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Earl F. Robacker

Ada Robacker


Sioux Baldwin

Edna Eby Heller

Martha S. Best

See next page for additional authors

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Authors

Earl F. Robacker, Ada Robacker, Sioux Baldwin, Edna Eby Heller, Martha S. Best, Dodds Meddock, Mac E. Barrick, Henry Snyder Gehman, and Hilda Adam Kring

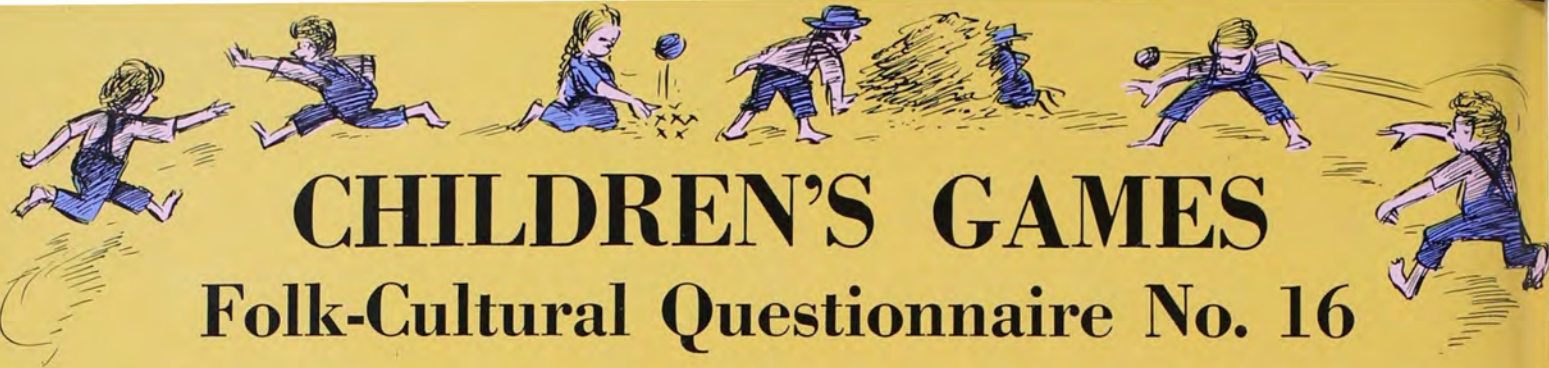
Pennsylvania FOLKLIFE

SUMMER 1970

Folk Festival Issue
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DOLLS IN DUTCHLAND



CHILDREN'S GAMES

Folk-Cultural Questionnaire No. 16

The games of children are one of the most widely researched areas of traditional culture. Besides being valuable in showing us ways in which childhood groups organize for recreation, and giving us insights on what Jan Huizinga in his book *Homo Ludens* called the "play element" in life, it's a lot of fun to research, and even to remember, the amusements of childhood. Will our readers please share with us, for the Folklife Archive of the University of Pennsylvania, their own memories and descriptions of the games they played when children.

1. *Individual Amusements.* List and describe the amusements an individual child may choose, from skipping rope to paper cutouts.

2. *Imitative Play of Younger Children.* One important part of the learning and socializing process for young children is to act out situations from adult life, imitating their elders. The principal version of this amusement is "dressing up" and "playing house," but there are many others, such as playing at conducting a church service, imitating a revival meeting, practising baptism, holding a funeral (usually for a deceased pet). List and describe for us your memories of this type of play.

3. *Outdoor Games: Summer.* List and describe the games you played as a child in the open air, either in the daytime or in the evening.

4. *Outdoor Games: Winter.* Do the same for the wintertime sports, games, and amusements.

5. *Indoor Games.* Describe group games and amusements played indoors when you were a child, such as the small child's game of moving up and down a stairway by guessing in which hand the person who is "It" holds a stone or button. How common were parties for children when you were young? Describe the ones you remember.

6. *Card Games.* In some homes playing cards were referred to as the "devil's cards" and the games associated with them were forbidden. Other card sets, on the other hand, were permissible. What types and sorts of card games were permitted in your home when you were a child?

7. *Dialogue, Singing, and Dancing Games.* Some of the games children played in Pennsylvania involve

word formulas of various sorts, some of them sung, danced, or acted out. Describe these from your recollections. Some of the dialogue games involved word tricks, like the catch beginning, "I go into the woods," to which the bait responds finally by saying something he doesn't want to. A common dancing game of Pennsylvania children is the Dutch song, "Wu Hawwer un Buhne un Garschte wachse," which is in English "Oats, Peas, Beans, and Barley Grow". Another begins, "King William was King James's Son". We are particularly interested in these song-games and ask our readers to be as specific as possible in describing them.

8. *Ball Games.* What types of ball games were played by rural children in the late 19th and early 20th Centuries? What were their names in English and/or Pennsylvania Dutch?

9. Will those of you from the Pennsylvania Dutch Country who remember the following games (or others with Dutch dialect names) please describe them for us—Blumsock, Hully-Gully, Mush-Riehra, Schaeffi Geh Heem, Blindemeisli, and Mir Schwimme iwwer der Schuylkill.

10. *Locale of Games.* Describe the different settings of childhood games—yard, barnyard, barn, school-ground, kitchen, parlor, attic, playhouse, treehouse.

11. *Toys, Playthings.* What were your favorite toys as a small child in rural or smalltown Pennsylvania? We are interested in having lists particularly of the home-made toys which were in common use in the late 19th and early 20th Centuries. Who made these toys? If bought, where were they purchased?

12. *Lore and Rhymes of Childhood Games.* Please write down the humorous stories you remember about childhood games. List for us as many counting out rhymes as you remember, either in English or in Pennsylvania Dutch. For those of you who speak Pennsylvania Dutch, how do you finish the counting out rhyme which begins, "Eens zwee drei, Hicke hacke hei"?

Send your replies to:

Dr. Don Yoder
College Hall, Box 36
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 19104



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Dr. Don Yoder

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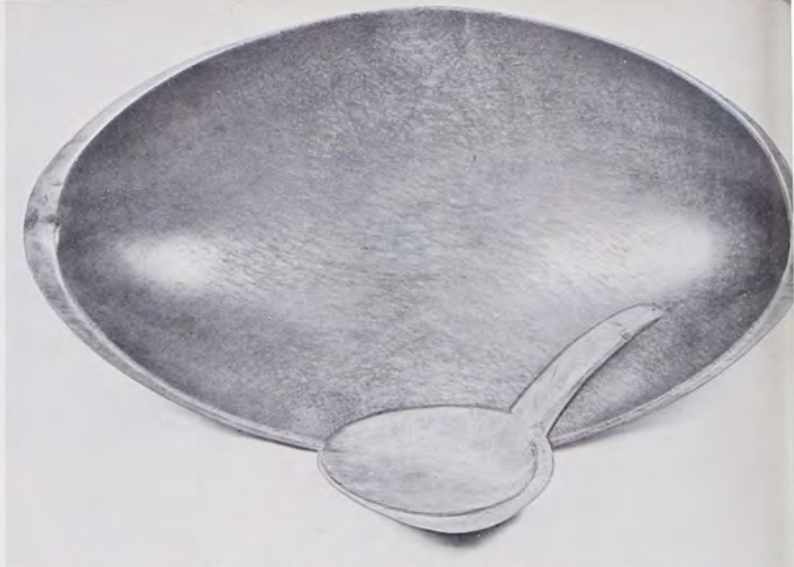
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**Children's Games:
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(Inside Front Cover)

COVER:

The Misses Breininger, Greta and Lisa, in 19th-Century costume, display their antique dolls. They are daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Lester P. Breininger of Robesonia, Berks County, Pennsylvania. The Breiningers have for many years put on the bee lore displays and demonstrations at the Folk Festival.



Four different types of butter molds. The cow mold, intended to shape a two-pound pat, has never been used. The small stamp in front of it was used to decorate a roll of butter by repeated applications.



Fourteen-inch bowl of maple. Bowls of this shape were often used to toss rolls of butter into shape. The paddle has been bleached almost white from continued exposure to salt.

By EARL F. and ADA F. ROBACKER

Whittling: Dumb Dutch Pastime

2

Small mortar of maple desiccated almost to weightlessness. The pestle, much heavier, seems to be elm. Mortars with "built-in" handles and bases are not common.

The lamb holding a banner was commonly used by the Moravian Church in religious symbology. In this American walnut wafer or cooky roller, the letters INRI appear to consolidate the religious theme.

A usual thing to do with a personal creation about which one lacks conviction is to belittle it—just to be on the safe side. Then, if it meets with approval, one can be credited with suitable modesty; if it is scorned, one can laugh along with the rest without losing face.

This tendency to deprecate personal efforts has nowhere come closer to being a recognizable pattern of behavior than with the Pennsylvania Dutch, among whom there seems always to have been a high degree of inventiveness. For any given personal production, though, the creator is as likely as not to use the term "dumb"—or if he really has serious doubts about the piece he may go even further and apply the epithet "wonderful dumb."

"Dumb," of course, was long part of an opprobrious term applied to the Germanic residents of Pennsylvania

Hand-gouged meal scoops in the background, the one at the left with copper rivets. The small object in front was used for conveying soft soap from barrel to dishpan or laundry tub.





Left to right: A 6-inch pressing block for smoothing linen; a bag stamp with crudely carved letters; a much worn stamp for imprinting designs on fabric.



Shallow cream scoops, thin at the front edge, called for some dexterity in skimming heavy cream from the top of the milk. The whip in the foreground was held vertically between the palms of the hands and whirled rapidly back and forth.

in an earlier day—"Dumb Dutch." There was nothing even remotely flattering about that epithet, and "dumb" had nothing to do with the basic denotation of the word, either; it meant "stupid," no more, no less. But out of this very stigma a new meaning evolved slowly, and today "dumb" is hardly likely to mean stupid; applied to Pennsylvania Dutchdom, it means distinctive, desirable, peculiar, and, just possibly, clever to the point of being touched with genius.

Thus it is that a sizable proportion of what the visitor to the Folk Festival may find pleasingly novel, the maker or originator would be likely, with appropriate deprecation, to call "dumb"—and the visitor whose knowledge of regional semantics falls short of mastery will never know that the creator of the object praised may actually have engaging in subtle braggadocio.

As instances: A well known Dutch Country culinary expert has referred to those oddly shaped, sugar-sprinkled funnel cakes sold on the Festival grounds

as "dumb." She is not really belittling the ambrosial creations; she merely means that they are peculiar to the Dutch Country. Again, a well known dealer in antiques, in calling attention to the intricate lock in an old desk, said of it, "This is *dumb*—as dumb as anything you can find in the whole Dutch Country." Dumb it was—in the sense of being completely unique.

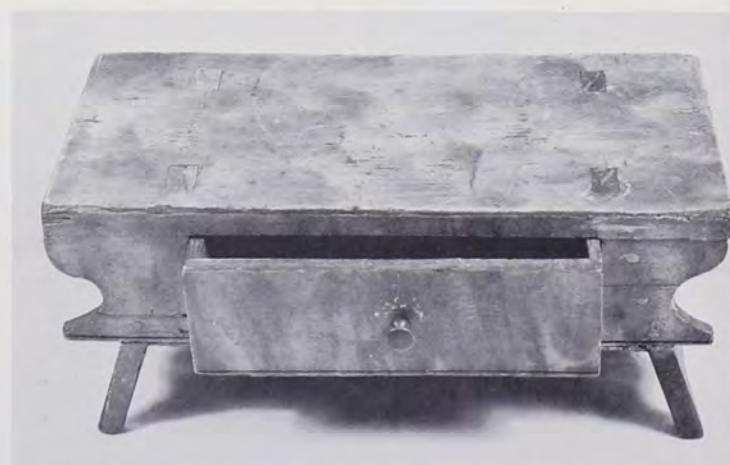
Today, regrettably, there seems to be an ever-diminishing need for personal inventiveness; someone appears to have thought of and made everything a consumer could possibly want. It was in earlier times, when the individual had to devise ways of meeting his own needs, or go without, that the objects which glad-

All articles shown are from
the Robacker Collection.

Photography by Stephen A. Karas,
Hartsdale, New York.



Scouring board in background; soap dish at left from Kellersville, Monroe County; bowl at right, also used for soap, from Cloisters at Ephrata.



A cross-wedged stool with smoke decoration. The drawer would seem to indicate that the object, light and fragile in itself, was not intended to serve as a seat.

den our hearts today because of their differentness came into existence. There was no right or wrong method, no necessary adherence to an established school of thought, no "proper" way of starting or finishing something one felt like making. It either worked or it did not—and the smart person called it "dumb" to head off the possibility that someone else might do it first.

To call attention to all the distinctive creations of the Dutch Country would be out of the question in an article the size of this one. Let's stick to a single area. Let's take wood, usually an ordinary block of wood, a simple tool or two—perhaps just a pocket knife—and an urge to get them together. With this minimal equipment a clever Pennsylvania Dutchman could and did produce some "wonderful dumb" artifacts which now, after the passing of many years, strike us as being right, even inevitable, for their purpose.

Things around the house, in the early days, were professional in quality only if they were made by the professionals who constituted a part of a pre-planned community. There had to be a given number of potters, of metal workers, of carpenters, of coopers, of weavers, and so on, if the community was to grow and prosper—and such practitioners were artisans who had already proved their skill on the other side of the Atlantic. It was out of the question, however, for them to fashion for everybody all the objects needed in stocking the household, all the implements needed for house, garden, and farm, all the articles needed either to keep body and soul together or to expedite the growth and well-being of the community. Untrained individuals, therefore, starting usually with the head of the household, who worked with what he had, met the needs in the new country almost as soon as they were recognized. It had to be that way; so many tasks faced the householder that there was no time for lengthy analysis, experimentation, and gradually increasing facility in creation.

Wooden bowls are a good example of colonial or pioneer ingenuity. Obviously, the preparation of food called for hollow ware—a considerable quantity of it. Little could be brought across the Atlantic. It took

One of the carved puzzle-toys so dear to the heart of the accomplished whittler. Only a genius or a very young child can put some of them together, once they have been taken apart. Made at Kellersville, Monroe County.



Bureau boxes of cigar box mahogany, jackknife-carved by itinerants. The upper section of the larger one swings open. Nine "layers" of carving are usually considered the ultimate in tramp art. This one has two units with twelve.

time to establish the iron industry in the new country. Meanwhile, people had to be fed. And the enormous variety of hollowed-out receptacles of all kinds, sizes, and shapes bears witness to the creative skill of hundreds of hands in hundreds of places. A three-foot-high section of a hollow tree, with a bottom pegged in, was utilized as a mortar to crush grain; an elm knurl as small as a fist, laboriously hollowed out by fire, stone, or blade, became an individual bowl. Between these two lie the mixing or chopping bowls, oblong, oval, or round, which have lasted down to the present time; the butter bowls, round or elliptical, which have fared less well because of the salty water to which they were exposed; the plates and chargers commonly called "treen" ware in early English-speaking communities; the pitchers and dippers used for anything from cold water or cider to warm milk to . . . well, anything wet. Ladles, scoops, paddles, and shovels extend the list.

Some early burl bowls, which lasted longer than most others because the twisted grain would not split or crack, appear to have been made after Indian models—with fire and flint. The man with a kit of carpenter's

An exceptionally fine low stool of walnut with inlaid star. Note that the ends are cross-wedged into the top. A sturdy creation from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

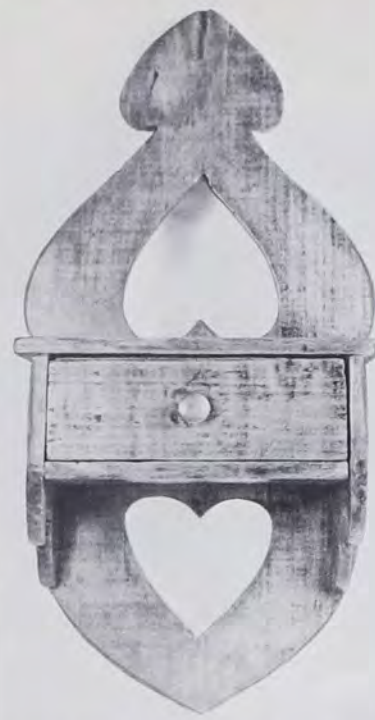




An unrestored piece serving as a banging wall-case for an alarm clock. The heavy base is carved from a single piece of wood.



One of the still largely unexplored local "territories" in antiques is that of carved wooden toys and their makers. The jack-on-a-stick and the figure pushing a (missing) cart undoubtedly looked better when suitably clothed. No information is available as to where they were made.



Crudely executed but well conceived in design is this very early wall shelf of maple.

tools could do a much speedier job, and the possessor of a lathe could turn out a hundred to the Indian's one.

It would seem that something as commonplace as a mere kitchen utensil would hardly be a candidate for the term "beautiful." Yet there is undeniable beauty in texture, in line, in form, and in proportion among more bowls of olden days than not. The visitor to the Festival will not see many of these in actual use, since they have become too valuable to risk in the performance of their original function. But look wherever food is being prepared; the chances are about fifty-fifty that a scoop or a paddle or bowl unlike anything today's formica-countered all-electric kitchen can produce will be on display if not in actual operation.

Especially "dumb" is a gadget which apparently never got beyond the Dutch Country—the sweet-corn grater. Corn-on-the-cob is, it goes without saying, all-American. Cream-style sweet corn is just as well known, but the chances are that not a single non-Pennsylvania Dutch woman on the Festival grounds today has ever made her own, starting with the raw ear from the garden. Today's truck farmer does his planting so that he will have a succession of corn to sell over a period of as much as eight weeks, according to when the last frost in the spring and the first one in the fall occur. Before this happy condition came about, many farms had just two varieties of corn—the early, often Golden Bantam, and the late, a white "shoepeg" variety called Evergreen. Once corn-on-the-cob has passed its perfect day, it is a casualty—or it would be if the corn grater (see illustration) did not prolong the season by as much as a week or even more. As long as the corn is moist inside the grain, it can be used for cream-style corn; most of the hard outer skin remains on the cob as the housewife pushes the ear of corn over the nail points. Perhaps this device should be called "wonderful dumb."

Butter-making, a necessary occupation on every farm, gave rise to ingenious whittled implements which once were found in abundance in every spring house or cellar, but which now have to be acquired in an antique shop . . . or viewed in a museum. Butter as it came from the churn was subjected to a working-over in its wooden bowl to expel every trace of unwanted liquid. A wooden paddle for this purpose was a necessity, and was often augmented by a roller which helped to press out lingering pockets of buttermilk. As with bowls, one might suppose that a simple paddle was a useful tool and no more. He would be wrong; some paddles were obviously made in a hurry and lack grace, but others have a subtlety of line which would do credit to an accomplished sculptor and a smoothness which makes them a pleasure to touch. One whittler could not teach another how to make a "good" paddle; each object differs according to the grain of the wood and the personal sense of proportion of the creator.

Who has seen a cream scoop? Of close-grained wood, tight burl oftener than not, as befitted an implement subject to ever-renewed contact with something greasy, this invention was used to lift the cream from vessels of cooled milk, as a preliminary to churning. Some have handles and some do not, but in either case the working part of the device is curved in about the same way a scallop shell is curved. European and South American eating bowls which have long been subjected to oil grow darker with each passing year of use, until finally they are almost black and cannot be cleansed. Burl'd cream scoops are so little absorbent that they tend to remain in almost their original state of immaculateness.

Cream whips are as foreign to our domestic economy today as cream scoops, at least the wooden variety, the



Simple but graceful, this step-stool of solid cherry could, and undoubtedly did, double as a seat for a small child.



A well worn niddy noddy, or hand winder for skeining yarn. The initials D. R. indicated the owner.



Wooden bootjacks seldom attained the sophistication of this piece, made of poplar. Cast iron jacks in the shape of bees or beetles are later, and are better known to most collectors.

handle of which was whirled between the palms of the hands while the fancy carved head gradually turned ordinary cream into whipped cream. These devices were usually partly lathe-turned, and at their best are so attractive that it seems like profanation to expect them to be utilitarian, too.

Among all the objects having to do with butter-making, however, the carved molds which imprinted a pattern on a pat of butter rank highest in the world of folk art. It has been asserted that each family had its own particular design, but the frequency of occurrence of such patterns as the cow and the sheaf of wheat should make us modify the statement. Popular also were the rooster, the strawberry, the tulip, the heart, the eagle, the six-pointed "hex" symbol, so called, the whirling swastika, and a considerable variety of birds. Some of the designs occur on the plungers of wooden molds; some are on stamps intended for pressing down into a pat or roll already formed.

A great deal of skill went into the carving of early butter molds. (One uses the term "early" because by the end of the 19th Century machine-turned molds had all but supplanted the hand-cut ones. Only too many of those now offered in antique shops are actually

machine-carved.) Some were combinations of paddle and mold; some had designs both front and back. Rarely, the carver would supply the date and a set of initials, either his own or those of the owner. It is sad that the hot summer days of the Folk Festival are so little conducive to demonstrations of butter-making. Just as there were hundreds of butter mold designs, there were dozens of kinds of churns and as many ways of operating them—but whereas one can boil applebutter or make soap in Kutztown when the temperature is above 100 degrees, the churning of cream and the processes of butter-making call for a cool cellar and, ideally, a cool day.

The kind of incised decoration found on butter molds was used also on a variety of small objects intended for entirely different purposes. Linen-smoothers, manipulated by hand, are as a rule expertly and intricately carved, usually in relief. Intaglio-carved cooky boards and springerle molds, intended for pressing down into the prepared dough, are oftener professionally done than executed by amateurs. Their claim to folk art status in many cases might be open to question. Many of them are European imports. Bag stamps, inked and

Neither Pennsylvania Dutch nor American, attractive pieces of this kind are making their way into antique shops as Pennsylvania Dutch. The notch-carved and incised scoop at the left and the cork canteen in the center show Spanish influence; the beautifully decorated pencil box, dated 1798, is Welsh. Except for the cover, the pencil box is carved out of a single piece of wood.



applied as a means of identification to the homespun grain bags of mill-going farmers occasionally achieved a neatness approaching beauty. Effective also were rolling pins, the surfaces of which were carved so that geometric designs could be impressed on cooky dough at the moment of the last rolling. It might be noted that some springerle designs occur on rollers rather than on flat boards.

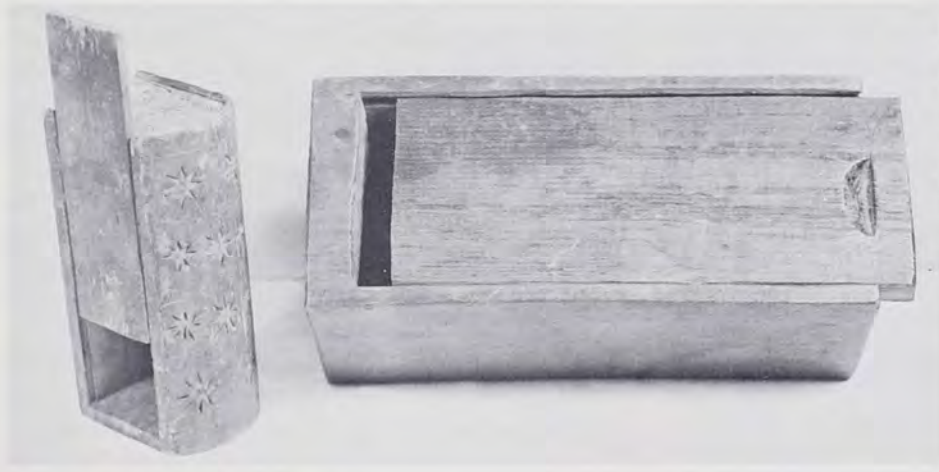
From earliest times it was necessary to pound or pulverize certain articles of food or seasoning to a state in which it could be consumed. Grain could be reduced to meal with mortar and pestle if absolutely necessary, but because of the sheer volume of grinding to be done, grist mills were among the earliest of all colonial industrial buildings. Sugar, which came in hard lumps, had to be cut and pulverized. Spices either green or dried, as well as herbs, were reduced to a usable condition in small mortars, the accompanying pestle of which might be wood alone or, after the earliest years, wood tipped with smooth stoneware. Fewer years than one might suppose have elapsed since druggists used mortar and pestle in filling prescriptions—and dentists still use them. However, the homemade wooden receptacles, usually hollowed out of knotty segments of a tree, or occasionally of a knurled root, while they might be fine for grinding cinnamon bark

or peppercorns in the housewife's kitchen, would serve the purpose of the chemist or the dentist not at all. A footnote to the collector: Notch-carved and incised mortars turn up persistently in antique shops nowadays. Many of them are of European origin or, if they are American, come from south of the border.

