



Fall 1984

Pennsylvania Folklife Vol. 34, No. 1

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Recommended Citation

Trumpy, Hans; Parsons, William T.; Huffines, Marion Lois; Stevenson, Robert P.; and Clarke, Jane Adams, "Pennsylvania Folklife Vol. 34, No. 1" (1984). *Pennsylvania Folklife Magazine*. 106.
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Pennsylvania Dollfife

Autumn 1984

— 47 —

Red Star Line.

(Rothe Stern Linie.)

Königlich-Belgische und Vereinigte Staaten Postdampfschiff-Fahrt

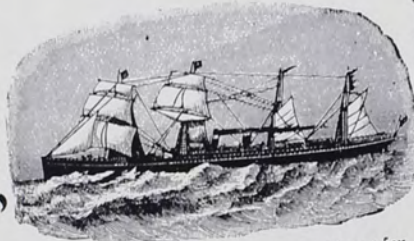
— von —

New York

nach

Antwerpen,

direkt,



Philadelphia

nach

Antwerpen,

direkt.

vermitteltst der prachtvollen Postdampfer

| | | | |
|------------------------------|--------------|-------------------|-------------|
| Friesland, (neu, Stahl)..... | 7000 Tonnen. | Benland,..... | 4000 Tonnen |
| Westerland, (Stahl)..... | 6000 " | Belgenland,..... | 4000 " |
| Noordland, "..... | 5500 " | Rhynland,..... | 4000 " |
| Waesland,..... | 5000 " | Zwitserland,..... | 3000 " |

Die Dampfer der "RED STAR LINE" sind rühmlichst durch ihre sicheren Reisen bekannt. Dieselben sind alle neuer Konstruktion und speziell für die nord-atlantische Fahrt, unter besonderer Berücksichtigung der neuesten Erfindungen auf dem Gebiete der Schiffshaukunst gebaut worden. Dieselben sind mit elektrischem Licht und Gloden versehen und sind durchweg durch Dampfheizung gewärmt. Alle mit diesen Postdampfern beförderten Passagiere sind glücklich und wohlbehalten angelangt und die Compagnie hat noch keine Verluste an Menschenleben zu beklagen.

Die "RED STAR LINE"

hat den Vortheil der günstigen geographischen Lage Antwerpens und dessen vollständige Eisenbahn-Verbindungen mit dem ganzen europäischen Continent, weshalb dieselbe eine der kürzesten, schnellsten und billigsten Routen ist, zwischen den Ver. Staaten und Deutschland, Oesterreich, der Schweiz, Italien und Rußland.

Billige Preise! Vorzügliche Beköstigung! Humane Behandlung!

Das Zwischendeck ist am selben Deck gelegen als die erste und zweite Kajüte, daher hell und gut ventilirt und in Kammern eingetheilt. Familien, einzelne Männer und Frauen strengstens getrennt. Zwischendecks-Ausrüstung frei. Das Essen auf Tischen servirt, eine Bequemlichkeit die nur wenige Linien bieten. Billette von Philadelphia nach dem Innern sehr billig, daher besonders empfehlenswerth.

Wegen näherer Auskunft und Kauf von Billetten wende man sich an die International Navigation Co., General-Agenten für America, 6 Bowling Green, New York, und 32 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; von der Fede & Marsily, Europ-General-Agenten, Antwerpen; Louis Auer & Sohn, Northweiliche Gen-Agenten, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, oder deren Vertreter im Lande.
Verlässliche Agenten gesucht.

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JANE ADAMS CLARKE co-authored "The Search for our German Ancestors" which appeared in the Spring, 1982 issue of *Pennsylvania Folklife*. That article concerned research on her paternal family line; this article traces some of her maternal ancestry. In the course of her research, she found that both sides of her family had moved to Philadelphia from the Goshenhoppen region of Pennsylvania; indeed, her parents married in 1924 little knowing that their ancestors were neighbors some 124 years earlier.

MARION LOIS HUFFINES, Ph.D., received her doctorate from Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana, and has been teaching at Bucknell University for the past 13 years. Her interest in Pennsylvania German stems from a longstanding interest in dialects and language variation in general, and from her training in the historical development of the German language. She is particularly fascinated by the influence Pennsylvania German as a receding language has had on English, the dominant language with which it is in contact.

WILLIAM T. PARSONS, Ph.D., Director of Pennsylvania German at Ursinus College, presents the first results from the sabbatical semester granted to him for the study of comparative dialect languages. Viewing Lina Sommer as an adopted grandmother, he finds in her a restatement of the values he grew up with. He is studying Otto Keller and *Schwabisch* dialect and Johan Peter Hebel and *Allemanisch* poetry in much the same way. His most trying moments occur when he attempts to put Sommer, Keller, and Hebel into *Pennsylfaanisch Deitsch*.

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Autumn 1984, Vol 34, No. 1, published four times a year by Pennsylvania Folklife Society, Inc., P.O. Box 92, Collegeville, Pa. 19426. \$2.50 for single copies, Autumn, Winter & Spring. \$2.00 for Summer. Yearly subscription \$8.00; Back issues (v. 21-30), \$3.00 each; others P.O.R.

MSS AND PHOTOGRAPHS:

The Editor will be glad to consider MSS and photographs sent with a view to publication. When unsuitable, and if accompanied by return postage, care will be taken for their return, although no responsibility for their safety is assumed.

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(Inside front cover)

COVER:

Eighteenth and nineteenth century Swiss almanacs were an important source of information for potential emigrants, and travel agencies often ran advertisements in them.

AMERICAN NEWS IN EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURY SWISS ALMANACS: AN OVERVIEW

by Hans Trümpy

This translation and American adaptation of "Ein Beitrag zur Erforschung der Kalender und der Auswanderung in die USA," Sandoz Bulletin 59 (October 1981): 11-22, has been prepared by Leo Schelbert of the University of Illinois at Chicago. It is published with illustrations by the kind permission of the editor of the Sandoz Bulletin.

Already in the eighteenth century Swiss almanacs¹ were eager to offer reports on alien folk. They also familiarized readers with the world of Native American (Indian) peoples. In 1814, for instance, the *Züricher Kalender* featured their funerary traditions based on a book by Père Lafiteau² that had been published a century before.³ There was also an article "On the Bear Hunt in North America," published by the *Hinkende Bott Von Bern* of 1839; its aim was to astonish readers by noting, for instance, that Native Americans used to offer apologies to the animals they had killed.⁴ But almanacs featured native peoples of North America mainly in the context of their struggles against the white settlers. This essay, too, deals principally with the world of the latter as described by almanac reports and illustrations.

Eighteen different almanacs that have been collected by the Department of Folklife of the University of Basel deal with topics related to the United States. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, the Revolutionary War received some attention although the topic was not without danger, since the Thirteen Cantons of the Swiss Confederacy held themselves various territories in subjection.⁵ Readers were also familiarized with the portrait of President Washington as well as with pictures of several of his successors. Reports liked to stress that presidents had risen to that highest position from simple backgrounds. Thus *Le Bon Messager* for 1882 commented on James Garfield: "Born into a family of humble folk, he was forced from childhood on to gain his livelihood through work."⁶ Yet readers learned almost nothing about the political institutions of the United States. The obvious comparison between the States of the Union and the Cantons of the Swiss Confederacy was made nowhere,⁷ nor was it mentioned that the Swiss constitution of 1848 had been shaped in part by that of the United States.⁸

Other aspects seemed to be of greater interest. Already in 1797 the *Appenzeller Hinkende Bot* offered this praise: "In this land a perfect freedom of religion invites all aliens to be at ease, content, and at true liberty. The newly arrived is not asked: Where are you from? What religion do you favor? But one asks: What can you do? Are you honest? Are you useful? Are you able to value and enjoy our freedom?" This attitude, commented the anonymous author, promised the "highest human happiness on our globe" because peace and "the purity of morals" were thus guaranteed. Later almanacs, as will be seen, were to modify several features of this idealized view.

After 1850 some almanacs dealt with the position of women, a social aspect that differed significantly from European traditions. "Esteem of Americans for Women" is the title of an article in the *Schweizerische Nationalkalender* for 1854. "There were many negative traits in the character of Americans," the report asserted, but in their attitude towards women they were "exemplary: A main trait of their character was the general esteem for the female gender and the general protection it enjoyed regardless of class. Stringent laws prosecute any violation of the rules of proper conduct towards womanhood." The *Appenzeller Kalender* of 1861 commented somewhat less amiably and with journalistic generalizing: "A woman in the United States is . . . a lady whom one must constantly compliment and praise, whom one fears and respects, but does not feel attracted to." More concretely, the 1866 *Schaffhauser Bote* made a comparison between American and Swiss farmer women and stated: "The American woman does not have to work in the fields, but in the house she is on her own." In an American home the kitchen is an attractive place, "clean, white, and light." In the same almanac "the cousin from North America" published some reports from 1873 on and, significantly,



II. Alt-Californien
oder Glück und Kultur durch die Religion

Old California, or: Happiness and Culture Through Religion. The texts in the picture read: "The Savage gains a home; culture through temperance; free work and property; divine service; love opens hearts; the blessed transition; religion brings reconciliation."

devoted the first to women. He was astonished how many were gainfully employed. "Thousands of women work in post-offices and railroad stations," he commented; there were even [female] physicians and dentists; "in Wyoming Territory women had, furthermore, been successful in gaining the right to vote and to render decisions as jurors and as judges." They took their children along to these tasks as there was a nursery besides the judicial chamber. Many women did not legally marry, and divorce was frequent. The pious writer from Schaffhausen viewed, finally, as "the sink of corruption" that medications for inducing abortions were publicly on sale.

The *Appenzeller Kalender* for 1859 expressed astonishment over how quickly one could get married in the United States, if one was mutually agreed, even the day after the first encounter. The same almanac observed two years later that complete rest was observed on Sundays and that inns remained closed. According to his information there was a church "of some eighty different denominations" for every six hundred people.

Time and again almanacs described America as a land of the extraordinary and miraculous. In tune with the spirit of the times they reported much less about the wonders of nature than about works of technical

ingenuity. If nature was mentioned, it was merely as a lavish source of wealth. Various almanacs of 1850/51 told of Captain Sutter's sensational gold finds without, however, concealing the bad consequences of the gold rush. How badly the goldland California had supposedly turned out was shown by the *Einsiedler Kalender* of 1852 by means of its specialty, the iconographic opposition of good and bad (Figs. 1, 2): Before the discovery of gold, missionaries had converted Indians to Christianity; now crime and enslavement were the order of the day. The *Neue Hauskalender* of Zug featured for the year 1865 another and, for the future, more significant mineral wealth. It pointed out that the oil wells (Fig. 3), established in Ohio and Pennsylvania since 1859, were as important for human history as the invention of printing, the steam engine, and the discovery of gold in California. Already then the writer raised the question of how long the precious matter was going to last that kept machines and locomotives going. He hoped the supply would last "as long as humankind" and that the planet earth would not become unbalanced.



I. Neu-Californien
oder Glück und Kultur durch Gold

New California, or: Happiness and Culture Through Gold. The texts in the picture read: "The Savage loses his home; brutalization of people; slavery and poverty; idolatry; gold closes hearts; the unhappy transition; gold divides."

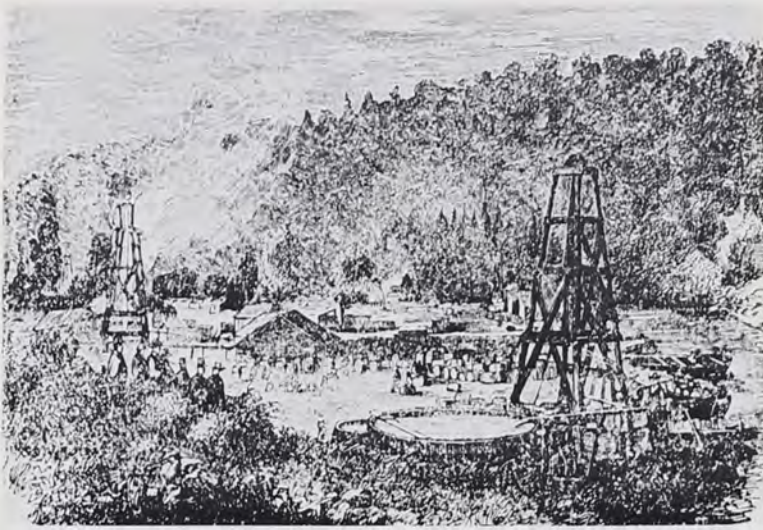


Figure 3

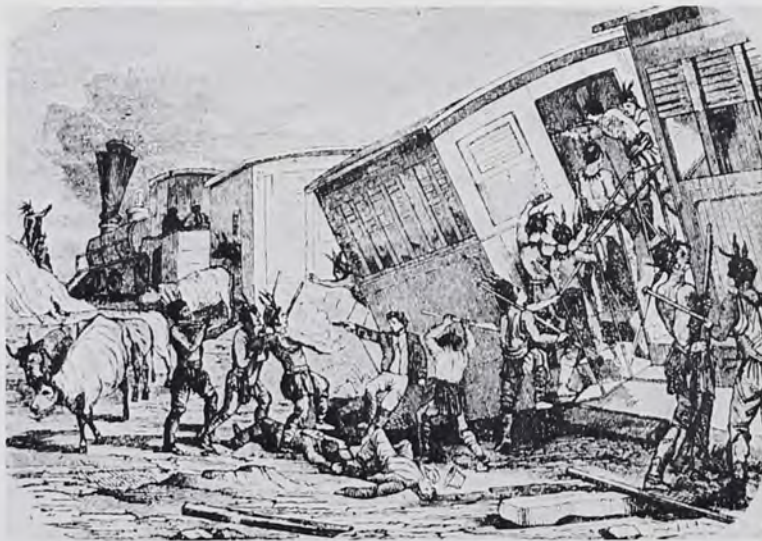


Figure 4

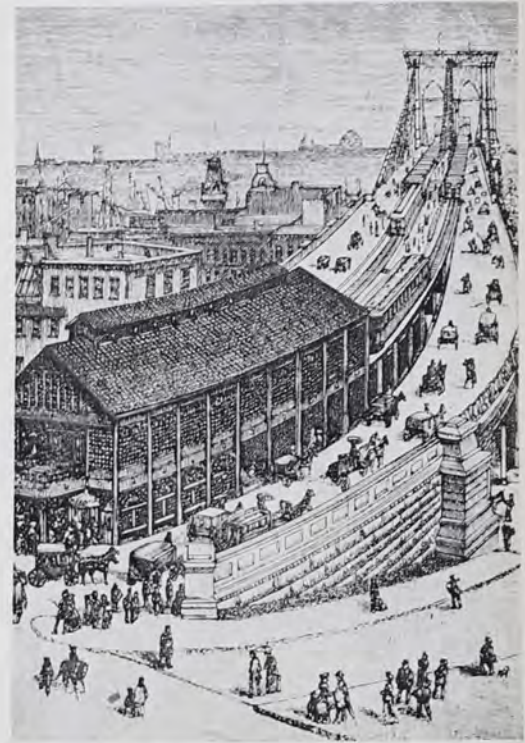


Figure 6



Figure 5

Railroads were especially celebrated as near miracles, above all the transcontinental line whose completion had involved armed struggle with Native American (Indian) peoples (Fig. 4). As a novelty, the *Einsiedler Kalender* of 1871 showed a railroad dining car (Fig. 5). In 1884 the *Schaffhauser Bote* announced that in antiquity “the giant bridge” (Fig. 6) that connected Manhattan with Brooklyn “would have been counted as one of the wonders of the world.” It could be completed only “because the American is not easily deterred by difficulties.” Of course, the almanacs also featured the many tall buildings found in various cities (Fig. 7), or agricultural machines such as the reaper (Fig. 8). The *St. Galler Kalender* of 1891 let Swiss readers admire Edison’s phonograph (Fig. 9). Several almanacs showed views of Chicago’s 1893 World’s Fair in which Switzerland had also participated; among them was the *Schweizerische Nationalkalender* of 1894 that stressed



Figure 7

the stormy growth of that city: In 1833 Chicago had been a mere village of some 400 people; in 1891 it numbered no less than one-and-a-half million inhabitants.

Besides praise, there was also criticism. Long before the Civil War, several almanacs mentioned the painful fact of slavery. In 1782 the *Appenzeller Kalender* lamented that Europeans were annually buying some one hundred thousand African Blacks in order to use them in transoceanic colonies. "What must one half of humanity suffer," asked the report, "so that the other may live in sinful abundance?" The *Berner Hinkende Bott* of 1808 condemned the cattle-like buying and selling of people as "inhuman and sinful." In 1846 the *Volks-Freund* of Schaffhausen featured the horrors of the hold of a slave ship (Fig. 10), and in 1854 the *Pilger aus Schaffhausen* provided a view of a slave market (Fig. 11) and stated that there were three and-a-half million black slaves.

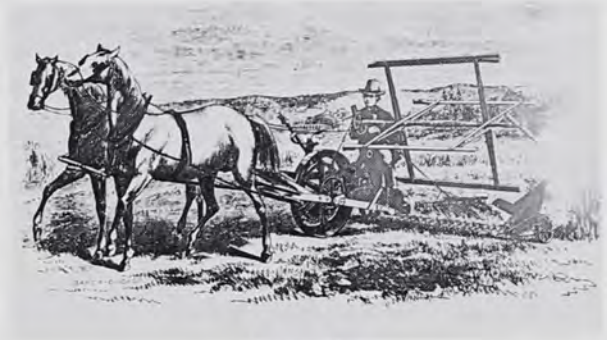


Figure 8

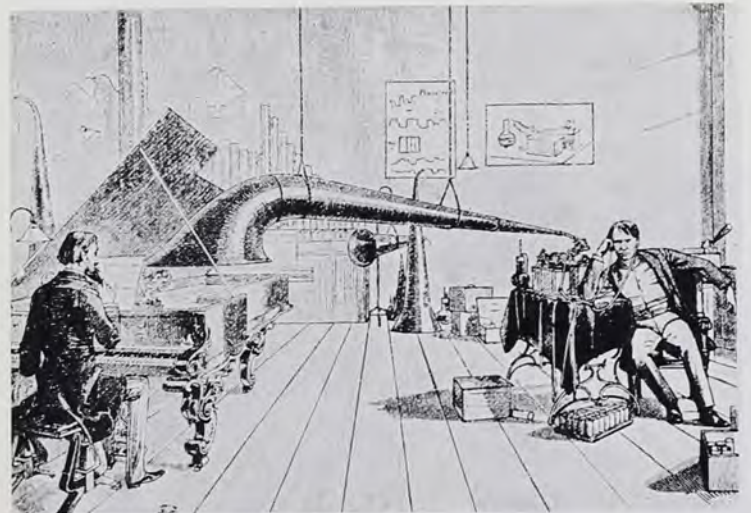


Figure 9



Figure 10

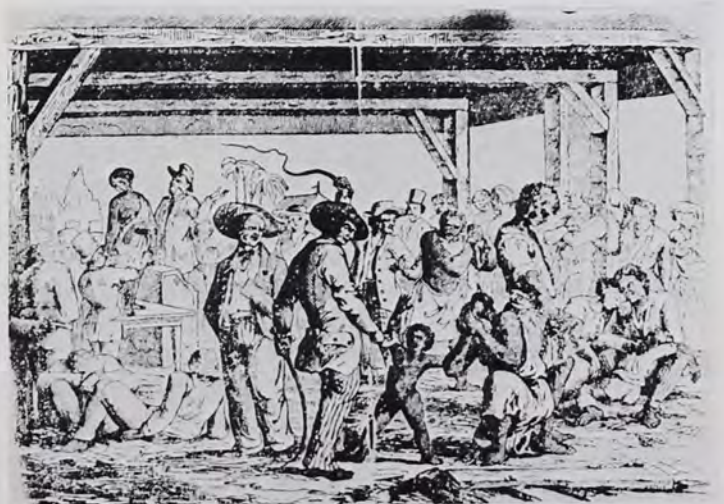


Figure 11

A young emigrant from Regensburg, Canton Zurich, wrote in a letter reproduced in the 1850 *Züricher-Kalender*: "The slave trade in New Orleans still goes so strong that daily 200 to 300 are brought to market." In 1862, amidst the Civil War, the same almanac showed by way of a pathetic illustration that the lot of Blacks was in no way as good as Southern propaganda naturally wanted to have it. Apparently though, the editors did receive material from the South because the same almanac published, in 1863, an anti-Black illustration that derided the merry-making of escaped slaves (Fig. 12). Especially in this case one would like to know who had sent these illustrations to Zurich; clearly, the *Schaffhauser Bote* was not alone with his "cousin" as reporter. Twice the almanac editors state that they had received illustrations from America; most of those reproduced in this essay are undoubtedly of American origin.

