



Spring 1969

## Pennsylvania Folklife Vol. 18, No. 3

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**Authors**

Harry E. Smith, Donald R. Friary, L. Karen Baldwin, Amos Long Jr., Friedrich Krebs, and Don Yoder

# *Pennsylvania* FOLKLIFE

SPRING 1969



**The End of the Horse and Buggy Era**



# HORSE-DRAWN TRANSPORTATION: Folk-Cultural Questionnaire No. 11

With the exception of our most conservative "plain" sects, the horse and buggy age is over. Our older readers, however, well remember the period before the first World War (a cultural turning point in so many respects) when land traffic (with the exception of the train) moved only as fast as a horse could go. In these days of high-speed rail lines, jet air travel, and Thunderbirds, it is good to look back on the slower-paced age of our grandparents. Will our older Pennsylvanians share with us their reminiscences of the age of horse-drawn transportation?

1. Describe the passenger vehicles (buggies, carriages, etc.) owned and operated by the average farm family in the late 19th and early 20th Centuries, before the advent of the automobile. Be sure to name the different types of vehicle, giving names in both Pennsylvania German and English if you can. Where were these vehicles manufactured? Were there local carriage makers in your home area?

2. Describe the farm wagons in use on your home farm when you were growing up. What types were there, what purposes did they have in the farm economy, where were they made? Were carts (two-wheeled freight vehicles) ever used? Can you give us the vocabulary of wagon parts, in Pennsylvania German and/or English?

3. Particular interest attaches to the color and painting of the buggies and wagons of our past. Please tell us exactly what you remember about the colors of these vehicles. Were bright colors (yellows, for instance) ever used?

4. Where were the vehicles normally kept—in the barn, in special carriage houses, in sheds, or elsewhere?

5. Describe the process involved in harnessing the horse, and hitching the horse to the vehicle. What different types of harness were used? Did women ever harness and hitch the horses? From readers who are really venturesome, we would like to have the names (Pennsylvania German and/or English) of the various parts of the horse's harness.

6. On what occasions or for what purposes would riding horses be used? Did farm women saddle horses? Were side-saddles used?

7. Describe the machine found on many earlier farms to lift the wagon bed from the running gears. What was the name for this apparatus, in Pennsylvania German and/or English?

8. Describe the types of horses kept in the age of horse-drawn transportation, for the various types of vehicles. Were oxen ever used in your farming area?

9. What were the commands given to horses? To oxen?

10. In older Pennsylvania towns such as Kutztown, there are small barns on the back lots of the older houses. How functional were these barns, i.e., did village families keep a horse for transportation purposes? Also in our older towns (as for instance, Lyons, Berks County) there are still livery stable buildings to be studied from the past. What function did the livery stable (the 19th Century equivalent of our rent-a-car firms) have in Pennsylvania life before the first World War?

11. Perhaps the most radical cultural revolution of modern times has been caused by the introduction of the automobile. If you lived through the exciting times at the beginning of the 20th Century when the automobile was coming into use and competing with horse-drawn transportation, will you be specific in giving us details from your memory of this important transition. What were the first automobiles called?

12. We will appreciate also your writing down any humorous stories, jests, rhymes, songs, or sayings, about the age of horse-drawn transportation, and also about the time when the first autos chugged their way into rural Pennsylvania.


Send your replies to: **Dr. Don Yoder**  
College Hall, Box 36  
University of Pennsylvania  
Philadelphia, Pa. 19104

*Pennsylvania German sectarian groups still use horse-drawn transportation. This photograph taken by David L. Hunsberger shows the carriage lineup at Martin's Old Order Mennonite meetinghouse near St. Jacobs in Ontario.*





# *Pennsylvania* **FOLKLIFE**



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FRIEDRICH KREBS  
Translated and Edited by DON YODER

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Folk-Cultural Questionnaire No. 11**  
(*Inside Front Cover*)

**Contributors to This Issue**  
(*Inside Back Cover*)

**COVER:** *The first automobile, an Oldsmobile, to arrive at Hegins, Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania. Photograph, circa 1906, by Charles Schrope, in Editor's Collection.*



# The END

By HARRY E. SMITH

## *Sunbury and Its Setting*

Many small towns have become tourist attractions through acquired fame. For instance towns in Kansas, Missouri, Tennessee, Virginia, and lately in Massachusetts. But many other small towns are worth-while tourist attractions in their own right and with their names in the history books to prove it. One of these is my town—Sunbury, Pennsylvania. The town owes its place in history to its location at the junction of the North and West Branches of the Susquehanna River. Two hundred years ago, in the colonial era, the junction of these rivers was a strategic frontier outpost. Before the white man came an Indian town located at the junction, called Shamokin, was the meeting place for Indian Councils. The natives traveled to this and other meeting places on the rivers in birch bark canoes and along blazed trails through the dense hemlock forests.

In 1765 the British built Fort Augusta, named for the then queen of England, to stop extension of French influence east of the Appalachian Mountains. But the French soon learned that a fort on the Susquehanna River was building and, with hostile intentions, sent an expedition from Venango on the Allegheny River down the West Branch. When the French came to the bluff across the river from the fort they saw, to their surprise, that it was too far advanced in construction and could not be taken. They came, they saw and went back home. French "infiltration" into the Susquehanna Valley was stopped by an English fort at the right place and at the right time plus a river to the front and a swamp in the rear to make it secure. Today a replica of the fort, built to scale, stands on the exact location of the original structure. From this point the visitor can see the bluff across the river which marks the furthest eastward advance of the French colonial efforts.

And across the river in the town of Northumberland, "Norry" in local terms, is another historic spot, the American home of the famous English chemist Dr. Joseph Priestley who discovered oxygen and put the "pop" in the soft drinks—carbon dioxide. The home was built in 1794 and is today as sound as it was when built. It stands on its original location overlooking the river, a view which Dr. Priestley said was the most beautiful in America. He may have been partial but it is still a good choice.

Sunbury was laid out in 1772 some distance south of the fort. The name is from a town in Northumberland, England. In America it is Sunbury in Northumberland County. The streets in Sunbury, for some unknown reason, bear the same names as the streets in down town Philadelphia, Market Street going east from the river with Chestnut, Walnut, Spruce and Pine to the south, Arch and Race to the north. From the river they are Front, Second, Third and Fourth. Sunbury is indeed an old town where, as the Pennsylvania Dutch used to say, you can look back once'st and see something.

Schindler Studio, Sunbury



*The author and his wife today.*

It was in this historic town on the last day of the year 1888 that I became a corporate member of the human race. In keeping with the custom of the time I was immediately swathed in the long lace-edged babydress, two or more feet longer than the baby, poor child. This cumbersome outfit interfered with normal infant activity for two to three months and then was stored away for future use—perhaps. Today infants are being baptised in church wearing great grandmother's embroidered lace-edged long dress. The long dress was replaced with a short dress and when the child could walk a skirt buttoned onto a waist was regular apparel and in my case was accompanied with long hair and curls. At about five or five and a half years of age there was a haircut for the first time. Mother had the barber come to the house for this important operation. She first made all the curls possible, tied each with a ribbon and as it was snipped off she placed it in a box with a glass lid to be stored away. Mother's only comment was typical. She said, "It spites me," and brushed away a tear. With short pants and long black stockings I then became a real boy, at least in appearance. I recall one boy in the first grade still wearing long hair in long curls, sadly disheveled



# of the Horse and Buggy Era



*Young Harry Smith  
as a Sunbury school-  
boy.*

Photograph by  
P. M. Goettel, Sunbury

after recess. The present generation of teenagers—dear me, what hair does!

The 1890's is a period of dim memories and a few vivid ones. For instance, sad to relate, I treasured a doll, but a boy doll, dressed in the short pants and waist with the long stockings to complete the ensemble. The doll was precious so when I tumbled down the outside steps my first question was, "Is Charlie hurted?"

Other memories that abide are my first lessons in world history—the weekly cartoons about the Boer War in South Africa. The British Lion was being pictured with patches on its hide and tail depicting defeats of the British Army by the sturdy Boers fighting the British for their independence. My interest at the time, no doubt, was stimulated by the attention my father gave to the pictures in which the whole matter seemed to be a kind of game. Sympathy of the American press and people was with the Boers. England at that time was the big bad bully in the thinking of many Americans. Were not the Boers fighting for their independence even as the Americans had done? However, the freedom the Boers won has become purely relative in South Africa.

I also recall incidents of the Spanish American War in 1898 from the pictures in the newspapers of the battle ship Maine and Theodore Roosevelt and the Rough Riders.

When I outgrew the doll stage the new comic strips began to appear. I recall "The Yellow Kid" in color, no less, then a new development in the printing process. The

character appeared to be Chinese, wearing a long yellow night gown with a long queue flying out behind. We followed his weekly adventures with much interest and many family comments.

Another early strip pictured two very polite Frenchmen, one tall and thin, the other short and fat. Often family banter was quotes from this strip. Later the Katzenjammer Kids appeared and these were of special interest to the youngsters. Like ourselves, the Kids were a family problem. However, I never put any rubber tubing in the macaroni salad. From this distance it is interesting to consider the question: Why did the early syndicated comic strips show only non-American characters? At least no Americans had their feelings hurt.

At this time we "kept chickens" and a hen and chicks, peeps we called them, were another and always new interest. I cuddled the fuzzy little things and recall sorrow, loud and long, caused by the accidental death of my favorite "peepie".

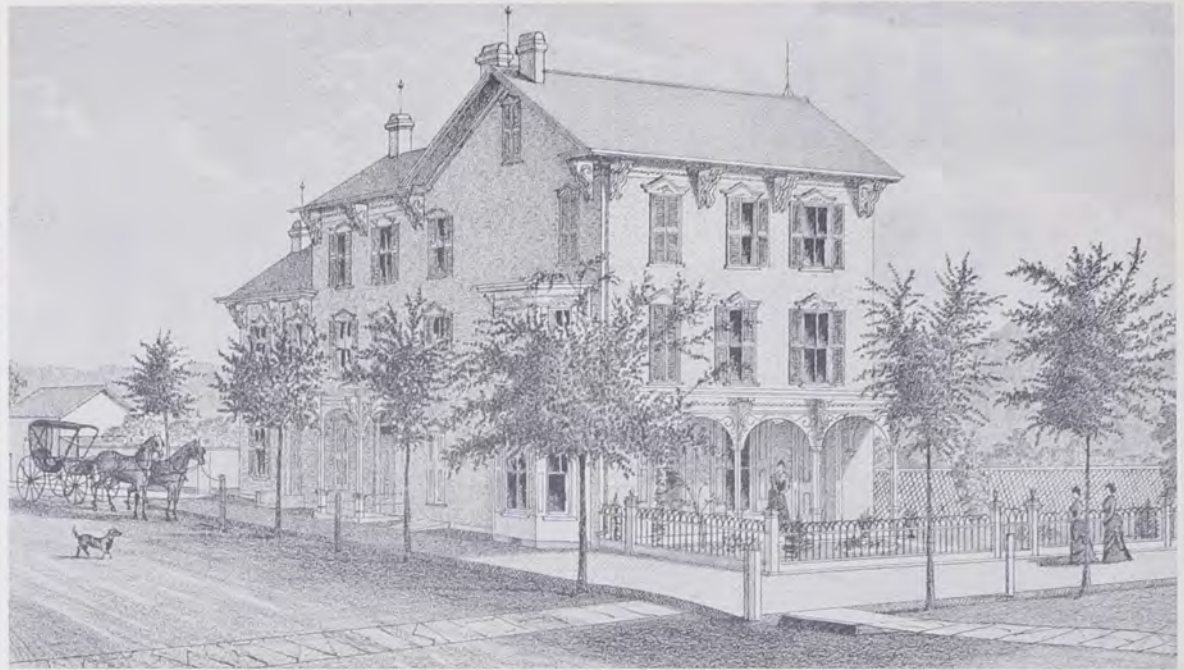
And believe it or not I was an enthusiastic bird watcher and even wrote some letters to the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture about some of my observations. Blue birds, robins, orioles and "Jenny Wrens" lived in our back yard. Bluejays, woodpeckers and flickers could be observed along the creek not far from home. In that uncedowded era mother nature took the observing boy by the hand, as it were.

A childhood caper that involved religious bigotry lingers in my memory. A near neighbor boy of my age, but not so well fed, was a frequent playmate. One day we disagreed and something in the nature of a fight occurred. Wally ran for home and I chased him to the back door. His mother rushed out and shouted, "Go on back home, you little Methodist son-of-a-gun!" The family was Irish and Catholic.

Racial prejudice was unknown in our family and neighborhood. The youngest son of Jewish family across the street was also a frequent playmate. The fish market the family operated did a good business with the Gentiles. Only one Negro lived in our section of town and was a respected citizen. He was an ex-slave and did not know his exact age. He bore the name of Washington and was known as Nigger Washington but no prejudice was implied in the name. He was the neighborhood handy man who cleaned



*Victorian parsonage, Milton, Pennsylvania. This illustration and all the succeeding ones in this article are from the History of Northumberland Co., Pennsylvania (Philadelphia: Everts & Stewart, 1876).*



up the back yards, hauled away the coal ashes, dug the gardens and white-washed the fences. He was still a powerful man. He was emotionally religious and often "got happy" during the revival meetings in the Methodist church. I am persuaded that racial prejudice must be developed very early if it is to be lasting!

It was along in the early 1890's that I began to discover books. There were not many but the ones I found were stimulating and worth while. "The Johnstown Flood" was a book of lasting interest. It had many pictures of that disaster and as I write this the scenes stand out in my memory, one, of all things, a number of coffins piled up waiting. The artist did himself justice in the picture of the jammed houses and people at the bridge in the city. Another book of even greater interest, the book by Henry M. Stanley about Africa and its people which he wrote after he returned from finding the lost missionary, David Livingstone. This was also a picture book and one picture stays in my mind—Stanley meeting the famous missionary in the African jungle. One sentence spoken by Livingstone will never be forgotten. In reply to Stanley's urging to return to England where he would be welcomed as a hero the missionary replied simply and sincerely, "My work here is not finished". The English people honored that sentiment with burial in Westminster Abbey.

Another book was a drawing book with blank pages for efforts to draw the opposite picture. I did not do well at that sort of thing at that time. Sixty years later I became interested and fairly proficient in the mediums of water color and oil. There was also another book on the book shelf from which I learned many of the "facts of life". It was a so-called "Doctor Book". Somehow I frequently found that compendium of information when no one else was in the house.

Books and reading remained the chief interest of my later youth and continues to this day. As I became older I found I could not play ball or any other game that dealt with a moving object. I was "near sighted" and this to a very high degree. Add to that the misfit eyeglasses I wore until I was fourteen. When the right lens were fitted at

that time I recall very vividly walking down the steps from the doctor's office. When I reached the side walk I stopped in amazement. I was actually reading the store signs across the street and recognizing the people. Up until that time I did not have any definite idea that any one could see that well. But with the improved vision any activity other than running was not for me so books and reading became my chief interest and has remained so. I would close this section with the suggestion, to whom it may concern, that one sure way to have interests when you retire from active work is to develop those interests when you are young.

I think most boys like to watch a craftsman at work but there is little opportunity in our present mechanical age. I had that opportunity and made the most of it. Two doors from our house there was a "shoemaker's shop". Very few custom-made shoes were still being made in the 1890's but shoe repairing was then a hand operation. The shoe repair man was a kindly old man who permitted me to stand or sit and watch as he tore off old soles and nailed, pegged or sewed new soles and sent the comfortable old shoe back to the owner as good as new. Large pieces of leather of different grades were stacked up in the corner and sometimes the scar of the brand the animal wore in life was visible.

In our home there was a shoe last stand and all the knives and "pinchers" needed for doing a first class job. Father resoled his own shoes and mine until I found I could do it myself. I learned a craft by watching a man work at it. However, at home we had to work without benefit of a shoemaker's bench, now valuable antique collector's items. The worker sat at one end in a kind of "bucket seat" and to his right were the little compartments for different sizes of nails and shoe pegs, wooden pegs. The bench was low, about the height of the modern coffee table. The bench was low because the worker did some of his work on a board over his knees and when a sole was sewed on by hand the shoe was held between the knees.

Right next door was another craft shop that was soon to become obsolete. Harness was still being made by hand.



The most obvious equipment used was the "horse," a trestle-like structure which the worker sat on with a leg on each side. The pieces of wood arranged so as to form a vice that could be closed with the operator's foot in a loop at the end of strap. The jaws of the vice held the pieces of leather together while they were being sewed with two needles pushed through from each side and the waxed thread drawn tight. Making a team harness by hand was a slow process. Even then factory-made harness was coming into use. I was around in time to see the termination of some crafts and the beginnings of new ones.

The son of a near neighbor opened a bakery and since we were acquainted I often stopped there for a pretzel or cookie. The business grew slowly and now after more than seventy years, it has become a major industry of the town.

Just as the bakery began another long established industry ceased to exist. That was the night the "nail mill" burned to the ground. The nail mill made "cut" nails as distinguished from wire nails which were round. The cut nails in all sizes from an inch to six inches had right angles. Today this type of nail is called a concrete nail. After the ashes had cooled I recall we could literally wade through the red ashes and nails. The mill was not rebuilt. The new wire nail was taking the place of the old cut nail, iron nail.

The "nail mill fire" was a spectacular event. We saw it from our upstairs back windows. The great red glare lasted for hours and for years after events were dated as before or after that fire.

The owner of a small notion store across the street from my home made a Spanish Flag, red and yellow stripes, and tacked it over the door mat at the store entrance. We urchins of the neighborhood passed by and "wiped our feet" on it with patriotic fervor. The man should not have placed the thing there in the first place, then some of us would not recall a sad and silly performance. In the 1890's, to us boys and to many of our fathers, war was a kind of game played for fun. Years later the same boys in World War I found it was a game played "for keeps".

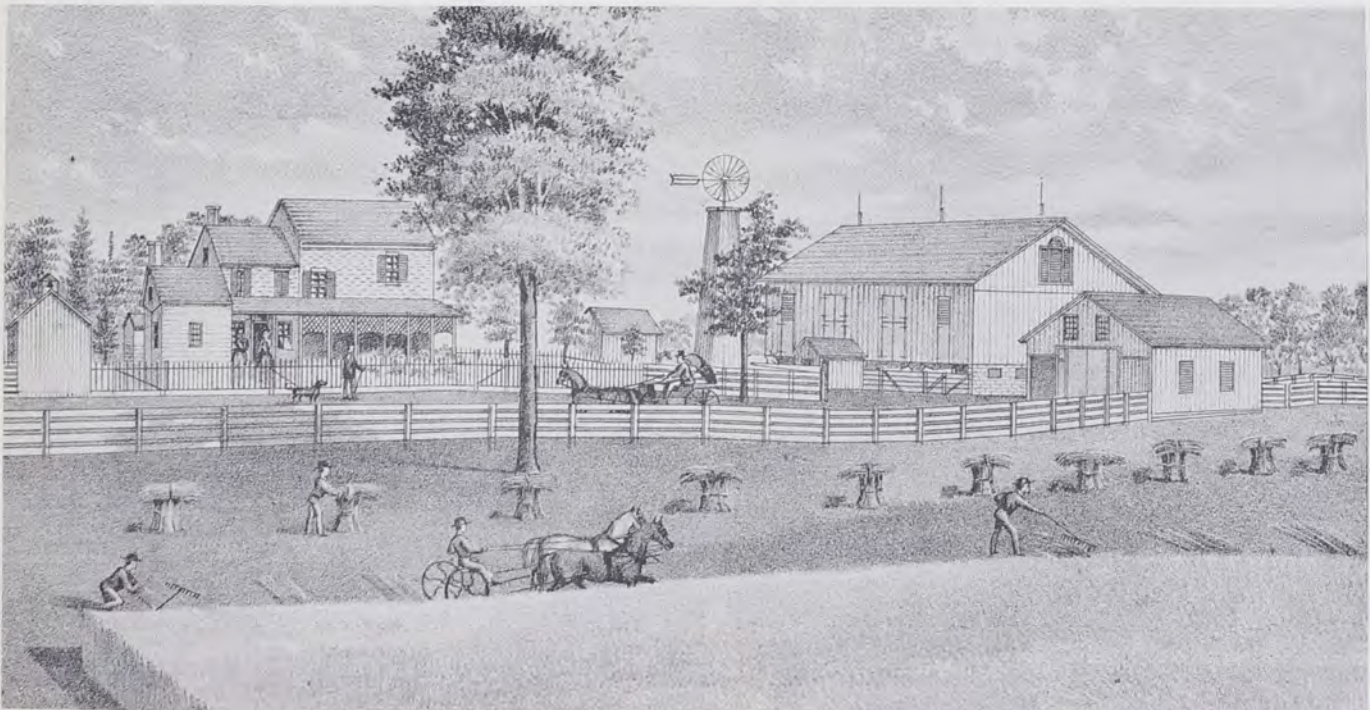
### Home Life

By 1890 Pop and Mom, Grandpap and Grandmam as we then addressed our parents and grandparents, had many more "things to do with" than *their* parents and grandparents. For instance, there was running water, cold water only, from the "spigot" in the kitchen sink. The dug wells in the back yards were "being with coal ashes filled up." The running water came from the new City Reservoir and from it ice was cut and stored in the adjoining "ice houses" for summer distribution. Incidentally, it was a privately owned business and made money.

Kerosene, "coal oil" we called it, had been in use for many years for illumination, replacing the candles and the whaleoil used by the pioneers. But progress was exacting its price in the smoked-up lamp chimneys that had to be washed and polished almost daily. The coal oil was delivered by an elderly man who drove about town with a smelly tank on a one-horse wagon and called out his product in a loud voice which brought out the ladies with empty oil cans. There were many varieties of oil lamps, many of which are today collector's items. The "hanging lamp" over the dining room table often had fancy colored glass shades and some may still be in use, the oil lamp replaced by an electric light bulb.

Coal was never in short supply in our town. It came from the "hard coal regions" twenty miles east and, strange as it may seem, "coal was from the river dug." It came from the immense culm banks at the mines 60 miles up the North Branch. Washed into the river by rains the coal, being lighter than rock and shale, was really rolled down stream and when it lodged at different places was dredged up by hand into "coal floats" and sold cheaper than the mine coal.

Coal was kept in the "coal bin" in the cellar, our word for basement, and delivered through the cellar window in a coal "shoot," a metal slide into which the coal had to be shoveled by the driver of the "coal wagon". And from the bin the coal was carried upstairs (most of it by me) in the



*Northumberland County Farmstead—the Residence of George Stohl.*



"coal bucket" (seems there were no pails in those days) for the living room "heater" and the kitchen stove, the only warm rooms in winter. However, a "heat pipe" to the second floor did help to warm one room upstairs. The very early colonial homes had fireplaces in nearly every room and the new homes of the "well to do" folks had some form of central heating. But in many of the poor and middle-class homes the heating systems in 1890 were the same as they had been for a hundred years.

Today a flush toilet is considered a prime necessity but it was not always so. In the 1890's as it had been from time immemorial, the necessity was met by a little building at the foot of the lot, often a hundred feet from the back door, with a crescent cut into the upper half of the door. Just why the crescent-shaped opening was the usual symbol I do not know except perhaps this was easy for the carpenter to cut with a narrow blade saw which we called a "compass saw". The distance of the building from the back door depended upon the length of the lot. In my father-in-law's house the distance was about twenty feet where the lot ended. A bag of air-slaked lime was usually handy with an empty can in it, or perhaps half a cocconut shell, for application of a layer of the lime at intervals when it became evidently necessary.

In the bedrooms there was a certain receptacle with a tight lid, again just in case of necessity. The uncomfortable truth is that a vast majority of the world's population still must put up with this same kind of inconvenience in their daily life. To understand what it all means today one must know that in the older part of our town and in other towns in America the houses are from 90 to 100 years old. The folks living in more modern homes have these conveniences built in. In our time there came a time when modifications were made and a bath room was installed. I was about 20 years old before father remodeled the interior of our house.

There is no apology for this observation because it *was* the way grandfather met and solved the problems of this "necessity".

#### *Wash Day*

On Monday, always on Monday, the family washing was a major operation. First, the long narrow "wash boiler" was set over the two front lids of the kitchen stove and filled from the "spigot" in the nearby sink. The hot water had to be carried to the wooden tubs and the waste water was carried to the drain in the "scrub buckets". The wooden tubs and the wooden scrub buckets came down from Grandmother's time. Grandfather designed and built a "washing machine" that was still in use in my early youth. It was in the shape of a round-bottomed wooden tub supported on four legs. A kind of cradle, rounded to fit the tub, had a cross bar that fitted in slots in uprights on either side of the tub. The hot water and the garments were placed in the tub and when the cradle was rocked back and forth the cleaning process was speeded up. This was perhaps a little easier than using the "wash board". The old machine had one serious defect, however, in that splinters of wood were loosened and became embedded in the long underwear. The effect was like "ants in your pants". Also it did not "wash clean"—the real dirty spots had to be rubbed out on the wash board before rinsing, or "wrenching," as we named the process.

And then just when I became old enough and big enough to supply the power, real washing machines came into use. One made its appearance at our house. It had a sprocket wheel and upright handle on top which had to be rocked back and forth. But it seems I was equal to the emergency

by fixing a shelf to the wall beside the machine on which to lay a book to read while "running the washing machine". In a few years a water-power machine appeared. The water pressure from the running water furnished the power. City water was not measured by meter at that time. An even greater progress was achieved with the "electric washing machine" some years later.

The ironing process also followed traditional routine. The garments to be ironed were "sprinkled," rolled up and packed into the "clothes basket" awaiting ironing that was done on Tuesday. The work was done on the foldup ironing board that my father made. The "flat irons," or "flats" as we called them, were heated on the kitchen stove and since the handles got as hot as the bottoms thick woolen "iron pads" and a "wax pad" were required items of equipment. The old irons had other uses as door stops, for instance, and when turned upside down between my knees made a handy base for cracking walnuts and hickory nuts for the "nut cakes". The old flat irons today are collectors' items, if they are not still in use, as decorated book ends perhaps.

But the washing and the ironing was easy work compared with the work of keeping the house clean and neat in the 1890's. The streets were not paved so mud and dirt were brought into the house on the shoes even with the ever present door mat for "wiping your feet". Two methods of cleaning carpets were followed: one, used at the time of Spring and Fall "house cleaning," was to take up the carpets and use the "carpet beater"; the other was to sweep them with a stiff broom which brushed the larger particles out the door but raised a cloud of dust that settled securely into every nook and cranny of the furniture. "Dusting" them became the second operation of the cleaning process and it was in this work that the youngsters had to become "mother's little helpers".

At the Spring and Fall house-cleaning time the wall-to-wall carpets were taken up after hours of "tack pulling," and hung over the wash line. The "carpet beater," a device shaped somewhat like a tennis racket, was handed to me with instructions to start pounding. At first it was fun to see the clouds of dust I was creating but as the clouds got smaller the fun turned into hard work. In mother's opinion the carpet was not "clean" until long after I could see no visible effects of the beating. And after all this the thing had to be put down again—and tacked down. One thing I am sure of and that is, the vacuum cleaner is the most important contribution ever made to the progress of civilization. It has made it possible for mankind to move toward godliness with a minimum of effort.

In the 1890's much of the family food was prepared in the home. Canned goods were not plentiful and they were expensive. Many families still cured their own meat. Even though living in town many families raised and butchered one or two "hogs" (a pig when small, a hog when big) and cured the meat. In our back yard the old "smoke house" had been turned into a play house since our family no longer "kept pigs". Fresh meats could be purchased as needed in the general store or the farmers' market.

"Canning" was a continuous summer activity. Cherries, tomatoes, corn, beans and red beets were processed in early summer and stored on the "fruit shelves" in the cellar. In early fall peaches were bought by the bushel and canned. Some vegetables were dried for winter use, especially beans and corn. The corn was taken off the cob with the "corn grater" and the green beans were "stemmed" and broken and laid out on a window screen, perhaps, covered with a





*Rafting days on the West Branch of the Susquehanna. Residence of Captain John Bly at Watsontown, who ran the ferry.*

mosquito netting and placed in the sun. The drying process was usually completed in the oven of the kitchen stove.