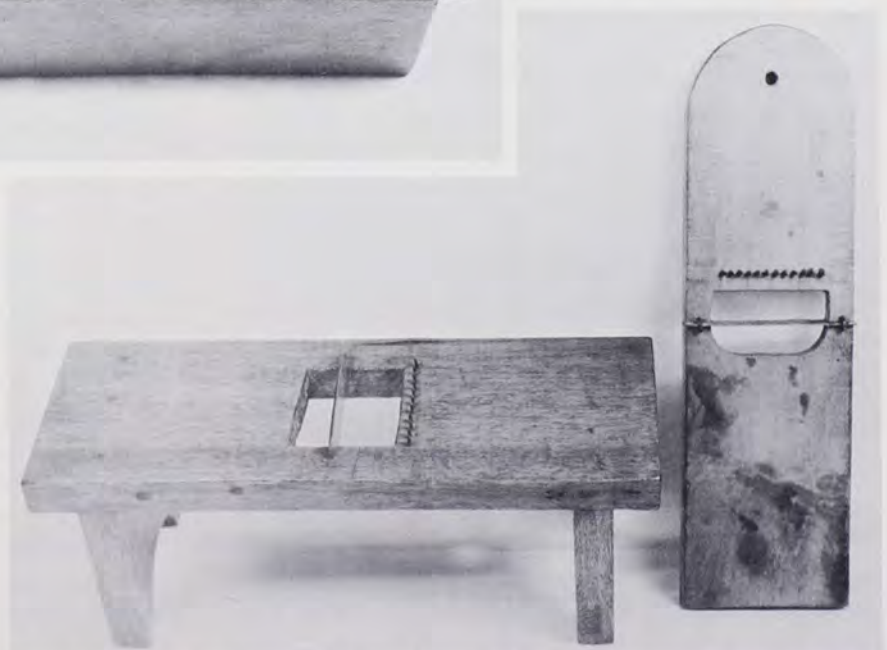
Strictly homemade and typically "dumb" was a device found in every home after scouring soap appeared on the market. Scouring soap came in a hard cake, and was a boon in the cleansing of steel knife blades and fork tines. The cake was moistened; the implement was rubbed over it and then whetted on a smooth board, the process tending both to polish and to sharpen. It was an untidy operation, however, and to make the housewife feel better about it the scouring board was often surprisingly well designed—even to an attached box for the cake of gray soap!

Also homemade were the early bootjacks, those pronged devices one needed to remove high, tight boots which otherwise could be taken off only with extreme difficulty. Bootjacks range from the outright primitive to the sophisticated, but went out of circulation when more efficient—and possibly more attractive—ones of cast iron came in. At the same time, one admits to a feeling of respect for what a good whittler could do here with a knife and a piece of board.

Carving boxes out of solid chunks of wood seems to have been a favorite way of using spare time. The pencil box at the right was split and sanded, but no part of it has been planed. The book-shaped box at the left, when stood on end among leather-bound volumes which matched it in color, probably served as a hiding place for small valuables.

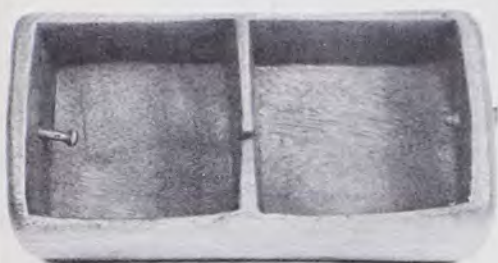


A neatly dovetailed but hard-to-use small box of pine. A middle partition creates two compartments, each with its own sliding lid. The contents of whichever compartment is on the bottom are inevitably in disorder.



Two types of graters for sweet corn. The ear was pushed across the row of sharp nail points; the inset blade caught the corn, which fell into a bowl placed below. The specimen at the right is marked "Frankensfield," a man who made corn graters in Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, as late as the beginning of the 20th Century.

The types and varieties of picture frames are legion—but there are few kinds more interesting or individual than those with whittled-out corners. Adding to the importance of this piece is the fact that it is smoke-decorated.



Carved from a single piece of soft, uniformly grained wood, this small box, eight inches long and three deep, poses once more the question so familiar to antique dealers: "What is it?" Well, what is it?



One of the inexplicable phenomena in the world of the antiques collector is the current yearning for spinning wheels, which, except for most unusual specimens, were for years rather more than a drug on the market. In fact, they could hardly be given away. The same thing was true of the yarn reel. But at the time of this writing the spinning wheel has suddenly become *de rigueur* among collectors as an object of household furniture. While the working parts of most wheels and reels are lathe-turned, some are done entirely by hand—and these few will become increasingly valuable as times goes by. One extraordinary yarn-measuring reel comes to mind (see cover of Winter, 1967, issue of *Pennsylvania Folklife*) in this connection: Not only has the heart-shaped base been cut by hand; every working part of the somewhat complicated mechanism is hand whittled. One wonders why its maker took the trouble, when a comparable reel could have been secured ready made. But there it is—a wonderful dumb piece of work.

There will not be enough spinning wheels to go around for all those who appear to be wanting them. For a substitute, the writers would recommend the niddy noddy, that engaging, lopsided creation which looks at first blush as though someone had made a grievous error in the process of assembling it, but which in the hands of a skilled operator works like a charm. The appearance of a roomful of women all briskly wielding niddy noddies could probably be matched, in the eye of an uninitiated beholder, only by a threshing floor full of men wielding flails; it seems impossible that the activity can culminate in

anything short of mayhem, and yet it is a perfectly safe procedure. That is, it is safe if one knows how!

The niddy noddy lent itself well to simple decoration and, since by its nature (see illustration) any one specimen looked pretty much like any other, an identifying name or set of initials was often part of the design. One reason why it is possible to find a good specimen without undue trouble is that few people know what the thing is. Niddy noddies are not peculiar to the Dutch Country; they may be found from Maine to Florida and points west.

Something should be said about the little stools which, happily, are still available to the collector. While much furniture, as we have observed, was made by trained workers after the first few years of hardship, it would seem that comparatively few footstools or small benches knew the touch of the cabinet maker. In badly heated pioneer houses these little objects kept one's feet off the drafty floors or provided a favorite seat for children. Evidently, almost every household must have had a goodly number of them—carved, cut out, pegged, dovetailed, painted, stenciled, smoke-decorated, inlaid, or upholstered, all according to the time taken by the creative craftsman. The line of demarcation between bench and footstool is a tenuous one at best, and might just as well not exist at all. The collector will readily discover a use for his find, whether it is an honest-to-goodness footstool, a detached *prie-dieu* (coming down from Canada, these days), or an indubitable bench.

Long after the days when one might expect to see a genuine primitive of some importance offered for



A laboriously carved double bowl of walnut burl, 14 inches over all. The bowls are seven inches deep. The 64-dollar question: What was it originally used for? No one seems to know.

sale in the open market rather than under the counter to a favorite customer, a three-legged milking stool with a plank top carved in the form of a tulip appeared at a very recent antiques show—and was snapped up before the dealer had time to put it on the floor from the packing case whence it had just emerged.

One type of creation goes beyond the appellation of “dumb” or “wonderful dumb,” and a new term should really be coined for it. That is the edge-carved object, almost always of cigar-box mahogany, with added embellishments of bits of mirror, ribbon, brass rosettes, porcelain knobs, jigsaw-cut cross sections of walnut shells, or lithographed trade or greeting cards. Not all these unlikely-seeming decorations would be found on any one piece—bureau box, mirror frame, comb case, match holder—of course. Surprisingly enough, in a good many cases the finished product is undeniably attractive. Someone has given this kind of work the general name of “tramp art,” since much of it was done by wandering hoboes . . . in and out of jail. Coming in the final years of the 19th Century, it just about marks the end of the individually designed and individually created work of utilitarian art for the home.

Guide lines for collectors of tramp art carving, beyond personal predilection, are few—but there are a few. Whatever the object, the surfaces are built up of pyramidal or conical sections, each layer narrower than the preceding one. These layers are glued together, with a tiny nail driven through each little pile for added security. Pyramids of nine layers are considered the *ne plus ultra* among collectors! Probably the most highly favored decorative motif is the heart, often executed with nicety of proportion. One astute antiques dealer has for years been stashing away the choice pieces she finds. Not excessively valuable now, they will one day, after other hand work, dumb and not so dumb, has priced itself off the market, command a very impressive figure indeed . . . or so she hopes!

The work of one itinerant has become so important that it merits special attention—the woodcarving of Wilhelm Schimmel. Schimmel, a German expatriate, spent much of his life in the Cumberland Valley of Pennsylvania. While he did not have a home in the usual sense, the town of Carlisle may be said to have been his headquarters. He was evidently not a happy

man and was given to outbursts of temper. He tended to brood, and it is said that he could be relentless and cruel on occasion.

These attributes of character may seem to be extraneous to the present subject, but actually they are not. To an almost frightening degree, Schimmel animals and birds, especially the eagles, are stark, powerful, brooding, fierce, and cruel in aspect. There is nothing “pretty” about them—but if ever a simple wood carving projected the emotional state of its creator, a Schimmel carving does.

Many of Schimmel’s pieces, especially the eagles, have been acquired by one of the great museums. Occasionally, when a private collection is dispersed, a piece comes to light—but the average collector, if there is such a thing, might just as well abandon any idea of securing it. Not long ago the writers found themselves in the position of being inadvertent eavesdroppers on a conversation in which the subject was the sale of a hitherto unpublicized Schimmel eagle. They remembered the modest sum they had paid for an eagle—some thirty years ago—and its probable present market value. Mentally adducing the figure of \$2500 as an absolute and preposterous top for a bird of apparent importance, they barely escaped going into shock to learn that they should have multiplied by four and a fraction!

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AMISH PLAIN COSTUME: A Matter of Choice

By SIOUX BALDWIN

On January 11, 1969, I spent an evening at the home of an Amish family, in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. They are Old Order Amish, or "House Amish," as they said, although in many ways they are rather progressive for their group, which is reflected in some of their uses of costume. My contact with them came through an aunt of mine, who is a neighbour of theirs. The parents seemed happy to talk with me and were interested in what I was studying. I explained in broad terms that I was writing a paper on folk costume and was especially interested in the cap; that I had traced its use in 19th Century fashion and now wanted to get accurate information on its *present* use among the Amish and Mennonite groups in Pennsylvania. I did *not* mention that the cap is probably a "freeze" from Palatinate German peasant costume of the 17th and 18th Centuries, and that its origins are thus secular and not sacred. During the course of the evening the topic of the origins of the costume did come up, but our host and hostess had very little knowledge in this area, though they were interested in it. Although we began by talking specifically of caps, we soon went on to other parts of plain costume, eventually covering everything *they* could think of, for all ages and both sexes, with the father mostly leading the discussion and making suggestions, and asking various children to "run and bring" articles to show me.

We four adults—F (the father), M (the mother), and my aunt and I— sat in the "sitting room," which was lighted by one gas lantern, and had bare wooden floors and straight chairs, except for one which we gave to F. (It was *not* an overstuffed piece). I took furious notes in a notebook on my lap, stopping to sketch and to examine things more closely, to comment and to converse on side topics, sometimes laughingly to ask F. to slow down. The eleven children, aged 4 years to 16 years, all appeared eventually, gazing at me curiously, and smiling shyly. The eldest, A., contributed several important points before she slipped quietly out the kitchen door to meet her "friend" (a boy, though it was not stated so, and everyone in the family seemed to take elaborate *un-notice* of her going. She heard his horse in the lane, and did not say goodbye to anyone, and he did not come in.). The littler children kept clambering up on their father's knees to sit and listen,

then went running off to bring some article of apparel and perhaps model it for us, their places being immediately taken by another child, F. sometimes protesting that he could only hold three! They made scuffling noises when playing in the kitchen, but were really very quiet, at least compared to the other children of my acquaintance, although their mother commented that they were noisy. There was lots of soft laughter, but no loud talking.

A few more notes: I have said that the family was fairly progressive for their group. There are several illustrations which may clarify this point. F. works not on a farm, but as a cabinet carpenter, in town. He does not belong to a union, however; he free-lances mostly, and currently is doing some mobile homes which he comments are very neat and efficiently planned. He also runs a store for Amish neighbours. Although they raise no cash crops, M. keeps a kitchen garden, and they have a cow, perhaps several. M., before her marriage, worked at some job in town. This is a fairly recent departure from tradition. The oldest girl went to *public* high school for two years (more than two years more schooling than most Amish children receive) and got good grades. It was decided after a family conference, however, that she would not continue this year but would stay at home to help. Some of the other children are also going to public school and there were some comments made by the boys about their clothing in relation to that of the other children.

A personal comment: I had always felt that wearing plain costume was much like being confined to a uniform. During this evening's discussion, however, I noticed again and again both the feeling of and the use of choice in color, in material, and, to a more limited extent, in style. I had heard, for example, that the color red was forbidden by the plain sects, but as M. explained it, "It just isn't popular. Not many people choose it." . . . "I did see a boy at school with a red cap." And later in the discussion she commented that "one girl had a red wedding dress, though blue is most usual." She probably remembered this particular wedding dress, however, because it was so very unusual. At another moment: "We like bright colors," M. laughed, remembering a group of very bright yellow shirts she had made one year for the boys, and my aunt



Old Order Amish Costumes at the Folk Festival, from Brad Smoker's musical, "Men of One Master". Amish costumes vary slightly from settlement to settlement. These represent Lancaster County plain styles.

added, "That year you could always tell one of your boys a long ways off." The boys had apparently been teased about these shirts, and M. had then tried to soften the color by dyeing them blue, which turned them a bright green! It wasn't the color that was the object of teasing, it was the fact that the boys had become so easy to spot. F. seemed more aware of his choices in materials than in color; upon reflection, I realize that his choice of color in suits was strictly limited by tradition, and so he was taking advantage of the power of choice where he could, which was in material. He brought out two of his coats to show us, in each case pointing out the nice cloth he had chosen. One was called "silver-flecked," he said, and he held it under the lamp light for me to see. The eldest daughter displayed a couple of her "house aprons," one a pretty pastel stripe in lavender. She told me that girls often had brighter colors in their clothes for home wear, but that for church, the apron, cape, cap, and bonnet were always plain, "because they're dressier, more formal." When the little girls aged 12, 10, 8, and 6 years all modeled their Sunday bonnets, M. pointed out that she had put pale blue satin bows at the backs of the dark blue bonnets for the younger two, and dark blue bows on dark blue bonnets for the other two. She said she thought the pale colors "look cute on them. When they were littler, up till they were about six, I made the bonnets pale blue." The next bonnet for one of the older girls would be black, as she was getting to be a young lady. Two other var-

iations of style were noted in ties and in shoes. Some boys and men wear bow ties; it is left up to the individual to decide. F. does not, because, he says, "My beard hides it, so . . ." Two of the boys had been wearing them recently, however. In footwear, F. showed a very great variety which were sold to Amish neighbours. The range went from chunky heeled pumps to oxfords to colored sneakers for women and girls.

I also noticed some "modernizations." Most of these were concessions to saving time, and two were of obvious practical value in keeping warmer. Neither my hosts nor I would call these changes "secularizations," as John Hostetler does, but they include nearly all the changes he mentions in the following paragraph, and a few others besides.

Secularization in apparel appears to greater degree among men than women, and more advanced among the young than the old. Men wear broadfall trousers, and there are firms who manufacture broadfall work pants and jackets. Men's Sunday dress suits can be ordered, tailor-made, from stores which specialize in "plain clothes." The outer garments of women are homemade, and the secularization of the woman's apparel is confined largely to what garments she may wear under her traditional Amish dress and whether they are store-bought. Among the young, change is manifest in the wearing of sweaters with buttons and zippers, store suspenders, and boys tending to wear caps with little if any rim just like their non-Amish neighbours.**

*John A. Hostetler, *Amish Society* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1968), revised edition, p. 329.

In the family the older boys do have fur-lined caps which pull down over their ears, just like those owned by most of the boys at school. F. borrowed one of the caps once to go ice-skating, and was not recognized, he remembers, because no one thought a grown man would not be wearing his black felt hat! He chuckles, remembering how one young man actually spoke to him, thinking he was one of the boys, asking him where his father was. "It hid my beard, too, and besides, there I was on the creek, skating." Store suspenders are used, and some other garments are bought, mostly from Hager's Plain Clothing Dept., in Lancaster. M. buys all the shirts, as they take so much material and so much time, except for the four-year-old boy's: "They're so little to do." F.'s frock coat and his last suit were also tailor-made, though he still has the suit M. made for him in 1949. Nowadays he chooses the material at Hager's and the suit is sewn for him. A. wears a short, plain black wool coat instead of a shawl when she goes out on cold winter evenings. M. wears only the traditional fringed shawl, but then, she rides in a closed buggy, whereas a young man's courting buggy is open, so A.'s change is very practical. A. wears a shawl like the one her mother wears to preaching service. Although they do know one woman in Landis Valley who makes the summer straw hats for men, F. usually simply gets them at a nearby store. "I bought my last one at Stuckey's," he says, laughing, because the hat was actually made for tourist trade.

With all these changes in their dress and in their economy, is this family still Old Order, conservative Amish? Certainly. Most of the changes in dress do not change the outward appearance very much. They are still very plain-dressing, and not worldly; identification of them as members of the sect is still easily made. The most radical changes, that of A.'s coat and the boys' fur-rimmed caps, are still plain, meaning simple in style and black, when worldly youngsters their age are choosing colorful garb. The spirit in which the plain costume is worn also identifies them as conservative. They exercise individual choice in small matters but choose to conform, to show church and group membership always, by not making any radical changes.

Most of the economic changes involve a greater recognition of the world than in the past, and an adjustment to it. But though they can open some of the doors to the world and pass easily back and forth in day-to-day life, they aren't breaking down any of the walls between them and the world or making the borders any less easily seen. They aren't joining the world. The Amish philosophy seems to have been that if the children don't know what some of the temptations of worldly life are, they won't be tempted, and if they aren't educated in books but in work, and if they are kept close to nature and God by living and working close to them, then worldly life and its pleasures will be unknown and far away. This family seems not to prohibit some of the natural contacts with the world (the children are in public school and often play with some of the non-Amish neighbours. They love

my aunt's trampoline.) They seem rather to be exposing the children to a bit of this world, from the perspective of a home to return to which is full of love and opportunities for some expression of individuality. Thus the children hopefully will continue to choose the Amish way of life.

The following is simply a transcription of the notes I took during a two-and-a-half hour conversation about costume which took place when I visited an Old Order Amish family in Lancaster County in January 1969. The initial "F" identifies the head of the household; "M." is the mother; "G." is my aunt, a neighbour of the family and non-Amish; "S." is myself; other initials (A, B, C, D, and E) are various children of the family who were present at times.

(We were talking about caps, as I had explained that I had visited the Mennonite Library that day to find out about their use of the head covering, and thought perhaps the Amish use of the head covering varied from the Mennonite use.)

S: When do you wear the head covering?

M: A woman should not pray without a cap. We pray a lot during the day, and you should be ready. For instance, you pray at every meal. (She uses *woman* here as a status differentiation. A girl is not a woman.)

S: When do you first wear the cap if you are Amish? The Mennonites wear it only after baptism.

M: My mother stressed wearing it always after baptism. That's at twelve or so with us. But even babies wear a covering to church. Always means in the house, at home, not just at church. Our little girls don't always wear it to school, or at home, until they are baptised. In some Amish groups the young girls don't even wear it to church.

M: It's always put up on the head for church. It's usually just braided for the girls at school, and put up after braids sometimes for church. The girls learn early to braid.

B (12 years old): I can't braid my own, but I can do somebody else's.

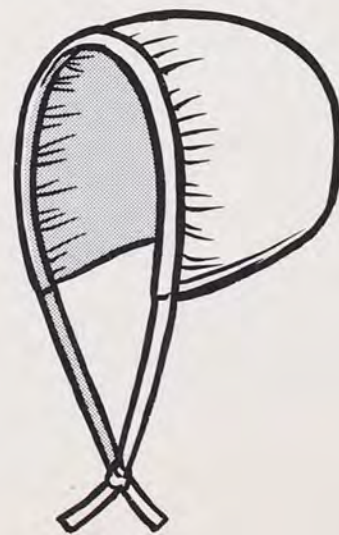
S: I remember everybody braiding everybody else in a line at home. Do you do that?

B: Yes, in a circle.

M: Usually girls learn to do their own hair about 12.

(They brought several of the caps for me to examine. All were alike, of different sizes, of swiss organdy, and home made, with hand stitching, and very fine. All had

Cap - or
Head
Covering





Amish girls and women wear the peasant cap (German Haube). Mennonites also wear this headress but call it the "veiling" or "prayer covering". The girls are participants in "Men of One Master".

white straps from the corners by the ears, the straps about $\frac{3}{8}$ " wide. I noticed that the straps on the cap worn by the oldest girl were loosely tied, whereas those of the mother were loose and hanging, and asked why.)

M: She's going out; I'm staying home. When I'm working at home I often put the straps down my back.

S: Are there always straps on the caps, then? Why, if you don't wear them?

M: I'd feel funny without them. Also, if somebody comes or I want to go out, I tie them quick.

(I asked if there was any difference in the style for little girls, though I could see none.)

M: The hems are different. On older women, it's wider.

C: Girls my age wear black coverings to church. For church service only, from when they're about 14 until they're married. We wear white otherwise.

M: They didn't do that in my area when I was that old.

F: Nor in mine. (Both the parents lived in South-eastern Pennsylvania, but were from two different Amish districts.)

C: All Amish here do this now.

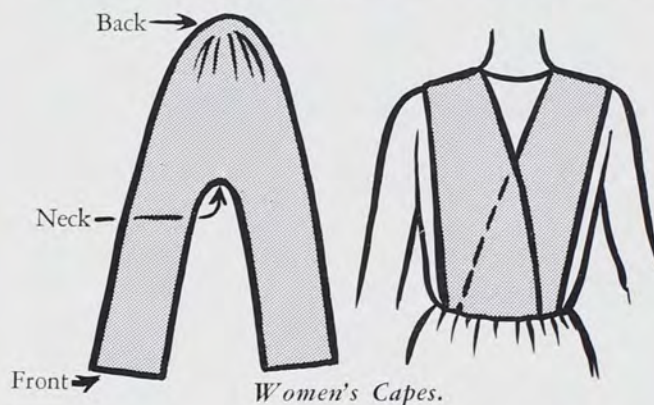
(C was wearing a cape over her bodice. I asked what it was called.)

M: It's a cape. We always wear them to church, too. (She did not wear one at that time).

C: Girls wear white capes and aprons to church till they are married, and black caps.

M: With women, the cape matches the dress, usually black or dark blue.

(They showed me a cape, and how it is put on, with the point of the triangle at center back, at the waist and tucked into the skirt, and the ends brought over the shoulders and overlapped over the bodice, and



pinned at the waist. Straight pins only are used, for capes and for fastening the dress.)

M: And aprons too are always worn to church. Home aprons can be different. They are usually one piece.

C: Home aprons can be colored, or patterned. That's up to the individual. (She showed two of hers, one pale green and one a pastel lavender stripe.)

S: I like aprons to cover me above the waist, too, because I'm always spilling. Do you do that?

M: Oh yes, some aprons for home can have tops too. We pin the top up to the dress. (She also commented that her aprons for home were usually more the color of her dress.) Also it's good to have them dark, as they don't show the dirt then so much.

(I asked about infant wear.)

M: Both little boys and little girls wear a long dress until they are six months old or so. The style is the same for both. They wear it about until they begin walking. Then the boys wear pants and the girls dresses.

S: Is there a difference between the girl's dresses and yours?

(B lifted up her apron for me to see her dress.)

M: They fasten in the back, with snaps or buttons. Pins are too hard for girls.

(The style for all is basically the same: plain, straight bodice, gathered skirt, no waist demarcation such as a band or belt, just the two pieces sewn together.)

M: Sleeves are long or half-long. Not sleeveless, not even for girls.

S: Is this coverup called an apron? It's different. (It was, on all the little girls, a one-piece garment pinned or tied at the back of the neck, hanging open down the back, and coming around the front and about three inches shorter than the skirts.)

C: Yes, that's their apron. It keeps the dresses longer. They wear these to school and around.

S: When do girls change styles in all these things?

M: At about 12 or 14; when they become young ladies, they change to front-closing dress, and front apron and cape, and cap. Before baptism for the things except cap.

(I asked about any traditional wedding dress.)

M: I saw a red dress once, but mostly they are blue. No, no tradition of a white wedding dress, but always we wear white apron, white cape, and white covering.

S: Are there certain restrictions on certain colors?

M: No, we like lots of bright colors.

F: It should be a plain print, though.

M: A "flat color," we say.

S: What about red? I thought it was never worn, that it was supposed to be bad.

M: No, but it just isn't popular. People in this area do wear red sometimes, not very much. Blue's my color, my favorite. It doesn't show dirt.

S: Do you make *all* the clothes? It's such fine work. (Throughout I was amazed at the fine stitching and perfection of the garments, to say nothing of the sheer amount of work involved. There are *eleven* children in this family, and only one girl is old enough really to help with any volume of work.)

M: Mostly all of them.

S: Do you have a machine?

M: Yes, a treadle one.

S: Coats and suits are so hard to make.

M: Well, we can buy them. We can really buy most anything we want to. F had his last coat made for him.

F: There's a plain clothing department at Hager's in town. They tailor for you. You pick out the material, and they know the Amish styles.

M: They also sell ready-mades that are plain.

F: And some things you don't need to buy special. They're the same for everybody.

S: What about shirts?

M: They're about the same, except we stay with flat colors. I buy all the shirts now, though I used to make them. They're so much work, and it takes lots of material to make a shirt. It's easier to buy. Except I still make D's (the four year old boy's). They are so little to do, and 3.98 is a lot more to pay for them. I made F's frock coat and his suit coat for him last time, but the newest ones he had done in town.

S: Do any Amish knit things?

M: Oh, yes. Some do sweaters, and shawls.

S: What about the shawls, and C's coat? (C had just slipped out the kitchen door to meet her friend. C's dress, by the way, was lavender. She had also worn white cap, white apron, and white cape. She carried her black bonnet, and, I suppose, a black covering. She also wore a short, plain, black wool coat.)

M: Well, C wears a coat. It's warmer. I stick to the shawl.

S: Is it a special coat?

F: No, just from the stores in town. Some of the

young girls do it, to stay warmer.

M: It should be black, and as simple as possible. It's not Amish. She wears it just when it's cold. (She showed a shawl to me. It was of wool, black, with a straight, unknotted fringe around the edge.)

M: My grandmother always knotted all the fringes. We buy them now, plain like this. Some women knot them after, but I don't have time. My grandmother knew lots of different patterns for knotting, and they made the fringe, too.

S: When do you wear the shawl?