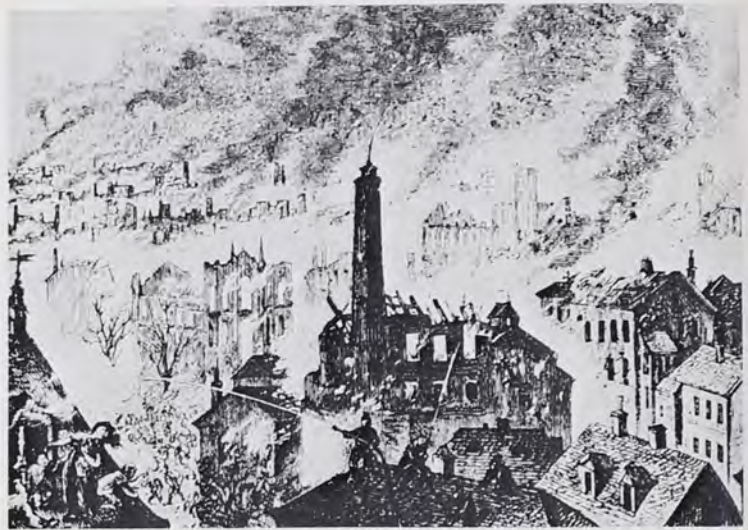


Figure 13

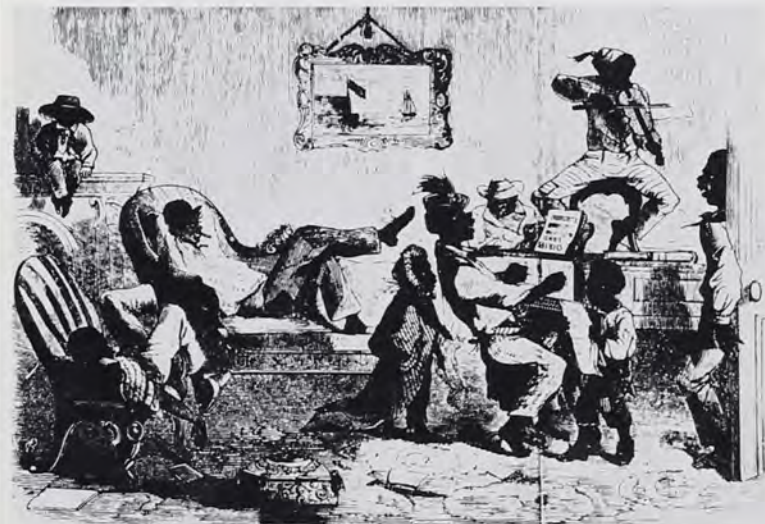


Figure 12



Figure 14

America also provided materials for the rubric "Unfälle und Verbrechen," that is "accidents and crimes." In 1873, for instance, the *Neue Einsiedler Kalender* included an illustration of the Chicago Fire (Fig. 13). Figure 14 shows that the message of today's Wild West movies was earlier transmitted by almanacs. The *Appenzeller Kalender* of 1881 published the picture of a counterfeit shop that, as the caption explained, had just received a surprise visit "led by a so-called detective" (Fig. 15); thus the Swiss were introduced to a word that is known today by every school child.

Such information about America, of which only a small sample has been presented here, was provided not only for its "ethnological" interest, but mainly because many nineteenth century Swiss contemplated emigration to "the land of wonders." The frequent advertisements



Figure 15

Nordd. Lloyd.



Kaiserlich Deutsche Postdampfschiffahrt
zwischen

Bremen und Amerika.

Dampfer
des
Nordd. Lloyd.

Amerika
Hermann
Weser
Rhein
Main
Donau
Mosel
Neckar
Oder
Baltimore
Berlin
Pippig
Ohio

Braunschweig
Nürnberg
Hannover
Frankfurt
Höln
Straßburg
Fr. Friedr. Wilh.
Graf Bismark
General Werder
Hohenzollern
Hohenzollern
Salier
Habsburg
Elbe

Der Norddeutsche Lloyd in Bremen ist die größte deutsche Dampfschiffgesellschaft. Sie besteht bereits seit dem Jahre 1857 und erfreut sich einer immer zunehmenden Beliebtheit bei dem reisenden Publikum, was am deutlichsten daraus hervorgeht, daß bis Ende des Jahres 1880: 821,887 Personen die Ueberfahrt zwischen Europa und Amerika mit diesen Schiffen gemacht haben. Die Gesellschaft hat soviel Vertrauen zu der soliden Bauart der Dampfer und der Lichtigkeit ihrer Führung, daß sie dieselben nur bei sich selbst versichert. Die Schiffe werden daher, um Schaden, den der Lloyd selbst zu tragen hätte, zu vermeiden, stets sorgfältig untersucht und im besten Stande erhalten, und den Kapitänen ist die äußerste Vorsicht zur Pflicht gemacht. Dadurch wird den Passagieren die größte Sicherheit gewährleistet, so weit dies überhaupt Menschen möglich ist. Die Dampfschiffe des Norddeutschen Lloyd fahren

- I. Von Bremen nach New-York jeden Sonntag und Mittwoch.
- II. Von Bremen nach Baltimore jeden Mittwoch.
- III. Von Bremen nach New-Orleans und Galveston
event. Havre und Havana anlaufend im Frühjahr und Herbst monatlich ein- oder zweimal.
- IV. Von Bremen nach Bahia, Rio de Janeiro und Santos
via Antwerpen und Lissabon am 25. jedes Monats.
- V. Von Bremen nach Montevideo und Buenos-Ayres
via Antwerpen und Bordeaux am 10. jedes Monats.

Dampfer
des
Nordd. Lloyd.

Strauß
Albatros
Schwalbe
Adler
Schwan
Sperber
Reiher
Falke
Möwe
Vulkan
Lloyd
Fulda
Comet
Nordsee
Pilot
Dimson
Enclap
Vorwärts
Roland
Hanseat
Paul Fr. August
Bremerhaven
Briton
Forelle

Passagescheine können für alle Linie gelöst werden ab: Bremen, Paris, Havre, Antwerpen, London und Southampton.
Personen, welche Freischeine von Amerika erwarten, müssen ihre Verwandten darauf aufmerksam machen, daß sie nur solche Scheine kaufen, in denen ausdrücklich die Fahrt mit einem Dampfer des Norddeutschen Lloyd bestimmt ist. Andere Scheine sind für diese Linie nicht gültig.
Nähere Auskunft wird auf Anfrage von uns und unsern inländischen Agenten erteilt.

Die Direktion des Norddeutschen Lloyd.
Bremen.

Figure 16

of travel agencies, such as that given in Figure 16, indicate that almanacs were also consulted by potential emigrants. Many articles dealt explicitly with emigration to countries such as Brazil, Australia and Algeria, but above all to the United States.⁹ On the whole these reports were intended predominantly to warn readers of illusions, and against precipitous departure.

In 1782 already the *Appenzeller Kalender* referred to a bad experience of German emigrants, and in 1821 the same almanac reported on "the horrible fate of German emigrants to America" who some years earlier had never even reached the United States but finally ended up stranded on the Norwegian coast after heavy losses; here too an illustration intended to deepen the impression. Not only reports of this kind could deter anxious souls, but also descriptions of conditions aboard ship might have saved many from dangerous adventure. A report of the 1869 *Schaffhauser Bote* is especially detailed, citing a letter from a Swiss then living in Hudson City. Provisions on the boat that had sailed from Rotterdam consisted mostly of a few herrings and mouldy ship biscuits. During the sixty-four days needed for the crossing to New York, thirty-three passengers had died and twenty had become so seriously ill on arrival that the port authorities imposed a four-day quarantine. Full of disgust, the writer described the ship's abundant vermin and the complete lack of "discipline and chastity." "No honorable young woman," he thought, "should dare to travel by herself to America"; and he closed his report with a warning against corrupt agents in Europe and in New York.

Also other reports had been critical of travel agents who were aware of it; reliable firms tried, therefore, to safeguard their reputation. Thus, a Mr. Rommel of Basel provided the *Schaffhauser Bote* of 1867 with an advertisement that contained words of thanks from Swiss emigrants "for the careful travel arrangements and provisions." "We were better provided for," the document asserted, "than passengers of other agents not only on our trip to Le Havre, but we experienced the kind concern of these gentlemen also on the boat to New York where we were very well received and lodged with great satisfaction." Many almanacs provided reliable addresses for the port cities, and the *Dorfkalender* of 1895 even listed all the Swiss consulates of North and South America.

Much advice, furthermore, was given as to how much money one was supposed to take along and what kind of clothing and provisions were to be recommended aboard ship. It was pointed out repeatedly that only younger and healthy people should take the risk of emigration and that a determination to work hard and to endure much deprivation was a necessity. The *Eidgenössische National-Kalender* of 1854 established a separate column "Concerning Emigration" because "that important feature of the times" deserved to be presented to the readers. In subsequent issues this widely read almanac offered statistics on emigration from Switzerland and on shifting economic conditions in the United States. Here and there claims appeared that Switzerland offered just as many opportunities for economic prosperity; especially the construction of

railroads, commented the *Nationalkalender* of 1861, had created new employment possibilities.

Between 1804 and 1830 the popular *Schweizer-Bote*, a weekly publication edited by Heinrich Zschokke, featured many aspects of Swiss emigration and printed several letters of emigrants to the United States,¹⁰ a practice also followed by editors of almanacs. They certainly may have smoothed out original versions of such documents, omitted passages, and perhaps even fabricated some, but many letters were definitely authentic. One such fully reliable report of 1849 appeared in the *Züricher Kalender* of 1850 and deserves a more detailed review. It was written by the previously mentioned "young man from Regensburg," "a carpenter by profession." Because "his report on the ocean crossing was like most others," the editor omitted that part. Thus the entry starts with the arrival at New Orleans where the immigrant changes from the ocean-going sailing ship to a Mississippi steamer to travel northward to St. Louis. From there he took the postal coach to Highland, Illinois, initially called New Switzerland. (Some almanacs had reported on that settlement after an account by the founder Köpfli had become available in print.¹¹)

The emigrant from Regensburg estimated the cost of the journey from Zurich to Highland at 150 florin, and thought that travelling on his own would not have been cheaper (certainly welcome news for travel agents). At his destination he met his brother-in-law who had already been living there for some time. He "works in a quarry," the newcomer reported, "and earns one dollar daily. At present he owns two cows, two calves, five pigs, a red grouse, and more than twenty chickens, all roaming freely outdoors. In the evening the cows return home for milking when they are fed some corn so that they like to come. What cannot be milked does not come home until winter arrives . . . There are farmers here who own 200 to 300 pigs, 50 to 100 oxen and cows, and 10 to 15 horses." The two sons of his brother-in-law "go industriously to school to the teacher Wirth (from Niederwenigen) and are truly quite advanced in all their subjects, more than if they had stayed in Switzerland. But there are still many adults here on farms . . . who had not gone to school and who now take lessons from teacher Wirth. The school fees are high here, six dollars per child annually." The brother-in-law "had bought a one-and-a-half story house in the center of town, made of bricks, and on the outside covered with boards painted in white; [the roof] is covered with shingles in the American way of construction." Unfortunately no illustrations were given, but the *Appenzeller Kalender* published a view of Highland in 1851 (Fig. 17), and the same almanac had bought, three years earlier, the picture of a farmhouse (Fig. 18) to give readers some idea of how it looked.



Figure 17

According to the letter of the newcomer from Regensburg, Highland was laid out as a town: "The streets have all been designated and the lots marked, and in the center of town is a large market-place staked out on which one may not build. There are two kinds of lots, those which one can get for nothing, but with the obligation of building a two-story house, and those which one may purchase for 50 to 74 dollars on which one may build as one pleases. At present there are 104 houses and three churches on the town site. Most of the inhabitants are Swiss."

"Land is cheap to get, but tools are expensive," continued the Zurich emigrant; "a wagon for two horses costs 65 dollars, a plow between four and six." A "real farmer" needed between \$1,000-\$1200; those who had less should first work as tenants. After two or three years such people would then be able to buy their own farm. As for himself, he planned to continue working as a carpenter with a master who had emigrated

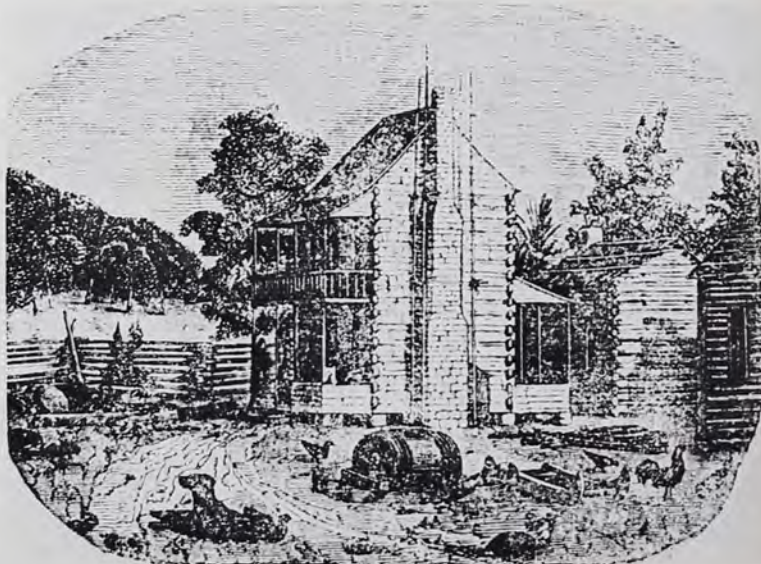


Figure 18

from Richterswil, for 25 guilders per month with free board; the tools, however, he had to purchase for himself. The optimistic tone of the report seemed somewhat dangerous to the editor of the almanac; he added, therefore, some lines from a letter of another Zurich artisan who disliked St. Louis, especially because of its climate, and who advised readers to stay at home.

A letter sent from California in 1853 and published in the almanac *Vetter Götti* in 1855, ended on a similar note. "I advise nobody to try his fortune here. The fatherland has still much room, and for anyone who is willing to work in earnest, there is still many a treasure hidden in the homeland." The writer had hoped to find great treasure as a gold-digger. He



Figure 19

included a picture with the comment: "That's the way I may have looked when the gold fever drove me into the river diggings. Surely nobody will fall in love with that fellow!" He had arrived in California with three dollars in his pocket and with a half-dead mule. "Luckily I met a good, faithful countryman . . . from Bern who, being about as rich as I, as full of speculative fever as I, and about as forlorn as I, had similar plans. We merrily set out on the journey; my mule carried our baggage; we took turns riding my companion's emaciated horse and dreamt of golden rivers and mountains. Such caravans as ours journeying to the mines could be seen aplenty." Of that scene, too, he provided a sketch (Fig. 19). He then described the arduous, yet not very profitable toil, again supplemented by a picture (Fig. 20) and commented on the mixture of people on the Sacramento River: "Secretly the American hates the foreigner and deals with him contemptuously. The German suffers, keeps quiet, Americanizes, and also occasionally makes the fist in his pocket. The French remain reserved and stay among

their compatriots; they generally have their own little towns and mining districts. They don't make an effort to speak English, are too proud to accept any servile position, and thus live often quite miserably in the mines. The Spaniard comes on horseback and trades with cattle; if he can't buy something, he will steal it; he hates the American and is dangerous in every respect because he never works. Last year 55,000 Chinese arrived . . . They are patient, fearful, peace-loving . . . They live totally by themselves, have their own trade, they even get all their provisions from China. They eat very little, mostly rice, and drink only water."

He now had been in the country for two-and-a-half years "and the more my manifold dealings bring me into contact with people, the more I get to know their



Figure 20

language and habits, the less I am inclined to settle permanently among them." Admittedly, the country was beautiful and, since farming was now also flourishing, the food supply was varied and inexpensive. "Excellent beer, drunk mostly by Germans, is being brewed here; the Frenchman drinks wine, the American brandy. We also have exquisite Emmental cheese, genuine Swiss kirsch, absinth, and Rhine wine."

In his work on Swiss emigration history, L. Schelbert has postulated four types of immigrant responses.¹² In this regard almanacs do not provide very much material, but this gold-digger may be viewed as taking an adaptive posture in that he preferred the traditions he had known at home and accepted those of the host country only marginally. This attitude is expressed clearly as to food and drink. On a higher plane, it is the teacher who gives lessons in the old language—as the one in Highland, Illinois—who protects immigrants from full assimilation. He leads to an acculturative response which "tends to strike a balance between the traditions of home and those of the new land."¹³



Figure 21

Bi-lingualism may be seen as a most significant symptom of this type of immigrant response.

Precisely this acculturative attitude was largely absent in New Glarus, Wisconsin. In 1866 *Le Bon Messager*, published in Lausanne, reported admiringly that there the language and customs of the old homeland were being maintained. For ten miles from the town no Americans were settled, and traders, teachers, and physicians were Glarnese. Although buildings and farm implements had been adapted to American patterns, in all other respects everything was done as in the Canton Glarus: At 11 o'clock the church bell called to the noon-meal, and religious services were held in strict conformity with Glarnese tradition.

The *Dorfkalender* of 1886 which reported on the colony Bernstadt in Kentucky,¹⁴ told a similar story: "The industrious hand of the Swiss has created flourishing orchards and undulating fields with a magic touch in a relatively very short time. Where only a few years ago only the English language and American customs were in use, there one hears today the relaxed Bernese German, there the Bernese schoolmaster rules in the simple schoolhouse. And on Sunday, when hands rest from busy work, then the men assemble and sing

merrily and from the heart an earthy Swiss song, sometimes also a yodel as it once echoed through the mountains which they are simply unable to forget." This possibility of being able to live among compatriots and to hold on to the native tongue may certainly have encouraged quite a few to emigrate who otherwise would have stayed home out of fear of having to learn English.

It is impossible to know just how many Swiss were kept from emigrating by the warnings of the almanacs, or how many followed their advice as to the great journey. The hope of finding old almanacs among the papers left by Swiss immigrants has until now remained unfulfilled. But it is certain that almanacs also remained cherished items after emigration. The American branch of the Swiss publishing house Benziger of Einsiedeln issued the *Cincinnati Hinkende Bote* in German and with a title page fully resembling that of Swiss almanacs (Fig. 21). In 1877 it published a *Heimwehlied* under an idealized Swiss landscape (Fig. 22). Thus not only Emmental cheese, kirsch, absinth, or yodels could evoke images of home; almanacs also fulfilled this important task.



Wie war's in der Heimath so schön.

Wie war's in der Heimath so schön!
Am silbernen Bache das Waterhaus stand,
Geschützt vor dem Sturm durch die felsige Wand;
Dort hat mich lieb' Mütterchens Auge bewacht,
Dort hab' ich die fröhliche Jugend verbracht;
Wie war's in der Heimath so schön!

Wie war's in der Heimath so schön:
Auf steilen Gebirgen, auf kantigen Höh'n,
Wie himmlisch, die lachenden Thäler zu sehn,
Den bläulichen See, von den Alpen umkränzt,
Von stattlichen Dörfern und Städten begrenzt.
Wie war's in der Heimath so schön!

Wie war's in der Heimath so schön:
Auf alänzenden Firnen, wo Edelweiß blüht,
Die Sonne am Morgen zum frühesten erglüht,
Wie wunderbar ziehet ihr rothiger Schein,
Hinauf auf die Höh'n, in die Schluchten hinein.
Wie war's in der Heimath so schön!

Wie war's in der Heimath so schön:
O Heerdeneläute, o Hirteneläut!
O süße Schalmeien, o Alpenhorn's Klang!
O tönet mir wieder; ein einzig' Mal nur
Zeig Sonne mir Armen die heimische Flur!
Es ist in der Heimath gar schön!! Dr. J. H.

ENDNOTES

¹Since 1965 the "Seminar für Volkskunde" of the University of Basel, headed by Professor Hans Trümpler, has methodically collected almanacs, especially of the nineteenth century, with the purpose of investigating what materials they presented to their readers for entertainment as well as instruction. Thus one may grasp what data shaped the worldview of general readers in that age of transformation. The popularity of almanacs is evident from the following figures: By 1871 there were 43 different almanacs circulating in Switzerland, some with editions of over 50,000 copies.

²Joseph Francois Lafiteau (1681-1746), a Jesuit from Bordeaux active in the Canadian mission, published *Moeurs des sauvages americains, comparées aux moeurs des premiers temps*. Paris: Sangrain, 1724; a German version appeared in Johann F. Schröter, ed., *Allgemeine Geschichte der Länder und Völker von America* (Halle: J.J. Gebauer, 1752), part 1, pp. 1-504.