No self-respecting Pennsylvania "Dutch" family was without its home-made sauerkraut—several large "crops" of the stuff. The cabbage was first stripped of the outside leaves and then sliced into thin pieces on the "saw cutter," a home-made device with a knife set over an opening in a six-inch board. The finely shredded stock was then placed in the stone two, three or five gallon jar or crock, and "stomped" as it was added gradually with the right amount of salt. It was stomped with the wooden "sauerkraut stomper" until juice came to the surface. When the stone crock was almost full a piece of wood cut to fit inside the top of the container was put in and weighted down with a brick or stone. This was also stored away in the cellar and after three or four weeks of "curing" the cabbage had become sauerkraut.

Today, no fuss, no muss—just snatch a can of Silver Skein off the supermarket shelf.

Today home-made bread is a luxury few people enjoy. At one time in the past it was a necessity—there was no "boughten bread" available. My recollections of home-made bread are very definite because for years I kneaded the bread for Mother who could not do it after an illness. She mixed the ingredients and made the dough, then I took over and kneaded it to the required degree in the evening. It was then covered and set in a warm place and in the morning the process was repeated and the loaves placed in the coal stove oven. The surplus loaves were wrapped in a damp cloth and placed in a cupboard in the basement and brought up as needed. The usual baking lasted about a week. Slicing the bread for use was an art—not too thin and, for heaven's sake, not too thick.

Today, no fuss, no muss, just take a loaf off the supermarket shelf, and what a variety to choose from. But I am quite sure one could save on the grocery bill by making it at home. After 60 years I am sure I could do it myself—but then, what is the use? Once mother "baked a cake" even though no one was coming. Today she would use a

cake mix, even as I do. Modern methods are so much more simple thanks to the food industries. But after all a "batch of home made bread" would be a treat. Well, someday maybe!

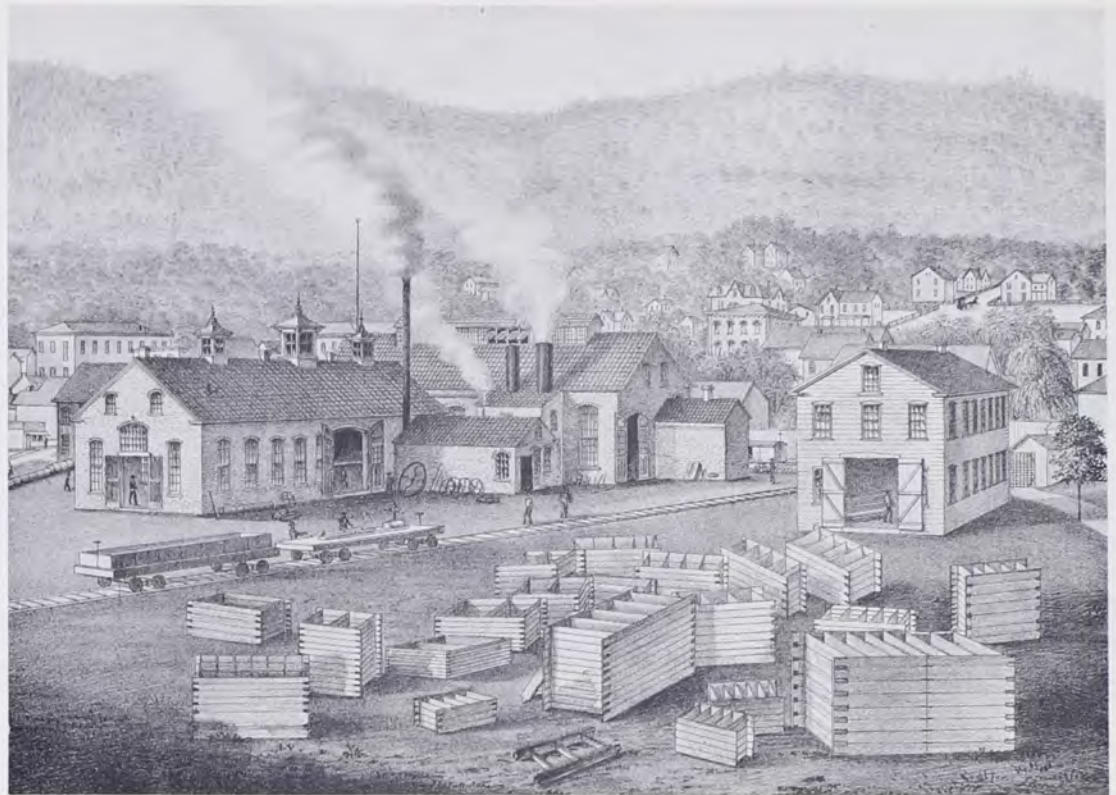
Flour for home baking was purchased in 25 or 50-pound bags and kept in the "flour bin" in the kitchen. In our house father made a container that tilted outward on a rocker in the lower part of the kitchen cupboard. The shortening was lard and that came in a 50-pound can and often bought from a farmer we knew. The lard had to be kept in a cool place which was in the basement, at least in summer time. Everyone ate too much animal fat and many people died rather early in life.

"Snits and knept" was a standard part of every German family menu. Translated it is dried sweet apples cooked with ham, and dumplings added. The sweet apples were quartered and cored, then dried. Our word for dried apples was "snits" and that is as far as I can go in explanation of the term. Apples other than the sweet variety were peeled, quartered and dried for the delicious dried apple pie, called "snits pie". The dried apples were stored in cloth bags and hung in a dry place. One sure way to get a really painful tummy ache was to eat some uncooked dried apples and drink some water because they made you thirsty. They swelled beyond the comfortable expansion of a boy's in-nards.

Many families made gallons of apple-butter. Any resemblance of the product one can buy today at the food market and the home-made product is purely incidental. Making apple-butter was a day's job. The great iron kettle was set up, or rather hung up, and a fire started underneath. Gallons of cider were poured into the kettle, sugar and spices were added to suit the family taste. Then the pared and sliced apples were added. All this time the stuff had to be constantly stirred with a perforated paddle set at right angles to the end of a long pole so one could stay back from the fire. This boiling and stirring went on for hours and you can be sure I was not left out of the operation. When the contents of the kettle became thick



*The towns of the Susquehanna Valley were key industrial as well as mercantile centers for Central Pennsylvania. This view shows the Shamokin Iron Works in 1876.*



enough it was declared "done" and allowed to cool. It was then ladled out into gallon and two-gallon crocks, or stone jars, covered and stored for winter use. The apple-butter was eaten on butter bread and with "schmeer case". And what was that? "Case" is Dutch for cheese, in this case cottage cheese thinned with milk or cream until it would smear or spread on bread. A layer of schmeer case and a layer of apple-butter, a dish which no king ever had set before him! One trouble, a boy had to have his face washed after eating it.

Some one, many years before my advent, had planted a number of quince trees in our back yard. For some mysterious horticultural reason it was thought that old leather kept under the trees added to their growth. So it was I carried baskets of leather waste from the "shoemaker's shop" and spread the stuff under the trees. It prevented a certain worm from boring into the roots. The quinces were large and plentiful and were made into quince jelly and quince butter, some apple being added.

A pear tree provided its quota of fruit. And it was from this tree I learned about the San Jose Scale which infested some kinds of fruit trees. This from pamphlets from the State Agricultural Department.

#### *The Games We Played*

Seventy years ago there were few children's toys as compared with the volume and variety that exist today. If the children of the low income group, of whom I was one, would have things to play with they had to make them for themselves. Guns and pistols amounted to a childish obsession in my early youth even as they seem to do today. Around the 4th of July there were cap pistols but were no fun without caps. But some kind of gun seemed essential to child welfare so I made a gun for my own exclusive use. A piece of soft wood was found and whittled, with some cut fingers incidently, into the rough shape of a pistol. A hole

was made through the barrel, usually with the kitchen stove poker heated red hot on the end and the hole burned through. A flat stick was then cut down to go through the hole and fixed with a small nail so it would rock back and forth like a trigger. Next a rubber band was fitted over the end of the barrel and over each end of the trigger. A slot was cut in the barrel to hold a small piece of cardboard then when the trigger was pulled the rubberband snapped forward and sent the card board disk some 15 or 20 feet. There was no bang but there was much satisfaction that the thing worked. I cannot say the idea was original with me but some one had learned how to meet a need by improvising. Looking back through the years I can say with certainty that it is highly important in the life of a boy when he can say, "I made this thing all by myself."

We also made our own hockey sticks, "shinney" we called the game, I suppose because we often whacked one another's shins. The stick was a properly curved tree branch or forked branch, one side cut away. The bark was peeled off the handle and then smoothed by scraping it with a piece of glass. A tin can, if I could find one, was the ball—it made a noise when hit. The fun was to see how far it could be driven. Perhaps a thicker and heavier stick would work better so I hunted up another tree branch and eventually, like a golf player, I had a collection of "sticks". And again, "I made them all by myself."

Another self made device was "mumbley peg," so we called it. We took a three or four inch three-quarter-inch piece of wood whittled to a point at both ends. A paddle was made from a thin narrow board, often taken from an orange crate. With the paddle, whittled to the right shape at the handle, the peg was hit on the end and as it flew into the air the idea was to hit it with the paddle. This feat required a bit of practice but it developed coordination. Incidentally the paddle could be called into service of an en-



tirely different kind so it was never left where Mother might find it in an "emergency".

To get back to the guns again I made a far more lethal weapon than the pistol that threw the bit of cardboard. This was a sling shot or "gum shooter" as we called it. I hunted up a forked stick about one half inch in diameter, peeled the bark and smoothed it properly, at least to my satisfaction. Two rather large rubber bands were then fastened to the ends of the fork and joined with a piece of leather cut out of an old shoe. A pocket full of round pebbles were found on a nearby gravel bank. With this ammunition I was ready to "go hunting" or to shoot "mark". Depending on the strength of the rubber bands a small stone could be sent with considerable force, enough to kill a bird—if you could hit it. It was a dangerous weapon but I can recall no casualties. One could also modify the device by making the fork out of a piece of wire and using smaller rubber bands making a miniature gun that would shoot BB bullets.

But the "air rifle" was the most prized piece of ordinance. This was a real gun that shot BB bullets with considerable accuracy. To cock the thing you "broke" the stock back thus compressing the spring. The BB was dropped into



*In such a house at Sunbury the author of this article lived. Note double-decker porch on kitchen wing, and urban barn on rear lot. This was the J. A. Cake Residence, Sunbury.*

the muzzle and you were ready to shoot a sparrow perhaps. I recall that I had such a gun at one time and did bring down some sparrows and, believe it or not, I cut the heads off, peeled the skin off, and cooked them. It was "dark meat" and tasted something like chicken. I also recall a near serious accident due to an air rifle. A next door neighbor boy, younger than I, was playing in the back yard. Suddenly he screamed and put his hands up before his face. There was a very red spot on his forehead where he had been hit by a BB shot which most likely came from the railroad track about fifty yards away and higher than the back yards. Had he been hit in the eye it would have left him blind in that eye. The air rifle was dangerous then and it still is in the hands of small children.

In those uncrowded days we could play in the streets especially in early evening. Daylight saving time was undreamed of and so as soon as the arc lights came on at the street corners conditions were ideal for certain time-honored games of hide and seek. The chap who was "it" hid his face while the others hid in the shadows. When

the "ready" call was given he moved slowly until he found a hider and then it became a race to get "home" first. The one who lost was then it and the game went on. Primitive man played this game for "keeps," we children played it for fun.

Another game played under the arc lamps was a game of tag without running. We called it "squat tag". The players stood under the light so their shadow fell in front. The boy who was "it" tried to step on a shadow which could be instantly shortened by squatting down. It became a game of wits, by distracting a boy's attention his shadow might be touched and he was then "it". The game was in existence when I joined the gang. Someone had a very good and original idea. It could of course be played in the sunshine on the playground.

When boy met boy on the street or alley the greeting was, "Want to shoot a game?"

"Yep, sure!"

"For keeps?"

"Nope, I got no commies."

"Afraid you'll get beat, that's it," and the older chap went his way.

In the 90's the only commies anyone knew about were clay marbles which sold at about five cents a dozen. In spring and summer every boy from six to twenty played marbles. The small fry played for fun, the older more sophisticated made a kind of gambling game out of it by playing for keeps, as it was called. Usually a ring was made somewhere on smooth ground and each player put in a designated number of marbles. A toss-up of some kind determined who should have the advantage to "shoot" first while the ring was full. The shooting continued until the player missed. For keeps meant that all the marbles knocked from the ring were kept by the player. The next round began with another player being first, who might thus have the chance to win back some of his losses. Marbles were cheaper than "chips" and there were no closed doors. But the principle of the whole venture was the same. I recall Mother telling me with emphasis not to shoot marbles for keeps. At the time I took it to mean she did not like to see me "lose marbles". Question: could that be the origin of the expression that made reference to losing one's marbles? From this distance this idea might be pondered as an ethical concept. It was worse to keep the other boy's marbles than to lose your own. I think Mother had a vague idea that such was the case when she advised me not to play for keeps.

However, there was another marble game that was not in the least unethical. We called it "holy" (small h) because it required holes, holes about three feet apart, shallow depressions really, three of them. The object of this game was to get in and out of all the holes and be first to return to the starting point. A strip of bare ground between the edge of the side walk and the curb in front of our house was exactly the right place for the holy game. One tried to knock the opponent's "man" away from the hole, and the narrow space kept the game within limits. The marble season produced dirty hands with chapped knuckles and dirty stockings which gave Mother added support for her argument that I "turn the washing machine on Monday morning". If I demurred I was reminded that I also "Et every day."

I did not play baseball except perhaps as an outfielder where I could at least run after the grounders and as a batter I was a liability to my side. I followed the fortunes of the home town team that had a real baseball field in the



northern part of town not far from the home of a cousin who was but six weeks younger than I. So I was permitted to go up "to Cousin Harry's house" when a game of special interest was being played. The field was fenced in with a high board fence, eight feet high. But there were many observation points—knot-holes and cracks in the boards that had been widened with a pocket knife from which some idea of the progress of the game could be had. The cheers from inside also gave us some clue as to what was happening.

Games of special interest were those played with the Bloomer Girls who came widely advertised. From a good sized knot-hole I had a good view of at least one game that I remember very well. The "girls" I recall were very substantial ladies with very sturdy legs below the bloomers. It must be remembered that ladies' legs were not in evidence in those days and were "quite a sight" for male eyes when they did appear. The girls played the home team and it seems generally won. The teams of Bloomer Girls that toured the country attracted much attention. Recently a television interview with an old baseball player revealed that the team was not all girl—some clean shaven young men wearing wigs helped out when real girls could not be found to "man the team".

There were also "colored teams" that toured the country playing local teams. I recall seeing several such games in a field not far from my home which had no fence, only some bleachers for which you paid. But as long as we stayed out of the way of the players the boys could watch the game "free for nothing" as we termed the conditions. I have a painful memory of one game in which the Negro first baseman missed a line drive with his glove and was hit in the face. It happened not far from where I was standing so I saw clearly how painfully he was hurt. There is a line somewhere that reads, "lest we forget". Most of us I think can recall incidents of injury we have witnessed. I recall very vividly, although this was in my high school days, a man who had been brought to the railroad crossing on the platform of the caboose. He had been injured along the railroad. The train waited there for the arrival of the horse-drawn ambulance. Looking back I am sure some of the events we recall are a true index of character. Most of us are not among those who "pass by on the other side," and forget.

The end of the baseball season brought on the fall "chestnutting". In my youth chestnut trees were many and not too far away but that on a Saturday we could go out and fill several five-pound "sugar sacks" or salt sacks with the nuts and return home tired and happy and fingers stinging from the "stickers" on the chestnut burrs. Walnut and hickory nuts were also available if you could find the trees, which were not as numerous as the chestnuts.

Then came winter with snow and frozen ponds in the neighborhood. Some kind of sled was always available and many were the "belly floppers" we took on some slight incline in the back yard or on the side walks. The street in front of our house was at the end of a long steep hill where the big boys rushed by when the snow was right for coasting. As I grew older I too came down the big hill. Several small ponds nearby provided suitable places for us small urchins to learn the art of skating. And so absorbed did we become that I was often late for supper, with dire consequences. The river, when I became old enough to be permitted to venture on it, was the ideal skating rink. A rock and log dam built in 1829 to fill the Pennsylvania Canal that coursed the west side of the river,

made the river into a still lake which froze smooth as glass. I was told that a noted professional skater once gave an exhibition on the river. All this for seventy-five years. In early 1904 the ice was three feet thick and the skating "out of this world". I spent many cold hours gliding over it, tacking back and forth with the wind, and then sort of flying ahead of it. But that was the last river skating any one did. There came a sudden thaw with heavy rain and the ice broke up with loud booms as the water rose. But disaster struck when a great ice gorge up river broke and sent huge masses of ice rushing down stream. A bridge was washed away and a great hole was torn in the dam. The steam boats that had "steamed" back and forth across the river were demolished by the ice where they were "parked" in winter in a wide place in the canal. The lake was no more, its pleasures gone. So it has remained until in recent years a new Faberoid recreational dam was constructed for power boating.

One incident stands out in my memory because of the envy it excited in the heart of nearly every boy in town. A team of goats, complete with horns, that were hitched to a wagon. The harness of the goats was the exact dupli-



*Central Pennsylvania's river towns had much wealth after the Civil War. Comfort as well as opulence is expressed in this massive Victorian residence of a Sunbury grandee.*

cate of a horse harness with bits in the mouths of the well broken animals. The owners, three brothers, drove their team proudly about town waving greetings to the folks who generally stopped in surprise at the sight. How we would have liked to own a team of goats or even one goat that could be driven like a pony. But the outfit was expensive since the harness-maker would have to do a very special job to make the harness and the wagon had to be custom-made. A few years ago I talked with the man who had owned the goats and he told me that a friend of his father had made a gift of the team and wagon to the family. The cost had been more than 150 dollars even in that time of low costs.

Indoors there was no television but there was no boredom and we never knew what we were missing. The





*Farmstead and distillery of John Eyster in Delaware Township, Northumberland County. Note whiskey warehouse at right.*

neighbor youngsters came in the evening, girls, and one favorite card game was called "Old Maid". The object of the game was not to have the Old Maid card in *your* hand at the end of the game. This card game for some reason was a source of much fun and banter among children and adults alike. To be an "old maid" in real life seemed to imply some kind of shortcoming on the part of the lady. And it is indicative of the thinking of the era that the idea should be used in a popular game of cards.

Another card game that was a favorite was called "Authors". The names of the authors and one or more of their writings were on two identical cards and the object of the game was to secure the most pairs. While it was fun it was also of some educational value since we learned the name and work of a number of American writers—all just for fun.

"Hide the Thimble" was real fun when five or six of us were assembled. All but one of the group closed our eyes and did not "peep" while the thimble or other small object was being hidden. As the search began the one who had hid the object called out "hot" or "cold" as someone came close or moved away from the place of hiding. Again it might be noted that primitive man had to search and seize to stay alive. We did it for fun but the motivation I am sure had in it an element of instinct.

Another indoor game was the time-honored game of "Pussy Wants a Corner." The group disposed themselves in corners of the room or at the corners of pieces of furniture. When the youngster who was "it" called out "Pussy wants a corner," a scramble for change of location broke out and the outsider tried to gain a place ahead of someone else. The person left out was, of course, "it".

Mother or my Aunt often agreed to go along with me in a game of "Tiddy Winks". The purpose of the game was to snap the disks into the little cup by pressing the larger disk on the edge of the smaller one. It runs in my mind that in England the game is popular today.

Father made and painted a "checker board" and we often spent much time at that. Some years later I learned to play chess but never became a "master".

As I grew older the games were put aside and books and reading became the evening occupation until bedtime which was always too soon. And about this time

I had a gyroscope top which could be mounted on a knife-blade or cord and spin at an angle. I experimented with this and found it of great interest. Somewhere I found a book which described some simple experiment in physics. One such was to heat some water in a small bottle until steam came up and then quickly insert the cork. After the steam had condensed the water in the bottle sounded like a piece of metal inside when it was shaken. But years and years later when I studied physics, not for fun, but for keeps, I found the going very hard with barely passing grades.

It was at a very early age that I came face to face with the supreme fact of life and the incident made a most lasting impression. A relative died in another part of town and I was sent on an errand to deliver a message to the family. I followed instructions and rapped on the front door of the home. When the knock was answered I was invited to come in and did so. There right inside the door was the dead man reclining on a wicker couch as was used by undertakers in those days. This was a shock, the first dead person I had ever seen and would never forget. Many years later when I lived in a house not far from the one described I could seldom pass that house without that childhood experience coming to mind. When I told Mother about the event she said, "Humph! she should have knowed better."

This was not serious but it could have been. Both parents and friends often are unaware of scars they have left on a child's mind by a thoughtless act or comment.

#### *The General Store*

Every town and city has its modern shopping center where the housewife, often trailed by her bored husband, can wander about and buy anything she wants and often things that are not really needed. Impulse buying is a factor in the high cost of living. How did we do it 70 years ago? I could run across the street, no need to watch traffic because usually I was the traffic, and buy anything from a spool of thread to a sirloin steak at the general store. And at that time there were two other stores like it in the same block plus a drug store and a bar where one could get a beer for a nickle and a shot of whiskey for 20 cents.



It is safe to say that no one in town lived more than one or two blocks from a neighborhood store. In those days the stores went to the people rather than the people going to the stores. The general stores sold some ready-made garments but there were shelves loaded with yard goods of all kinds. Many women made their own clothes and dress makers did a good business the year around.

Much of the produce came in bulk form. Sugar in barrels, "soft white" it was called, but a hatchet was kept in the barrel to chop out pieces that could be weighed and put into a "tut" or bag. Molasses and vinegar came in barrels and these had to be set up in the basement. There was an outside stairway to the basement which had a ramp fitted over the steps. Two iron rings were set in the cement at the top of the stairs through which a long rope was passed. The two ends of the rope were passed over the ends of the barrel. Two men then held the rope ends and let the barrel roll slowly down to the basement floor where it was set up on end to insert the spigot. After it was wrestled to the platform high enough to place the vinegar jug under the spigot it was ready for service.

Potatoes in the fall were often taken from the farmers in trade and stored in a bin in the basement and were sold by the peck or bushel. No one ever heard of selling potatoes by the pound.

Coffee came in bags and was ground to order if the customer desired. The coffee grinder with its large wheels on each side was set up on the counter and was a conspicuous feature of the general store. We hoped the customer would not ask to have coffee ground "fine"—the grinder turned harder. Cheese came in round cakes ten inches thick and stood at one end of the counter with a cover over it. The required amount was sliced off for each customer. Fruits and vegetables were displayed in the boxes they came in.

All this I am most familiar with because while in High School I worked in the general store every Saturday. When telephones came into use orders were telephoned in and also during the week one of the clerks called on customers and took their orders which I delivered on Saturday. For years the store had a gray horse and it seemed always on Friday nights he lay down in a manner to get his rump stained a deep brown which of course had to be washed off with water and a sponge. At times if I was not sure which house in a block was the right one I let the horse walk down the street and where he stopped was usually the right house.

Meat came in quarters, front and hind quarters, both beef and pork. The meat was kept in a walk-in refrigerator and carried out and slammed on the meat block where the required amount was cut off for the customer. The meat block was a cross section of a log three or four feet in diameter and at least 18 inches thick. Sturdy legs supported it. Every day it had to be scraped clean with a scraper especially made for that purpose. Cured hams were sliced to the thickness the customer desired while she stood by to see that it was done just as she desired.

Our town also had, and has to this day, a farmers' market. Among the early recollections is the clatter of the farmers' market wagons going by our house just about daybreak summer and winter. At one time a whole block on both sides of the street were lined every Saturday forenoon with wagons backed up to the curb. On portable tables all kinds of fruits and vegetables were displayed for sale. It is the same today except that trucks have replaced the horse and wagon and many of the farmers carry their produce



*Country hotels existed in all the small towns, and were used by drovers, wagoners, traveling salesmen, and other travelers. This one was at Turbotville, Northumberland County.*

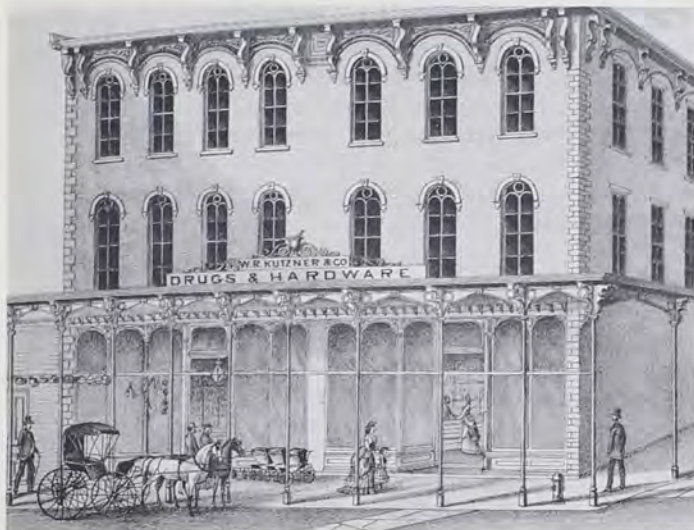
into the large "market house" that opens on the main street in the shopping area of town. Here home-made pies, cakes, bread and cookies can be bought. The best cooks have the largest crowds waiting to be served. Fresh smoked meats can be had but the price is the same as it is at the supermarket, further down the street. The farmers' market in our town is a very old institution and also unique since not many towns established such an institution.

It may surprise folks today to learn that in the past very little cash was expended in shopping. Wages and salaries were paid by the month and so people bought their food supplies on credit, or on "the book" as we termed it. For many years before duplicate sales slips came into use the purchaser had a "store book" provided by the merchant in which the list of items was written and then transferred to a bound ledger. At the end of the month or on "pay day" the items were added up and paid by the customer. I recall that this meant some candy which was given to the customer when he paid his monthly bill. After the duplicate sales slips came into use the duplicate was filed and the amount determined at the end of the month. Both the customer and the merchant had a record of the purchases. In many cases the merchant also cashed the customer's monthly checks and after deducting the amount of the bill gave the customer cash for the balance. And if the customer needed several dollars cash during the month he could get it and have the amount charged to his account. In fact the merchants of that time acted as both storekeeper and banker.

It will further surprise folks to be told that years ago many people seldom went to the store for food supplies. If they could not telephone their orders in to be delivered, one of the store's personnel called regularly and took their orders to be delivered late that day or the next day. The stores literally went to the people rather than the people going to the shopping centers as it is done now. Of course, there is a great advantage in seeing what you are buying.

The ready-made clothing business, both men's and women's clothing, was mostly operated by Jews. They did a good business and must have made money. They lived in the "kid-glove" ward as we called it and one of them owned the first Packard automobile in town and today there





*Large stores—called “mercantile establishments” in the county histories—were erected also in the post-Civil War era. This one was at Shamokin. Its wide arcade-like porch was a feature of urban design at the time.*

is a playground for children dedicated to him and named in his honor.

In my early youth a Jewish family lived across the street where they operated a fish and oyster market. In time the sons built a three-story building on the site and opened a clothing store on the first floor with living quarters above. Later they rented the store room and opened another store in the center of the shopping district of the town.

One day in 1916, when I was working in the 23rd St. Y.M.C.A. in New York City, I was walking down lower Broadway. I heard someone calling and finally when I looked back I saw a man waving and it seemed to be to me. We walked toward one another and it turned out to be one of the Jewish clothing dealers from my home town. He recognized me although I had not been at home but seldom in six years.

I suppose it is true of other towns but I can say for my town that any race or creed could go into business and succeed. An Italian operated a fruit market, another Italian sold nuts and fruit, and a Greek operated a restaurant for many years. A second generation Pole operated a shoe repair shop and raised five children all of whom are now university graduates, lawyers, and doctors.