M: Whenever I'm cold. To church it's the proper thing. C wears hers then. I don't have a coat.

S: What about stockings?

M: Little girls, up to about four years old, wear white ones, and after that, always black.

S: But they don't have to wear stockings *all* the time? (Most of the little girls had black stockings and sneakers on that evening)

M: No, they don't have to be always covered until they're a little older. Just in cold weather. They have bare feet always in summer, just like any other children. (There is a saying I know in Lancaster County, which is that Lancaster county children wear shoes always until the locust tree blooms. My uncle, raised there, was made to stick to the custom, though there are often warm days before then. His children go barefoot *most* of the year. M says they know the saying, but don't always follow it.)

S: They go barefoot to school?

M: Yes, a lot.

S: What kind of shoes do you wear, usually?

F: Lots of different kinds. (He went out to get some, and came back with several boxes.)

M: They're supposed to be "tie."

F: Some chunk heels, no little heels. Some pumps on younger women. (Showed a rather modish small heeled pump, plain, and black. No trimming on any of the shoes.)

M: Always black for going out anywhere.

F: We sell lots of oxfords, too, and many with crepe soles.

(Like what I know as the Girl Scout oxford: a solid tie shoe.)

S: What do the children wear?

F: Lots of the oxfords.

S: Saddle shoes? My mother liked them because they were sturdy.

F: No, they wouldn't be plain.

M: Sneakers are good. (She had on black ones, and my aunt had on bright green ones. G commented that M had once had a pair of blue ones, hadn't she?)

M: Yes, I had some blue ones for around the house. The children sometimes get colored ones, but mostly blue.

(F showed then what I think of as the old lady's shoes, or the dress shoe of the late 19th Century: high, to the ankle, with a chunk heel, and decorated by perforation.) We sell a lot of these to the women, for their Sunday shoe. (It is a tie shoe.)

Ready Made Bonnets



No. 1



No. 2



No. 8

Nos. 8 & 9—Buskram frame bonnet, flat back crown with curved edge as No. 8 or square edge as No. 9. \$3.65.

No. 10—Same style bonnet as No. 9 with short frill. \$4.50 and \$1.98.

No. 11—Buskram bonnet with gathered crown and pleated or gathered frill any length desired. \$1.98 and \$5.50.



No. 9

To order a Bonnet

—send your old bonnet or take the following measurements over a well fitted bonnet.

1. Length around entire edge of finished bonnet.
2. Length from front tip of bonnet, back over head to lowest point at back of neck.
3. Length around crown (for buskram bonnets).
4. Length of each wire (for buskram bonnets).
5. Length across bottom (from ear to ear).

We have a large assortment of bonnet materials.

Write for samples.



No. 10



No. 11

Nos. 1 & 2—Soft Turban, can be made with plain fold or shirred fold (as pictured) with or without braided edge at \$2.95 or with interwoven fold (as pictured) \$3.65.



No. 3

Nos. 3 & 4—Wire Turban with plain fold, tucked fold, or shirred fold. \$3.65.



No. 4

No. 5—Wire frame bonnet with one or more folds or pin tucks. \$4.50.



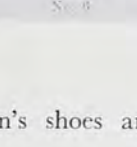
No. 6

No. 6—Wire frame bonnet with gathered front. \$4.50.

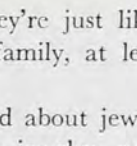
No. 7—Buskram frame bonnet, round crown with plain or gathered front. \$3.65.



No. 7



No. 8



No. 9

"Plain" Bonnet Styles from Cape Bonnet to Turban. The other plain sects now can buy their preferred styles of bonnets at "plain clothes" stores in Eastern Pennsylvania and Canada. This style sheet is from the Hager Department Store in Lancaster. Prices are from the 1950's. Amish women either make their own bonnets, or go to the local bonnet-maker.



the backs for the little ones this time, because they look cute. (The two older girls' bonnets were dark blue with bows to match.) B's next bonnet will be black, because she's getting to be a young lady now.

(These bonnets had a five-inch bonnet board (M: it's called bonnet board, and we buy it special.) and a soft back, with fairly regular soft pleats sewn in at the edge of the board. A folded-type bow was sewn across the neck at the back. Strings came down from about at the ears. These strings are often tied just under the chin, unlike those of the caps, which are never tight.)

M: The strings keep the bonnet from flying off, especially on the girls. (She pins her cap on, as does C, but bonnets usually need no pinning.)

(We moved on to a discussion of men's clothing; first, suspenders.)

F: We always wear them. No belts are worn, ever. There are different styles of suspenders, in different areas, too. (We talked a bit about these, some with one strap, some with a "Y," some two separate straps. Historically, there were arguments between the sects on these questions, but F. knew nothing of this. The style worn in his family and generally in the area is the common one we know, of a "Y" in the back, and two straps across the chest.)

F: They can be elastic, or there are some newer ones of woven, simulated leather. Some of the Amish keep their pants up with an elastic strip across the top of the trousers at the back.

S: What types of fastenings do you use?

F: Hooks and eyes always on coats. Buttons on shirts and pants. Matching vests are always worn for dress, to go to town and especially to preaching service. They fasten with hooks and eyes, match the suit, have a belt for shaping them (horizontally) across the back.

S: When do boys start wearing vests?

F: They wear them to church as soon as they start wearing boy's clothes, at a year old or so.

(We then discussed shirts.)

F: They're always white for church, for everybody. They can be colored for work and around home.

F: Men's shoes are sturdy, heavy usually, always black.

G: They're just like what Bob wears.

(This family, at least, wears no slippers, no casual shoes.)

(I asked about jewelry.)

M: No jewelry, none at all. We don't adorn our bodies.

S: No wedding rings either?

M: No, although some of the women in some places do. (Unverified). You don't wear a ring either?

(I explained that I objected to the way that young women my age use their diamonds and wedding rings.)

S: What about wristwatches?

M: It's not customary, but some of the young people do it. It's not really considered jewelry, but you get a plain band, and not gold. Before I was married, when I worked in town, I wore one to get me places on time. When I married, I stopped wearing one.

F: It's when you need it for getting somewhere.

(I asked about bonnets.)

M: All girls and women wear them, for church and for going out. C took hers because she's going to church tomorrow.

(At this point four little girls, 12, 10, 8, and 6 years came in giggling, and all wearing their bonnets.)

M: They're black after a girl is twelve or so. They can be light, pale blue for little ones up to 5 or 6 years old. Then dark blue. I put pale blue satin bows on

G: That's the same as with us. Men wear white shirts to be dressed up.

S: My husband has to wear white every day to work.

G: Mine can wear colored, but plain colored. For really casual, it can be anything he wants.

M: White you think is dressier, too, then. (More discussion and comparison of our variation with occasion with the Amish variations; they were completely unaware of our variations and our customs.)

F: We think white with black the dressiest of all, for both men and women. (Shirts are always button style, but with plain collars.)

F: Suits for men are dark blue or blue, usually, a little lighter color for littler boys. (He brought out one of his coats, a dark blue herringbone and commented) This one is a very pretty color. I always liked it.

M: (showing E's coat) For a little boy, there's a different coat. He has a velvet collar (similar in shape to a girl's round peter pan collar, and black velvet.)

F: After that, he has the regular plain high collar (like a mandarin, not notched.)

F: So there are three kinds of collars. Plain, for boys; plain, for married men; and the frock coat style.

S: Wait, what's the frock coat?

F: Now, we can talk about that. The other coat is for town and church, for boys. And for plain wear for men. It's the suit coat for men. At 16 years, a boy gets his first frock coat. It's for church only, until he is married. Then it is for dress for other things too.

(F brought out his frock coat. It is like a cutaway, with a split tail, a slight pleat at center back, and a plain cutaway collar. F held it up to the lamp light and gestured me to come and look.

Men's Ready-Made Plain Suits
In Sack and Frock Styles

Hager's has a large assortment of ready-made plain suits, all excellent tailored and well finished. Of fine serge, cool worsted and tropical fabrics in plain, stripes, herringbone, and neat decorative patterns of blue, brown, gray, and black. All sizes including shorts and slacks.

Style No. 9 - Young Men's Sack Suits
This style is like our men's style No. 31, with the exception that it has an outside breast pocket, is slightly form fitting and has one regulation V vest. This style has proven very popular.

Style No. 8 - Lapel collar suits with stand-up collar vest

For a Perfect Fit!
Men's Made-to-Measure PLAIN SUITS

If you prefer, our expert tailors will make a suit "to your order" with double and workmanship that give you that good fit and well dressed appearance. After long experience, our tailors are experts in designing and fitting plain suits.

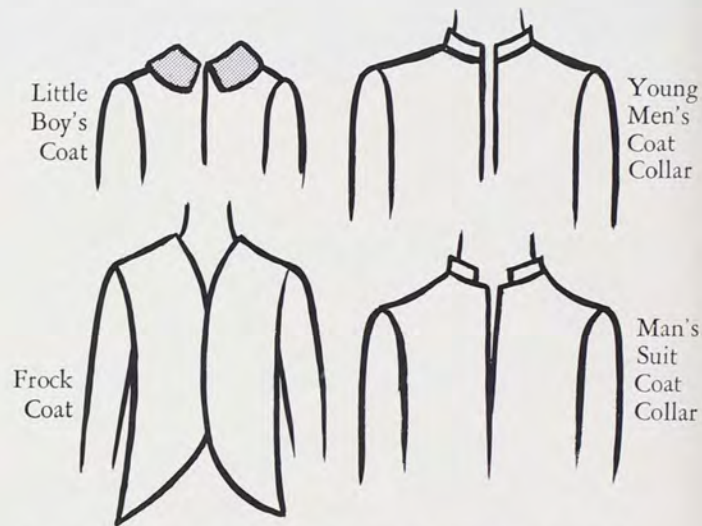
THE COLLAR - the most important detail on a man's suit is of perfect fit on a Hager Suit.

THE TROUSERS - whether regular or broadfall style, are made with the utmost care to ensure a perfect appearance.

OUR EXCELLENT MATERIALS and workmanship together with moderate prices have brought many recommendations from all over the Country. Send your name and address for samples of cloth and Easy Self-Measurement Blank.

TOPCOATS - a fine selection of coats that are practical and comfortable. All wool fabrics of our own selection, tailored to

"Plain" suits, ready made, are now sold at local stores in the area. These varieties include lapel-less coat (similar to the recent Nebru coat in high fashion), left, and lapel coat with standup collar vest, right. From a Hager's Department Store catalogue of the 1950's. Even young Amishmen now buy their wedding suits ready-made.



F: It's called silver-flecked. I really like it. It's really pretty. This type collar is called a "lay back."

G: It's like the old Prince Albert coats.

M: How long ago?

G: I don't really know. (Some discussion of today's formal dress wear for men, and that of the latter 19th Century. F and M recognized the name Prince Albert.)

S: What about other things? Ties? Socks?

M: Some of the boys wear bow ties.

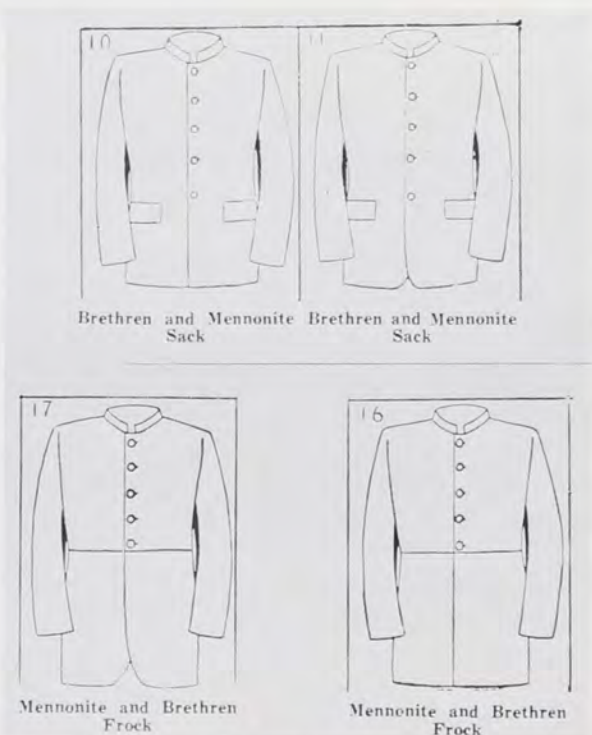
F: "My beard hides it, so . . . I don't bother to wear any.

S: Color?

F: Black. It's an individual decision to wear one or not. Some of the older men do too.

M: Socks are dark, and plain for dress. For other times, there's some colors, usually dark to match the trousers, and some decorations. We buy them.

G: That's just like our men. Dark is dressier.



Brethren (Dunkard) and Mennonite Coat Styles, from Hager's Catalogue of the 1950's.

M: And you don't think decorations are dressy, either?

S: No. It's the same as with the shirts. Plain equals dressy. (General laughter).

(The subject of hats came up next.)

F: For summer, and warm weather, white straw hats. For work, for sun protection, for play for the boys. I bought my last one at Stuckey's. (General laughter.) F said the straw hat was the normal price, however, not the tourist price.

S: Are there any straw hats still homemade?

M: We know a woman in Landis Valley who still does it. We just buy them, though.

F: For winter we wear the black felt ones. Always for dress, with a suit, so for church or for town for men.

M: E just got his first "town hat." (Little E came in wearing his black hat, and beaming.)

Child: It's his first one, and now he doesn't want to take it off again. Another child: I'm on my second one.

F: For school and for ice-skating the boys have regular caps, with fur on the ear-pieces that pull down.

M: They come from the regular stores in town, but I get black for them. I did see one Amish boy with a red one.

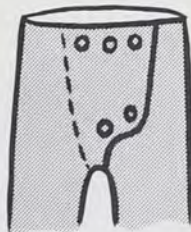
F: Twenty years ago you saw very few caps on boys. They all wore hats then, same as the men. Now there are lots of caps.

M: Lots of them have dark, knitted stocking caps, wool. Not bright colors usually like the other children, though.

(Someone was asked to get one of V's baby caps. It was a round, knitted or crocheted one of cotton, fitted, and with strings. Dark blue.)

(Someone brought in a pair of trousers to show the method of closing. It was called a flap closing, or a button closing.)

*Button
Closing
for Men's
Trousers*



M: The legs are a little narrower now than they used to be.

G: So are the ones our men wear.

M: Well, I guess it goes out of style, in, out, and then it's in again. The same with cuffs. They used to be never worn. I notice that some of the younger men have little cuffs. (Discussion of the nuisance value of cuffs, by S, G, and boys who have just come in from ice-skating, 8-9:30 p.m. on a Saturday night, and wiener roasting and toasting of themselves by a big bonfire beside the neighbourhood creek. All children, including 4 and 5 year olds, were introduced as they entered, but not all spoke to me.)

F: Trousers are never ironed, so I guess they look baggy to you.

S: What about hair cuts for men? We talked about girl's hair.

F: It's called a straight cut. It's not a shingle. We don't do that. But there are individual differences on shingles in some places.

S: Do you cut the boys' hair?

F: Yes, and M cuts mine.

S: Is it really cut around a bowl like in a story I read once?

F (laughing): No, I've never done that. You don't part it, though. It just hangs.

M: I guess our boys are right in style now, with their long hair.

F: Yes, it used to be that they were different, and their hair was much longer. Now all the boys look alike.

G: Well, maybe some of your boys' hair is even shorter than some of the styles today (Some general discussion of this point.)

F: It's up to the individual. I like to taper the boys' a little because it looks a little neater.

S: What about beards?

F: Men all wear a full beard, no moustaches, after they are married. It goes from "ear to ear," they say.

M: They're clean-shaven before marriage.

F: When my father was a young man, the Amish wore beards also as boys, before they married. Styles change.

G: Do you know why you don't ever wear moustaches? I wonder if it is related to the fact that in the 19th Century military men wore moustaches and no beards, and the Amish wanted to be different?

(F and M thought that was interesting, but didn't think that it had anything much to do with the custom.)

(I asked if they knew any reasons why any of the uses had started.) F said there was a Biblical reason for beards, in Ezra. M said the Bible said no jewelry, and that was why they use hooks, and no buttons for women. Buttons would be a decoration, and decoration was not allowed.

F: I think the plain cut suit was actually in style a while ago.

G: Yes, I think something like it was, and called the "military cut."

M: I read somewhere that bonnets were in style a long time ago, and that all women wore them, not just plain women. (F and M had some vague notions of costume history, and interest in the ideas we could give them.)

I wish I could convey that this was a lively, fast-moving, fun conversation. It went so fast that I was hard put to get the facts of costume details, let alone all the comments and dialogue. There was a great deal of friendly dialogue, with the children and among the adults, which was impossible to get in the notebook, and not just because of its speed. It is acceptable to take notes on facts, but not on just talk, I felt. We all had a good time, though. I have tried to put in some of the fun, both here and in the introduction.

Specialties of Pennsylvania Dutch Cookery — all served with table syrup or powdered sugar. Pictured on center plates, from left to right, are Snavely Sticks, Funnel Cakes and Bow Ties. The Snavely Sticks and Bow Ties are made from the same dough and differ only in shape.



It's Sticky—But We Love It

By EDNA EBY HELLER

A tremendous amount of syrup and molasses is used in the day to day cookery of the Pennsylvania Dutch. Every Dutchman is extremely fond of the molasses flavor, in cooking or at the table. He spreads table syrup on bread almost as often as he eats jelly bread. He pours it on fried mush, scrapple, meat pudding, cornmeal, rice, and potato pancakes. A few even pour it over shoo-fly pie as they eat it. One of the most interesting uses is on egg cheese, an unusual cheese peculiar to this area. Syrup is the customary accompaniment for this, whether the cheese is eaten with a fork or spread on bread and covered with syrup.

Much syrup is consumed as a topping for deep fried foods. It is used on Funnel Cakes, Shrove Tuesday Fasnachts, Plowlines, Kasha Kucha, Snavely Sticks, and Doughnuts, all of which are fried in deep fat. Batter foods like cherry fritters or apple fritters also get a syrup topping. Years ago syrup was used on elderberry blossom fritters and dandelion flower fritters but not many fry these anymore.

Have you ever taken syrup with sulphur as a home remedy? For generations it has been used as a spring tonic to ward off that all-offensive spring curse of laziness that dares not slow down the hard-working Pennsylvania Dutchman. Instructions? Put powdered sulphur on a tablespoon, cover with syrup, and swallow. A simple home remedy for thinning the blood.

CONFUSION OF TERMS: "MOLASSES" AND "SYRUP"

In the eastern part of Pennsylvania the misuse of the word "molasses" has established a confusion that

needs clarification. Our early settlers received shipments of molasses from the Barbados long before syrup was made from corn in our country. It was probably the arrival of the dark corn syrup that started the mix-up. To the Pennsylvania Dutch it was molasses. At the present time they are still using table syrup and calling it molasses.

The difference between these two items can easily be explained. Molasses is derived from sugar cane. Table syrup comes from corn. Vermont Maid Syrup, a commercial variety, is sugar syrup plus maple sugar syrup. But table syrup has been called "molasses" for generations.

USES OF "MOLASSES" AND "SYRUP"

"Is molasses used only for baking?" "Is syrup for table use only?" No, the answer is not so simple. Molasses is for cooking and baking only, but syrup is used on foods at the table and for baking. The variety of brand names available has further complicated the situation. In Pennsylvania the common brand names for syrups are: Turkey, King, and Karo. (I wonder why they all have the "K" sound.) Karo is a national product but Turkey and King syrups are only marketed in the eastern part of the United States. Two kinds of Karo, generally side by side on the grocery shelf, raise another question for explanation. Light or white corn syrup is straight corn syrup to be used for candy or icings. The darker syrup that has a hundred uses is 80 to 90% corn syrup with 10 to 20% refiner's syrup added.

Webster tells us that "molasses is thick, brown, or dark colored viscid syrup which drains from sugar in the process of manufacture." It is commonly called New Orleans Molasses and often designated as "Baking Molasses". It is much too bitter to be used as a table syrup but delightful for baing gingerbread, ginger snaps, and some shoo-fly pie recipes.

For many years the Shoo-fly Pie has been described as a molasses cake in a pastry shell, but this is not alway the case. Many shoo-fly pies are made with syrup instead of molasses. For the dry shoo-fly pie which contains very little molasses, the strong flavored baking molasses (Brer Rabbit—Green Label) can be used successfully. For the gooey type, which has as much as ½ cup of molasses per pie, the mild flavored (Brer Rabbit—Gold Label, or Grandma's West Indies Molasses) is preferable. However, many shoo-flies are made with syrup, such as Turkey, King, Karo (Blue Label), Alga, or Penick. Many others have a combination of molasses and syrup. All shoo-flies have one or the other, or both.

WHAT IS HAPPENING TO "BARREL MOLASSES"?

In the not-too-distant-future syrup in a barrel may be just another nostalgic memory. The J. Stromeier Co., 429 N. Third Street, Philadelphia, claims to be the only packer of all the barrel syrup that is sold in the Pennsylvania Dutch country. In a recent interview with one of the company officers, North A. Woodhead, Jr., he pointed out that the price of barrels is almost prohibitive in this age of competitive packaging. The scarcity of syrup pumps used in these barrels poses a problem too, for they are no longer manufactured. In the last five years, having been inspired by fast growing tourism, the grocers in the Pennsylvania Dutch country



Table syrup, the delightful accompaniment to Pennsylvania Dutch Egg Cheese, is shown here with the cheese mold.

towns have moved the syrup barrels (locally referred to as "molasses barrels") from the storage room to the front of the store. Many tourists are usually delighted to be able to watch Mr. Grocer pump the syrup into the jar they will carry along with their other souvenirs.

If and when barrels are no longer available, there will be many disappointed Pennsylvania Dutch housewives. They need not be though. Mr. Woodhead, of J. Stromeier Co., manufacturers of Turkey Syrup, declares that the only difference in the syrup sold from the barrel is the difference in coloring. Barrel syrup is darker than the Turkey syrup in jars. This will be a shock to the ladies who have been driving an extra five miles for what they thought was molasses with an extra special flavor. Well, now they know better. And so do you and I.

EGG CHEESE (2 molds)

2 quarts milk 4 eggs, beaten
2 tablespoons cornstarch 2 ½ cups buttermilk

Heat milk, except ¼ cup. In a medium sized bowl, add the milk (¼ cup) to the cornstarch and stir until smooth. Add the beaten eggs, and the buttermilk. When the heated milk is almost boiling, pour the egg and buttermilk mixture into it. Allow this to simmer over low heat for 45 minutes, stirring frequently to prevent scorching. Pour into two strainers or cheese molds, and let drain for several hours. Chill. Put on table in one unit as unmolded. *Serve with table syrup.*

CORN MEAL MUSH

1 tablespoon salt 2 cups cold water
2 cups cornmeal 4 cups boiling water

Add salt to the cornmeal and mix thoroughly with the cold water. Measure 4 cups water into the top of the double boiler. Bring to a boil over direct heat. Slowly add the meal mixture to it, stirring constantly. Cover and cook over hot water for 2 hours, stirring 3 or 4 times. This can be eaten with sugar and milk poured over it or poured while hot into a loaf pan. When cold, cut into ½ inch thick slices. Fry slowly in hot shortening. When nicely browned, *serve with table syrup.*

Edna Eby Heller lifting Snavelly Sticks out of the deep fat fryer. Sticks are dipped into table syrup as they are eaten.



The Folk Festival Seminars: FOLK ART and ANTIQUÉ COLLECTING

By MARTHA S. BEST

[Each year at the Folk Festival, in the Seminar Tent, daily programs are staged on various aspects of Pennsylvania Dutch folk-culture, with discussion and analysis by academic experts and practising craftsmen. Subjects covered include Plain Dutch Costume and Folkways, House and Barn Architecture and its Restoration, Funeral Lore of the Dutch Country, Occult Beliefs, and Antiques and Folk Art. Since we have described the seminars on Crafts and Customs of the Year in last year's Folk Festival Program (*Pennsylvania Folklife*, XVIII:4, Summer 1969, 9-13), this summer we are featuring the seminars on Folk Art and Antique Collecting. We have asked Martha S. Best, long-time participant at the Festival, to write the program notes. —EDITOR.]