³Naturally almanacs were usually not burdened with a scholarly apparatus. Of course, if the validity of their reports were at issue here, their sources would have to be scrutinized as to their accuracy. This investigation, however, merely explores what information readers were actually given.

⁴To many of America's northern native peoples the bear "Symbolized nature's power, mystery, and majesty"; a killed bear was treated, therefore, with special reverence; see Merwyn S. Garbarino, *Native American Heritage* (Boston: Little, Brown, and Co., 1976), p. 383 and 313.

⁵Edgar Bonjour et al., *A Short History of Switzerland* (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press, 1952), p. 192: Between 1648 and 1789 "collectively or separately every state had subjects over whom it ruled by right of conquest"; see *ibid.* for an enumeration of towns and regions.

⁶"Né dans une famille du peuple, il fut forcé, dès son enfance, de gagner son pain par son travail."

⁷Such a comparison was made, however, by Johann Joachim Zübli of St. Gall, a German Reformed minister in Savannah, Georgia,

as an appendix to his 1775 "Sermon on American Affairs" that was widely circulated in the colonies; see Randall M. Miller, ed., *A Warm and Zealous Spirit*. John J. Zubly and the American Revolution, *A Selection of His Writings* (Macon, Georgia: Mercer University Press, 1982), pp. 152-161.

⁸Like the members of the American constitutional convention of 1789, the framers of the 1848 Swiss constitution adopted bicameralism, that is a "Council of State" (Senate) and a "National Council" (House), as a compromise between federalists and centralists; they rejected, however, a one person chief executive as smacking of monarchy; see William E. Rappard, *Collective Security in Swiss Experience 1291-1948* (London: Allen & Unwin, 1948), p. 29; see also Rappard's detailed essay "Pennsylvania and Switzerland: The American Origins of the Swiss Constitution," in: University of Pennsylvania Bicentennial Conference, ed., *Studies in Political Science and Sociology* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1941), pp. 49-121.

⁹For a brief overview see Leo Schelbert, "Swiss," *Harvard Encyclopedia of American Ethnic Groups* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1980), pp. 981-987.

¹⁰See Leo Schelbert, "Die Fünfte Schweiz" in der Berichterstattung des 'Aufrichtigen und Wohlerfahrenen Schweizer-Boten,' *Schweizerisches Archiv für Volkskunde* 57 (1971): 84-114. Heinrich Zschokke was a naturalized Swiss from Prussia and an ardent nationalist.

¹¹Kasper Köppli, *Spiegel von Amerika*. Luzern: J. and A. Stocker, 1849; English version in Raymond J. and Betty A. Spahn, eds., *New Switzerland in Illinois*. Translated by J.L. Käser and M.H. Driesner. (Edwardsville: Southern Illinois University, 1977), pp. 1-90.

¹²Leo Schelbert, *Einführung in die schweizerische Auswanderungsgeschichte der Neuzeit* (Zürich: Leemann, 1976), pp. 127-129.

¹³*Ibid.*, p. 129.

¹⁴For the story of this colony see Marvin A. Kummer, "The Swiss Colony Bernstadt," MA Thesis, Department of History, University of Louisville, Kentucky, 1950.

THE STUFF OF WHICH FOLKSONGS ARE MADE:

Dialect Poetry of Lina Sommer (1862-1932)

by WILLIAM T. PARSONS

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With special thanks to Anni Becker
who sings today in the way
Lina Sommer wrote yesterday.



Lina Sommer (in 1919).

Lina Sommer is a dialect poet nearly unknown in Pennsylvania, yet she wrote with a style and spirit which remain very close to our own. She not only has long held a special place among her own people as one of the best of the Palatinate dialect poets, but she also speaks to our *Pennsylfaanisch Deitsch* today, often in quite surprising ways. Born at Speyer on 8 July 1862, she died not far distant, at Jockgrim on 17 July 1932. As she said, she wrote especially for children and for the sick or disabled; nonetheless, she is delightfully instructive for any of us.

As always, small details of dialect usage do exist: Sommer uses *Vorderpfälzisch*, the river dialect, while many Pennsylvanians are of *Hügelländisch* origins, or at least brought up with *Pennsylfaanisch Deitsch*, derived in great measure from the hill-country dialect of the *Westrich*. Fraa Sommer presents such a lilting musical verbal composition, one can easily sing folk songs to it,¹ and almost every year we find another of her short poems singing itself into the repertoire of one of the Rhineland folksingers: Anni Becker, Hermann Jäger or Hein and Os Kröher.² In her dialect usage, this woman speaks to us in an idiom which is in everyday use on both sides of the Atlantic. She projects a kind of childlike directness, a naive simplicity which readers have come to admire and respect.

To understand the art of Lina Sommer, it helps to examine some of the aspects of the life of this unusual woman, who lived through virtually all of the formative years of recent German Rhineland history. Lina was already old enough in 1870 to understand what the Franco-Prussian War brought to her land, and Bismarck, William II, and the Great War of 1914-1918 all affected her life and writing style. Unlike the Germans' twentieth-century approach to language, she used many loan words and expressions. She was very free (like other German writers who lived along the French border) in the use of Germanized French nouns and verbs in the dialect.³

Sommer's poetry is quite like that of Paul Münch, best known Pfälzer dialect writer to many Americans in our twentieth century. They both wrote of local and national events great and small. Both treated the disasters of 1918 and 1923 with sympathy, minimizing them as much as they could.⁴ Jokes and stories on such subjects (and also on war topics) seem a strange sort of humor, but both Sommer and Münch could smile in all that clutter.

Lina Sommer was born in the old Imperial town of Speyer in the *Vorderpfalz*, first child of Jacob and Lina (Antz) Müller. Her father was a merchant, while her mother descended from an old Edenkoben family. Her

Uncle George Müller (who was “der Onkel Schorsch” of the dialect poetry she wrote) had been a volunteer in the Franco-Prussian War, and he told the youngster his war stories many times over.⁵ From all these—and a grandmother who still lived in Speyer after the Müllers had moved away—young Lina learned about old Rhenish folkways.⁶ Lina and her younger brother George competed in verse-making while both were very small. She also earned a reputation by scrounging little luxuries for hospitalized soldiers during the War of 1870; that war, along with the War of 1914, formed the theme of numerous poems. The war casualties haunted her memory.⁷



Visiting with the disabled of the War of 1870.

When Lina was just thirteen her mother died. Jacob Müller’s second wife proved to be less sympathetic to the dialect ambitions of her step-children and Lina soon left home and took small jobs as governess to wealthy families. This did not suit her taste very well either, and in March 1887, at age twenty-four, she married widower Adolf Sommer from Brunswick. Eventually their children joined his from the first marriage and Lina took to producing jingles and rhyming verse for them. Her poetry was prolific and varied,⁸ and through her teaching and in community organizations, she became known to the local people. They liked her writing style and asked her to write for the children and to recite in the dialect. By 1892, her hobby became her occupation, and items by Lina Sommer, short and terse—usually written for children but instructive for adults as well—began to appear in the daily newspapers or in local journals. Known as “*die Sommerfrau*”, her works appeared as broadsides and keepsakes.

Finally she wrote small books of poetry with brief prose stories interspersed.⁹

Sommer was always good at using words. She often wrote in standard German, but her forte was the *Pfälzer* dialect. Her readers surely do not all agree on her literary merits, but they generally agree on one point of her style: she is as spare in her verse as was the proverbial *schborsam deutsch bauer*, the frugal country farmer. As the following verses demonstrate, Sommer manages to say more in lines of three or four syllables than most of us do in an entire paragraph¹⁰ (selections are numbered to correspond with English versions which appear separately at end of text):



Flowers for the living.

Laaf barfuss
Un peif Dir e Liedche dezu,
Dann vertreibtscht Dir die Sorge
Un—schbarscht aa die Schuh!

Blumme im *Dod*
Die schdimme nit heiter—
Bring Blumme ins *Lewe*—
Sell is gescheidter.

Des *Lewe* is kä *Kinnerschpiel*,
Zu greine, dozu g’hört nit viel,
Doch *fescht gewehrt un froh gelacht*,
Sell is es, was de *Mensche* macht.¹¹ (1)

Lina Sommer had long since learned how to laugh through her tears, to smile instead of complaining, to be young in heart and free-spirited. She found all that and celebrated the humane old *Pfälzer* virtues also. She had found the real answer: “Wann mer genug lacht, braucht mer nit weine” (laugh enough, then one

need not cry). What kind of refreshing humor was this? At least one of her friends had the answer: "Echter Humor, d.h., den *Lina-Sommer-Humor*" (Real humor may well be called Lina Sommer humor.)¹²

Even when she had become established as a dialect poet, she sometimes fooled visiting strangers. They expected a girl of perhaps twenty-two, "a echti Pälzer Krott," to use her own expression. In fact, that better described a grand-daughter than it did Lina just then. Fritz Romhildt-Romeo renowned Baden local poet, after a visit to her at Weinheim in 1916, said it this way:¹³

Wann vunn der Lina Sommer
Als was im Blättle steht,
Ä so ä liebs Gedichtel
Do hab ich halt mei Frääd!

Die schreibt so schlicht, so goldig,
Was for Eifall hot!
'S is gewiss ä junges Mädlel,
A echti Pälzer Krott.

Ich seh ihr lieve Aage,
Den klane Kärskemund,
Die Zöpp an ihrem Köpple
Un d' Bäckchen rot un rund!

Nä—wie mer sich kann ärre!
'S is alles garnit wohr,
Se zählt schunn iwer fufzig
Un hot melierte Hoor.

Unn 's Kläänst vunn ihre Kinner
Is langscht schunn kunfermiert,
Dock wann Ihr glaabt dass dodurch
Die Fraa bei mir verliert—

Dann seid Ihr letz am Bännel!
Jetzt hab ich se erscht recht gern,
For mich is se am Himmel
De schänschte Pälzer Schtern! (2)

It may well seem that the life which was spelled out in her poetry must be the work of an easy-going, practical-joking, local-color author. It sounded like a country idyll framed by *brodtwarscht*, *lewerknepp*, un *quetschekuche* (sausage, liver balls and plum cake), but never concerned with real toil nor with life's basic tragedies. Interesting assumption but highly inaccurate if measured by the actual experience of Lina Sommer. The sawmill-furniture complex which the couple owned before the last decade of the nineteenth century suffered a gigantic boiler explosion, disabling their industrial operation for a time. Income ceased while costs continued to mount, so Lina took a job to help meet family expenses, a position with a local publisher. Now she was exposed daily to copy, to typesetting and to books. When the family lived in Köln, the City Desk of the *Kölner Zeitung* assisted her in getting small items printed in the newspaper. Some of that was prose but

much was rhyme in Standard German. Her family regarded her work with pardonable pride.¹⁴

Her first book, *Schtillvergniegt*, reflected the many moods of a youngish housewife whose head literally buzzed with melodies of *Mundartstöne*; it was published by the Hermann Kayser Publishing Company of Kaiserslautern in 1896.¹⁵ Her lifespan very nearly coincided with that of Solly Hulsbuck (Harvey E. Miller) of Eastern Pennsylvania. He also had a book published early in life and then let subsequent works remain unpublished for years, even longer than she waited.¹⁶ Sommer eventually published through several different presses from there to Munich. No other printing establishment delighted and supported her more than did Kayser. In a number of situations in later life, she expressed gratitude for the assistance she had received from Kayser.

Several of the items which originally appeared in *Schtillvergniegt* in 1905, have, by 1984, achieved a kind of folkish immortality. That is due, at least in part, to the universality of their appeal and to the warmth and melody of dialect expressions she has used. Thus a song much in current use among folksingers in the Pfalz today is "Unser Pälzer Lännel."¹⁷ So widespread is its use and so thorough has been its acceptance as a vernacular entity, that many Pfälzers fail to recognize it as Sommer's "Unser Pälzer Ländche."¹⁸ Our poet's original version simply used the other diminutive form, more common to her in her native area but, especially when terminal word, more difficult to sing. Her phrases are felicitous:



The Palatinate Rhineland village.

'S gibt kä schöner Ländche
 'S gibt kä liewer Ländche
 Als die klä, die goldig Palz am Rhei,
 Wo der Wei so munner
 Rutscht die Gorgel nunner,
 Ei, wer mecht nit gern e Pälzer sei?

Wo die Schnoke geige,
 Wo die Sorge schweige,
 Wo fidel mer sin, uf Schritt un Tritt,
 Dann, en bess're Droppe,
 Als 'n Pälzer Schoppe
 Gebt im ganze deitsche Reich es nit.

Wo die liewe Mädcher
 Flink wie Schpinnerädcher
 Un so frisch, un munner sin, un froh;
 'S G'sichtel wie e Appel,
 Hör nor ihr Gebabbel,
 Hüt dei Herz sunscht brennscht De lichterloh.

Wo die Appelkrabbe
 Schä un hell gebacke
 Noch die Mamme ihre Kinner gibt.
 Wo mer Worschtmarkt feiert
 Un uf Därkem schteiert
 Un die Kerwe iwer alles liebt.

Wo mer mit der Gawwel
 In sei Pälzer Schnawwel
 Schtoppt die Lewerknöpp mit Koppsalat,
 Wo mer Hoppe zoppe
 Un die Gänscher schtoppe—
 Un die Knackwärscht schmecke delikat.

'S gibt kä schöner Ländche
 'S gibt kä liewer Ländche
 Als die klä, die goldig Palz am Rhei,
 Wo der Wei so munner
 Rutscht die Gorgel nunner,
 Ei, wer möcht nit gern e Pälzer sei? (3)

Other efforts from this book fall easily into the category of actual and potential folksongs; they virtually sing themselves onto the blank music page.

Given that universal folksong, the most famous selection from *Schtilvergniagt* is the short article "Pälzer Eck im Himmel" (Palatine Corner in Heaven) which has come to be read and heartily enjoyed by Palatines everywhere—by all circles of society in all corners of the earthly Pfalz today. In many ways, this work summarizes their love of home and the supreme confidence that nowhere on earth is there an equally fine spot. Does not even Heaven grant special recognition? Sommer has the true ability to catch the very personality of all Palatines and with it, she expresses herself most accurately. This is what makes her a great regional poet.¹⁹

Still she is always full of surprises, common and even coarse, but the eternal neighbor: concerned and

with best interests in mind, though gossip is not altogether distant from her mind. Perhaps the best thing about her poetry is her simple straightforwardness, earthy as a farm girl, yet sophisticated in her bluntness.²⁰ In a poem entitled "Wieddersehe" she wrote:



Händeschüttle — Küß un Seifzer — —
 's geht ääm schun dorch Mark un Bää'.

(*Widdersche*) On meeting again when there is as much news to catch up.

'E Gewidderdunnerkeitel
 Jacobb, Du! Wo kummscht dann her?
 Seit mer 's letschtmol uns g'sehe,
 Sin es siwwe Johr schun her!

Sag, wie schteht's mit Deine Wingert—
 Sin se all recht schää im Schtand?
 Un was mache dann Die' Acker—
 Wieviel hoscht an Morge Land?

Is Dei' Duwack gut gerote,
 Un rentiere dich Dei Küh?
 Hoscht De Glück mit Deine Hinkle
 Un Dei 'm annre Feddervieh?

Wieviel Gäul dhuscht D'r dann halte—
 Hoscht De aa recht fette Säu?
 Warscht De mit der Ernt zufriede—
 Is Dei' Schtall schää in der Reih?

Hoscht De Dein Prozess gewunne?—
 Intressiere dhut's mich aa,
 Ob se g'sund sin—Dei' sechs Buwe,
 Un ob se noch lebt—Dei' Fraa?" (4)

With all her commonsense attitudes, she had to cope with life's many tragedies. After only seventeen years of contented marriage, her husband died in 1904. She was left with their sons, her *Buwe*, as she continued to call them.²¹ The folk motto "Smile through the

tears," became her daily strength and hope. The widow's family lived briefly in Munich, then for a while in Weinheim. Sommer spent long years of illness in Karlsruhe but enjoyed many happy years in Jockgrim before and after her long illness.

When family concerns made their demands on her, she attended to them, even when a real chore. But by 1910, her intense concentration upon dialect writing was never diverted for very long. Lina wrote prodigious amounts, almost as one possessed. Could she have felt that she had only a little time left? Or was there some other compelling urge? We can only conjecture. However, by means which seem to have been natural, she developed a talent for producing bold, quick accurate vignettes, not at all unlike the painting of Dürer, Breughel or DaVinci. Lina Sommer caught people, young and old, busy and lazy, rich and poor, in the streets and alleys in her writing. She sketched them in abrupt phrases, clearly understanding their ambitions and their shortcomings. For example, "*Der Fritz, 'so e kläänes Kerlche*" was a street urchin whose mother worked as seamstress. Young Fritz missed school one day with no excuse and was properly reprimanded by the stiff teacher: "*Was fallt d'r ei', des geht nit so!*" Fritz was a proud, self-assured young fellow and one can just see him give the teacher a look of contempt as Sommer gets him ready with these words:²²

Des Bübche, schtolz als wie e Prinzche,
Des lacht un lacht,—der helle Schtaat,—
"Ich hab, wääss Gott, nit kumme könne,
Herr Lehrer, *mir hänn g'heierat!*" (5)

No veneer, no facade, just the simple words of a child and Sommer has charmed us all.

Lina Sommer had one dear wish, which she continued to hold close: that people might read and enjoy her verse. That stood her well, even in her own suffering and through the worst days of loss, sorrow and pressure. She had lived during some of the best days Germans ever enjoyed; why allow herself to be depressed or defeated by the indignities and reverses of 1918 or 1923? She wrote well and she knew it. Perhaps it was her verse with all its contradictions and even silliness which allowed her to hope. And perhaps her verse made it just a bit less oppressive for dear friends and neighbors:²³

Ich möchte mir wünnen, dass Jedermann,
Der ein Buch von mir liest, sich dran freuen kann.
Und dass er, wenn auch nur für kurze Zeit,
Seine Sorgen vergisst und sein Herzeleid,
Und das er beim Lesen fühlt: die das schrieb,
Die denkt auch an mich und die hat mich lieb! (6)

As a youngster, Sommer had liked to pick and choose among the apples she bought from an apple lady, but the latter took a dim view of that childishness. She turned on the girl in a way the chastized child would long remember. Lina eventually wrote about it in a

poem called "Die Appelfraa" published in 1922 in her book *E Pälzer Blummeschtreiss 'l.*²⁴

Bei einem alten Mütterlein
Kauft' ich als Kind mir Aepfel ein
Und sucht' aus ihrem Korb heraus,
Mir stets die allerschönsten aus.
Der Aepfelfraa war das nicht recht,
Sie schalt mich denn auch gar nicht schlecht:
"Du freschi Krott!
Was fallt dir ei?
'S wärd nix eraus g'sucht, meiner Treu,
Mer nemmt's, aa wann's ääm nit recht basst,
Wie's unser HerrGott wachse lasst!" (7)

What a philosophy for life: take things as they come; as God made his gifts, so let them be! One doesn't try to change all that. The biographer of Sommer found those expressions to be typical Lina-Sommer-humor and her conclusion does seem logical.²⁵

During the era of World War I, the small personal books of Lina Sommer continued to appear occasionally. Some of them were published under the imprimus of Hermann Kayser, but others emanated from Stuttgart, Munich or Lahm, or were issued by Marnet in Neustadt. *Nemm es mit, es Reut Dich nit* came from Marnet, followed by *Für Dich, Pälzer Humor, So Sache*, and perhaps most delightful of all, *E klän Präsent*. The outstanding ability of Lina Sommer to write succinctly, being spare in words and syllables may best be demonstrated by an item or two from *So Sache*.²⁶ First, "Die Bawett, Millichmädche":



A very special book. *Elkän Präsent*

E Gesichtel,
 Kugelrund,
 Rote Backe,
 Kerngesund.
 Laaft so flink
 Vun Häus zu Haus,
 So gediege
 Sieht se aus.
 Nää, se trübt
 Kä Wässerle,
 Nor die Millich
 Wässert se! (8)

In like manner, though in a much sharper tone, you will find—in a poem called “Im Eifer”—the cutting remarks of two rivals at a small village dance. Lina Sommer will take such an ordinary situation, drive home the points she wants to make, retain the interest of the reader and still direct our sympathy in the direction she chooses:²⁷

'S Lenche geht danze,
 Es hot aa 'n Schatz,—
 'S Lottche mag Kääner,
 'S is arm wie e Schbatz.

