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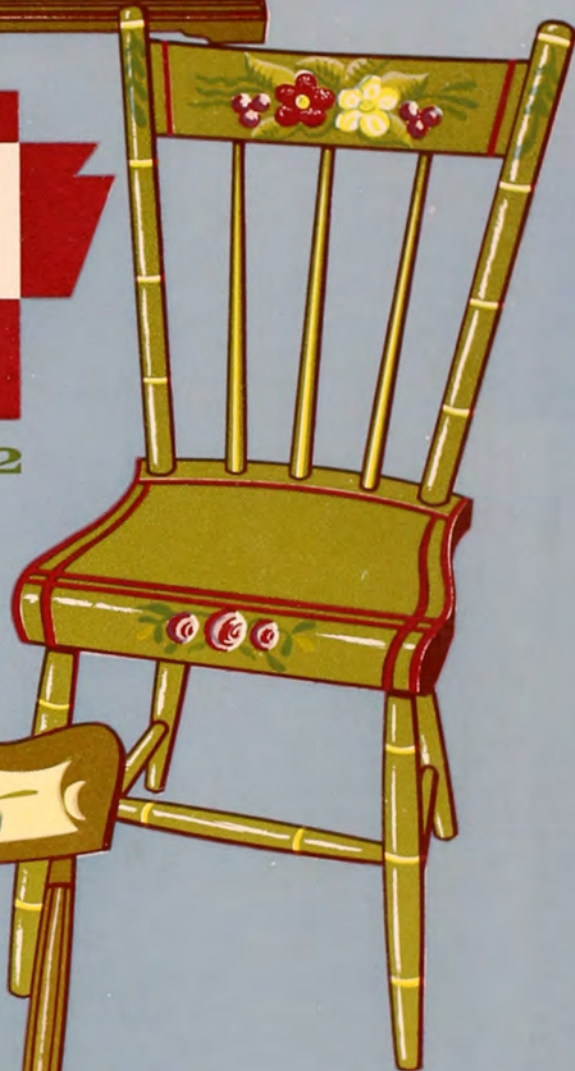
Authors

Earl F. Robacker, George L. Moore, Russell S. Baver, Amos Long Jr., Edna Eby Heller, and Florence Baver



Pennsylvania FOLKLIFE

Autumn · 1962



PAINT-DECORATED FURNITURE



A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR



Greetings to our readers!

With our present issue (Volume XIII, Number 1, Fall 1962) I greet you as the new editor of *Pennsylvania Folklife*. Dr. Shoemaker, formerly Managing Editor and now Associate Editor, will be devoting all his time to the development of the Pennsylvania Folklife Museum, which we opened to the public in its initial stage on July 28, 1962.

Our magazine has come a long way since its first appearance in May, 1949, as *The Pennsylvania Dutchman*. In addition to its widespread subscriber list, it has won its way into many research libraries in this country, in Canada, the British Isles, and the Continent of Europe. Its articles are now listed or indexed in the standard annual bibliographies of American History, American Studies, and American Folklore.

With the new editorship there will of course be no basic editorial change. I shall continue in the direction that we have begun, toward the goal that we have set for ourselves—toward a more scholarly periodical. In subject matter we shall continue to do justice to that richest of all American folk-cultures—the Pennsylvania Dutch folk-culture—but we shall increase our coverage of Quaker, Scotch-Irish and other folk-cultures which have shaped Pennsylvania and in turn influenced other areas of America.

As our readers know, the sources for folklife research articles are basically three. One digs (literally) through 18th and 19th Century source materials—manuscripts, pamphlets, photographs, drawings, newspaper files—and historically-oriented articles result, dealing with one aspect of Pennsylvania folklife in the past. Secondly, one takes his notebooks and recorder into the up-country and interviews people in “field research”—and articles on folktales, folksongs, or folk beliefs emerge, presenting Pennsylvania folklife as channeled down to the present in the memory of individuals. A third approach is to study the material artifacts of the folk-culture—buildings, wagons, costume, cookery, for a few examples—and analyze them and suggest their place in the folk-culture as a whole.

For the coming year we have scheduled a battery of internationally important articles of all three sorts.

In addition, we shall commence, with the Winter 1962-1963 issue, a Book Review Department, for the review of recent books and pamphlets dealing with folklife studies here and abroad, and shall resume our Research Notes (Collectanea) Department, which has appeared all too sporadically in our recent volumes.

In the present issue we are happy to begin a new series of photographic studies on Pennsylvania folklife subjects—in this case our Album of Chester County Farmhouses, which appears through the courtesy of the Chester County Historical Society.

In addition we wish to thank our authors of this issue—all old friends and welcome visitors to our readers—Dr. Earl F. Robacker of White Plains, New York; George L. Moore of Richland, Pennsylvania; Russell S. and Florence H. Baver of Easton; Edna Eby Heller of Hershey; and Amos Long, Jr., of Annville.

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Pennsylvania **FOLKLIFE**



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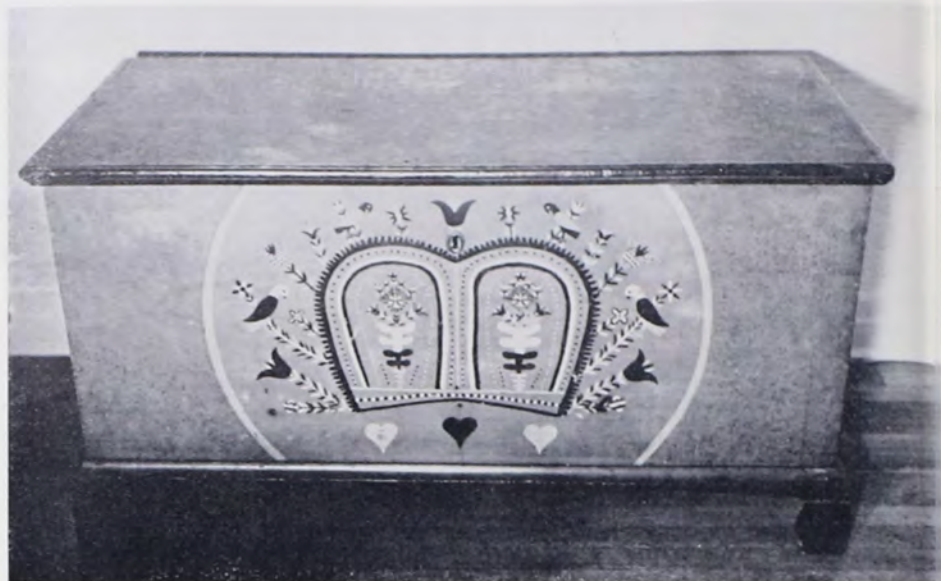
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The King's Crown as a decorative device is rare in Pennsylvania. The hearts, birds, and tulips shown here are familiar, but not usual in this arrangement. The chest, from Centre County, is stippled all over in light brown.



Just what is Henrich's last name? Does any Dutch Country reader recognize it? The lock, not visible here, bears the same date as the chest, 1793. The pomegranate decoration, at least with this high degree of competence, is unusual. The slipper feet, not original, were added to protect the bottom strip of moulding.



the
**PAIN-DECORATED
 FURNITURE**
 of the
**PENNSYLVANIA
 DUTCH**

By EARL F. ROBACKER

*All articles shown are from
 the Robacker Collection*



Flowers, hearts and birds on ivory panels against a dark brown background on this dover chest are completely in the Dutch Country tradition. The chest is undated and unsigned, but possesses all the 18th Century characteristics of wide dovetailing, secret drawers, strap hinges, and heavy "bear-trap" lock.

Miniature dover chest. It is said that cabinet makers used these as samples to show prospective customers. Except for their abbreviated size (up to about 18 inches long) they are very like dover chests. They are also extremely rare.





The two most popular types of paint-decorated chairs—the hand-painted one with solid central splat, and the balloon-back with cut-out splat and stenciled decoration. The balloon-back shown here is heavily gilded; the gilt, while not very practical, combines with the realistic colors of the bluebird in a very pleasing way.



Two types of straight plank-bottom chairs once very common and now almost impossible to find in sets—the hand-painted bamboo-turned type which reflects Victorian taste, and the painted-and-stenciled half-spindle chair.

Just as all Gaul was divided into three parts, back in the days of the Gallic wars, so the paint-decorated furniture of old Pennsylvania may be thought of as existing in a number of separate, albeit occasionally overlapping categories or divisions.

Note the words "paint-decorated"; there is a difference between this term and the word "painted." The Pennsylvania Dutch believed firmly in the virtues of paint as a preservative, or as a rejuvenator of tired or dingy-looking furniture or household woodwork. Good heavy coats of paint, applied as early as the beginning years of the 18th Century, give evidence even today that our forebears were interested in keeping their possessions looking spic and span. Sometimes it was casein paint (in those early days skim milk mixed with a ground pigment); now and then it was a natural paint from a paint mine, usually in upstate New York; more commonly it was an oil paint. In any case, it was applied in good, solid coats. This kind of painting is not included in the term "paint-decorated." Paint decoration occurs only after the object has had all the paint it needs for utility, and decoration sets in just "for fancy."



Two pieces for children: the high chair, which probably once had a tray and a foot rest, and the Boston-type rocker, which in spite of obviously hard use retains much of its rosy decoration. The high chair is entirely hand-done; the rocking chair is partly stenciled.



Stenciled rocker of the sewing or nursing type; that is, without arms. These chairs are lower than the usual plank-bottomed chairs, either straight or rocking.

The condition of rocking chairs is ordinarily in direct proportion to the use they have had. This one, done entirely in stencils except for the striping, is almost like new except for the worn rockers. The colors are bright red, green, and yellow on rich brown.





A transitional type of chest in yellow-on-brown squiggled decoration. The two bottom drawers open like those in any chest of drawers, but the larger upper section is accessible only when the top is lifted. Initialed ILB and dated 1830—both in the elaborate scrolled decoration of the top—with a finger while the paint was wet!

It might be noted here that the red paint used so generally over the countryside for farm buildings stands somewhere between paint-for-utility and paint-for-fancy. It was cheap, but it had more than its cheapness to recommend it; it was powerfully enduring—lingering on, seemingly, after the wood it covered had gone to elemental dust. This paint, often called "Dutch red"—a real misnomer, since the stuff was by no means peculiar either to the Pennsylvania Dutch or to Pennsylvania—was often used for farm equipment and for simple, utilitarian pieces of furniture. The luckless person who would refinish an article originally painted in Dutch red might just as well decide that he *likes* red and give the whole thing a coat of wax. Without a power sander—and the resultant loss of every vestige of the old patina—it is usually all but impossible to remove the red, which penetrates more deeply than ever the old-time medicine man's liniment did. Dutch red—or barn red, or farm red, as it was also called—enjoyed its heyday in the 19th Century, but there is still a demand for it, both on the part

of farmers and on the part of city slickers who admire little red schoolhouses and big red barns.

This is largely *outdoor* paint of which we are speaking, however; in indoor paint one of the most distinctive colors for furniture and woodwork, loved today as much as it was in the beginning, is a soft, grayed blue. One finds it on fireplace mantels, on walls and doors, on woodbox settees, on occasional small pieces of furniture. It has so often been covered with later layers of something else that for a long time one could not be sure as to whether it had a casein or an oil base; now, however, it is clear that the same color was used in both media. "Old red"—articulated often with opprobrium—and "old blue"—mentioned in almost reverential tones—are undoubtedly the two best known and most widely used paint colors of our early ancestors.

But to get back to paint-decorated furniture. One is usually most interested in the superimposed design—but the background colors are of considerable significance, too. The old blue mentioned above would almost always rate as a first preference. After that, a dark red (not the flat, glaring barn red but an oil paint of dark crimson) would find favor with most collectors. Dark brown is a safe choice—and all three of these are to be found in the first, earliest period of paint decoration. Green, yellow, and pale tints of other colors put in their appearance a hundred years after old blue had established itself in the hearts of the people. Since flowers, birds, and leaves as decorative devices obviously would not show to good advantage against very dark paints, panels of white or ivory were usually first laid out on the red, blue, or brown, and the artistic representations placed against these panels.

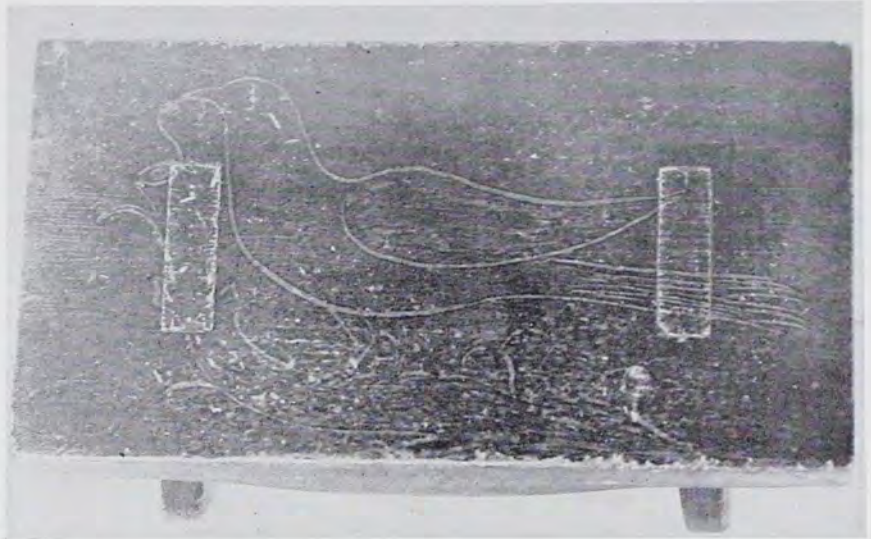
It is not really safe to try to ascribe a beginning date to this first period of decoration, but the best of it had been done by 1820. The earliest piece known to the writer, a flat, compartmented spice box, is dated 1750. More dates occur in the twenty-year span from 1790 to 1810 than in any comparable period of time. This stretch of less than a century covers what some writers refer to, rather patronizingly, as the "heart-and-tulip period," and others as the "first Painted Period."

The painted dower chest is probably the best known and certainly the most widely publicized example. Certain decorators, who were also cabinet makers or who worked closely with cabinet makers, have lent a somewhat synecdochical designation to many of the chests, in that the name of the county in which the decorator worked has been transferred to the chest—a Lehigh County or a Berks County or a Centre County chest, for instance. There is even a "school" of chest decorators—the Jonestown school, with members of the interrelated Rank and Seltzer families, dwellers in or near Jonestown, as the artists. Another well known chest decorator was Henrich Otto, who was even



Footstools are interesting for their tops. The oval one is stenciled except for the striping; center, stencil and painting in an elaborate and extremely competent piece of work; the third, all brush work.