THE FOLK ART SEMINAR

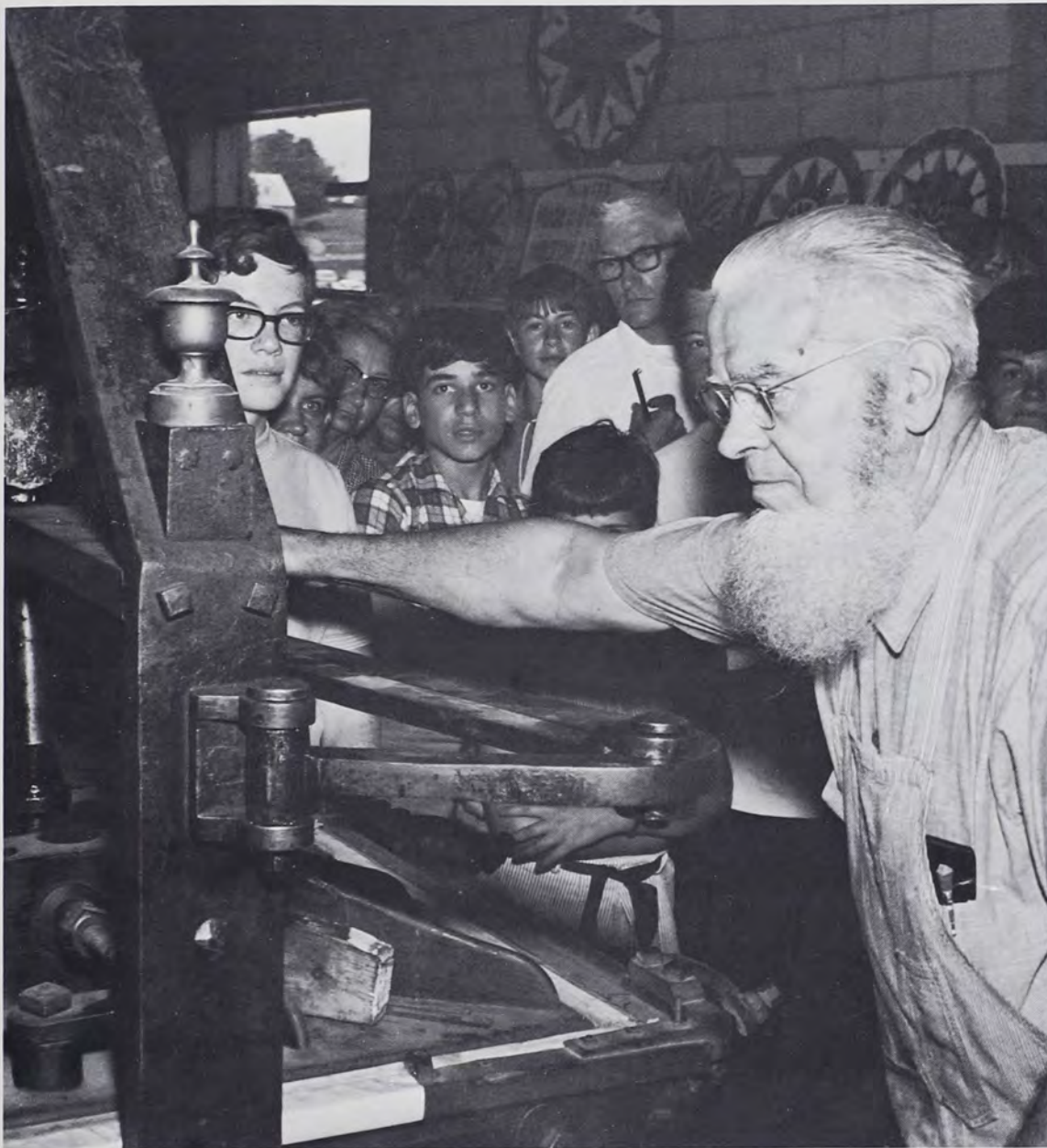
Constantine Kermes, Lancaster artist listed in *Who's Who in American Art*, and whose work has been a part of the Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival annually since 1961, is Master of Ceremonies for this program.

Mr. Kermes states that life in its essentials remains the same no matter what the conditions of society or the extent of technical advances. He expresses in paint the basic way of life of the Amish people who exist in the midst of our industrialized society.¹

¹For the work of Constantine Kermes, Greek icon-painter who has adopted the Amish as one of his principal subjects, see "Amish Album," *Pennsylvania Folklife*, XV:4 (Summer 1966), 2-5.

Mrs. Lois Harting of Lancaster is the Festival's Fraktur Scrivener. Preserving the ancient Pennsylvania German art of "fraktur"—manuscript art in colored inks—she makes "Taufscheins" (baptismal certificates), "Trauscheins" (wedding certificates), and "Haussegen" (house blessings) for the present generation.





Harry F. Stauffer, Printer and Tinker, of Farmersville, Lancaster County, operating the Ramage Press at the Folk Festival.

FRAKTUR ARTISTRY

“‘Fraktur,’ from the Latin word for a ‘break,’ refers to the letters of the alphabet which appear broken. A form of peasant art, it was used to keep records until the government established such agencies as the bureaus of vital statistics. Included in Fraktur are taufscheins (birth or baptismal certificates), house blessings, pages in the Bible, and song books,” says Lois Harting, the Festival’s fraktur scrivener.

Early Fraktur was done by hand. The drawings were made with quill pens and decorated with watercolor. Later ones were done partly by block printing and the color was filled in by hand. These artistic endeavors were made by the schoolmaster, clergyman, or itinerant scribe. In the rural areas, the families looked forward to the visit of the scribe who would do the Fraktur to record the births of children born since his last trip.

Each Fraktur writer had his own motifs, but he added variations to his basic designs. Again and again,

we see the Pennsylvania Dutch heart, the distleflink, rising suns, urns, angels, and flowers of every shape or form.²

THE BROADSIDE PRINTER

Harry F. Stauffer, our printer from the village of Farmersville, Lancaster County, says that he is both “Printer and Tinker — Printing as the spirit moves. Tinkering as the occasion requires. Commercial work not executed”.

The broadsides he prints were projects, at the Folk Festival, to demonstrate printing on an iron hand-press, a Ramage Philadelphia Press from before the Civil War.

Broadsides printed during his many years at the Festival include:

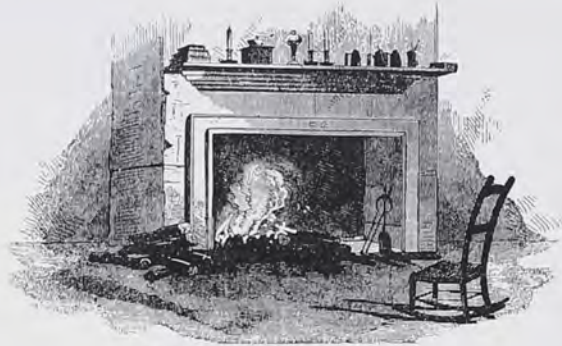
²The most recent analysis of Fraktur, its symbols and meaning, appears in Don Yoder, Vernon S. Gunnion, and Carroll J. Hopf, editors, *Pennsylvania German Fraktur and Color Drawings* (Lancaster, Pennsylvania: Pennsylvania Farm Museum, 1969).

Die alte Dichter lowe schmart
 S' Holsfeier uf'm Feierheerd;
 Ihr Schreiwes heinelt unser eem —
 Ich les 's gern — es kummt mir heem
 'S is mir wie aus 'm Herz gereidt;
 Ich fielh wie wann ich's sehne dhert.

For sell'er Platz trag ich im Herz
 Faseht immerfort 'n Heemweh-Schmerz;
 Was ich ah dhu, wo ich ah bin,
 Dort gelone mei' Gedanke hin.
 Es bleib't m'r immer lieb un werth
 Der alte, warme Feierheerd.

Sell Mantelbord — was halt's so vid!
 Die Lichterscheck un Kaffeemiel,
 Die Biegeleise, gross un klee',
 Seht m'r dort all biesamme schteh';
 Die Schwewhelzer noch d'rzu —
 M'r kennt net ohne sell' dhu!

Wie schie' wammer der Owet schpende
 Am Feier bis es nunnerbrennt;
 M'r meent die Kohle suche Rub,
 Die Wessesch dschillt un derkt sic zu.
 Sie gewe sich so dreemisch hin,
 Wie Aage, wann se schlafrig sin!



DER ALTE FEIERHEERD.
 THE OLD HEARTH-FIRE.

Ich glaab net viel an Heverei —
 Mag sei', 's is eppes so dehei!
 Eens wees ich awer gans gewiss:
 Es geht keen Platz wie sell'er is;
 Er schpukt m'r immer vor dem Herz
 Un weckt 'n Art vun Freedeschmerz.

Some think the hearth-fire spell o'er hearts
 Is close allied to witching arts!
 One thing is sure — off to that shrine,
 Fond memory draws this heart of mine;
 And round that hearth's soft evening gleams,
 My spirit dreams its sweetest dreams.

DR. HENRY HARBAUGH

These verses from a Pennsylvania Dutch poem by Dr. Henry Harbaugh (1817-1867), *Prescher, Teacher, Editor, Post*, and his own translation of the same, are among the earliest literary productions of our local speech. Happy are they who can read them in the original for no translation can do them justice. The etching is from a wood-engraving sketched in the Harbaugh farm house in Franklin County, Penna., by J. A. Beck in illustration the collection of poems posthumously published in 1870 as *Harbaugh's Herf*. This broadside is a project to demonstrate printing on an iron hand-press, a *Ramage Philadelphia Press* built by F. Bronstrup, at the Twentieth Annual Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival, Kurtztown, Penna. Harry F. Stauffer, *Printer & Binder* in the Village of Farmersville, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. 1969

THE poets praise in touching rhyme
 The hearth-fire of olden time:
 I read their verse with many a sigh,
 And think of times and joys gone by.
 Thus dreaming o'er the past, I'm fain
 To think I see it all again.

I ever feel for that dear spot,
 A home-sick love that ceases not:
 What'er I do, where'er I roam,
 My heart returns to that hearth-home;
 I never can recall the cheer
 Of that old hearth, without a tear.

The mantle-shelf, familiar still,
 Holds candlesticks and coffee-mill;
 The smoothing irons, large and small,
 The lard-lamp overtops them all;
 And sulphur sticks — they burn you know —
 From faintest coal when fire is low.

How sweet to sit the hearth-fire by,
 Till living coals to embers die;
 White ashes, creeping o'er their crest,
 Come as if covering them for rest;
 How dream-like fades their glowing light,
 Like eyes that sink to sleep at night!



A Stauffer Broadside, Henry Harbaugh's dialect poem, "Der alte Feierheerd" (The Old Hearth-Fire) with English translation, printed at the Folk Festival in 1969.

Matth: 1. 21.

Wird sie wird einen Sohn gebähren, des Rahmen
 wird JESUS heißen, dann Er wird
 sein Volck selig machen von ihren
 Sünden.

Kein Rahme ist so schon, als meines Jesus Rahme,
 Weil er auf Deutsch so viel als Seligmacher heist,
 Es ist auch dieses Kind der rechte Weibes-Saame,
 Der uns allein den Weg zum ewigen Leben weist.
 Den Rahmen will ich mir tief in mein Herze graben,
 Und in der letzten Noth in meinem Munde haben.

Auf das heil. Weinachts Fest 1769.

Ephrata Cloister
 Christmas Greeting
 of 1769, reprinted
 in 1969 by Harry
 F. Stauffer on the
 Ephrata Press.

Der Alte Feierheerd (The Old Hearth Fire)
Die Alt Heemet (The Old Homestead)
Das Alt Schulhaus An Der Krick (The Old
 School House At The Creek)
Die Alt Miehl (The Old Mill)

All of these contain verses from Pennsylvania Dutch poems by Dr. Henry Harbaugh (1817-1867), Preacher, Teacher, Editor, and Poet. They are among the earliest literary production of our local speech.

He also prints copies of an English translation of a *Himmelsbrief* or "Letter From God Himself".

VICTORIAN CALLIGRAPHIC DRAWING

Shaded and unshaded lines and fanciful helixes help John Bechtel to create his calligraphic masterpieces. And masterpieces they are, whether you look at the written message, the lay-out of the page or the delineated birds and flowers on note-papers and envelopes. In addition to a fine pen and supple wrist, our handwriting artist seems to have an inborn ability to do his work.

Eleven years ago, John retired from farming and started to do Fraktur and name-card writing. He remains vitally interested in farm life and in the Grange. In June 1967 at the Pennsylvania State Grange Leadership meeting at Gettysburg, three citations that he had made were presented to: National Grange Master Hirshel Newsom; Pennsylvania State Grange Master John Scott; and Howard Bonser, State University. On January 31, 1968, the National Grange presented a citation to President and Mrs. Johnson. Mr. and Mrs. Bechtel were at the White House to witness the presentation as Mr. Bechtel had penned the citation.

QUILTING AS FOLK ART

Mrs. Ellen Dry recalled that winter was the favorite season for quilting parties in private homes. Sometimes quilting lasted a whole day, the hostess serving a sumptuous meal. Today most of the quilting is done by the Ladies Aid Societies of the Churches. The charge for the quilting is based on the number of yards of thread used. Patterns for the quilting were scallops, snails, tulips, sweet peas, roses, and — the chain for the border.

The quilts can be classed in four categories: the appliquéd, the piece-patchwork, the embroidered, and the pure white with intricate markings.³

TOLEWARE-PAINTING

Mrs. Mabel Wells feels that some toleware is natively Pennsylvania Dutch.

The tin used for it is not the same kind as the tin used in kitchen utensils. Instead it is a thin-sheet iron that has been tin-coated.

Prior to the painting, Mrs. Wells applies a thinned, colored varnish to the article being decorated to give it a translucent effect.

She decorates anything ranging from bread trays, tea caddies, document boxes, to drinking cups in bold colors of red, yellow, and green on a solid black.

³For Pennsylvania Dutch quilting fashions and patterns, see Earl F. Robacker, "Piece-Patch Artistry," *Pennsylvania Folklife*, XIII:3 (July 1969), 2-10.



Mrs. Mabel Wells of Lancaster County preserves the early American folk art of toleware painting.



Three folk art specialists at the first Folk Festival seminars on Pennsylvania German folk arts, in 1952. Left to right: Dr. Donald Shelley, Frances Lichten, and Dr. Earl F. Robacker.

THE "HEX SIGN" PAINTER

"To draw and paint a star on a barn would take a painter an eight-hour day," recalled John Claypole. These stars were never "hex signs" but were an expression of pride in the homestead and "chust for

nice". Identical symbols have appeared on birth certificates, sgraffito plates, tombstones, dower chests and the like. Mr. Claypole paints signs with the traditional stars and hearts, but has added also his own modern version with tulips and distelfinks.

So you don't have a barn? Today the stars are drawn on water-proof and fire-proof Homosote board. Fasten these circular designs on your garages, schools, and the interior of your playrooms or offices.

ANTIQUES AND FOLK ART

On certain afternoons during the Festival, Dr. Earl F. and Ada F. Robacker lecture informally on folk art objects of the Dutch Country, drawing on their extensive personal collection for "live" illustrations. Such broad categories as copper, tin, and iron, carved and/or painted wooden objects, early pottery, hand-drawn and colored documents ("Fraktur"), and samplers, show towels and quilts and coverlets are included.

The objects they show tend to feature hearts, tulips, stars, birds, and other typical Pennsylvania Dutch decoration.

Their observations grow out of long and thorough research into American folk arts and lifelong participation in the fascinating game of antique collecting.



Johnny Claypole, the Hex Sign Painter at the Folk Festival. Suburban America has discovered the "hex signs" painted on the forebays of Pennsylvania German barns "chust for nice". These panels include both traditional and modernized designs.



Festival Highlights

Floyd Feick and band sound off with the "Kutztown Reel" for hoe downing and jiggng.



Johnny Brendel preparing to reenact the 1809 hanging of Susanna Cox. The event produced Pennsylvania's most widespread ballad, "The Sad and Mournful Tale of Susanna Cox."



Sounds of the Festival include old-time hymn tunes played by Gordon Eby with Harvest Home display in background.

25



Sheep, black and white, were part of the farm child's world.

Quilts by champion quilters from the length and breadth of the Dutch Country are for sale at the Festival.





*Easter eggs of the fancy variety.
Decorator: Barbara Bomberger.*



Two Dutch cooks, Dorothy Miller and Esther DeLong, ladle out the "schnitz un gnepp" and other Dutch specialties.



Fraktur artist Dian Noll executes a fancy tulip. Fraktur is the prize Pennsylvania German contribution to America's folk arts.

Dyes from roots and barks are used to color yarn in traditional tints. Here Barbara Foust demonstrates the process.



Thrifty Dutch farm folk find uses for castoff and throwaway materials. Here farmwife Maggie Stofflet makes a corn shuck mat.



Ruth Messner demonstrates punched tinware lantern complete with Dutch distelfink and tulip designs.

Festival Highlights



Helen Werley makes sturdy kitchen brooms from native broom corn.



Soft Pretzels, long favorites in the Dutch country are twisted here by LeRoy Fitting and Margaret Mumma.



Annie Adam and Elda Trexler march on the Fourth of July. The "Fantastical Parade" was a traditional form of rural merrymaking to celebrate the nation's birthday.



Lamp-maker Joseph Messersmith demonstrates his wares.



Daisy Sechler, the Chicken Lore lady, marches with the Fantastical Parade.

Festival Highlights



Annie Everett and Mabel Snyder model Victorian mourning costumes at the Funeral Lore Tent.



Festival women participating in Customs of the Year Seminar.



The Festival and its Sponsorship

The Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival is sponsored by the Pennsylvania Folklife Society, a non-profit corporation. Purpose of the Society is three-fold: collecting the lore of the Dutch Country and Pennsylvania; studying and archiving it; and making it available to the public.

SEMINARS ON PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH FOLK-CULTURE

- 12:00 NOON Introduction to the Plain Dutch
- 12:30 P. M. Crafts and Craftsmen of the Dutch Country
- 1:00 P. M. Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Art
- 1:30 P. M. Herbs, Almanacs, Witchcraft and Powwowing
- 2:00 P. M. Customs of the Year
- 2:30 P. M. Funeral Lore of the Dutch Country
- 3:00 P. M. Folk Architecture and House Restoration
- 3:30 P. M. Mennonite, Amish and Brethren Culture
- 4:00 P. M. Snake Lore
- 4:30 P. M. Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Music

Publication of the Pennsylvania Folklife Society

The Society's periodical, PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE, now in the twentieth year, is published quarterly, in Fall, Winter, Spring and Summer. Each issue has 48 pages or more of text, and is profusely illustrated.

Subjects covered include: architecture, cookery, costume, customs of the year, folk art and antiques, folk dancing, folk medicine, folk literature, folk religion, folk speech, home-making lore, recreation, superstitions, traditional farm and craft practices, and transportation lore.



AN INVITATION

To Become a Subscriber to the Society's Periodical,
PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE
(\$4.00 a Year; Single Copies \$1.50)

PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE SOCIETY
Box 1053, Lancaster, Pennsylvania 17604

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

ZIP CODE _____

21st Annual Pennsylvania Dutch

MAIN STAGE

- 11:00-12:30 **COUNTRY**
- 12:30- 1:00 **FOOD SP**
- 1:00- 2:30 Songs by
Music by
and Penn
- 2:30- 4:15 Major Fol
"MEN O
(See Page
- 4:15- 6:00 **COUNTRY**
- 6:00- 7:00 Intermissi
- 7:00- 7:30 **HEIDELBE**
- 7:30- 9:15 Major Fol
"MEN O
(See Page



BALLOON ASCENSION

Place—Balloon
Time—6:00 P.M.

Old-fashioned balloon ascension similar to those done in the Dutch Country in the 1870s.



AMISH WEDDING

Place—Green Chair
Time—1:30 & 4:30

Ruth Yoder and Amos Fisher exchange traditional Amish wedding vows.



HORSESHOEING

Place—Horse Tent
Time—1:00 P.M.

Actual shoeing of horses as done in the Pennsylvania Dutch country of yesteryear.



COUNTRY AUCTION

Place—Main Stage
Time—11:00 to 12:30 &
4:15 to 6:00 P.M.

Auctioneers in action, selling a variety of articles from the Pennsylvania Dutch area.



BUTCHERING

Place—Butcher shop
Time—12:30 to 6:00

Demonstration of hog-butchering including the making of porkhoss and sausage.



SHEEP SHEARING

Place—Sheep Pen
Time—12:00 A.M.

Shearing of sheep and subsequent use of the wool in vegetable dyeing.



CHILDREN'S GAMES

Place—Hay wagon
Time—12:00 to 5:00

Children under 12 years are invited to join in the playing of the traditional Dutch children's games.

Folk Festival

June 27-28-29-30
July 1-2-3-4-5, 1970
KUTZTOWN, PA.

PROGRAM

ACTION

ACTIVITIES at the Festival

BROOKS,
SELBERG POLKA BAND
Pennsylvania Dutch HUMOR

Festival Presentation:
"THE MASTER"

ACTION

POLKA BAND

Festival Presentation:
"THE MASTER"



QUILTING

Place—Quilting Building
Time—9:00 to 7:00

Demonstration of the art of quilting. All quilts entered in the contest are on display and for sale.



PA. DUTCH COOKING AND CANNING

Place—Country Kitchen
Time—10:00 to 7:00

Preparation of typical Pa. Dutch meals, including daily menus with favorite recipes.



FARM PRODUCE

Place—Grange Building
Time—9:00 to 7:00

Eight local Grange organizations display products from Pennsylvania Dutch farms.



WITCHCRAFT TRIAL

Place—Hutch
Time—12:30 & 5:30

William Penn presides at Pennsylvania's most famous witchcraft trial—1684.



HANGING

Place—Gallows
Time—11:30 & 3:30

The hanging of Susanna Cox for infanticide, reenacting Pennsylvania's most famous execution, 1809.



SQUARE DANCING, HOEDOWNING & JIGGING

Place—Hoedown Stage
Time—12:00 to 5:00 P.M.

Everyone Invited to Dance!

Demonstrations and Instructions furnished by championship Hoedown and Jigging Teams.

CONTEST: 7:00 to 9:00 P.M.

FREE-FOR-ALL 9:00 to 11:00 P.M.

Men of One Master

2:30 P. M. and 7:30 P. M. on MAIN STAGE

A documentary epic of the Old Order Amish struggle to survive three centuries of change

*Written and Directed by Brad Smoker
Music and Music Direction by Glen Morgan*

- Scene One:** "For Today—What Does The Almanac Say?"
Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, Saturday.
"That's The Way The World Goes" Group
"Vexed With A Hex" Rainey, Yonne, Girls
"Blue Gate, Tell Me." Nancy & Aaron
- Scene Two:** A "Go-To-Meeting" Sunday.
" 's Lob g'sang" (Hymn of Praise) Group
"Where Will We Go?" Group
- Scene Three:** Europe, 1650.
"Gonna Find That Freedom Land" Men
"This Land Is God's Land" Group
- Scene Four:** Lancaster County, Sunday.
"On A Sunday Afternoon" Group
"It's A World, What A World" Cain
- Scene Five:** Market Day. One Week Later.
"Much Dutch Touch" Rainey, Yonne, Group
- Scene Six:** A Saturday Night Singing.
"Seven Sweets and Seven Sours" Group
- Scene Seven:** Wedding Day. Thursday.
"I Ain't Never Gonna Marry" Rainey and Yonne
"What Is A Man?" Aaron, Cain, Mary & Joel
- Scene Eight:** The School Question and the Courts.
"Where Will We Go?" Group

The history of the Amish in Europe, the ideas and concepts of their religion, their mode of life, the church service and its music—all of these are authentic. Although the young Amish dance at their Sunday evening frolics, we have supplemented the accurate information of the Amish with choreographed dances and background music for their pageantry values. We do not believe this will divert from the honesty of information portrayed about the Amish.

—Brad Smoker.

About The Authors:

Brad Smoker, author and director received an M.A. in theatre from Syracuse University and now is professor of theatre at the University of Rhode Island. Ten other scripts of his have had college and community theatre productions.

Glen Morgan has a doctorate of music from Indiana University and presently teaches at Lycoming College. He and Mr. Smoker have recently produced a musical about the Molly Maguires, BLACK DIAMOND. Other compositions by Mr. Morgan include a chamber opera, ABRAHAM & ISAACS, a cantata, OLYMPIA REBORN, and incidental music for many plays.



Amish Family from "Men of One Master" Pageant.



Costumed misses from Amish pageant pose in 20th-Century Amish buggy. Old Order Amish use only horse-drawn transportation.

Festival Highlights



Amish courtship and wedding practices are dramatized in the Festival pageant and Amish wedding performance.



A tiny "Amish" pageant participant finds the hay-wagon tongue a convenient swing.



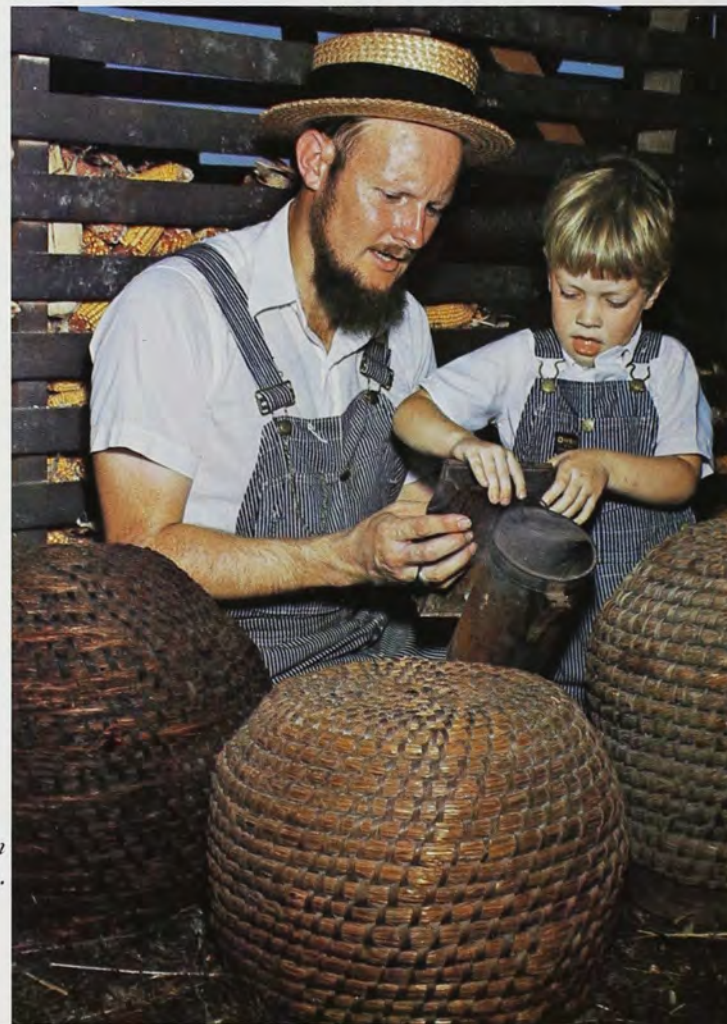
Constantine Kermes, nationally heralded portrayer of Amish life in painting and print, here demonstrates print-making.