Lena and Lotte spar a bit, but in the end, it is Lotte, the poor girl, who gets in the really telling shot:

Wann *ich* dei Geld hätt
 Dann wollt ich,—o mei,—
 Värzig Mol,—glaab mer's,
 VERHEIRAT schun sei!!! (9)

In her many and varied works, *Die Sommerfrau* accomplishes more in a short space than do many authors in convoluted sentences. Never is she better than in her small wartime book, *E klän Präsent*, which may well be her *chef-d'oeuvre*. She describes the young and the old, the female war volunteer, and the shattered veteran. In her own unobtrusive way, she reminds us just what the costs of war really are. Master of meter, rhyme and sound, she chooses her words as carefully as did Edgar Allan Poe, Wolfgang von Goethe, or John Birmelin. When you read her work, you find she has a great deal in common with them.

The touch of a real folk poet is visible in the deft treatment of quite ordinary events and occasions. The unobtrusive observer of daily feelings and concerns, Lina manages to excite attention without arousing anger;²⁸ here she talks about “E Klän Präsent”:

So e klänes altes Büchel
 Hüt die Grossmama gar gut,
 'S Dorche is dozugekumme,
 Wie se's schtill betrachte dhut.

“Wo se's herhätt,” wollt es wisse,
 Hot gebettelt un gequallt,
 Un die Grossmama, die gude,
 Hot em Enkelkind verzählt,

Dass der Grossbaba des Büchel,
 Wo so lieb ihr is un wert,
 In de goldne Jugendzeite
 Ihr als erscht Präsent verehrt! (10)

So skillful is the author in her portrayal of the human frailties of an aging generation, that she gives no indication of her own age as she relates her poetic tale. Under just those circumstances, an admirer like Romhildt-Romeo might completely misjudge her age.

A few pages further into this very same book may be found this touching reminder of war as a test of humanity and of human endurance. Considering the vile pictures of Germans as Huns which World War I produced, it is useful to see that soldiers, relatives, and friends are very much the same, no matter on which side of the military coalition one stands.²⁹ In “Ihr Erschter Gedanke” this is just what Sommer shows us:

Ihr erschter
 Gedanke.



The Widow Schmitt outside her house.

Die Wittfraa Schmitt steht uff der Schwell
 Vun ihrem kläene Haus.
 Sie denkt an ihren äänz 'ge Sohn,
 Der lang im Feld schun drauss.

Sie macht sich doppelt Sorg um ihn,
 Weil er so schwach,—so zart,—
 Un weil er—schun als kläener Bu—
 Vun so 're schtille Art.

Kummt e Soldat die Gass eruff,
 So bräät,—so schtolz,—so rund,—
 Hot Urlaab uff e korze Zeit,
 Is luschtig un gesund.

'S alt Fraache denkt: Wer is jetzt des?
 Ich kenn se all—o mei'—
 Der schtammt ja nit aus unserm Ort—
 Des muss e Fremder sei'!

Jetzt macht er halt vor ihrer Dhür
 Un presentiert 's Gewehr:
 "Ei Mudderche,—lieb Mudderche,
 Sag—kennscht mich dann nit mehr?"

Die Wittfraa Schmitt hot wie e Kind
 Gelacht un aa geflennt:
 "Mei' liewer Bu—o wann Dich doch
 Dei Vadder sehe könn! (11)

One of the marvels of perception Lina Sommer had, was her ability to size up people and then describe them in her very sparse rhyme. It is an ability few poets really have, yet to Sommer, it seems to come quite naturally. It is as though we have found our way into a small studio of Leonardo da Vinci at a time he is practising details of a portraiture of everyday street people. Here, for instance, is an indomitable character we have all known at one time or another,³⁰ "Alt Jüngerche":



The Old Dependable, eternally young and interested in children.

Lieb un hold,
 Treu wie Gold.
 Aage jung un frisch un klar.
 Jederzeit
 Hilfsbereit,
 Herzel warm un froh un wahr.
 Dient un pflegt,
 Tröscht un hegt.
 Helft un schteiert jeder Not—
 Scheut Käa Müh,
 Schbat un früh—
 Guder Hausgeischt bis zum Dod! (12)

Much of what Frau Sommer wrote carried surprise endings, as though she was stating some kind of poetic practical joke. Ofttimes in the course of a poem, the real thrust of her poetry is not even vaguely apparent until the end of the work, perhaps in the final stanza of a lengthy item, or in the very last line of a shorter item. And if, in the process, she manages to encourage old-fashioned frugality as a virtue, she has a double-edged weapon. In "Hinnerscht-Vödderscht," for instance:³¹



The new hat, Sunday style.

"Was—fufzig Mark der neie Hut,
 So klä un doch so dheier—
 Näa, liewi—ich begreif Dich nit!"
 So knoddert der Herr Meier.

Sei' Fraa segt: "Reg Dich doch nit uff
 Un mach Der doch kän Kummer,
 Ich kumm jo mit dem ääne aus
 De liewe lange Summer.

Es is wahrhaftig nit dewert,
 Dass De lang dobscht un wederscht,
 Ich trag 'n Werkdags vorne 'rum
 Un Sunndags—hinnerscht-vödderscht!" (13)

The style of her writing, the nature of her subjects and the lilt of her verse all lend themselves well when considering material for contemporary folksongs. Thus Hermann Jäger and his family singing group, while on tour in America in July 1980 (and again in 1984) utilize some Sommer lyrics to create carefree songs:³²

Nemm dich in acht,
 Nemm dich in acht,
 Vor unser Pälzer Mädcher,
 Die sin so nett
 Un so adrett
 Un dräägt sich wie die Rädche! (14)

For a woman who had experienced the harshest realities in life to come through in so offhand a manner, to deal with quite un-heroic events and to spend time

celebrating silly routines and small jokes, is most remarkable. She is outstanding when most casual. When she voices the small talk of young people, or when she deals with miniscule problems one might not even notice—as in “Mei Madche”—no voice of folk values is more convincing:³³

Mei Madche hot kää Wisse,
Kää Wingert un kää Feld,
Kän Acker un kää Heische,
Un aa kän Pennig Geld.

Doch hot’s e herzig Mäulche,
Sell g’hort mir ganz allää,—
Des Mäulche is wie Purpur,
So nett, so frisch, so schää!

Un sei zwää liewe Aage,
Die leichte schun vun fern.
So hell as wie vun Silber,
E klääner reiner Schtern.

Treu as wie Gold sei Herzche
Un dausendfroh un warm,—
Jetzt sag emol noch Ääner
Mei Mädche, des wär arm. (15)

Celebrating everyday joys of the Pfalz was really the forte of this dialect poet, even in her aging years. It mattered little that her eyes had dimmed or that tragedy threatened her own family and her world. She sang songs of cheer and of good fortune; she remained fresh and aware. Sommer continued to be the voice of optimism in her own beloved Rhineland, evoking the most exhilarating scenes with her metaphor “Mei Herz des Schlacht ’n Borzelbaam”:

Wann ich dorch unser Ländel geh
In aller seiner Pracht,—
Wo Dorf un Shtadt—un Berg un Dhal,
Un jedes Aag am lacht,—
Wo alles wachst un froh gedeiht,
Wohi der Blick sich wendt,—
In Wingert, Felder, uff de Bääm
E Sege uhne End,—
Die Wälder rausche Dag un Nacht
Ihr ewig-neies Lied,—
Die Hardt ins Dhal erunner grüsst,
Der Rhei voriwer zieht,—
Dann schlägt mei Herz ’n Borzelbaam!
Ich sag nix weiter als:
“Ja—Liewer Gott,—Der Mäschtterschtück
Is halt doch—unser Palz!”³⁴ (16)

Close to the heart of any Palatine, resident or émigré, is the tried and true centerpiece of regional desserts, especially as celebrated in the Western Pfalz: *Quetschekuche* (purple plum cake). True, the speciality of plum shortcake does occasionally arouse more tempered approval in our own day. While on a visit to the Pfalz in September 1979, when those small purple plums

were at their peak, one of the localites confided to me that this special concoction raised no enthusiasm in him, since it was really “für den Amis” (for the Americans).³⁵ Surely Sommer put it in a different light from that:³⁶

Wie ich noch als kläni Krott
Bin in die Schul gegange,
Do war e Quetsche-Küchel als
Mei höchscht un gröscht Verlange.

Do hot mei Mudder oft gesagt:
“Ich will der’s expliziere
Wie mer e Quetsche-Küchel macht,—
Bischt gross, kannscht ’s selbscht browiere.”

Jetzt bin ich schun e ältri Fraa
Kann selwer Kuche backe,
Doch,—gebt mer aa alle Müh,
Ich wäss nit,—O Schwerrhacke.

Mei’m Däg fehlt’s nit an Ei un Schmalz,
Die Quetsche hän kä Lücke,
Ich dhu se als, zum Iwwerfluss,
Noch fescht mit Mandle schbicke,—

So gut wie mer beim Mudderche
Geschmeckt der Quetsche-Kuche,
So werr ich halt mei’ Lewesdag
Kä Shtückche mehr versuche! (17)

A tribute to the artistry of Lina Sommer (and a sign of kindred souls) has been Anni Becker’s utilization of Lina as author of lyrics for Becker’s folksongs. “Die Pfälzer Krott”—as Becker commonly advertises herself in one of Sommer’s favorite expressions—has used, nearly intact, three poems written by Lina Sommer between 1912 and 1925 for folksongs recorded on an album entitled *Die neuen lieben Lieder*, pressed in 1976. Those same items are to be found in a recent folksong book by Anni Becker, *Schnibberdischnabber*, published in 1981. Becker’s effort, “Wo die junge Mädle stehe,” is nearly identical with Sommer’s, “Wo die junge Mädcher gehe”³⁷ which follows:

Wo die junge Mädcher gehe,
—So war’s schun in alter Zeit—
Wo die junge Mädcher schtehe,
Sin die Buwe aa nit weit!

Ob am Sunndag,—ob am Werkdag,
Beim Schbatziengang, uff’m Feld,—
Ob am Fenschter,—an der Scheier,
Äänerlää, ob Hitz, ob Kalt,—
An der Bach un uf de Wisse,—
Un am Bänkche vor’m Haus.—
An der Dheer, im Gardeheische,
Oder weit im Wingert drauss.—
Uf der Blääch, un an dem Brunne,
Uf’m Berg, un in dem Dal,
Früh am Morge,—schbät am Owend,
Alles, alles, ganz egal,—

Wo die junge Mädcher gehe,
 Sin die Buwe aa nit weit.—
 Jo, so war es,—jo, so is es,
 Un so bleibt's
 In Ewigkeit!³⁸ (18)

The second of the songs by Becker based on the poetry of Lina Sommer is a short selection entitled "Die Himmelsleiter":³⁹



Der Bauer hot e Döchderle,
 Das Döchderle häasst Gretche,
 Es is e lieb, e appelfrisch,
 E herzig Pälzer Mädche.

Der Bauer hot aa Haus un Hof
 Küh—Äcker—un so weiter—
 Un an dem grosse Scheierdhor,
 Do hot 'r aa e Leiter.

Die Leiter dhut der Nochbers Schorsch
 "Die Himmelsleiter" nenne—
 Warum?—Ich glaab, Ihr lieue Leit,
 Ihr wärd's Eich denke könne! (19)

"Die Himmelsleiter," first appeared in the small book, *E klan Prasent* in 1916, accompanied by its own charming illustration.⁴⁰ As in that poem, so also there is a direct parallel in another: "Liedel," by Lina Sommer, underwent a title change by Becker to "Wo die Wald is zu End," but it is the very same nature poem with a clear boy-girl theme.⁴¹

In dealing with a local color poet as attractive as Sommer, whose various folk statements run counter to the harsh realities of her own life, it might appear difficult to arrive at a clearly correct assessment of Lina as a person. Once again, the direct person who is Sommer, gives us a statement, however unflattering. It is a "Selbstporträt" in stark, cutting country dialect:⁴²

Zwää handfeschte Schtöck un an ihre Füss'
 Zwää grosse, gefütterte Schlappe,
 In dene se als in ihrer Schdubb
 Dhut hickle un humple un dabbe,
 E schwarzi Brill un e Höhrrohr dezu
 Un sunschd noch Schlamassel un Kummer,
 Mei liewi Seel, sag, wer mänscht, wer des is?
 S' is die Dichtern, die LINA SUMMER! (20)

Later in life, she also ventured into a kind of retrospective contemplation. It sounds, in some measure, too bizarre, too grim for this bundle of eternal energy, this very epitome of "the Spirit of the Pfalz." Yet here it is as she presented it, written quite late in life, almost as though she anticipated the end. It is her own direct statement to her readers which appeared in her book, *Dess un Sell*, at local bookstores in 1922, in the midst of that dreadful financial crisis.⁴³ Sommer was then nearing retirement age. "E Draam" is tender but precise:

Ich hab gedramt ich war geschorwe,
 Hatt driwwe in der Palz mei Grab
 Wie ich mer schun bei Leweszeit
 So sehlich des gewünsche hab!

Im Draam bin ich spaziere gange
 In Jockgrim uff de Kärchhof naus,
 Un seh un Grab, des stecht die annere
 Bei weitem allmitnanner aus.

Rechts war unn links e klänes Bämche,
 E Vögelche hot drin gesung,
 Des hot so fröhlich unn so selig,
 So sorgelos hot des geklung.

Unn Blumme ware do gewachse,
 E ganzer Locke—nit gepasst
 Kä stolze—nä so b'scheidne, kläne,
 Wie's for de "stille Gaarde" basst.

Un an der Mauer war e Dafel:
 Ich guck mer schier die Aage aus.
 Doch mit'm allerbeschte Wille
 Ich bring den Name nit eraus.

Do geht e alter Mann voriwier
 Unn wie ich sagte ihn hab g'fragt:
 "Wer liegt dann do begrawe, Alter?"
 Do hot'r freindlich zu mer g'sagt:

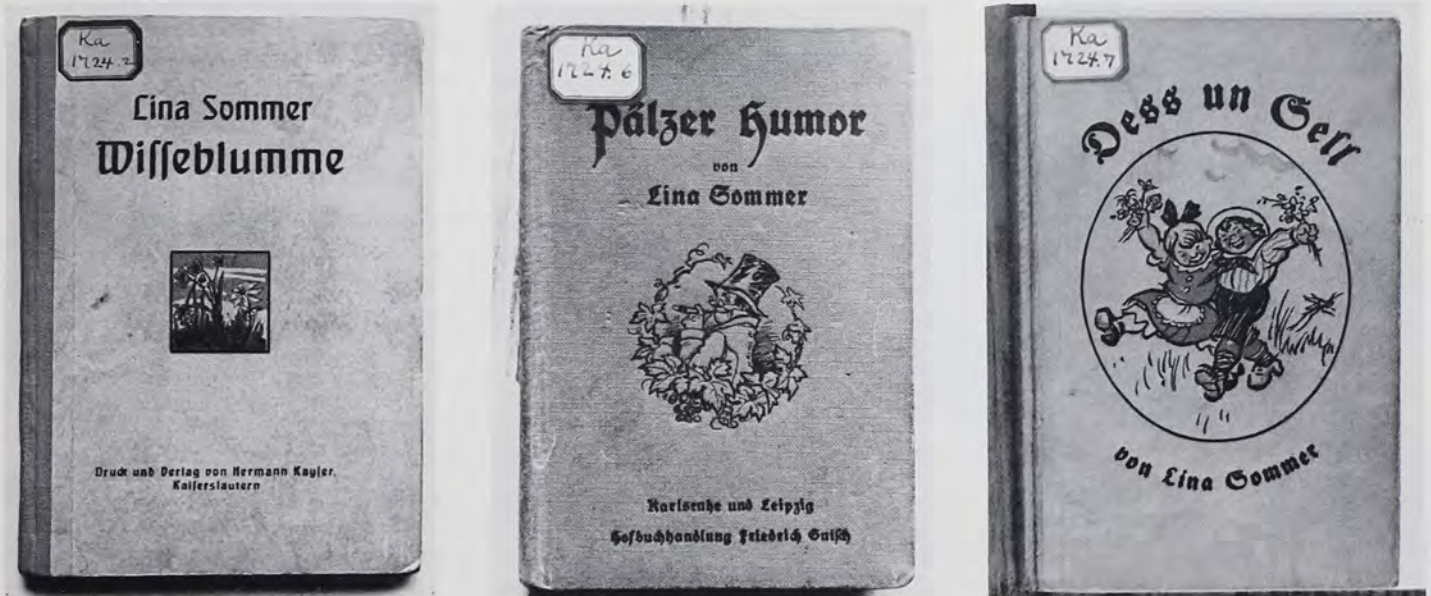
"Do drunne schloft die Lina Summer:
 Still! wecke Se se nor nit uff,—
 Die schickt die *Blumme* als *Gedichtle*
 Als *kläne Gruss* zu uns eruff!"

"Nää—wie kann mer nor so dabbig dräme!"
 Denk ich, wie ich bin uffgewacht,—
 Hab mer die Aage ausgeriwie
 Unn hab *gegreint*, un hab *gelacht*.⁴⁴ (21)

Of course, it is true that when she died, she was indeed buried in the churchyard at Jockgrim.

How may we sum up? What was the secret of Lina Sommer's great attraction to the readers? Why should she be remembered with such fondness by those who have read her work at one time or another, often in times of stress and doubt? In a few words, she was

clear in idea and statement. She had an uncanny ability to select the word which was precisely correct in a particular situation. Her rhyme flowed easily and was not forced. More than that, though, her situations were real to most of her readers, and when she described harsh realities of life, her handling seemed to help readers bear their own difficulties just a bit better.



APPENDIX—
POETRY INSPIRED BY LINA SOMMER
by William T. Parsons

Since Lina Sommer has written poetry which parallels the views and values held by Pennsylvania Germans in Eastern Pennsylvania, I have undertaken to set down my reactions to her works cited on the preceding pages. These are not translations, though the thoughts are surely similar. One day in the near future, I would also like to try *Deitsch* dialect versions of the same poems. Read then and see how well these items fit into the vernacular of the everyday life of the Pennsylvania Dutch. The numbers in parenthesis refer to equivalent items in the text above.

(1) LITTLE THINGS

Run barefoot and whistle as you do;
 You'll banish sorrow and save your shoe!
 Flowers at death, they speak no farther;
 But flowers for the living, that's really smarter.

This life, it is no children's game—
 Who listens while we do complain?
 Stand firm and laugh, and laugh again,
 Man's spirit did ideas frame.

(2) THE UNEXPECTED

When works of Lina Sommer
 On pages here unfold,
 Oh, such a lovely poem
 Will bring me joy untold!

Her writing's facile, golden,
 Yet sudden, in a guise;
 She's surely just a youngster,
 An honest Pfälzer prize!

I clearly see her eyes,
 Small cherry lips I've found;
 Pigtailed which go around her head,
 And rosy cheeks so round.

How am I so mistaken?
 For NONE of that is true;
 Already she's past fifty,
 Her hair gray-peppered, too!

The youngest of her children
 Long since has been confirmed.
 But if you think that, therefore,
 This woman should be spurned—

You're simply on the wrong track!
 At last I've got her right!
 She shines with Heaven's beauty,
 The Pfälzer star most bright!

(3) OUR PALATINATE COUNTRYSIDE

There is no land more splendid,
Its lovely scenes extended,
Than golden little Pfalz on Rhine;
Where mild wine still is flowing,
Down throats so easy going,
Who would not want to be a Palatine?
Where little insects fly yet
All cares subdued and quiet;
We're faithful still where-e'er we go.
Then slowly liquid passes
Into our drinking glasses,
No better German drink will ever know!

Where lovely girls come in,
Nimble as the wheels they spin;
These girls are really kind and great;
Like apple, such a sweet face,
Yet you can hear the tongues race;
Watch out! Our girls will surely captivate!

Where the apple cake
Does wonderfully bake,
And Mama always gives some to the young;
With sausage market thriving;
Bad Dürkheim still surviving,
And *Kerwe* most beloved *Fescht* to come.

At dinner we just shove in
All the food we're lovin'
Like liver on a fork into one's snout.
Where the hops we're cutting;
We fill the geese with stuffing,
And the knockwurst leaves aroma all about!

There is no land more splendid,
Its lovely scenes extended,
Than the golden little Pfalz on Rhine;
Where the mild wine is flowing,
Down the throat so easy going,
Who wouldn't like to be a Palatine?

(4) ON MEETING AN OLD FRIEND

"Oh golly gee, and holy mack'rel,
Good old Jake! How come you're here?
Didn't we last meet together—
Full seven—if it's been a year!
Tell me now, how is your vinyard?—
A goodly yield do you command?
And—oh yes—how are your grainfields?
How much do you have in land?

Has your tobacco aged well?
Good production from your cows?
Had good fortune with your chickens
And your other feathered fowl?