#### *Recreation*

Before the turn of the century the pattern of life among the low and middle income groups was fixed very largely by the demands of the daily work and church activity. The job required ten hours a day six days a week. At this time Father was a member of the carpenter gang with the Pennsylvania Railroad. Bridges were built of wood, especially the smaller ones. And built of wood or steel, the rails were laid on wood ties that were often set on fire from the hot ashes falling from the cinder box under the coal-fired steam locomotives. The passing cars fanned the flame and by the time the train had passed, the bridge was in need of repair. Then, night or day, the bridge gang was called out and stayed on the job until traffic was renewed. The regular job required Father to leave home at 6:30 in the morning and get home at 8:15 in the evening. He spent several hours of the day riding the train but he was paid only for

the hours he worked. When his train was delayed by wreck or flood the men had to spend long hours on the train while we waited at home for Father to come in tired and hungry. He was in fact a commuter who enjoyed a railroad “pass”.

The hourly wage was fixed by the Company and the worker had to take it or leave it. When a carpenters’ union was formed some of the gang members joined only to find themselves “laid off” after a few weeks or months. There was no reference to the union and these men were never called back to work.

This was also the time of child labor. In the hard coal regions “breaker boys” were employed and put in long hours, at least eleven hours, for very low wages. They sat by the sides of the conveyer belts and picked out the pieces of slate and rock as the coal passed by. The railroad company hired “call boys” who walked or rode bicycles and notified the trainmen when to report for duty. Telephones were very few which made a personal call necessary. We also often heard the night-time knocking when a bridge needed immediate attention. Then there was a hasty “dinner bucket” to be packed and perhaps some breakfast to prepare and eat before dashing for the work train at the station, or more likely 50 yards north of the station. The call boy job was most often held by the school dropout.

A man I knew very well told me he had worked on the canal for eight years, from seven until fifteen, driving mules on the tow rope. He quit and went to school for the first time. When I knew him he was editor of a weekly newspaper. The Pennsylvania Canal remained in operation until 1901 and during the 70 or more years of its operation the mules and horses on the tow rope were driven by boys who walked twenty miles a day for a wage of less than 25 cents a day. The assumption was that work “never hurt anyone” young or old. However, when the now old men who were breaker boys and call boys express their sentiments they regret the lost educational opportunity. A high school classmate once told me his father compelled him to stay in school and he now was very glad that his father had been wiser than he.

In the low income group the long hours of exhausting labor just to make a living greatly limited their recreational activities. The people who held well paid positions or engaged in business held card parties in the afternoon and frequent dances and theater parties in the evening. Many of them had time for fishing and hunting excursions and time and means for travel to distant places of interest and to the “city” somewhere. But for many other folks their only outside interest was some form of church activity which cost nothing and came at a time when the worker had free time. The low income group was further handicapped by lack of education. Few adults had gone beyond the ability to read and write and do simple arithmetic in their school years. The masses were not illiterate but certainly were not educated. In 1908 in my High School class there were only 27 graduates and the number was even smaller in the years prior to 1908. This in spite of the fact that every child of school age in a population of 10,000 or more began school in the first grade.

It is not difficult, then, to understand why religion and church activity was the dominant interest in the period before World War I. The faithful church member found all the answers to life’s problems in the firm belief of an ultimate good outcome if he remained “faithful unto the end”. Much emphasis was placed on the church activity that could



be seen and felt. Sunday School and church attendance was to be neglected at the peril of one's status in the future life. Heaven and Hell were very real places or conditions in the thinking of that generation. Weekly prayer meetings and annual revival meetings were thought of as a means of spiritual renewal. The spiritual quality of life seemed to need constant stimulation to overcome the weakness of the flesh. It must be added that most people lived happy and contented lives within this pattern of religious thought.

This thinking found its outlet in some form of church activity. The Sunday morning worship service was never missed except through illness or impossible weather conditions. The Sunday School had classes and teachers for everyone from kindergarten to the "old folks" class. Each group, also, had its especially graded lesson helps. The Epworth League for the youth, the Ladies' Aid, church suppers for the benefit of the Missionary Society or just for a get-together kept different groups interested all the time.

The annual Sunday School picnic was looked forward to with great anticipation by both young and old. It was always held in one of the several parks close to town that could be reached by public transportation. There were swings and slides, all new experience for the children. The picnic dinner set out on long tables was, of course, the big event of the day, when we got things to eat that we did not get at home, such as watermelon and ice-cold lemonade. Everything was spread out on the long table and everyone helped himself to what appealed to his taste. In the afternoon horse-shoe and quoit pitching furnished moments of excitement. If the park was the one along the river a row boat might be rented for the thrill of being out on the water. Then after eating what was left from the noon repast the folks went home with the feeling that it was a day well spent and very right and proper because sponsored by the Sunday School. However, the mothers of small children found the day somewhat exhausting.

From the time of John Wesley the Methodist Church and many other Evangelical churches maintained interest and built up their membership through the annual revival meetings. It was then that the "unsaved" were converted and brought into the church. The revival meetings were marked by emotional outbursts and also by "testimony" periods when confessions of former transgressions were made that I as a small boy could see would have better been forgotten. The counterpart today are the "confessions" of the Communists who have "deviated" from the required way of thinking.

To the small boy attending these meetings with his mother the goings-on were both interesting and puzzling. Why did some of the people, both men and women, jump up and shout "Glory" or call out "Amen"? This was not a ball game, no one had made a home run. I took my cue from Mother who was quiet and grave in her manner.

The success of a series of meetings was judged by the number of new members it brought in and by the increase in Sunday School and Sunday morning church attendance. Numbers seemed to bear an important relation to spiritual interest.

This was also the period of the roving evangelist. An advance agent came into the community and set up an organization with members of the different churches that wished to have a part in the effort. The meetings were well advertised in the press and on church bulletins. The largest auditorium was used for the evening meetings, and often afternoon prayer meetings were held in the other

churches. The people came and filled the building to the last seat in the balcony and adjoining Sunday School room. There was no public address system so every one did not hear very well. Many people "came forward" during the meetings and at the close indicated their choice of church membership. The Evangelist was compensated with an offering taken at the last meeting. This arrangement was definitely specified in the original contract made with the advance agent. The traveling preacher knew his power of appeal to the average pocket book and often opened those from which a moth might fly out.

About the turn of the century Billy Sunday, an ex-ball player, was converted and became a widely publicized Evangelist. He denounced sin in all its variations and did astonishingly acrobatic feats on the platform while doing so. Immense crowds attended the meetings in the "tabernacle," sometimes a specially built structure. The evangelists were "agin" sin and were loud and vigorous in their denunciations of evil. The large audiences were pleased and filled with a sense of rightness. Each individual was sure that if he were up there on the platform that is what he would say. The truth is that the people who came to the evangelistic meetings had from their childhood heard sin and evil denounced by Sunday School Teachers and Preachers. And now when it was being done so well with a much more powerful speaker the effect certainly must be greater. Besides it is always easier, and cheaper, to be against something than it is to be for something. The denunciator is always popular and today gets much publicity in the press and on television.

But by no means did all the people in the low or high income groups attend church services or engage in religious activity. The so called "worldly" folks found their way to the street corners in the evening to engage in conversation and "watch the girls go by". Others hung out in saloons where many drank little and talked much. During the first twenty years of my life that I lived at home we had a house across the street from a second rate hotel and saloon. During that time I entered the place but two or three times and then to ask someone inside to come out, most likely at his wife's request. Women did not go into saloons even to bring out an errant husband. Drinking, public or private, was not then included in our thinking.

From our house we saw the drinking customs of the times close up. We saw men emerge from the saloon barely able to walk away. It was not uncommon to meet a man on the street blindly staggering along the sidewalk. In contrast it has been many years since I have seen an intoxicated person on the street in my town or any other town or city. Today some of them try to drive automobiles—at a price.

Saturday afternoon found the saloon well filled with workmen and farmers. It was a rare week when arguments, brawls and fights did not occur both inside and outside of the building. At this period there was but one police officer in town and I never saw a man arrested for disorderly conduct. If the contest became too much in earnest and there was danger of permanent harm the bystanders took over and separated the contestants. I recall seeing a man get another man down on the sidewalk and then using the victim's ears for handles began pounding his head on the flagstones. He was quickly pulled off and held until he "cooled off". This kind of thing could happen because the population was small and the people who frequented the saloon in question were neighbors and even friends who had the real interests of the people they knew at heart.



Rarely did a man appear who was a complete stranger to everyone. So it was that no one stood by while a neighbor or even a mere acquaintance was being beat up.

The town maintained and supported what we called the "Opera House," a well appointed theater. For more than half a century the people enjoyed minstrel shows, drama, including Shakespeare, comedy, burlesque and variety shows, all of which now come into our homes by way of television. In fact for many years the town had two theaters. The second one all on one floor was used for home talent plays, school plays, and the cheaper road shows. I have a vague recollection of being in some kind of home talent or school play as a very small boy. A part of the act was to be hidden under a pile of leaves.

The Opera House was used for the High School commencement programs, the annual High School play, in which I also had a minor part, and for all public meetings. The first moving picture shows were in the theater. I recall the "Great Train Robbery" and the acrobatic feats of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., as he was pursued by the "law" or the villain of the piece. One of the preachers, I also recall, was very apprehensive about the effect of the new medium on the morals of youth.

The theater was the recreational outlet for the professional and business people of the town and also for the people of the neighboring towns across the river. I can recall but two plays that I was able to attend. One was "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which in the 1890's was still on the road and playing to large audiences. I recall the black and white spotted Great Dane dogs that chased Eliza across the river of dark colored canvas with white spaces for cakes of ice. I also observed the whip used to beat poor Uncle Tom. The whip was long and thin and curved harmlessly around his body but at the same time it appeared very realistic. I think there was a street parade featuring the dogs and Dixie music to advertise the matinee and the evening performance.

A second theater performance I recall was in my high school days. The play presented Bob Fitzsimmons then the retired world heavy weight boxing champion in person. Scenes from his life were enacted. For instance, since he had been a blacksmith an anvil and forge were brought onto the stage and there he fitted a shoe to a horse borrowed from the local livery stable. There was much pounding of the anvil with sparks flying from the red hot horse shoe all of which was very real and convincing. And incidentally the horse was not house-broken. The ex-champion fought four rounds with an opponent which was part of the plot. As a preliminary to the "fight" he went through training routines skipping rope and whanging away at the punching bag which he knocked from its fastenings with one mighty final blow. He paid court to a young lady but very awkwardly and not convincing any one that he really meant it. In fact the star was a great boxer but a lousy actor. But this did not matter since we went to see, not an actor, but a famous man in person.

Still another play that I recall was a stage performance of "Ben Hur". The climax of the play was the chariot race with four real live pure white horses galloping madly on tread machines. The effect of a race was achieved by pulling one tread-power ahead of the other with an apparatus located in wing. Finally the wheel of one chariot fell off and the race was over with Ben Hur the winner. The chariot race was indeed an exciting event. The drivers cracked their whips and shouted at the horses and the beating of their hooves on the treads along with the thundering

roar of the rapidly moving platforms created breathless suspense. This was a "live" performance and years later when I saw it all over again in a movie film it was more dramatic but certainly less exciting. All the other details of the performance have faded from memory.

At once the question of stage mechanics arises. How could four horses and two cumbersome tread-power machines be brought onto a theater stage? The answer is that the traveling shows were like small circuses and carried their props with them. Our town could stage many of these elaborate performances because the builders of the old Opera House had located it on a street where a railroad spur could be built to come within a few yards behind the building. A wide ramp was built up to a wide, high door to the rear stage entrance. Thus the show car or cars could be shunted into position and any size stage equipment could easily be moved onto the stage, including the heavy tread-powers for the Ben Hur chariot race. The troupes also had living and sleeping quarters in the cars which in our town were very conveniently located.

The railroad spur track and the ramp are still there as they were in the old days but the building is now used by a supermarket on the first floor and the second floor, once the balcony of the theater, is occupied by a second hand furniture shop. How have the mighty fallen!

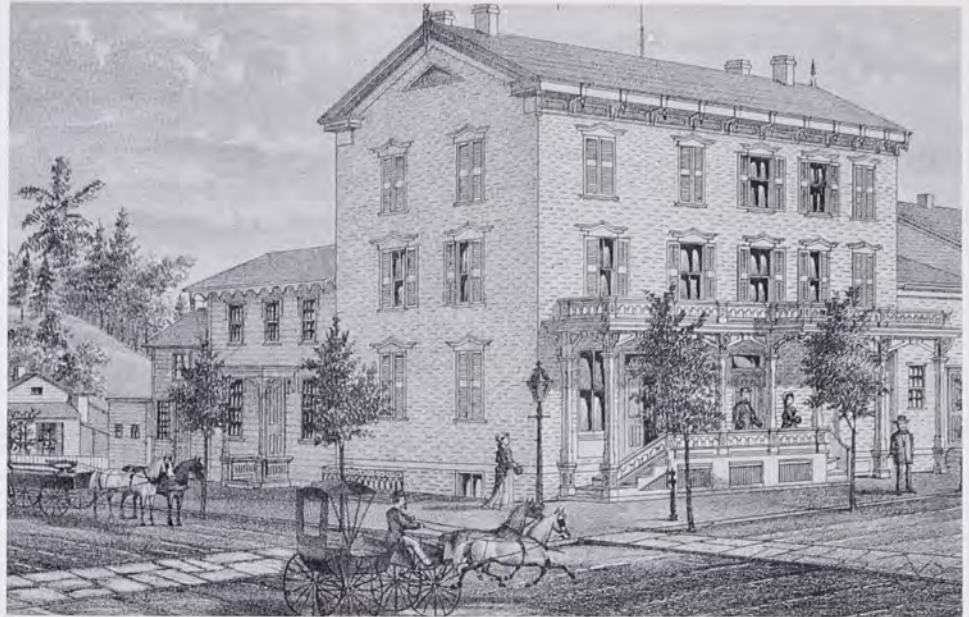
#### *The Spanish-American and Boer Wars*

A recent television program, the biography of Theodore Roosevelt, recalled to mind the days of the Spanish-American War in 1898. There were pictures in newspapers of the battle-ship Maine that was sunk in the harbour of Havana, Cuba. At the time it was generally assumed that the ship was destroyed by a Spanish torpedo and became the event that precipitated the declaration of war. A neighbor boy, son of a Civil War veteran, volunteered but did not see active service. I recall the pictures showing Col. Roosevelt charging up San Juan Hill at the head of his company of Rough Riders but as proved later from photographs to have been on foot. One little incident reveals a kind of war hysteria that may well have been one of many such in the nation. The owner of a small store across the street from our home made a Spanish flag, red and yellow stripes, which he nailed down on the door mat of his store. We ten year old and younger urchins went by and "wiped our feet" on the enemy flag. I do not recall this act with pride but I was only ten years old and the man had not used good judgment in placing the thing there in the first place. No other merchant thought it fitting to do so. To us youngsters the war was a kind of game our fathers were playing. Sixteen years later some of the boys who found it fun to stamp on the enemy flag found themselves in a game of war that was being played for "keeps".

The Spanish-American War made Theodore Roosevelt a national figure and later President. And forty years after the war I met an old Spanish-American war veteran who gave me his personal footnote to its history. He claimed he was in the charge up San Juan Hill and he said the Colonel did not lead the charge on a horse and that furthermore he was not even there. The old man's memory of the event might have been a bit fuzzy. But concerning another incident it was entirely accurate. He saw a photograph of one of the long-eared statues on Easter Island off the coast of South America. As he looked at the picture he exclaimed, "Why, I saw them things myself." In astonishment I asked how he had come to see them. It turned



*Corner of Shamokin and Spurzheim Streets, in Shamokin. Note carriage, wagon, and teams, and G. W. Raver Residence on corner.*



out that he had been with the American forces in the Philippines and the ship that brought them back to the States stopped at Easter Island where the men had gone ashore.

I also recall the newspaper cartoons at the time of the Boer War against the British in South Africa in 1902. I remember my father's interest in how the British Lion was faring. The lion in the cartoons was shown with patches on its hide or its tail wrapped in bandages fleeing from the Boer farmer. The sympathy of the American press and people was quite obviously with the Boers who were fighting for independence. They won status within the British Commonwealth but today freedom in South Africa is purely relative—for whites only.

The South African conflict like the Spanish-American War seemed to us like a game which we watched with interest but with complete detachment. The South African affair left a world problem of today. The Spanish-American affair brought about the solution to two major world problems: the cause of Yellow Fever, the bite of a mosquito, and the building of the Panama Canal. The war focused national attention on both problems until a solution was found. The discovery of the real cause of Yellow Fever made it possible for America to succeed where the French had failed in Panama.

#### *The Horse Sale*

Our house was on the main street and directly across the street from a hotel with a livery stable to the rear. So it was that as a small boy I had only to be present on the front sidewalk to see many interesting events which would not have been seen had we lived on a side street. The circus parades went by, the 30th of May, Decoration Day, parades passed by on the way to the cemetery, also the funeral processions went by for the same reason. It was the only road to the cemetery on the hill. Many other lesser and unexpected events occurred. For example, every summer at least once a little German brass band stopped in front of the hotel and played the tunes of the times. They were invited into the bar and after a beer they came out and played again. Then one of the members of the band passed the hat and many of the people who had stop-

ped to listen made contributions. Evidently the band people made some kind of living out of the summer venture. They traveled from town to town by train and "did the town" stopping at all the hotels or street corners and playing until a fair sized crowd had collected when they passed the hat and took up a "collection". Any kind of music was rare outside of the churches and was welcome. Besides the little band played very well.

Another unexpected happening of great interest and astonishment to the small fry was the dancing bear. The "bear man," as we called him, was usually an Italian and his bear was big, or so it seemed to us, with a muzzle over its head and jaws to which a chain was attached. The man chanted a rhythmic song and the bear danced to the tune. The man also staged a mock wrestling match with the beast, much to our delight. And if a pole or tree trunk was near by the bear was induced to climb 10 or 12 feet which it did with ease and not much grace. After the performance the man also took up his collection and again the people contributed. How the man and the bear went from town to town I never learned but I am sure he did not travel by train. Somewhere in town he may have had a horse and wagon.

Once or twice every spring for years the hotel and the livery stable was the scene of a typical pre-industrial event—the horse sale. For this a stand was erected on the sidewalk for the auctioneer. The horses came in carload lots from the Middle West and were stabled to the rear of the hotel. On the appointed day and hour set out on posters weeks in advance the sale began with a great crowd of buyers and bystanders, more bystanders than buyers. I sat on the curbstone across the street and there developed life-long interest in and love of horses. Most of the horses were called "chunks," so the auctioneer labeled them. In horsetalk they were short coupled with rather short legs, each weighing about 1200 to 1400 lbs., meaning the animals had short bodies with short powerful hind quarters. The farmers bought the chunks. Sometimes a good driving or road horse was offered for sale. The last horse to be sold was often a stallion which put on a great show, at least for me—as he was led out he reared up and neighed his defiance to all comers but there were none to accept the



challenge. He was led up and down the street at a walk and then at a trot, and with head held high and tail up he was a sight to delight the horse lovers, even the young ones.

One year I recall the sale was interrupted by a most vicious dog fight. The dogs fought for keeps and before the owners could be found to part them the ears and throats were streaming blood. I have read that in parts of the country dogs are bred for fighting. From what I saw and remember it is beyond my understanding that men could engage in that kind of "sport". Cock-fighting strikes me in the same way. But after all there are people and people in the world.

Over a long period of years the unusual and unexpected events are the only ones remembered in detail. For example, the dog fight at the horse sale erupted suddenly without warning and is recalled vividly. In those early days a runaway horse could and often did provide a thrillingly dramatic performance. So it was that one summer evening as Mother and I sat on our little front porch just watching people going by and some entering the grocery store on the corner across the street we heard the sound of a running horse coming up the street to our left. As we turned to look in the direction of the sound a horse and wagon without a driver came over the railroad crossing. For some reason known only to the frightened horse it turned off the street onto the sidewalk on the other side of the street. The people on the sidewalk scrambled to either side as the horse dashed by at a mad gallop. At the corner it turned sharply left and disappeared up the street. That is all I can recall about the horse. When the runaway passed in front of the grocery store the wheels of the wagon very neatly cut a row of watermelons into pieces. Some of the neighborhood youngsters gathered at the scene and the kindly storekeeper gave us all large pieces of melon. Any black spots were spit out with the black seeds. It is an ill wind—which turned out happily for us. I vividly recall the big black horse dashing down the sidewalk—and the red watermelon scattered invitingly at our feet. Both events were most unusual and unexpected.

#### *Circus Day*

Circus day was a great day in my childhood period—a great day for the children and the old folks. It brought new and exciting experiences for the youth and profits for the business people. The town was a railroad town with long side tracks where big-time shows could unload and load the many wagons and horses. Barnum and Bailey, Ringling Brothers, Buffalo Bill, and many other circuses made our town every spring and summer. Weeks before the date of arrival large colored posters with pictures of ferocious lions and tigers and perhaps an elephant standing on a huge stool appeared in empty store-room windows down town and on bill boards along the dirt roads in the country side, all announcing the date in letters and numbers a foot high. The exciting posters were studied with a feeling of impending disappointment because I knew I would not be able to attend the performance. I could not go alone, Father would be working, and besides circus tickets were not included in the family budget.

Nevertheless, circus day was anticipated with great interest because there would be much to see and do that did not cost anything but time and in that commodity I was among the wealthy. For many years the circus lot was not far from my home and the railroad siding where the wagons were taken off the cars was even closer by. Very

early in the morning of circus day I ran to the unloading site. A matched team of horses walked along the side of the train pulling the wagons to a ramp where they were eased down and hauled to the circus lot by other two or four-horse teams. Animal cages were closed as they came off the cars but the youngsters standing by thrilled to the muffled roars that came from within. If I was lucky I might go down the line of cars and see the elephants being taken from their box-car stables. The great beasts were in no hurry to come down the ramps. They seemed to be testing the strength of the planks before admitting their full weight on them.

By this time things were happening on the circus lot. The ponies and performing horses were tied to long ropes and were munching hay. The animal tents were mostly closed and to judge from the roars that came from inside it was feeding time. Four men with heavy sledge hammers were driving the side stakes for the big top. Under their perfectly timed strokes the stake moved downward in one continuous motion. The vast expanse of canvas was being spread out on the ground and when the center poles were in place the canvas was pulled to the tops of the poles by an elephant fitted with a harness. The canvas being raised, the elephant was led underneath the canvas where it moved to each side pole lifting the canvas to be fastened. I could follow the course of the animal by the bulges in the canvas. By the time the big tent was secure and the side-show tents erected some of the workmen gathered in groups on the ground waiting for the mess call. Women in house dress came out of some of the wagons which were living quarters and hung up their wash to dry. Circus folks it seems live like other folks.

The side walls of the elephant tent were open and I stood watching the animals eating hay, a whole bale of it before each one. Their mouths seemed to be in the wrong place, different from other animals. Like people they had to feed themselves with the end of their flexible trunk. Several of them had heavy chains around the lower part of one front leg.

Watching the elephants eating reminded me that my breakfast had been much earlier than usual. I was hungry and I knew dinner would be early today because the circus parade would be passing by our house shortly after 12 o'clock. I hurried home to eat and then to await the distant sound of the circus band. At last around the corner a block away came an open carriage pulled by a prancing horse driven by a man in business suit just like that worn every day by the business men in town. He was the owner of the show. Then came the great band wagon drawn by six big horses, red plumes bobbing on their heads, the band high up on top of the wagon. The band was giving out in a march tune. Other wagons followed; their red and gold sides had embossed figures of lions and tigers and other animals. We wondered what could be inside the closed wagons. Years later I learned that the closed wagons were used to hold the equipment for transport and gilded and decorated for the parade. Open cages came by with the lions, tigers, hyenas and other animals pacing endlessly back and forth. One show had a special feature, a hippopotamus in an unusually long cage with a water tank taking up half its length. Wagons drawn by beautiful ponies passed. I recall the wish that I could own a pony like one of those passing by. Mother regarded the idea as very impractical. Clowns in baggy trousers and flapping shoes strutted and pranced along the route waving to the young ladies and the children as they passed.



At last came the part of the parade we were especially interested in, the elephants. They shuffled by in single file, the largest one in lead with a man riding on its head dressed in a kind of red and black loose shirt and trousers. In his hand was a short stick with a hook on the end. Six or eight others followed arranged according to size with just a little chap on the end of the line. Each trunk held fast to a tail. More closed highly decorated wagons followed and then in the distance we could hear the climax of the whole spectacle—the calliope or “steam piano” as we called it. Drawn by six big horses it came into view around the corner playing a familiar tune. Jets of steam burst from the pipes and the sound was deafening as it passed directly in front of us. The sound became less and less distinct as the machine passed down the street. The parade is over. The people are leaving, some turning up the side street, others heading for the circus ground for the afternoon performance. And even though I cannot get inside, the show ground is a place of interest. The side shows have brief exhibits when a man or woman appears on the stand with a huge snake wrapped around the neck and shoulders. The crowds of people and the unusual sights make an interesting afternoon all for free.

One summer the Buffalo Bill show made our town. It was a small circus compared to Ringling Brothers and featured only horses and ponies, some trained performing dogs, and I think one rather scrawny longhorn steer. I remember seeing Buffalo Bill himself on the show ground. He appeared to be a tired old man with white hair and wide mustache and a little white pointed beard on the end of his chin. He wore a wide brimmed hat of light tan color and fancy Western clothes. Some of the men on the lot were wearing wide flapping chaps and high heeled boots. Bill himself was wearing the boots but no chaps. I did not see the performance but I was told by some who did see it that it was Western “stuff” somewhat like present-day rodeos.

Some 65 years later my wife and I passed through Denver, Colorado, by bus and finding we had several hours lay-over we took a “sight seeing” bus trip which ended on the mountain top where Buffalo Bill is buried. This place, we were told, was his favorite spot for a wonderful view of the Rocky Mountains. Paths had been leveled around the monument erected over his grave. Even though it was June we made snow balls from the still unmelted snow banks. The snow froze at night and so remained long into the warm weather. The elevation was over 9000 feet.

Every summer five or six shows made our town. Some of them small “dog and pony shows,” as they were called. During the years that I was at home I missed none of them, at least the sights to be seen on the circus lot. Our town was a “circus town” because railroads came into town from four directions and shows, large and small, came until they no longer went on tour. Today the gilded circus wagons are in museums like the one in Sarasota, Florida, and other northern cities.

The Wild West Shows often had an old-time stage coach as the special feature of the parade even though the stage coach had passed from use forty to fifty years before. The stage coaches seen today on Television Westerns are excellent copies of the old stages. In England this public conveyance was always called the Stage Coach; when it came into general use in America it was called very briefly—the Stage. And it is still so called in the television scripts.



*Dr. D. S. Hollenbach's Residence in Shamokin.*

#### *Parades*

During the 1890's the nation was only 30 years from the Civil War so every community had its quota of Civil War Veterans many of whom bore the marks of battle. Two doors from home lived a man who had lost an arm in the battle of Antietam. I recall how expertly he swept the sidewalk in summer and shoveled snow in winter. The veterans were respected citizens at all times but on the 30th of May, Decoration Day we called it, they were especially honored by a pageant-like parade headed by the city band and several fife and drum corps. The veterans who could do so marched in step with the music, those who could not walk the distance to the cemetery rode in open carriages and some few of the officers rode restive horses. Many of the men wore their faded blue uniforms, some with capes over the shoulders. Some new uniforms appeared, made over the same old pattern and blue material as the original.

The parade formed in the forenoon at the Civil War Soldier's monument in the city park. Some speeches were made appropriate to the occasion, a group of young girls in white dresses sang some well rehearsed songs and a teenager gave a “declamation” as the well appreciated effort of the youth to honor its senior citizens. The parade formed around the park and set off for the cemetery on the hill a mile and half distant. The townspeople turned out and lined the sidewalk to watch the men “who saved the Union” march determinedly, proving to the world they could still make it on foot.

One elderly officer who determined to ride a horse, perhaps against good advice, fell off his restive horse almost in front of our house. I ran to the scene of the accident and recall seeing the old man, his forehead bleeding, being helped into a carriage and taken to the hospital only a block from the point of the unfortunate accident. The parade was halted and the marchers down the line did not know what had caused the delay until they arrived at the cemetery.

In the cemetery there was, of course, another speech by a local V.I.P., the little girls sang more songs and the veterans went off through the grounds to place little Ameri-



can flags on the graves of their fellow men in arms. Around noon time the ceremony was finished and the people began wending their way toward home. Soon the cemetery was again the quiet city of the dead with now and then a youngster shading his eyes to peer through the door of a mausoleum to see the stained-glass window opposite the entrance.