Walter Shunk, demonstrates one of man's most ancient crafts each year to Festival crowds.



Henry Hassler, demonstrating the art of making hooked rugs.



Lester Breining and son "smoke" the beehives.



The "Schnitzelbank" or carving bench features in Pennsylvania Dutch songs. Here James Younkin demonstrates its use.



A grandfather clock case in the finishing stages by Clockmaker Claude Readinger.

Festival Highlights



Steam engines were used on the farm for many chores. Here farmer Earl Diebl operates one used in the threshing exhibit.



Spinning flax on the "small" or flax wheel demonstrated by Claude Oldt. Wool was spun on the "great" or wool wheel.

Sheepshearing was a Spring-time task on the farms of Pennsylvania. Here Luther Schmucker shows how it was done with hand clippers.



Festival Highlights



Championship groups from the Dutch Country swing partners on the Hoe Down Stage.



The Grange Building, with prize exhibits of the home-canning art from the domain of the Pennsylvania Dutch farmwife.

The Dutchman is traditionally a hearty eater. Here a farm meal is served in the Festival's Country Kitchen.



19th-Century Ballooning Tradition Continues at Kutztown Festival

By DODDS MEDDOCK

Just after one o'clock, the fourth of September, 1871, a wiry young man dressed in the colorful tights of an aerialist and sporting a lush John L. Sullivan handle-bar moustache clasped a trapeze bar lightly in his hand and severed a heavy rope with the sharp sword he held in the other hand. The man was Washington Harrison Donaldson. The place was the town square of Reading, Pennsylvania. The trapeze was attached, not to poles or onto a high wire, but to the load ring of "The Aerostatic Flying Machine Comet."

The balloon shot into the sky before the wide eyes of the clerks, farmers, and children who packed the square while Donaldson hung below the giant bag. At an altitude of several thousand feet, the brave aeronaut stood upright on the trapeze bar and bowed deeply to the crowd, which, still being in awe, stayed clear of the area in which the balloon had gently rocked a few seconds before. The applause and hurrahs were clearly audible to Donaldson through what was almost a mile of air separating them.

This was only Donaldson's second ascent in a balloon. He had made his first ascension a few days earlier, also from Reading, but that had been in the traditional wicker basket and Donaldson was not one to respect tradition for long. Already he had become the first person in the world to ride a bicycle on an elevated tightwire at Philadelphia in May of 1869. He had made over thirteen hundred performances on the tightwire and his reputation as an aerialist exceeded even that of the Frenchman, Jean-Francois Blondin, who was heralded for his stunts on a wire over Niagara Falls.

Donaldson was not satisfied with having performed a feat which would have caused heart failure in most men. He threw himself backward and fell, catching his ankles on the bar. With a spring, he was standing up on the bar. Then he hung from the bar by his neck, one hand, and even by one foot. He continued his dazzling performance, feat after unheard-of feat, high above the awe-struck crowd.

On this day, high above the gentle rolling hills and quilt-patched fields of the Dutch farmers, the career of America's most colorful balloonist began. For the next four years, Donaldson blazed through the skies of America, as if in imitation of that star with whose name he had christened his first balloon.

At festivals and harvest fairs throughout the East, Donaldson and his "Aerostatic Flying Machines" be-



Author Meddock ascends in his fire balloon, "Nimbus Secundus," from Folk Festival Grounds.

Washington Harrison Donaldson ascends in the Aerostatic Flying Machine "Comet" from Reading, Pennsylvania, in 1871 as drawn by Carol A. Muenich.

came a featured attraction. In a New Jersey resort, Donaldson rode the balloon into the sky—standing on top of the bag. In the summer of 1873, again at Reading, he flew a small balloon made from 225 yards of wrapping paper. When he had reached sufficient height he fired the balloon and then parachuted to safety below the fiery sphere.

The balloon "Comet" had been constructed for Donaldson by Professor John Wise, chief meteorologist at Philadelphia's Franklin Institute. Wise, like Donaldson, had been born and grew up near Allentown. Professor Wise was an aeronaut of great reknown, and was esteemed as a serious-minded man who made ballooning a science, and, as a professional aeronaut and meteorologist, he made ballooning a tool of science.

As a result of experience gained in several hundred balloon flights, Wise formulated a theory that great rivers of fast-moving air flowed high above the United States from west to east. If properly used, this invisible current would enable a balloon to drift across the Atlantic to the Old World, and perhaps even around the world.*

In 1872, while Donaldson was touring the East Coast with his new silk balloon, Magenta, Wise was planning how he might employ the high altitude river of air he had discovered in an enterprise of unheard-of proportions. Wise had on his drawing board the design for a balloon of some 600,000 cubic feet. Such a balloon would be large enough to keep several men and their supplies aloft for a week. This was enough time, Wise reasoned, to cross the Atlantic. Soon, the giant balloon, "Atlantic," was christened. Early in 1874, Donaldson joined Wise in what was to be the adventure of the century: an aerial crossing of the Atlantic!

James and Charles Goodsell, publishers of the New York *Daily Graphic*, had made large investments in the project. As expenses increased, they convinced Donaldson to make many public demonstrations with the equipment. Wise, unhappy with what he considered to be unnecessary interference with equipment design and manufacture, and displeased with the growing emphasis on advertising rather than scientific values, disengaged himself from the enterprise. Finally, on October 6, during a trial flight, Donaldson left New York City with two reporters, Alfred Ford and George Lunt, and crashed in New Canaan, Connecticut. The entire project was scrapped.

The next year was an active one for Donaldson. In New York he had met the promoter of the century, none other than Phineas T. Barnum. Barnum was building Madison Square Garden to house his famous "Great Roman Hippodrome and Politechnic Institute." Donaldson toured the country with the Barnum circus doing his thrilling act in the clouds. In Pittsburgh he took a whole wedding party aloft and the Barnum equestrienne, Elizabeth Walsh, became the bride of the acrobat, Churly Colton. In Norfolk, Va., he climbed the netting up the side of the balloon and slashed the balloon with a pocket knife. Donaldson came down only a hundred yards from the ocean's edge unconcerned about the fact that he had never learned to swim.

*In fact, even today this feat has not been accomplished. However, a group of twentieth century balloonists from Philadelphia, Mrs. Alfred Wolf, Peter Pellegrino, and Francis Shields, served as technical advisors and supplied the balloon, "La Coquette," which was highlighted in the film, "Around the World in Eighty Days."

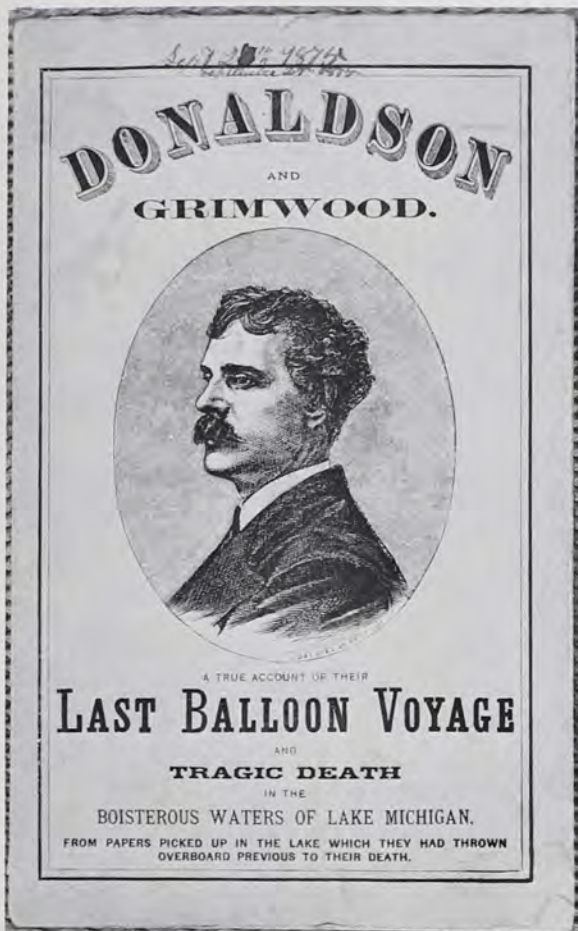
Professor John Wise, renowned aeronaut, constructed the "Comet" for Donaldson.



Washington Donaldson ascends with marriage party in the balloon P. T. Barnum from Cincinnati. 1874. (Contemporary woodcut.)

While Wise was a scholarly man, quiet and industrious, a man of substance like many from gentle Quaker families, Donaldson approached life with gay abandon. His habits often angered the solemn neighbors near his family home outside Allentown. In fact, rumors of Donaldson's amorous adventures in the air preceded him wherever he went. As a gay, swash-buckling young blade Donaldson was attractive to young ladies and he often favored them with a balloon voyage.

In the spring of 1874, he was to make a flight for the hometown folks at Allentown. In the crowd was a young attractive school teacher whom he invited to join him in the basket of the balloon. After a gentle ascent, the balloon drifted lazily over Allentown for almost an hour before it drifted southward toward the horizon. The local children thought it was great fun to follow the balloon and they vied with each other to catch the sand which the aeronaut cast over the side to adjust his altitude. However, they returned to the public square with a considerably more unusual



Jacket from Prof. Wise's account of the death of Donaldson and Grimwood. (Courtesy Chicago Historical Society Library.)

catch than sand: a lady's bonnet and a delicate shoe. Upon his descent, the town magistrates escorted Donaldson, balloon, and equipment to the town limits. History doesn't record the fate of the young school teacher.

Professor Wise lived a long and fruitful life, and contributed substantially to our knowledge of weather conditions. When Wise was 71 years old he made an ascent from Lindell Park, St. Louis. That evening his balloon was seen crossing over Lake Michigan west of Michigan City, Indiana. Prof. Wise and his balloon were never seen again. Donaldson met a remarkably similar fate at a much younger age.

In July of 1875 Donaldson was making a number of ascents in Chicago to promote and advertise P. T. Barnum's circus which was the sensation of the day. For several days in mid-July the balloon "P. T. Barnum V" would ascend from Dearborn Park, then located at Washington Street and Michigan Avenue, near the lake front. Several newspaper reporters would ride with Donaldson on each flight. The reporters would then submit their thrilling copy and the local readers were packing Barnum's Hippodrome each evening.

At half-past four, Thursday evening, July 15, 1875, Donaldson ascended for the 136th time. His passenger

was Newton S. Grimwood, a cub reporter for the *Chicago Evening Journal*. The balloon, containing some 75,000 cubic feet of gas, wafted on a fresh south-westerly breeze and soon floated out of sight over Lake Michigan in the direction of the Michigan shore line.

At about 12:30 that night a confluence of cold Canadian air and moist warm air from the lake created a storm of enormous force. The next morning the captain of the lumber ship "Little Guide" reported seeing a balloon briefly touch the water at 7:00 a.m. some twelve miles north of Chicago and about thirty miles out from shore. He reported that as they tried to reach the balloon it suddenly shot above the clouds and was lost to sight.

Near Hyde Park, a few days later, a small bottle was found. The note it contained read as follows: "July 16—2 AM We cannot stay up more than an hour longer, as gas is rapidly escaping. N. S. G."

In August of the same year, Grimwood's body was recovered from the beach at Stony Creek, Michigan. Also recovered was a small notebook in which Grimwood had kept a log of the flight. He wrote, "Prof. D. seems to be a very pleasant gentleman, althou a philosopher and an aeronaut . . . I cannot help reflecting that if we fall, we fall like Lucifer, out of the heavens, & that upon our arrival on earth, or rather upon the water—for we are over the middle of Lake M—we would literally be dead . . ." Donaldson's body was never recovered.

Although the history of ballooning in Pennsylvania is rich and varied, the art of drifting, without any control of direction, on each passing breeze lost appeal both as a sport and as a public attraction in the first decades of the twentieth century. The sport lost appeal as more and more electric lines criss-crossed the farm lands, making ascents in balloons filled with explosive gasses too dangerous. At fairs, crowds wanted to see heavier-than-air flying machines do spectacular feats in the hands of daring young barn-stormers. Consequently, interest in lighter-than-air flying machines declined to the point where the balloon became almost forgotten. The balloon ascension, once a common sight at fairs and harvest festivals throughout the East, is today a rare and unusual sight. However, each year this exciting and colorful tradition is carried on at the Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival at Kutztown.

For several years these ascents were made by Robert E. Trauger of Kellers Church, Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Bob flew a muslin smoke balloon of the sort which dates back to the middle of the last century. The large bag would be suspended from a scaffold over a hot sooty fire until at last the balloon would have sufficient lift and it would then be cut loose. After a ride of a few minutes, Bob would select an open field, cut away from the trapeze, and parachute to safety.

I had made my very first balloon ascents under Trauger's careful scrutiny from the pastures behind his Kellers Church Granite Works. Over the years we had made balloon ascents together at many festivals in the

East and Midwest. Since his tragic death in a ballooning accident, Captain Ed Allen and I have carried on the tradition.

At Kutztown, a small field on the festival commons is prepared as the launch site. Late each afternoon when the winds diminish and the heat of the sun cools, we carry the balloon with its wicker basket to the center of the balloon field and I select a group of "canvasmen" from the large audience gathered for the ascension.

These canvasmen, as the ground crewmen are known, are instructed in their tasks by Captain Allen. At the age of seventy-three, he is the elder statesman of American aerostatics, and frequently assists in the inflation at important balloon ascents. A veteran of over 3,000 balloon ascensions himself, the ballooning tradition in the Allen family dates to the time of the Civil War when James and Ezra Allen made many important balloon ascents as observers for the Union Army Balloon Corps. They made numerous ascents from the world's first aircraft carrier, an oval flat boat called "The George Washington Parke Curtis" in the balloons "Eagle" and "Intrepid."

Captain Allen's long experience as an aeronaut (over 50 years), and as a balloon fabricator (almost 200 balloons) is invaluable at an ascension. His knowledge of the subtleties of the winds guarantees a speedy inflation and successful ascent. He is so vigorous and energetic on the balloon field that he has been known to wear out many younger assistants.

With assistance from the canvasmen, the balloon envelope is pulled from a bag not much larger than a sailor's sea bag. Although the limp envelope stretches some sixty or seventy feet along the grass, its jumble of silken color doesn't hint of the beautiful shape it will soon form. Only the ornately woven wicker basket

attached by suspension lines gives a hint of the true function of this amorphous pile of fabric.

Donaldson and Wise filled their balloons with hydrogen generated from clumsy leaden barrels, or with gas from the towns' illuminating gas plants, or sometimes with smoke and heated air from the flames of burning barrel staves. Our balloon differs little from the very early ones. However, since barrel staves are a bit awkward in a small balloon basket, we use tanks of propane gas to heat the air in the balloon. By taking these tanks up with the balloon, the air can be continuously heated and it is not necessary to parachute from the balloon. As no explosive lifting gas is used, inflation of the balloon poses no hazard to spectators.

Inflation begins by vigorously flapping the mouth of the balloon envelope. The mouth of the balloon is a hole twelve feet in diameter at the bottom of the balloon envelope. As the mouth is flapped, small bubbles of air work themselves through the fabric. Soon a small bubble forms at the top, or apex, of the balloon. As this process continues, the balloon begins to fill up like a child's rubber balloon. If there is some wind to help, two men can hold the mouth of the balloon open and the wind will support enough fabric so that it is safe to light the burners.

The burners are attached to the suspension lines above the wicker basket and some ten feet below the

40



Burner tubes turn white as water freezes on them from cooling effect of expanding propane as air is heated to inflate the balloon.

Aeronaut Meddock inspects balloon envelope prior to inflation.

mouth of the balloon. During inflation, the wicker basket lies on its side and the burners rest on the ground. The pilot sits behind the burners so that he can direct the flames into the mouth of the balloon. This is a delicate operation. Since the flame burns at an average of 3600 degrees, it need only graze the balloon fabric to vaporize large ugly holes in the mouth and sides of the balloon.

After the burners are lighted, small bursts of flame send bubble after bubble of heated air the length of the cavern inside the balloon. The balloon slowly begins to take shape as it fills with hot air. Gradually more and more fabric is pulled out from the pile of fabric on the ground. The balloon begins to take its spherical shape. In higher winds this point in the inflation can be critical since the balloon now forms what is essentially a giant parachute with the wind blowing directly into its gaping mouth. If the ground crew were to lose control, the balloon, burner, basket, and pilot go for a bouncing ride through whatever is in the way until the rip panel at the top of the balloon can be opened to collapse the balloon.

As the balloon becomes light enough to support its own weight, the canvasmen allow the balloon to lift from its prone position on the ground. Eventually, no part of the fabric touches the ground and the balloon lifts the basket and burners to a vertical position. The exciting struggle to inflate the huge balloon is almost over. I expectantly climb into the wicker basket.

As the light, heated air inside the balloon envelope displaces the heavier unheated air, a surplus lifting



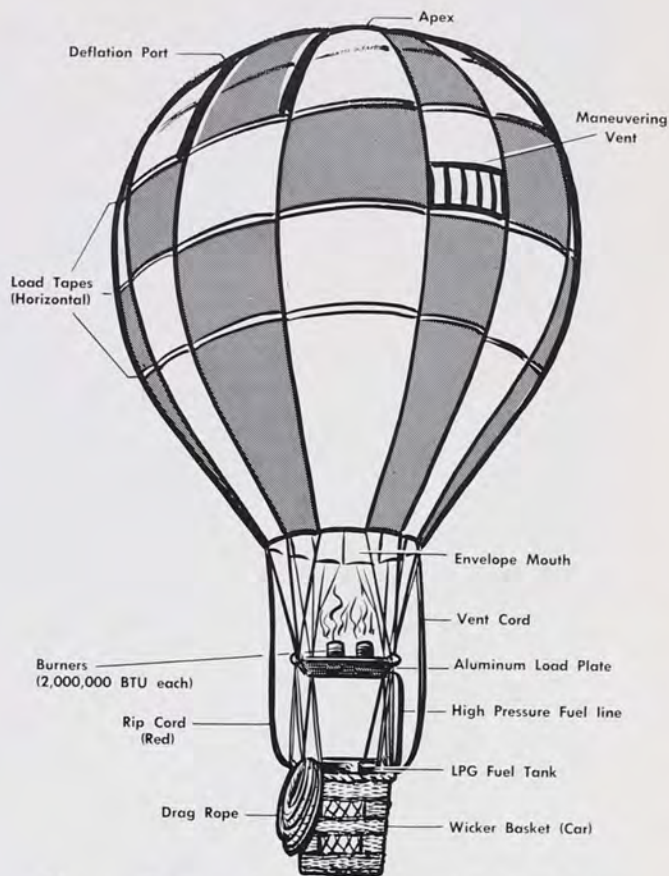
Ascent from Festival grounds, given direction by the slightest breeze.



The balloon's ground crewmen (canvasmen) are recruited from visitors to the Folk Festival.



While the crew restrains balloon, final adjustments of temperature within balloon are made, varying between 150 and 200 degrees above unheated air. Photo by James Baird with Fisheye lens.



Nomenclature of "Nimbus Secundus" fire balloon.

force is created.* A few more blasts from the burner and the balloon is ready to "weigh-off." In this process Capt. Allen and an assistant hold the basket and allow it to lift as high as they can reach, then they pull it back down again. I adjust the burner pressure and the process is then repeated until it is determined ex-

*"Nimbus Secundus" has a volume of 30,000 cubic feet. Since air usually weighs about 75 pounds per 1,000 cubic feet, the displacement of the balloon is about 2,300 pounds. Since the unheated air is displaced by air heated to about 230 degrees F., an ascensive force equal to 25% of the weight of the unheated air displacement or over 500 pounds, is generated.

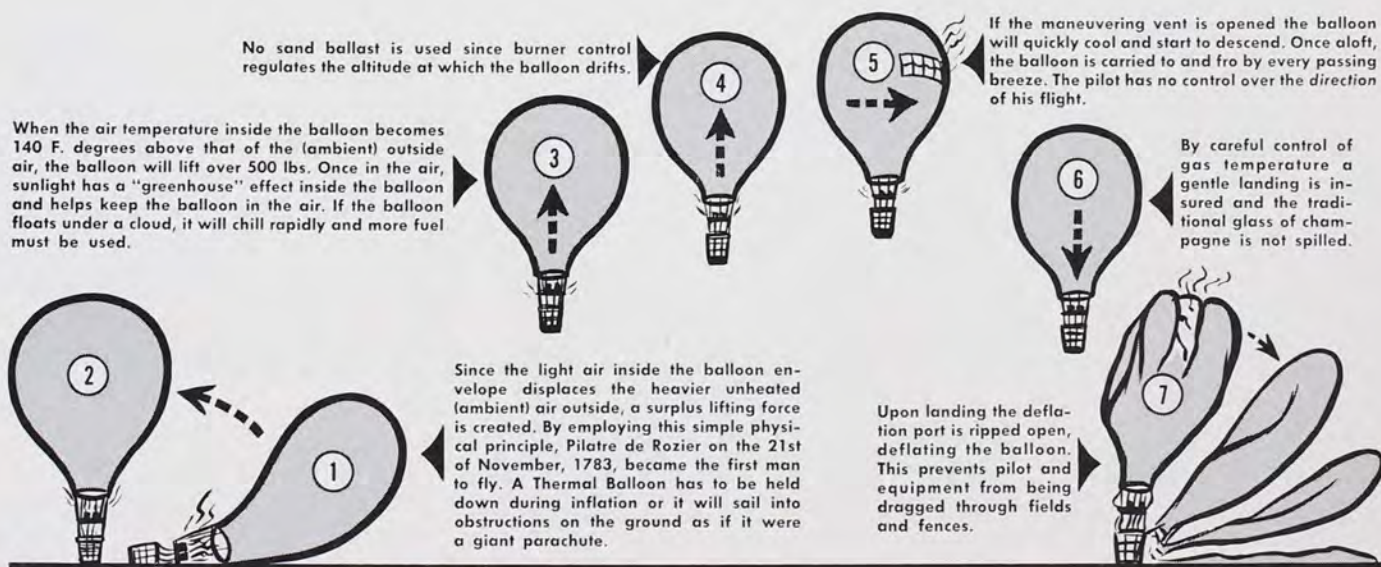
actly how much lift, or ascensive force the balloon has. This procedure insures that the balloon has sufficient lift to clear any obstacles close to the ground. On the other hand, if there is an excess of ascensive force the aerostat may rise so rapidly that the stress becomes too great for the seams resulting in a sky full of tattered fabric.

At last all is in readiness. Captain Allen nods his approval. I give the traditional command "Off all hands!" and the behemoth craft floats gently into the sky. The giant ship which had just reeled to and fro with each gust as if it were some monster caught in a trap, frantically bent on escape, becomes a docile, fragile bubble gently sailing on an invisible sea. A spontaneous cheer erupts from the crowd.

I look down at the faces becoming ever smaller below. I wave. They wave back. I marvel at the sensation. I am not flying. They are falling away from me. I am not moving. The earth is turning slowly beneath my feet. I am safe. The basket does not shudder or rock. It is stable and secure. There is no noise. All is quiet. There is no height. I am as secure as I have ever been. Movement and noise, height and fear all belong to that world below. A cloud can not fall.

The whim of the wind determines the direction of the voyage. As I pass over the town, I look around the basket. The flags and pennants hang limp—there is no breeze—for the balloon is now a part of the wind itself. A slight adjustment of the burners and there is nothing more to do. I am floating—adrift in a magic sail. I peer over the side of the wicker car. Below I see the carefully manicured fields which reflect the heritage of faithful orderliness so much a part of the life style of the Pennsylvania Dutch people.

As I watch the shadow of the balloon wiggle along through the trees and shrubs startling an occasional bird or rabbit, I feel a kinship with those early pioneers who shared that mysterious love of flight which drove Icarus too near the sun.



ASCENSION OF A FREE BALLOON

JUMP-ROPE RHYMES

By MAC E. BARRICK

One of the earliest collections of American jump-rope rhymes was that made by D. W. Thompson in Southern Pennsylvania in 1929.¹ Thompson was then a reporter for the Carlisle (Pennsylvania) *Evening Sentinel* and invited children to send in their rhymes, and they did so, because they enjoyed seeing their names and rhymes in print. Nineteen of these rhymes were eventually published in the *Journal of American Folklore* (XLVII [1934], 383-386). Most of them are used by children in many parts of the country, and several are still popular in South-Central Pennsylvania.

Jumping to rhymes is a relative modern phenomenon in this area. Older residents do not remember doing it,² though they do recall that occasionally names of boys were called out while jumping to determine whom one would marry, the suggestion being that the boy on whose name one missed the jump would be one's future husband. Rhymes did not become popular until the 1920's, and many of these same rhymes are being used by children today.

The present collection was made largely in June, 1963, from members of one family, Paul, Joanne, and Frances Heishman, who then resided in Harrisburg. Additional rhymes collected from other informants have been added.³ Because the type of jumping that accompanies each rhyme is not consistent throughout the area, no attempt has been made to follow the classification systems suggested by Bruce R. Buckley and Ruth Hawthorne, rather the rhymes are listed alphabetically by first line.⁴

1. In the following rhyme, the second verse indicates the type of jumping to be done, on one foot, two feet, both feet and one hand touching the ground, then

¹For a fairly complete bibliography of jump-rope rhymes, see Roger Abrahams, "Some Jump-Rope Rimes from Texas," *Southern Folklore Quarterly*, XXVII (1963), 196-198.

²See "Games from the Little Red School House," in *Two Penny Ballads and Four Dollar Whiskey*, ed. K. S. Goldstein and R. H. Byington (Hatboro, 1966), p. 116.