How many horses in your stable
And how many fat'ning hogs?
Content now with all your harvest—
And with stall-partition logs?

Did you win your legal battle?
All your things are my concern:
Your six sons, are they all healthy;
And your wife—alive and stern?"

(5) LITTLE FRITZ

So proud he was, as if a prince;
His laughter comments parried,—
"No question of my coming, since—
Dear Sir, *WE* just got married!"

(6) DEDICATION

But let me hope, my readers dear,
Who reads my book may find good cheer;
That for a time—however brief—
From care and sorrow brings relief,
That reading, they may feel anew:
She wrote for me,—and loved me, too!

(7) THE APPLE WOMAN

Sometimes from a little old woman,
Such apples I bought when a child.
I looked and I poked in her basket
For prettiest ones;—drove her wild!
Objecting to what I was doing,
She scolded me mildly, then said:
"Such children! You're never contented;
Go rummaging, poking instead."
"My Dear, if you weren't quite so picky,
You might see what Old-Timers know:
Accept what may come, nothing tricky,
Take things just as God made them grow!"

(8) BABETTE, THE MILKMAID

Little face so round and small,
Red cheeks healthiest of all;
Runs about from house to house,
Such a pretty little mouse.
Raindrops never bother her,
Sloppy weather can't deter.
Clothing, shoes wet—brings no frown;
Only milk is watered down!

(9) LENA AND LOTTE

When Lena goes dancing
She looks for a beau;
But Lotte does neither,
She's poor, don't you know.

Comparing their assets
Won't take very long;
Though poor Lotte falls short,
Her answer is strong:

"If I had your money
Already I'd be
Full *Forty* times married,
Just take it from me!"

(10) A LITTLE PRESENT

Such a little old book,
Grandma cared for it well;
When Dora did visit,
All silent she fell.

"But how did you get it?"
She badgered and begged
'Til dear tender Grandma
To granddaughter said:

This book was from Grandpa,
It's lovely and dear—
The very first present
That he brought her here.

(11) HER FIRST THOUGHT

The Widow Schmidt, upon the sill
Of this, her tiny home,
Stood thinking of her only son
Who to the front had gone.

She worried much on his account,
Her frail and different child,
Who'd always been, since just a lad,
So quiet, calm, and mild.

A soldier came along the street,
Broad-shouldered, proud and prime;
On furlough for a few short days—
Outgoing, fit, and fine.

The widow wondered: Who is this?
I know them all,—oh dear!
This one has not come from our town.
No! He's a stranger here!

The soldier stops right at her door,
Salutes her with his gun:
"Why mother, dearest mother, don't
You recognize you son?"

The Widow Schmidt, almost in trance,
Laughs through the tears that flow:
"My dearest boy, if only once,
Your Dad could see you so."

(12) ETERNALLY YOUNG

Lovely, charming, good as gold.
Eyes so charming, fresh and clear.
Helping hands, understands;
Warm, happy heart brings cheer.

Sews and cares, tends, forbears.
Helps until she's short of breath.
Does not fear, far or near.
Gracious spirit 'til her death!

The masterpiece in the Pfalz.



(13) HINDSIDE FOREMOST

"What? Fifty marks for such a hat!
Expensive but so small;
How Meier's wife got caught like that—
It's not like you at all."

"Don't get excited," says his wife,
"And don't get so distressed;
I'll just make do with this small hat,
All summer in it dressed."

"It surely is not worth it
To bluster and to shout;
I'll wear it so on weekdays,
On Sundays, turned about."

Rural scene near Edenlenken.



(14) LOOK OUT

Look out, take care
For Palat'nate girls so fair!
Like wheels they whirl,
They're motion ev'rywhere!

(15) MY SWEETHEART

My sweetheart has no meadows,
No vinyard nor farm field;
No acres nor no cottage,
No farthing cash can yield.

Her lips are both so charming,
Belong to me alone;
Her mouth is almost royal,
A nice fresh, pretty one.

Her eyes the most endearing
Light up from far away;
They're just as bright as silver,
Becoming, I must say.

Pure gold: that true her heart is;
She's pleasant—never brash.
Still, anyone will tell you:
My sweetheart has no cash!



*Passing Interests
of a Bachelor.*

(16) MY HEART TURNS A SOMERSAULT

Throughout the Pfalz, while travelling
Along its sunny paths,
In towns and cities, hill and dale,
Encounter eyes that laugh.
Where growing things are well-endowed,
And where our glances trend
Toward vinyards, fields and even trees;
A blessing without end!
From woods comes rustling day and night
An ever-changing song;—
The Hardt drops into valley deep,
The Rhine just flows along.
Then my heart turns a somersault,
My thoughts are often these:
“Thanks be to God for our dear Pfalz,
This is His masterpiece!”

(17) PLUM SHORTCAKE

When I was just a little girl
Still going to my school,
Plum cake was always heart's desire:
That was my firm best rule.

And then one day, my Mother said:
“I've taught you how and why.
The way you help me with plum cake,
Now's time for you to try.”

Fact is, I've grown much older now
And I bake cakes myself;
How much the care that I may take,
Results are something else.

It's not that I lack lard or eggs
And I've got plums enough;
Prepare all that and even more,
Grease pan with almond stuff.

Still, best plum cake and tasty
Came from my mother's hand;
But her plum cake I'll taste no more—
She's in the Promised Land!

Where the young girls go, boys are not far away.



(18) WHERE THE YOUNG GIRLS GO

Where the young girls go,
As they did in bygone day;
Where the young girls stand around,
Boys are never far away!

Whether Sundays, weekday talks,
In the fields or taking walks;
At the window, in the barn,
Makes no diff'rence, cold or warm.
By the streambank, in the meadow,
Before the house upon the seat;
By the door or at the toolhouse,
On the vinyard's hillside steep.
Open field or by the fountain,
Valley small or great high mountain;
Early morning, late at night
All remains the same,—and right!

Where young girls go,
Boys are there, or not so far.
So it was, and so it is now,
So it will be evermore.

(19) THE LADDER TO HEAVEN

The farmer had a daughter once;
Gretchen was that daughter's name;
She was lovely, fresh and charming,
As those girls so often came.

Father had both house and barnyard,
Cattle, fields, and so much more,—
In his courtyard stood a ladder
By the massive old barn door.

George, a neighbor, called that fixture
“Ladder-into-Heaven!” see?
For what reason? Well dear readers,
You should know, it seems to me!

(20) SELF-PORTRAIT

Two sturdy limbs and on her feet
Two large and sloppy slippers,
In which she goes about her room:
She bumbles, limps and fritters.
Black eyeglass frames and hearing aid,
She fusses so and thunders
My Lord! Who would you think it was?
The poet—LINA SOMMER!

Book signature of Lina Sommer.



(21) A DREAM

Once I dreamed that I had perished,
Down in the Pfalz my grave was found.
That fulfilled my heart's desire:
There committed to the ground.

In my dream I went on, walking
Through the churchyard at Jockgrim.
In among the graves I found there
One stood out, perhaps my whim.

To right and left were little shade trees,
Birds all singing, did abound.
Whistling happy and so blessed,
Birdcalls have a carefree sound!

Flowers there were growing, blooming;
Who could tuft or bunch ignore?
No proud blossoms, only plain ones
Fit this “resting place” the more.

On the wall there was a marker,
Which I searched till eyes did tear;
Summoned up my true best effort
But the name remained unclear.

As an old gent passed nearby me,
Put to him this question, low:
“Who is buried there, Old Timer?”
“Friend,” he answered, sure and slow:

“Over there sleeps Lina Sommer.
Quiet though! Don't wake her yet!
She sent flowers in form of poems,
Little greetings we might get!”

“How can one have dreams so silly?”
So I thought when half awake;
Rubbbed my eyes and growled a little—
Funny dream, for goodness sake!

(22) FUNDAMENTALS

“I'll never marry in my life,
But never, no, no, no!
I want no wife, will have no wife
Stay to myself alone.”

“And during all my early years,
No woman will I court;
That's for the best, for none's my style.
They all just come up short.”

(23) LITTLE SONG/
AT THE EDGE OF THE WOODS

At the edge of the woods
Just where the path turns
Two lovers hold hands
And happiness years.

And Fritz starts to tell her:
“Dear Liesel, do come!
I'm asking you truly,
Don't leave me alone!”

But the moon then comes up
So the stars all are gone.
The trees softly whisper:
“Darling Liesel, go home!”

So their feet start to shuffle
And kissing-time ends
At the edge of the woods where
The path slightly bends.

GRUNDSATZ

Dedicated to Annie Becker

Lyrics by Lina Sommer

Music by Willi Parsons
Harmonized by Joanne Althouse

Ich hei - rat in mei'm Le - we nit, Ich hei - rat nit, nä nä;
So mach ich in mei'm Le - we aa Käm Mä - del je die Cour;

Ich will kä Fraa, ich nemm kä Fraa, Grund-sätz-lich des un schä;
Un nim-mi soll ver-hei-rat sei: Kä Grund-satz un kä Schnur;

Ich hei - rat in mei'm Le - we nit, Ich bleib for mich al - lä.
Dess wär nit schlecht, dess käm mer recht, Grund-sätz-lich nit, Kä Schbur;

Ich hei-rat in mei'm Le - we nit, Bleib ich mich doch al - lä.
Ich hei-rat in mei'm Le - we nit, Weil dess iss mei Na - dur!



E DRAAM

Lyrics by Lina Sommer

Music by Willi Parsons
Harmonized by Joanne Althouse

1. Ich hab ge-drämt ich wär ge-schor-we, Hätt driw-we in der Palz mei Grab.
2. Im Draam bin ich spaz-ie- re gang - e In Jock-grim uff de Kärchhof naus
3. Rechts war un links e klän- es Bäm - che. E Vög - el - che hot drin ge-sung,

Wie ich mer schun bei Le- wes-zei-te So sehn-lich des ge-wunsh-e hab.
Un seh e Grab, des stecht die ann're Bei weit-em all-min-nan-ner aus.
Des not so fröh-lich unn so sel-ig, So sor - ge - los hot des ge - klung.

4. Un an der Mauer war e Dafel:
Ich guck mer schier die Aage aus.
Doch mit'm allerbeschte Wille
Ich bring den Name nit eraus.
5. Do geht e alter Mann voriwer
Unn wie ich sachte ihn hab g'fragt,
"Wer liegt dann do begrawe, Alter?"
Do hot'r freindlich zu mer g'sagt:
6. "Do drunne schloft die Lina Summer:
Still! wecke Se se nor nit uff.
Die schikt die Blumme als Gedichtle
Als kläne Gruss zu uns eruff!"
7. "Nää, wie kann mer nor so dabbig drame!"
Denk ich, wie ich bin ufgewacht,
Hab mer die Aage ausgeriwwe
Un hab gegreint, un hab gelacht!

WO DIE JUNGE MÄDLE STEHE

Lyrics by Lina Sommer
Concept by Willi Parsons

Music by Anni Becker
Harmony by Joanne Althouse

D A7 D

1. Ob am Sunndaag, ob am Werkdaag, beim Spaziergang uff'm Feld, ob am
2. An de Bach un uff de Wisse uff-em Bänkel vor em Haus, an de
3. Uff de Blääch un aach am Brunne, uff-em Berg un dief im Dal, früh am

Fenschder an de Scheier
Dier un drauss im Gaarde
Morje, spät am Owend,

ääner - lä ob Hitz, ob Kält:
odder weit im Wingert drauss:
alles, al - les ganz e - gal:

Refrain G A7 G/D D

Wo die junge Mäd-le ste-he, so war's schun in al-der Zeit,

D A7 D

Wo die junge Mäd-le ste-he, sin die Bu-we aach nit weit.

D G/D A7 G/D D

Wo die junge Mäd-le ge-he, sin die Bu-we aach nit weit.

D G A7 D

Ja, so war's, so iss, so bleibt's aa, bis in al-li E-wig-keit.



"So it was, and so it is now, so it will be evermore."

DIE HIMMELSLEITER

Lyrics by Lina Sommer
Concept by Willi Parsons

Music by Anni Becker
Harmony by Joanne Althouse

1. De Bau-er hot e 'Döchterle, des Döchter-le hässt Gretche. Es
2. De Bau-er hot aach Haus un Hof, Küh, Acker un so wei-ter un
3. Die Leiter duht de Nochber Schorsch, die Himmelsleiter nenne. War-

iss e lieb, e ap - pel-frisch, e herzisch's Päl - zer Mädche.
an seim grosse Scheier-dor, do hot er aach e Leiter. Zum
um? Ich glaab, ehr liewe Leit, ehr wern's eich denke kenne.

tra-la-li un tra - la - lei, hei - di - del-dum dei.

WO DE WALD ISS ZU END

Lyrics by Lina Sommer
Concept by Willi Parsons

Music by Anni Becker
Harmony by Joanne Althouse

1. Wo de Wald iss zu End, wo de Weg sich so trennt Stehn
2. Un der Fritz secht: Ich bitt, Liewi Liesel geh mit! Ich

ei- a. ei - - - - - a

3. Un de Mond kummt eruff un die Sterncher gehn uff un es rauschen die Bääm: Liewi Liesel, geh hääm!

4. Un uff flichtigem Fuss gebt's 'm schnell noch en Kuss wo de Wald iss zu End, wo de Weg sich so trennt.

zwä Hand in Hand bitt dich recht schä:
Glick- se- lig bei- nand. loss mich nit al- lä! Ei- a

ENDNOTES

¹The folksong at the end of the text is evidence: Music by William T. Parsons, Lyrics by Lina Sommer, *Grundsatz-Fundamentals* (Collegeville, Pa, 1984); Sommer, *Pälzer Humor* (Karlsruhe: Fr. Glutsch, 1919) 17-18; Sommer, *Schtillvergniagt* (Kaiserslautern: Hermann Kayser, 1905), 131; Sommer, *Vun Allem Ebbes* (Kaiserslautern: Kayser, 1920) 31.

²Anni Becker, *Schnibberdischnabber: Pfälzisches Liederbuch* (Ludwigshafen a R.: Häuselmann & Röber, 1981) 132-33, 139-41, 175.

³Oskar Bischoff et al., *Das Grosse Pfälzbuch* 5e Auflage, (Neustadt a d W.: Pfälzisch Verlagsanstalt, 1976), 679.

⁴Paul Münch, *Die Pälzisch Weltgeschichte* (Landau/Pf: Pfälzisch Verlagsanstalt, 1982), 5-12, 147-48; Rolf Leppla u. Wilhelm Müller, *Paul Münch Festschrift* (Kaiserslautern: Hildebrand, 1979), 679.

⁵Elisabeth W. Trippmacher, *Lina Sommer: Aus ihrem Leben und Schaffen* (Ludwigshafen a R.: J. Waldkirch 1920), 1, 8-9, 16.

⁶Sommer, *Vun Allem Ebbes*, iii-iv, 9-17.

⁷Lina Sommer, *So Sache* (Heidelberg: Evangelischer Verlag, 1921), 109; Trippmacher, *L. Sommer*, 10.

⁸Trippmacher, *L. Sommer*, 3, 11.

⁹Sommer, *Vun Allem Ebbes*, vii-viii, 115-159.

¹⁰Sommer, *Pälzer Humor*, 18, 70.

¹¹Ibid., 32-33; Trippmacher, *L. Sommer*, 4.

¹²Sommer, *Vun Allem Ebbes*, vii-viii, 5, 7; Trippmacher, *L. Sommer*, 3.

¹³Trippmacher, *L. Sommer*, 7.

¹⁴Ibid., 11.

¹⁵Ibid.; Sommer, *Vun Allem Ebbes*, iii.

¹⁶Walter E. Boyer, "Solly Hulsbuck, The People's Poet," *Pennsylvania Dutchman*, 4:5:2-3.

¹⁷Hermann-Josef Wilbert and Bruno Klemm, *Die Guckuck* (Kaiserslautern: Heimatstelle Pfalz, 1976), 16-17; *Festliederbuch zu Speyer, 12-16 September 1979* (Speyer: Evangelisches Kirche der Pfalz, 1979), 6.

¹⁸Sommer, *Schtillvergniagt*, 51-52.

¹⁹Ibid., 76-81; Sommer, *Vun Allem Ebbes*, 3-9.

²⁰Sommer, *Schtillvergniagt*, 49.

²¹Trippmacher, *L. Sommer*, 12.

²²Lina Sommer, "Tristiger Grund," *Pälzer Humor*, for example.

²³Sommer, *Dess un Sell*, 21-23, 38, 47-48; Trippmacher, *L. Sommer*, 15.

²⁴Lina Sommer, *E. Pälzer Blummeschtreiss'1* (Munich: Braun & Schneider, 1922), 16.

²⁵Trippmacher, *L. Sommer*, 5.

²⁶Sommer, *So Sache*, 69.

²⁷Ibid., 78.

²⁸Lina Sommer, *E Klän Präsent* (Munich: Braun & Schneider, 1916), 70.

²⁹Ibid., 76-77.

³⁰Ibid., 11.

³¹Ibid., 68.

³²Hermann Jäger Family, "Unser Pälzer Mädcher," Folksong #2 on Videotape #FS 7/pf 1.60, 7 July 1980, Pennsylvania German Studies Archives, Collegeville, PA; Sommer, *Dess un Sell*, 14.

³³Sommer, *Dess un Sell*, 124.

³⁴Ibid., 74.

³⁵Conversation, William T. Parsons with Wolfgang Krück, Glan-Münchweiler, Pfalz, 18 September 1979.

³⁶Sommer, *Dess un Sell*, 115.

³⁷Becker, *Schnibberdischnabber*, 131-33; 139-41.

³⁸Sommer, *So Sache*, 80; Anni Becker, "Ob am Sunndag, ob am Werkdag," Anni Becker u. Jockel Becker, *Die neuen lieben Lieder* Da Camera Song LP Record #SM 95052, 1976.

³⁹Sommer, *E. Klän Präsent*, 34; Becker, *Schnibberdischnabber*, 139; Hans-Erich Halberstadt, "De Bauer hot e Döchterle," Becker, *Die neuen lieben Lieder*, 1976, is a folk musical rendition based on Sommer's "Die Himmelsleiter," where some words and word order differ.

⁴⁰Sommer, *E Klän Präsent*, 34.

⁴¹Sommer, *Dess un Sell*, 38; Becker, *Schnibberdischnabber* 140-41; Halberstadt, "Wo de Wald is zu End," Becker, *Die neuen lieben Lieder*, 1976.

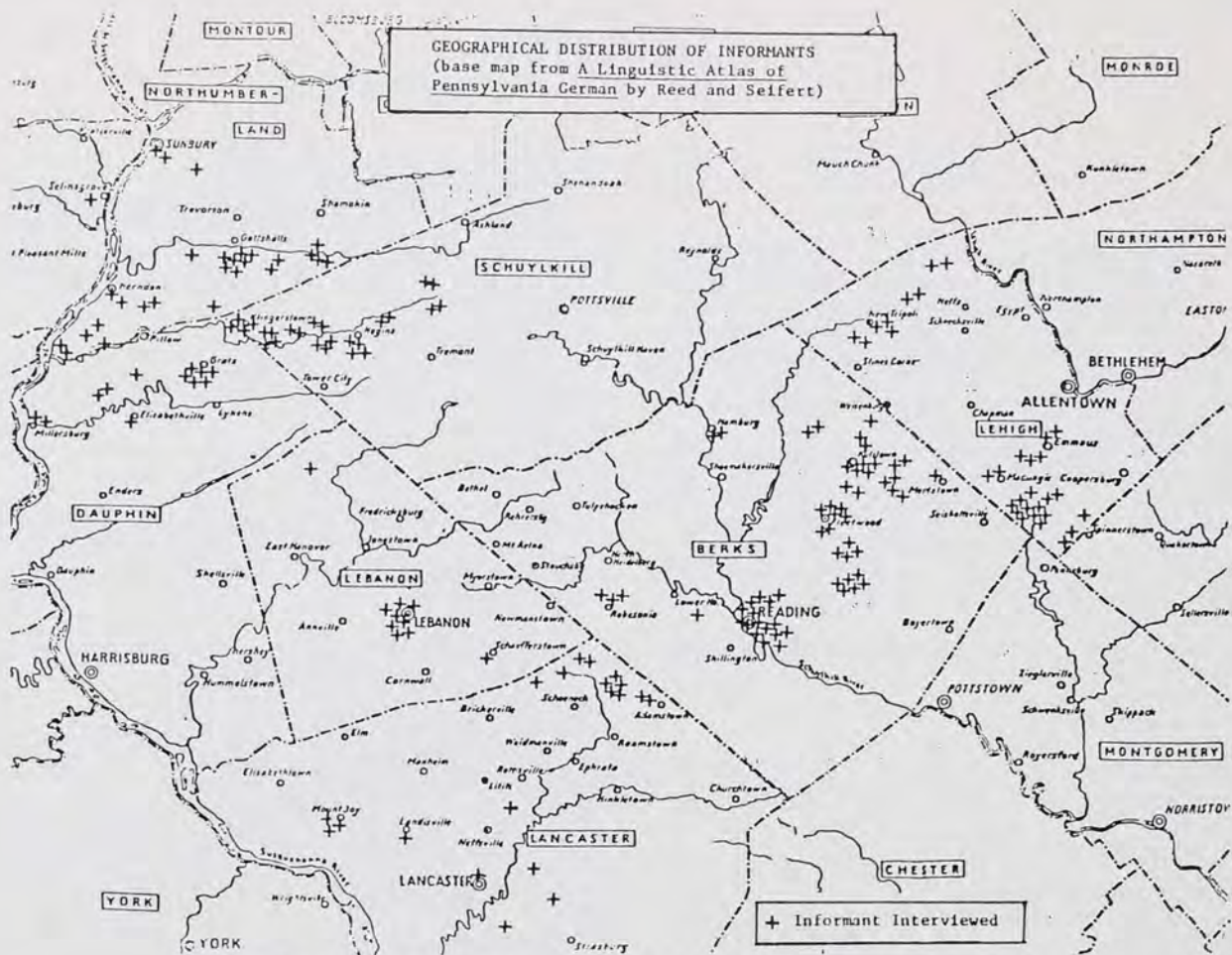
⁴²Trippmacher, *L. Sommer*, 14.