Funerals were another form of pageantry when life was simple and uneventful. It seemed right to make the most of the occasion to honor the departed with an elaborate funeral cortege. There were no "funeral homes" so the service was held in the home or in the church of which the deceased had been a member. Always many flowers were banked around the casket, which is still the custom today. In recent years a new book, in the name of the deceased, is donated to the public library by some organization of which the person had been a member.

The funeral procession was always an impressive sight as it wound slowly through the main street of the town because this was the easiest route to the cemetery and all of them passed by our house. The hearse was black and the glass sides were draped with a black fabric artistically arranged. The horses were also black and in summer covered with black fly nets with tassels at the sides. For many years a white hearse drawn by a white horse was used for a child's funeral. If the funeral director had no white hearse the little casket was carried in the first carriage with the father and the mother. The hearse was followed by closed carriages, the number of them depending upon the number of relatives and friends who wished to follow the deceased to the grave.

Then almost everyone in town was known to everyone and as a funeral procession passed men often stopped and removed their hats. Children stopped their play and stood silently by. There were no traffic problems since the cortege was the traffic.

For many years an excellent concert band was a notable institution in the town. And when a member of the band died the band followed the hearse and for at least part of the way played a funeral march. I vividly recall one such occasion. I was in the shopping area of town when this particular procession passed. As I stood watching and listening to the classic funeral march I suddenly began to cry. The emotion was almost uncontrollable and I turned to study the displays in the shop windows trying to control my heaving chest and shaking shoulders. I was afraid I might be observed by passersby. When the band had passed I regained control and wiped the tears away. This member of the band was to be buried in a cemetery outside of town and the band followed the hearse to the top of the hill and continued to play until the procession was out of sight around a bend in the road. No one at that time thought a band in a funeral procession was out of place. Today it seems reserved for Presidents and as I followed the funeral march of President Kennedy on television I recalled the other band seventy years before.

### *Superstitions*

Seventy years ago superstitious beliefs were common among the people of the limited education that provided little more than the ability to read and write. The mind of man, however, seeks an explanation of natural phenomena and reasons for good or ill fortune. The lower the intellectual level of the individual, the more simple and obvious will be the explanations that come down from generation to generation. The different phases of the moon

furnished clear and obvious reasons for events and conditions of daily life. For instance, some men have thick hair and other men have thin hair so it was believed that if the hair was cut in the increase of the moon the hair would be thick and if cut in the waning moon phase the hair would be thin. It seems in Vermont many older men would not have their hair cut in March lest they have a headache all the year.

In this connection also it was a firmly held belief that the moon controlled the growth of garden plants. Root crops such as turnips, beets, and potatoes must be planted in the dark of the moon. Leaf crops such as lettuce, cabbage and other plants of that variety produced well when planted in the increase of the moon. Fence posts it was thought became loose in the ground because they were set in the increase of the moon. The obvious fact that some posts were set deep and tamped firmly and stayed fixed while others were not so carefully set was not considered. It was further believed that the moon influenced daily life in other ways. It was really bad luck to see the new moon over the left shoulder. Although the folks did not know the etymology of the words "loony," "lunatic," and "lunacy," many people were very sure one endangered his mentality by looking at the moon especially when it was full moon. The term "moon struck" was frequently used to describe some one who may have held what seemed to some people radical views of life.

Another superstitious belief is of very ancient origin, the belief that accidentally spilling salt brings bad luck. But in this case another superstition revealed a way of offsetting the possible ill fortune by immediately throwing a few grains of salt over the *left* shoulder. Only in recent years, the last hundred or so, has salt become plentiful and cheap. For centuries salt was a precious commodity and to spill it could be a real disaster. Salt was issued to the Roman soldiers and it is from this custom that the word salary is derived. Years ago, and even today, the expression "he is not worth his salt" was often heard. The idea of misfortune connected with spilling salt was given emphasis by DaVinci in his painting of the Last Supper where he shows Judas unaware that he has upset the salt container with his elbow that rests on the table.

Many superstitious beliefs seemingly have no connection with any thing understandable. Just why it is unlucky to walk under a ladder set against a building is not clear but to many people it is highly dangerous. One may be advised to "knock on wood" after making some doubtful statement. Just how that can be effective is also not clear. Misfortune can happen to any one who is unlucky enough to have a black cat cross his path ahead of him. The idea of a *black* cat rather than a white one or any other cat color may be due to the belief that black cats were associated with witches. So it might have been in the minds of the past that a visible black cat could be accompanied by an invisible but sinister witch. Some men seem to derive a sense of security when they have in their pockets a "lucky" charm of some kind like a certain penny or trinket. After the hunting season a rabbit's foot is often carried about as a sign of good luck. If the rabbit's foot or the "lucky" pocket pieces are a source of humor that covers a mysterious sense of security who can say the idea is irrational?

In the less complex way of life in the past predictions of the weather, often months in advance, were based on the actions or appearance of animals and insects. For instance, when the bag-like nests of the wasps hung high



above the ground, the snow would be deep in the coming winter; when they hung low the snow would not be very deep. The state of Pennsylvania has a famous groundhog which comes up out of its burrow on February 2d, always on February 2d without benefit of a calendar, and looks about for his shadow. If he sees it he quietly goes back down and snuggles down for six more weeks of cold weather. If it is cloudy and he sees no shadow he is assured of six weeks of mild weather before spring comes. The woolly caterpillar was carefully observed in the fall of the year. If the brown bands were wide it meant a mild winter but if the bands were mostly black it meant a hard cold winter. And we say at this point to all to whom it may concern, the weather scientists tell us the next thirty winters will be long and cold, a condition created by certain aspects of the sun.

The moon was systematically observed to find its weather forecasts. Of course everyone knew that a "halo around the moon" foretold snow or rain. But this made sense because the light of the moon came through ice crystal cloud forms. Then there was a "wet" and a "dry moon" that did not make so much sense. If the horns of the new moon turned upward like a dish that would hold water it was a "dry moon" and no rain could be expected. If the horn turned down so that water would run out it was called a "wet moon" and rain could be expected. Now coincidence or not, in 1944 we observed a wet moon and ten days later came the devastating flood on the Susquehanna River. The John Baer Almanac of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, recounts some moonlore that has been observed for centuries. If the horns of the moon are sharp and clear it means windy weather but if they are fuzzy and indistinct it means temperature change in the high altitude that will soon appear on the ground. Man has always observed the sky and down through the centuries has certain very accurate forecasts derived from his study of the clouds and the sky. A red sky in the morning is "sailor's warning" since bad weather often follows. But red at night is "sailor's delight" since it foretells generally fair weather. High cirrus clouds, "the mackerel sky," means storm in a day or two. When smoke from the chimney rises straight up it indicates rising air currents and fair weather. When the smoke turns downward and stays close to the ground it means bad weather. Also low clouds mean rain before long while high clouds indicate clear weather. Whether or not there is a pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow it does indicate something accurate about the weather: "Rainbow to windward, rain ahead. Rainbow to the leeward, rains end." The falling barometer of course means wind and rain and a rising barometer indicates fair weather. But if one has no barometer handy that comes from the hardware store he has one in his body. Aches and pains are worse when the barometer is falling and it has been suggested that when a wife seeks a favor from her husband it is well to make the request when the barometer is rising. This might also be a suggestion for son when he asks Dad for use of the family car.

Baer's Almanac lists a long list of superstitions associated with Christmas and St. James Day—July 25th. If the sun shines on St. James Day it was a token of cold weather after Christmas; if it rained on that day it was a token of warm, moist weather after Christmas.

Many legends and folk beliefs are associated with Christmas Day among the Pennsylvania Dutch people, legends and folk beliefs brought with them from Europe and handed down from generation to generation by word of

mouth. It was once believed that cattle spoke on Christmas Eve but it could be understood only by a child who was born on a Sunday. No other person could understand the speaking cattle. If the fire in the fireplace burned brightly on Christmas Eve it meant a good year ahead. Water in the well will turn to wine for three minutes on Christmas Eve—but be there at the right moment or you will miss it. Salute the apple trees on Christmas Day and they will be fruitful. And if you put stones in the crotches of the fruit trees the orchard will be healthy. A baby born at sermon time on Christmas Day will have the power to see spirits. It is a bad omen to carry anything out of the house on Christmas Day before something is brought in. A white Christmas foretells a prosperous year. But a green Christmas presages many deaths from illness before Easter. Eat raw eggs on Christmas morning and one would have unusual strength to carry heavy burdens.

Primitive people believe in good and evil spirits that influence all their thinking and daily activity. Illness of an individual they believe is caused by an evil spirit that has gotten into the body. It is the duty of the medicine man to find the location of the trouble-maker and drive it out. There are many different methods of doing this and some of them are worse than the illness, for instance, puncturing the body with bone needles. So firmly fixed are these beliefs that the ministrations of qualified doctors are resisted. Nor is such resistance limited to primitive people. I know, personally, about the death of a college student who refused to take the medicine a doctor prescribed. Both he and his parents were firm believers in the cult of Christian Science.

Among enlightened people the idea of the existence of evil spirits is vague but many people still believe their lives can be influenced from the outside by some one who is "in league with Satan"—a witch. Among the Pennsylvania Dutch the German word for witch is "hex" and so it is that a common expression among them is, "you must be hexed," when illness or misfortune strikes. And to ward off the hex the Dutch farmer painted large circles on the side of his barn. The circles have various designs painted in them which it is believed will ward off any hex that may be directed toward them.

The medical practice of "pow-wowing" among people of Pennsylvania was essentially a form of driving out an evil spirit that caused the illness. Curious as to why the term pow-wow should be used in this connection I found the dictionary defined one meaning of the word pow-wow as a "noisy form of medical practice". The practitioner, usually a woman, recited Bible verses in a loud voice and rubbed the affected part with her hands. One such healer seventy years ago tied red strips of flannel to the branches of a tree by her kitchen door to insure no interference with her healing efforts. And at one time in the past there must have been rivalry between the "medicine women". One of the legends listed in Baer's Almanac was to the effect: Burning elder-wood on Christmas discloses all the pow-wows another practitioner uses. At least the practice of pow-wow was painless and people believed it worked cures. The doctors, however, deplored the practice.

The thoughtful person may ask the question: What is the source of superstitious beliefs? There is no doubt about the existence of an inner world and an outer world. The latter is the world of reality which is observed by the mind through the five senses but when there is a lack of information and therefore an understanding of what is seen and heard the inner world of an individual becomes



a creation of his own. All primitive people believe the outer world is inhabited by good and evil spirits which cause illness and bring misfortune in other ways. And also out of the ignorance of reality all manner of superstitious beliefs are entertained, which may be called extreme form of irrationality. However, most of us entertain social, economic and religious ideas that do not conform to reality. In other words many of us today live in a world of our own creation and are firmly convinced that we are entirely rational. For instance, there are people who still believe the earth is flat because it *looks* to be flat. This is an extreme view but not so extreme is the idea held by many people that all religious views that differ from their own are not true. So it is in the end: you appear to be irrational to me and in turn I am irrational in your mind. But the situation is not so simple as that. Progress toward

often worked hard preparing a big Sunday dinner which was justified on the fact that many of the fathers carried a lunch six days a week. A long walk on Sunday afternoon and evening to a relative in the country was also permissible.

My own limited outlook on life began at the preschool level by regular attendance at Sunday School and continued until I left home for college. The Children's Day and Christmas programs were occasions of special interest because I always had some part as one of a group in a song or dialogue and later "saying a piece" all by myself on the platform. Sunday School picnics were seldom missed by the family. This and the annual "family reunion" were outings marked on the calendar and looked forward to with much anticipation.

The Sunday School library furnished books of a kind not always of much value. But they could be taken home for two weeks and read through to the end even though the contents were not fully understood. To me at that time "reading a book" seemed to be a real accomplishment. Perhaps this was because no other boy of my age that I knew of ever did so. Several friends I made in Sunday School put in my hands several good books of fiction and travel books and from then on I was on my way with new horizons opening. A young people's life of John Wesley suggested a possible career as did the Life of David Livingstone.

During these early years I accepted all Christian doctrines without question although there were certain ideas that did not seem to fit together. My approach to religion was from the beginning mental rather than emotional. The annual revival meetings with their emotional outbursts were interesting but I was even then an observer rather than involved. I experienced no emotional "baptism of the Spirit" as claimed by many religious minded church members. Like many other young people in the church I was converted and "saved" but I see now we were at the age when the normal youth accepts the responsibility of life. Within the pattern of religious thinking that then prevailed, being "converted and accepting Christ as Saviour" was the expression of this normal development of life. The inner compulsion to do something and to be somebody is normal development and fortunate the youth who is not frustrated at this crucial period by parental domination or bad environment. In my case there was no frustration and the environment was good.

However, the restricted religious approach to life propelled me into a career for which I was not fitted, a fact I was many years in the learning. Those who advised always agreed with me. They saw the end as I did but not the course over which I would have to travel to reach that end. And like a ship off course I wasted much time and effort trying to find the right course.

#### *Volunteer Firemen*

In the 1890's, when I was around to observe, fires occurred even as they do today but then their location was not pinpointed by a fire patrol box fixed to posts or poles all over town. Before the telephone someone had to run or ride a horse to the fire house which held the "fire-bell". The number of the ward was tolled off several times which gave a general idea of the location.

The fire apparatus was very simple, just fire hose rolled up on a drum supported by 7 or 8 foot wheels. The hose cart left the "hose house" with one or two men pulling it on the "double quick" and as it went down the street other



*Central School Building, Sunbury Street, Shammokin, had classical proportions and cupola.*

the solution of the problems of world peace, population increase along with economic and social problems involved, can be achieved only as the inner world of thought coincides with the outer world of reality.

#### *Religious Activity*

In my early youth the activities of life were determined by work and church doings in the low and middle income families. There were no others open to them. The Methodist Discipline placed a ban on dancing, card-playing and theater-going even if there was money available for such interests. The new motion pictures were classified as worldly amusements. An occasional organ recital or lecture in the church was welcomed. At rare intervals a returned missionary opened new vistas with an account of his work in a foreign land.

Sunday was a day of rest. The children were not permitted any active games. I could spend some time in the pigeon loft watching the birds courting and the "tumblers" skilfully turning over in flight. Several of the birds could be picked up whenever they were within reach and could be held and stroked with evident satisfaction to both boy and bird. One very dull Sunday afternoon I slipped out of the house with a new "gum shooter" and some pebbles and retired to the alley back of the barn where I shot the stones against the barn door. The noise was heard and I was called in and scolded severely. However, the mothers



men and boys joined the runners. When they came to the vicinity of the fire some one met them and guided the firemen to the fire scene. On the way the hose was attached to the fire plug and the hose paid out. One man with a wrench stayed at the fire hydrant and waited for the call to "Turn her on!"

The firemen were volunteers and from among them a fire chief was elected who always got there first, if possible, to direct the firemen's efforts. One qualification required for the position of fire chief was a stentorian voice and for many years a man, a blacksmith by trade, with eminent qualifications, held the job.

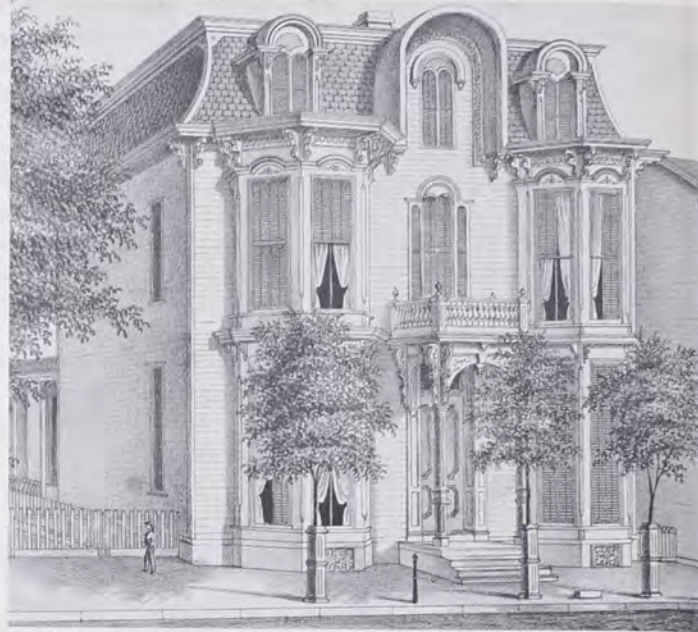
The firemen were all volunteers and they even provided their own equipment. What we called fire companies were formed in nearly every ward in town which in time have become social clubs. Through voluntary contributions and firemen's "benefits" funds, through the years, have been raised to buy fire equipment. In the beginning it was a two-wheeled hose cart pulled by runners, then a hose wagon and team of horses was used. The team was made to pay its keep by using it for hauling of all kinds. When a fire alarm sounded during working hours the driver took off at a gallop for the firehouse where he hitched the team to the fire wagon and again took off at a gallop slowing up along the way for men to jump on the side and ride along; others hurried to the fire on foot. In a few years the team of horses was replaced by solid rubber-tired fire trucks and later by conventional trucks with a pressure-tank fire extinguisher.

What we called the No. 1's, for many years, had a real honest-to-goodness old fire engine with the upright boiler pulled by three big horses. Many cities and towns used this type of fire apparatus as the old photographs prove so dramatically. A fire in those days was a time of thrilling excitement when the fire-bell boomed, the fire carts rolled down the street pulled by 15 or 20 men and boys, the horse drawn trucks clattered by and if you were at the right place you saw the steam fire engine with fire and smoke coming from its stack, the three big white or gray horses laboring heroically. From the time I was old enough I "ran to the fire" and really never lost the urge until too old to run. I can recall vividly running at top speed down a sidewalk which ended abruptly. I stepped off into space and turned what seemed to be a cart wheel but most fortunately I fell into a sand pile and was unhurt.

The fire companies adopted what seemed suitable names. The Good Will Company, Good Intent, East End, because of location, Washington which was promptly shortened to "the Washies" or "the Hookies" because this company acquired the hook and ladder truck. And the first company to be formed which in time acquired the steam fire engine was always the No. 1's and also the fire bell was on their building.

After the fire was put out and the firemen returned to their houses there was another task that had to be performed at once. The fire hose in those days would rot and break under pressure unless they were drained and dried out. The fire houses had at the back a tower, I think about 30 feet high, in which each section of hose was suspended to be completely drained out and become dry inside and outside.

Today these volunteer fire companies have the very latest and up-to-date equipment and the town is proud of its firemen. No parade is complete without the high school band and the fire trucks. And when there is a fire we stand on the sidewalk and watch them roar by and call



*Victorian residence of John Knouf, Milton, Northumberland County, Pennsylvania. Mansard roofs, French windows, and interior shutters were in high style at the time.*

them by name. I no longer run to a fire and at night when the alarm sounds, now a wailing siren, if the wall is not warm by the bed I go back to sleep and leave the firefighting to the volunteers.

The Friendship Hose Company was organized about 1896 and took over an abandoned two-story brick school house right close to our home. It was in this old school building that I began my education in the first grade. A new school building came into use and it was there I began second grade. The hose company cut a wide door into the first floor and secured a two wheeled hose cart which for some reason had wheels six or seven feet in diameter. And when I became old enough to run fast enough I joined the men pulling the cart in response to the fire alarm. Some years later the company secured a hose wagon and a team of matched gray Percheron horses. A stable was built at the rear of the building with doors opening into the main building so that the horses could be quickly brought in and hitched to the hose wagon.

During the day the team was used for different types of hauling. In those days excavations for a basement for a new house were done by hand and the dirt shoveled into a wagon fitted with pieces of 2x4s laid side by side with a ten-inch plank as the side boards. When the wagon was unloaded the side board was lifted up and each 2x4 in turn was turned on edge. The dirt fell to the ground. The boards were put back and the wagon was then pulled away. The dirt if necessary was leveled off with shovels. If an alarm of fire was sounded during working hours the driver at once took off for the hose house where the team was transferred to the hose wagon. The clatter of the dirt wagon with dust flying from it was a frequent sight as the driver standing up in the wagon urged his team to gallop on the way to the hose house.

In time a hose truck was acquired and today the company has the finest and most up to date fire truck in town.

The second floor of the building was fitted out as a club room with the phonograph in the beginning, then



juke boxes, pin ball machines and other apparatus for amusement. Today, of course, it also has a television set. The hose companies all made their buildings into club rooms where members could spend happy hours during the day or evening as they had time. Through the years the volunteer hose companies have been performing a valuable public service and have had a good time doing it.

And at the time of a Veterans Day, Memorial Day and other occasions that call for a street parade the fire company trucks are a conspicuous part. Fire trucks from neighboring towns also come to take part. In all the years that I saw such parades I never saw one interrupted by a fire alarm. However, I have seen some of them cut off by a freight train that held up the one half of the parade while the first part moved on not knowing it was lacking its rear portion.

#### *Folk Humor*

Folk humor, like the running brook, "goes on forever". Stories are passed on from generation to generation. For instance this story about a farmer who had a pair of quilted winter trousers that he wore on Sundays only. In the summer the garment was hung up in the attic. One Sunday in early winter the weather turned very cold and the warm trousers were brought out and worn to church. The man sat close to the stove and became very warm. The "testimony" time came and as was his custom the good man stood up to give his testimony, or "speak for the Lord". He began, "Brothers and Sisters," but stopped and passed his hands down his legs. Unknown to him a colony of wasps had made a safe retreat in the thick padding during the cool days of Fall. He began again, "Brothers and Sisters." Suddenly he stopped with an agonized expression and shouted, "I have the Lord in my heart but the Devil is in my pants," and turned, dashed down the aisle to the door.

The folklore element appears at this point. Having heard the story I told it at home only to have Mother dryly remark, "I heard that story when I was a little girl."

The reader also may have heard the story before but I am sure this bit of folk humor he did not hear. As a rather small youngster I recall going with my father by train back into the Dutch Country, as remote villages were often referred to. The little station platform was the gathering place for the men. This day the subject of discussion was a recent but unpopular state law which permitted anyone to shoot a dog chasing deer. I distinctly remember one old man who was much incensed by the law. He suddenly stood up, pounded his right fist into his hand and exclaimed, "Vy, I wouldn't shoot a dog mit a tousand deer behind!" If you have any difficulty unscrambling the good man's syntax, he was saying he would not shoot a dog behind a thousand deer, and of course, just one deer.

This story is of late date, the 1920's, and is a folktale to top all folktales. It came to a group of us in New York State and was the experience of an Episcopalian Rector from a small city. It seems he spent his vacations in the foot hills of the Catskills, Rip Van Winkle country. One day he went for a longer walk than usual along a dirt road back into the hills. He came to a farm house along the road where a very unkempt woman in bare feet was working in the door yard close to the road. He stopped and drew the woman into conversation. He asked about the weather, crop prospects. Finally, he asked the woman if there were any Episcopilians in the neighborhood, a far fetched question under the circumstances. Anyway, she pondered the question a moment and then answered, "Well, the old man shot something out back of the barn this

morning but he did not call any such hifalutin name like that. He said it was a skunk!"

This little folktale comes from Tennessee, brought along by a man who came north to Ohio where I met and became acquainted with him. A rather dim-witted young man in the village was sent with a "pig in a poke," a burlap bag, to a town several miles distant to deliver it to the market. On the way there was a spring a short distance back from the road. He set the pig and bag down by a tree and went back for a drink of the cool spring water. Some boys had followed him and while he was absent removed the pig and substituted a pup. The boy went on to town and when he opened the "poke" at the market and found a pup he was bewildered and greatly chagrined by the laughter of the bystanders.

He could do nothing but go back home with the pup. On the way back he again stopped for a drink at the spring. You guessed it. The wags replaced the pig. When he got home and discovered the pig he was utterly frustrated and shouted, "Be a pig or a pup one." In the south the word "one" is used by nearly everyone for one or the other. The man who told me the story used the word as given. It was this man who told me he never knew people talked differently than he did until he came to Ohio. In fact he was walking Tennessee folklore. He told me the tale was told to visitors in the state as a matter of custom.

#### *End of the Horse and Buggy Era*

One cell of the industrial age developed in our immediate neighborhood in 1896. For many years an elderly man had been operating a machine shop where he repaired anything of a mechanical nature. By the time I came to know about him he was known to us as the "bicycle man". In 1896 or '97 he made a one cylinder gasoline-propelled motor and had installed it in a "horseless carriage". The wheels were bicycle wheels and the vehicle was steered with a rudder. The machine was tried out in the street in front of our house and I recall people laughing when the motor failed and the old gentleman had to push the thing back to the shop.

I recall one day that it did work and the machine came down a slight grade and began going up a slight rise to pass over the Railroad Crossing where it failed at a most inopportune moment. A train was coming and as I stood by and watched the old man scrambled out of the machine and tried to push it back off the rails. The engine came very slowly as was required at grade crossings in those days but even so the horseless carriage could not be moved in time and the engine pushed it sideways which knocked the driver to the street. He was unhurt save for some cuts on his forehead and the machine suffered no damage except a bent wheel. The locomotive was stopped dead almost as soon as it touched the embryo automobile. As I recall this incident the thought occurs to me, why did I not run to help pull the machine off the track when I was standing no more than twenty feet away from it? But after all I was then but seven years old.

The home-made automobile tried out in our neighborhood appeared to be exactly like the machine built by Henry Ford at about the same time as I later saw it on a television program, *The Biography of Henry Ford*. I have no recollection of what became of the machine built in our town but I do know that Ford built his first machine in his early years and went on from there while our neighbor was a very old man when he finally built one that would function as a self-propelled vehicle.



The transition from the horse and buggy to the horseless carriage was very gradual. The first machines to come into use were driven by doctors. One doctor drove a Stanley Steamer for more than 20 years. Another doctor had a Buick Roadster. As the new cars came into use they were a measure of the economic and social standing of the owners. The proprietor of the largest hotel in town owned a Winton. A Jewish clothing merchant drove a Packard, no less. A shoe store merchant, a friend of our family, bought a Ford and it was in this Ford that I had my first automobile ride some time around 1908. The barn that stabled the horse and buggy was converted into a garage.

I do not know how much the early cars cost but they were bought for cash. I do know that in 1914 a Ford Roadster sold for 425 dollars and it came in any color so long as the color was black. I know because I priced a car at that time and mentioned the cost in a letter to the girl friend but we did not own a car, and then a second hand Ford, until 1916. I recall that on the first trip I made I vowed that if ever I got the contraption home I would never take it out again—but I did.

Seemingly insignificant incidents point up the nature of the early automobile days. For instance Fords had no self starters and had to be cranked. On the first ride I had in a car, in the Ford that was owned by the shoe merchant, we drove about six miles down to Susquehanna University and stopped. The merchant's son who was a year or two older than I had to crank the engine to start it and in doing so struck his mouth against the hood and broke a corner off a front tooth. Many injuries resulted from cranking Fords even to broken arms.

I also recall very much in detail the first automobile accident I ever saw. In those days, about 1903 or '04, few of the streets in town were paved and many were the chuck holes. The street along the river, which we called Front Street, was especially in bad repair. My uncle allowed me to ride his new bicycle after school so long as I had it back for him to ride home from work. This afternoon I chose to ride north on Front Street. Right near a saw mill on Front Street I saw an automobile coming toward me, bouncing in and out of depressions in the road. In those days I still had a fear of an approaching car and it seems horses also had that fear. I kept close to my side of the road and then just as the car was only a few yards away it suddenly turned to the right and dived under the single guard rail which held and the car remained suspended over the steep river bank. The driver was pinned under the steering wheel. I ran into the mill and brought out several men and we pulled the little car, I think a Buick Roadster, back on the road and freed the driver. He was unhurt but rather short of breath for a few minutes. The fact that he was driving very slowly and that the car was small and light-weight saved his life. It seems the "tie rod" broke or came disconnected and caused the car to jump sideways like a frightened horse.

The early automobiles were pleasure vehicles, a kind of plaything. Car owners got together and went on holiday and Sunday picnics to a park perhaps 15 or 20 miles away. The roads were dirt highways and sometimes the heavy and low slung cars got bogged down while the lighter Fords made it with less difficulty. The story is told of the Jew who drove a Packard that had to be pulled out of a mud hole by a nearby farmer with his team of horses. It was reported that his comment was that he would drive a Ford if it were not "for the looks of the damned sing".