³The informants (with date of birth) are: BG—Bertha Gutshall (1948); BL—Mrs. Betty Lehman (1949); EB—Mrs. Ella Barrick (1899-1963); FH—Frances Heishman (1944); JB—Mrs. Jean Barrick (1933); JH—Joanne Heishman (1953); MB—Melodi Barrick (1961); PH—Paul Heishman (1949); RG—Roxy Griffie (1959).

⁴Appearance of identical or similar rhymes in the following representative collections has been indicated: Abrahams, "Some Jump-Rope Rimes from South Philadelphia," *Keystone Folklore Quarterly*, VIII (1963), 3-15; Abrahams, "Some Jump-Rope Rimes from Texas," *Southern Folklore Quarterly*, XXVII (1963), 196-213; Buckley, "Jump-Rope Rhymes. Suggestions for Classification and Study," *Keystone Folklore Quarterly*, XI (1966), 99-111; Patricia Evans, *Rimbles* (Garden City, N.Y., 1961); Hawthorne, "Classifying Jump-Rope Games," *Keystone Folklore Quarterly*, XI (1966), 113-126; Clarissa Smith, "Jumping Into Spring," *Pennsylvania Folklife*, XVII:3 (Spring, 1968), 20-21; Thompson, "Some Pennsylvania Rope-Jumping Rhymes," *Journal of American Folklore*, XLVII (1934), 383-386; Carl Withers, *A Rocket in My Pocket* (New York, 1948).



"Down by the station where the green grass grows . . ." Roxy Griffie, Tammy Nailor and Melodi Barrick jump American style.

finally both hands touching the ground. The first version names a Harrisburg newspaper because the informant was a delivery-boy for that paper.

- a. Blondie and Dagwood went downtown;
Blondie bought an evening gown;
Dagwood bought a pair of shoes;
Cookie bought the *Evening News*,
And this is what it said:
Johnny jumps on one foot, one foot, one foot,
Johnny jumps on two feet, two feet, two feet,
Johnny jumps on three feet, three feet, three feet,
Johnny jumps on four feet, four feet, four feet,
And that is what it said.

(PH, Harrisburg, June 1963. Abrahams *Philadelphia* 11; Abrahams *Texas* 195; Hawthorne 114; Smith 20)

- b. Blondie and Dagwood went downtown,
Blondie got an evening gown,
Dagwood got the paper.
In the paper it said:
Lady on one foot, one foot, one foot,
etc.

(RG, Newville, March 1968)

2. In this and the following rhyme, as in many, the jumper counts until there is a miss. The second version was jumped to "Ocean Waves" (see below). See also No. 19.

- a. Blue bells, cockle shells,
Eevy, ivy, over.
My father is a butcher,
My mother cut the meat.
I'm a little hot dog
Running down the street.
How many miles can I run?
10, 20, 30, etc.

(JH, Harrisburg, June 1963. Abrahams *Texas* 198; Buckley 101; Smith 20. Cf. Evans 51, Hawthorne 123. Second part only, Withers 20)

b. Blue bells, cock-a-shells,
Eevy, ivy, over.

We like coffee, we like tea,

We like the boys and the boys like us.

(RG, Newville, March 1965, September 1966)

3. This is one of the most wide-spread jump-rope rhymes and in most versions Cinderella "went upstairs" (Evans 37, Hawthorne 114, Thompson 385). More recently in Southern Pennsylvania she "went downtown," possibly under the influence of "Blondie and Dagwood" above.

a. Cinderella, dressed in yellow,
Went downtown to see her fellow.
How many kisses did he give her?
One, two, three, four, etc.

(JB, Newville [1940-44], June 1963. Abrahams *Texas* 199; Buckley 103; Smith 20; Withers 65. Cf. Hawthorne 114)

b. Cinderella, dressed in yellow,
Went downtown to see her fellow.
As she went her girdle busted.
How many people were disgusted?
Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, etc.

(JH, Harrisburg, June 1963. Evans 19)

4. Sometimes the rhymes were personalized by inserting the name of the jumper and her boy-friend. The following rhyme is quite old, since it appears in G. F. Northall's *English Folk-Rhymes* (London, 1892, p. 368), and is subject to considerable variation:

a. Down in the meadow where the green grass grows,
Sat little (girl's name), sweet as a rose.
Along came (boy's name) and kissed her on the cheek.

How many kisses did she get?

(BG, rural Cumberland County [c. 1958], June 1963. Abrahams *Texas* 199)

b. Down in the meadow where the green grass grows,
Sat little (girl's name) as sweet as a rose.
(Girl's name) sang, "I'm so sweet."
Along came (boy's name) and kissed her on the cheek.

How many kisses did (girl's name) get?

Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, etc.

(JH, Harrisburg, June 1963)

c. Down in the meadow where the green grass grows,
Sat little (girl's name) as sweet as a rose.
She sang and she sang and she sang so sweet;
Along came (boy's name) and kissed her on the cheek.

How many kisses did she get?

(BL, Plainfield, Aug. 1963. Buckley 101; Evans 36; Hawthorne 122)

d. Down in the meadow where the green grass grows,
There sat (girl's name), sweet as a rose.
Along came her fellow and kissed her on the nose.

How many kisses did she get?

(MB, Carlisle, May 1969)

e. Down by the station where the green grass grows,
There sat (girl's name) as sweet as could be.
Along came (boy's name) and kissed her on the cheek.

How many kisses did she get that week?

(RG, Newville, March 1965)

5. The following phrase is recited with increasing speed until the jumper misses:

Down the Mississippi where the steamboats push.

Down the Mississippi where the steamboats push.
etc.

(JH, Harrisburg, June 1963. Cf. Abrahams *Philadelphia* 7; Smith 21; Withers 52)

6. In this jump, the person named must run around the others and jump over the rope before being tagged. If he is tagged, he has to go to the end of the line.

Dum, dum, Dobie, is a nut.

(Name)!

(JH, Harrisburg, June 1963)

7. Neither this form nor the preceding is listed in any of the collections consulted.

F—I—S—H, fish!

See if you can catch a fish.

D—I—S—H, dish!

See if you can break a dish.

(JH, Harrisburg, June 1963)

8. Another personalized rhyme is the following, which occurs widely:

Fudge, fudge, call the judge,

(Girl's name)'s going to have a baby.

Not a boy, not a girl,

Just a plain ol' baby.

(Boy's name) is going crazy.

Wrap it us in tissue paper,

Send it down the elevator.

How many babies will she receive?



"Fudge,
fudge,
call the
judge ..."



A nameless jump for two jumpers; one spins and swings the rope in a circle, the other jumps as the rope goes by.

(RG, Newville, March 1968. Abrahams *Texas* 199, Buckley 103. Cf. Evans 44)

9. The following is obviously a corrupted variant of the rhyme that usually ends, "How many boxes did she use?"

Grace, Grace, dressed up in lace,
Went upstairs to powder her face.
How many powders did she take?

(MB, Carlisle, May 1969. Abrahams *Texas* 199; Buckley 103; Evans 20; Hawthorne 115, 121; Thompson 385; Withers 61)

10. This rhyme, which had different functions in other games, was used as a jumping rhyme, accompanied by a set pattern of jumping forward, backward, and around in a circle.

Great A, little a,
Bouncing B.
The cat's in the cupboard
And can't see me.

(JB, Newville [c. 1944], June 1963)

11. Some jump-rope rhymes are used for divination, to determine, by the word on which the jumper misses, facts about the future.

a. Gypsy, gypsy, please tell me
What my husband's going to be.
Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,
Doctor, lawyer, Indian chief,
Sailor, tailor, bow-legged mailer, millionaire.

Gypsy, gypsy, please tell me
What my wedding ring's going to be,
Diamond, ruby, emerald, pearl,
Plastic, diamond, ruby, emerald, pearl.
Plastic, diamond, ruby, emerald, pearl.

Gypsy, gypsy, please tell me
What my wedding shoes are going to be,
Silver, gold, pink polka-dots,
Silver, gold, pink polka-dots.

Gypsy, gypsy, please tell me
What my wedding dress is going to be.
Silk, satin, calico, rag,
Silk, satin, calico, rag.

Gypsy, gypsy, please tell me
What my children are going to be.
Girls, boys, both,
Girls, boys, both,
Girls, boys, both.

Gypsy, gypsy, please tell me
How many children will I have?
Three, fifty, hundred,
Three, fifty, hundred,
Three, fifty, hundred.

(JH, Harrisburg, June 1963. Abrahams *Texas* 199; Hawthorne 116, 122. Cf. Evans 25, Smith 20, Thompson 385, 63)

b. Rich man, poor man, beggar-man, thief,
Doctor, lawyer, Indian chief.

(JB, Newville [1940-44], April 1963. Buckley 102, Thompson 385)

12. Formerly this rhyme was used as a recitation or for the mere fun of saying it, but in recent years it has been used as a jumping rhyme.

I asked my mother for fifty cents,
To see the elephant jump the fence.
He jumped so high he touched the sky
And never came back till the Fourth of July.

(EB, rural Cumberland Co. [bef. 1920; not as a jumping rhyme], April 1963; RG, Newville, May 1969; MB, Carlisle, May 1969. Buckley 106; Withers 8. Abrahams *Texas* 199: fifteen cents. Cf. Abrahams *Philadelphia* 6)

13. This rhyme, widespread in several variants, well illustrates the longevity of such materials at the folk-level, since today's children are a quarter century removed from direct knowledge of the threat of German submarines. Similarly, rhymes about Kaiser Bill persisted long after the First World War. Regarding the second version below, the jumper was herself a Girl Scout; the last line is a spontaneous jibe at an older brother, who was teasing her. Jumpers generally pantomime the actions of the last two lines.

a. I'm a little Dutch girl dressed in blue.
These are the duties I must do,
Speak to the captain, bow to the queen,
And turn my back on the German submarine.

(JH, Harrisburg, June 1963. Abrahams *Philadelphia* 7; Abrahams *Texas* 200; Hawthorne 123; Smith 21. Cf. Hawthorne 116, 124)

b. I'm a little Girl Scout dressed in green;
Here are the duties I must do:

Salute to the king, bow to the queen,
And turn my back on queer old Paul.
(JH, Harrisburg, June 1963. Cf. Hawthorne 123-124)

14. The following is another personalized rhyme. The names of participating children are usually substituted for the anonymous John and Janie.

John and Janie sittin' in a tree,
K—I—S—S—I—N—G;
First comes love, then comes marriage,
Then comes Janie in [*sic for with*] a baby carriage.

(MB, Carlisle, June 1968. Abrahams *Texas* 200)

15. Johnny on the ocean,
Johnny on the sea,
Johnny broke a cup
And blamed it on me.
How many lickings did he get?
Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, etc.

(JH, Harrisburg, June 1963. Abrahams *Philadelphia* 13; Smith 20; Thompson 383. Cf. Abrahams *Texas* 200)

16. This is an excluding rhyme, used to prevent others from joining a jump or other game already in progress. It is used with both Chinese and English (i.e., standard) jumps.

Lock, lock, the game is lock,
No one else can play.
If they ask, I'll take my shoe
And kick them black and blue.

(MB, Carlisle, May 1969)

17. Originally a riddle, this rhyme is still used as a clapping game.⁵ It was used for jumping rope in the 1940's.

Mary Mack, dressed in black.
How many buttons down her back?
1, 2, 3, 4, etc.

(JB, Newville [1940-45], May 1966. Cf. Abrahams *Philadelphia* 6)

18. Nursery rhymes of various kinds often figure as jump-rope rhymes. The following was frequently so used in Southern Pennsylvania.

One, two, buckle my shoe;
Three, four, shut the door;
Five, six, pick up sticks;
Seven, eight, lay them straight;
Nine, ten, a big fat hen.

(JB, Newville [c. 1944], April 1963. Abrahams *Texas* 201; Buckley 101; Withers 59)

19. This rhyme is a variant of No. 2, above.

Silver bells, cockle shells,
Eedy, eidy, over.
My father's a butcher,
My mother cuts the meat,
And I'm a little hot dog,
Running down the street.

⁵See Archer Taylor, *English Riddles from Oral Tradition* (Berkeley, 1951), no. 656; "Games," in *Two Penny Ballads*, p. 110.

How many miles did I run?
Ten, twenty, thirty, etc.

(JH, Harrisburg, June 1963. Cf. Evans 50; Hawthorne 123)

20. The following is a pantomime rhyme in which the jumper follows the actions suggested by the words. The words "Teddy Bear" are usually repeated in each line, but they were not in the second variant.

a. Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, turn around;
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, touch the ground;
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, go upstairs;
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, say your prayers;
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, outen the light;
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, jump in bed.

(BG, rural Cumberland Co., June 1963. Abrahams *Philadelphia* 12; Abrahams *Texas* 201; Buckley 105-106; Evans 39; Thompson 384. Cf. Evans 22-23: butterfly; Hawthorne 123)

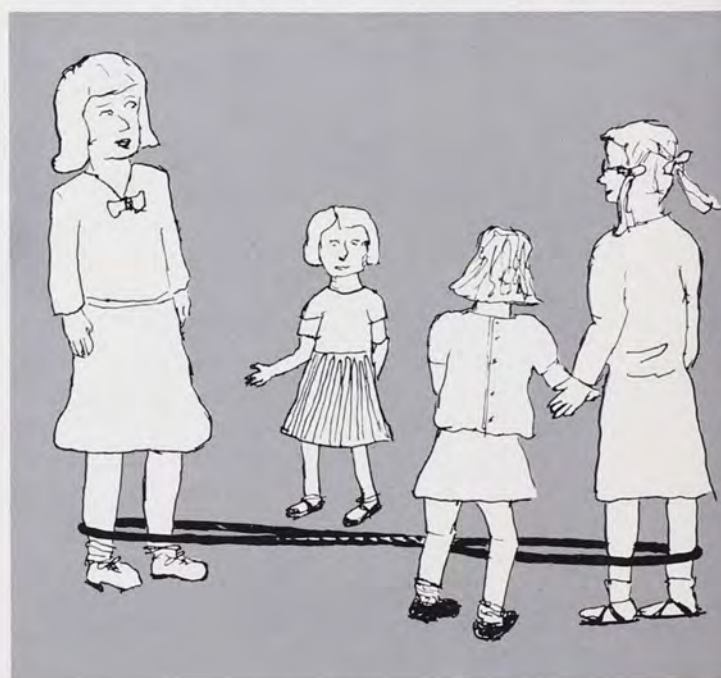
b. Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear,
Turn around,
Touch the ground,
Shine your shoes,
Read the news,
Go up the stairs,
Say your prayers,
Turn out the light,
Spell "Good-night."

G—O—O—D—hyphen—N—I—G—H—T.

(JH, Harrisburg, June 1963. Great insistence was placed on remembering the hyphen. Smith 21. Cf. Hawthorne 118, 123)

21. Way down south where bananas grow,
A grasshopper stepped on an elephant's toe.
The elephant said with tears in his eyes,
"Pick on somebody your own size!"

(MB, Carlisle, May 1969. Withers 5)



B-O-W-T-I-E

Chinese Jump Rope



Step 2.

Step 4.

Step 7.

The usual manner of jumping was the standard one, in which the jumper holds both ends of the rope and swings the loop over and under her, either forward or backward. With three or more participants, two swing the rope between them while the others jump.

Other rope movements or types of jumping were occasionally used with the rhymes listed above, or with no rhymes at all. "Low water, high water" is a competitive game in which the rope is gradually raised until the jumper misses (JB, Newville [before 1938], June 1963; FH, Harrisburg, July 1963. Hawthorne 125). In "Ocean Waves," the rope is swung back and forth but not completely over (FH, Harrisburg, July 1963).

More recently, jumps in which the rope is held stationary and a variety of jumping patterns are performed over it have become popular. In "Bow Tie," the rope is tied in a loop, then crossed between the holders to form an X. Two jumpers line up on opposite sides of the rope, then jump back and forth, spelling B—O—W—T—I—E. The rope is then raised and the jumping continues until there is a miss (MB, Carlisle, May 1969).

"Chinese Jump Rope" is a recent phenomenon that has spread rapidly. Jan Brunvand first called it to my attention in February, 1966, when it was (apparently) unknown in Central Pennsylvania, though it was already popular in Delaware and Scotland (see Hawthorne, pp. 125-126). In Carlisle, "Chinese Jump Rope" goes like this: The rope is looped between two holders and held in place by their ankles. Then the jumper performs a fixed series of jumps; (1) she "jumps in," with both feet within the loop; (2) she "jumps out," moving both feet to the sides, spreading the rope with them; (3) both feet together; (4) right foot inside the loop, and left foot outside; (5) left foot inside and right foot outside; (6) with both feet, she "stamps" the rope to the ground on the right side; (7) and with both feet, she "stamps" the rope on the left side to complete her turn. (MB, May 1969)

Jumping rope to rhymes is primarily a social game. Occasionally a girl jumping by herself will chant the

rhymes, but usually such verses are used only in groups, where the two players spinning the rope recite them in rhythm to the movement of the rope. Hence, the primary function of the rhyme would seem to be to produce and maintain the even rhythm and movement necessary for successful jumping.

In several forms of jumping, the rhyme prescribes the movement or action to be performed by the jumper, much in the manner of the "calls" in square-dancing. Curiously, however, rope-jumping is essentially an urban activity while square-dancing is not. An interesting study could be made on the relationship between jumping rope and clog dances or other activities in which dancing in place is an important element.

The personalized rhymes help to reduce social tensions in much the way as the "dozens" taunts practiced by Negro boys.⁶ Significantly, such rhymes, like the Negro "dozens," border on sexual matters, love-making, pregnancy, and other subjects generally considered taboo by the parents of children in this age group. As in the "dozens," the jumper remains impervious to the taunts in the rhyme. To become angry, or to miss the jump because of them, would expose the jumper to ridicule. Perhaps the successful completion of the jumping series under such conditions is a mythic test of the jumper's innocence of the accusation.

A high percentage of the jump-rope rhymes popular in the last twenty or thirty years involve the element of counting jumps until there is a miss. Thus the jumper is in competition with the other participants (or with herself), always trying to establish a "record" number of consecutive jumps. Roger Caillois, in speaking of the role of competition in games, has noted that such tests of endurance are a part of the development of personality in very young children: "In children, as soon as the personality begins to assert itself, and before the emergence of regulated competition, unusual challenges are frequent, in which the adversaries try to prove their greater endurance. They are observed competing to see which can stare at the sun, endure tickling, stop breathing, not wink his eye, etc., the longest. Sometimes the stakes are more serious, where it is a question of enduring hunger or else pain in the form of whipping, pinching, or burning."⁷ For young girls, jumping rope is the first and usually the only competitive game in which endurance is a primary factor. Herein lies a paradox. Most boys' games are competitive, and yet boys don't generally jump rope; only girls do. A partial solution to the paradox may lie in the fact that jumping rope is so closely akin to dancing. It is also worthy of note that the development of endurance jumping, as reflected in the appearance and diffusion of rhymes in which jumps are counted, has paralleled the emergence of women as political and economic competitors in western society.⁸

⁶See Roger Abrahams, *Deep Down in the Jungle* (Hatboro, 1964), pp. 49-59.

⁷*Man, Play, and Games* (New York, 1961), p. 16.

⁸Cf. Brian Sutton-Smith, "The Folk Games of the Children," in *Our Living Traditions*, ed. Tristram P. Coffin (New York, 1968), pp. 186-187.

GHOST STORIES And OLD SUPERSTITIONS of Lancaster County

By HENRY SNYDER GEHMAN

The impressions formed during childhood are ineradicable, and even though they may lie dormant for a number of years, they cannot be effaced. In my early years I always was interested in picturesque characters, ghost stories, and various unusual happenings. As a boy I was on intimate terms with several old men, who often excite my curiosity by telling stories of their past experiences and recounting traditions of ghosts in the neighborhood. Sometimes the chills went down my back, and I was almost afraid to go home in the dark.

In order, however, for the reader to visualize many of the incidents it is necessary to have a picture of the geography of the area in which I was reared. In the valley of the Cocalico Creek about halfway between the two county seats of Lancaster and Reading lies the borough of Ephrata, from which the "Pike" (now route 322) goes to the south-east through Schnederville (now Murrell). We follow this route for about two miles to the intersection of the Hahnstown road, where we turn to the left. In the south-east angle formed by the "Pike" and the Hahnstown road is a round hill which dominates the fertile valley of the Conestoga; on that knoll stands the Bergstrasse Evangelical Lutheran Church, rich in historic traditions, a continual reminder that the fertile valley had been settled by God-fearing and pious people and that religion is still alive in the Conestoga Valley.

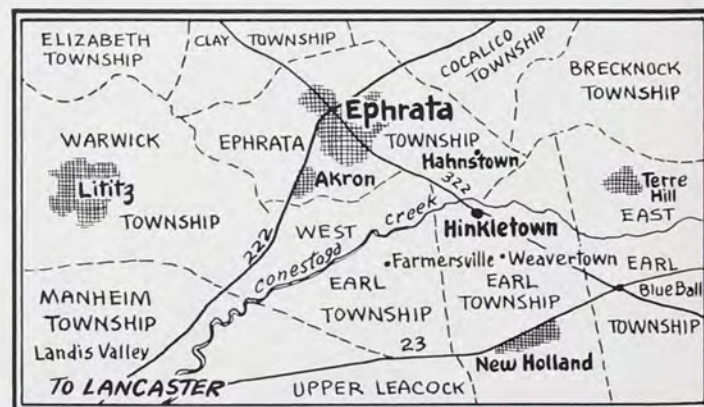
We follow the Hahnstown road for about one mile, and at the first intersection we turn to the left. Years ago there was a finger post in the eastern fence corner. To the east it read, "Martindale 3 miles"; to the west "Ephrata 3 miles," and to the north "Schoeneck 5 miles". We go upgrade for about half a mile until we reach the foot of a rather steep hill. On the left side of the road formerly was the house where I was born, and on the opposite side of the road in a small lane stands the house where lived my great-grandparents and grandparents Snyder. We proceed up the hill and arrive at the crossroad almost at the crest of the mountain. In my boyhood days there was in the north-east fence corner of the intersection of the roads

a guide post to which two "hand-boards" were nailed at right angles to each other. The road continues over the hill, and after it has passed the crest, the slope descends through the woods into the Cocalico Valley. The road leads to Mohlers' Meetinghouse, and to what was once called Fahnstock's Mill, and the old finger post read "To Schoeneck 5 miles."

After having observed the legend "Schoeneck 5 miles" at the intersection about half a mile to the south, the stranger who had climbed the hill must have had the happy satisfaction that he was at least holding his own. In small letters below "Schoeneck" was also "Fahnstock's Mill 1-1/2 miles." I traveled that thoroughfare many a time on foot, on my bicycle, in a buggy, on a heavy wagon, and by automobile at all hours of the day and frequently late at night, and yet I never saw or experienced anything out of the ordinary.

THE HITCH-HIKING GHOST

My grandfather Henry Snyder, however, several times told me of an uncanny incident which took place in his youth. One night he was returning home on horseback from calling on a young lady. As he was ascending the northern slope of the mountain, the



Map of Northeastern Lancaster County, centering in Ephrata. This is Dr. Gehman's home area, and the locale of the tales he tells in this article.



He did not see the ghostly rider . . .

horse suddenly began to paint and groan; the animal broke out in a sweat and proceeded with the greatest difficulty. My grandfather was afraid to dismount; he looked around and reached behind himself, but he neither saw nor felt the ghostly rider that added to the horse's burden. The moment the level stretch of road at the crest was reached, the invisible companion slipped off, the horse leaped ahead with a sudden bound, and galloped at a furious pace over the crossroad and down the southern slope to his home. He held the reins as hard as he could, but the horse ran on unchecked. To his dying day he believed that a ghost had sat behind him on the crupper, but as far as I can determine, the specter found rest after that lonely ride and never again molested anybody.

THE WITCHES' FIELD

The road which leads eastward from the crossroad, however, was rich in associations to me and my family. The old finger post read "Reamstown 3 miles." Before it was a public thoroughfare; it was my great-grandfather Joseph Snyder's private lane. There were several good fields north of the "Lane", one of which was called *'es Nei Land*, because it was the last land cleared by my maternal forefathers. Beyond a curve in the road toward the east a *Fahrweg*, or wagon road, led through the woods to a field on the northern slope of the mountain. The entire tract of about six acres is surrounded by the forest, but it was quite fertile in my grandfather's time. Breezes were cut off by the trees, and during haymaking and harvest it was unusually hot in that field. Several names were applied to it. My mother and grandparents generally referred to it as *'es Alt Feld* (the Old Field), perhaps because it was the first extensive field acquired by my great-grandfather. My father and most of the community, however, called it *'es Hexefeld* (the Witches' Field), or sometimes by a combination of the two names *'es Alt Hexefeld*, a rather singular name to apply to a tract of arable land.

That title always fascinated me, and I shall not pass over the explanation. Across three fields, about half a mile eastward from my grandparents' home lived John Weaver, an eccentric old bachelor, who for his time was fairly well-read in both German and English. He

maintained that there were rings in that field in which nothing grew, because witches had danced there in circles. He also asserted that he once came to the field after a snowfall and noticed circles of footprints in the snow with no path leading to them or away from them. The explanation was simple and logical; witches having descended from the air danced around and around and then departed by flying through the atmosphere. John had no doubts about the matter, and whether others agreed with him or not, made no difference; his observations became a part of our folklore, and my generation still knows the field as the *Hexefeld*.

I always loved that field, and many a time when I came home from my studies at the university and from Princeton, I would make a pilgrimage to that spot. The encroachments of civilization, however, have invaded the area and ruined the old associations. In course of time the people who purchased my grandfather's farm sold the field, and eventually it was bought by a corporation that erected in it a high radio tower. Accordingly trespassing on the *Hexefeld* is forbidden, and consequently my pilgrimages have come to an end. Thus modernization of a community has taken out of the place the romance of living in a bygone age and in a world of unreality.