⁴³Sommer, *Dess un Sell*, 46-47; so also from *Schtillvergniagt*.

⁴⁴Music by William T. Parsons, Lyrics by Lina Sommer, *E Draam-A Dream*, (Collegeville, PA March 1984).



"Bring flowers for the living."



WORD GAIN AND LOSS IN THE ENGLISH OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS

by Marion Lois Huffines

The other day in the supermarket, I was deciding which cat food to buy. A woman standing next to me was obviously attempting to make the same decision. "Is your cat snoopy?" she asked. Not wanting to appear unfriendly, I replied, "Yes, I guess he is." Snoopy? Was it a name, like the dog in the Peanuts cartoon? Did it describe how the cat furtively steals around the house? Her parting remark provided the context: "My cat is the snoopest cat in the world. I had to bring back two cans of food she wouldn't even touch."

The incident illustrates a linguistic interaction in a community where two languages are in contact. In this case, the dominant language English has been affected by the receding language Pennsylvania German: English has borrowed the meaning from Pennsylvania German *schniekich* and made it a part of its own word "snoopy."

In bilingual communities where two or more languages are in contact, words from one language are easily borrowed while speaking the other. Bilinguals, who speak most frequently with other bilinguals, borrow words to fulfill their communicative needs and rely on

their listeners to understand whether the word was borrowed to convey information or to assert the speaker's ethnic affiliation. Monolinguals learn frequently borrowed words and use them as if they were part of their own language system. Indeed, that act itself brings about the adoption of borrowed words by the borrowing language. The linguistic origin of the word becomes an historical incidental as speakers use the borrowing as their own native material.

Borrowing can take several forms. Unintentional and undesired borrowing is often a slip of the tongue, and listeners may consider such behavior a sign of non-fluency. Speakers also borrow deliberately in order to achieve a mood or effect, a language behavior that can be called metaphorical borrowing. In this case, the listener must also have minimal bilingual ability for the metaphor to be effective. Neither of these types of borrowing affects the borrowing language. However, if speakers employ native words with borrowed meanings or use borrowed lexical items as if they were native words frequently and consistently, the borrowing language then experiences semantic and lexical change. Those borrowings become part of its linguistic fabric,

and they are eligible for the same kind of inflectional and derivational processes which affect originally native words.

In bilingual communities where one language is dominant and the other receding, linguistic borrowing occurs on the part of both languages. While many studies deal with the influence of the dominant language on a minority language, few describe the influence in the other direction. This study investigates such a community and describes specifically the influence of Pennsylvania German, a receding language, on English, the dominant language.

Procedure

The following observations are based on tape-recorded interviews with 208 Pennsylvania Germans, 19 to 76 years old, living in a seven county area of eastern and central Pennsylvania (see map for distribution). The interviews consist of spontaneous conversations in English on such topics as farm chores, butchering, recipes, home remedies, and one-room school houses. The interviews end with questions designed to elicit specific vocabulary items; for example, "What kind of cheese is white with curds that some people spread on bread?" or "What do you tell your daughter when she asks for more cookies and there aren't any more?" The interviewer suggests a vocabulary item only as a last resort. The strongest evidence that a word functions in language is, of course, its spontaneous occurrence during conversation.

Background

The Pennsylvania German community exhibits a range of bilingual abilities. The majority of the Old Order Amish and Old Order Mennonites speak Pennsylvania German natively. These sectarians use Pennsylvania German in their homes and communities and English in school and in discourse with outsiders. While scholars have observed a large number of English loan words in the Pennsylvania German of Old Order members, they also recognize that the English of the Old Order is freer of Pennsylvania German influence when it is compared to the English of many non-sectarian Pennsylvania Germans.¹ As a people set apart from mainstream American society, they normally interact with English speakers only on a transactional basis. The influence of their speech on the English of the surrounding area is minimal, and therefore, this study does not consider their variety of English.

Among non-sectarian Pennsylvania Germans, all speak English, but abilities to speak Pennsylvania German vary considerably. Native speakers tend to be elderly. The youngest native speaker in the sample is 41 years old. Younger non-native speakers tend to be nonfluent; they generally learn Pennsylvania German from grandparents, great aunts and uncles, not from parents, who fear that bilingualism will hinder their

progress in school. Among non-sectarian Pennsylvania Germans, English increasingly fulfills the communicative needs in the community, and Pennsylvania German is receding rapidly. Some Pennsylvania Germans only understand Pennsylvania German and do not speak it; others are monolingual English speakers.² Still others will not admit to having either speaking or comprehension abilities.

Although there are Pennsylvania Germans who no longer speak Pennsylvania German or who speak it poorly, their ethnic affiliation is still apparent in the variety of English they speak. Intentionally or not, speakers identify themselves as Pennsylvania Germans by having phonological or syntactic features or by borrowing words and meanings from Pennsylvania German while speaking English. This is acceptable language behavior in a bilingual community. If contacts with non-Pennsylvania Germans are frequent and intense, the bilingual community linguistically influences the English of the surrounding areas. Monolinguals outside the bilingual community adopt Pennsylvania Germanisms as their own.

The adoption of minority language vocabulary items by the dominant language reflects the closeness of the contact between the two cultures and the vitality of the minority group. As that group assimilates into mainstream American society, the pattern of lexical borrowing and influence changes. Concerning the Pennsylvania German community in the American context, Hans Kurath observes, "The whole process of interaction of languages in intimate contact—the adoption of words from the receding language on the part of the dominant language and their fading out is part of it—can be directly observed in this case."³

The forms

Pennsylvania German vocabulary items which occurred spontaneously during the interviews fall into one of three main categories: intrusion, metaphorical use, or borrowings, either in the form of loan translations or direct importations. The first two categories appear to depend on the speakers, whose fluencies vary and who are also affected by the social occasion of the interview itself. The third category represents cases where Pennsylvania German vocabulary has become part of the English spoken by the Pennsylvania Germans.

Intrusion refers to those cases in which a speaker intends an English word but says the Pennsylvania German word. Such instances are relatively rare and occur generally in the speech of native speakers or of those who usually use Pennsylvania German to talk about the topic of conversation. The Pennsylvania German intrusion essentially represents a speech error, and nothing further can be inferred about the influence of Pennsylvania German on English. Speakers seem uncomfortable with the intrusion and offer corrections or

apologies; for example:⁴

It was *mehr*, more of a square cover.

My dad always made his own sausage and his own . . . I can only think of the Dutch word *pannhaas*, terrible.

Well, they take the *abfall* meat, well not exactly *abfall*, but . . .

Clearly, the listener cannot always distinguish a borrowing from an intrusion, as in this example: "You see him out with the *sens* knocking down grass." The unsystematic occurrence of intrusions inhibits their influence on English. Monolinguals do not hear the forms in consistent contexts and cannot incorporate them into their speech.

Metaphorical use refers to the speaker's deliberate selection of a loan word in order to achieve some effect. The desired effect is usually humorous, but in some cases the speakers want to impress the interviewer with their knowledge of Pennsylvania German and to demonstrate their membership in that group. Metaphorical use, like direct interference, is infrequent in the interview situation. Examples include:

I can, but I get *verhuddelt* every now and then.

I used to try to talk to Daddy in that, but he always felt it was so *verdreht*.

Now I wish I wouldn't have been so *schtarrkeppich*.

Extra-linguistic cues, such as emphasis or laughter, indicate the metaphorical use of the Pennsylvania German word. Speakers and listeners recognize that the forms are not part of the English code. The listener must know not only the meaning of the word, but also be familiar with its connotations in the community. The metaphorical effect depends on that knowledge. This usage also has little import for the development of English.

Loan translations are Pennsylvania German meanings and phrases translated into English. The English words then express the idea as it would have been in Pennsylvania German. Such usages do not depend on bilingualism but are adapted into the English of the Pennsylvania German community even by monolingual English speakers. Loan translations represent the major lexical contribution from Pennsylvania German to English:

all (PG *all*) "all gone"

He's going to have the cookies all.

cook (PG *koche*) "boil"

I leave that cook away until there's only a little in.

dare (PG *darrefe*) "to be permitted"

There was a hill and we dare go sleigh riding.

hard (PG *hatt*) "completely"

Cause my mom, oh, she's hard Dutch.

for nice (PG *fer schee*) "to look good"

Others do it for nice like your holstein breeds; its more or less for nice.

once (PG *mol*) "an intensifier with the imperative"

Show it to her once. Now wait once.

This specialized use of *once* expresses the immediacy of interest on the part of the speaker; the form seems to have

lost any meaning of time in this construction.

sneaky (PG *schniekich*) "finicky" (about food)

I'm kind of sneaky when it comes to meat like that.

snoopy (English variant of *sneaky*)

Cause my children don't eat it; they're very snoopy.

so (PG *so*) "as is, plain"

No, in lasagna, but not so. I don't eat it so.

such (PG *soddich*) "a kind of"

It just had such a door, and this was a little loose.

till (PG *bis*) "by the time that"

Till the end of the day, I'm tired too.

walk (PG *laafe*) "run" (of liquid)

This valley is a lot lower, and the water'll walk out.

what for (PG *was fer*) "what kind of"

I don't know what for subjects we got.

with (PG *mit*) "along"

We weren't allowed to be with when the funeral was.

it wonders me (PG *wunnert mich*) "I wonder"

Husband to speaker: "Why do you ask that?"

The reply: It wonders me.

not?, ain't?, hey?, say? (PG *gell, net*) "not so?"

Those are like pancakes, not?

We have a powwow book, ain't?

Take the skin off, hey? Then pickle it.

Sometimes you help to stuff the sausage, say?

This construction is called a tag question and is used to make a question out of an assertion. In English the construction is syntactically complex and involves the auxiliary verb of the main clause or a form of *do*, the pronoun form of the subject, and negation if the assertion is positive or no negation if it is negative; for example, "He likes tripe, doesn't he?" By contract, Pennsylvania German has a single, unalterable form *gell, net* or *net waahr*. Many Pennsylvania Germans also reduce the tag question to a single lexical form in their English.

The English forms cited above extend their semantic range to accommodate the Pennsylvania German usage. All appear to be part of the variety of English spoken by the Pennsylvania Germans, and none is perceived as foreign to that variety. The fact that they are used spontaneously by monolingual English speakers lends credence to Albert Buffington's assertion that certain usages "are so well established in the English spoken in the Pennsylvania German area that they will probably survive long after the Pennsylvania German dialect itself has died out."⁵ However, the survival of these forms in the English of subsequent generations of Pennsylvania Germans and their diffusion into neighboring varieties of English are by no means assured.

The inventory of Pennsylvania German words in the spoken English of the Pennsylvania Germans in this study is much reduced when compared to earlier published lists.⁶ One suspects that this discrepancy is due in part to differences in methodology. However, direct borrowings from Pennsylvania German appear not to survive the diminishing influence of Pennsylvania German in the community. Forms such as *toot* "paper bag," *spritz* "sprinkle," *speck* "fat, bacon," *rutsch* "squirm," and *verhuddelt* "mixed up" do not occur spontaneously in the recorded conversations, but almost all Pennsylvania Germans interviewed either offered the

words when asked appropriate questions or enthusiastically recognized the forms if the interviewer suggested them. Other words did not fare as well and seem to depend on bilingualism, either in the family or in the community. Direct borrowings, such as *smearcase* "cottage cheese," *Fasnacht* "doughnut," *dappi* "clumsy," *strubbli* "unkempt, disheveled," *fress* "to eat like an animal," *schussli* "clumsiness due to hastiness" are not understood by all Pennsylvania Germans today and are especially unknown among young people. Although these loans occur on earlier published lists of Pennsylvania Germanisms found in English, they are dying out as Pennsylvania German recedes.⁷

Discussion

The long-standing contribution of Pennsylvania German to English in terms of its lexicon is more likely to be loan translations and not direct borrowings. There are a number of reasons why this should happen. Direct borrowings are closely associated with Pennsylvania German and perceived as foreign to English. Most speakers feel strongly that it is inappropriate to "mix" languages. Some borrowings are simply perceived as humorous, an attitude which is implicit and exploited in the tourist industry which fabricates its own variety of Pennsylvania German English. In school speakers develop strong notions of what is correct English. These prescriptive ideas affect usage as does censure from the non-Pennsylvania German community. Pennsylvania Germans who say, "The cookies are all," and repeatedly hear "All what?" as a retort soon begin to say, "The cookies are all gone." Some speakers remember when families made their own *pannhas*, *smearcase*, and *fasnacht*s. Today's packaged commercial products are different from the homemade foods, and speakers do not associate them with the Pennsylvania German labels they know.

Linguistic processes also account for the loss of Pennsylvania German borrowings in English. When a language has two words that have the same meaning, one frequently develops a specialized meaning or usage. Several examples appear in the English of the Pennsylvania Germans as speakers attempt to distinguish a Pennsylvania German borrowing from an English word by defining it more narrowly. Some speakers, for instance, define *smearcase* as cottage cheese that has been thinned with milk and beaten smooth; a *fasnacht* as a doughnut without a hole or made from batter containing mashed potatoes; *speck* as the fat on a roast or piece of meat. Such semantic specialization inhibits the loss of these forms by protecting their functionality. However, the opposite phenomenon also occurs: the Pennsylvania German words expand their semantic range to correspond to English forms: *toot* defined as a paper bag of any size and not only as a small or conical shaped one once used to bag unpackage candy; *strubbli* used to describe a person's general appearance,

not just the hair. The generalization of meaning seems to precede the ultimate loss of the borrowed forms from English. Because speakers have exact synonyms in English, they no longer need the borrowed forms.

Pennsylvania German direct borrowings continue to survive among bilinguals. However, as Pennsylvania German is used less, it is clear that these borrowings will pass from the English of the community because they conflict with established monolingual norms, because the cultural items they refer to have changed, or because English synonyms have replaced them. The loan translations will most likely survive the loss Pennsylvania German from the area. They are the relics foreseen by Hans Kurath when he observed, "The elimination of Germanisms in the English of those parts of the Pennsylvania German settlement area in which Pennsylvania Dutch has gone out of use completely or nearly so is a striking phenomenon. With the passing of bilingualism most of the borrowed expressions are also abandoned in the local English and only scattered relics of the displaced language survive."⁸ However, as speakers interact outside of the Pennsylvania German community independent of the ethnic group, even these forms may not survive the concomitant loss of Pennsylvania German ethnic affiliation.

ENDNOTES

⁷Werner Enninger, "Language Convergence in a Stable Trilingualism Situation," in *Anglistik: Beiträge zur Fachwissenschaft und Fachdidaktik*, ed P. Freese, et al. (Münster: Regensburg, 1979), pp. 43-63. Marion Lois Huffines, "English in Contact with Pennsylvania German," *German Quarterly*, 54 (1980), 352-366. Joachim Raith, "Phonologische Interferenzen im amerikanischen Englisch der anabaptistischen Gruppen deutscher Herkunft in Lancaster County, (Pennsylvania)," *Zeitschrift für Dialektologie und Linguistik*, 48 (1981), 35-52.

⁸Marion Lois Huffines, "Pennsylvania German: Maintenance and Shift," *International Journal of the Sociology of Language*, 25 (1980), 43-57.

⁹Hans Kurath, *Studies in Area Linguistics* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1972), p. 62.

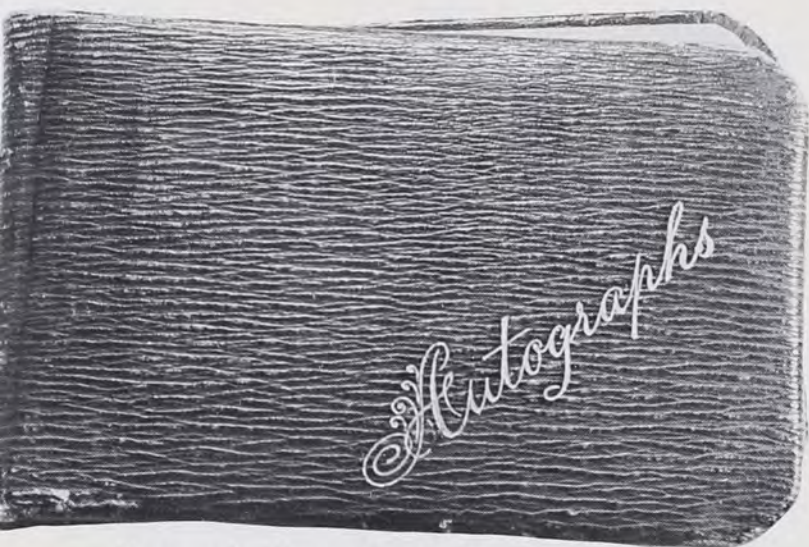
¹⁰Pennsylvania German orthography is not formally standardized. Pennsylvania German words are spelled according to the Buffington-Barba German-based system, which is used by most PG dialect writers today. Borrowings into English are spelled according to an English-based system.

¹¹Albert F. Buffington, "The Influence of the Pennsylvania German Dialect on the English Spoken in the Pennsylvania German Area," in *Helen Adolf Festschrift*, ed. Sheema Z. Buehne, James L. Hodes, and Lucille B. Pinto (New York: Ungar, 1968), p. 40.

¹²George G. Struble, "The English of the Pennsylvania Germans," *American Speech*, 10 (1935), 163-172. J. William Frey, "The English of the Pennsylvania Germans in York County, Pa.," 'S Pennsylvanisch Deutsch Eck, *Morning Call* (Allentown, Pa., 18 May, 1940). Hans Kurath, "German Relics in Pennsylvania English," *Monatshefte*, 37 (1945), 92-102. Paul Schach, "The Pennsylvania German Contribution to the American Vocabulary," 'S Pennsylvanisch Deutsch Eck, *Morning Call* (Allentown, Pa., 12 and 19 June 1954). Buffington, pp. 30-41.

¹³The discussion of direct importation of lexical items does not account for those instances when a speaker switches languages. The distinction between a language code-switch, which occurs in mid-sentence, for instance, and borrowing is only theoretically defined; in practice it is difficult to distinguish borderline cases.

¹⁴Kurath, "German Relics . . .," p. 102.



*Cover of album owned by
Flora Stevenson Patterson.*

*Covers of two others.
The lettering and de-
corations of all five
album covers were
printed in gold.*



THE AUTOGRAPH ALBUM: A VICTORIAN GIRL'S BEST FRIEND

by Robert P. Stevenson

Autograph albums have been a part of American life for more than a century and a half. Victorian girls loved them, and in the late 1800s, young women vied with each other in filling their books, asking friends and relatives to express their good wishes and sign and date the pages. A few girls nowadays still seek autographs in the same way.¹

Some treasured albums of the old days are still around. If your own family has one or two, better take a look at them. The contents—dates, home towns, handwriting—can sometimes give extra significance to statistical data found in a family Bible, in census tables, and in other genealogical resources.

Five old albums were loaned to me while I was researching the Stevenson family history. All belonged originally to girls who lived, in the past century, in Greene and Fayette counties in southwestern Pennsylvania. The girls were members of the family of William A. Stevenson, my grandfather's brother. In one of the albums I found the missing family name of a long-ago bride. I also learned of forgotten travels, and a family Christmas party in 1890 came to light. Altogether, the albums added to my sense of how and where some of my ancestors lived, and it was always interesting to see the handwriting and signatures of persons many years in their graves.