The bird design atop this footstool has, it might be said, been created by elimination. A coat of light brown paint was applied and allowed to dry. Then a coat of only slightly darker paint was applied and, while it was still wet, the outline of the bird was drawn through it—probably with the handle of the paint brush.



better known as a fraktur writer. Beyond the Ranks, the Seltzers, and Otto, few if any names are known up to the decade of the 1830's, when Jacob Maser, working in the Mahantongo, applied a distinctive touch to his pieces of furniture.

Dower chests were very important objects, since they ordinarily represented a major gift from the father of the girl who was to become the matron of the new home. As a matter of fact, very few other large pieces were decorated, painting being confined to smaller objects. One paint-decorated dough box is known to exist; a total of eight miniature chests; a goodly number of candle boxes, so called, with sliding tops—but no chairs, no tables, no chests of drawers, no desks or clocks or stools. These were to come with the 19th Century. Now and then some one points to a great painted *kas* or to a corner cupboard, both of the 18th Century, and advances claims that they are American in construction and decoration; perhaps they are—but a claim is not a fact, and the fact has yet to be proved.

The earliest decoration leaned heavily on ruler and compass, and lines incised in the wood show clearly today how arcs were swung and geometrically perfect areas laid out. These incised lines served a double function; not only did they guarantee areas which matched one another perfectly in size; they assured neatness in that they served to keep the paint from spreading!

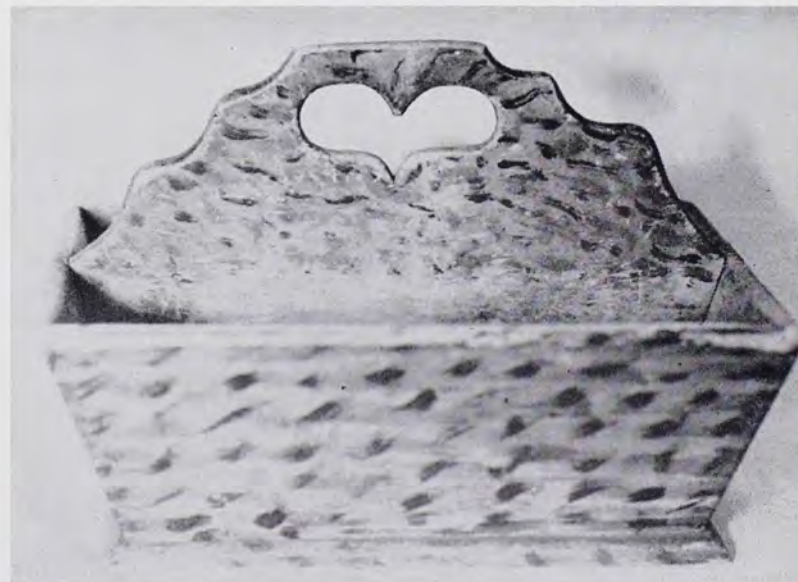
What were the favored decorative motifs? While there was considerable originality on the part of chest decorators, it is possible to make a generalization which would hold good for more pieces than it would miss: tulips, geometrically stylized, springing from a central stem growing out of a heart or a flower pot; birds perched on the flowers; multi-petaled flowers other than tulips, and vines and foliage; the name of the recipient of the chest in Wedding Text lettering (and the name ending in the feminine suffix "in" whenever the owner was a woman) plus the date; decoration on front, ends, and top. The generalization would miss in that no two chests are entirely alike; some are very

A smoke-decorated painted knife box—black candle smoke smudges against dull yellow paint. This is an early form of decoration and, at its best, a peculiarly effective one.

elaborately designed, and simple flowers and vines give way to great and small hearts, to unicorns rampant, to the King's Crown of Centre County, to the whirling swastika-like flower of Lehigh County, and so on. It would be rewarding to study and record all the elements of dower chest decoration; the variety is far greater than one would suppose from the study of just a few chests.

We must assume that there probably were painted objects during the 18th and the early part of the 19th Centuries which have been completely lost to us because there was no interested researcher or recorder to note either their existence or their passing. It seems incredible that, of all the bread-mixing boxes in Pennsylvania there should have been only *one* paint-decorated one, and that that one alone survived its own era and eventually found its way to a museum. It seems equally incredible that of all the old stone houses with lovely wood-paneled dados, only one, near Maxatawny, Pennsylvania, should have had paint-decorated panels upstairs, downstairs, and along the stairway itself—or that a mere one or two houses should have had floral panels over doorways or in the doors themselves. We can only conclude that much important early decoration has been lost.

One single decade, that of the 1830's, saw the creation of a limited amount of furniture at the hands of Jacob





Red paint over black—the red applied with a coarse, almost dry brush. The piece, dated 1837 in an inside drawer, is a small hanging cabinet just under 16 inches in length.

Maser, working in "the Mahantongo"—one of those long narrow valleys in eastern Pennsylvania. The Mahantongo is not far from Sunbury; the villages of Lykens and Hegins are Mahantongo territory. One speculates—perhaps rightly, perhaps not, that Maser was familiar with the cabinet work of Connecticut, and that he probably was acquainted with the Hadley chest, whether or not he knew it by that name. There were enough families who had migrated from Connecticut to this part of Pennsylvania to make the speculation a reasonable one, and some of Maser's decoration suggests the motifs of Hadley chests.

Maser's furniture is generally considered the most novel, the most distinctive, the most colorful in the Pennsylvania Dutch field. It is limited in quantity, and almost all of it is now in museums; less than a half dozen known pieces which may come up for sale in the future are being care-

fully watched by a number of interested would-be buyers. It is possible, of course, that there may be other pieces in old houses or in outbuildings which have thus far eluded all the sleuthing of antique dealers; one can but hope. Maser used two basic colors for most if not all his furniture—the old blue mentioned above, and a distinctive salmon-vermilion. Some of the pieces attributed to him have stamped rosettes (usually called "daisies") liberally sprinkled over the surface. It is on the fronts of chests of drawers that he exercised his greatest skill, for here he copied with great fidelity the angels, the birds, and the flowers found on the colored birth certificates of this period. His pieces range in elaborateness from the massive kitchen cabinet, painted simply in blue and salmon-vermilion, through the pieces decorated only with rosettes, to those (principally chests of drawers) which are multi-colored, rosetted, and finished off with angels, hearts, and birds. It should be noted that both the cabinet work and the decoration are of superior quality. A paint-decorated tall-case clock, now in the Philadelphia Art Museum, is perhaps one of the most admired of his works.

In one sense, Maser's work is transitional; it marks the passing of the heavy early furniture and the advent of pieces which were lighter in weight and therefore more easy to handle. His cupboards or sideboards are of the early, massive type, possessing grace and charm in a large room in which they are in scale. His chests of drawers, on the other hand, tend to give an effect of slenderness or airiness.

These early chests and other pieces never did wear out, of course; their users presumably got tired of them after awhile and moved them—onto back porches, into cellars or outbuildings, into barns. In their place, in the mid-1800's, came several other kinds of furniture—still heavy by present-day standards, but almost flimsy by comparison with what they replaced. In this category we find a kind of decoration usually called "squiggling"—a "distressed" decoration in which the paint is disturbed after it is applied but before it dries—with the fingers, with a rag, with a comb, with a corncob . . . with any implement or agent which creates waves, whorls, ric-rac lines, etc. Nearly always this decoration is two-toned—red and black, brown and yellow, red and yellow being usual. It was easy to put initials and dates in the wet paint, presumably with a fore-finger. The best of this work occurs in the 1820's and

Headboard of painted bed, showing very early stenciled decoration, probably 18th Century, according to experts. The motif below the central turned ornament is an inverted tulip; the gilded decorations on either side terminate in finely detailed stalks of wheat.





Settee-bench with all-stencil decoration. Although design and construction vary, one factor in these benches seems constant—the single plank of the seat, in this specimen 16 inches wide.

1830's; however, the method enjoyed a revival of sorts toward the end of the century in a comparable kind of decoration known as graining. This late grained woodwork, however realistic it might be in other respects, was often over-yellow and too brilliantly shellacked or varnished for present-day taste. The good, early painting is oftenest found on corner cupboards, on chests of drawers, and on blanket chests; less frequently it occurs on beds, on small tables and stands, and on chairs.

If the heart-and-tulip paintwork is thought of as the earliest type of decoration, and squigglings as next, then the third lies in the second "Painted Period," in the category of fancywork which includes stenciling and freehand brushwork. It is hard to say when this kind of decoration began; some of it goes back to European or possibly Oriental beginnings.

Stenciling, it goes without saying, implies the utilization of a cut-out pattern; this pattern is laid over the area to be decorated and the color applied with a brush through the open spaces. Occasionally, especially when gilding was part of the process, the dry color was sifted over a painted

surface while it was still tacky. Stenciling never achieved the popularity in Pennsylvania that it enjoyed in New England; moreover, the ubiquitous black and gold of New England, modified only occasionally by restrained touches of other colors, would have made no headway at all in Penn's land. Pennsylvanians liked their decorations bright—peaches that were pink and red and creamy; bluebirds that were blue and black and salmomy-red, as bluebirds are in nature; cherries that were bright red and had green leaves with prominent black and white or yellow veining. Stencils created a more or less stereotyped kind of decoration, but the artists often gilded the lily, with satisfying results, by making judicious additions with the brush. The flat splats of chair backs were the favorite spots for stencil decoration, and a single well-decorated splat might call for half a dozen different stencils.

Stenciled tôle trays, which in a general way display the same technique, are often finished off with elaborate gilt borders. This gilding, which was not always practical on a piece of furniture subject to hard wear, was sometimes replaced by a painted line of yellow, or a more or less

The mammy-bench or rocking settee combined the functions of cradle and rocking chair. Its use was not confined to the Dutch Country. The one shown here, smaller than many, is painted black, except for the arms, which are red. Chaste lines of gilt add life to the piece.





A good specimen of Mahantongo cabinet making. The ends of the cradle have heart-shaped cut-outs. The daisies in the side panels are representative of the work of Jacob Maser.

complicated tracery of yellow lines. However, gilt decoration on furniture is not uncommon.

Along with the stenciled furniture there is the paint-decorated furniture which looks much like it except that the colors are deeper and brighter, and the over-all decoration, instead of being flat, as a stenciled design usually is, approaches a three-dimensional effect. These pieces have been done entirely by hand, or sometimes by hand over a stenciled guide which is obliterated in the process of using the brush. Sets of painted chairs (six are considered a set) achieved popularity as early as the 1840's—perhaps even before that—and were made by the thousand through the 1870's. In the past few years they have been turned out again, looking very much as they did fifty or a hundred years ago.

One speaks usually of chairs in talking of this furniture of the Victorian period, simply because there were so many of them—and because of all the pieces in this genre they possess, for most people, the greatest degree of beauty. Rocking chairs of all kinds—Boston rockers, so called, and nursing or sewing rockers (without arms)—are found with

the same decorations as those existing on straight chairs. Arrow-backs are especially popular, but not very common. Then there is the Dutch bench, or the settee bench, as well as the rocking settee, which below the Mason-Dixon Line used to be called a "mammy" bench. Popular also was the little table with either an oblong or an oval top, the seeming progenitor of today's end table. Perhaps most appealing in the entire fraternity is the low footstool, the flat top of which became the canvas, so to speak, for the decorator's very best efforts.

Chairs were made by specialists who did nothing else, by chair-and-furniture makers, by cabinet-and-coffin makers, or by men who employed still other terms to designate their work. Seemingly, they worked as they pleased, guided at least as much by their own inspiration as by the probable wishes of their potential customers. Thus, while in New England any one Hitchcock chair looked pretty much like any other Hitchcock chair, in Pennsylvania the furniture took on rainbow hues. Backgrounds were brown or cream or green or red, as the chairmaker desired—and the decorations were dogwood and morning-glory and peaches and distelfinks and grapes and leaves and sometimes baskets and horns of plenty, according to the decorator's fancy—all this augmented by striping or graining or gilding, any one or any combination.

It would be pleasant to be able to suggest that one can pick up good pieces or a set without great difficulty, but such is not the case. One can often find a single chair in reasonably good condition; now and then a set of half a dozen is displayed at an antiques show. These may be all right, but they should be studied very carefully before one invests; as long as a quarter century ago the late Levi Yoder, one of the most highly respected of dealers, was warning his customers, "There isn't a perfect set of chairs left; all the good ones have either been picked up—or touched up!" Such a statement may have been rather sweeping, but it contained a warning as valid today as it was then: In chairs, as in any painted furniture, look before you leap. Can you tell a touch-up job when you see it? Do you know how brown the unpainted under side of a chair seat ought to be, for a 50-year old chair, or for a hundred-year-old chair? Do you know the difference between a real age check and a recent varnish crack? If you don't, take your money to the race track; your chances will be better!



A Mahantongo kitchen cabinet with reeded corner columns and original blown glass in the doors. The old blue and the salmon-vermilion remain, except on the counter space, which has been scrubbed bare. These cupboards are in two sections. As the Dutch Country saying has it, "The top of the bottom is the bottom of the top"; that is, the counter-top is part of the upper portion of the cupboard.

MY MOTHER'S KITCHEN

By GEORGE L. MOORE



As to the furniture in our home, my first recollection of it as a child was centered around Mother's "*kuch-uffa*" or cook-stove, for out of its bake-oven came those good pies I so much liked to eat, and occasionally a cake or two, also that good bread Mother baked at that time. On its top those good things to eat were either cooked or fried that gave such an appetizing aroma throughout the entire kitchen that was so pleasing to the nostrils of a hungry boy. And in winter there was no better friend in all the world to a half-frozen boy, that had stayed out too long coasting, than that good and warm cook-stove. In zero weather there was no greater thrill to be found anywhere than to stick your half-frozen feet into that stove's oven.

This cook-stove stood about seven inches above the floor on four legs straddled out at each corner, and this seven-inch space between the stove and the floor was a good place to dry our wet leather boots in winter time. It was also a nice place to pile wet or green wood to dry. Many a time I saw this space piled full of wood on all four sides of the stove.