*Dr. Charles M. Martin's home and office, Chestnut Street, Sunbury.*

But as the cars increased in number the roads were improved. Governor Pinchot in Pennsylvania campaigned on a better roads platform and for many years narrow, winding hard top roads in Pennsylvania were known as Pinchot Roads.

The early cars were luxury items. Only the "well-to-do" folks could own and drive cars. Those were the days too of long linen dusters worn by both men and women. The women too had to wear long scarves that could be tied under the chin to hold the big flappy hats they then wore. The cars were mostly "touring" cars with fabric tops which could be let down like the old buggy tops. The "Sedans" cost more and were really an indication of affluence on the part of the owner.

Many stories went the rounds of the neighborhood about the incidents that happened to car owners. Some farmers were among the early car owners and those who did not have cars rather enjoyed repeating the stories they heard. For instance one farmer in winter with snow on the ground went to town with his wife in the back seat alone. He may have had a crate of eggs on the front seat beside him. On the way they bounced out of a chuck hole in the road and the wife bounced out of the car into a snow bank. Being somewhat deaf the man did not hear the cries of his wife above the clatter of the motor and went on to town. When he went back he found the irate lady unhurt, except for her dignity, in the home of a neighbor along the road.

Another farmer returned home from town without his wife who had gone with him to do some shopping. The daughter exclaimed in surprise, "Dad! Where is mother?" "Gosh, I forgot to wait for her." There is no record of her comments on the way home.

After radios came into use the more expensive cars were equipped with car radios and many had an antenna rather prominently fixed to the hood. The story has it that a



young man, not too bright, who drove an old Ford fixed a buggy whip to the hood of his car and when he was asked what the purpose was for the buggy whip he replied that was just like the big cars had.

The change-over from horses to cars and trucks was gradual. As late as 1910 when I first went to Syracuse I had my baggage hauled from the railroad station to the campus by a horse-drawn dray. At the stand along the old Erie Canal there were many other horse drays waiting for business. That same year I saw Barney Oldfield drive a Knox car in an automobile race at the state fair grounds near Syracuse. The Knox made all of 50 miles an hour. But even at that speed several people were killed when one of the racing cars smashed into the fence along side of the track. Incidentally, the crash came at a point where I just left a few minutes before in order to find a better view of the track. The entire length of the fence was lined with spectators.

And this story, typical of the times, cannot go unrecorded. A man in a small town where I lived at the time owned a very good car which he drove only in second gear. He was often asked why he used only second gear. He always replied, "If put this car into high gear it go 25 miles an hour!"

Even though the speed of the early cars was limited there were tragic accidents. One of the Syracuse University professors, a man of independent means, owned an expensive car and had a chauffeur to drive it for him. I had occasion to talk with the driver and he told me that the professor and his wife went out for a drive summer evenings, "to cool off". On the last trip the road went parallel with the railroad track for some distance. The car was doing forty miles and the train sixty and it happened that the car and train met at the point where the road crossed the railroad tracks. It was difficult to hear any sound with the strong breeze blowing over the windshield of the old touring cars.

And what could happen to an elderly couple in a new Ford Sedan reveals how cars were constructed in the early '20's. They were driving down a gravel road that had just been worked over by the road-scraper which pulled loose gravel up to the center of the road. The front wheel on one side dug into the soft gravel and the Sedan turned over and came up on its wheels but the elderly couple were left sitting on the inside of the top of the car. They were only bruised and shaken up. The joints of the wooden structure of the top had parted from the four posts that supported it.

I drove a car, or rather many different cars, for 35 years and never had a serious accident. However, I must admit to a number of very narrow escapes.

In 1902 I recall the newspaper accounts and pictures of the "flying machine" built by the Wright brothers, again bicycle repairmen, and tried out at Kitty Hawk. But at the time the new development was remote from my experience and made no great impression. However, I do recall very vividly the first airplane I saw close up because it was then that I saw horses and airplanes meet, as it were. I cannot recall the exact date but Mother and I went to a county fair where a "barn stormer" was flying over the fair grounds. On one pass he passed low over the area where many horses were tied to hitch rails while the farmers attended the fair. The horses reared and plunged about but they were so close together that none could get away. Fortunately he passed over but once and was quickly away. Another pass might have created a melee that would have been difficult to untangle. In 1929 I had a short flight

with one of the barn stormer planes at a cost of, I think, one dollar. I had seen many farms from the bottom up but this was the first time I had ever seen one, especially the straw stack in the barn yard, from the top down. The flight was a thrill I have never forgotten.

In the 1890's and the two decades that followed the automobile was a luxury item, the horse and wagon a necessity. Today the car is a necessity and the horse has become the luxury item, for the folks who can afford a riding horse and a field for riding.

The automobile and the bus along with the modern jet planes have replaced the old passenger trains. Our town was a railroad town and had been such for 75 years. More than 30 passenger trains passed through town every day going north west, north east, west and east and south. The town, as has been stated, is at the junction of the North and West Branches of the Susquehanna River. The traveler could go to Philadelphia and back in one day and have time in the city. A change at Harrisburg would take one to New York City, Chicago, St. Louis, or Washington, D. C. The local newspaper reporters frequented the station recording arrivals and inquiring of those departing where they might be going and why they were going.

But railroad travel was a hardship especially on the short runs. The "through" trains, of course, had Pullman cars and dining cars. The trains that traveled only 20, 30 or 40 miles had cars with a stove at each end for heat. There was always the smell of coal smoke, dust and stale air in the cars. In summer the ventilation was through open windows which let in cinders and smoke from the locomotive, that burned soft coal. One line for many years advertised itself as the anthracite road, which meant less cinders and smoke.

The amount of cinders the old coal-burning locomotives left along the railroad lines will surprise everyone who has not seen the old engines. In our town, for instance, the railroad occupies one of the main streets and every day the sidewalk along the tracks had to be swept to clear away the covering of black cinders. Now what happened to clothing of the people who happened to be passing can be imagined. It was a good idea to avoid walking along the tracks if possible. And I recall the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad in a section of open country the cinder bed along the tracks was three feet deep in places. The grass line was 20 feet or more from the tracks.

But in spite of the cinders and smoke the old passenger trains took the traveler to where he wanted to go and brought him back safely. A train wreck when the old wooden cars were in use could be a fearful thing. The crash splintered the wooden sides of the car and sent sharp penetrating slivers in all directions and there was always danger of fire. The introduction of the block signal system reduced the number of railroad wrecks by preventing the frequent rear end collisions. I have seen some bad wrecks in and near our town but never had the misfortune to be on a train that was wrecked.

My father being a "railroad man" had a pass and the family made many more railroad trips than would have been possible otherwise. I recall a hunting trip with my father to Jefferson County in northwestern Pennsylvania in 1902. This was then frontier country, but that is a later story to be told in another connection.

How many trains are passing through our town today? Only four in 24 hours. They are "through" trains between Buffalo and Philadelphia but the Pullmans and the dining cars have been dropped.



# MORAVIAN ARCHITECTURE AND TOWN PLANNING: A REVIEW

By DONALD R. FRIARY

*Moravian Architecture and Town Planning: Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and Other Eighteenth-Century American Settlements.* By William J. Murtagh. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1967. Pp. xiv, 146. \$8.75.

William J. Murtagh's *Moravian Architecture and Town Planning* is a major contribution to scholarship in American art history, the history of religion in America, and Pennsylvania lore. The Unitas Fratrum, or Moravian Church, has played a significant part in American culture. In music, in education, in technology the activity of the Moravians has been of substantial quality and volume. Fortunately, their history has been extremely well documented both in their own church archives and in other sources. However, it has not been really adequately treated by historians. A few 19th Century antiquarians have left us narrative accounts of the Moravians. A number of local historians, architectural historians, and antiquarians in this century have written articles and monographs on very narrow and specific areas of Moravian culture. However, only Jacob J. Sessler's *Communal Pietism Among Early American Moravians* (New York, 1933) has attempted to provide broad scholarly treatment of the Unitas Fratrum in America. A large gap remains in our scholarly knowledge of the Moravians. Dr. Murtagh's book has begun to fill that gap.

The Moravians were a pre-Reformation Protestant sect which flourished in central Europe until early in the 17th Century. At that time persecution dispersed the Moravians and drove them underground and very nearly to extinction. Only in 1722, when Nicholas Lewis, Count Zinzendorf granted them asylum on his estate in Saxony, did they begin to flourish again. They established several communities in Saxony and began to turn their thoughts to settlement and missionary work in America. Beginning in the 1730's they founded a number of Moravian communities in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and North Carolina. Dr. Murtagh discusses the planning and building of these communities in relation to the whole Moravian experience.

The central theme of this book is, it seems to me, that the town planning and the architecture of the American Moravians were a clear and direct reflection of their community and their whole culture. Obviously, the Germanic design, construction, and detail of their buildings reflects their German background. The careful and close planning of their towns reflects the power of the central authority of the bishops of the Moravian Church. The planning of these towns around a central, open, public square reveals that the Moravians were community-oriented, even communally organized in social, economic, and religious spheres. The communal dwelling houses show that for the Moravians the community and the church were of prior and superior importance to the family. Their or-

ganization into choirs of single men, single women, widows, married people, etc., rather than in nuclear families is reflected in the communal dormitories in which they lived and in the initial absence of private dwelling houses. This extraordinary relationship of family and community reflects the power of religion in the community. It was so powerful as to upset traditional western European, family-oriented social and economic organization. The presence and power of religion in the community is also reflected in the central position and elaboration of the church in the town and in the inclusion of chapels in other buildings. In a more specific vein, the function of each community is reflected in its buildings. Bethlehem, the center of Moravian industry in America, had a tannery, grist mill, fulling mill, dye works, oil mill, water works, and other industrial buildings. Old Nazareth, another Moravian center, had cow barns along two sides of its central quadrangle, behind which were a washhouse, a pigsty, a milk-house, and a smithy. These buildings obviously reflect the fact that it was primarily an agricultural rather than an industrial community. The plans and buildings of all these Moravian communities reflect the orientation, the values, and the function of each of them.

In presenting this central and very important theme, Dr. Murtagh makes excellent use of the rich sources available. He has delved into the Moravian archives and the collections of related historical societies with considerable profit. He has found and used to advantage verbal documents, both manuscript and printed; the original plans of buildings, early sketches, early photographs, and the actual material remains of the Moravian communities. The Moravians planned their towns and buildings carefully, kept full verbal and pictorial records of their building activity, and conscientiously preserved their archives. Dr. Murtagh has taken good advantage of the substantial body of material which the Moravians have provided.

A few criticisms are in order. The principal fault which I find in this book is that it fails to explore several very significant areas in the subject at hand. Although it has a good general discussion of the Germanic origins of the design and ornament of the Moravian buildings, it fails to produce many examples of specific German buildings where sources may clearly be seen. This is especially true of building types. Where, for instance, did the Moravians find precedent for their Sisters' Houses and Brethren's Houses? Was it in medieval convents and monasteries? Or in student housing in German universities? Or were these buildings original responses to the needs of their settlements? What were the sources of their church plans? What were their church plans? Questions such as these do not seem to be answered adequately. Dr. Murtagh is similarly vague on the subsequent influence of these early Moravian buildings. He implies that the Moravians succumbed to a dominant English tradition in building



Photo by Harris & Ewing



Author William J. Murtagh



*Industrial archeologists are particularly interested in Colonial Bethlehem where Moravians had erected a complex of mills and factories to support their economy.*



*Moravian towns were planned around a square. This view of the center of Bethlehem in 1854, done by the Moravian artist Rufus A. Grider, shows the Gemeinhaus (center), built 1742, with the new church to the left and the old church attached.*

at the end of the 18th Century and that they themselves consequently ceased to be an influential force in American building. However, it seems likely that the very early industrial buildings at Bethlehem might have exerted some sort of influence on the factory buildings of the American industrial revolution, especially since contemporary traveler's accounts are so full of mention of and admiration for the industrial complex at Bethlehem. And, even though Bethlehem was the first and the largest of the Moravian settlements, it seems to receive a disproportionately large share of attention in this book.

Within its own framework the book achieves substantially what the author has set out to do. However, some of his background research is a bit weak. For the history of the Moravians he depends rather heavily on the filiopietistic writings of 19th Century antiquarians. Consequently, he occasionally lapses into such exaggerations as, "As opposed to most immigrants who came to America for personal gain, it must be emphasized that Moravians came to these shores to find religious asylum and bring Christianity to the Indians of the American wilderness" (p. 9). These were, of course, the very motives of large numbers of non-Moravians in early America. The uniqueness of the Moravians lay not in their religious motivation, but in their mode of communal living.

*Moravian Architecture and Town Planning* has an excellent selection of illustrations. Eighteenth Century manu-

script plans of towns and buildings, 18th and 19th century views and sketches, extraordinary 19th Century photographs, and more recent photos appear in considerable numbers throughout the book. A few, unfortunately, are reduced in scale a bit too much for sound comprehension. Unhappily, there are no maps in the book. A map of 18th Century Bethlehem superimposed on one of present-day Bethlehem would have been very helpful to those who know the town. Also, a map of the eastern United States showing the location of the several Moravian communities might have been useful. Dr. Murtagh's footnotes are thorough and detailed and fully explanatory where necessary. His bibliography of printed sources is very extensive.

Despite a few minor flaws and the belief of this reviewer that there are fertile fields of investigation which Dr. Murtagh only touched upon, this is a solid and very much needed contribution to Moravian history and to the study of early America. Dr. Murtagh has made a comprehensive study of one major area of Moravian culture. We can hope that it is the beginning of a new period of scholarly investigation of a significant early American subculture, and that equally good monographs will follow on the furniture and other crafts, the religious beliefs and practices, the social and economic organization of the Moravians in America, and the cultural change which they underwent with increased contact with the dominant, English-speaking, individualistic American culture.



# HUMOR

## In a Friendly World

By L. KAREN BALDWIN

It seems important that the training of a folklorist should include a recognition and utilization of the materials in whatever traditions may have contributed to his individual cultural background. I take my birthright in the Society of Friends from my father who was a convinced Friend of sorts in his early twenties. He obtained his right to membership in the Society from a maternal relative who joined the Society as a convinced member early in her life. From this brief genealogy it is evident that, especially in the Philadelphia area, my Quaker lineage is not too venerable. Nevertheless, the religious training I received through several years of attendance at First Day School and Meeting for Worship and the additional reinforcement provided through undergraduate study at a Quaker college in the South, has made me, if not as "weighty," at least as "Friendly" as a Lippincott, an Evans or a Cope.

In looking for a project for a University of Pennsylvania course in field work theory several considerations weighted my decision to explore the tradition of the Quaker joke or humorous anecdote. First, I was looking for an area which could be explored from a folk-cultural as well as a folkloristic standpoint. Second, I needed a project which could reach some appreciable stage of accomplishment within a limited period of time. Therefore, I required materials which were readily available, informants who were already aware of an academic interest in the subject I chose and with whom I would not have problems of rapport establishment.

Quite naturally, then, I chose a group of which I was already a member, whose traditional humor has already been collected by other interested people, and whose artificial homogeneity was organized in an efficient enough way to permit contacting informants through it.

Since what I was looking for was a project which would utilize some of the collecting theory in the course and methods I had not already used in the "field," and would provide room for an expansion of the study to the area of

folk-cultural research at a later date, the problem I developed was to collect oral traditional Quaker jokes or humorous anecdotes from Friends to begin a study which would eventually lead to an analysis of the content of that material to use as part of a comparison with Quaker jokes from oral and written sources outside the Society itself.

Although I realized that the questionnaire method of collecting, especially in the hands of a novice, is probably the least satisfactory method of gathering material, both for the informant and the collector, I wanted to try it for the experience. I hoped to be able to use the contacts I would make through a mailed questionnaire as sources for personal interview collecting at a more convenient time.

Appendix One provides a duplicate of the letter which I circulated to all the member Monthly Meetings in the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. I directed the letter to the clerks of one hundred and four meetings listed as having year-round schedules in the Yearly Meeting. The mailing covered all of southeastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and parts of Delaware and Maryland. It was dated October 19, 1966.

Along with the letter addressed to the clerks I enclosed a return postcard requesting the clerk's cooperation in letting Friends in their meeting know about the project and provided two positive suggestions of how this might be done and a space for a negative response. The contents of the card are included in Appendix Two.

Appendix Three shows the names of the meetings contacted, arranged alphabetically by state, and the date and kind of response received from the clerk and other members. To date, I have received fifty-one responses and eight contributions of material. I am not aware of any statistics on the probability of return on such an undertaking, but I have been very encouraged by the ratio of effort involved in producing the mailing and following up the responses to the amount of material contributed.

Each contribution of material was acknowledged with a



letter explaining the nature of the project and indicating the significance of the material that particular Friend had contributed. This was failed with refunded postage, as promised in the original request, and a follow-up questionnaire intended to gather information about the informant and perhaps, elicit additional material with its return. There was only one case where additional material was returned with the questionnaire; however, several questionnaires were returned with notes containing bibliographical information and individual encouragement. Appendix Four is a duplication of the background questionnaire.

It will be noted that some of the informants whose materials are included here have not yet returned the background questionnaire. However, for the most part, the informants have been extremely prompt in complying with my requests.

Since the date of the mailing, I have noticed a lag in the number of return postcards and responses I have been receiving. This paper, then, marks the first step in the completion of the project. At this point, I think it is now necessary to begin personal interviews and visitations to the meetings contacted to graphically remind Friends of my need for more material.

As I have mentioned, the area of Quaker humor has already been explored to some extent. Friends, themselves, have produced, over a period of years, a number of edited volumes of Quaker humor. A complete list of the collections available in the area is included in the bibliography at the end. While waiting for contributions of material, I used the contents of these various collections to formulate, first, a mental finding list of known materials to use in personal interviewing and, second, to analyze Friends' (all the editors are Quakers) approaches to and analysis of this material. When I had collected some material, I found that my research in the area of printed Quaker humor proved helpful in two ways. First, it allowed me to annotate nearly all of the items I received with analogues in the collections and it provided a framework of classification for all the materials I received.

Because of Friends' willful separation of themselves from "worldly" pursuits in order to find spiritual fulfillment, and the subsequent persecution of them for their practice of nonconformity, Quakers, from the outset, have been a "closed" society. They are united in belief and practice or religion and they are unique in their demonstration of their religion to the outside world. Therefore, it is understandable and significant that a great many of the humorous stories told among Friends relate to plain dress and speech, the distinctive method of silent worship, the reactions of the outside world to these two factors, and the necessary development of a certain amount of protective guile in operating within a hostile environment.

Another characteristic of Friends as a group, is their constant awareness of the necessity of introspection and personal evaluation in order to view things in their true perspective. It is a highly developed and widely practiced method of divinely guided self-correction used with the intent of making themselves worthy of spiritual peace and fulfillment. Out of this characteristic comes a large group of humorous treatments of the foibles of Friends. Quakers are quite aware that mere membership in the Society is no assurance of their worthiness as recipients of guidance from within. This body of material seems to be the most didactic of the whole tradition of humor, and the numerical significance of the various stories supports an assumption

that these "lessons" function quite importantly in the total picture of Quaker religious education.

There is, of course, a whole group of jokes which might be termed "irreligious" or "unfriendly," depending on one's semantic preference. In these, the actions of the Quaker being described are not considered mere foibles. He is acting in a decidedly un-Quakerly manner, and the humor of the situation derives from the "secret" knowledge of what constitutes Friendly behavior in contrast with the flagrant transgression of this area of behavior by the Quaker in question. In this group one finds the armed Quaker threatening a malevolent intruder, the Quaker leveling a caustic affront to a non-Quaker, and the Quaker sea captain brandishing his scabbard in the face of impending danger.

Whatever the subject classification of the Quaker joke, however, there are two important aspects which are found universally in the materials of this sub-genre. The first is folkloristic, the second, folk-cultural.

In every example of Quaker humor, the dominant element is not structure or subject, but rather, the image of the Quaker described. It is this image which determines the situation and details of the joke and it is from this image that the humor of the joke derives.

The folk-culturalist will find the area of Quaker humor very important for a total study of the people among whom it exists in tradition. Within the framework of the humorous description of an image of the Quaker is found a great amount of detail pertaining to the culture, daily patterns, costume, religious beliefs and practices, and psychology of these people. There is a veritable mine of information relating to almost every aspect of Quaker life as it was and is lived in a comprehensive study of this corpus of humor. Therefore, since the content and number of variations of the humorous stories of Quakers seem to indicate a significant function of this sub-genre within the group, and the materials themselves are so important to the folklorist and the folk-culturalist, I submit that a comprehensive study and analysis of this material should no longer go unattended in the field of folklore.

#### *Informants*

All informants whose material is included here have given their permission for the publication of all the background information provided in the questionnaire. They are presented alphabetically.

1. *Dudley E. Bell*: 72; male; married; 824 Radcliffe St., Bristol, Pa.; employed as a manufacturer's representative, "...which is a high class name for salesman and in the final analysis, a peddler;" Bristol Monthly Meeting; birthright Friend; B.S. from M.I.T.; Quaker educational background: Quaker kindergarten, Friends Central, Swarthmore Prep., Penn Charter; sources of material: "...heard in Quaker Meeting or by Quaker voice."

Mr. Bell is a Quaker of venerable lineage whose avocation has led him to publication of over a thousand volumes of his plays and a long-standing membership in the Author's Guild, and whose sense of humor is quite evident in his correspondence.

I am now 72 years old and will attend my 50th reunion at M.I.T. this coming June. My hair has not turned grey nor am I wrinkled hardly at all. I still work hard covering three states....I attribute my health to living a vigorous life and not following all the Quaker precepts. I drink whisky. I'll bet you did not know that Scotch is spelt whisky. As clerk



of Bristol Meeting for many years and my wife treasurer for 22 years, (she drinks whisky too), we are no doubt poor examples in the eyes of the vociferous minority. That Query about alcohol should be taken out or changed. In any event, we have a sense of humor.

He assured me of his willingness to allow publication of any information about him by saying, "Don't worry, old Quakers won't sue."

2. *Charles K. Brown, III*: 49; male; married; Westtown School, Westtown, Pa.; employed as a teacher and counselor at the Westtown School; Westtown Monthly Meeting; convinced Friend; has a Quaker family background: "Great grandfather was read out<sup>1</sup> for marrying a Presbyterian"; holds M.S. degree; has no Quaker educational background, but "I have taught here (Westtown School) nearly 20 years;" sources: "...experience ... students."
3. *Alice Cope*: has not returned questionnaire.
4. *Thomas B. Harvey*: 58; male; married; 6609 Springbank St., Phila., Pa.; employed in "business;" Radnor Monthly Meeting; birthright Friend; has a Quaker family background on both sides: "One Orthodox grandfather kicked (read out of meeting) for marrying a Hicksite"<sup>2</sup>; Quaker educational background; sources: personal memory of account given by Rufus Jones at an assembly of Friends.
5. *Larry M. Smith*: 26; male; married; 509 Overlook Drive, Warminster, Pa.; employed as an electronics engineer; Wrightstown Monthly Meeting; birthright Friend; has a Quaker family background "...at least as far back as my great grandfather"; B.A. and B.S. from Lehigh University; no Quaker educational background; sources: "...mentioned to me after the Monthly Meeting at which I announced your project, by one of our older Friends. She said, 'I don't think it is worth sending in.'"
6. *Robert L. Smith*: has not returned questionnaire.
7. *Charles Thomas*: has not returned questionnaire.
8. *Beatrice Y. Walton*: 48; female; married; 3350 Byberry Rd., Phila., Pa.; employed as the Librarian for Byberry Library; Byberry Monthly Meeting; convinced Friend; has no Quaker family background, but, "I married a birthright member of Quaker Meeting"; library science degree from University of Chicago; no Quaker educational background; sources: "...stories passed around among members of our meeting and given to me; also from books in our library.

Beatrice Walton gives complete bibliographical references for those anecdotes she knows from written sources, but evidences an oral tradition which she does not know also exists in written analogues.

The informants are identified with their material by their initials: Dudley Bell, *D.B.*; Charles K. Brown, III, *C.B.*; Alice Cope, *A.C.*; Thomas B. Harvey, *T.B.*; Larry M. Smith, *L.S.*; Robert L. Smith, *R.S.*; Charles Thomas, *C.T.*; Beatrice Y. Walton, *B.W.*

The materials to follow are those which I have received to date. They are presented under headings which belong

<sup>1</sup>In the early days of the Society, members were often subject to expulsion (being "read out of meeting") by a formal notice read by the clerk before the assembly. It was a serious matter, roughly equivalent to the Amish "shunning" and the Roman Catholic excommunication. It is no longer practiced.

<sup>2</sup>In 1827 there occurred a separation within the Society which divided the members into Orthodox and Hicksite Quakers (the followers of Elias Hicks were so-called), and which engendered much bad feeling among members of the two divisions. It was a lamentable situation which continued until the 20th Century, when the two factions were once again united. Marrying a Hicksite, then, was for an Orthodox Quaker, equivalent to marrying outside the Society.

to a preliminary classification system based primarily on the printed sources of such material now in circulation. The validity of the classification of oral material written, edited material can be supported by the mention of the strong literary tradition and emphasis on education of this particular group. Therefore, it is a specialized classification, not to be applied in any other area, which finds support in the proximity of oral and written traditions among Quakers.

#### *The "Wily Quaker" Joke*

Perhaps the most prevalent "out group" image of the Quaker is the belief that he is a shrewd businessman and a crafty manipulator. Here are two examples of the Wily Quaker:

A Quaker farmer sold a man a horse. A few weeks later the farmer came up the road with the horse limping. The Quaker said, "Why is thee returning the horse?" "I am not returning it, I am selling it," the man said, "I would like to borrow your Quaker hat." B.W. "a story of John Duncan Cryer from his Uncle Harry Magill, Solebury Monthly Meeting."

One of my favorite Quaker stories concerns Levi Coffin, the "President of the Underground Railroad." I believe this episode took place in Indiana, it has been some years since I read the book he wrote about his adventures and am not sure. Levi was hailed into court on a charge of harboring fugitive slaves, an action of which he was unquestionably guilty. He cheerfully admitted to the judge that he had given food and shelter to no less than seventeen people who *claimed* to be fugitive slaves. However, if they were lying about their status, he was not guilty. If they were truly slaves, under the law slave testimony was not legal and the judge would please dismiss the case which, in the absence of further evidence, had to be done. As an example of Quaker guile, this is hard to beat. —R.S.

#### *The "Thrifty Quaker"*

Because of their general attitude toward thriftiness as an extension of their basic doctrine of moderation in all things, there are a great many jokes concerning the relation of the Quaker to money matters in a more favorable light. Here is one example of the Thrifty Quaker:

It seems that the old Quaker lady was on her last... on her deathbed. And she was giving instructions to her daughter as to the disposition of her various proceedings and she said, "Now, Elizabeth. Now I would like to be buried in my good grey satin. But, really, it's a shame to waste that. Now what I want you to do. It's a full dress, and I want you to cut out the back and also cut off the bottom of it that will be below the section of the coffin so that it won't be able to be seen. And with this, since it is a full dress, you will have enough goods to make Irene (Irene was the granddaughter), to make Irene a dress from it. And her daughter says, "Oh, Mother, Mother, I wouldn't think of doing that. Just suppose that... I mean when you meet Father, to have you without any back to your dress?" And the mother says, "Tut, tut, tut! I buried your father without his pants!"—C.T. —transcribed from a tape of jokes which he sent.

#### *The Quaker Temperate in Speech*

The underlying belief in the necessity of moderation is extended to language among Friends. Here is one example of the Quaker Temperate in Speech:

This joke is the story of the young Quaker swain in times gone past, who was sparking a young Quaker miss. His progress was very slow because he was



exceedingly bashful. He just couldn't seem to get up enough nerve to tell her he loved her and pop the question to her. Finally, one evening, after he'd been sitting there for a considerable length of time nerving himself up to the point, he finally burst out, "Tabitha, Tabitha, dost thou love me?" Well, Tabitha cast her eyes upon the floor and she said, "Ephraim, the Bible says that we should love all men. But I must say that thee is getting more than thy fair share."—C.T.—transcribed from his tape.