A CENTENARIAN GHOST

As a boy I sometimes heard that ghosts frequently appeared on a damp and misty evening. The road toward Reamstown after about three-fourths of a mile comes to another crossroad, and on the way down the northern slope lived Mrs. Ann Schlott, who was said to have reared my maternal grandmother.

One afternoon my mother and her sister Rachel Ann had gone to visit Mrs. Schlott, and on the way home they took a short cut through the forest. This path went by a house in the woods, a short distance from their home.

As they were walking in the dusk in the lane leading from that habitation to the main road, Rachel Ann suddenly noticed behind them in the mist an old lady dressed in grey and wearing a cape or shawl, but my mother could not see anybody. They ran as hard as they could, and the phantom continued to follow them at the same distance. They soon reached their home all out of breath.

My aunt was sure that she recognized in the ghost an old lady who had reached the ripe age of one hundred and four years. Her name was Lydia, and she had been well-known in the community; even at the age of one hundred years she was very active and used to go on the mountain to pick blackberries, and if she met other pickers, she would drive them away with bitter words for invading her preserves.

THE GHOST AND THE TEAMSTER

At this point we have to return southward to the corner where the road passing my old home intersects the Hahnstown road. A short distance, that of about eight fence rails, toward the village on the south side of the road where the ruins of an old pottery (*die Häfnerrei*), which I passed every day on my way to

Hahnstown school. I was informed that two generations before my time a certain Joseph Gensemer had a flourishing business of making clay pots, which he frequently hauled to Philadelphia in a Conestoga wagon. A neighbor once told me that on one occasion Joe stopped at an inn where he had never before spent the night.

In those days teamsters carried with them a *Fuhrmannsbett* (teamster's bed), which they set up in the barroom after it had been closed for the night. On that occasion Joe was the only teamster who spent the night downstairs. During the evening he was particularly attracted by a guest who spoke only English; the latter occupied the room directly over the barroom. It was full moon, and as the beams of the moon shone into the barroom, it was as clear as in the day time. One sentence of the narrative always fascinated me: "*Die Bärstüb war so hell a(l)s wie im Dag.*" The landlord had gone to bed, and Joe had the keys to the barroom. Then an unseen man entered the room, walked to the bar, and took a drink.

The ghost kept this up all night, and finally Joe could stand it no longer. So he left the barroom and went out to the stable to harness the horses in preparation for departure. Then he heard the man following him even into the stable, but he saw no one. Joe had two blind horses, and when the invisible man entered the stable, they turned around, and then in great fear ran forward against the trough. Joe said that then he was really afraid, and so he went back to the barroom to his bed.

The ghost kept up his walking until morning, when the Englishman in the room above stamped his foot on the floor and all the noise ceased. Joe could hardly speak English, and so he did not ask the Englishman about the cause of the mysterious perambulations.

At any rate, he said that he never again stopped at that tavern. Our neighbor who related the story accepted it as a true fact, and nobody tried to dispute with him.

PROFANITY RELEASES AN ENCHANTED MARKET-WAGON

My grandfather Snyder told me several ghost stories besides his experience on the Ephrata Ridge, which has been narrated above. His mother (Rachel née Smith) came from the region around Swartzville, which is west of Adamstown near the Muddy Creek Church. When she was a young girl, she drove with her brother one night in a two-horse wagon to market in Reading.

Somewhere on the way, as they were going downhill, suddenly the horses stopped and could no longer draw the load. In fact, they pulled so hard that they tore the traces. Thereupon the brother alighted from the wagon and fixed the harness. It was said that he was a rather profane man, and he cursed vehemently as he walked around the wagon and inspected it.

Then he mounted one of the horses, and they set off at a furious pace. Several times he called back to his sister to find out whether the wagon was actually following. My grandfather expressed no doubts about the reality of this incident.

THE SPECTER OF LARD LANE

About two miles north of Swartzville is a place formerly called *die Schmalzgass* (Lard Lane), now known as Vera Cruz. My grandfather told me about a certain Klapp family who lived in that area in a house separated from the road by a meadow.

One night a young man, who had been calling on one of the Klapp girls and was ready to leave the house, saw a man walking across the meadow. So he hailed him: "*Halt, Landsmann, ich geh mit*" (Wait, countryman, I shall go with you).

It turned out to be a ghost, and when the young came up to the malignant spirit, the latter seized him by the hair and whirled him over the fence. The young man was so frightened that he turned back and spent the rest of the night at the Klapp home.

THE GHOST AND THE CORNERSTONE

Several stories had a wide currency. It was always considered a heinous offense to remove a boundary stone (*ein Eckstein*). If anyone took a line stone out of its place, he was doomed in his spirit existence



Doomed to carry the stone after death . . .

after death to carry the stone and to walk upon the boundary until someone released him.

Once a man had removed such a stone and paid for it with the usual penalty. To every one he saw, he would say: "*Wu soll ich ihn hi(n) du(n)?*" (Where shall I put it?).¹

Everyone whom he thus addressed fled in terror, but one night he happened to put the perpetual question to an inebriate who was in a bad state of intoxication.

The unhesitating reply was: "*Du ihn hi(n) wu du ihn grigt hoscht, du verdammter Ochs*" (Put it where you got it, you damn fool).

"*Sel haw ich schun lang höre welle*" (That is what I have been wishing to hear for a long while), said the ghost, who thus was released from his agony and was never seen again.

Many a time in my boyhood I was told not to be afraid of such a spirit, but to relieve him by pronouncing the simple sentence: "Put it where you got it."

¹The letter *n* in parentheses indicates a nasalism in Pennsylvania German.

THE DISAPPEARING GHOST

A short distance south of Hahnstown is a meeting house, where in my childhood and youth *die Grum-beeneleit* (the Grumberein people, or the New Zion Children) in the winter used to hold revival meetings (*grosse Mieten*) for about a fortnight.

One evening old John Weaver and his neighbor Johnny Miller were walking home from the services, and when they were some distance north of the cross-road at the village, they saw a man walking ahead of them.

Old John turned into the land that led to his home, and Johnny Miller continued howeward, when he suddenly observed that the stranger had disappeared. At that point in the road was a small bridge, and so Johnny looked under the bridge to see if the man were hiding there. Then he called to old John and told him what had happened. The latter was afraid and would not come out of the lane to investigate the mystery.

A neighbor's daughter with her escort had been following at a discreet distance, and so Johnny told them what he had observed and asked them whether they had seen a man walking up the hill. They had not seen anybody but the two Johns.

Thereupon the young man was so afraid of a ghost that he turned around and ran, leaving the girl with Johnny, who had to escort her home.

BUDDHIST PARALLELS FROM INDIA

Most of these stories remained dormant in my mind until more than half a century ago I studied Pali at the University of Pennsylvania under the late Professor Franklin Edgerton. One day we happened to read a selection from the *Peta-Vatthu*, a book of Buddhist ghost stories, in which the idea of retribution is the recurring motif.

A *peta* was the spirit of a departed person who was suffering torment for some evil deed or even negligence committed in a previous existence; we may in a free sense call the *peta* existence the Buddhist purgatory. At any rate, a *peta* could be released from his misery by the person whom he accosted only on one condition; the latter could give a gift to the monks in the name of the departed person, and then by this transfer of merit the suffering of the miserable *peta* came to a happy end.

The reminiscences of my boyhood days at once made a correlation with the Buddhist ghost stories, and accordingly I made the first translation of the *Peta-Vatthu* into English (London, 1942)

WHITE AND BLACK SPIRITS

It was often said that there were white and black spirits; the former were supposed to be benign, but the latter malevolent. A man who was well known to our family and who in his wanderings in Lancaster and Chester Counties had been accustomed to sleep in many and sundry places, told us that once while he was in bed, a spirit stared at him, and since it was black, he was afraid to address it. Finally it dis-



One spirit benign, the other malevolent . . .

appeared. He did not tell us, however, what he had eaten or drunk that evening.

It was reported that at a certain farmhouse in the Lincoln Independent School District near Martindale the door of the *Kammer* (a small bedroom on the first floor) would never remain closed. If the daughters closed it at night, it was invariably open in the morning. The two girls maintained that it was haunted and were afraid to enter it unless they were together.

The lady of the house at a small farm north of Hahnstown asserted that she frequently heard the deceased grandmother walking in the house and saw doors being opened and closed automatically even in the daytime. One evening when the son was in the yard, he saw his grandmother wearing a white veil; he said that she obstructed his path to the house, but he quickly passed by her and made a dash for the front door. She never again appeared after that.

The prevalent idea was that nothing could be done to frighten a ghost. I once asked a man what would happen if one discharged a firearm at a ghost; his ready answer was that a shot would be returned. It may be, however, that he merely wanted to satisfy my curiosity and that he spoke with no authority on folklore.

CHANGING ATTITUDES TOWARD THE OCCULT

Years ago the general attitude in my community was that experiences with ghosts actually happened in the past, but no longer took place in our time. "*Es war so vor alters, awer es iss nimme so.*" (It used to be so in olden times, but it is no longer the case).

It is undoubtedly true that in my childhood country people lived closer to nature than they do now. The modern age and the advance of education in rural areas, however, took away the romance of living, at least in imagination, on the border of a world of primitive beliefs.

It must be admitted, however, that superstitions of a low intellectual order persist even today among people who regard themselves as sophisticated and superior to rural folk.



The red hot wedge was driven into the log . . .

THE TRAMP VERSUS THE WITCH

In this connexion it may not be amiss to narrate an incident that is not a ghost story. Some years ago an uncle of mine had a farm near Schoeneck, and his wife told me of an incident that happened on that farm when her father, John Gockley, owned the place. For a while some unseen cause disturbed the cattle when the menfolk were away from the premises. The moment the men were gone, all the stable doors would open automatically, and the horses and cattle would run wild in the barnyard. No matter how securely the stable doors were fastened, this strange phenomenon was repeated again and again.

One day a German tramp came to the farm, and John Gockley told him about this mysterious annoyance. The vagabond said: "I can stop this trouble." So he wrote some illegible inscriptions on pieces of paper and attached them at various places in the barn.

Then he requested Mr. Gockley to heat an iron wedge. When it was red hot, the stranger drove it partly into a log; then he hesitated and said: "*Soll ich ihn dot schlage?*" (Shall I strike him dead?). Gockley said: "Nee(n)" (No).

It may be inferred that if the entire wedge had been driven into the wood, the culprit would have been killed at once.

Then the German said "All your trouble is caused by a neighbor. Tomorrow he will come to borrow something from you, but under no circumstances lend him anything. If you do, my spell will be broken."

The following day the neighbor actually came and asked for the loan of a very simple article, but Gockley refused. The neighbor begged and was very persistent, but Gockley was unyielding.

The man apparently was in great inner agony, and he left without having his request granted. In a short time he took sick and died soon afterwards. Never again was there trouble with the stable doors on that farm.

While I was a student at Franklin and Marshall College, I met a lady from the southern part of the county who told me a story of a similar nature; at the time I thought it was a rather remarkable coincidence.

THE MAID WHO MILKED THE TOWELS

A number of mysterious incidents which do not belong to the category of ghost stories may be introduced in this connexion.

One story of witchcraft seemed quite interesting to me. A farmer's wife was amazed at the increase of

milk furnished by her cows. In mentioning this to the maid, the girl told her: "*Ich hab die Handdicher g'molke*" (I milked the towels). They, she naively added: "If you want more milk, I can once more milk the towels."

The lady was afraid of dealing with a witch, and she promptly discharged the maid.

THE "ERDLICHTLE" VS. IGNIS FATUUS

The phenomena of nature also played a part in the folklore of my native region.

Many people feared the *ignis fatuus* and placed it almost in the same category as ghosts. This light known in Pennsylvania German as *Erdlichtle*, appears over marshy ground and sometimes in cemeteries and is supposed to be caused by the combustion of marsh gas.

Since our meadow was not swampy, I never saw an *ignis fatuus*, but on one occasion my mother saw one flitting about from place to place.

THE "EWIG JAEGER"

In my childhood days I often heard of the *Ewig Jager* (Eternal Hunter), and I was told that once upon a time a man was so fond of hunting that he asserted that he would rather pursue game than do anything else and that he had no time to die. Consequently at his death he was condemned to roam eternally the skies with his baying hounds and to have no rest from the unceasing chase.

I was informed however, that the noise in the sky was caused by the flight of wild geese and that the *Ewig Jager* could be explained as a natural phenomenon.

TALES OF BURIED TREASURE

Hidden treasure often was the subject of conversation. It was said that once a man buried some money in the horse stable, and in the operation he cursed, saying: "No one but the owner can get this money unless he kills seven brothers on this spot."

A farm laborer, who was lying on the straw in an adjacent stable, heard and saw all this. Later he took seven small boars from the same litter and slaughtered them over the place of the hidden money. In this way the spell was broken, and the money was obtained without any difficulty.

Once an old uncle of mine told me that one of the early Gehmans maintained that in one of the hills of Adamstown was buried an immense diamond, but that it was inaccessible; it was guarded by a great dragon, and no one could get near it.

CATTLE SPEAK ON CHRISTMAS EVE

A widespread superstition was that the cattle were supposed to speak in human language on Christmas Eve. The story was often repeated that a certain man once wished to test out the veracity of this tradition, and so he remained in the stable that night.

At midnight the cattle began to talk, and the old ox said: "*Morge schleefe mir unser Meeschter uf den Karrichhof*" (Tomorrow we shall drag our master to the churchyard). This incident, however, did not happen either near Hahnstown or in the area of Bergstrasse Church.

HOW TO CHARM A RIFLE

One evening a man named Billy with his daughter came to our house to sell some patent medicines. During the evening the conversation turned to superstitions in which Billy was a confirmed believer. I was only a small boy, but I listened attentively.

He asserted that if a man broke into his house and pointed a loaded gun at him, he would not be afraid. He knew exactly what words to say into the barrel of the rifle, and in consequence it could not be discharged. He made astounding claims, and he quoted in support of his assertions John 14:12.

Billy was a pious man, but even though I was a child, I could not help feeling that he made a wrong use of Scripture.

THE "ERDSPIEGEL"

He maintained also that a person born with a caul could with an *Erdspiegel* see treasures hidden in the earth.

An *Erdspiegel* (earth-mirror) was a magic glass used especially to locate buried money or hidden treasure; at any rate, that was the explanation given in my native environment.

THE FORBIDDEN BOOKS

Our people generally were not interested in investigating the occult, probably because they were afraid of magic and witchcraft and wanted to have nothing to do with an alliance with the devil. In fact, it was considered inadvisable and even dangerous for one's spiritual welfare to own and read a *Hexebuch* or a *Kinschtelbuch* (a book dealing with witchcraft or the black art).

A neighbor told me that an uncle of his once went to visit an old acquaintance. When he arrived at the place, the man was reading the *Sixth and Seventh Books of Moses*, and he no longer could lift his eyes from the page; they remained riveted to the book.

As they used to say, "*Er hatte sich fest gelesen*, (He had read himself fast). So the uncle read the sentences backwards, and thereby he released the man from the spell.

But to return to Billy. He told us that one of his daughters was born with a caul, and he believed that she could see treasures or lost money by looking into a glass that she had.

His brother Harry, however, was not convinced, but one evening the young lady looked through the glass and said: "There is a half-dollar lying at the entrance to the Hinkletown bridge, at the left side."

At once Billy and his brother drove there, and the money was actually there. How the money got there in the first place, we were not informed.

TREASURE GUARDED BY SERPENTS

Generally buried valuables were supposed to be guarded by a vicious serpent, and I never heard of anyone in our section who found hidden treasures.

Once Billy's daughter said that she saw a kettle of money buried somewhere near the boundary of the former Wiest farm and that now owned by my sister in the vicinity of Hahnstown. Some men went to the indicated spot and dug furiously.

Finally according to rumor, they struck the lid of the "kettle" with an iron bar. Then Harry said: "*Do hot der Deihenker es vergrawe*" (Here the devil has buried it). Thereupon they heard the vessel with the money rattle loudly and sink down to the depths of the earth.

The men were supposed to work in silence, and Harry had not conformed to the rules.

Years afterwards, however, it was reported that one of the men who had helped to dig denied that they had struck the lid of a kettle; the ground was merely frozen and very hard.

At any rate, I never heard of anyone who became rich through reclaiming hidden treasure, and apparently the use of the magic glass was a failure, if not a downright hoax.

CONCLUSION

Such are some of the reminiscences of my home district, and they belong to an era not known to the present generation. We can safely believe that such experiences and stories will no longer be repeated for entertainment by the fireside. In many respects I represent the transition from the old order to the new. In my youth Pennsylvania German was the accepted vernacular of our section, but I have also observed its gradual falling into disuse and becoming a foreign tongue to the present generation. It may be that in olden times people enjoyed talking about ghosts and weird experiences as much as children delight in reading fairy tales. The dread of darkness is the type of universal fear, but I had rather face the terrors of haunted roads, fence corners, limekilns, and graveyards than reckless automobile drivers, holdup men, and bandits.

Even though my native region had its numerous superstitions and many people believed in them, it must, on the other hand, be remembered that it was basically a religious community and that the influence of the churches decidedly transcended all superstitions. If many of the older people lived on the edge of fairyland and the romantic, a more important fact in their lives was that they continually felt the reality of the spiritual and had profound religious convictions. In the end they believed: "Yea, though I walk through the dark valley (*im finstern Tal*) I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; they rod and thy staff they comfort me."



Reading backwards to release the spell . . .

Mary Goes Over the Mountain

By HILDA ADAM KRING

*A word is dead
When it is said,
Some say.
I say it just
Begins to live
That day.*

Emily Dickinson

And so it was with *Maria Schnee*.

When Dr. Don Yoder spoke in his lectures on folk religion of the miracle of snow in Rome during August sixteen hundred years ago, I no longer was in Room 117. I had been transported back to Rome, 1962 when I, too, heard the guide speak about the miracle. Upon mentioning the Pennsylvania Dutch Dr. Yoder brought me back. What's *Maria Schnee* to them?

That very weekend *Maria Schnee* took me back to high school and early teaching-day friends who live in Lancaster County. It took me to the Amish family who bought my parents' farm; it brought me into new contacts who gave me still other contacts. Before it was all over I had over thirty letters circulating in search for the elusive "Maria."

Humor had its share, too, in the collecting process. One informant replied:

The term *Maria Schnee* is unknown to me except that recently I had another request concerning its meaning. This makes me wonder where it came from, and whether this is now making the rounds as some other dialect terms do.

I am certain that I am in some way responsible for this other inquiry. Nor will I ever forget one Amish lady who kept bringing Easter into the picture. When she got nowhere with it, she admonished her husband to get another neighbor to help with this "riddle." He stoutly refused with: "I ain't going to get Johnnie. If Mary did anything more than cross the mountain, I would know. I've been around a lot longer than Johnnie." But Mary did do more. She visited Elizabeth,¹ and tradition was concerned with the weather

¹Luke 1: 39-46.

she encountered. The why's and wherefore's were lost even before Reformation turmoil. Not only have there been all kinds of disintegration, but also much accretion of foreign materials. As Franz Boas in Stith Thompson's *The Folktale* says: The original form of any particular myth may be quite impossible to discover.² However, herewith we shall try.

Almost all the Pennsylvania Dutch, whether "Plain" or "Gay," have heard of "Mary goes over the Mountain." Some of them may not be exactly sure why she is crossing, or where she is going, or when she is crossing, but crossing she is. Further, somewhere in the minds of those who aren't quite sure, there is a vague recollection about the weather. "It has to do once with a rainy or dry spell." So let us "once" look into this matter.

The Pennsylvania Dutch "in the know" will point to the almanacs—English or German—and say July 2 is the day she goes. (See almanac picture. *M. Heims.* is the abbreviation for *Maria Heimsuchung*—Mary's visitation. Also note the paintings.) Oral tradition has added the legend that if it is raining when she leaves, it will be dry when she returns and vice versa. This is a corruption of the German which says that if it rains the day she leaves, it will rain six weeks; if it is dry, it will be dry for six weeks. Mark Trumbore of Pennsburg, Pennsylvania, sent me the coarse expression: *Wann sie net brunst wann sie geht dann brunst sie wann sie kummt*—"If she doesn't urinate when she goes, she urinates when she comes".

It is a pity that none of the gentleness of the visit has remained; its connection with the Annunciation—Luke 1: 28-35—has been forgotten, and so "the bird has flown." A popular name in Southern Germany and Austria for March 25, the Annunciation, is *Schwalbentag*. An ancient saying claims:

²Stith Thompson, *The Folktale*, p. 390.

The month of July from a Pennsylvania German almanac — the "Neuer Gemeinnütziger Pennsylvanischer Calender" of Lancaster — for 1866. Note that July 2 is "Maria Heimsuchung" — The Visitation of Mary — out of which the Pennsylvania weather prediction involving Mary's trip "over the mountain" has grown.

Julius, oder									
Woch. Tage.	Werkwürdige Tage.	Mond. Mit. Sin.	Mond. N. u. U.	Mond. Zeiche.	Mond. Planet. und Witterung.	Aspecten der U. L.	Sonnen Auf. und Unterg.	Alter	Junius
26)	5 Sonnt. nach	Trinitatis.			Von Petri Fischzug.	Luc. 5.		Tagel. 14 St. 48 min.	
Son	1 Theobald	2 59 10	2 59 10	☉	in apogee	☾	34 367 2419	219	Servasius
mon	2 M. Heims.	3 40 10	40 10	☽	4 geht unter	9 22	44 367 2420	20	Sylverius
dienst	3 Cornelius	4 20 11	18 18	☿	5 geht unter	1 0	44 377 2321	21	Raphael
mitw	4 Unabhän.	5 8 11	56 24	♁	6 geht auf	8 34	44 377 2322	22	Mchatus
donn	5 Demetrius	5 50	Morg 16	♂	7 5. Ald. a. 233	44 377 2323	23	Agrippina	
freyt	6 John Huf	6 52 12	48 0	☽	8 Reg. g. u. 9 40	44 387 2224	24	Joh. T. a. u.	
samst	7 Edelburga	7 46 1 30	14 14	♁	9 g. auf 1 40	44 387 2225	25	Cloquius	
27)	6 Sonnt. nach	Trinitatis.			Von der Pharisäer Gerechtigkeit.	Matth. 5.		Tagel. 14 St. 42 m.	
Son	8 Aquila	8 38 2	8 38 28	♁	10 Antares sud.	9 10	54 397 2126	26	Seremias



The miracle of "Maria-Schnee" produced the great Roman church of Santa Maria Maggiore or Saint Mary Major. This picture is a redrawing of the Matthias Grünewald altar panel showing the pope beginning the foundation of the church on the spot where on August 5 St. Mary had miraculously sent snow. The original painting is in the Augustinermuseum im Freiburg in Breisgau, West Germany.

When Gabriel does the message bring
Return the swallows, comes the spring.³

They also say:

Saint Gabriel to Mary flies:
This is the end of snow and ice.⁴

The agrarian aspect is further evident among the South Germans and Austrians when they place a picture of the Annunciation into a barrel of seed grain and chant the following rhyme:

O Mary, Mother we pray to you;
Your life today with fruit
was blessed:
Give us the happy promise, too,
That our harvest will be of the best.
If you protect and bless
the field,
A hundredfold each grain must yield.⁵

A reminder of these rhymes appears in a children's song sung on September 8:

It's Blessed Virgin's Birthday,
The swallows do depart;
Far to the South they fly away,
And sadness fills my heart.
But after snow and ice and rain
They will in March return again.⁶

None of these light pastoral touches for the Pennsylvania Dutchman! By July 2 the seed was sown, grown and some was ready for harvest, so a wary eye had to be kept on the weather. That Mary, the Blessed Virgin, is actually visiting her cousin Elizabeth to tell her about the Annunciation they do not seem to be aware of. And her return on August 15 is her Assumption, one of the feast days the Reformers wanted to

drop because it has no Biblical root. However, this elimination was not an easy task for Luther and Zwingli, because this day, as other Mary Days, had become "folk religion" — *Denn gerade die Marienfeste sind im Volk tief verwurzelt.*⁷ Instead of saying: "In the middle of August," people would say: *Um Mariä Himmelfahrt*; instead of "The second of February," they would say *Maria Lichtmess*, and so on through all the feasts of Mary.

It also should be noted that seven months had characternyms. According to the *Pennsylvanischer Calender* of 1866, February was *Hornung*, probably referring to high carnival season just before Ash Wednesday; June was *Brachmonat*, referring to ploughing; July, *Heumonat*, the month of haymaking; September, *Herbstmonat*, referring to the coming of autumn; October, November, and December, the self-explanatory *Weinmonat*, *Wintermonat* and *Christmonat* respectively.

Maria Lichtmess, Candlemas, coming from the Levitic Law that woman is unclean for forty days after the birth of a son is forgotten. It has degenerated into the Pennsylvania Dutch "Groundhog Day"—*Grundsau daag*. Now the main feature of the day is the prognostication of the weather for the remainder of the winter season. However, the "Dutch" do have a few jingles concerning the day:

1. *Lichtmess, schpinn fergess.*
2. *Lichtmess, schpinn fergess, die scheier halb foll hoi un schtro.*
3. *Lichtmess, schpinn fergess, 's halb fuder gress.*
4. *Lichtmess, schpinn fergess, bei daag zu nacht gess, un's halb hoi gress.*⁸

Both of these Mary feast day vestiges have kept the date intact. Not so the elusive *Maria Schnee* which falls on August 5. In the first place that term is all but forgotten. Out of thirty well-informed Pennsylvania Dutchmen, dedicated to the cause of preserving this heritage, only one came up with a cognizance of the fact. Rev. William James Rupp wrote:

One informant, raised in my native Lehigh County said this about "*der Maria Schnee*": "They were husking corn under a gray, leaden sky in cold, damp weather. They were chilled to the bone. Suddenly a rather fierce, brief snow squall came along—"so'n g'shtivver!" "Es is so shtivverich (g'shtivverich) werra!" It blew fiercely and was as quickly gone. It was the first snow of the season, in late October or early November. Some of the older folks remarked, "*Des is die Maria!*"

Why "Maria" in this case? One can only draw a hypothesis within the larger one I intend to propose about the entire cycle.