The stove-pipe stood on top of the stove at the back end, and on each side of it were two little stove-plates about three inches in diameter that were never used except to clean out the soot in the back part of the stove. Perchance some of the soot balls formed on their under side were scraped off to be eaten on spread bread as a blood purifier or as a cure for erysipelas.

The other four lids were the standard size, $8\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter, with that space between the two front lids being removable in order that large hunks of wood could be dropped into the fire-box by removing it and the two lids.

The ash-pan or tray was a part of the stove and its oven for it ran back under the fire-box, thus becoming a part of the oven, then out in front, deepening as it came toward the front end that protruded about 18 inches out in front of the stove and was called the "*uffa-blot*" or "stove-plate." This was Mother's favorite place to mash her potatoes.

When she set her cook-kettle on it, she would really bear down with that wooden potato-masher! It was also a nice warm place for me as a child to sit on a cool morning just after a fire was started. A part of this stove-plate was curved up to meet the fire-box doors and in this curved part was a sliding window draft and check, and the center part of it opened on a corner swivel hinge so that you could remove the ashes from it by shoveling them out in a pail. As this ash tray ran all the way back under the fire-box, back there in the coal ashes Mother used to bury onions in winter time where they were soon baked soft. Then she dug them out, peeled them and squeezed the juice out of them. This was a wonderful remedy for the cold. However, she used to add lots of brown sugar to make them more appetizing for us boys, for colds we boys had more often in winter time than oranges, bananas, or candy.

The grate of this stove started at the oven end of this ash-tray, then ran front underneath and formed the bottom of the fire-box. Then the bars turned upward forming the front end of the fire-box, ending at the top of the fire-box. This was stationary so that when you burned coal you had to dig the ashes out between these bars with a stove poker. To do this you opened the stove-plate and the two doors at the front end of the fire-box, thus exposing the grate so that you could get beneath it and in at the front end to pull or stir the ashes out with the poker.

As a part of the oven ran under the fire-box, the two oven doors, one on each side of the stove, had but two straight sides, the back side where the hinges were fastened to, and the bottom side. The other two sides ran in an irregular line forming a snout that ran under the fire-box. These two oven doors made it possible to fill the oven from either side so that there was no inconvenience if one of these doors happened to get too close to the wall to be used. However, either one of them when open was an ideal place for us boys to hang our wet stockings on to dry evenings when taking them off to go to bed.

This cook-stove sat in a corner where the stove-pipe hole happened to be. In order to get its front end or its fire-box away from the wall it was set with the front end far enough away from the wall to let a person get in on that side to draw water from the tea-kettle that was almost a permanent part of the stove. It had a flanged bottom and was made of cast iron, hence it was always sitting down on the fire with steam pouring out of its spout. We boys were frequently reminded that we were not permitted to use it, yet in spite of all these warnings Enos would frequently snitch

some water from its spout, pouring it in his basin to wash. We were supposed to dip our water from another cast-iron flanged-bottom kettle with a lift-off lid sitting on the back of the stove—whether we needed water to wash in, or to wash the dishes.

While turning this front end of the stove away from the wall, the back end came so close to the wall that even little me could not squeeze through. Into this corner I used to duck to ward off the blows on my face and head when John and I did get in a fight.

The stove-pipe of this stove went straight up through a stove-pipe hole in the ceiling and into an upstairs drum—a heating unit so called for it was a huge horizontal piece of stove-pipe closed at both ends, about two feet in diameter and about four feet long. It had plates or partitions in it to slow up the heat on its way out the chimney. In reality it did just this. It stood about two feet from the floor and the pipe from the stove supported the one end. At the other end it lay in a half-circle support or trestle and above it the stove-pipe resumed its journey up into the attic and then into the chimney. However, they soon discontinued making them, and after this one sprang a leak it had to be replaced with stove-pipe.

As a child the next thing in importance was our *bowerdish* or “farmer’s table” for on it these good things to eat that cook-stove produced were put and consumed or almost devoured by us hungry boys—in Father’s term of expressing our excellent appetites—“*so wulfich essa*.” This table was about five feet square and its top was one solid piece of boards glued together. This top was held in place on the table by two four-inch boards glued vertically on two sides of its underside, thus holding it on the table stand. For easy removal it was held in place from sliding the other two ways by four holes being drilled through these boards and the stand part of the table, then wooden pins were driven in these holes usually with the handle of the butcher knife. The stand part of this table had its four legs glued in the corner of a box-like structure six inches high. Into this two drawers were fitted, the smaller of the two using up about a third of the space and the larger one about two-thirds. In the smaller one we stored our spreadings between mealtimes, such as apple-butter, molasses, butter, smearcase, and jellies, also the salt and pepper shakers. The other one was used to store leftover pies, cakes, meats, and some vegetables eaten raw.

I first remember sitting at this table eating with a teaspoon—sitting on a long bench that ran the full length of one side of this table where all four of us boys sat. I sat at the end next to Father with the other three boys sitting away from me as to age. Father sat on one side of this table and Mother on the other side. The other end was against the wall. But as we boys began to grow up William was soon allowed to sit on a chair, leaving but three of us on this bench. I still remember how Father would say to me when he wanted to say grace, “*Now doo de batchies noonar*,” or “*Now put your hands under the table*.”

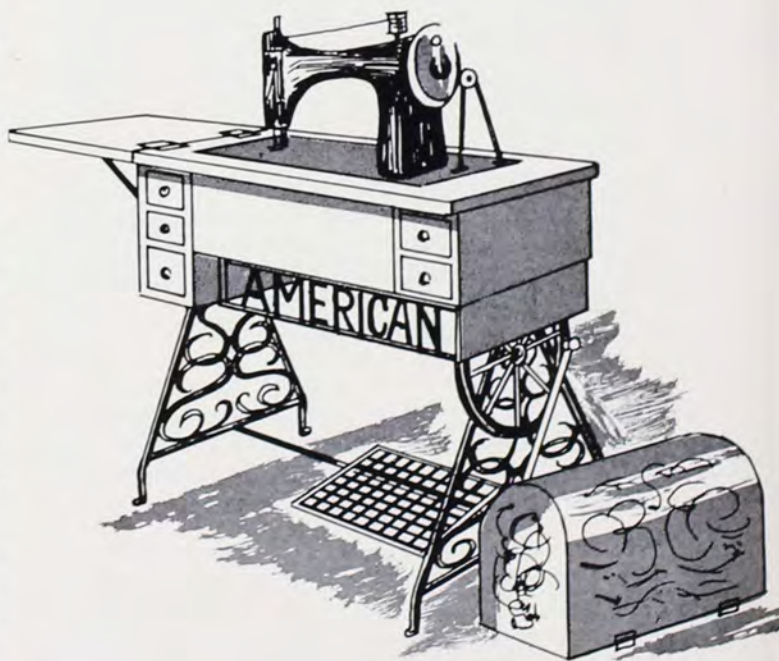
However, there was another incident that I shall never forget that happened at this table. I had begged Father to buy me a little table knife and fork, for I allowed I was now old enough to eat with them. I had begged for them so long a time that I had given up in despair—when one dinner I discovered a nice new shiny knife and fork lying

on my plate. But I had hardly enough time to admire them until I heard that familiar “*Now doo de batchies noonar*.” But this time I did not close my eyes while Father said grace for they were busy admiring my new little knife and fork. Yes, this was one of the greatest thrills of my childhood days.

The American sewing machine was but a part of the kitchen furniture in winter time, for during the summer she found her way into another room. She was, I suppose, a modern sewing machine for that period of time and the name “America” was cast in the cross braces under the machine, high enough up for all to see—as though she was proud of her name. The sewing part was mounted on a little table and when not in use was covered with a fancy carved hood-like wooden box that was anchored at the back at both ends with little catches that dropped into and anchored themselves in little niches in this table. In the front a center catch was anchored in a similar niche with a turn-key to keep us boys or anyone else from breaking it.

The sewing part was similar to sewing machines of today for all the mechanism was underneath the machine and in the arms above the table. The arm to the right supported not only the cross arm but the left arm as well for it only made contact with the table of the machine by the foot pressure.

The table whereon this machine was mounted had two curved cast-iron trestle-shaped legs, one at each end, counter-braced by that already mentioned American cross-brace. At the bottom of these trestles and braces and mounted on a cross shaft about two inches from the floor was the ten by eleven-inch treadle that was the motive power of this machine. Or rather, Mother’s foot on it became the motive power, for when Mother began to treadle, a long wooden connecting rod rotated a thirteen-inch flywheel under the table part that had a round strap groove on its inside wherein a round leather strap ran and up through holes in this table and in another similar groove back of the machine’s



six-inch balance wheel. A downward pull on this wheel and a downward push with Mother's foot set this machine in motion, for there was one thing this machine refused to do and that was to run in reverse, for it would either break the thread or the needle.

The table part of this machine also had an extension wing to it that was laid down at its side when not in use. This, however, could be raised when needed and kept in place by a swivel bracket mounted to the left side of the machine that was swung under it. Likewise at this left side two drawers were mounted wherein was the instruction book and a boxful of paraphernalia used in making puffs, rolls, tucks, frills, and roll-seams. Besides all this there were usually tucked away spools of thread, packs of needles, pieces of cloth, rolls of binding, ribbons, patterns and what-not. And above all this it contained a rather tempting article to us boys—a cute little pearl-handled pen-knife that Mother guarded as though it was priceless. We boys were not even permitted to touch it, much less handle it.

Apparently these pen-knives must have been a part of every mother's sewing machine because of the following incident. One day Enos came home from school having in his possession a similar pen-knife. Mother, after finding out from whom he had acquired it in a trade, took it away from him and then one day in church presented it to the boy's mother that had traded it to Enos. She was only too glad to have it back. But what happened to the boy who, as she put it, had stolen it, I can but woefully imagine.

Well, this American sewing machine is the only piece of furniture that I still have in my possession that graced my Mother's kitchen when I was a child. There are only two other pieces of furniture that I can remember being in

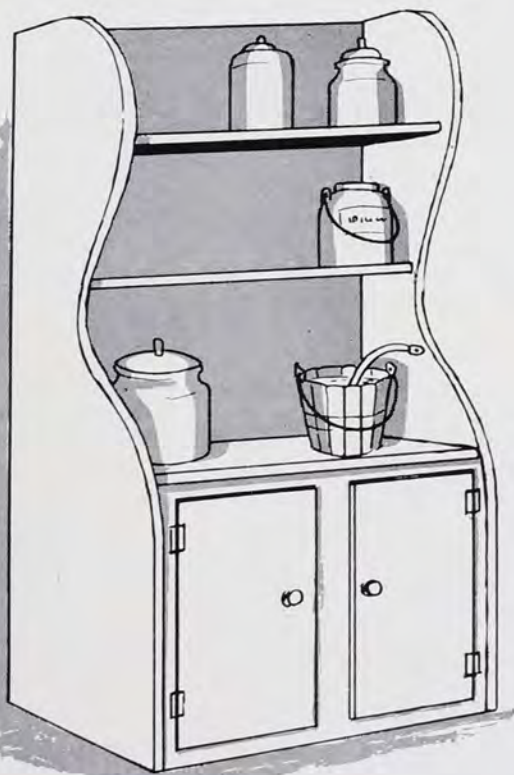
Mother's kitchen at this time—a *wosser bunk* and a *kicha sink* or a water bench and a kitchen sink. The water bench's sides or the front end of them were shaped or designed somewhat like the curves of a nude feminine figure sitting down, thus the rump part of it was made into a little cupboard with two doors that opened about two inches above the floor. In here Mother kept her large cake-mixing bowl, the tin patty-pans or pie tins, the rolling pin, egg-beater, and other baking utensils, also an antique twisted straw bread-baking basket filled with *glumma* or wash-pins.

On top lay the two snow-white *wesh-saila* or cord wash lines or ropes that Mother would string up and take down every wash day. This was an advantage at that for in fair weather she strung them up between the wash line posts in the yard, in doubtful weather on the porch, and later in bad weather up on the attic. I think there was a hidden reason for not having a permanent wash line in those days. First, these wire wash lines were considered dangerous during an electric or thunder storm, for persons were reported to have been killed while hurrying to take wash off a wire line at the approach of a storm. Secondly it was considered an ill omen for a pregnant woman to pass through underneath a wash line, for the child was in danger of dying at birth by umbilical cord strangulation.

The top part of this little cupboard was in reality the bench part of it. True to its name, there at one end—the right hand corner—stood the water pail that we boys had to keep filled with water from the nearby wooden pump. In it or floating on top of the water was one of those quart-size dippers, with a handle a foot long. This was used by all to convey water from it to all the other utensils or anywhere water was needed. It also served as the family drinking cup, used by all. Its long handle was hollow and more than an inch in diameter. At its end a large wide tin ring was soldered so that it could be hung up, a thing that never happened for that dipper floated in that water pail until she was rusted through, beyond soldering repair, or the handle broke off halfway down the bowl. Then she was replaced with a nice shiny new one.

In the opposite corner stood the round tin bread can that was soon replaced with a three-gallon crock when the bottom had rusted out. From here the bread was served as needed on the table. This size container was needed to accommodate those large round loaves of bread at that time.

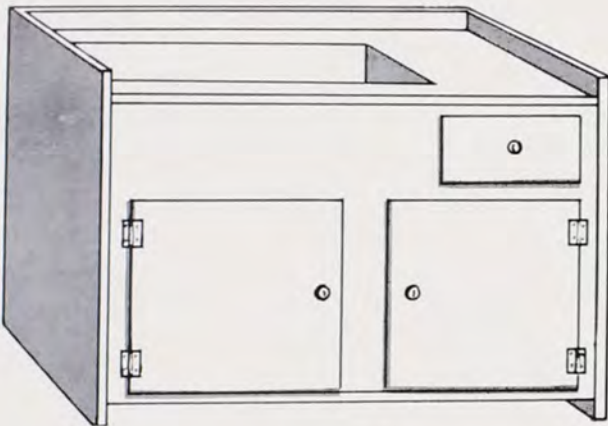
The rest of the space of this part of the bench was a sort of catch-all, for anything suitable was liable to find a temporary resting place here. All but me, that is, for if I used it as a bench I was chased off in a hurry. On the top shelf in summer, spring, or autumn, was a place where a few crocks were kept containing such items as apple-butter, pear-butter, molasses, pickles, and preserves. But in winter time it became a milk-souring plant. Then crocks of milk were stacked on it three high to speed souring and thickening so that the cream could be removed to later be churned into butter. The heat of the stove speeded the process of souring the milk in cold weather. Then the thick milk was later scalded into cheese. As this top shelf could no longer accommodate all the crocks of milk which Mother wanted to put on this bench, Father nailed a second board below it as a temporary shelf. This remained there as a permanent part of this water bench although its rude construction disgraced the looks of the rest of the bench. I do still



remember Father saying that he made this water bench, and that he had painted it green with red trimmings the same as he had painted the kitchen chairs.