#### *The Beliefs into Action Quaker*

Direct action, especially in protest, has always been a course followed by concerned Friends. Here is an example of a Beliefs into Action Quaker which has oral variations all over the country.

When stoves came into use some members wanted one put into Plumstead Meeting. There was one old man Friend, Joseph Atkinson was his name, who said he wouldn't have it. He thought we ought to have enough spiritual fervor to keep us warm, then we wouldn't need a fire. Nevertheless he was overruled, and one November day a wood stove was installed. So the following First Day when he came to meeting, Joseph Atkinson saw a stovepipe sticking out of the meeting house wall, about four feet from the ground with an elbow turning up three feet more. "It looks like a hatrack." And suddenly he took off his thick beaver hat, reached up and hung it on top of the pipe. No one seeing him do this, he walked into Meeting and sat down. Presently a few members began to cough and wipe their eyes. Others joined the chorus, while all commenced to look around anxiously at the new stove which now had wisps of black smoke coming from around the door. Then a young Friend, the promoter of the stove business, got up and opened the stove door. Immediately he was enveloped in smoke—the whole house was, and no one realizing the cause, they all left; Joseph Atkinson had smoked them out.—B.W. —from *A Friendly Heritage along the Delaware*, by Arthur Edwin Bye, 1960 (her note).

The old Meeting House, built in 1682-84, which still is used during the summer months as a place for worship for Third Haven Friends, saw some lively times. "Ye Greate Meeting House" was unheated for many years. When a stove was finally installed, much to the disgust of one old Quaker who regarded it as worldly and an abomination, it nearly brought the old building to a fiery end. The elderly man could not stand the sight of it and used to come early to meeting and would hide it with his coat. One sad day he was late and a fire had been already lighted, a fact he did not notice, and hung his coat on it as usual. The coat was a total loss and it was a near thing for the meeting house.

This story is one of the traditions of Third Haven Meeting. The building is probably the oldest frame structure still used for religious purposes in the United States, by the way.—R.S.

#### *The Angry Quaker*

Because of Friendly objection to profane and immoderate language, the Angry Quaker is obliged to temper his anger with guarded speech, as the following examples illustrate:

Hannah, a little girl in old Philadelphia was primping and pretending she was a fine lady, coming downstairs. Her brothers at the foot of the stairs watched her miss her footing and land on her nose. They howled with delight. Hannah stamped her foot, straightened her bonnet, "Thee, John!" Hannah said,

"Oh, thee little *you* thee!" —B.W. —a retelling of an episode from *Thee, Hannah* by Marguerite de Angeli.

The *Reader's Digest* also reports a conversation between two Quaker boys. The one accosts the other and says, "Thee has been playing with Tony Scapatelli. Thee shouldn't play with Tony Scapatelli. Tony Scapatelli is not one of God's chosen and thee should not play with him." The other little Quaker says, "I don't care," he says, "Tony Scapatelli is brave and he's strong and he's forceful and I'm going to play with Tony Scapatelli." The first little Quaker said, "Thee should not play with Tony Scapatelli, thee should only play with Friends. Tony Scapatelli is not one of God's chosen." And the other little Quaker boy says, "I don't care! I like Tony Scapatelli and I'm going to play with Tony Scapatelli." Whereupon the first little Quaker conveyed, "Thee little, *you*, thee!" —C.T.—from his tape.

John Pemberton told this to the entire company at an ACLU meeting which I attended.

It seems that there was an old Quaker that had a very contrary cow. This cow could be just as obstinate and just as vindictive and just as troublesome as any cow that ever lived. And it would put the old Quaker into ecstasies of wrath. And on one occasion, she had very reluctantly given a very little bit of milk and she'd switched him in the face with her tail. And when he tied her tail down to a brick she bopped him over the head with the brick. After she had given a very small amount of milk, she managed to put her foot in the bucket and spilled that milk all up and over the ground. And he stood up and he looked at her and he clenched his hands. And for a few minutes he was speechless. And finally he burst out, "Thee knows that I cannot harm thee. Thee knows that I cannot curse thee. But what thee does not know is that I can sell thee to a Methodist!"—C.T. —from his tape.

#### *The Unfriendly Friend*

As I have already mentioned, there is a group of jokes which depict an incongruous picture of the Quaker exhibiting the conflicting aspects of his religion and all it represents and worldly attitudes. Here are some examples of Unfriendly Friends:

According to the *Reader's Digest*, an old Quaker heard a noise downstairs one evening, and deciding that someone who was unauthorized had entered upon the premises, he took the old shotgun that he used to destroy predatory animals which came upon the premises and descended the stairs and lo, and behold, there, indeed, was a burglar. The old Quaker had his gun out in front of him and he had pointed it directly at the burglar and then addressed him these words: "Friend, I would do thee no harm in the world, but thee is standing where I am about to shoot." —C.T.—from his tape.

I hadn't thought originally about the Quaker sea captain who had, in the old days, ... whose ship was attacked by pirates. Now he had an investment in the ship. And as he stood there at the head of the quarterdeck fingering his cutlass, he couldn't quite make up his mind. At one time his loss of his investment and his friends and followers who were busily fighting the pirates would get the better of him and as he about to enter into the fray he would remember his Quaker convictions and he would refrain. And in this undecided condition he saw a pirate who was swarming up a rope which was hanging over the edge of the quarterdeck. Oh, I forgot, there are no ropes on a boat, they're all lines. At any rate, the pirate was climbing up over the side of the ship from this



line. The captain raised his cutlass up above his head and brought it down upon the rope and cut it in twain and he said, "There! If thee wants that rope so badly, thee may have it!"—C.T. —from his tape.

You probably know about the Quaker sea captain whose ship was attacked by pirates. On looking over the rail, he saw a pirate climbing up a rope. "If thee wishes the rope, friend, thee may have it," he said and quickly chopped the line in two.—R.S.

### *The Quaker Rebuked*

It has already been mentioned that Quakers place a great deal of emphasis on self-correction by introspection. However, when Friends evidence a lack in their self-corrective measures another Quaker precept of the individual's responsibility to the ministry of the whole group comes into play as is illustrated by these several examples of the Quaker Rebuked.

I remember Rufus Jones telling about a man in a Meeting in Maine who noticed that his son was very nervous and looked as if he wanted to say something. The son was sitting in the bench in front of him so the father gave him an encouraging kick. The son arose and gave quite a message.

After Meeting another member, who saw the kick came up to the man and said, "Thee should not kick thy son like that; thee should let him be moved by the Spirit alone." The father responded, "Thee could never have kicked a message like that out of thy son no matter how hard thee tried."—T.H.

I overheard 2 anecdotes after meeting which Friends said they should send in but probably won't.

First Friend—Why do Friends live so long?

Second Friend—Because they take so long to get things done.—L.S.

(Modern Good Samaritan joke)

The man was lying by the wayside and a Lutheran minister passed by on the other side, then a Methodist minister passed by. Then a Quaker came upon the scene, but he couldn't stay either because he was on his way to a committee meeting.—L.S.

In another book entitled *An Island Patchwork* (author's name slips my memory), there's an anecdote about a Quaker lady whose husband was a great scholar and scientist. Sometimes this man would get so engrossed in his researches that he would forget to come from his little laboratory house in time for supper and sometimes he might not even come in to go to bed. At a tea party, one of the lady guests needled the hostess about it, saying it must be very trying to be married to such a man.

"Indeed it is," said the gentle woman. "Sometimes I almost wish he knew no more than thy husband."—R.S.

At the time that Helen B. Hole was writing the history of Westtown, *Westtown Through the Years*, George Walton, then headmaster at George School, was interested in the project.

You must remember that Westtown had its first students in 1799, whereas George School was opened late in the 19th Century.

When George Walton asked James Waller, Westtown's Principal, "How does thee go about getting a History of the school written, James?"

"Why, George, first thee needs to have a History!"—C.B.

A woman member Meeting, interested in TEMPERANCE to the point of obsession, was instrumental in having the WCTU erect a large signboard just off the meeting house grounds. Pictured was a huge bottle of liquor tipped over and flowing out. One of the

men Friends dryly inquired next First Day, "What brand are we advertising today?"—B.W. —... "oral"

Warner Mifflin was so much exercised in regard to ornamental show, that he carried a chisel and saw with him when travelling about, so as to remove the superfluous carvings, etc., from furniture found in Friends' homes. At James Thornton's, he attempted to remove some ornaments from the clock; but the old lady interfered, and Friend Thornton told Warner he had better give up the business.—B.W. —"... appears in *History of Byberry & Moreland* by Joseph Martindale."

### *The Quaker and His Worldly Acquaintance*

Because of their markedly different mode of dress and speech and system of worship, Friends have been considered "queer" by some outsiders, and a great deal of confusion about the actual customs of the group is found among non-members. There is a whole body of humorous material circulating among Friends which evidences the characteristics of "in group" material, born of an existing friction between the members of the group and the non-members. There are no examples of hostile reaction to outsiders included here, but the following jokes illustrate the last category in the study, the Quaker and his Worldly Friend.

A non-Friend married a Quaker, and wanted to know what Friends thought of Heaven and Hell. She was told it didn't matter, because no Friend ever went there! —B.W.—... oral, don't know if written."

The late William Rhoads, a farmer in rural Chester County, Pa., related this story about Zebedee Haines, a beloved Friends Minister, who was called, as a witness, in a case involving a violation of the Volstead Act.

The judge, knowing Zebedee was a staunch supporter of Prohibition, and evidently the judge had little sympathy with said Act, patronizingly asked Friend Haines if he thought there were only Quakers in Heaven?

With a little hesitation, the answer was this. "Judge, I don't believe it would pay to keep the place open, if there were only Quakers there."—A.C.

Here is a Quaker oral humorous story which actually happened in our Monthly Meeting about a week ago.

A Friend objected to the use of the name, Quaker, because of the Quaker Group in Philadelphia which was composed of a few individuals. A Friend said that he had met somebody who considered this group all the Quakers, etc. This man took great exception [to] what was being done. The Friend replied, "We cannot control the use of the name, Quaker. For instance, there is Quaker Oats. Perhaps it should be Presbyterian Oats." The man was a Presbyterian.—D.B.

Here is another one which one would have to be a Quaker to see the humor:

At a hospital two days ago, (in the northeast Phila.), one of our members entered for a check-up.

Doctor: What is your religion?

Patient: Religious Society of Friends.

Doctor: What's that?

Patient: Quaker.

Doctor: Protestant?

Patient: You guess.

This actually occurred as told me over the phone by the patient with the exception of the last line which I suggested. I think the humor is there somewhat by the ignorance of the Philadelphia physician; from Phila., it seems impossible.—D.B.



An attender asked a non-member at Quaker meeting what the Queries were—"Oh," answered the non-member, "they are the old men who sit on the front benches."—B.W.—from *Laughter in Quaker Grey*.

A friend of mine was invited to dinner with us and before he came, he met a mutual friend on the street. And he had a rather worried look and his friend says, "What's the matter?" He says, "Well, I've been invited over to Charlie Thomas' for supper." He says, "Well, what's wrong with that?" "Well, Charlie's a Quaker, y'know, and they do things a little differently and they're a little queer and I'm a little worried." "Oh, don't be that way. Charlie's just the same as everybody else. He's no different. You go over there and act just as you would anywhere else, and you'll have no trouble at all. Quakers aren't queer any more. They're just the same as anybody." So thus refreshed, my friend came over to dinner. And afterwards our mutual friend again accosted him on the street and asked him how he made out, and he says, "Why, all right, all right. There *was* a very embarrassing silence just after we sat down to dinner, but I broke it with a funny story and after that, everything went swimmingly."—C.T. "This didn't actually happen to me, but I like to tell it as if it did."—from his tape.

#### Appendix One

#### GENERAL LETTER TO QUAKER MEETINGS

University of Pennsylvania  
October 19, 1966

Dear Friends,

The Quaker joke or humorous anecdote has had a long journalistic history, both in this country and in England. Many of these bits of caricature and humor have either passed into or been originated in the oral tradition of Quakers everywhere.

As part of my graduate studies in Folklore at the University of Pennsylvania, I have undertaken a project to survey and collect for publication those Quaker jokes and humorous anecdotes which are currently being circulated among Friends in the Philadelphia area.

I am asking your indulgence and cooperation in helping to execute this project. At your leisure, jot down any jokes or anecdotes you may know having to do with Quakerism in general or having a Quaker mentioned as a character. Please indicate, where possible, whether the source of your material is oral or written. When you have been able to do this, please send the material and direct any questions about the project to me:

Karen Baldwin: 4408 Walnut St., Apt. No. 3, Phila., Penna. 19104. Your postage will be refunded.

It is important that you please include your name, address and meeting. None of this information will be used in publication without your consent.

Respectfully yours,  
Karen Baldwin,  
Providence Meeting, Media

#### Appendix Two

#### INSTRUCTIONS TO MONTHLY MEETING CLERK To the Clerk:

Please read the enclosed letter to an assembly of Friends in your meeting.

Because of the academic nature of this project, I must ask your cooperation in obtaining an accurate record of those meetings contacted. Please fill out this card and return it as soon as possible. Thank you for your special help.

I read the letter at .....  
I posted the letter where Friends could see it .....  
I was unable to let Friends know about the project.....

#### Appendix Three

#### LIST OF MONTHLY MEETINGS CONTACTED

Those names which are starred are those from which I received contributions.

	<i>Date of Response</i>		<i>Date of Response</i>
PENNSYLVANIA			
Abington	11/24/66	Solebury	11/15/66
Birmingham		Southampton	
Bradford		Springfield	11/15/66
Bristol*	11/14/66	State College	11/15/66
Buckingham	11/15/66	Swarthmore	11/ 2/66
Byberry*	11/17/66	Upper Dublin	10/27/66
Central Philadelphia		Upper Providence	11/ 1/66
Cheltenham	11/30/66	Upper Springfield	
Chester	11/14/66	Uwchlan	11/30/66
Chestnut Hill	11/30/66	Valley	
Coatesville		West Chester	
Concord	11/21/66	West Grove	
Darby	12/ 8/66	Westtown*	11/30/66
Doylestown	12/ 8/66	Willistown	11/14/66
Exeter	11/24/66	Wrightstown*	11/15/66
Fallowfield	11/16/66	Yardley	11/ 1/66
Falls		DELAWARE	
Frankford		Appoquinimink	11/14/66
Germantown	10/26/66	Camden	
Goshen		Center	
Green Street	11/15/66	Hockessin	
Gwynedd		Mill Creek	12/ 8/66
Harrisburg		Newark	
Haverford	11/21/66	Wilmington	11/21/66
Horsham	11/30/66	NEW JERSEY	
Kennett		Arney's Mount	11/ 1/66
Lackawanna-Wyoming		Atlantic City*	11/14/66
Lancaster	11/21/66	Burlington	
Lansdowne	11/21/66	Chesterfield	
Lehigh Valley		Cropwell	
Lewisburg		Crosswicks	
London Grove		Greenwick	
Makefield		Haddonfield	11/ 4/66
Marlboro		Medford	11/14/66
Media		Mickleton	11/ 1/66
Merion		Moorestown	10/27/66
Middletown, Bucks Co.		Mount Holly	11/22/66
Middletown, Del. Co.		Mullica Hill	11/24/66
Millville	11/21/66	Newton	
Muncy		Princeton	
New Garden	11/ 7/66	Quakertown	
Newtown	11/ 5/66	Rancocas	11/14/66
Newtown Square	12/15/66	Salem	
Norristown		Seaville	
Old Haverford	11/ 2/66	Trenton	11/14/66
Philadelphia		Westfield	
Plymouth		Woodbury*	11/30/66
Powelton	11/21/66	Woodstown	
Providence	11/14/66	MARYLAND	
Radnor*	11/14/66	Colora	
Reading		Easton	12/ 8/66
Richland	11/ 1/66	Third Haven*	11/29/66
Sadsbury			
Schuylkill	11/ 2/66		

#### Appendix Four

#### INFORMANT'S BACKGROUND

The information requested here is necessary for a comprehensive study of the material you have given me. It will be used for no other purpose without your consent. Your full cooperation will be greatly appreciated.

Name .....  
Address .....  
Age ..... Sex ..... Marital status .....  
Occupation .....  
Home Meeting .....  
Birthright Friend ..... Convinced Friend .....  
Do you have a family Quaker background? Please explain.  
State highest level of formal education: .....  
Friends' school? yes .....  
Sources of your material: .....  
If necessary, may I use some of the above information in publication? Yes .....  
(Check information which you DO NOT want me to use.)

—THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP—



# CHICKENS and Chicken Houses In Rural Pennsylvania

By AMOS LONG, JR.

Chickens—"dung-hill" fowl as they were known in Colonial Pennsylvania, *binkel* or *mischt-binkel* in the dialect of the Pennsylvania Dutch—and shelters to house them claimed very little attention on the pioneer homestead and farm as compared to the careful selection and management given fowl today.

An editorial which appeared in the *Easton Free Press* on August 21, 1871, makes the amusing claim that "... the word *binkel* for chicken or fowl is neither from the German or English; nor is it used in Europe. It is original North American Indian."

On most early farmsteads the chicken house, *binkel haus* or *binkel heisley*, was practically unknown. Usually the chickens and other fowl were completely on their own, receiving little if any care and no special housing.

Since chickens were easily transported and fed, they were brought along by most of the early settlers. The chickens had to be fed only three or four months of the year, the

remainder of the time they could forage for themselves. Generally they were given the range of the barnyard, the orchard, the area around the house and areas adjoining the fences and adjacent fields to search for worms, grubs, bugs, and scattered seeds from April to November. This was sufficient to keep them in good flesh and return to their owners a sufficient number of eggs for family use. A flock of chickens left to roam at will more than paid for their winter's keep in destroying worms and insects.

The garden, however, was off limits. Usually a picket fence or other enclosure surrounded the area. Even then some of the chickens found their way into the garden through an opening or by flying over the fence in search of worms or some other delicacy. It then became the duty of the younger children or the family dog to shoo them outside the enclosure. To avoid a recurrence of this, the feathers on one of the fowl's wings were clipped, thus preventing flight or controlling flight. The fowl which

*Contemporary  
photographs  
by Amos Long, Jr.*

*Combination Pig  
Sty and Chicken  
House located on  
Paul Binner Farm,  
on Cornwall-  
Schaefferstown  
Road, Lebanon  
County, Pennsylv-  
ania. Photographed  
1962.*







*Grandmother Umberger feeds the chickens. This is a copy of a photograph taken in the Fredericksburg-Jonestown area about the turn of the century. The chickens had the run of the yard, and have come up onto the porch to meet their feeder. Note: one broody hen (cluck) caring for more than 30 chicks.*

continued to find its way into the garden eventually provided the main course for a Sunday dinner.

In a series of articles which appeared in the *New Holland Clarion* beginning February 13, 1897, the following appeared in print which helps to substantiate the previous observation: "Chickens then, as now, were inveterate scratchers. The garden patch was their delight. To get a garden enclosed with a picket fence required more labor than the laboring man could apply. Well, our mothers rose equal to the task by enclosing the old 'hens' feet in socks fastened tight around their legs and also lariatting [them] to stakes."

At night from early spring until late fall, the fowl roosted within the trees, particularly if there was an apple orchard nearby. As the temperatures lowered, as cold winds began to blow and as snow fell, many fowl sought shelter in the stables, within the barn, in the pig-sty, wagon and storage sheds or wherever they might find protection. It was important that they did not roost outside on cold, winter nights; although, there were always those which seemingly preferred to roost in the trees even during freezing weather.

If the chickens were allowed to roam and roost at will throughout the year, or, when some of them hid or could not be caught, they frequently suffered from frozen combs and feet. Some became so cold that their combs turned blue in color or their combs or feet were partly frozen off. It was not unusual to see several fowl that had toes or an entire foot frozen off and walking on the stump of a leg.

It was usually a family chore to chase the fowl from the trees into a sheltered area. This was done at dusk just as

the fowl began to roost for the night. If it was done earlier, the task became nearly impossible to accomplish because of the fowl flying and scattering. If it was too dark, there was difficulty seeing or finding the fowl and they could not find their way into a place of shelter, thus falling prey to other animals during the night. Since the fowl roosted high up in the trees, a long pole was used to reach them. Other members of the family surrounding the fowl, close at hand, with sticks, poles, rakes, etc., would chase them toward shelter. The writer vividly recalls as a youth helping with this chore and his grandmother using her apron to shoo the fowl along until they were in the barn.

In addition to the farmyard flocks, many families in the smaller communities and villages kept a small flock of chickens for their own eggs and meat for use at home or for barter at the local store. If the flock produced more eggs than the family consumed and they were not bartered at the store, a huckster stopped by at regular intervals to buy the surplus eggs. A flock of chickens also served to dispose of much of the table wastes and feasted on unused garden and orchard products if no hogs were raised.

With the growing demand for eggs and fowl in the villages, more consideration was given to keeping larger flocks of poultry; and, since it was found not a good practice to allow fowl to use buildings and areas intended for other animals and purposes, more attention was given to providing proper shelters for the poultry.

Shelters were built to provide winter protection for the fowl, for nests, for a roosting place and as a means of saving the rich, ammoniated droppings. The size of the structure was determined by the number of fowl to be housed. For the smaller family flock, the buildings were eight to twelve feet wide with variable lengths.

The older structures contained few or no windows. Shutters or boards which could be removed from the openings and a doorway provided light and ventilation. These were left open on mild, sunny days.

Many of the early chicken houses were built facing south or east and were constructed against another shed or building which could serve as the back of the poultry house. Others were built on a high, stone foundation, the rear portion erected against a hill which was excavated for that purpose. This arrangement allowed for the floor to be recessed several feet with protection on two or three sides.

It was important that the building site allow for drainage away from the house to help keep the ground dry and free from disease. A sandy or gravel soil is better than clay. It was found to be of great importance that the building be dry and comfortable in winter, free from drafts of air, but with plenty of fresh air and direct sunshine.

Most of the early chicken houses had a steep, sloping roof covered with thatch, wood shingles or other protective materials to keep out the elements.

Rough timber or used lumber generally provided the materials to construct the poultry house. The primary concern during earlier years was not so much appearance as it was to provide an adequate and inexpensive shelter. Batten strips were nailed over the openings between the boards which were most often placed in a vertical position. The battens helped to keep the building free from drafts thus providing additional warmth.

Practically all the shelters had only a ground floor which from time to time may have been replaced with clean



*Inside view of chicken house on author's farm, 1968. Note wooden feeding troughs (foreground) and nesting boxes (rear).*



gravel or sand. The floor area within many of the older houses was dug out as much as six feet. A foot or more of the area was then filled in with large stones which were left to settle or were stamped solidly in place, about a foot of ground which had been dug out was packed down over the stone and approximately a foot of gravel filled in over the top. With this arrangement the floor was three or four feet below the ground surface which provided additional warmth even in the coldest weather. It also provided for permanent drainage and more cleanliness, while the gravel was thought to be indispensable to the digestion and general health of the fowl.

With improvement in fowl management and care, the ground floors were gradually replaced with wood or concrete which allowed for more cleanliness, less distance and easier and more frequent change of litter. The litter was composed of straw, wood-shavings, shredded corn husk or other suitable materials which were available.

The roosts, *ruuschte*, provided a place for the fowl to perch at night. They were built to the rear or to one side of the house to help keep the floor cleaner and to provide more room for litter for the fowl in which to scratch. The roost consisted of a sloping framework constructed about four feet from the floor with boards nailed over the top. On the frame about eight or ten inches above the sloping shelf surface, young tree saplings, *schtange*, or laths were placed parallel from fourteen to eighteen inches apart. Unless the laths were rounded on top, the saplings were more adaptable to the chicken's feet. Sassafras saplings were used on the roosts for perches to help control lice. The sloping surface of the droppings boards used under the roosts allowed for easier cleaning. They were cleaned several times a year and perhaps sprinkled with lime. Lime was used to help absorb the ammonia and compost the droppings which were used in the garden and fields. Many who kept poultry were of the opinion that the droppings alone would eventually pay for the cost of the poultry house.

There were always those chickens which preferred to roost on nearby trees during the hot summer months, but

as a rule once the fowl were accustomed to roosting in a certain place they generally returned to it. Time and patience are demanded in training the fowl to roost.

Somewhere to one side, beneath the roost platform or at some other convenient location within the building, boxes were placed, or nests, *neschter*, were built in single rows or tiers in which the chickens laid their eggs. Generally one nest was provided for every five hens.

Straw, shavings, corn husks and fodder, hay or other available bedding were kept in the nest to prevent the eggs from being broken. In some areas tobacco wastes were used. The nicotine in the tobacco also served to control lice on the fowl and within the building. Branches of sassafras hung on the walls, served the same purpose. A box containing wood ashes, placed in a sunny area within the house and changed every week or two, in which the fowl could wallow, also helped to control the lice and mites. Dust boxes were provided particularly in winter time. They were frequently filled with a mixture of ashes and dry soil. Where cleanliness was practiced, the nests were scalded thoroughly with hot water and an application of lime was made from time to time.

The small openings which allowed the fowl to enter into the building and the roost area were often provided with a chicken walk. It consisted of a wide board with thin strips or laths nailed across at intervals of six to eight inches to prevent slippage as the chicken proceeded upward. The chicken walk allowed the birds to enter the building or roosting area with little or no difficulty.

When providing shelter for the fowl, even the earliest poultry journals and books advocated confining the birds in a dry, spacious, and airy place properly constructed for them instead of a dark, diminutive hovel as was so often the case. Whatever the shape of the buildings, all ought to have the facility of being cleaned, for cleanliness is a great point to be attended to in the management of poultry, disease being in most instances generated by filth.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Walter E. Dickerson, *Poultry: Their Breeding, Rearing, Diseases and General Management* (London, 1838), p. 200.





*Male Scarecrow (Butzmann) stands on guard in front of small backyard chicken house, S. Manheim Street, Annville, 1965. Townsfolk frequently raised chickens for their own use.*



*Drawing by Walter W. Calvert showing early method of individual hen brooding in small coops. At night the coops were protected to prevent predatory animals from destroying the young. Note scarecrow in background. Courtesy Farm Journal Magazine.*



*Placing chicks in the hot-water outdoor brooder. Heated with oil and holding 100 chicks, this type of brooder was used extensively about the turn of the century. Drawing by Walter W. Calvert. Courtesy Farm Journal Magazine.*

Along with proper housing, "A dry soil is absolutely indispensable for nothing is more injurious to poultry than dampness. The use of 'grass walks' that is grass covered yards, was advocated for improving activity and health of yarded stock."<sup>2</sup> In summary, for confined fowl, many early poultry guides prescribed free range in summer, cleanliness at all times, liberal feeding, warmth in winter and a change of cocks every spring.

It was not long after poultry was housed on a larger scale that disease became more prevalent. Major causes then as now were the result of breeding, filth, impure water, lack of clean grounds and close confinement.

The barnyard flock of chickens was mostly on its own, receiving little or no feed over the summer months. They ate the grains which were fed in the barnyard area, table and kitchen scraps, weeds and grass. Even the crumbs on the table cloth from eating were shaken into the area so that the chickens had access to them.

A peck of grain provided enough feed for a hen for a three week period; or about six pecks of grain for each hen over the winter months. Cracked corn was considered the best and most economical feed for the fowl; but buckwheat, sunflower seeds, oats and other grains were used. Mixed grains were also fed. A mixture of corn, wheat, barley or any grains that were available or plentiful were used to make up the mixture. Grains were sometimes boiled on cold, winter days.

It was felt that chickens should never be fed all they will eat, but stop when they cease to be greedy. If a laying hen is fed too heavily she will become fatty and cease to lay. During the winter months most flocks were fed twice a day, morning and evening, on the ground floor within the building or somewhere nearby on the outside. If the fowl were fed during the summer months, the grains were thrown into the barnyard area. Feeding was usually the chore for the younger children or for mother. It was a common sight to see one or more of the younger children with a pail, calling, "bee, bee, bee," while scattering the grains.

