portrayed by Norman Heydt of Reading and his New Year's Shooters. Mr. Heydt, in good voice, despite the fact that it was about the twentieth time since early evening the night before, gave a portion of his traditional New Year's Wish. George Seisler of Fleetwood, and a group of his friends then helped to shoot in the New Year. Mr. Seisler used reproductions of early Berks County rifles that he had made in his rifle shop. Mr. Swoyer, the farmer, explained to the audience that the "hex" signs on his huge barn were there "just for nice."

Before I say more I want to tell you that Norman Heydt has been carrying on a family tradition for more than thirty years now in traveling to various homes in Berks County on New Year's Eve chanting the New Year's Wish (in Pennsylvania High German, of course) and shooting in the New Year. I went with him on his rounds this year and I can verify that the danger in going New Year's Shooting is not in getting shot by the guns, but from over-eating. One is invited in at every stop and led to a table groaning with food. Each host expects one to eat heartily. At one farm we were offered fresh fasnachts made right before our eyes, at another house delicious hot bean soup warmed our chilled bones. But all of this makes a story for another time. I must get back to WIDE WIDE WORLD.

From the Swoyer farm the nation of viewers was taken to the Kutztown Grange Hall where the celebration of the wedding of Lamar Treichler and Marie Sunday—both officers in the Grange—was going on. Dr. Alfred Shoemaker of the Folklore Center acted as guide to the TV-audience in telling about our people, showing the food and introducing personalities. Some of our old-time craftsmen from the Folk Festival presented wedding gifts of their making to the bride and groom. Ollie, the basket-maker, gave them a large and a "baby" basket; Anson Stump, wheelwright, had made a wheelbarrow gaily painted in red; Milton Hill gave them one of his original "hex" signs or "barn stars" for "when they get a barn of their own"; Viola Miller presented a "Star and Crescent" quilt made by the Virginsville Grange, and John Schaeffer and his son gave them two baby Hampshire pigs that squealed and wriggled to the delight of all viewers.

All of the folks on this program were introduced as "The Gay Dutch" people, in order to distinguish them from the Plain People—Amish, Mennonite, and other sects which most of the nation thinks of as being The Pennsylvania Dutch. The producers of the program had wanted to show the Plain Folk when they first contacted us, but we quickly and firmly convinced them that would be impossible—that any Amishman showing himself on TV may as well go out and commit suicide. They wrote a bit of Amish flavor into the script by having an Amish buggy (belonging to the Folklore Center) driven into the farm scene for a brief moment. It made a lovely scene, we must admit. It was not stretching a point in the least for actually many Amish buggies pass that way everyday as more and more Plain folk move in near the Kutztown area. In fact, I could not very well talk Gene Wyckoff, the writer, out of using the scene, for as I was driving with him about the countryside and we were looking for a suitable farm for our New Year's Shooting scene, two Amish buggies came toward us out of the evening mist just as we left Kutztown. I could never have talked him out of something that he had actually seen happen, and I didn't even try.

A kinescope of this program, along with others of the first twenty WIDE WIDE WORLD shows was, presented to the Library of Congress in March in order to preserve for posterity—the faces, customs and traditions of the people of America today. We thank WIDE WIDE WORLD for coming to us and asking "The Gay Dutch" to be a part of these faces, customs and traditions for all of the country to see.

The Seventh Annual **Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival**

•
Kutztown Fairgrounds

July 4-5-6-7-8