The kitchen sink was what was later called a dry sink or a topless kitchen sink. About three-fourths of its top was a dish-washing pit and the other one-third was a table over a deep drawer that always contained the knives, forks, tea and table spoons, and two extra large spoons called creaming spoons or *raum leffel*. Mother used them to take the final cream off the milk, but they were also used to dish food from those center dishes onto our plates. This drawer also contained a few butcher knives or bread knives and a few short-handled ladles.

The dish-washing pit was about seven inches deep and was not zinc-lined as kitchen sinks usually were. They were supposed to be water-tight but this one was not. After it began to leak too much Father would putty the holes and cracks shut in it. But we boys as dish washers were constantly warned not to get too much water in this pit.



Below this pit and that drawer were the two doors to the cupboard part of the sink with its two shelves. There the everyday dishes were kept. Every kind of dish had its own special place where they were always kept, such as a special corner for the plates, another corner for the saucers, and a place where the cups, bowls, and food dishes were always put. However, those china plates called pie plates, because the fresh baked pies were put on them when removed from the pie tins, were likewise stacked in their special corner as they became empty. And there were always extra dishes in here so that if an uninvited guest happened to be there at meal-time and he accepted our invitation to stay for dinner, a place could be speedily set.

Yes, I remember washing dishes at this sink long before I was tall enough to reach into this pit. I stood on a "benkly," a four-legged plank stool, to wash them. This and about eight kitchen chairs concluded the kitchen furniture that I remember as a child.

One thing that our kitchen lacked that I cannot recall ever seeing any other kitchen being without was a wood box or chest. They were built like a chest, only longer—with legs under it and a two-part lid that was hinged to a

six-inch board, closing a small part of the top of the wood-box. They had a partition dividing the box in two parts. About two-thirds of it was to be used for wood and the other one-third was used to store chips and corn-cobs. They usually were attractively painted and always placed near the stove, usually covered with a horse-blanket. By snatching a cushion off a chair this became an ideal place to take an evening nap in winter time, or to play sick on it, or should I say nurse a cold on it—because the patient allowed he was not quite sick enough to be in bed yet too sick to be up and about his usual work.

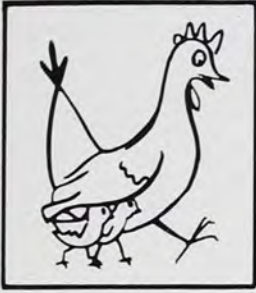
At the back or far end of this kitchen the door was located that led up stairs, and beneath these steps was a little closet called "*en shtaiqa kemmerly*" or the stair-closet. Inside its door stood a big store-box with a high board nailed to its back as a bang board that Father had bought at J. H. Kuntz's Store. This was our wood-box, for although our kitchen was lacking in a fancy wood-box, that did not excuse us boys from the chore of filling that wood-box in the closet every evening. And that bang board was not high enough, for those armfuls of wood became heavy and thus oftentimes hit the wall above the bang board with the result that there soon was a hole in the plastered wall above it in spite of all of Mother's protests.

Besides this box stood two containers that we boys likewise had to keep filled—one with corn-cobs and one with chips, for as wood was scarce on this little farm we boys had to pick up and save all wood chips regardless of how or when made. Even the bark off fence-posts was saved for fuel. Near this chip container stood an empty nail keg into which all potato peelings were poured and when full or near full taken out to the barn. These peelings were then fed to the cows.

At the lower steps in this closet, on nails, Mother hung the sacks of cheese for the whey to drain out into crocks. Still higher up hung the lanterns and the *opwesh-loompa* or mop rags. All the way up were such ladles as were too long-handled to fit in the sink drawer. Even the slop pail was kept in here, for all the dish-washing water was saved for the hogs.

Yes, in this kitchen as a child I spent many a cold winter day watching Mother do such things as cut and sew all the cloth for the family on that sewing machine, or bake bread, make tallow candles, prepare butter for market, and prepare those good things to eat described elsewhere.

When I tired of watching her I would of course play. Here I would, so to speak, play quite differently from the average boy child, for I played housekeeping and moving day while my brothers were away at school. I selected a certain corner in the kitchen as a house. Using store advertisement papers thrown on our market wagon at market, I spread them out and laid them down to represent carpets and little rugs. Using such empty boxes as granulated sugar, corn-starch, baking soda and noodles as furniture, I set them around in my pretended room to be such items of furniture as a stove, table, kitchen sink, and corner cupboard. But I no sooner had things thus nicely arranged when I decided to move into another corner. Thus tearing up, I loaded everything in a wooden box that I pretended was a wagon. I pulled it over to another corner where the same procedure was repeated. Oh! but to have this contentment of childhood today.



"H" is for HINKLE

By RUSSELL S. BAVER

A person living on a farm will have his personality complex prevented from becoming too superior by being outwitted by the "dumb" animals on the farm. The hen, above all other animals, will regulate your personality complex. Any youngster who has had experience in gathering the eggs knows this. Of course, I am not referring to hens kept in modern apartment houses, furnished with running water, electric lights, etc. I am referring to the time when hens were kept in the old-fashioned chicken house (*"hinkle shtol"*) and were free to roam all over the barnyard and the fences and parts of the farm adjacent to the barnyard during the day.

When chickens had the run of the farm they served other purposes besides egg production. A rooster was often a pet for the children. Both roosters and hens were considered great prognosticators. If the rooster crowed in front of the gate, company was sure to come. Also, if the rooster crows in the chicken-house before ten o'clock in the evening, it will rain the next day. There will be a change in the weather if the rooster crows on the manure pile in February. If it starts to rain and the chickens run for shelter, the rain will not last long. If they slop around in the rain with their tail-feathers drooping, the rain will continue for some time.

Because of the above desirabilities they were free to roam over the entire homestead. However, one place was forbidden territory to them. This was the garden. In spring the farmer was cautioned by his wife to fix the fence around the garden so that no chickens could get in after the spring gardening had started. Occasionally a hen got into the habit of flying over the fence to scratch in the loose earth for worms. On the first few offenses the children or the barnyard dog were called to chase the offender out of the garden, but a continuous offender actually "got his wing clipped." The housewife outsmarted such a hen by cutting off the long feathers of one wing. Thus the hen could not control her flight on her next attempt.

The chicken house contained numerous boxes for the chickens to lay their eggs in and a framework upon which were nailed numerous parallel laths or *"shtonga"* (young tree trunks) about 18 inches apart. The latter were more adaptable to the hen's foot. This framework was the roost upon which the chickens perched at night. So you can now see why chickens don't lay eggs at night. At night they are roosters, and roosters don't lay eggs. These were the two main features of the old-fashioned chicken-house.

However, even with these features available to them, the chickens still preferred to roost on nearby trees on hot nights. This became a habit which was very difficult to break in the fall when cold weather set in. Many an evening was spent by the entire family in chasing them off the trees and shoeing them into the chicken stable. This job had to be done at dusk, because if done too early they would scatter all over the barnyard, and if done when too dark they could not find their way. Often long poles were used in getting them off the trees. Then father and some of the children used wooden hand-rakes to direct them to the entrance of the chicken-house, while mother kept shoeing them with her apron.

If the family was not at home at the appropriate time, the chickens again roosted on the trees. If this happened late in the fall and there was a heavy frost during the night, mother would say to dad the next morning, *"Gook, de hinkel eer kem sin yo recht bloa g'frora"* (Look, the chickens' combs are just about frozen blue).

Even the feeding during spring, summer, and fall was done outdoors, usually twice a day, as one of the children with a pail or bucket containing mixed grains scattered the grains on the ground in front of the chicken-house and announced to the chickens that the meal was being served by calling, *"Bee, bee, koom bee, bee"* (Chick, chick, come chick, chick). The chickens all understand what this meant and came running to the caller from all directions. Sometimes a false alarm was sounded when the farmer wanted to show them to the huckster. If the huckster gave his word that he would purchase them, they were kept in the house one morning and caught and put into a crate. Another appropriate time for catching them was in the evening, aided by the light of a kerosene lantern, after they had roosted.

NESTS

I mentioned that one of the essential features of the chicken-house were the boxes to serve as nests. These were bedded with such materials as hay, straw, corn husks, and



Laying Hens in the Nest. A glimpse at pleasant "working quarters" provided in old-time chicken-coops.

shavings ("huvvel-shpae"). It is interesting to note another material that was used to bed the nests. Many people in the cities had a small chicken-house and kept a small flock of chickens. This was their garbage disposal unit, and in return produced eggs. Many towns and villages in eastern Pennsylvania had men who made cigars in their homes. Among these towns were Quakertown, Easton, and Kutztown. Remember "Bernie" Keiter of Kutztown who made the "Billboard" cigar? The scraps from cigar-making were used to bed the nests as the nicotine contained therein was deadly to the chicken lice.

The nests in the chicken-house, of course, did not prevent the hen from stealing away and laying her eggs in some improvised nest. Among the places she sought were the tangled brush along the fence, the hay-mow, on a burlap bag in the remote corner of the machinery shed where Susie was sure to have her shins scratched until she retrieved the egg. On my uncle's farm a hen daily deposited her egg an arm's length inside the hole at the bottom of the old outdoor bake-oven. It is here where the hen will regulate your personality complex. Many a hen has outwitted every member of the family and successfully "stolen" a nest and in due time proved it to the family by bringing a brood of chicks to the farmyard. The person responsible for hunting the eggs would then be ridiculed for letting the hen outsmart him and would also be told to be more alert in the future.

EGGS

Forty to fifty years ago no attempt was made to stimulate egg production. The idea that the hen was one of the secondary animals kept on the farm is so well expressed in the following rhyme:

*On kee oon geil hov ich mei frait,
Oon aw on goota sei;
On hinkel iss wull net feel gelt,
Ovver meer hen see aw dabeî.*

The chickens were kept to pick up the stray grains about the farmyard, keep the farmyard clear of weeds and grass, and, as mentioned before, to dispose of the garbage. The tablecloth was always taken to the fence around the lawn, if one existed, and the crumbs shaken from it so that the chickens had access to them. The eggs, of course, were used for baking and in other ways but were not intended to be a source of revenue. Whatever money was received from selling eggs was known as "*es oyer geld*" (the egg money). This was usually kept by mother, if not bartered on calico, sugar, etc., with the huckster. As a result eggs were plentiful in spring and summer and very scarce in winter. For this reason eggs were preserved, the most common preservative being water-glass (sodium silicate). Clean eggs were placed in clean earthen crocks and a diluted solution of water-glass was poured over them until they were completely immersed in the solution. If the specific gravity of the eggs was less than that of the solution, they were weighted down with a circular slate. Unfertilized eggs are better for preserving but were not available when the above conditions existed.

Inside of the body the eggs of a bird appear in a cluster, resembling a bunch of grapes, except for the fact that they are graduated in size. This cluster is known as the egg-organ or ovarium and has a very significant dialect term, "*der oyer shtuck*," the meaning of which is self-explanatory. The egg gradually becomes larger and larger

until it drops into a tube known as the oviduct, where the albumen forms around the yolk and then the shell forms around both. Can anyone inform me of the dialect term for the oviduct? It is also in the oviduct that the sperm cell ("*havna shtich*" or "*shtreissel*") attaches itself to the yolk. This can easily be seen if an egg is opened, but fertilized eggs can hardly be purchased on the market today.

From ill health or accidents eggs are sometimes excluded from the egg-tube before the shell has been completely formed. In the dialect this is known as "*en waich shawlich oy*" (a soft-shelled egg). Such an egg was carried carefully into the house in the palm of the hand and was soon used. Ground oyster shells were kept in a container in the chicken-house for the hen to eat at her convenience. These furnished the calcium to produce egg shells.

EGG LORE

Sometimes the first egg the hen lays or the last egg which she lays before she stops laying is a very small egg containing no yolk and is known as "*en oonglicks oy*." Is the English term for this "cockney"? A direct translation from the dialect would be "the unlucky egg." The children were warned never to bring such an egg into the house but to dispose of it by throwing it over the roof, or by throwing it over the left shoulder, so that no bad luck would befall the household.

Another belief along this same line concerns an egg laid on Good Friday. "*Mer sull ken Karr Freidawgs oyer ferkawfa. Mer ferkawft sei glick.*" (Sell no eggs laid on Good Friday. You'll sell your luck.)

As a youngster I was made to believe that the eggs came out under the wings of the chicken. A woman from the city visited friends in the country. As the noon hour approached the farmer's wife suggested a dinner of beef tongue from an animal recently slaughtered. The city woman expressed her displeasure at such a menu by stating that she would never eat anything that came out of the mouth of an animal. The farmer's wife promptly retaliated with "Did you ever eat eggs?"

The most common use of eggs is for food. However, beware of eating a double egg, i.e., one containing two yolks. It was a belief that if you did you would have twins. So govern yourself accordingly, eat it or share it with someone else.

Besides the ordinary use of eggs for food there are certain special uses of eggs. One of the most interesting of these is in testing the brine ("*lock*") used in pickling meats or certain vegetables. Enough salt is dissolved in the water until an egg floats, or as expressed in the dialect, "*Es moos en oy drawa.*" (It must carry an egg.)

The story is told about two farmers who were discussing the salting of their meat, and the one farmer referred to the fact that he used an egg to test his brine. The second farmer jokingly said that he uses two eggs, and the brine "carries" both eggs, whereupon his wife remarked, "No wonder our meats are so salty." The joke lies in the fact that if the specific gravity of the brine is great enough to "carry" one egg, it will "carry" all the eggs that can be floated on the surface of the liquid.

In a similar way an egg was used to test the strength of lye, which was made by pouring water over ashes to leach out the lye.

If a nest of eggs was discovered in a "stolen nest" in winter time, they were usually found to be frozen and the shell cracked. These were used to bake sponge cake, as

this recipe calls for many eggs. They were also used for omelets, but not for frying because the yolk was broken.

The white of an egg was spread over freshly baked bread with a feather to make a smooth and glossy crust.