On many farms the fowl were free to roam both summer and winter. If the hens were confined during the winter months, succulent greens were fed when available; sometimes in the form of sprouted oats. The oats were sprouted in a flat container in a cave cellar or other warm room. When available, heads of cabbage were hung or thrown into the area in which the fowl were confined. Turnips, beets and clover were also fed. The writer recalls as a youth that all potato shells were cooked on the kitchen stove within his home during the winter months and then fed warm to the laying fowl as a feed supplement.

Records have shown that in rare or special instances, sweet-meats of musk, aniseed and other aromatic drugs were mixed into the feed to help flavor and perfume the flesh of poultry.

If the fowl were confined, boxes of grit and charcoal were fastened to the wall above the litter for the fowl to assist in digestion. Oyster shells and shells of eggs were supplied by some farmers to assist the hens in forming harder egg shells. Bones were ground and fed to supplement the other feed. The writer recalls a bone grinder being used during his childhood by his grandparents who made the most use of all bones, particularly those which accumulated at butchering time.

When the fowl were confined and a more balanced program of feeding was adopted, the grains were scattered in

<sup>2</sup>*Op. cit.*, p. 236.



the litter to induce the chickens to do more scratching and help keep them strong and healthy. Troughs and self-feeding hoppers were used to feed dry, ground feeds called mash and for feeding wet mash. Self-feeding hoppers allow the fowl to eat from the bottom. As the feed is consumed, more of it is forced down from above keeping a continuous supply in front of the fowl. It is important that the feed boxes and troughs be constructed in such a way as to prevent the fowl from getting into the feed to scratch and consequently waste it.

Pure water is absolutely essential for the health of the fowl. During the warm months when they were allowed to roam at will, nearby streams or the barnyard trough provided an ample supply but during the coldest months they frequently lacked fresh water. On some farms a pipe from a nearby spring or the barnyard trough was placed on or beneath the ground and the water flowed naturally and continuously into a vessel with an outlet placed within or outside the building which housed the fowl. The container was placed above ground or floor level to help keep the water clean.

Very little effort was made to stimulate egg production during earlier years, consequently the hens produced few or no eggs during the cold winter months. With the approach of spring and an abundant supply of crisp, green grass and insects, the chickens would commence to lay more eggs. Although some of the hens laid for longer periods, many produced only thirteen or fourteen weeks out of the year. Even then it was felt by most farmers that they paid for their keep in addition to providing as source of good manure and destroying large numbers of weeds insects and other pests.

The number of eggs produced by a hen depends upon such factors as breeding, feed, and care. During earlier years a hen that laid one hundred eggs would have been considered a good layer. Today with proper breeding, selection, feeding and care, production goals of three hundred eggs are reached.

Many of the laying hens on the farms were kept two or three years or longer. In order to identify the older hens from the younger ones, a ring or band was placed around one of the legs. Rings of different colors were used or the markings were placed on one leg one year and the other leg the next year to identify according to age. Since egg production decreases each year with age, the layers today are kept only one year or less if production does not warrant it.

The barnyard fowl hid their nests and eggs in the most unsuspecting places. It was difficult when the chickens were roaming to find all the eggs and one had to literally hunt the eggs. The expression, "*Ich muss die oyer suche*" (I must hunt the eggs), whether in the dialect or in English, is still common among rural folk who refer to gathering the eggs from the nest provided in the chicken house as "hunting" the eggs.

The nests and eggs were hidden in the straw stack, in the feed troughs (*fudder drog*) and feeding entries (*fudder gang*), near the hay loft (*boy bore*), hay hole (*boy loch*), or elsewhere in the little used areas of the stables and barn. The eggs had to be hunted in the grannary, pig-sty, corncribs, wagonshed, beneath buildings and fence rows. In doing so, it was not unusual to venture upon bees and wasps, spiders and spider-webs, mice and rats, skunks, raccoons and even snakes. The task of gathering the eggs was usually the responsibility of the smaller children and

it was not unusual to become a victim of stings or bites in the performance of their duty.

For some it proved a great deal of fun to climb up and down, in and out, to reach the eggs. For the smaller children there was much anxiety and fear until they had sought out all the places where a nest might be hidden. Many times one would use considerable effort to reach a nest or what was thought to be a nest and find it without eggs. A small, round basket (*backorsch karreb*), was used for the purpose since there were not too many chickens and fewer eggs.

Occasionally when gathering the eggs one would find a double-yolked egg, an egg which contains two yolks, *oy mit zwee dottere*. Nor was it uncommon to find a soft-shelled egg, *en weech shaalich oy*. This condition is caused when the egg is excluded from the oviduct before the shell has been completely formed; generally because of accident or ill health on part of the hen. Such eggs, if found before being broken open and eaten by the chickens were carefully and separately taken into the house and used first.

There is also the egg without a yolk, very small in size and known as an unlucky egg, *umglicks oy*. It is usually the first egg laid or the last one laid before the seasonal halt. The writer vividly recalls being instructed by his



*Frame Chicken House built into hill with recessed floor, Noah Redcay Farm, near McGillstown, Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, 1968. Length 22', width 12'. Note two levels of entrance. This structure is no longer in use, and demolition is planned.*



*Frame Chicken House, Harold G. Ryder Farm, Route 7, Chambersburg, Franklin County, Pennsylvania, 1967. Length 34', width 15', height 8' in front, 6' in rear.*





Frame Chicken House attached to small barn on author's farm, North Annville Township, Lebanon County, 1967. Dimensions: 30' x 16'; height 10' in front, 6' in rear. Note stone foundation and 9 over 6 glass windows.



Frame Chicken House, Chester Maulfair Farm, North Annville Township, 1968. Dimensions: 30' x 23'.

grandmother never to bring an unlucky egg into the house. We were always required to immediately take the egg outside the chicken house. Facing away from the building, the egg was thrown over the roof. It was important not to watch where the egg fell and that no part of it fell on the roof or ill-luck and misfortune would occur. Some believed that removing the egg from the building and throwing it over the left shoulder had the same effect.

Porcelain eggs were sometimes placed in the nests. These, it was thought, would attract the hen into the nest and increase her performance.

Any money that was received from the sale of eggs usually went to the distaff side of the family. Eggs were used for cooking and baking; others were sold to the huckster or bartered at the store for foodstuffs and kitchen necessities.

Colored or dyed eggs were among the things received by children on Easter morning. They were sometimes hidden outside on the lawn if weather permitted or within the house. Indigo and onion shells were used to color the eggs. Eggs were used to test the pickling brine (*lack*), in which meats and vegetables were kept. Enough salt was dissolved in the water to cause an egg to float. "*Es muss en oy drawe!*", people used to say. Eggs were used to test the strength of lye which was produced on the pioneer homestead and farm by pouring water over wood ashes to leach out the lye. Part of the egg was used to spread over freshly baked bread with a feather or cloth to give the bread a glossy crust.

During the winter months as the hay and straw were being used from the mows, it was not unusual to find a nest of eggs. Because of the frugality of the Pennsylvania Dutch, these eggs were not thrown out as one might suspect until it was determined if they were edible or not. Eggs such as these were often used for baking.

Before the days of candling, in order to determine if the eggs could be used without breaking them open, they were placed in fresh water; if the eggs sank, they were edible, if they floated, there was some reason for doubt.

Eggs were plentiful during the spring and summer and scarce over the winter months. During the period that eggs were plentiful they were preserved for use during the winter. In order to help keep eggs fresh from spring to the middle or even the end of winter, it was found necessary to deprive the hens of all communication with roosters for at least one month before the eggs are put away. All sorts of fat, grease or oil were found well adapted to pre-

serve eggs since they effectively stopped the transpiration of matter from the egg. This is a forerunner of our modern method of oil shell treating.

The most common method used to preserve eggs was to place them in quantity in earthen crocks and immersed with a solution of sodium silicate (water-glass). This in diluted form preserved the eggs for months at a time. To do this a stone jar was scalded with boiling water. A solution was then prepared using water that had been boiled and then cooled to ordinary room temperature. To each seven quarts of water one pint of sodium silicate was added. Fresh, clean, unwashed eggs were then selected and placed in the jar. The liquid was poured over the eggs covering them more than an inch above the top ones. They were weighted down with a flat stone, pottery or slate and kept in a dark, cool, dry cellar. Unfertilized eggs can be preserved better and for longer periods with less care. Today, markets require that eggs be unfertilized and properly cooled and handled from the time they are produced until they reach the consumer.

With nests provided, a hen frequently hid her nest and eggs and after three weeks of sitting would make her appearance with a brood of chicks. This proved to be a practical arrangement for replenishing small flocks during earlier years before the days of artificial incubation and brooders because the "cluck" hatched out, warmed and protected the chicks (*bieblin*).

For best conditions it was necessary to provide a nest in a secluded area so as to have the least disturbance possible. Usually the broody hens were set far enough apart so as not to molest each other. After the nest was prepared, and if the broody hen remained on the nest, the eggs were placed beneath her. The larger eggs produced by the older, laying hens were most often chosen since they also produced fewer and better hatching eggs. Fertility of the eggs presented no real problem if the eggs were properly handled since there were usually enough roosters running with the hens. One rooster can normally serve about twenty hens.

It was a common practice to mark the eggs, which were to be placed beneath the broody hen, in some way with a pencil or crayon to identify them from other eggs. Occasionally another hen may have forced herself into the nest and would lay where the eggs were being brooded. The number of eggs and the date they were placed beneath the hen was noted somewhere, usually in the almanac.

The broody hen was set as early in the spring as possible in order to assure production in late summer or early fall.



Those chicks which were hatched out late in the season began laying only the next spring. If the eggs which were to be used for hatching were produced early in the year, they were gathered several times during the day to protect them from extreme cold, thus resulting in better hatchability. An uneven number of eggs, nine to fifteen, were placed beneath the hen depending on the size of the hen and eggs. It was believed that there would be better results if an uneven number were set. It was not at all unusual for the woman of the household, who was generally responsible for setting the eggs, to find she had no brooding hen when needed.

In artificial incubation the necessary humidity is supplied by placing a vessel with water within the interior of the incubator. A brooding hen on her own usually nested directly on the ground, beneath a building, along a fence row or some other secluded spot, which helped to provide the necessary moisture for hatching her chicks. When a box or barrel was provided for a nest, sometimes ground was placed on the bottom beneath the straw or other litter to produce the same results.

A good, broody hen remains on the nest continuously. A hen that tended to be flighty and did not stay on the nest was not given eggs for hatching. Sometimes when broody hens were moved to another more secluded spot, they had a tendency not to want to remain at the new location.

The temperature required to artificially incubate eggs is about 104 or 105 degrees; therefore it is safe to assume that the temperature of the brooding hen rises similarly. When eggs are artificially incubated they are cooled with a fan and turned twice a day. The brooding hen allows her eggs to cool when she leaves the nest usually once a day for feed and water which was placed near the nest. The eggs in the nest were turned with the use of her bill and feet.

The incubation period whether natural or artificial required twenty-one days. Usually the chicks started hatching on the twentieth day. When possible several broody hens were set at the same time and the chicks which hatched were shared with a fewer number of hens. A good, large, mother hen is temperamental and can easily care for twenty or thirty chicks. For this reason one often heard the expression, "*ass gretzich ass en aldi gluck*" (as crabby as an old cluck). In artificial brooding there is always the danger of crowding and smothering.

After the first day the baby chicks with the aid of the mother hen sought out food wherever possible. In addition, the chicks were fed on finely cracked corn or small grains, which may have been soaked and sprouted, and scraps from the table. Chicks were often the victims of lice and worms. Rubbing the heads with lard and sulphur helped to prevent gapes, killing the worms that cause it and in addition helped to control the lice.

Numerous methods were resorted to in order to "break up" a broody hen and bring her back into production again as soon as possible. One of the best and quickest ways to accomplish this was to isolate the hen in a small, enclosed area and not allow her to sit. Sometimes a twine was tied to one of her legs and the other end of the twine was attached to a post or tree. Some told of ducking the hen several times into water thus helping to destroy her desire to sit.

With the coming of electricity and with expansion in mind, some farmers used incubators to hatch the chicks and artificial brooders to provide the necessary heat. This

method of replenishment allowed many more chicks to be raised with more definite results and relatively less effort unless there happened to be a power failure or temperature problems. Today most farmers who keep poultry replenish their flocks by purchasing day-old chicks from a commercial hatchery.

The mixed or mongrel breeds which comprised the early farm and backyard flocks were eventually replaced with American or general purpose breeds. Fowl from this class are medium in weight, have both egg and meat production qualities and mature earlier. They were also good sitters and mothers. On some farms fancy or ornamental chickens were kept for exhibit at shows and fairs. In more recent years commercial egg producers have adopted breeds from the Mediterranean class because of their excellent egg production. For broiler and meat production hybrid or American class breeds are used today.

During the late summer or fall months the fowl began molting, *mause*, in the dialect of the Pennsylvania Dutch, a period of rest and recuperation following a season of egg production. Molting began any time from August to October or even later. As molting progressed, production decreased and egg prices increased. A common expression often heard was "*Die hinkel sin aus-g'leegt*" (the chickens are laid out). Molting was evidenced by the loss of feathers; sometimes to the extent that the chickens were almost bare. If they were in good physical condition the loss of feathers was accompanied with a rapid growth of new ones.

Today poultrymen manage so that pullets will be in production by the time the laying hens begin to molt and market them as they progress to molt at the end of the laying season. With chicks being hatched and started throughout all months of the year and with a balanced feeding program, egg production can be considerably extended.

During earlier years the non-laying and molting hens were sold to the huckster who made his visits weekly or at some regularly designated time. The fowl were then taken or sold to a poultry market where many were sold live since some people preferred to see exactly what they were buying. The *Bucks County Intelligencer* of January 5, 1884, in an article entitled, "How Farmers Managed Forty Years Ago," tells of "...elegant chickens that in those days were sold by the pair and not by the pound, for forty or forty-five cents the pair."

Catching the chickens for market was oftentimes a problem. With a long wire hook, one could reach out and grasp the chicken by a leg without too much trouble. When housed, they were caught after dark when they had roosted. This was done with the aid of a kerosene lantern or light.

Although no real progress in commercial poultry husbandry occurred until after the middle of the 19th Century, it is because of the selective breeding, intensive care and scientific management that chickens and eggs are being produced in large volumes today. The modern, efficient, often windowless houses with electric lighting, running water and controlled, automatic feeding systems provide our ever-expanding population with poultry and egg requirements.

Chickens were the subject of many wills. A will filed in 1792 at the Easton Court House reads, "... *und sie hat das recht sechs hünner vor sich zu halten*" (the right to have six fowl). The will of Peter Lehr, filed February 26, 1785, at the Berks County Courthouse reads, "... *8 dutzend eyer und ein Hinckel wen wir eins brauchen*" (8 dozen eggs and





Combined Pig Sty and Chicken House, on farmstead of Mrs. Tillie Gerhart, Route 1, Reinholds, Lancaster County, 1964.

a chicken if needed). The will of Leonhardt Manbeck filed February 1, 1776, at the Berks County Courthouse reads, "...vier hinckel soll sie haben" (she is to have 4 chickens). The will of Adam Heberly, filed 1791 at the Easton Courthouse reads, "...the third part of the fowl and eggs." The will of John Klotz, Lowhill, filed 1796 at the Easton Courthouse reads, "the fifth part of eggs and fowls." The will of Christian Wengert, Bethel Township, filed 1774 at the Lancaster Courthouse reads, "...and she shall not keep any Fowls on the Premises but my son John give her six eggs a week as long as she remains my widow."

One of the most interesting aspects of this study are the rhymes, riddles, jokes, anecdotes and the many folk beliefs which have evolved and are common to much of the Pennsylvania Dutch Country. Some of these are common knowledge to the writer, some have been gathered in his years of research and still others are to be found in the Pennsylvania Folklife Society Files.

The following verse by D. B. Brunner appeared in the *S' Pennsylvanisch Deutsch Eck, The Morning Call*, Allentown, May 6, 1939.

*Wenn en Mann en Hinkel schtehlt,  
Dann sperren sie en ei;  
Doch wann er dausent Daler schtehlt,  
Gebt er gewöhnlich frei.*

When someone steals a chicken,  
Then he is sent to jail;  
But if he steals a thousand dollars,  
He is allowed to go free.

The following from Charles Reigel, West Reading, Pennsylvania.

*Waar dielt in sei un fedder-fie  
Kummt um sei geld un weis net wie.  
One who deals in hogs and poultry  
Comes by his money without an awareness of it.*

The following from Russell S. Baver, Easton, Pennsylvania.

*On Kie oon geil hav ich mei frait  
Oon aw on goota sei  
On hinkel iss will net feel gelt  
Ovver meir hen sei aw dabei.  
I gain much joy from cattle and horses  
Also with good hogs  
With chickens there is not much profit  
But we have them along with the rest.*

The following from Pierce Swope (*Kasbpar Hufnagel*), Lebanon, Pennsylvania.

*H schteht fer Hinkel  
en Voggel as gaxt  
der Parre saagt  
S' iss nix bessers as waxt.*

H stands for chicken  
A bird that cackles  
The preacher says  
There is nothing better that grows.

*Hocke die Hinkel rum maudrich un schtill  
Langer Regge kumme will*

When the chickens sit around drooping and quiet  
The rain will continue.

Among the riddles and jokes, the following are typical:

*Well hinkel is schmarter, n schwatzes odder n weisses?  
N schwatzes; 's kann n weiss oi leege, ovver n weiss  
hinkel kann ken schwatz oi leega.*

Which chicken is smarter, a black or a white one? A black one, it can lay a white egg but a white chicken cannot lay a black egg.

*Ferwas dunna die hinkel die oier leea?  
Wann sie sie schmeissa deeda dann deeda sie ferbrecha.*

Why do chickens lay eggs?  
If they would throw them, they would break.

*Wass nemmt die gans welt fer n schnuppduch?  
N hinkel, weil s butzt sei schnauvel einich arried uf die  
eerd.*

What takes the whole world for a handkerchief?  
A chicken, because it cleans its beak any place on earth.

*Wenn is hawna hinkel?  
Wanns uff m disch iss.*

*Mer sawgt net (wanns n hawna war)  
"Geb mer hawna, avver geb mer noch hinkel."*

When is a rooster chicken?  
When it is on the table,  
We don't say if it was a rooster

"Give me rooster, but give me more chicken."  
What did the chicken say when she laid an egg?

*Guck, guck, ich hab an oi geleigt.*  
Look, look, I laid an egg.

Why did the chicken cross the street?  
To get to the other side.

How true the well known saying which applies to children who will not help support a parent. The chicken scratches for its chicks but how often do the chicks scratch for the mother hen?

*Die maed was peife und die hinkel wie greea sett mer  
eera bals rum dreea.* Girls who whistle and chickens that crow should have their necks twisted.

*Hinkel as frie marryeds singa ferliera alsamool eera kepp  
bis ooveds.* Chickens that cackle early in the morning sometimes loose their heads by evening.

*En hinkel os grait but der deivel in sich.* A hen that crows has got the devil in it.

The following huckster cry used by a young lad who was selling fowl is very illustrative:

*Dry goods  
un gulleruus  
un hens un hen's husbands  
un turn arounds.*

There are also numerous jokes and sayings about ministers who stuff themselves with chicken when invited to a meal or after a funeral service.

On Ascension day a hired hand on a neighbor's farm put a cluck with the chicks out in a coop. It needed a little repairing, so he went for a hammer. The farmer saw him and told him, "*Schlag narriyeds ken naggel bie uff*



*Himmeljerdaug.*" Never drive a nail on Ascension Day.

Considerable folklore has evolved over the years which has been handed down from one generation to another by word of mouth. Some common beliefs were:

"*Won tsway hawna das same hinkel dribbla, no gebts tswilling in der freindschaft.*"

"If two roosters mate with the same chicken, twins will be born among the relatives."

"*Waern mostasch rese will un kann net muss di eberscht lefts mit siser ram oder me hinkeldrek schmire un no in re dunkle nacht en schwaerzi katz es ab schleke losse.*"<sup>4</sup>

"If you want to raise a moustache and cannot, rub sweet cream or chicken dung on the lip and let a black cat lick it on a dark night."

"*Wann em en hinkel dod get, muss mers iber di lein drage, no get kens me dod.*"<sup>5</sup>

"Carry a dead chicken beyond the confines of your own premises to prevent others from dying."

"If the chickens have an awful cackling in the morning on the roost before they get off for the day, it signifies death."<sup>6</sup>

"If the chickens cackle *en masse* before daybreak, one will soon hear of a funeral."<sup>7</sup>

"If you wash your feet in a bucket or dish and let the water stand over night, the chickens will die."<sup>8</sup>

"The counting of chickens or lambs in the spring will cause ill luck."<sup>9</sup>

"If a rooster crows in front of the gate, company will come."<sup>10</sup>

In addition to being pets to the children, the barnyard fowl, particularly the rooster, frequently proved to be a good prognosticator.

It was a common belief before the day of official weather forecasting, that "if a chicken greases its feathers when perched, it will rain. If the chicken is on the ground and does it, this is an indication of fair weather."

"If on a rainy day the rain ceases but is still overcast and the chickens perch on the top rail of the fence, cleaning and smoothing out their feathers (*sie dubne sich puddre*), is a sure sign that the sun will shine very shortly."<sup>11</sup>

"Chickens take extra pains in oiling their feathers just before a storm."<sup>12</sup>

"When chickens do not go inside out of the rain, the rain will continue for awhile."

"If it starts to rain and the chickens run for shelter, the rain will not last long. If they slop around in the rain with their tail feathers drooping, the rain will continue for sometime."

"When chickens in the rain have their tail feathers down, it will continue to rain until they raise them."<sup>13</sup>

"*Wann di hinkel aerik schpringe wanns afangt regere schtopts glei.*"<sup>14</sup> "If chickens run for shelter when it begins to rain, the rain will not last long."

<sup>4</sup>Pennsylvania Folklife Society Files.

<sup>5</sup>Edwin M. Fogel, *Beliefs and Superstitions of the Pennsylvania Germans* (Philadelphia, 1915), p. 370, No. 1984.

<sup>6</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 183, No. 886.

<sup>7</sup>Pennsylvania Folklife Society Files, Helen Moser.

<sup>8</sup>Pennsylvania Folklife Society Files, G. F. Moore Collection, No. 16.

<sup>9</sup>Pennsylvania Folklife Society Files, Wayne Gruber Collection.

<sup>10</sup>S. M. Sener, "Local Superstitions," *Lancaster County Historical Society*, IX, 243.

<sup>11</sup>Russell S. Baver.

<sup>12</sup>Pennsylvania Folklife Society Files, Wayne Gruber Collection.

<sup>13</sup>John Baer Stoudt, "Weather Prognostications and Superstitions among the Pennsylvania Germans," *Pennsylvania German Magazine*, VI, 335.

<sup>14</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>15</sup>Fogel, *op. cit.*, p. 226, No. 1150.



*Walkway leading to chicken roost, interior of chicken house on Luther Kleinfelter Farm, North Londonderry Township, Lebanon County, 1968.*

"*Won de hinkel schpringa wons awefongt tsu rayera, no iss es gly ferbye.*"<sup>15</sup> "If the chickens run when it begins to rain, it will soon be over."

"*Won de hinkel sich uf de fens rum bucka im raya, no gebts noch mainer.*"<sup>16</sup> "If the chickens sit on the fence when it rains, it will give more rain."

"*Wann di hinkel im rege lafe gebts noch mener rege.*"<sup>17</sup> "Chickens walking about in the rain is a sign of more rain."

"*Won die hinkel im raya laufsa, no gebts net feel. Won sie sich uff de fens bucka no gebts nuch mainer sella daug.*"<sup>18</sup> "If the chickens walk around in the rain, it will not continue long. If they sit on the fence it will give more rain that day."

"If the rooster crows in the chicken house before ten o'clock in the evening, it will rain the next day."<sup>19</sup>

"There will be a change in the weather if the rooster crows on the manure pile in February."<sup>20</sup>

"If fowl roll in the dust, rain is at hand."<sup>21</sup>

"The earlier the chickens molted the more severe the winter would be; the later, the winter would be more mild."

"*Wann di hinkel sich s' erscht mause is der forwinter haert; wann binne, der nochwinter.*"<sup>22</sup> "If chickens moult first on the fore part of their body, the early part of winter will be severe, if on the rear, the end of winter."

"*Wann di hinkel sich im Aguscht mause gebts en haerter winter, im Oktober en leichter.*"<sup>23</sup> "If chickens moult in August, winter will be severe, in October, mild."

"The early moulting of domestic fowls is an indication of an early winter."<sup>24</sup>

"*Wann di hinkel fedriche be un fis grige bedeits en haerter winter.*"<sup>25</sup> "If the lower legs of chickens are well covered with feathers, the winter will be severe."

Mrs. Harvey Ropp, near Bindnagle's Church, Lebanon County, told that her mother used to say, "The first meat

<sup>15</sup>Victor C. Dieffenbach, Bethel, Berks County.

<sup>16</sup>Victor C. Dieffenbach.

<sup>17</sup>Fogel, *op. cit.*, p. 225, No. 1141.

<sup>18</sup>Victor C. Dieffenbach.

<sup>19</sup>Russell S. Baver.

<sup>20</sup>Russell S. Baver.

<sup>21</sup>Russell S. Baver.

<sup>22</sup>Stoudt, *op. cit.*, *Pennsylvania German Magazine*, VII, 243.

<sup>23</sup>Fogel, *op. cit.*, p. 222, No. 1120.

<sup>24</sup>Fogel, *op. cit.*, p. 221, No. 1116.

<sup>25</sup>Stoudt, *op. cit.*, *Pennsylvania German Magazine*, VI, 330.

<sup>26</sup>Fogel, *op. cit.*, p. 221, No. 1117.



fed to a child should be *s' schnebberli*, then it would learn to talk early. *Dann fungts glei aw schnebbere.*"

Only pork and never fowl was to be eaten on New Year's Day. The reasoning is that a hog scratches toward itself; the fowl away from itself. This practice would mean more wealth during the year. Superstition or not, this practice is still carried on within many Pennsylvania Dutch homes today.

"On New Year's Day one should eat pork and not fowl, for luck since a fowl scratches backward, that would mean going backward, while a hog roots forward, then one should progress."<sup>26</sup>

The breast bone, wishbone (*der tziek gnucha*) of the chicken was and still is sought after by the younger folk. Grasping hold at each end of the V-shaped bone, the ends are pulled apart until it snaps. The one having the longer piece of the bone makes a wish and it will be granted. Another belief among many families was that the one who gets the longer piece will be the first to rock the cradle.

"*Wammer der bruschtgnuche fume binkel ferbrecht, des as es kaerz grikt beiert's erscht; 's letscht.*"<sup>27</sup> "When breaking the wishbone of a chicken, the one who gets the smaller piece will be the first to marry; the last."

"Whoever in pulling the merry thought of fowl apart gets the smaller half will be the first to marry."

"*Wammer der bruschtgnuche fume binkel ferbrecht, des, was di schipp grikt lebt lenger as des was di gruphak grikt, danns hot di schipp fer helfe 's anner zu begrabe.*"<sup>28</sup>

"When breaking the wishbone of a chicken, the person getting the longer piece will die first. (Literally, the person getting the shovel will live longer than the person getting the mattock, for he has the shovel with which to help bury the other.)"

"Take a wishbone and break it, the one ending with the longer end will outlive the person who drew the shorter piece."<sup>29</sup>

"If you swallow a chicken heart raw, the first one who kisses you will be your husband or wife."<sup>30</sup>

"*Daer wu mer dra denkt wammern binkelhaerzel ro schlukt gebt em sei mann.*"<sup>31</sup> "Swallow a raw chicken heart and the one you are thinking of while doing it will be your future husband."

"One should not pity the chicken when it is being killed or it will struggle to die."