My mother, the late Mrs. Alfons Adam of Lancaster, remembered young farmhands of thirty years ago predicting that a fog in August falls as snow a hundred days later. According to this, a fog of August 5th or thereabouts could be the first snow squall of the season.

Time and space have done strange things to *Maria Schnee*. Originally it is part of "John, the Patrician"

³Francis X. Weiser, *Handbook of Christian Feasts and Customs*, p. 303.

⁴*Ibid.*, p. 304.

⁵*Ibid.*, p. 304.

⁶*Ibid.*, p. 306.

⁷Tappolet and Ebnetter, *Das Marienlob der Reformatoren*, p. 159.

⁸Edwin M. Fogel, "Of Months and Days" *Pennsylvania German Folklore Society*, Vol. V, 1940.

which relates that during the reign of Pope Liberius (352-366) John and his wife wanted to donate their money to some worthy cause because they were childless. In a dream the Blessed Virgin told them and the Pope that wherever they would find snow in Rome on August 5, they should build a church. They found snow on the Esquiline Hill and built "Maria Maggiore" there.

So, "Our Lady of the Snows" became an Italian folk tradition. Since it did not seem profitable to ask my "Dutch" friends about its drift, I thought I'd try my Benedictine friends whose mother house is in the southern German town of Eichstätt. Mother Emmanuel and Sister Agnes immediately responded with enthusiastic knowledge. It appears that this *Maria Schnee* tradition made its way to Ingolstadt (Sister Agnes' hometown about twenty-five miles distant from Eichstätt!) by the 15th Century through Jacob Rem, a celebrated churchman. When asked why *Maria Schnee* was so readily acceptable to these South Germans, the spontaneous reply was, "Nothing in particular. Honoring of Mary was so intense that one always was eager for a new title for the Virgin." As a matter of fact, Rem three times intoned *Maria Schnee* as *die Wunderbare Mutter* so the people of the time called *Maria Schnee* also *die dreimal Wunderbare Mutter* (thrice miraculous Mother).⁹

Going back to my mother's anecdote of the August fog mentioned above, we can see through time and space the dropping of the "miraculous Mother" and the retention of "Maria" and the snow. "Maria" as already noted was a deeply rooted tradition, and the weather was an important element to an agrarian society. Farmers are not concerned with the first crocus peeking through the snow. They want to know when the ground is ready for plowing. Lichtmess holds not only many promises, but also fears — *Un's halb hoi gfress* (and half of the winter's hay eaten). Will the weather soon be suitable so that cattle can be turned out to pasture? Will it thaw soon so that plowing can be started early? These were not idle questions. Success or failure often hung on a good beginning.

Of course, it didn't stop there. If a farmer was successful in getting crops grown, the next fear was the harvest. A storm just before a wheat harvest could destroy the entire crop; too much rain during haying time ruined the hay. Mary should have good weather going over the mountain! Nor was this the end. Feverish work was done in the fall not to get caught in winter's icy grasp. A squall — "*Des is die Maria*" — was warning enough.

The great mass of early German immigrants to Pennsylvania were farmers who brought with them their *Volkskunde*. They were loath to let go any of their customs even after they had lost their initial significance. A natural question at this point would be: "Why *Maria*? Why not Christ? Why not some saint?"

Actually there were hundreds of saints' legends current in the Middle Ages, but only a few weathered

⁹Benedictine Sisters.



A devotional picture published in card form with the "Maria Schnee" madonna. This is the madonna associated with the Roman basilica of St. Maria Maggiore, which was built on the spot where the snow fell according to the legend of Maria-Schnee. This particular madonna can be recognized by the star on the shoulder and the crescent above the forehead of the veil.

(no pun intended!) the Reformation. One was St. Swithin, the English saint also connected with weather lore which is still well known among all Anglo-Saxons of today. His shrine at Winchester, England, was destroyed by Henry VIII's commissioners in 1538; and it was not until July 15, 1962, that a new shrine was erected.¹⁰ However, among English-speaking people the doggerel lines:

St. Swithin's day if thou
dost rain
For forty days it will remain;
St. Swithin's day if thou
be fair
For forty days 'twill rain
na mair.

are well known even by those who have no idea who St. Swithin was.

Living in the 9th Century, Swithin was a learned monk-priest who devoted much time to the poor and served as a tutor to the son of King Egbert. Because of his saintliness, legends began to attach themselves to him. One miracle attributed to him recounts his making broken eggs whole after a poor woman broke a basketful of them when she had a misfortune on a bridge.¹¹

He died July 2, 862 (the day of Mary's Visitation!). But instead of the weather lore attaching itself on July 2, it chose July 15, the date of the transfer of his bones. St. Swithin by his own orders was buried in the churchyard, but in the time of Bishop Ethelwold the bones were discovered, and in 971 were taken into the Cathedral. In 1079 Walkelgn, the bishop of Winchester, laid the foundation for the present church and on July 15, 1093, the bones were placed in it, and the weather lore started. Baring-Gould says about this weather superstition, "None of the stories which are

¹⁰N. Sykes, *Winchester Cathedral*, p. 18.

¹¹Helen C. White, *Tudor Books of Saints and Martyrs*, p. 57.

told in explanation are satisfactory; and they seem only to prove the total ignorance which prevails regarding it."¹² But regardless of what Baring-Gould says or the Pope, for that matter, people will believe what they want to. It allows them to be part of the unknown. The *Old Farmer's Almanac* abounds with saints' names, although the editors don't seem to know why. I asked the *Baer's Agricultural Almanac* editor how they determined their choice of saints. His reply was:

I cannot tell you the "why" for the use of these saints' names in our Almanac, but can tell you that the practice has not been changed from the earliest copies we have available, 1828.¹³

Arthur D. Graeff, late president of "The Pennsylvania German Folklore Society," mentions a number of saints important in the life of the farmer. There is St. Abdon's Day, July 30—named for a saint of the 4th Century in Constantinople. It is now called "*Ab Duhn's Daag*," and it is a day on which farmers mow weeds along fence rows. If mown on July 30th, they will not sprout again; therefore, *ab duhn*—to take off—a good example of folk etymology.

Dr. Graeff goes on to say that it is a good idea to plant turnip seeds between *Peterkett* (St. Peter in Chains) and St. Laurentius Day—August 1-10.¹⁴

St. Martin's day, November 11, is best for butchering. No one realizes that Martinmas was a most important holiday in medieval England, France, Holland, and Germany. It actually was a thanksgiving day for it commemorated the filled barns and stocked larders. After mass, people observed the rest of the day with games, parades and a festive dinner. The main feature of the meal was the traditional roast goose.¹⁵ From this it can be seen that the saints too served their agricultural turn. But it was Mary who really caught

¹²S. Baring-Gould, Vol. 7: *The Lives of the Saints*, p. 44.

¹³Personal letter from Gerald S. Lestz, Editor of *Baer's Agricultural Almanac*, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

¹⁴Personal letter from Dr. A. D. Graeff, Robeson, Pennsylvania.

¹⁵Weiser, pp. 270-71.

the fancy of the folk. So much so, that by the 17th Century the term Mariology came about.¹⁶

The Catholic Encyclopedia for School and Home states that for several centuries the place of Mary was evaluated in relation to a discussion about the Incarnation of Christ. From the 5th Century onward feasts were established in her honor, and sermons were written about her attributes and virtues. The first attempt of a work on Mary, the "*Mariale*," was attributed to St. Albert the Great, at the end of the 13th Century. It developed the principle that all the gifts and graces to be found in creation exist in Mary. Its reasoning was not in all respects satisfactory, and the first adequate approach seemed to be that of the Spanish Jesuit theologian Francisco Suarez (1548-1617) who derived all of Mary's attributes from her dignity as Mother of God.¹⁷

The Roman Catholic Church has four views for the basis for its Mariology:

1. Principle of divine
2. Mary is Christ's associate
3. Mary is the prototype and model of the Church
4. A combination of principles¹⁸

In dealing with the Marian rites of other Catholic churches, a writer in *A Protestant Dictionary* becomes quite incensed particularly with the practices of the Coptic Church of Ethiopia. He calls them "offensively heathen" and does not explain, but states that the Virgin acts in a highly immoral manner, such as a Greek goddess may do. The Ethiopians also say that "Mary's Resurrection was like unto the Resurrection of Christ" and that "Mary existed in the body of Adam in the form of a white pearl which shone in his right side."¹⁹

The view of this Protestant dictionary is definitely not high church. It is easy to see that the Mary vestiges of the Pennsylvania Dutch came through the Lutherans and the few Catholic settlements.

The *Protestant Dictionary* starts by admitting that "No Christian can ever think of Mary, the mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, without the deepest feelings of respect and affection," but the writer doesn't lose much time to add that Mary had no appointed work or official position in the Christian Church by citing the temple visit — "*I must be about my father's business*"; the Wedding of Cana — "*Woman, what have I to do with thee?*"; the restraint from addressing the multitudes — "*Who are my mother and my brethren?*"

What really shows his bias is his conclusion on the subject of Mariolatry. He quotes an extract from the *Apocryphal History of John*, the son of Zebedee, translated from the Syriac. John is approaching Ephesus:

And with terror taking hold on him, he came and reached the southern gate, and lifted up his eyes and saw; and lo, the image of the idol Artemis was standing over the gate, painted by them with paints with gold laid upon her lips, and a veil of fine linen hanging over her face, and a lamp burn-

¹⁶*The Catholic Encyclopedia for School and Home*, pp. 618-620.

¹⁷*Ibid.*

¹⁸*Ibid.*

¹⁹Wright and Neil, *A Protestant Dictionary*, pp. 390-397.



Winchester Cathedral

St. Swithun's Shrine, newly erected in 1962 to mark the 1,100th anniversary of his death—in Winchester Cathedral, England. The church is known as the Church of the Holy Trinity, St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. Swithun. The weather-lore of St. Swithun's Day, common in English Pennsylvania and other parts of the United States, derives from this saint.



The Visitation (Luke 1) was a favorite scene in the many "Marielenben" (Life of Mary) series which medieval artists delighted in painting. This one is from an altarpiece by the so-called Master of the Life of Mary, in the Pinakothek, Munich.



This Visitation is a 10th Century ivory carving in the Royal Museum of Art and History, Brussels, Belgium.

ing before her . . . He went round and saw thus at all the gates.²⁰

It's obvious what he is saying. This Protestant dictionary under Mariology also states that in the Bodleian Codex of Gregory Arsharuni, as well as in the Bodleian Armenian *Menologian*, there is a statement that Gregory the Illuminator altered the feasts which had been kept in honor of heathen gods to commemorations of events in Christian history; amongst these being the summer feast of Aphrodite, which he turned into the Annunciation of the Theotokos (Mother of God). In A.D. 432 this was August 25.

I don't know quite what they are trying to say in this case. Of course it is true that Christian holy days were neatly substituted for pagan holidays so that conversion was more easily accomplished, but the Annunciation is not considered spurious. It is Biblical—Luke 1: 28-35.

William Stevenson in his *The Story of the Reformation* is more rational, but I'm certain he, too, would not look kindly at "Mary going over the mountain."

He said Mariolatry rose and reached its height in the second half of the 15th Century because the priests' teachings were designed to terrify. Sermons and pictures alike were designed to frighten rather than to edify. Christ, like God, was too holy to be approached, and so someone had to intercede. This person was His mother, the BVM. The whole business became more than ridiculous when Mary also became unapproachable, and one had to ask Anna to ask Mary to ask the Lord.²¹

John Calvin often was reported of having dismissed Mary as being superstitious and burdensome; that she was a Roman idol. Tappolet and Ebnetter say this is not true; that Calvin honored her as far as she ap-

peared in the Bible.²² He further stated that she should serve as an example for us. Her humility, obedience, and devotion to God should be an inspiration.

It is true that Calvin did not approve of relics, and his treatise of 1543 on that subject certainly should make everyone take stock. He goes on to say that it is a good thing that everyone believes Mary went bodily to heaven. If she hadn't, they would need a huge building to house her bones! He was sure of this, because they were distributing *her milk*!(?) Calvin said there was so much "Virgin's Milk" reserved as relic in Catholic Europe that one would think the BVM had been a cow. It is hard to understand why so many intelligent people allowed this folk religion to degenerate into a burlesque.

Huldrych Zwingli had been accused of saying ugly things about the Blessed Mother. Actually he did not, and wrote so to his offended brothers and enclosed a sermon about Mary, date January 29, 1523. In this he states that one should pray *directly* to God, but (1) that Mary is holy and her holiness is derived from Christ; (2) that her greatest Gift to us was the bearing of the Christchild; and (3) that from her we learn obedience in that God's will comes first.²³

During the Reformation the ringing of the Angelus was stopped in most Protestant areas, but not so in Zurich. Zwingli kept the custom. He also kept the observance of Candlemas, the Annunciation and the *Assumption*!²⁴ Local custom must have been too strong.

Martin Luther perhaps had the most moderate viewpoint. He did not want Mary to overshadow Christ, but he urged that Mary be praised because he said that "everything turns on the Incarnation, but the Incarnation does not begin with a doctrine and an ab-

²²Tappolet and Ebnetter, p. 163.

²³*Ibid.*, p. 254.

²⁴*Ibid.*, p. 258.

²⁰*Ibid.*

²¹William Stevenson, *The Story of the Reformation*, p. 21.

stract noun — it begins with a baby — Mary's child.²⁵

*Es ist ein Ros entsprungen
aus einer Wurzel zart*

Richard Hillert, a member of the music committee of the Commission on Worship, Liturgics, and Hymnology of the Lutheran Church — Missouri Synod — indicates that Luther was not against the mention of Mary in hymns. He writes:

In *Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland*, a hymn that Luther based upon and adapted from St. Ambrose's *Veni Redemptor Gentium*, the first four stanzas of Luther's version are devoted to the subject of the virgin birth. Of these, the third and fourth are generally omitted from our modern hymnals. An English version of these omitted stanzas appears in *Luther's Works*, Volume 53, "Liturgy and Hymns," ed. by Ulrich S. Leopold, Fortress Press, as follows:

Maiden she was found with child,
Chastity yet undefiled;
Many a virtue from her shone,
God was there as on his throne.

From the chamber of her womb,
From the royal hall he came.
Very man and God of Grace
Forth he comes to run his race.

(transl. by George MacDonald)

In *Christum wir sollen loben schon*, SBH 20, Luther's original version contains eight stanzas of which 3, 4, 5, and 6 are on the subject of the virgin birth, in very folkish style. The SBH version omits all of these stanzas except the third.

In the famous Lutheran communion hymn, *Gott sei gelobet*, not in SBH, the first stanza contains the lines,

By thy holy body without blame
Which from thine own mother Mary came.

In another famous chorale, *Gott der Vater wohn' uns bei*, we can observe another interesting process by which the Reformation chorales were adapted from German folk spirituals. The original source is a 1480 manuscript (Crailsheim), very likely well-known among the people.

Virgin Mary with us be,
Let us not fall to badness;
Make us from all sinning free,
And help us die in gladness.
'Gainst the devil well us ware,
Mary Virgin undefiled.
Help us with the angels' guild
So shall be sung: Alleluia.²⁶

While Mary is kept alive by the Lutherans, whether they be aware of it or not, it is interesting to note that the Reformed, Amish, and Mennonite hymnals have kept the Virgin only in Christmas carols. However, the Evangelical and Reformed Church does include Mary's "Magnificat," and she is mentioned in Part III of the "Last Words on the Cross" for Good Friday with:

Woman, behold thy son!
Behold thy mother.²⁷

In *Amische Lieder*, edited by Joseph W. Yoder, we

²⁵T. R. Glover, *The Pilgrim: Essays on Religion*, p. 211.

²⁶Personal letter from Associate Professor Richard Hillert, Concordia Teachers College, River Forest, Illinois.

²⁷*The Hymnal*, Evangelical and Reformed Church.

see quite an absence of the Virgin except for the "Vom Himmel Hoch" —

Von einer Jungfrau auserkor'n

This attitude is especially ironic since they use Luther's translation of the Bible and Gregorian Chants in singing.

In the Mennonite *Church Hymnal* we also find an allusion:

"Motherhood"

Gracious saviour, who didst
honor Womankind as woman's Son—
Jesus, Son of human mother,
bless our Motherhood, we pray.²⁸

While these latter Pennsylvania Dutch groups have only bare vestiges of Mariology, the transmission of which is mostly through Christmas carols and calendric sayings, it is noteworthy that among Lutherans, here and in Germany, there is a revitalization of the subject. Since World War II, a Lutheran sisterhood formed in Darmstadt, Germany. They call themselves the "Sisters of Mary."²⁹ In the United States, the Lutheran Liturgical Movement of "The Incarnate Word" had the following to say about Mary in Tract 14:

It is difficult to think of the Virgin Mary apart from our Lord Jesus Christ. Even the confessions we make of her in the creeds are in direct association with the Incarnation. Someone has said that the Blessed Virgin is like the moon and her Child like the sun. While the sun shines of its own power, the moon shines only by the reflected light of the sun. It is in this way that Lutherans have always regarded the Mother of the Savior.

Luther kept the holy days for Mary because as the Mother of Christ she was an example for us, her Magnificat ever an inspiration. Eighty sermons of Luther's for the festivals of Mary, and Christmas sermons in which Mary plays a large part kept alive the traditions. He kept the following days in the Lutheran calendar:

February 2 — Candlemas
March 25 — Annunciation
July 2 — Visitation
August 15 — Assumption
September 8 — Nativity
December 8 — Immaculate Conception

Luther actually wanted to remove August 15 and September 8, but as stated above he found, *Denn gerade die Marienfeste sind im Volk tief verwurzelt*.

Verwurzelt — there is your key. These deep-rooted traditions of 1500 years have not been entirely erased in 400 Protestant years. Vestiges hang on, and as long as collectors search for them the traditions will live. As a matter of fact, some new twists may appear. "They Call the Wind Maria" from *Paint Your Wagon* comes to mind. That Lerner and Loew are familiar with folk tradition is beyond doubt when one looks at *Brigadoon*, a close copy of *Germelshausen*, a German legend. Surely they had also heard of Mary's weather problem. Only they would know if they did. At any rate, Mary in wind, rain, snow, or shine will continue to go over the mountain.

²⁸*Church Hymnal*, No. 221, p. 161.

²⁹Personal letter from the Rev. Charles Gartner, Christ Second Lutheran Church, Altoona, Pennsylvania.

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INFORMANTS

- Mrs. Alfons Adam, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.
 Benedictine Sisters, St. Vincent's College, Latrobe, Pennsylvania, interview, October, 1969.
 The Rev. Charles Gartner, Christ Second Lutheran Church, Altoona, Pennsylvania.
 Dr. Arthur D. Graeff, Robesonia, Pennsylvania.
 Mr. Richard Hillert, River Forest, Illinois.
 Mrs. B. Landis, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.
 Mr. Gerald Lestz, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.
 The Rev. William Rupp, Souderton, Pennsylvania.
 Mr. and Mrs. Ben Stoltzfus, Intercourse, Pennsylvania.
 Mrs. Martha Weaver, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.
 NOTE: The above informants had information beyond "Mary Goes Over the Mountain". I have twenty names of people who told me just about Mary's Visitation.

Contributors to this Issue

DR. EARL F. ROBACKER and his wife ADA F. ROBACKER spend their winters in White Plains, New York, and their summers in the Dutch Country. Both have specialized in a lifetime study of Pennsylvania German folk art and antiques. Dr. Robacker is a member of the Editorial Committee of our magazine. His books range from *Pennsylvania German Literature* (1943) to *Touch of the Dutchland* (1965), and his articles have appeared in *Pennsylvania Folklife*, *Antiques Magazine*, the *New York Folklore Quarterly*, and other periodicals. At present the Robackers are preparing a volume on the arts and crafts of Monroe County, the northeasternmost county in the Dutch Country.

SIOUX BALDWIN, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, is a Ph.D. student in the Folklore and Folklife Program of the University of Pennsylvania. Her interest in the history of folk costume produced an M.A. thesis on the cap as women's apparel in the United States before the Civil War. Her interview with an Old Order Amish family of Lancaster County, reported in this issue, provides the folklife scholar with unique materials on Amish attitudes toward plain dress.

EDNA EBY HELLER, Exton, Pennsylvania, is a native of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and of Mennonite background. She is the wife of Professor Landis Heller who teaches at the Church Farm School at Exton. Mrs. Heller has written several cookbooks drawing on the recipes of her background, including her most recent production, *The Art of Pennsylvania Dutch Cooking* (New York: Doubleday, 1968).

MARTHA S. BEST, Walnutport, Pennsylvania, is a native of Lehigh County and an elementary school principal who has been associated with the Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival since its beginnings in 1950. In her own researches into Pennsylvania German culture she has specialized in customs of the year. Her two latest articles on the subject are "The Folk Festival Seminars: Crafts and Customs of the Year," in *Penn-*

sylvania Folklife, Volume XVIII Number 4 (Summer 1969), 9-13; and "Easter Customs in the Lehigh Valley," Volume XVII Number 3 (Spring 1968), 2-13.

DODDS MEDDOCK, Chesterton, Indiana, is an executive member of the Balloon Federation of America. He learned ballooning in Bucks and Berks counties from the late Robert E. Trauger. Since then, he has made over 150 ascents and has participated in many national and international balloon meets. During the school year he is a professor of philosophy at Valparaiso University.

DR. MAC E. BARRICK, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, is Professor of Spanish at Shippensburg State College. Long a collector of lore and life in his native Cumberland Valley area, he has written many articles based on his fieldwork, some published in *Pennsylvania Folklife* and others in the *Keystone Folklore Quarterly*. His latest in our pages is "Pulpit Humor in Central Pennsylvania," Volume XIX Number 1 (Autumn 1969), 28-36.

DR. HENRY SNYDER GEHMAN, Princeton, New Jersey, is emeritus Professor of Old Testament at Princeton Theological Seminary. Dr. Gehman was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in the hill country area near Ephrata whose occult lore he describes in his article in this issue. An earlier article by Dr. Gehman, "What the Pennsylvania German Dialect Has Meant in My Life," appeared in *Pennsylvania Folklife*, Volume XVII Number 4 (Summer 1968).

DR. HILDA ADAM KRING, Grove City, Pennsylvania, is Professor of English at Grove City College in Western Pennsylvania. A recent Ph.D. of the University of Pennsylvania, her dissertation was entitled, "The Harmonists: A Folk-Cultural Approach". A specialist in German and Pennsylvania German folklore, she deals in this issue with the long background of the two most widespread items of weather lore from the month of July—"St. Swithin's Day" and "Mary Goes Over the Mountain".



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PROGRAMS and SCHEDULED ACTIVITIES

(See Pages 29-30-31-32)

- 1 MAIN STAGE
- 2 SEMINARS
- 3 PUBLICATIONS & FESTIVAL PROGRAMS
- 4 COUNTRY KITCHEN
- 5 WEDDING
- 6 HANGING
- 7 CHILDREN'S GAMES
- 8 WITCHCRAFT TRIAL
- 9 SQUARE DANCING, HOEDOWNING AND JIGGING CONTEST
- 10 FARM PRODUCE
- 11 HORSESHOEING
- 12 SHEEP SHEARING
- 13 BALLOON ASCENSION
- 14 QUILTING
- 15 BUTCHERING

FOOD and DRINK

- FAMILY STYLE DINNERS
- FOOD PLATTERS
- ★ FOOD SPECIALTIES of the Dutch
- ▲ EATING and DRINKING STANDS

SERVICES

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- 16 TELEPHONES
- 17 POLICE
- 18 FIRST AID
- 19 PRESS
- 20 REST ROOMS

DISPLAY BUILDINGS

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 - Re-creation of early 19th-century Kitchen and Bedroom
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 - Decorating Eggs
 - Cookery
 - Strawmobiles
 - Wood Carving
 - 18th-Century Printing Press Demonstration
 - Chair Caning
 - Cigar Making
 - Rug Making
 - Hex Sign Painting
 - Fraktur
 - Block Printing
 - Towelare Painting and Numerous Others

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- 23 ANTIQUES
 - 24 FARMERS MARKET
 - 25 CRAFT STALLS
- 46 stalls with various craftsmen from a seven-county area displaying, demonstrating and selling their wares.

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- Corn Stalling
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- Bush Meeting
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- Pottery Making
- Maple Syrup Making
- Old-Time Farm Equipment
- Christmas House
- Children's Games
- Threshing Demonstration
- Harvesters
- Wagons
- Carriages
- Windmill
- Post Hole Drilling
- Outhouse
- Apple Crusher
- Vertical Horsepower
- Cider Making
- Hex Signs
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- Animal Lore
- Fowl and Feather Lore
- Fish Lore
- Snake Lore
- Bird Lore
- Washing Lore
- Chaffing
- Bee Lore
- Wood Turning Lore & Woodworking
- Gristmill Lore
- Mush Making
- Blacksmith
- Candlemaker
- Lamp Maker
- Applebutter Making
- Horse Tents
- Horsehoe Pitching
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PARKING

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- Tinmith
- Butter Making
- Pewter Making
- Almanac Lore
- Broom Maker
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- Potato Candy Making
- Coopering
- Gunsmith
- Funeral Lore
- Pennsylvania Folklife Society
- Powwowing, Hesteri and Witchcraft
- Hospitality Tent
- Distillery

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