As stated before, a chicken often outwitted the person assigned to hunt the eggs, but someone occasionally by accident found a nestful of eggs. Our people being thrifty did not wish to throw these eggs away, but still were leary as to using them. So what did they do? They placed the eggs in fresh water, and the fresh eggs sank while the older eggs floated. This was before the days of candled eggs.

Another way of testing them is to hold three eggs end to end. The middle one will spin if it is a fresh egg.

Suppose the housewife has hardboiled an egg for salad topping and laid it aside to peel it when it has cooled. In the meantime she has mixed it with fresh eggs. She can distinguish the boiled egg by this little test. If a raw egg and a hardboiled egg are spun, the hardboiled egg will spin considerably longer.

The egg shells should always be burned as it is supposed to prevent the chickens from becoming bewitched. Also, if the shells in turn are fed to the chickens again, they will have a tendency to break their own eggs.

The number of eggs a hen lays depends upon various factors, such as breed, food, general health. A farmer from Berks County had a hen that laid 295 eggs. During the era of the old-fashioned chicken-house when hens had the range of the entire barnyard such was never heard of.

SETTING THE CLUCK

Today the farmer has his choice as to what method he uses to start a new flock. Among them are: (1) setting the hen and letting her care for her own brood, (2) using incubators with artificial heat, (3) buying day-old chicks from a hatchery and putting them under brooders heated artificially. The first method is the most convenient although least used today, and the following will be devoted mainly to the first method.

Note how convenient it is to hatch the eggs under a broody hen. The mother hen is always on hand to guard the little "peeps" and to keep them warm. Mother or father need not hurry home when a chilly hour might be fatal. If they get home late at night the chicks—"beeblicher" or "beebelin"—the dialect term varying in different areas—will be tucked under the feathers of mother hen and be safe and warm until the following morning. Contrast this to the artificial brooder where the chicks will cluster together and some will be smothered. There is also no fear of a power failure as may be the case with brooders heated electrically.

Before we start to hatch with the broody hen (1) the nests must be ready, (2) the eggs must be ready, and (3) the hens must be ready. After having explained what preparations are necessary you will see why the first method of starting a flock is not as convenient as I pictured it above.

(1) As spring approaches a place must be found where the hen can spend three weeks in seclusion so as to have freedom from disturbances. Among the places the broody hen might be set are under the steps in the barn-loft, in the feeding entrance to the barn or pig-sty, and in the regular nest in the chicken-house, although peace did not always prevail here. In an old almanac in my collection a woman noted that she set the hen in the cellar window. The date and number of eggs put under the hen were also noted. The dates ranged from the latter part of March



Out To Lunch—Mother Hen has slipped off the nest for a quick snack and a sip of water. "Clucks" (broody hens) sit on nest three weeks in hatching process.

to as late as August, even though it is said, "A chick in July isn't worth a fly." When hatched too late in summer they will hardly start laying until the next spring.

It was a good idea not to set two hens close together as the hens at this stage are not very friendly, and a first class fight would turn the setting of eggs into a second class omelet.

In the bottom of the box used for a nest it was a good idea to put fresh, damp earth. This was done for a twofold purpose. First, to form a bowl so as to prevent the eggs from rolling away, and secondly, the eggs hatched better if placed on the damp earth instead of dry hay as was often done nevertheless. In the natural state a hen will hide her eggs on the ground, which is cool and moist.

(2) Having made the nest and placed it in a secluded position, eggs must now be placed into it. The eggs were selected from those laid by the older hens. The older hens produce fewer eggs, which probably accounts for the better quality of the chicks hatched from their eggs. Needless to say, the eggs must be fertile. It was, therefore, a practice to have one rooster to about twenty hens.

The rooster is usually too gallant to eat until the hens are satisfied and no longer hungry. By this time there is often nothing left for him, and it is not unusual for the male to become very thin in flesh, when the hens will no longer produce fertile eggs. This is overcome by isolating the male every second day and alternating two males with each pen or flock of hens. A common folk belief concerning this was, "*Won der hawna yoosht poar moal oof-oon-op drait won ar des hinkel dribbelt, no doona sellem hinkel de oyer slecht rous kooma.*"

If the hen is set early in spring, the eggs to be set under her should have been gathered several times a day, as a temperature of below 45° F. is believed to be unsatisfactory to produce good results.

Thirteen or fifteen eggs, depending on the size of the hen, were always considered a favorite number and would hatch better. Among folklorists this might be considered a belief or superstition. Even the person setting the hen might be superstitious with respect to the number of eggs. However, an odd number of eggs, be it nine, eleven, or what have you, will round up better in a nest than will an even number.

The eggs would always have to be carried out to the nest in the apron so that more hens than roosters would result from the hatching. Does anyone know a scientific explanation for this?

At one time or another, the eggs must be marked before they are put into the nest. This was done by scribbling on each egg. Sometimes a laying hen will force her way into the nest where the setting hen is brooding and lay a fresh egg in the nest. In order to identify this fresh egg it was necessary to mark the eggs to be hatched. At the Folk Festival I overheard this conversation between a mother and a child:

Child: "Mother, why are the eggs marked for the setting hen?"

Mother: "So the hen believes they are cracked and will stay sitting."

Here is a bit of lore concerning the marking of the eggs. "*Won en maidel en glook setst oon see doot boova nawma oof de oyer shreiva, no gept's louder hawna.*" (If a girl sets a cluck and writes the names of boys on the eggs, the resulting hatch will consist mostly of roosters.)

(3) When the farmer hatched his eggs with the incubator, he knew "when it would set" as compared to a hen. Ofttimes the time had arrived to set the cluck, the eggs were available, the nest was ready, but no broody hen could be found. Believe it or not, a farmer was sometimes compelled to borrow a broody hen from his neighbor.

On the other hand, many a hen became broody when the farmer did not wish to set her. Different methods were resorted to in order to "break up" a broody hen and to get it to laying again. The most common method was to isolate it in a small coop and thus prevent it from sitting on the nest. Another method was to tie it to a tree or pole with a binder twine about four or five feet long. Nails were driven into the bottom of a barrel and the hen placed into the upright barrel. These nails prevented the hen from sitting as in the nest. Others placed water into the barrel and put the hen into the barrel. The water also prevented her from sitting, as a hen will not sit in water.

As a hen becomes broody it stays on the nest. When a person comes to collect the eggs that may have been laid in the nest by other hens, it picks and clucks and finally flies off the nest. As the cluck becomes more broody she does not fly off the nest anymore and also does not permit the other hens to lay eggs into the same nest. This is an indication that the hen is broody enough to set. Another indication is if she stays on the nest when the others are being fed. Also, if put into a strange place and isolated, as setting hens should be, she may change her mind and leave the nest. This is an indication to the contrary. If she should abandon the nest after being set, another broody hen must be found in a hurry, even if you have to call on the neighbor living in the opposite direction from which the first one may have been borrowed. The hen gets a brooding fever and the body temperature rises and helps to hatch the eggs. A broody hen has a temperature of 104° to 105°.

From the indications mentioned above for testing a broody hen, you can see where the dialect expression, "*so gretsich oss en aldi gloock,*" comes from (as crabby as an old cluck!).

Having decided to set the hen, she must now be moved from the nest she broods on, to the secluded nest prepared

for her. It was a belief that this should be done at night, and the hen should be carried under your arm with her head under her wing.

In artificial incubation the eggs are removed from the incubator for cooling and are turned twice a day. This is also according to the nature of the cluck. She leaves the nest once a day for food, and food and water should, therefore, be available at all times so as to accommodate her whenever she chooses to leave the nest. This is done to insure her of getting all she wants to eat to maintain her brooding temperature, and to get her into the habit of coming off the nest regularly. The cluck also turned her eggs with her feet and her bill.

The date the hen was set and the number of eggs "given her" were invariably recorded in the almanac. The incubation period is 21 days. Therefore, by the 18th or 19th day the setting hen was seldom disturbed whatsoever. By the 20th day the hatching might commence—"De beeblicher sin om shlooppa"—and would sometimes continue until the 22nd day. These last days were always very tempting days to the children of the family, and only to a slightly lesser degree to the adults, as they were all anxious to see little "peeps." Many a time an adult member of the household breaks the shell for the yet unborn chick, even though the hen resents it, as instinct probably tells her it should not be done, since it is better to have the egg remain unhatched than to have a weakling among the flock.



Someone Has To Pick His Way Out First. About the 20th day of the "sitting," peeps begin to pick their way out of shells.



Half Way Out.



Where Is That Warm Cover We Had in the Nest? Baby chicks are kept in box under the kitchen stove after hatching, until they are ready for the outside world.

It was often the custom, if the broody hens were available, to set three or four of them on the same day. Depending on the success of the breeding, two hens could usually take care of the chicks that came from four settings. Also a cluck can take care of more chicks than it can take care of hatching eggs.

I stated above that the cluck was seldom disturbed the 18th and 19th days of the setting. However, when the hatching commenced the little chicks were taken from the cluck as soon as they were dry, placed in a box with some feed, and set under the kitchen stove and covered. Here they were kept until the hatching was completed, when all the chicks were given in charge of Mother Hen.



FEEDING BABY CHICKS

Among the items used for food for the baby chicks were bread crumbs, curds ("*millich mulka*"), "*shmeer kais*" before it was moistened, oats sprouts, hardboiled egg, boiled rice, oatmeal moistened with milk. Some people sprouted oats in a box in the cave or ground cellar for this. After a day or two they were fed on cracked corn ("*greesa*"). At first it was ground very fine and later coarser.

Corn was put out over night on Christmas eve. When I say "put out," I mean it was placed so it was not under a roof, so that the Christmas dew would fall on it. Some of this corn was the first whole kernel corn that the chicks got when they were old enough for it. A handful of this corn was also given to each animal on Christmas morning. It was supposed to give them strength and good health in general.

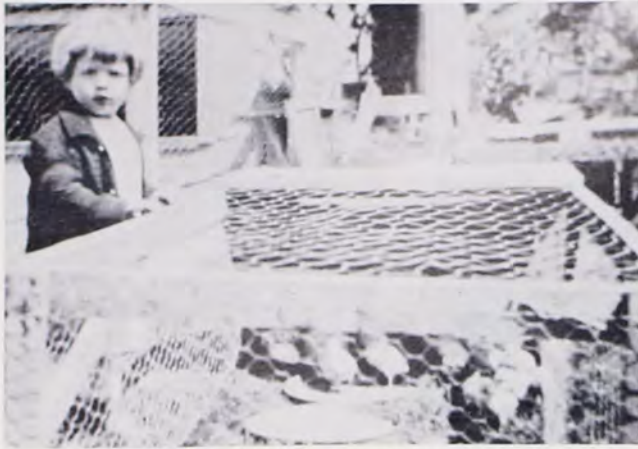
RINGING THE CHICKENS

After the chicks were fairly grown up, however, not too mature, so that they could still be identified, a celluloid colored ring was placed around the chicken's leg to identify the age of the chicken. Previously a pig's ring was used to identify them. But a pig's ring is not colored. So what did the farmer do? One year the ring was placed on the right leg, another year on the left leg, and the third year the poor chickies got none. Thus, they were identified for three years, and they were seldom kept longer than that.

MOULTING

The farmer was sure to sell the three-year-old chickens before the moulting had gone too far. Moulting or "*moussa*" is the period of rest and recuperation which follows their normal annual life work of growth, egg production, and breeding. This moulting usually started in August and lasted into September. This was the time when egg production dropped and prices rose. The farmer would say, "*De hinkel sin ous-g'laigt*" (The chickens are finished laying). The moulting time differs with the breed and the

It's a Big Wide World but We'll Stay Close to Mother.



Out in the World at Last. Baby chicks in improvised pen have attracted a young admirer.

age. If the chicks were hatched early, of course, they would moult earlier. Today chicks are hatched any time of the year, and coupled with this is a system of feeding to extend the egg production to the utmost. Also, the farmer seldom keeps his chickens longer than one laying season. So today there is no particular time which might be designated as the moulting season.

It was a belief that if the chickens moulted in August the winter would be severe, if in October the winter would be mild. Another folk belief was that if the chickens moulted first on the fore part of the body the early part of the winter would be severe, and if on the rear part the latter part of the winter would be severe.

This moulting is indicated outwardly by the losing of many feathers. Often the chickens were almost bare so that the farmer said, "*De hinkel lawfa bal holver nockich room.*" (The chickens walk around half naked.). In a healthy moult, however, a rapid growth of new feathers accompanies the dropping of the old feathers.

For fear that the moult might not be a healthy one and as a consequence the chickens would look rather nude and ragged, the farmer sold the three-year-old chickens as soon as the moulting was diagnosed or even before. Then the huckster was told to have some empty chicken crates with him on his next week's visit and they were promptly sold.

DRESSING THE CHICKEN

The chickens sold to the huckster were in turn sold to the poultry markets in the city, where most of them were sold live. Many people would not buy a dressed chicken, as they wanted to see in what condition the chicken was while still alive, so they dressed the chickens in their own kitchen. Contrast this with the expressions on the faces of many people when observing the dressing of chickens at the Folk Festival.

The first step in preparing the Sunday chicken dinner is decapitating the animal. In the Berks-Lehigh County area this was and still is commonly done with the ax on the chopping block ("*hock-glutz*"). It is said that if a cross is made on the ground with the ax and the chopping block is placed on the top of the cross, the chicken will not struggle but will keep lying on its back on the block after its head is cut off. Also, if the chicken struggles a long time after its head is chopped off, someone is pitying it.

Having chopped off its head the animal is then laid on the ground, when it jumps around until finally dead. Anyone having seen this can see how aptly the expression,

"He jumps around like a rooster with his head cut off," describes a "busy-body" running back and forth and accomplishing nothing.

The head that was cut off was sometimes rubbed against a wart and then buried under a spout or under the eaves. As the head decomposed the wart was supposed to disappear.

The bird is now dipped into hot water in preparation for plucking the feathers, the temperature of the water depending on the age of the bird. If a young bird is dipped into water which is too hot the skin will tear off when the feathers are plucked. Having plucked the feathers, some pin-feathers are still remaining. These are singed off as a piece of newspaper is rolled or crumbled and then ignited and held under the chicken for a few moments. The finer feathers are put into a bag and hung in the sun to dry. They are then used to stuff pillows, cushions, and the feather tick ("*de fedder-deck*"). The fore-part of the wing is cut off and is used as a duster ("*fedder-wish*").