"If a chicken struggles a long time after its head is chopped off, someone is pitying it."<sup>32</sup>

"It is said that if a cross is made on the ground with an axe and the chopping block is placed on top of the cross, the chicken will not struggle but will keep lying on its back on the block after its head is cut off."<sup>33</sup>

"To find out who the hex is in the neighborhood, if when you butcher a chicken you find a developed egg, which the chicken was ready to drop, take this egg along to church. The woman who is a hex will think there is something on her head and will 'work' at her head."<sup>34</sup>

"To prevent hawks from catching chickens, heat a poker in the fire until it is red hot; then take it out and make

a young lady whisper to it the name of her lover, and the hawk will leave."<sup>35</sup>

"If by oversight, a hen was set on a Friday, every egg hatched and never one would fall prey to a chicken hawk."<sup>36</sup>

"They used to lay a 'blucks-line' in a circle and crumble the first three fasnachts in it for the chickens. The folk belief was that if one did this, the hawks would not fetch the chickens or the chicks."<sup>37</sup>

"*Di Grischdacknacht schpannt mern schtrik so weit as di hinkel rumlaje, no bole di woi ken hinkel.*"<sup>38</sup> "If on Christmas night you stretch a rope to as far as the chickens roam, hawks will not prey on them."

"*In der Christtagnacht steckt man eine dunggabel auf den mist, dann verliert sich kein hubn.*"<sup>39</sup> "If on Christmas night you stick a manure fork in manure you will not lose any fowl."

"*Wammer drei saerte frucht di Grischdacknacht nauschtellt un fidert si no de binkel de Grischdak un Neijormaerge, kann ken woi selli hinkel grige.*"<sup>40</sup> "Hawks will not catch the chickens which were fed Christmas and New Year's mornings with three kinds of grain which had been set out on Christmas night."

"If corn was set outside on Christmas Eve and left on the outside for the dew of Christmas to fall on it; and the whole kernels fed to the chickens, would provide health to the fowl throughout the year."<sup>41</sup>

"On Ash Wednesday it was customary for the Pennsylvania Dutch farmers to ash their horses, cows, pigs and chickens. It was believed they would remain free of lice for the year."<sup>42</sup>

"Don't talk about chicks at the table or else they will fall prey to hawks."<sup>43</sup>

"*Grimmlin rumschattere so dass die woi die bieblin net boola.*"<sup>44</sup> "Scatter crumbs around so that the hawks won't fetch the chicks."

Chickens were used in numerous ways to help provide folk cures and panaceas for human ailments and diseases. If a child "had no rest" the following was prescribed as a cure. "*Nemm n schwatz hinkel*, (take a black chicken), must be black all over. Take egg laid by such a chicken, rub over the child three times. *Dann kochs eb die sunn uffgeet, no ferbrech di schawl un leigs uff n uumensa-haufa* (then cook it before the sun rises and break the shell and lay the egg on an ant hill). Never look around when doing this. As soon as the egg is consumed the illness will disappear."<sup>45</sup>

"To cure a toothache, take the warm blood of a freshly killed chicken, then take a mouthful and 'spritz' it around the place where the pain is."<sup>46</sup>

"The breast bone of a chicken was put in a little bag and hung around the neck of the children to ward off the whooping cough."<sup>47</sup>

For bellyache, "Either chicken or horse manure soaked in warm water."<sup>48</sup>

<sup>26</sup>Sener, *op. cit.*, Lancaster County Historical Society, IX, 241.

<sup>27</sup>Arthur D. Graeff, "Scholla," *ReadingTimes*, October 17, 1952.

<sup>28</sup>Pennsylvania Folklife Society Files, Mrs. John Beaver.

<sup>29</sup>Fogel, *op. cit.*, p. 181, No. 872.

<sup>30</sup>Fogel, *op. cit.*, p. 181, No. 872.

<sup>31</sup>Fogel, *op. cit.*, p. 181; No. 874.

<sup>32</sup>Baver, *op. cit.*, p. 17.

<sup>33</sup>*Pennsylvania Dutchman*, February 1950, p. 3.

<sup>34</sup>Pennsylvania Folklife Society Files, G. F. Moore Collection.

<sup>35</sup>Pennsylvania Folklife Society Files, Menno Brubaker.

<sup>36</sup>Pennsylvania Folklife Society Files, Mrs. Margaret Fieman.

<sup>37</sup>*Pennsylvania Dutchman*, July 1, 1951, p. 7.

<sup>38</sup>*Penn Germania*, XIV:3 (March 1913), 177.

<sup>39</sup>Pennsylvania Folklife Society Files, Alice Ziemer.

<sup>26</sup>Mrs. Idella Brown, Laureldale, Pennsylvania.

<sup>27</sup>Fogel, *op. cit.*, p. 85, No. 322.

<sup>28</sup>Fogel, *op. cit.*, p. 85, No. 323.

<sup>29</sup>"Wishbone Lore," *Pennsylvania Dutchman*, June 9, 1949, p. 3.

<sup>30</sup>Pennsylvania Folklife Society Files, Wayne Gruber Collection.

<sup>31</sup>Fogel, *op. cit.*, p. 62, No. 194.

<sup>32</sup>Russell S. Baver, "H is for Hinkle," *Pennsylvania Folklife*, Autumn 1962.

<sup>33</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 18.

<sup>34</sup>Pennsylvania Folklife Society Files, David Walmer.



# Eighteenth-Century Emigrants to America From the Duchy of Zweibrücken and the Germersheim District

By FRIEDRICH KREBS

Translated and Edited by DON YODER

[The many articles on the 18th Century emigration by Dr. Friedrich Krebs of the State Archives, Speyer, West Germany, provide invaluable information for Pennsylvania social historians, folklife scholars, and genealogists. The present article, entitled in German "Auswanderer nach Amerika im 18. Jahrhundert aus dem ehemaligen Herzogtum Zweibrücken und dem kurpfälzischen Oberamt Germersheim," appeared in *Pfälzische Familien- und Wappenkunde* (Ludwigshafen/Rh.), XVI. Jahrgang (1967), Band 6, Heft 3, 89-95, in the section of the journal edited by Dr. Fritz Braun and entitled "Mitteilungen zur Wanderungsgeschichte der Pfälzer."

Additional information on several of the emigrants listed (Clementz, Sonntag) can be found in (1) William John Hinke and John Baer Stoudt, "A List of German Immigrants to the American Colonies from Zweibrücken in the Palatinate, 1728-1749," *The Pennsylvania German Folklore Society*, I (1936), 101-124; and (2) Friedrich Krebs, "A List of German Immigrants to the American Colonies from Zweibrücken in the Palatinate, 1750-1771," *The Pennsylvania German Folklore Society*, XVI (1951), 171-183.—EDITOR.]

1. *Berckmann-Gaul*. On September 7, 1792, *Johannes Berckman(n)*, resident and tanner at Maxatawny, Berks County, Pennsylvania, native of the Zweibrücken Superior Bailiwick of Lichtenberg, son of *Hermann Christoph Berckmann*, clerk to the petty sessions of Lichtenberg and his wife *Johanna Henrietta Philippina Goldner*, made out, at Philadelphia, to *Martin Gaul*, merchant and businessman in the city of Philadelphia, a power of attorney for the reception of his parental property. From this power of attorney we understand that *Martin Gaul* had recently been resident of Otterberg in the Electoral Palatinate. He may be identical with the *Johann Marthin Gaul* who arrived in Philadelphia, October 29, 1770, on the ship "Sally" (Strassburger-Hinke, *Pennsylvania German Pioneers*, List 283).

2. *Clemenz-Säger*. In the Protocol of the Superior Bailiwick of Bergzabern for 1761 there is found a reference to *Jakob Clemenz* who had emigrated in the year 1753 from Ilbesheim, District of Landau, whose attorney, one *Gabriel Säger*, had emigrated to America seven years previously (i.e., in 1754), and was born in Allertshofen, District of Darmstadt, son of *Johann Balthasar Seeger (Säger)*, who was later schoolmaster in Kleinbieberau, District of Dieburg, and his wife *Anna Elisabetha*. In 1761 *Gabriel Säger* appeared and reclaimed the outstanding property of *Jakob Clemenz*. He produced a power of attorney dated at Philadelphia, November 1, 1760, according to which *Jakob Clemenz* lived at Bedminster in Bucks County, Penn-



Baroque-spired village church  
at Göllheim in the Palatinate.

sylvania, and *Gabriel Säger* in Rockhill in the same county. But in the entry in the Bergzabern protocols, Skippack, now in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, is given as the residence of *Gabriel Säger*. *Gabriel Seeger* is one of the passengers of the ship "Nancy," who as new arrivals took their oath of allegiance on September 14, 1754, at Philadelphia (Strassburger-Hinke, List 215).





Village Street in Hassloch. Farmers live in Palatine villages, drive out of town to farm. Note huge farmhouses (center) with arched wagon gates to enclosed farmyards.

According to records at the Heimatstelle Pfalz *Jacob Clemens* had married on January 16, 1753, at Mörzheim, District of Landau, *Anna Margaretha Schwartz*, who was born there March 27, 1733, daughter of *Georg Schwartz*. The Clemenses emigrated to America in the same year. *Gabriel Säger* (*Seeger*) was born at Allertshofen, July 24, 1734; his mother's maiden name was *Keller*. He died January 31, 1816, in Bristol Township, Trumbull County, Ohio. Through his marriage on April 8, 1762, to *Margareta Delp* (born September 26, 1737, in Kleinbieberau), *Gabriel Säger* became a Mennonite. *Margaretha Säger* died August 20, 1822.

3. *Diehl*. By ordinance of the Zweibrücken Government of March 25, 1777, it was decided that the present as well as the future property of *Johannes Diehl* should be seized for the treasury and that the 300 florins which his father *Jacob Diehl* had, against regulations, sent to his son in America, should, after the father's death, likewise fall to the treasury out of his estate. *Johannes Diehl*, who had already "gone to America" illegally some years previously and "is actually there now," was the son of the Zweibrücken citizen and tanner *Jacob Diehl*. A further governmental decision of January 27, 1789, further declared that the maternal inheritance of *Johannes Diehl* (who had died at Reading in Pennsylvania) be seized for the treasury, but that the paternal legacy, until the minor son of *Johannes*

Photographs by H. Ullmann, from A. Pfeiffer, *Pfälzische Dorfbilder*, an album of Palatine village views published in Munich about half a century ago.

*Diehl* in Reading achieved his majority, should be administered by a guardian in the homeland; however, the interest should be turned over to the son. But as for the remainder, *Johannes Diehl's* co-heirs and brothers and sisters, 5/6 of the 300 florins which *Jacob Diehl* already had sent on earlier to America and which had already been seized for the treasury, should be made good out of the inheritance of *Johannes Diehl*, so that they would be held indemnified for the "forbidden emigration of their brother." The emigration cannot for the present be traced further, since there are several emigrants by this name.

4. *Gentes* (*Jentes*)-*Herzel-Neu*. According to a report of the burgomaster's office of Webenheim of June 13, 1788, the following persons from Breitfurt had "some years ago left for America," and "their property confiscated presumably on account of illegal emigration:

- a. *Juliana Margaretha Gentes* (*Jentes*), wife of the former chairmaker *Andreas Herzel* of Zweibrücken.
- b. *Georg Elias Gentes* (*Jentes*).
- c. *Jacob Neu*.
- d. *Magdalena Neu*.

The request of *Christian Vogelgesang* of Mittelbach, a stepbrother of *Juliana Margaretha Jentes* of Breitfurt, for delivery of the legacy of the emigrated persons, was denied by order of the Zweibrücken Government, October 24 1788, because the petitioner was "a bad manager." The real estate of *Georg Elias Jentes* in Breitfurt was sold at auction on September 19, 1788, for which 110 florins and 45 kreuzer were realized. *Georg Elias Jentes* is surely identical with the *Elias Jentes* who landed at Philadelphia in 1754 on the ship "Phoenix" and took the oath of allegiance there on October 1, 1754 (*Strassburger-Hinke*, List 222). As





Quiet reigns in Scheibenhart. Note half-timbered houses, also pent roofs to protect walls and window frames from weathering—the continental root of Pennsylvania's "Germantown Pent Roof"

proof of the correctness of the identity the fact should be considered that other emigrants from the Zweibrücken area were on the same ship.

There are additional emigrants by the name of *Neu* known to have come from Breifurt: *Joseph Neu*, son of *Georg Neu* of Breifurt, and *Christina Margaretha Gentes*, emigrated in 1740 to America. His brother *Peter Neu* followed in 1753. *Johann Otto Neu*, son of *Wilhelm Neu* of Breifurt and wife *Anna Margaretha*, and his brother *Johann Simon Neu* were living in America in May, 1767.

5. *Jopp (Job)*. In the Germersheim Documents (*Ausfautheiakten*<sup>1</sup> No.100) in the State Archives at Speyer there is found under date of April 4, 1754, the inventory of one *Michael Jopp (Job)* of Ottersheim, District of Germersheim, of whom it is said that he died some time ago, but his wife *Anna Maria* had died six or seven years ago. According to an entry in the Reformed Church Register of Ottersheim *Michael Job* was buried on March 9, 1754, at Ottersheim, at the age of about 90 years. Of the children of *Michael Jop* the daughter *Margaretha* (who had married *Thomas Kern* of Freisbach, District of Germersheim) had emigrated to America. *Nikolaus Jop*, son of *Georg* and grandson of *Michael Jop*, is described in the same family

<sup>1</sup> I prefer to leave this word in the original since there is no precise equivalent in English. "Ausfautheiakten" are 18th Century inheritance and guardianship records. The curious word, not in most German dictionaries, comes from the name of the official of the Electoral Palatinate who produced the records, the "Ausfauth." This word in turn is related to "Fauth" (Vogt). The nearest English equivalent would be something between notary and clerk of the orphans court.—EDITOR.

register in which the daughter *Margaretha* appears, as "in the New Land." According to this the father of *Nikolaus Jop* had emigrated, and is surely identical with *George Job* who landed in Philadelphia in 1738 on the ship "Davy" and took the oath of allegiance there October 25, 1738 (Strassburger-Hinke, List 61).

From *Nikolaus Job* in Lancaster, the capital of the county of the same name in Pennsylvania, three letters were sent to his relative *Johannes Ludwig* in Ottersheim, who was married to *Job's* aunt *Appollonia*. The letters are dated December 8, 1755; February 7, 1762; and August 11, 1763. They all have to do with the reclamation of the paternal inheritance. *Georg Job* cannot be identified with certainty in the Reformed Church Register of Ottersheim, since there was a *Hanss Görg Job* confirmed there on Easter of 1711, aged 16, and in 1715 a *Georg Job* confirmed at 15, [both of] whom appear from 1715 to 1723 as godfathers at various baptismal entries.

From the standpoint of its contents the most interesting of the three emigrant letters is that of December 8, 1755, given here:

This letter is to come to *Johannes Ludwig* in Ottersheim near Lanttau.

God greet you, Dear Cousins and Aunt!

If these few lines will find you well, we shall be greatly pleased. As for us, we are, thank God, still all active and well. As for further matters, we received your letter all right and note therein that you want to send me my property that is coming to me from Grandfather's estate, by a trusty man named *Jacob Henning*, resident in Lancaster [*Lenckester*] with his wife and



child. I trust this man as if I myself were among you. So I will leave it up to you. I hope you will know best what it is worth, since it would not pay me to go there and fetch it myself. But as for the rest I hope that you will indeed send me, with this man, what is coming to me. You yourself are well aware that my father, viz., Georg Jopp, had received little or nothing, so I leave it up to you, to your good opinion and conscience. Deal with me whatever you think is right on both sides, for I do not demand more than what belongs to me. You can leave it up to this man, for he is a propertied man by the name of Jacob Henning, resident in Lancaster, for I will perhaps not have such an opportunity soon again. Further as to Cousin Thomas Kern, they live a day's journey from us, but as we have heard, they are still well.

Further than that I know nothing to write, except that I Nicklaus Jopp do send my Aunt Apolonia Ludwig a silver finger-ring as a remembrance.

Remain your true friend Nicklaus Jopp.

Written, the 8th of December, 1755, Lancaster in Pennsylvania [*Lenckester in Bintzel[ania]*].

In the later letters it is reported that *Nikolaus Jopp* received 100 florins of his paternal inheritance, through his attorney *Matheis Rost*, and that his relative *Thomas Kern* had died in 1761, leaving behind a widow, who was living with her son.

6. *Reb*. In the document collection of the municipal archives of Ilbesheim, District of Landau, there is a "Speci-

fication of those who have gone to the New Land." In it was reported:

In 1749 the Reformed school porter [*Schuldiener*] *Reb* from here allowed his son to go there—*Jacob* by name, single, who was subject to no vassalage, had according to the deposition of his father taken along not more than 8 florins in cash and sundry household goods estimated at 16 florins, 8 batzen, 8 pfennig. In 1753 the abovementioned *Reb* allowed a daughter to emigrate, named *Linora (Eleonore)*, single, subject to no vassalage, who received to take along on her journey 52 florins, 7 batzen, 8 pfennig, and sundry household goods and other victuals estimated at 42 florins.

According to an entry in the Reformed Church Register of Ilbesheim and Leinsweiler, District of Landau, *Jacob Reb* was confirmed in 1747, *Eleonore* in 1748. The birth entry of both is not to be found in that church register. Up to 1733 the *Schuldiener* named in the said church book is *Johann Peter Regula*. According to this the family of *Jacob Reb* must have removed there later. *Jacob Reb* reached Philadelphia on the ship "Phoenix" and took the oath of allegiance on August 28, 1750 (Strassburger-Hinke, List 154).

7. *Reich (Reicher)*. On order of the Zweibrücken authorities, dated February 25, 1758, the property of *Georg Reich* of Mittelbach, who had emigrated "about five years ago to America," was confiscated for the treasury in accordance with the edict of May 9, 1739. Through a later decision of the Zweibrücken authorities of April 11, 1758, this confiscation of property was again annulled.

According to the family register of Mittelbach-Hengstbach, the *Johann Georg Reich* must be meant here, who was born April 27, 1733, Reformed, at Mittelbach, son of *Johann Reich(er)*—who had originally come from Reichenbach in the district of Berne in Switzerland—and his wife (of the second marriage), *Elisabeth Klein*.

8. *Riess*. An edict of the Zweibrücken Government of October 21, 1790, states that the parental property fallen to the brothers *Christian* and *Georg Riess* of Mausbach, who had gone to America, is seized for the treasury on account of this emigration, and is to be awarded as a gift of the government to *Ludwig Riess* of Mausbach, who is serving in the Ducal Body-Guard Regiment. A *Johann Georg Riess* was on the ship "Halifax" in 1754 (Strassburger-Hinke, List 227) and a *Christian Rietz* in the same year on the ship "Neptune" (Strassburger-Hinke, List 221). According to records of the Heimatstelle Pfalz a *Melchior Riess* of Mausbach had emigrated to America by 1749, with wife and four children.

9. *Salathe*. According to an entry in the Protocol of the Superior Bailiwick of Bergzabern for the year 1771, dated February 6, 1771 (State Archives, Speyer, Souveränitätslande<sup>2</sup> Akt No.1037), *Sophia Vierling*, who was not a native of the Palatinate, widow of the cowherd *Philipp Jacob Salathe* of Bergzabern, left to each of her three then absent sons, who as appears from the text of the entry were in America, *Niklaus Salathe*, *Michael Salathe*, and *Johannes Salathe*, a legacy of 5 gulden. The entry in the protocol of the superior bailiwick refers to a will of the testatrix dated January 1, 1771.

2 "Souveränitätslande" were the territories between the rivers Weislauter and Queich in the Southeastern Palatinate, to which France claimed sovereignty according to the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648. Some German states, such as the Duchy of Zweibrücken, acknowledged the French claims.—EDITOR.



The journey home in vintage time  
—along the Haardt at Neustadt.



*Nikolaus Salathe* landed in 1752 on the ship "Snow Ketty" in the port of Philadelphia and there took the oath of allegiance on October 16, 1752 (Strassburger-Hinke, List 189). *Johannes Salade* and *Migel Salade* landed in 1764 on the ship "King of Prussia" and likewise took the oath of allegiance in Philadelphia on October 13, 1764 (Strassburger-Hinke, List 264).

The family of *Salathe* is surely of Swiss origin. According to the records of the Heimatstelle Pfalz one *Johann Georg Salathe* from Canton Basel in Switzerland was in 1662 Reformed pastor in Marnheim, District of Kirchheimbolanden. *Barbara Salathe* from Arisdorf, Canton Basel, died in 1694 at Oberhoffen, Alsace.

10. *Scheidt*. According to an entry in the Court Protocol of the Superior Bailiwick of Bergzabern dated 1786, pages 677-679 (State Archives, Speyer, Souveränitätslande Akt No. 1056), the portion of the inheritance of the deceased parents of *Georg Scheidt* and *Heinrich Scheidt* of Hergersweiler, who had emigrated to America in the years 1748 and 1749, had been openly confiscated for the treasury on account of illegal emigration. The portion of *Georg Scheidt*(t) amounted to 5 florins, 9 batzen, and 1 pfennig, the portion of *Heinrich Scheidt*(t) to 35 florins, 9 batzen, and 1 pfennig, which *Heinrich Scheidt*'s inlaws at Hergersweiler had to pay—altogether 41 florins, 3 batzen, and 2 pfennig.

In the oath list, which was subscribed by the passengers on the ship "Dragon" at Philadelphia on October 17, 1749, there appear, one after the other, the names of *Conrad, Georg, and Georg Henry "Sbyd"*. These three emigrants did not personally sign the list, but used only a mark. The family name was entered by the clerk in the above-named form, which certainly must be read as *Scheidt*. According to this *Conrad Scheidt* must have been a close relative of *Georg and Georg Henry* (Strassburger-Hinke, List 143).

11. *Sonntag*. A letter from *Adam Sonntag* from Selchenbach, living in Pennsylvania, to his brother *Nikolaus Sonntag*:

Esteemed brother Nicklas Sonntag! We have sent you a deed of gift in which we have made over to you everything which is to be found in the Duchy, for Cousin Brill of Pfeffelbach told me everything, he knew everything, as it stands among you, and also said I should remember you, for you are an honest man. You will also not be unfair to me, for we have suffered and endured much with the war. He also said how clever you are at clockmaking, and in your trade; if you are as expert as Cousin Brill has told me, if you came among us you could earn much money and live quite richly and perfectly. To write to you of this country is not necessary—Brill will have told you everything. Send me a large Bible and a dozen hymn-books, even though it be very [—]; they must be Zweibrücken hymnals. And send me too a shipment of iron rods, a horse must be able to work in a horse-collar, and they must be eight feet long. There are three letters in addition to the deed of gift. This letter you must show to no one. You will have a brotherly love, for I also have it toward you and yours. A greeting, esteemed brother Nicklas Sonntag in the Duchy of Zweibrücken, District of Lichtenberg.

Done at Tulpehocken (*Tulbenhacken*), Berks (*Bercks*) County, on the 29th of June, 1768.

*Adam Sontag*

*Anna Elisabetha Sonntag*'s mark.

This letter and a second one are preserved in Akt Zweibrücken I No. 1332/2, in the State Archives at Speyer. As *Hann Adam Sonntag* he had signed the oath of allegiance at Philadelphia on October 26, 1741, with the passengers

who had arrived in the ship "Snow Molly" (Strassburger-Hinke, List 88).

According to records of the Heimatstelle Pfalz *Hans Adam Sonntag* was born about 1714. In a list of emigrants to America from the Zweibrücken area from an American source, Pfeffelbach, District of Birkenfeld, was given as the place of the emigrant's origin.

12. *Waldmann*. In the Rent Accounts of Ingenheim for 1780-1781 (State Archives, Speyer, Souveränitätslande Akt No. 1253) under the rubric "Money Outstanding," Folio 103, it appears that "*Immanuel Waldmann*, formerly resident at Appenhoofen, now in America, is in arrears of 6 florins 21 kreuzer capital the interest with annually 19 kreuzer from the year 1767 to 1780, 13 years . . . 4 florins 8 kreuzer."

*Immanuel Waldmann* was citizen, local collector of taxes for the Electoral Palatinate, and church elder at Appenhofen. He was married to *Margaretha Beuerle*. On October 26, 1768, *Emanuel Waltmann* and his eldest son *Görg Jacob* inscribed their names on the oath of allegiance with the other passengers of the ship "Crawford" in the court house at Philadelphia (Strassburger-Hinke, List 272).

Children, born at Appenhofen, are listed as follows in the Church Register of Billigheim:

- a. *Georg Jacob*, born December 12, baptized 15, 1745.
- b. *Johann David*, born August 21, baptized 25, 1748, died at Appenhofen, January 23, 1749.
- c. *Johann Nicolaus*, born December 12, baptized 14, 1749, died at Appenhofen, March 9, 1751.
- d. *Johann Wilhelm*, born April 7, baptized 9, 1752.
- e. *Marianna*, born June 9, baptized 12, 1755.
- f. *Georg Michael*, born April 20, baptized 23, 1758.
- g. *Georg Friedrich Sam(uel)*, born March 12, baptized 15, 1761.
- h. *Johann Michael*, born March 27, baptized 27, 1763, died at Appenhofen, October 29, 1763.

13. *Theobald-Jung-Kuntz-Anthess*. A decision of the Zweibrücken Government, November 11, 1758, under reference to a report of the Palatine Antskeller<sup>3</sup> Hautt of Nohfelden, concerns resolutions about "different district bondsmen in that place, who went to America without being manumitted." The property of *Friedrich Theobald* of Wolfersweiler had already been confiscated by rescript of March 11, 1755, and there the matter should end. Because *Michael Theobald* had not reported to the District before his departure, so also his property was to be attached and shortly seized.

The property of *Johannes Jung*, son of *Friedrich Jung* of Wolfersweiler, remains confiscated; likewise that of his sister *Elisabeth Barbara Jung* is to be seized, because she had not reported to the district office before departure. The two last confiscations were still of concern to the Zweibrücken Government in the year 1774.

Also the property of *Johann Nickel Kuntz* of Achtelsbach was to be seized for failing to give notice before emigration; on similar grounds also the property of *Friedrich Anthess* of Ellweiler and *Franz Anthess* of Ellweiler (Source: State Archives, Speyer, Act No. 1838 I of Archive Division Zweibrücken III).

*Friedrich Theobald* appears in Strassburger-Hinke, List 231 A-C; *Johann Michel Theobald*, List 141 C; *Nick Cuntz*, List 141 C; and *Johann Friedrich Antes*, List 117 C.

<sup>3</sup> "Amtskeller" was an official who had charge of the administration of taxes and the natural revenues of the state (wine, corn, etc.). There seems to be no 20th Century equivalent in either the German or the American governmental systems.—EDITOR.



## Contributors to this Issue

HARRY E. SMITH, Palm Bay, Florida, writes in this issue some of his reminiscences of his Sunbury boyhood in the 1880's and '90's. These revealing memoirs of town life in Pennsylvania in the last decades of the 19th and first decades of the 20th Centuries are interesting to compare with Lewis Edgar Riegel's reminiscences of his boyhood in Shoemakersville and Reading, in earlier issues of *Pennsylvania Folklife*.

PROF. DONALD R. FRIARY, New Paltz, New York, is teaching American Civilization at the State University College of New York at New Paltz, and in the summer he is Director of the Study Program at Heritage Foundation, Deerfield, Massachusetts. He is at present finishing his doctoral dissertation on Anglican Church Architecture of the Middle Colonies, in the American Civilization Program at the University of Pennsylvania.

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AMOS LONG, JR., Annville, Pennsylvania, is well known to the readers of *Pennsylvania Folklife* as author of a series of articles on the small outbuildings on the Pennsylvania Farm. The latest in the series appeared in the Winter 1966-1967 issue (Vol. XVI No. 2), and was entitled "The Woodshed." Others have dealt with the bakeoven, the cornercrib, the smokehouse, the summer kitchen, the food-storage cellar, and the privy.

DR. FRIEDRICH KREBS, of Speyer, West Germany, is an archivist at the Palatine State Archives at Speyer, and a specialist in 18th Century documentation on emigration from the German provinces across the Atlantic to the British colonies, particularly Pennsylvania. His article in this issue is the latest in a long and distinguished series of emigration articles from his wide researches in the German archives.





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An invitation to become a subscriber to the Society's periodical PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE, now in its nineteenth year, published quarterly, in Fall, Winter, Spring and Summer. Each issue appears in a colored cover, with 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, transportation lore and numerous others.

The purpose of the Pennsylvania Folklife Society, a non-profit corporation, is three-fold: collecting the lore of the Dutch Country and Pennsylvania; studying and archiving it; and making it available to the public both in this country and abroad.



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