Flora Stevenson
 May your life be one bright
 dream is the wish of your friend
 and your grandmother
 Eliza Ross

When Eliza went to school in the early 1800s she learned to write her surname as Rofs, instead of Ross. This autograph helped the author to determine the name of a missing family member—the mother of Jennie Shelley.

Engraving entitled “The Rustic Wreath” illustrated Jennie Shelley’s album. It was published in the early 1850s before photographs had become common.



The oldest of the five albums I examined was kept during the decade just before the Civil War, but autograph albums were popular long before that; I found a reference to them in an 1841 article in *Godey’s Lady’s Book*.² Written by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, the magazine’s editor, the article showed that autograph albums were an accepted part of a young woman’s life as early as the first years of the nineteenth century. In the first paragraph of the article, Mrs. Hale refers to “the Schoolmaster, as he carefully turned over the leaves of Ellen Marvin’s Book of Autographs.”

In those early days it is unlikely that many autograph seekers had the good fortune of James Fenimore Cooper’s young neighbor. The author of *The Leatherstocking Tales* took time out to write original verses in the autograph album owned by Caroline A. Foote, a frequent visitor to the Cooper home in Cooperstown, New York.³ The verses conclude with these lines:

In after life, when thou shalt grow
 To womanhood, and learn to feel
 The tenderness the aged know
 To guide their children’s weal,
 Then wilt thou bless with bended knee
 Some smiling child as I bless thee.

Encouraged by this success, thirteen-year-old Caroline asked Cooper to write album verses for her schoolmate, Julia Bryant, daughter of William Cullen Bryant. Cooper wrote:

Charming young lady, Miss Julia by name,
 Your friend, little Cally, your wishes proclaim;
 Read this, and you’ll soon learn to know it.
 I’m not your papa the great lyric poet.

Original verse is seldom found, however, in the general run of albums. In the five loaned to me, about one-quarter of the persons approached wrote only a few words of prose, or perhaps just a signature. Others were ready with an appropriate jingle, sometimes imperfectly remembered. To help those not poetically inclined, collections of verse suitable for autograph albums were published. The *Godey’s Lady’s Book* already cited indicates this. In the final pages of each issue, the editor listed the submitted manuscripts she was accepting and rejecting. Among rejects listed in the April, 1841 issue⁴ was one titled “Album Verses—To Virginia on Her Leaving Home.” Also, the 1897 *Sears, Roebuck Catalog* offered *Dick’s Original Album Verses*.⁵ This was described as “a very handy book for selecting an appropriate verse for insertion in a lady’s



Frontispiece of Jennie Shelley's Friendship Tablet is a black-and-white engraving of a castle on the Rhine.

album." Jingles from such sources became known in widely scattered areas. Passed from album to album, the same jingles often developed many variations. Certain favorites eventually became so popular they turned into a form of regional folklore.

The oldest of the five albums that came to me was owned by Jane (Jennie) Shelley, daughter of Cyrus E. Shelley. She was born in Redstone Township, adjoining Brownsville, Fayette County, but by the time she began her album the family had moved westward across the Monongahela River to Carmichaels, in Greene County. Jennie's book is shaped like a school tablet, and is actually called a "Tablet of Friendship" on the cover. It is eight inches tall, six-and-one-quarter inches across, and one-half inch thick. Nevertheless, it is just as much an album as the fat, elongated booklets in which Jennie's daughters later sought signatures.

Jennie's Tablet of Friendship must have been a prized acquisition for a young woman who became nineteen years old on April 4, 1854. It was, perhaps, a birthday present, for the earliest entry is dated just a few days later. Hard covers simulate light brown leather and, on the front, straight lines, fancy scrolls, an oval sur-

For Jennie

Can friendship when placed in the heart
Be taught to practice deceit
It certainly cannot impart
Those motives that are not discreet.

Achor, O May 25. 1855

J. F. Randolph

During an 1855 trip down the Monongahela and Ohio Rivers Jennie Shelley got these autographs in Beaver, Pennsylvania, and Achor, Ohio. She visited cousins in both towns.

Cousin Jennie:

When into this book,
Confiding you look,
I see the name of a friend,
Such name you will see
How written by me.

R. H. McGregor

Beaver, 12 May, 1855.

rounding the title, and the title itself all were done in shiny gold ink, some of which remains to this day.

The entries show that in May, 1855, Jennie visited cousins in eastern Ohio. One can imagine the twenty-year-old girl setting out from her Carmichaels home, wearing a be-ribboned hat above the flounces of her full dress, and carrying a fully packed carpetbag. One or both of her parents may have accompanied her. From her home the family horse and buggy probably carried her to Rices Landing to board a Monongahela River packet for Pittsburgh, where she would have changed to an Ohio River steamer. Album entries show that she debarked at Beaver, Pennsylvania, to visit cousins named McGregor before going on across the Ohio border. In Ohio, Jennie visited her Randolph cousins who were then living in Achor (later renamed Negley⁶), East Fairfield, and Westville. In 1855 the Randolphs had been in Ohio only a few years, having moved there from the farm near Jefferson, Greene County, Pennsylvania⁷, where they were born.

The sentiments written in Jennie's album are mostly religious in tone, but one—above the signature of J.F. Randolph of Achor and dated May 25, 1855—is sug-



Red and green letters add color to the frontispiece of Susan Jeffries' album. The decorated spaces scattered through the book also had lots of color.

gestive of the jingles to be found a generation later in the albums of her daughters:

May our friendship ever be
Guided by sincerity;
As this album's whole delight
Permit me here my name to write.

And Elizabeth Jane Davidson, without giving the date or her home town, combined two ideas found many times in later years in the albums kept by Jennie's daughters:

When this you see remember me
Though many distant miles we be.
May every blessing be thy lot
I only ask forget me not.

(Some thirty years later, in a wish addressed to Flora Stevenson and written in her album, Louie Kerr, of

Carmichaels, repeated these same words except for one minor change in the second line: "many miles apart we be.")

In late November of 1855, Jennie Shelley made a Thanksgiving visit to Ross cousins who lived in the Dunkard Creek region of Greene County near the Mason-Dixon line, which separated Pennsylvania from what was then Virginia, but which later became West Virginia. One of the Ross cousins signed her name "Rofs," indicating that this was an elderly individual who had gone to school in the early years of the century when it was still correct to write a double "s" as "fs."

Entries in Jennie's album had stopped before August 31, 1861. On that date she became the bride of William A. Stevenson, a fuller employed in Clarksville, a few miles north of Carmichaels. Three children were born



s not
flowers,
we s.

Full-page floral decorations are scattered through Flora Stevenson Patterson's album. Here are two of them.



Dec. 28, 1890.

Dear Cousin

Remember me and bear in mind
That true friends are hard to find
And when you find one just and true
Change not the old one for the new.

Your Cousin
Permelia Stevenson.

Here are two of several autographs that enabled the author to determine that there had been a Stevenson family gathering near Greensboro three days after Christmas in 1890.

to the couple before they left Clarksville (about 1866) for Athens, Missouri, where the husband and his brother, Alfred Presley Stevenson, established a fulling mill on the Des Moines River. Some time later, the elder daughter, Ruth, wrote in her mother's album:

Surely I should ever love

This glorious God who reigns above.

For very kind indeed is He

To love a little girl like me.

On March 25, 1870, Ruth died, still less than eight years old. The next year, on June 13, 1871, the mother, Jennie, also died and followed her first-born to the Athens Cemetery. In 1873, the Stevenson family returned to Greene County, Pennsylvania. There the father and his brother, Alfred Presley, bought the Greene Woolen Mills, located on Muddy Creek, near Carmichaels.

Three daughters and a son then remained in the family, a son and a daughter having been born in Missouri. The daughters were Hannah Florence (Flora), born February 21, 1864, at Clarksville; Sarah Anne (Annie), born December 29, 1865, at Clarksville; and Mary F., born April 30, 1870, in Athens, Missouri. Each eventually acquired an autograph album. All three albums survive.

On September 16, 1875, William A. Stevenson took a second wife, Amy Worley, of New Salem, Pennsylvania. Amy had a sister, Susanna Worley Jeffries, two years younger. Susanna also left to posterity a well-filled album. In it, the three Stevenson sisters all addressed her as "Aunt Sue."

Dec. 28, 1890

Dear Cousin:

May your life be always happy.
And your smiles be always gay.
As the "Lillies of the Valley"
When they bloom in lovely May.
As the wish of your cousin

Greensboro
Pa.

May Stevenson.

Examining the Stevenson sisters' three albums, I noticed an unusual number of entries dated December 28, 1890 at Greensboro, Pennsylvania. Among them was an autograph by my father, Alfred Adolph Stevenson, then only twenty-eight, and several by my Aunts Permelia and May. Checking an old calendar, I found that in 1890 Christmas came on a Thursday. So I could conclude that three days later—on Sunday, December 28, members of the William A. Stevenson family drove from Carmichaels to my Grandmother Stevenson's home at the old glass works, a mile north of Greensboro. There, they undoubtedly feasted on one of the turkeys that my father's account book shows my grandmother had raised that year. (My grandfather had died a few years before this.)

Flora, eldest of William Stevenson's daughters, had an early introduction to responsibility. Only seven years old when her mother died, Flora and her sister Annie (one year younger) shouldered household chores and the care of their younger brother and sister during the four years until their father married again. This responsibility may be one reason why Flora waited until she was twenty-four years old before interesting herself in an album. The earliest entry in her book is dated April 5, 1888. In appearance and size it resembles those still in use today. Bound in brown leather, the album is six-and-one-quarter inches wide and four inches tall. The word "Autographs" is printed in gold across the front and the pages are gold-edged. On the opening page, Flora addressed the following to "My Friends":



Miss Mary: New Salem, Pa.
 There is a small and simple flower,
 That twines around the humble cot.
 And in the sad and lonely hours,
 It whispers low "For get me-not."
 Aug. 15, 1901. Compliments of a Friend,
 Wilber T. Myers,
 Whiting,
 Pa.

Pride of penmanship often showed up in oldtime albums. This example is from Mary Stevenson's album. The frontispiece of Mary's album is shown above.

An album is a garden spot
 Where all my friends may sow;
 Where thorns and thistles flourish not,
 But flowers alone may grow.
 With smiles for sunshine, tears for showers,
 I'll water, watch and guard these flowers.

Five floral illustrations in color are scattered through Flora's book. Opposite one of them, I.N. Patterson, of Carmichaels, wrote on July 4, 1890:

In memory's casket,
 Drop one pearl
 For your schoolmate and friend.

He might have added suitor, too. On October 7, 1891, in the Carmichaels Presbyterian Parsonage, the Rev. J.A. McCrosky pronounced Isaac Newton (Newt) Patterson and Flora Stevenson man and wife. For more than fifty years thereafter, Newt and Flora lived a happy life on their farm between Carmichaels and Crucible. They had no children of their own, but they adopted two and, over the years, served as father and mother to several others. The final entry in Flora's album is undated. It reads: "May your life be one bright dream is the wish of your friend and grandmother"; it is signed "Eliza Rofs." Another entry in Flora's album is by Sue Ross, who signed herself as "your aunt." These names reminded me that Jennie Shelley had visited Ross cousins in southern Greene County.

On first reading the albums, these Rosses puzzled me for I then knew of no Ross connection with this branch of the Stevenson family tree. But the relationships finally became clear. Family Bible records kept by the William A. Stevensons listed Jennie Shelley's father as Cyrus Shelley but omitted the mother's name. From the foregoing it seems safe to conclude that Cyrus Shelley had married the daughter of the lady who signed herself as Eliza Rofs.

Annie's album is a small one, measuring four-and-three-eighths inches wide, and two-and-three-quarter inches tall. A notation inside the back cover indicates the book cost twenty-five cents. Those owned by Mary Stevenson and Sue Jeffries are larger, both elegant affairs; Mary's cost forty cents, while Sue's—truly splendid—apparently cost a dollar. The title page of Sue's has green and red letters that proclaim it "The Aldine Autograph Album." Scattered through the ninety-four gold-edged pages are seventeen that contain what a blurb on the title page calls "decorated spaces and lines for sentiment and name." In Flora's album, Aunt Sue Jeffries dates an entry October 22, 1888, and gave her home as Dwight, Livingstone County, Illinois.

Dated entries in Annie's album begin while she was only eighteen.¹⁰ It is obvious that she loved her album and went about getting autographs with a cheerful good will. One can see no less than sixty-eight entries in her little book. Of these, only sixteen are in prose. Annie herself set the mood by writing on the opening

Carmichaels, Pa.

April 14, 1888

Dear Mary

"Never despair when fog is low the air
For a sunshiny morning, will come without warning"
your sister
Flora Stevenson

Greene Woolen Mills,
Greene, Co.

Penna.

Dear Flora

July 13, 1888

Each autograph the signet be
Of some true boasted friend.
The memory of whose genial soul
Will ever sunshine lend.
Carmichaels,
Your Loving Sister,
Annie.

The three Stevenson sisters—Flora, Annie, and Mary—all exchanged autographs.
Here are two of them.

page:

My album is open, come and see.
What! Won't you wait [sic] a line on me.
Write but a thought, a word or two
That memory may revert to you.

Her father, William A. Stevenson, on January 4, 1885 continued the rhyming mood:

No endeavor is in vain
Its reward is in the doing
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain.

The opening letters of each line and the initials of his signature are in ornamental capitals and his fine writing reflects the thorough penmanship training often given in early nineteenth century schools.

The albums show that members of the William A. Stevenson clan sometimes visited friends and relatives in eastern Fayette County. This required a day-long trip by horse and buggy almost to the foot of Chestnut Ridge. They may have first known some of these friends in connection with the operation of the Greene Woolen Mills at Carmichaels. Writing in Annie's album on April 5, 1886, J.H. Mosier gave his address as Smithfield, Pennsylvania. The same name and home town appear in Susan Jeffries' book under date of March 28, 1886, a week earlier. On March 4, 1886, Jennie C. Mosier wrote in Sue's album that she lived in Smithfield. By June 18, 1892, according to Flora's book, Jennie had moved to Ruble, a milling community about a mile eastward from Smithfield toward the mountains. S.E. Moser listed the same Fayette County town as home in Mary's album.

Alfred Presley Stevenson located his family in the

Smithfield area after breaking up his partnership with William A. Stevenson in the Greene Woolen Mills. A grain miller, Alfred Presley worked at his trade somewhere in that area, possibly at Ruble's Mills, an important milling site for many years. William A. Stevenson quit operation of the Greene Woolen Mills in 1893, moved eastward across the Monongahela to the Worley farm near New Salem, and died there in 1902. Thereafter, Amy Stevenson, his stepdaughter Mary, and stepson Presley (a photographer) lived in a New Salem home. Sue Jeffries operated a boarding house in the same community. Thus, the Mary Stevenson and Sue Jeffries albums abound with New Salem autographs.

In Annie's album, some variation of the following was one of the most popular jingles:

Your album is a golden spot
In which to write forget me not.

Over the years, many persons also touched on the theme of suitors and marriage. For instance:

In the storms of life
When you need an umbrella
May you have to uphold it
A handsome young fellow.

Minnie Goslin wrote this on April 5, 1888. On the December 28, 1890, visit to the Stevenson home near Greensboro, Annie offered her album to Cousin Permelia, who made this entry:

Long may you live
Happy may you be.
When you get married
Come and see me.

Then, on February 13, 1896, came this warning from Mary Grimm:

When you get married
And live at ease
Remember I am single
And do as I please.

Just a short time later, Annie did become a bride, at the age of thirty. Her husband was John F. Barclay, who farmed near Whitely, Greene County. Annie's album closes with the following, written by Myrtle Pryor, of Clarksville, Pennsylvania:

When on this page
You chance to look
Just think of me and
Close the book.

Annie Stevenson Barclay died November 20, 1909, while four surviving children were all less than eight years old. The youngest, Ruth, then only nine months old, was one of the two children adopted and raised by Flora and Newt Patterson. It was Ruth, now Mrs. Ruth Long, of Peoria, Illinois, who loaned me four of the albums. (The fifth album, that of Flora Patterson, has a surprising history. It turned up in 1971 at a book fair in Washington, D.C., and was bought by Mrs. Kay Smelkinson who, seeing the names and addresses in it, wrote to the town clerk at Carmichaels, Pennsylvania, and offered to return it to any living relative of Flora's. As a result, it finally wound up in the hands of Mabel Patterson Stockfish, of Sharon, Pennsylvania, who turned it over to me.)

Mary Stevenson's album measures seven-and-three-quarter inches wide and five inches tall. The book is bound in a rust-colored leather with black and silver printing within incised lines. A page at the front contains the words "Paragon Autograph Album" in blue and red printing, surrounded by a border, also in color. Dated autographs run from July 15, 1889 to April 28, 1907, a period of nearly twenty years. Most were obtained in the early 1890s while Mary was still in her early twenties. Sometime in the year 1900, John R. Wirsing, of Haydentown, Pennsylvania, apparently in a joking mood, addressed this to "Miss Mary":

When you see a frog
Climb a tree;
Put on your specks
And think of me.

John then turned over the album page and wrote on the other side:

The older the tree
The tighter the bark,
The older the boy
The harder to spark.

As a jokester, John may have been trying to outdo

another young man, Harry Armstrong, of Carmichaels, who on November 19, 1899, had advised "Friend Mary" as follows:

When you are bending
Over the tub
Just think of me
Before you rub.

On November 4, 1892, M.M. Armstrong of Carmichaels made this wish for Mary:

May you be happy
Each day of your life
Get a good husband
And be a good wife.

The wish was in vain. Mary died unmarried at the age of forty-six on June 28, 1916, and was buried in the graveyard of the Presbyterian Church at New Salem, near her father and stepmother.

If there is any truth in the old saying that for every rule there is an exception, then Susan Jeffries provided the exception to the rule that it was usually young women who kept albums. Susan had been left a widow in Illinois and had returned to Pennsylvania before the first entry was made in her album on January 19, 1882, by her sister, Eliza McCray. Susan was then forty-four years old. It would be more than a year until Susan, perhaps inspired by the Stevenson sisters, brought out her album again. On March 22, 1885, E.W. Black, a cousin, dedicated her album on its opening page:

For you may many friendly hands
With pleasant rhymes abound;
And all who ever write herein
May fortune's smiles surround.

Susan obtained most of her autographs in 1886, 1887, and 1888. During those years she apparently visited widely in Greene and Fayette counties. Among the autographs she obtained were those of the Reverend Alexander Warden White of Masontown; Jennie C. Mosier and J.H. Mosier of Smithfield; John McNatt and L.H. Gregg of Carmichaels; Mary F. West of Brownsville; Margery Core of McClellandtown; and Ruth E. Hazlett, Jose R. Finley, and Worley McCray of New Salem. Album entries indicate that in 1888 and 1890 Susan returned to Illinois for a visit. She then put away her album during the 1890s, but brought it out again on April 12, 1902, for Edith B. Moss, of New Salem, to make this final entry:

May happiness by thy lot
And peace thy steps attend;
Accept this tribute of respect
From one who is thy friend.

Susan then still had thirteen years to live. Visitors to the cemetery behind the New Salem Presbyterian

To Aunt Sue..

Feb 12th 1887.

May the roses of love
 embelish thy lot
 and flourish long
 after thy friend is forgot

Garmichael
 Greene Co
 Pa

Presley Stevenson

Ever Remember our buggy ride

Dear Aunt Sue

Feb 13 1887

Remember me dear Auntie,
 when these few lines you see
 Remember it was Mary
 that penned these lines for thee

Your niece,
 M. Stevenson
 Garmichael

Greene Co
 Pa.

Autographs provided for "Aunt Sue" by two of the children of William A. Stevenson—Presley and Mary—are shown above. Aunt Sue was Susan Worley Jeffries, younger sister of William Stevenson's second wife. Notice how Mary turned the page around and wrote "Ever remember our buggy ride."

Church can see her gravestone there; she died, it says, on May 23, 1915.

Looking back over these entries—most of which were trite or silly (or both)—one may wonder why these albums were so popular. For they were popular; these and thousands of others like them in homes all over the county. Answers, I suspect, can be found among the differences in personal lives as lived then and now. A century ago most young women were homebodies. Travel was difficult and expensive; telephones and automobiles still lay in the future. Even inexpensive snapshots had not yet arrived. A girl could keep in touch by correspondence, but how manage to write or receive letters from everyone one knew? Visits then with relatives and friends were red-letter days. Later, one wanted to remember the happiness of those days, especially in periods of loneliness. With a well-filled album, a girl could remind herself of bygone joys. It served to assure her that she had loving friends and relatives. The album itself was a good friend. So next time you see an old album, pause a bit—and think

of what a treasure it once was. And probably still is, for that matter!