Before the body is opened there is a little projection on the posterior end of the body, just in front of the V-shaped end ("*de shnep*") which holds the tail feathers. There is a lot of fat beneath this little projection. The chickens use their beak and squeeze oil out of it and spread the oil over their feathers. Among the dialect names for it are: "*es ail-kenli*," "*schmootz con*," "*schmootz pun*," and "*shtootza*." As to the English names for it, I have heard "the Pope's nose" and "the parson's nose." When the chicken greases its feathers when perched it is supposed to rain. If it does it on the ground it indicates fair weather. At this point may I inject a riddle? Why does the rooster always have such smooth feathers? Answer—He always carries a comb.

If the chicken is intended for roasting, the chicken is opened at both ends and the inside organs are "drawn" out. When preparing the chicken this way it was stuffed with potato filling, sewn shut, and roasted in the oven. However, if it is intended for stewing or frying, it is commonly cut open from side to side as far as possible, the back-bone broken, and the chicken will be opened with all the organs exposed, but still in their natural position. It was this manner of dressing the chicken which was of interest to the youngsters of the household. Here they could see the gizzard; the liver; the gall bladder; and, above all, eggs of all sizes, if it were a laying hen. Sometimes an egg with the shell already formed around it would be cut out of the oviduct. At other times the shell may have been soft yet. But if it was a laying hen there were always some yolks and many tiny eggs attached to "*der oyer shtuck*." The heart, liver, and gizzard are cut up and put into the gravy and are known as giblets. What is the dialect term for giblets?

After some time of roasting in the oven or stewing on the range, the minister has arrived and we are ready for our chicken dinner. The minister says grace and now we all chip in. Finally, daddy uncovers the wishbone in the piece of chicken he is eating. This bone is always sought for by the children. One child gets hold of each end and the two break the wishbone. It is because of this that it is sometimes called "*der tseek gnucha*" (the pull bone, translated directly). The child getting the longer piece of the wishbone will have the wish he made granted. Another belief is that the one that gets the longer piece will be the first one to rock the cradle.

The other bones are given to "Wosser" the barnyard dog, and this is the end of the chicken.

AN ALBUM of Chester County Farmhouses

All Contemporary Photographs by Ned Goode



Chester County, one of Pennsylvania's three first counties, was settled originally by Quakers who brought British Isles architectural traditions to America beginning in the 1680's. A significant number of 18th Century farmhouses are still standing in the county, some of them dating from the generation of emigrant builders (1700-1750). In 1960 the Chester County Historical Society sponsored a photographic survey of its architecturally significant rural and village architecture, financed by the Historic American Buildings Survey of the National Park Service. For the privilege of using these photographs, we express our thanks to the Society and the Survey, and to the project's photographer, Ned Goode of West Chester.

Date Stone of Taylor-Parke House, Route 162, East Bradford Township. This interesting circular date-stone, with the initials of the builders, Abiah and Ann Taylor, appears on the second floor front, between the second and third windows.

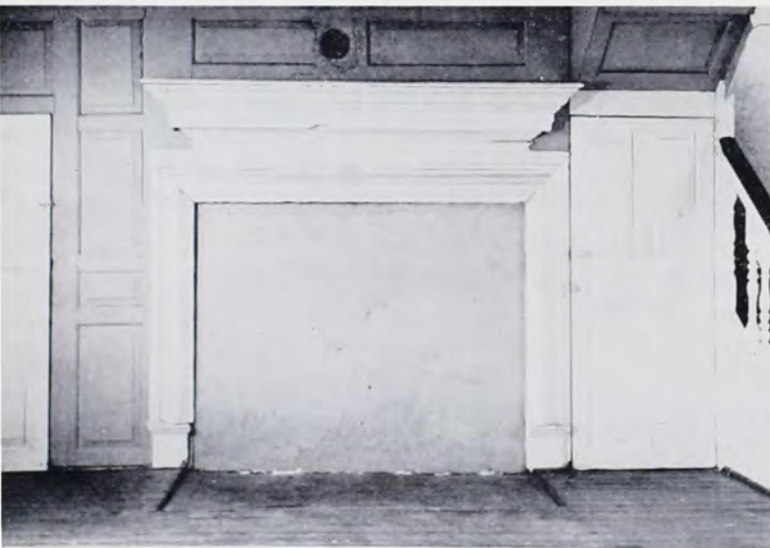
The Taylor-Parke House was built in 1768 by the Quaker Abiah Taylor, descendant of the builder of the 1724 house featured on another page.





Barnes-Brinton House, U. S. Route 1, Pennsbury Township. Erected between 1704 and 1715, this was the house licensed in 1722 to William Barnes as "a Publick House, for ye accommodation of man & Horse," "by reason of ye Great concorse of Travellers, along ye Road, y^t leads to Maryland, & likewise to Conostogo." It was sold to James Brinton in 1753 and remained in the Brinton name until 1859.

Early Photograph of Barnes-Brinton House, circa 1905. Original Print in Chester County Historical Society. Note pent roof and brick patterns on gable end.



First Floor, West Room, West Wall—Barnes-Brinton House.



Detail of mantel, closet, and grill work in West Room, second floor—Barnes-Brinton House.

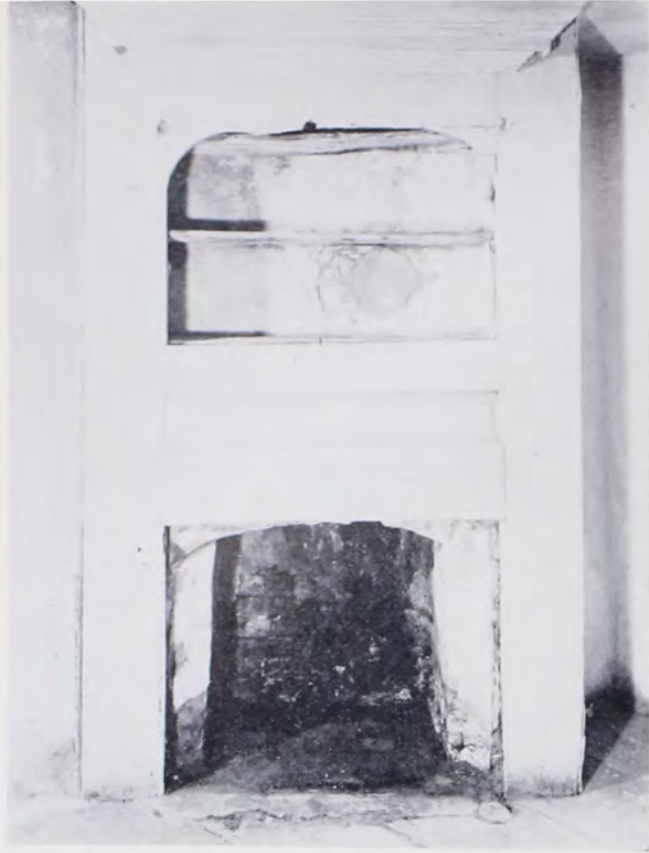
Chadds House, Chadds Ford, Birmingham Township, Delaware County. Francis Chadds emigrated from Wiltshire in 1689 and purchased land on this site in 1702. He was a Quaker and member of the Pennsylvania Assembly. He erected the house about 1710 and died here in 1713. The Battle of Brandywine took place all about this house, which today is located along Route 100, north of U. S. Route 1.



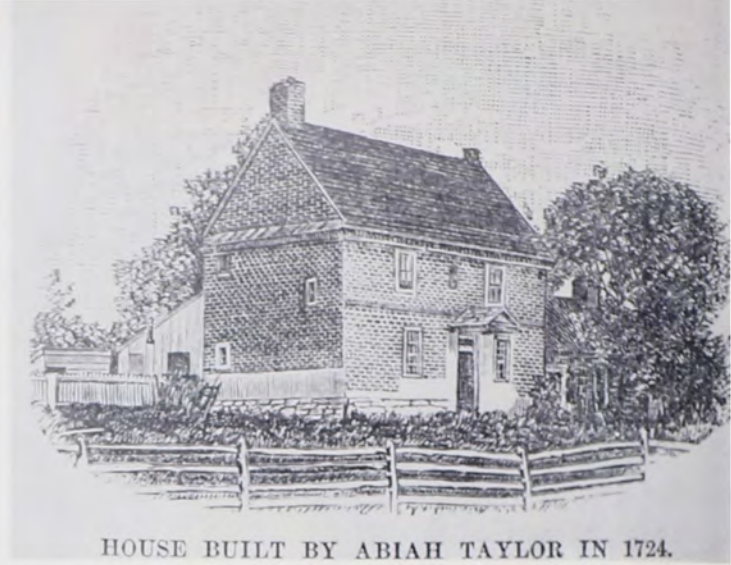
Chadds House about 1905. North Side Showing Pent Eave. Original in Chester County Historical Society.



Exterior Front Door, Chadds House.



Fireplace and Mantel, East Room, Second Floor—Chadds House.



HOUSE BUILT BY ABIAH TAYLOR IN 1724.

Early Drawing of Abiah Taylor House, showing outbuildings. From Futhey and Cope, *History of Chester County, Pennsylvania* (1881).



Fireplace, Closet, and Cellar Stairway Door—West Room of First Floor—Chadds House.



Date Stone (1724), Abiah Taylor House, on West Front.



Abiah Taylor House, East Bradford Township. Built 1724 by Abiah Taylor, Quaker from Didcott, Berkshire, who arrived in Pennsylvania in 1702.



Closet Window, Abiah Taylor House. In Small Closet to the Right of the Cooking Fireplace in the Original Kitchen.



Temple House, West Bradford Township. Built by Thomas Arnold who bought land here in 1713 and lived here about half a century, erecting a fulling mill about 1730. The house is dated circa 1720-1730, and was rebuilt or remodeled, according to a date-stone of 1774, by William and Ella Cooper. The Temple Family owned it from 1822 to 1916, the Coopers from 1760 to 1818.



Detail of Window with Drawer under Sill, Temple House. Southeast Room, First Floor.



North and East Side, Temple House. In the kitchen there is still a hole in the wall where originally a stone sink stood.



Plank-walled and beamed bedroom, second floor, Temple House. Note clothes pegs in upper left of photo.



Paneled Door in Southeast Room, First Floor, Temple House.



First Floor, Southeast Room of Temple House, looking toward kitchen (left) and stair hall (right).

SMOKEHOUSES

in the

LEBANON VALLEY

By AMOS LONG, JR.

All photos by Amos Long, Jr.



FRAME SMOKEHOUSE. Located on Harold Blecker Farm South of Kleinfeltersville, built in latter part of 19th Century. Dimensions: $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet long and 7 feet wide. Height: $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet to roof, foundation 33 inches, 10 feet including roof. Photographed 1960.

The smokehouse was numbered among the many other small outbuildings which made up the Pennsylvania farmstead. Located within a near distance to the house and many times within close range or beside the outside privy, these structures were used as a smoking chamber to help preserve the family's supply of meat after butchering for future home consumption or marketing.

These buildings varied considerably in construction and design. The earliest types were built of wood or stone and later in some instances a combination of stone and frame, stone and brick, or brick and frame were used. Stone and brick made the structures more durable and safe. The early types built of wood were constructed by using wide, hardwood boards with battens covering the openings between. The writer has also been informed of earlier log structures within the valley; however, none of these have been found to exist today.

Generally these chambers had no windows. The door for entering was the only opening except for the firepit, the ashpit and any vents or openings on the sides or the roof. These buildings were usually square or rectangular in shape, the sides measuring from six to eight feet or more and from eight to twelve feet high. The author has also come upon several round and hexagonal in design. These however were not as prevalent in the Lebanon Valley or in southeastern Pennsylvania.

The size of the building was determined by the amount of meat to be smoked and to give the best results for the ordinary farm family. In all instances these buildings were constructed so as to allow the smoke to pass up over the meat freely and out of the house.

Some of these buildings were attached to or built in conjunction with other buildings such as the springhouse, summerhouse, or bake-oven.

EARLY STONE SMOKEHOUSE. On Kingsley Property South of Annville on Route 934. Dimensions: 12 feet by 12 feet by 15 feet, including 3-foot roof. Photographed 1961.





STONE SMOKEHOUSE. Located on Roy Shenk Farm on Route 934 in South Annville Township, over 100 years old. Dimensions: 8 feet by 8 feet by 12 feet, roof 4 feet high. The roof structure is unusually steep. Photographed 1961.

Many times those farms which had no separate smokehouse had another building which fulfilled the same purpose. Some of the old and large two-storied springhouses and summerhouses had a fireplace on the lower chamber and an opening in the chimney on the second floor or loft which served as a smokehouse. The opening in the chimney was made by removing a brick or two to provide the smoke. The bricks were inserted again after the smoking process was completed.

In many of these springhouses and summerhouses, or even within the farmhouse itself, during earlier years, a part of a room or the attic beside the chimney was boarded off or a small bedroom served as the smokehouse. There is evidence of this even today in many of the old dwellings from the grease spots yet to be found on the floor.

During the period of early settlement, thin poles were laid across inside the chimney of the fireplace of the log cabin. The meat was then hung on these poles until it was smoked. This arrangement not only served to smoke the meats but also gave greater protection against theft.

The materials for these early buildings were often gotten right on the farm. Huge hardwood trees were felled and from them wide, rough boards were hewn for the purpose. On other farms, the native sandstone or limestone were sought from the soil and used in the construction.

Many types of roof structures are to be found among them, the shed and pyramidal being the most common. In earlier years, the roofs of many of these buildings were covered in some areas with native Pennsylvania red tiles. The writer however is not aware of any of these in existence in the Lebanon Valley today. Some tile-covered roofs are

yet to be seen in certain areas of southeastern Pennsylvania. Others of these early smokehouses were covered with hand-split oak shingles. Most of those remaining today are protected with wooden shingles, slate, tin, or other less expensive materials.

Usually the fire arrangement, which varied with the many types of buildings, was located within the smoking chamber. It may have been a small fireplace which consisted of simple but sturdy walls built of stone or brick with an opening in the front. Inside some smokehouses, several rocks were placed in a circular or rectangular arrangement topped with a piece of tin or sheet iron. In others the ground floor was recessed so as to have a pit two or three feet deep in which the fire was built. Some of these structures were built into the side of a hill so as to provide a more convenient place in the rear of the building, which was on the lower level, for the fire and an entrance door in the front leading into the smokehouse which was on the upper level. With some, the smoke was conducted to the meat chamber with a flue from a fire-pot immediately to the rear of the building. This was usually the better arrangement.

Some of the buildings also had an opening on the side or back for the removal of accumulated ashes. These openings, which measured approximately 18 to 24 inches wide and 10 to 16 inches high, were generally covered with an iron gate.

CURING THE MEAT

Before the meat was ready to be placed into the smokehouse, there were several precautions necessary to insure good keeping qualities. Because of the many small tendons, ligaments and tiny muscles in the larger pieces of meat, particularly in the hams and shoulders, the bone joints become a susceptible place for the collection of blood; therefore, it was very important to see that the hogs were properly bled. The collection of gases and retention of animal heat in the same area also required that the meat be properly cooled without delay in order to retard the natural bacterial action until the salt and curing ingredients had time to penetrate into the fibers of the meat and set up the curing action. For this reason, it was important that the cure be applied not only to the outside of the meat and left to work entirely through the thick portions into the bone area which resulted in bone taint, but also worked in well around these bone areas. It was equally important that the meat was not allowed to freeze, since frozen meat will not cure.

Generally the farmers slaughtered their animals in late winter or early spring when the weather was more favorable and the carcass could be cooled before the surface froze. Temperatures between 34 and 40 degrees were most favorable for cooling meat. Usually 24 to 36 hours after slaughtering, after the meat had properly cooled and while it was still fresh, the curing process was begun.

Because of the lack of refrigeration during these early days, much of the meat immediately after butchering was fried and packed in lard or placed in a brine. Only the hams, shoulders, sides of bacon, sausages, bologna, dry beef and beef tongue were placed in the smokehouse to be smoked over a smoldering fire.

The two major methods used to cure meat were the brine-cure and the dry-cure. The dry-cure was the method most frequently used for the heavier cuts such as hams, shoulders and bacons. The brine-cure was more generally used for the smaller pieces. The primary purpose for cur-

ing the meat was to help preserve it for future use and prepare it for the smoking chamber if smoking was desired.

When the meat was brine-cured, it was packed in an earthen crock, or a clean hardwood barrel or box made especially for that purpose. In addition to the container being clean, it was essential also that it be tight enough to prevent leakage. These vessels could be used again but it was necessary to scald them thoroughly each time.

If the meat was dry-cured, it was placed on a flat, tilted surface such as an old table, a wide bench, a meat-rack which hung from the rafters in the cellar or the ceiling of the arch cellar, or it may have also been placed in a barrel. If the meat was packed into a barrel, it was much more convenient to have two barrels and then transfer the meat from one to the other each time the meat was rubbed. In either case, before the curing process was started, a small amount of the cure was sprinkled over the bottom surface on which the meat was being placed and also on the individual pieces. The heaviest pieces were placed on the bottom and the lighter ones on top. When a barrel or box was used, it was important not to pack the meat too heavy—never over three feet deep—and to keep the container clear of the ground. Usually a few holes were bored in the bottom to allow the bloody water to drain out. In mild weather the container was covered with a cloth to prevent flies from getting into the meat. In very cold weather the meat was covered to prevent it from freezing.

Many of the early farmers preferred brine-curing, particularly if they had no suitable place for dry-curing, because it involved less work and it gave better protection against vermin and insects. Care also had to be exercised in keeping the brine; however, if pure water was used and the brine was properly made, it kept well for a reasonable length of time. After the meat had cooled, it was usually rubbed with a fine salt and allowed to drain over night. The next day it was packed closely with skin-side down in a crock or barrel with the hams and shoulders in the bottom. The bacon was packed between or put on top. The top layer of meat was placed skin-side up. The brine mixture usually consisted of ten pounds of salt, two pounds of brown sugar and two ounces of saltpetre for each one hundred pounds of meat. This was stirred well until dissolved in about four gallons of water and then poured over the meat until it began to shift or float. This allowed the brine to come in contact with all parts of the meat. It was then covered and weighted down to keep the meat under the brine. To do this a loose-fitting wooden cover made of oak or other hardwood was weighted down with a stone or bricks heavy enough to hold the meat below the brine. Many of the informants contacted by the writer emphasized that it was important that the cover not be made from pine, cedar or certain other softwoods because the brine would become tainted.

After the meat had been in the brine for about five days, both the meat and brine were removed and each piece of meat was repacked in a different position. The brine was then again poured back over the meat and it was weighted down. This was done about every ten days during the balance of the curing period. It was important to shift the position of the meat and get the curing brine remixed while the meat was curing. There were always spots where the meat was in close contact and the brine could not penetrate between the pieces as readily as it should have. If the brine was left standing undisturbed, it became uneven and caused

the density of the curing ingredients in proportion to the water to be much heavier in one place than another.

In warmer weather, it was a good practice to boil the brine and then allow it to cool before using. During the winter months this generally was not necessary. The bacon strips were allowed to remain in the brine about two days per pound or from four to six weeks, and the hams and shoulders about three days per pound or from six to eight weeks. The length of time the meat was left in the brine was determined by the size of the meat; the heavier it was, the longer the time it was required to be in the brine. The ideal curing temperature for brine curing is about 38 degrees. If the weather was mild, the brine had to be watched closely and if it became stringy, the meat was taken out and washed and the brine was boiled and skimmed or a new brine was made. If another brine was made, it was not made as strong as the original but proportionate to the length of time it had yet to cure. It was found that hams and bacons cured in the spring kept right through the summer if they were properly smoked.

THE DRY-CURING PROCESS

The first step in the dry-curing process after the meat had been properly bled, chilled and cut up was to mix the curing ingredients. For each one hundred pounds of meat, approximately five pounds of salt, two pounds of brown sugar and two ounces of saltpetre were mixed thoroughly. In addition some of the farmers used black and red pepper and a combination of other spices.

The sugar used in the cure tends to retard the hardening action of the salt and gives a more pleasing and milder flavor to the meat. When salt is used alone, it hardens the muscle fibers and tends to make the meat overly salty and dry. The pepper and spices when used give a delicious balance to the flavor and improve the keeping qualities after the cure is completed. The saltpetre strikes ahead of the salt and helps to bring out and retain the rich red color so desirable in cured meats. The amount of cure used de-

FRAME SMOKEHOUSE. On Allen Dundore Property, South Lebanon Township. Note slate roof, air vents on side and roof. Photographed 1960.



depends on individual preferences, weather conditions and the length of time the meat was to be kept.

After the cure was mixed it was worked in well around the bones, especially at the hock and knee joints, working in as much cure as the skin covering would hold and pushing it down well. Then the cure was rubbed in well on both the flesh and skin sides using a slow kneading motion.

Sometimes the meat was only lightly rubbed using about one pound for each one hundred pounds of meat, and then placed skin-side down on a tilted table to drain for a half day or over night before applying a heavier application. The purpose of this was to draw the first flush of blood and water from the meat. Again it was important that the meat did not freeze. When this occurs, the moisture in the small cells and fibers expands and bursts the meat tissues which lowers the quality of the finished product. Nor will frozen meat take the cure; resulting in uneven curing or no curing action so long as the meat remains frozen. The ideal meat-curing temperature is between 38 and 40 degrees when a dry cure is used.

After the meat had cured from three to five days, a second application of the cure was given using about one-third of the mixture or two or three pounds for each one hundred pounds of meat. Sometimes the meat was rearranged or it was put back in its original place.

If the meat was to be used shortly after it came from the cure, the total amount of cure for each one hundred pounds of meat could be reduced proportionately. When the meat was to be kept from one curing season to the next, it was necessary to give it a heavier cure. Generally from four to six pounds of cure for each one hundred pounds of meat were used for a medium cure and from eight to nine pounds for a full cure.

Weather conditions also help to control the length of time the meat should cure for best results. It takes longer for meat to take the cure in very cold weather than in milder weather. Much home-cured meat became overly salty because it was left in the cure entirely too long. Sometimes the meat was taken out of the cure too soon when the weather remained cold over a long period of time,

resulting in meat that was only partially cured. Usually the meat was allowed to cure about two days for each pound of hams and shoulders and about one and one-half days for each pound of the smaller pieces.

A cool, moist cellar was found to be the best place for brine and dry-curing; although more moisture is required for dry-curing to result in a thorough cure. It was very important that the cellar be dark and tight enough to prevent flies, rats and other vermin from damaging the meat. After the last rubbing, the meat was generally allowed to lie for a week to ten days. It was then cured and ready to be smoked.

Many times, however, before putting the meat into the smokehouse, it was washed in lukewarm water. If it was dry-cured, it was a good practice to soak it in water. The smaller pieces were soaked from 30 to 40 minutes and the larger ones up to an hour. A stiff brush was used to scrub off the accumulated salt and grease. Then the meat was hung up to drain until dry.

THE SMOKING PROCESS

To smoke the meat properly and give it a superior flavor required a certain amount of skill and experience. There were a number of informants who told of smoking meat by the ton, when butchering was done weekly during the winter months for marketing. Many times one member of the family was assigned to care for the fire in the smokehouse. One informant stated that in his family, as a youth, it was his responsibility and he was continually aware that he had better not neglect it!

Again it was important that the meat did not freeze while being smoked; particularly sausage and bologna, since smoke does not penetrate frozen meat. Over-heating with too much fire and not enough smoke is also very damaging. Too much heat causes the meat to become soft and fall from the hooks. If the sausage or bologna gets so much heat that the fat melts and is forced to the outside, it becomes partly fried and becomes impossible to complete the smoking process. If the meat over-heats and hardens, it in most instances cracks and becomes moldy resulting in rancidness and spoilage.

If the meat was being smoked during the spring months when warmer weather prevailed, many times it was hung in the smokehouse first and a slow fire was started warming the meat gradually or only a small fire was started every second or third day and the meat was allowed to hang for several weeks.

Since most of the butchering and smoking of meats on the farms was done during the winter months when the temperatures were low, a fire was started before the meat was hung in the smokehouse so that it did not freeze. It was best to keep the fire going continually, holding the temperature at nearly the same point until the smoking process was complete.

One informant told of starting a fire in the smokehouse only to realize after making a considerable amount of smoke that the meat had not yet been hung in the building. He told how he hastily opened the door and smothered the fire until the meat was put in. After the meat was hung, the



VICTORIAN BRICK SMOKEHOUSE. Located on Howard Schwenk Farm, East of Fontana on Route 322. Dimensions: 9 feet by 9 feet by 12 feet, roof two feet. Photographed 1961.

fire was stirred again and later covered with sawdust. It was important, particularly if the smokehouse was a wooden structure, that all the wood debris was swept clean on the inside so that the fire could not creep toward the sides of the building. Many wooden smokehouses and their contents were lost because of carelessness; either because there was too hot a fire or because the fire had crawled to the sides. For this reason, the lower portion of many of these buildings was constructed of stone or brick and the upper section built of frame.

Mrs. Menno Ober, who now lives just outside the southern edge of Lebanon County, vividly recalls when as a child how their smokehouse at home caught fire and burned to the ground resulting in the loss of the building as well as the year's supply of meats. Not only did the fire destroy the smokehouse but burned their dwelling as well!

Mrs. Fred Ensminger, near Elizabethtown, told of being aroused early one morning by a telephone repairman to inform her that her toilet was on fire. What he thought was an outside toilet was a smokehouse that was in use!

BUILDING THE FIRE

The smoke was made by building a fire with kindling wood (*briggelhuls*) or corncobs. Luther Kleinfelter, near Annville, insists that a fire in a smokehouse should never be started with paper because it will draw into the meat, giving it a bad flavor. Chestnut wood when available was also used to start the fire because it split easy, started and burned with little trouble. After the fire was burning nicely, heavy green stumps and large knotty pieces not suitable for the kitchen stove were used to feed it. To make the fire smolder, this heavier material was smothered with hickory or other wood chips or sawdust if available. The smoke then rose over and through the meats and passed out between the shingles or through the vents or chimney.

There were many informants who insisted that only green wood should be burned. Hickory wood was the most widely used when available. One informant stated that hickory wood has a tendency to cause heartburn. Other woods used were oak, maple, apple, cherry, and sassafras. The last three give a milder smoke. Corncobs were many times substituted for or used in addition to the hardwoods. In tobacco-producing areas, the tobacco strips were saved which provided a good material for producing smoke. Hardwoods were always preferable to softwoods. Pine was rarely used because it also had a tendency to give the meats a bad flavor. Allen Dundore, near Lebanon, who still smokes considerable quantities of meat each winter for himself and others, does not like locust wood because he claims it also draws into the meat giving it a bad taste. Luther Kleinfelter also stated that rock oak bark gotten from the north side of the tree provided an excellent material for making smoke. He contends that this wood doesn't burn well at any time but rather smolders away indefinitely providing great quantities of smoke.

THE "MEAT TREE"

In many of the smokehouses, the meat was hung from one or two adjustable tiers of thin, green, hickory poles. These generally had all the bark removed and measured from one and a half to two inches thick. The meat was then hung from these poles which were laid on strips attached along the sides of the building. In other buildings



ROUND BRICK SMOKEHOUSE. Built about 1850 by Henry and Barbara Bowman. Located on Clinton Mark Property, North of Palmyra. Diameter: 8 feet; height: 10 feet; pit: 18 inches by 10 inches; door: 6½ feet by 2½ feet. Photographed 1969.

the meats were hung on the extended arms of a revolving reel known as the "meat tree" (*flaish-baum*).

The hams (*hinner-shoonka*) and shoulders (*fetter-shoonka*) were usually hung closest to the roof since they required more time to be smoked sufficiently because of size and in order to keep them well into the late summer or autumn if desired. Beneath the hams the sausage (*broat-wosht*) was hung and doubled over the poles or the lower arms of the meat tree. There are those who can well recall the sausages seemingly hanging too low and in the way, consequently having an excuse to break off a small portion each time and sampling it when having an occasion to enter or look into the smokehouse during the smoking process! The tongues and dried beef were hung between the other meats wherever place could be found. The bacon, being the flattest, was usually hung closest to the wall. The bologna was also hung high depending on the length. If there was a large quantity of meat to be placed in the smokehouse, it was hung close together as possible without touching each other. It was necessary that the meat be hung from six to eight feet above the fire or that it was shielded by a sheet of metal and that it be suspended below the ventilators if the building had any.

One informant tells how it was a common practice in earlier days to fill the bladder of a bull with ground pork and beef, the same substance from which sausage is made, and then smoke it. The larger the bladder the longer time it took to completely smoke it. This he contended was really good eating!