ENDNOTES

¹While preparing this article, the author found modern albums available in a variety store in New Jersey. The clerk there said they were bought mostly nowadays at the time of school graduations.

²Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, "An Evening's Conversation About Autographs" in *Godey's Lady's Book and Ladies American Magazine*, published in Philadelphia, 211 Chestnut Street, by Louis A. Godey; April 1841, p. 146.

³Ralph Birdsall, *The Story of Cooperstown*, 1917, pp. 251-2.

⁴Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, *Godey's Lady's Book and Ladies American Magazine*; April 1841, p. 190.

⁵*Sears Roebuck Catalog* for 1897, p. 342.

⁶When the author was unable to locate Achor and available Ohio maps he wrote to the editor of *The Review*, East Liverpool, Ohio, who referred the letter to Joan Witt, a trustee of the local historical society. She replied that Achor is now named Negley and is located in Middletown Township.

⁷Samuel F. Bates, *History of Greene County, Pennsylvania*; p. 695.

COBWEBS ON MY MIND: UNTANGLING FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS

by Jane Adams Clarke

In one of the many excellent articles appearing in *Pennsylvania Folklife* regarding the mass exodus of German speaking people to this country during the 18th Century, was found a clue to one of my ancestors. This small paragraph appeared in the Spring, 1972, issue of the magazine, in the article "American Emigrants from the Territories of the Bishopric of Speyer", by Werner Hacker, translated and edited by Don Yoder:

Johann Waydman, of Marientraut, with wife and 3 children (daughter 9, little daughter, and baby son) 51 florins property, manumitted to go to America, July 1, 1729. Appears in the same ship list (Strassburger-Hincke List 10A, B, C) as Josef Brunner and Christian Gotz (endanner). All three took the oath of allegiance on September 15, 1729.¹

To digress just a bit, as those of you who have been hooked on genealogy know, one thread leads to another in the mad cobwebs our ancestors wove. My interest in genealogy was first kindled as a young child when my great-grandmother, Clara Faunce Raynor, told me tales of her grandmother, Delilah.² I was fascinated. According to Clara (and later confirmed by her nieces), Delilah had three husbands. The first, Philip Dennison, was the father of Clara's mother, Julia Ann. The second, a man named Artman, had a son Jabez, who may or may not have been Delilah's son. The third, Thomas Hannagan, was the father of Delilah's son, Thomas Hannagan. It is not clear whether there were other children or not.

Delilah Hannagan died in 1896 at the age of 88.³ In 1850, according to the census, she was with Thomas Hannagan and several Hannagan children in Philadelphia. Other than that, I have no definite proof of her background. My delightful octogenarian cousins (Laura Fisher Degunther, Delilah Callaghan Goldbaugh, and Minerva Owens Epstein) informed me that there was a Grandmother Sine; one thought this was Delilah, the others were not sure who she was. Hannah Sine lived with Julia Ann and her husband, Jacob Faunce, in 1860.⁴ She was old enough to be Delilah's mother, so I assumed she was. However, a Delilah Barnes married a Jacob Sine in 1830 at Whitpain Reform Church. Could this be Delilah with yet another husband? Her daughter, Julia Ann Dennison, was born ca. 1826.⁵

The next thread led me to Jacob Faunce, Delilah's son-in-law. Jacob was a member of the Fishtown Faunce family, of which there are many. I believe the progenitor of this branch of the family to be Henrich Fanss/Fahns, who with his wife, Maria Veronica Schneider, had a child born in 1762.⁶ Henrich is listed as "of the Palatinate." But, again, I reached a tangled thread, so this research has been tabled.

Jacob's death certificate indicates his mother was Hannah Lichtel.⁷ This thread though difficult to unravel, gradually gave and stretched on and on though excruciatingly slowly. Hannah was born in 1801,⁸ the daughter of Jacob Lichtel/Leichtel/Lichtly, and Susannah Meyer/Myer/Moyer. Probate and Church records eventually showed that Susannah was the daughter of George and Hannah Meyer.⁹ Census and death records indicate that both Susannah and Jacob were born in Montgomery County,¹⁰ which at that time was part of Philadelphia County.

Jacob Lichtel's parents were Martin Lichtel and Catharine Weidman.¹¹ Catherine¹² was the daughter of Jacob and Veronica Weidman/Waydman/Waidman/Whiteman. The clue to her ancestry appeared in Orphan Court proceedings in Philadelphia in May of 1767,¹³ when her brother, Andrew Wideman, petitioned the Court to partition the land of his father, Jacob, who had died intestate about eight years earlier. The petition stated that Jacob left a widow, Veronica, who had since married Matthias Kearney (Kern). Jacob's other children were George, Jacob and Catherine. A release of her rights to this property was signed by Catherine and her husband Martin Little (Lichtel). The petition also noted the interest and claim of the grandmother of the petitioner, Phyllis. Further investigation led to an entry in Patent Book P 1, page 201, dated 8 May 1782, which indicated that this land was warranted to John Whiteman, 27 January 1738, and to Jacob Whiteman by application 14 March 1746. The property, known as Fairfield, was in Frederick Township.¹⁴

Through the process of elimination, I concluded that the John and Phyllis referred to in these transactions were the Johannes Weightman and Maria

Phyllis Whiteman who arrived in Pennsylvania on 11 September 1729 on the ship *Allen*,¹⁵ as referred to in Hacker's article.

Now began my search for the European home of Johannes and Maria Felicia (Phyllis) Weidman. I spent some time looking for Marientraut, without much success. Eventually, I learned that Marientraut was the castle of a Prince Bishop which existed until 1729. The territory of the Amt Marientraut included the town of Klein Schifferstadt in the Pfaltz.¹⁶ Since others mentioned in Hacker's article were from Klein Schifferstadt, I wrote to the church authorities, and was able to verify that Johannes Waydman and Maria Felicitas, the daughter of Ludwig Wirth of Hassloch, a nearby town, had married and had children.¹⁷ Subsequently, I had a local German researcher check into these church records.

An unsolved problem is that there is no infant son in these church records that was born ca. 1728-29. I was fortunate enough to locate Werner Hacker who checked the records in Karlsruhe again, and assured me that they did contain a reference to a baby son. He also sent me copies of the Manumission papers and the transcript of the *Protokol* of the Bishopric of Speyer,¹⁸ which are appended to this article. There is no doubt that Johannes had a son, Jacob, as evidenced by the Pennsylvania records. He had two sons named Jacob baptised at Klein Schifferstadt. The youngest one, born in 1725, died as an infant. The other was born in 1717. The family certainly had a propensity for the name Jacob. The oldest was still living when the youngest was born! I believe that either the *Protokol* was in error and there was no baby, but an older child, or that the first-born Jacob came over later and settled with the family. It is possible that a baby had not been baptised, which appears unlikely, or that the record appears in another church whose records have not been searched. If this is so, then there would have been yet another Jacob! The church records also indicate that Johannes was married twice, his first wife being Anna Ottilia, the widow of Jacob Gitzendanner. Christian Gotzendanner, also on the ship *Allen*, was their son, and Johannes Weidman's step-son.

Since finding the above information, I have been in contact with David Getzendanner, whose excellently written history *Getzendanner Familie Giezendanner*, mentions the relationship of not only the Weidmans and the Getzennanders, but also the Bruner and Thomas families, as well as others from Klein Schifferstadt. These families all settled in Maryland after probably a brief stay in Pennsylvania.¹⁹

In addition to all the loose threads mentioned previously, there is another that has just been discovered dangling enticingly in front of me. Casper

Kamp/Kamm/Kampf, was an emigrant to Pennsylvania. He has been traced to Eppingen, by Annette Kunselman Burgert in her marvelously researched book, *Emigrants, Volume 1, The Northern Kraichgau*.²⁰ Casper had a daughter, Barbara Pfaltzgraf, and a younger daughter, Veronica. Jacob Weidman's wife was Veronica, and Jacob was the Executor to the Will of Barbara's husband, George Pfaltzgraf.²¹ And, a son and daughter of Christian Getzendanner in Maryland married into a Kamp family²² . . . could it be possible . . . ? Here I go again!

Excerpts from the records of the town of Klein-schifferstadt, tapes No. 61/11682 and 11683:

Excerpted from Protokolle by Werner Hacker. Translation by Robert G. Adams.

61/11683—May 2, 1729, describes how four Calvinistic families wishing to emigrate from Schifferstadt to Pennsylvania, including Brunner, Goetzendammer, and Johann Weydman, and many others, "propose to travel by boat to Mannheim on the first or second of this month. They have sold their property to Catholics. An opportunity to get rid of four Calvinistic families, and thereby acquire four good Catholic landowners, is too good to be passed up. It is to our interest to see that there is no delay in granting the manumission, and to do all we can to speed their journey."

The mayor wrote, "Let us proceed as you have advised—Heusenstam, May 1, 1729."

On May 16, 1729, the agent wrote the following regarding a revision to the records of a Calvinistic subject of Schifferstadt named Weidtmann: "He has come from Marientraut on a pass and has this day presented the Council with his financial report, in order that he might have a favorable disposal of his request for a manumission. However, the Council sent all the documents back, with the following questions: Was Weydtmann married? Did he have any children, and if so how many? All matters of importance in granting a manumission, as each person was subject to a departure tax."

It is probable that these answers were promptly furnished by Marientraut, but the documents have no further information regarding the final disposition of the case.

61/11682—Nothing definitive is to be found regarding the manumissions of Joseph Brunner (March 24, 1729) and Christian Goetzendammer (March 3, 1729) toward their emigration to Pennsylvania.

Altes un Neues



NEW HOURS FOR PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN ARCHIVES

Dr. William T. Parsons, archivist for the Pennsylvania German Collection at Ursinus College, announced recently that new hours will be in effect this autumn. Each Tuesday afternoon the college is open, the collection—housed in Room 301, Myrin Library—will be open for research use from 1:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m. The archives houses individual items and small collections from faculty, alumni, and friends of the college, as well as a majority of the papers and artifacts of the Pennsylvania Folklife Society, an adjunct of Ursinus College. Donations are always welcome and will be processed and made available to visiting researchers as soon as time and personnel permit.

DONATION TO ARCHIVES

The Archivist is happy to announce that an extensive collection of dialect newspaper columns from the *Berks County Democrat* and the *Allentown Morning Call* spanning years from 1895 to 1935, has been donated to the Pennsylvania German Archives by William and Timothy Rupp. Originally collected by William J. Rupp [Der Busch Knibbel] a columnist himself until his untimely death in 1967, this is a prize collection of the best of the pre-1935 dialect columnists.

Writings by Solwell Files [Elwood Fisher] and Silfanus [Astor C. Wuchter] which were printed between 1895 and 1901, appeared in the *Berks County Democrat*. From that same paper, but from the years 1914 through 1922 are numerous items by Solly Hulsbuck [Harvey M. Miller]. These columns, generally dated in one way or another, represent a major find.

Another main part of the collection is a series of Obediah Grouthamel articles [wos er g'schriwwa hot], scattered items from 1916 to 1923. Grouthamel was Solomon Delong, in fact, whose works appeared in the *Allentown Morning Call*. Sometimes he included a bit of country poetry, but essentially used short items like "Ford Chokes" and other *schtories*.

One other author, about whose identity some doubt may exist, signed an item in a 1932 *Morning Call*: Sam Sourombel. Although not otherwise identified, he is very likely William Troxell,

who used the name of Davy Sourrumbel as well as the more familiar Pumpernickle Bill. Sam's name is not on the Alfred L. Shoemaker list of pen names. Of special interest to us, both Bill Troxell and Billy Rupp participated in the early Kutztown Festivals and delivered dialect broadcasts from there over radio station WEEU, Reading.

The Rupp donation contains about 350 to 500 items, although still uncounted. As soon as they have been sorted, protected and tallied, they will be available for researchers and scholars to use.

"The other side of the clipping" is undoubtedly one of the researcher's bonuses. In these papers there are several gems worth noting. The paper printed a letter from Rev. William G. Seiple from Sendai, reflecting the editor's actual connection with missions in the Orient. "Gleason and Gang," the 1919 Chicago White Sox, are off to the World Series, where we now know they are to become the infamous Black Sox. Or so we see in another clipping. At any rate, the whole collection is a treasure; we are most grateful for the Rupp's willingness to share these papers with us all.

HELFFERICH FOLK ART ADDENDA

Another especially valuable and thoughtful donation came from Anna Knauer Helfferich, since, as she noted, the archivist's interest in Dutch folk art parallels her own. Her own copies of the poster-size reproductions from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, done in 1939, now comes to us. Along with them are booklets from the Pennsylvania Dutch Arts and Crafts series issued by Mrs. Naaman Keyser between 1945 and 1957.

* * * * *

The Pennsylvania German Archives of Ursinus College has been fortunate to receive a donation of E. Gordon Alderfer's *The Montgomery County Story*, from Virginia Snyder, of Trappe. This good local history will add to the useful resources we have at hand in the archives. In fact, the donation includes five duplicate copies as well, which we will be happy to swap for items of relatively equal value, such as particular issues of Volumes 11 and 12, *Pennsylvania Folklife*. Make your offer, subject to prior disposal.

* * * * *

Speaking of donations, and of dialect columns at that, Professor William T. Parsons has just celebrated his tenth year at the head of the Pennsylvania German Studies Program at Ursinus College by donating about 500 dialect columns to the Archives collection. Most of them are *Shdivvel Knecht* writings from the *Town and Country* or other items his friend, Clarence G. Reitnauer, has composed, but many are *Es Deitsch Schtick* items by Rev. Richard Druckenbrod, from the Allentown *Morning Call*, as well as several by Professor C. Richard Beam. By way of comment, Druckenbrod, I. Clarence Kulp and Professor Parsons shared the same stage as Deitsch folksingers at the Schaeffers-town Folk Festival during the summer.

* * * *



NEW ART SHOW AT ALLENTOWN ART MUSEUM

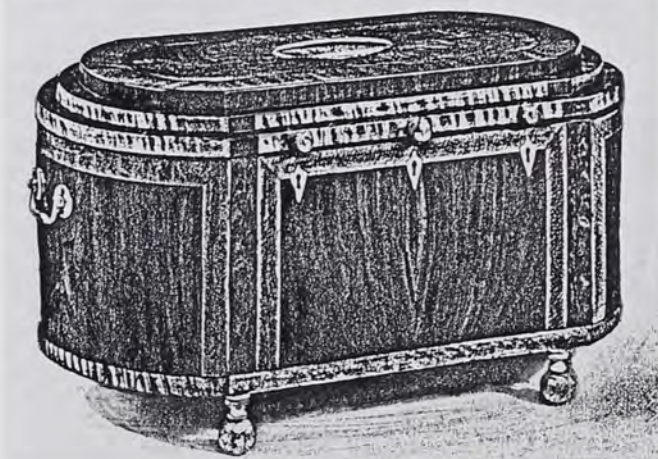
Kudos once again to the Allentown Art Museum of the Lehigh Valley, who have planned a sparkling new show of New Hope Impressionist artists, scheduled at Fifth and Court streets, Allentown from September 16 through November 25, 1984. As so many other aspects of Eastern Pennsylvania Dutch country, these original Pennsylvania Impressionists, Lathrop, Redfield, Snell and Folinsbee, have received scant recognition until now. Indeed, none of them is even mentioned in Oliver W. Larkin's *Art and Life in America*.

So come to Allentown and see such Pennsylvania favorites as Daniel Garber, Walter Emerson Baum and Walter Elmer Schofield. Many thanks also to the foresight of that old Dutchman, Harry C. Trexler, whose trust money helps make this show a reality.

* * * *

REQUEST FOR INFORMATION

Gerald W. R. Ward, research associate at the Yale University Art Gallery is looking for information about an unusual and interesting coffer illustrated and described below. This box or chest was made for a Philadelphia organization founded in 1816, presumably a German immigrant relief society. If any of our readers can provide some clues about the relief society involved, or if anyone knows of similar surviving boxes, Mr. Ward would be most grateful. His address is: 507 Hemingway Drive, Hockessin, DE 19707.



Coffer, Philadelphia, ca. 1816. Mahogany, tiger maple, maple veneers; tulip poplar; ivory feet H. 16¼ inches; W. 30 3/8 inches; D. 16¼ inches. Yale University Art Gallery, The Mabel Brady Garvan Collection 1936.312. Provenance: Mrs. A.K. Hostetter, Lancaster, Penna., to Francis P. Garvan (1936). Silvered brass plaque on top engraved: "Die Hermann Unterstützungs Brüderschaft/ PHILAD.^A / Incorporit den 1sten May/ IM JAHR/ 1816." Below letter L of PHILAD.^A engraved: "J. Bower. Sc."

* * *

DIALECT PLAY

Devotees of the Goschenhoppen Historians and of the Pennsylvania German thespian tradition, will be delighted to note an item on the 1984-85 Forum schedule. A newly rediscovered 1937 play by Rev. Franklin D. Slifer, D.D., then of Sumneytown, PA, *Die Rum' G'schichta Menscha Fanger* [That Notorius Man Catcher], will be performed April 20, 1985, at Red Men's Hall, Green Lane. Rumor has it that Parsons and Snyder of the Ursinus Faculty will be in the cast, speaking dialect, of course. Musical concerts in that same series also include performers who are of the country Dutch tradition. See Abe Roan for details at R D, Bechtelsville, PA 19505.

JUST PUBLISHED

From time to time in this space we bring to the attention of our readers new books that we think will be of interest to them. Good Books—a small, educational publisher specializing in books relating to the Amish and Mennonite way of life—has just published *From Amish and Mennonite Kitchens* by Phyllis Pellman Good and Rachel Thomas Pellman, and *The World of Amish Quilts* by Rachel and Kenneth Pellman. Both are handsome productions; the cookbook recipes are authentic and newly tested, and the quilt book exhibits the most complete collection of Amish quilts ever assembled (it includes 249 color plates). More information can be obtained from Good Books, Intercourse, PA 17534.

Closer to home, *Sweet & Sour*, a book of 30 poems about the Amish way of life, was recently published by Dr. Alfred L. Creager, retired associate professor of philosophy and religion, and chaplain at Ursinus College. The poems are illustrated by William K. Munro, layout artist for *Pennsylvania Folklife*. "Because of their plain way of life and tendency to keep to themselves, many people fail to understand that the Amish have normal human experiences," Dr. Creager said. "I decided to write the poems with the hope they would help others appreciate the Amish way and the Amish people on their own terms." The following are two of those poems:



THE FARM FAMILY

Little Ann, half asleep
in grandpa's lap, tangled her fingers
through his beard. He brushed a fly
from her face and held her gently.
Others in the room read items in *THE BUDGET*,
or talked about the weather, who was sick,
the price of poultry, a trip last year
to relatives in Ohio, the new calf.
Their dinner settled, each one
moved toward unfinished tasks —
all except the child, who played on the porch
until women took her to the garden.
Standing waist-high in foliage,
her bare feet toeing the earth,
she pointed to a jet's white river
and listened to trailer rigs whining
along Route 30's concrete,
her small face asking questions.
But no one paid attention
to passing planes, distant traffic,
or to foolish questions, for that matter;
nor would Ann as the years passed.

SAFELY HOME

As old as Elam was, he loved an auction.
Sun was red behind the barn before he left.
His horse turned down the lane and brought him safely
home. They found him on the seat as though at rest.

Sweet & Sour may be purchased from The Pennsylvania Folklife Society, P.O. Box 92, Collegeville, PA 19426. The price is \$6.00 (postage and handling included). Checks should be made payable to Pennsylvania Folklife.

36th Annual

Pennsylvania Dutch

KUTZTOWN

BETWEEN ALLENTOWN & READING, PA.

FOLK FESTIVAL

June 29-30
July 1-2-3-4-5-6-7, 1985

DAYTIME GATHERINGS
STARTING AT 9a.m. TO 5p.m.

The Festival and its Sponsorship

The Kutztown Folk Festival is sponsored by the Pennsylvania Folklife Society, a nonprofit educational corporation affiliated with URSINUS COLLEGE, Collegeville, Pennsylvania. The Society's purposes are threefold: First, the demonstrating and displaying of the lore and folkways of the Pennsylvania Dutch through the annual Kutztown Folk Festival; second, the collecting, studying, archiving and publishing the lore of the Dutch Country and Pennsylvania through the publication of PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE Magazine; and third, using the proceeds for scholarships and general educational purposes at URSINUS COLLEGE.

FOR THE FOLK FESTIVAL BROCHURE WRITE TO:

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College Blvd. & Vine, Kutztown, Pa. 19530