The meats were hung with iron hooks. These measured generally from four to eight inches in length. The upper or larger end was curved to fit over the sapling or tree arm. The lower or smaller end was extremely pointed to pierce the meat.



HEXAGONAL SMOKEHOUSE. Built about 1850 by Michael and Lucy Ann Killinger, on what is now the Millard Property, Northwest of Annville. Dimensions: 12 feet across inside; hexagon section: 5 feet; height: 8 feet to roof, 12 feet including roof; door 6½ feet by 3 feet. Now used for dog shelter.

VENTILATING THE SMOKEHOUSE

Ample ventilation of the smokehouse was necessary to allow the warm air to escape and help prevent overheating the meats. Some of the buildings had small openings under the eaves or vertical openings built into the walls of the structure. These openings in most instances measured approximately two inches wide and up to ten inches in length. Others had a chimney built into the roof. It was best if these openings could be controlled. Generally after the smoking process was complete, the meat was cooled by opening the ventilators and doors.

The length of time the meats were allowed to remain in the smokehouse was largely up to the individual. Some liked the meats smoked harder than others, even to the extent that the meat appeared very dark to be kept well. It has been found, however, that a ham smoked to a golden, light brown, if cured properly, will keep just as well. The small pieces of meat can be smoked sufficiently in 24 to 36 hours when the fire is kept burning steadily. The large pieces are smoked proportionately longer depending on the size but usually not longer than a week.

In storing smoked meats it is essential to have a uniform temperature and to keep all insects away. A cool, dry cellar or an attic with ample circulation provided a satisfactory place for their storage at any time of the year provided the area was kept dark and the flies excluded. Many times the arch cellar (*g'welb keller*) was used for this purpose. When the hams and bacons were going to be stored for an indefinite period of time, it was essential that they be thoroughly cured, smoked and their surface hard and dry to help prevent mold.

If the meat is left exposed to the air, slow oxidation of the fat takes place which causes rancidness, a darkened color, and a strong flavor. Proper wrapping prevented most of this trouble and it was also one of the best methods for keeping out flies and other insects. A piece of muslin, cheesecloth or burlap many times was used and each piece of meat was wrapped separately. It was then wrapped in layers of newspaper or heavy parchment and placed in strong paper bags usually cornmeal or flour sacks. The bag tops were tied shut so that the insects could not enter and then the meats were hung away.

Some told of wrapping their hams in heavy paper first and then enclosing them with muslin or burlap. This material was then covered with a solution of ordinary lime whitewash with glue added and then they were hung away. If the hams were to be kept only a short time, it was not necessary that they be wrapped but only hung apart, and away from the walls—to keep insects, mice and rats from reaching them. Usually the meats were stored in a dark, cool, well ventilated place. Sometimes they were allowed to hang indefinitely in the smokehouse after they were smoked.

A number of informants told of wrapping their hams in burlap and then burying them in an oats bin until they were to be used. Another informant told of burying his hams in wood ashes to preserve them.

For hams and shoulders to have the best flavor, they should season after the curing and smoking, from 30 to 60 days before being used; even longer is preferable. Bacon should season ten to fifteen days before being used.

How many can recall eating those first pieces of smoked tongue or dried beef between two slices of home-baked bread just after removing the meat from the smokehouse or better still sampling the new ham at Easter?

SUBSTITUTES FOR SMOKING

Those who did not have a smokehouse and the necessary equipment for smoking meats—or did not want to go to the trouble of smoking meat in the smokehouse and yet wished to give the meat a smoke flavor—could get somewhat similar results by using a liquid smoke or “patent smoke” which is a liquid creosote composition.

Generally the liquid was applied on the surface of the meat very lightly by means of a brush. As each application dried, another coat was brushed on for two or three applications depending on the amount of smoke flavor wanted. In many instances today the farmers have dispensed with the smokehouse method of smoking. Instead they use a curing mixture which contains a smoke compound. This is

BRICK AND FRAME SMOKEHOUSE. Located on Myles Bucher Farm, Route 1, Lebanon, East of Krall's Church. Dimensions: 7 feet by 7 feet by 16 feet; brick portion, 8 feet; frame portion, 8 feet to roof tip. Has ash pit for removal of ashes in rear.





"FLAISH BAWM" OR "MEAT TREE." Interior of Smokehouse showing "meat tree," with hams, shoulders, and bacons hooked on arms of "tree," which revolves for easy access to meats. Photographed 1960.

an artificial wood-smoke flavor which imparts the flavoring properties of wood-smoke to the meat while it is curing. Sausage can also be given a smoky flavor by mixing one ounce of smoke flavoring powder to each ten pounds of sausage meat. The skins of the sausages are also sometimes colored with a smoke dye.

SMOKEHOUSE LORE

There are many stories told concerning the early smokehouses, particularly those which related to raiding and stealing their contents. Victor C. Dieffenbach, *Der Oldt Bauer*, from Bethel, Pennsylvania, says, "The smokehouse in earlier days was the stand-by of the housewife and the hope of the preacher." It has been said that the country preachers in those days visited the farmsteads with smokehouses more frequently than those that were without. Not only were they in most instances assured of plenty of good meat at mealtime but many times they were given from the contents of the smokehouse to take along home.

Menno Ober, who resides just south of the county line, related that as a youth at home during October and November between husking corn and hunting, it was his responsibility to get wood home from the woodlot for use in butchering and for the smokehouse. It was in December, he said, that his parents butchered, sugar-cured and smoked their meats which he also continues to do. He stated that for some reason, his parents' hams never kept well unless they were put in a salt and lye brine made strong enough so that an egg would float on the surface. He recalled also how his mother always saved a few hams for use between the next butchering and until the new meats were cured and smoked. The rule at their house was never to cut a new ham until Easter.

Harold Blecker, a farmer south of Kleinfeltersville, Pennsylvania, still butchers and smokes large quantities of meats over the winter for marketing in Lebanon. He also does custom smoking. He told of an experience he had involving a farmer who had no smokehouse and brought thirty-seven large pieces of cured meat loaded down in his old car. Blecker related that the hams weighed as much as sixty-five pounds each. He said that the meat not only loaded down the car but it overcrowded his smokehouse as well!

Another informant told of a muslin bag that had been filled with ground beef and pork to make bologna. The bag for some reason had not been properly sewn at the bottom. Upon entering the smokehouse one morning, to his surprise, he found the contents piled nicely on the ground beneath the place from which the bologna had been hanging. This has also happened more frequently in recent years with plastic materials which have been adopted for use as casings and are not always properly sealed.

The story is told of a family bringing meat some years ago to be smoked in a new smokehouse which had just been completed by one of the neighbors—only to learn upon arrival that the building was not a smokehouse but an outside privy.

One informant told of a prank that had been played on him. Early one morning as he entered the smokehouse, he found that all his meats were gone only to learn later after a great deal of inquiry and concern that they were hanging far up in the smokehouse just beneath the roof.

Berton Beck, now residing in New York City, told of a skunk which somehow got into a smokehouse. The farmer in this instance built the fire in a large, old, cracked butcher kettle. One morning as he was checking into the smokehouse he found that a skunk had caught its leg in the large crack of the kettle and could not escape. Not knowing exactly what to do, he summoned his neighbor to shoot it. However, after consulting with each other, they decided that to shoot it may not be the most beneficial procedure. The owner was very much concerned because here hung his year's supply of smoked meats. Finally they concluded that the only way to save the meats was to remove some of the shingles on the roof, use a stiff wire and attach it to the

COMBINATION SMOKEHOUSE AND BUTCHER-HOUSE. On Benjamin Hoyer Property, East Hanover Township, near Harper's Tavern. Photographed 1960.



hook on which the meat was hanging, and pull each piece out of the smokehouse individually. They proceeded to do so and were successful lifting each piece out until the last ham accidentally fell from the wire, struck the skunk and you can well imagine the rest! This smokehouse was not to be used for the rest of that season.

Miles Bucher, who resides near Schaefferstown, Pennsylvania, tells of two thieves who attempted to steal some hams belonging to a local preacher some years ago. While the thieves were in the process of removing the meats from the smokehouse, the owner suddenly came upon the scene causing the one below who was at the doorway to flee. The owner, after realizing that there was still someone within the building, continued to receive the meats from the one who had crawled up on the inside. When the thief inquired as to how many they could handle, the preacher answered, "Hand one more down." After descending, the thief realized that it was not his accomplice and tried to get away without being recognized but the owner had already become aware that it was a neighbor. The preacher called the thief by name and after learning who his accomplice was, he insisted that the neighbor take one of the hams along with him because he had a large family in need and the owner was aware of this.

Another story is told of a thief being shot at and killed because of his attempt to steal meat from a smokehouse at night. Although the owner did not intend to kill but only scare the thief, the action resulted in great anxiety between the families involved and a mental condition on the part of the one who did the shooting.

In the files of the Pennsylvania Folklife Society are to be found the following stories concerning stolen meats as recorded by Victor C. Dieffenbach. "Old Rev. Leinbach, (*der aldt Charley*), had a lot of his meat stolen one time. He told his wife that they were not going to tell anyone about it and they didn't. Some time later the old preacher was driving in the country and he met a man walking along the road. The driver stopped and told him that he could ride along. He got into the buggy and as they continued their journey, they discoursed on various subjects. Finally the stranger said to the preacher, 'Well, *Ich hob kairt see hen deer aw en lot flaish geshtoala!*' (Well, I heard they stole a lot of your meat too!) 'Ya, see hen sell.' (Yes, they did that), replied 'Charley' and he now knew who the thief was or the stranger would not have known of it."¹

He also related the following story. "One day a family found out that a lot of their supply of meat was missing. Nobody had been away and no stranger had entered the house. But one night the old man thought he heard a scratching noise in the chimney. Seizing a blazing stick of wood from the fire on the hearth, he thrust it up the chimney, and saw a ham hanging on a hook at the end of a rope and slowly going up into the upper regions. Hastily he grabbed his trusty old rifle and rushing out he got a shot at the fleeing robber. He recovered the meat where it had been dropped. Several days later a local hunter came to the doctor to have a bullet removed from his shoulder. The hunter claimed that his rifle caught in the bushes and went off accidentally. The doctor told him that he must have had the rifle in a very peculiar position to get shot that way."

Many of the smokehouses during these earlier days were left unlocked both night and day. Some of them were locked at night or when the family went to church or visiting. Others were kept locked at all times or a watchdog was

housed close by to guard the contents. The writer's father also tells how he helped his parents each evening to carry the meats from their smokehouse which was located in a small community into their outkitchen so they would not be stolen during the night. The *Reading Gazette* of March 23, 1878, contains an advertisement concerning a patented burglar alarm lock for use on smokehouses.

Victor C. Dieffenbach relates the following lore which is in the files of the Pennsylvania Folklife Society. "*Won mer des flaish ous em shmoakhous in der Woak doo, no doots ken gawicht ferleera.*" (If the meat is taken out of the smokehouse in [the zodiacal sign of Libra] the scales, there will be no loss of weight through shrinkage.) "*Won doo all de shoonka ins shmoakhous henka doosht, mit der shwoldt-seid gaya der deer, no doot's flaish net ous-drickla; 's doot net so hart warra un's doot aw net so feel gawicht ferleera darrich der soomer.*" (If all the hams are hung in the smokehouse with the skin-side toward the door, then the meat will not dry out as much, it will not get as hard and they will not lose as much weight during the summer.) "*Won mer de warsht un flaish ous em schmoakhous doot im Laib, no warra de woo es essa, bais.*" (If the sausage and meat are taken out of the smokehouse in [the zodiacal sign of Leo] the Lion, then those who eat it will become angry.)

Edwin M. Fogel in his book, *Beliefs and Superstitions of the Pennsylvania Germans*, has recorded the following: "*Geschmukt flesch soll mer in lere licht aus em schmok nemme no gebts ken waerm dra.*" (Smoked meats should be taken out of the smokehouse in the dark of the moon to prevent them from becoming wormy.)² "*Mer solls flesch aus em schmokhaus nemme ime lebendiche zeche schunschit grikts waerm.*" (Smoked meats should not be taken from the smokehouse during the period, the zodiacal sign of which is a living being, to prevent them from becoming wormy as they otherwise will.)³ "*'S flesch nemmt mer uf der Detlausdak aus em schmok.*" (Meats should be taken out of the smokehouse on Detlaus day (March 31).)⁴

These are but a few of the early beliefs which relate to the smokehouse and its contents. The author will welcome any that the readers may recall in this connection.

It is still possible today to have meats smoked in the smokehouse even though these structures are becoming scarce. The author in making his contacts came upon a number of farmers who still do custom smoking. In most instances, however, the meat must be cured before being brought there. There are also those locker plants and related establishments which will cure and smoke meats at a nominal cost per pound. Because of our modern methods of butchering and refrigeration, however, much of the smoking of meats has been eliminated—although meats which have been preserved by freezing for long periods of time many times acquire an inferior flavor. Neither are the results obtained from liquid smoke quite the same as when the meat can be cured and then fire-smoked. The older folks particularly will agree that even though there have been many new processes introduced to preserve meats, none can begin to give them the real smoke flavor that is obtained in a properly fired smokehouse.

¹The stories by Victor C. Dieffenbach given here are from Manuscript File 577, Pennsylvania Folklife Society. They come from a lifetime spent on the farm in northwestern Berks County, in the Bethel area.

²Edwin M. Fogel, *Beliefs and Superstitions of the Pennsylvania Germans* (Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 1915), page 243, No. 1258.

³*Ibid.*, page 246, No. 1274.

⁴*Ibid.*, page 256, No. 1335.

Morning Glory Cake

By EDNA EBY HELLER

The plain cooking of the Pennsylvania Dutch sometimes has a fancy flair. For special occasions the cooks do make specialties and one of these is the Morning Glory Cake. Today, only grandmothers seem to have enough time and patience and not very many grandmothers know how to bake these cakes. The younger generation depends on the experienced bakers for their party cakes.

In Carbon and Lebanon Counties there are a few who still bake this cake but it is much more popular in Berks and Northampton Counties. Like the simple Milk Pie this fancy cake has many different names. Years ago I was told about the Morning Glory Cake and then when I finally saw one, it was called a Tulip Cake. In Gilbertsville, Berks County, it is a Toota Cake and nearby in Reading, someone calls it the Ice Cream Cone Cake. Others know it only as the Easter Lily Cake. It is sometimes called a Funnel Cake, but to most Pennsylvania Dutch people Funnel Cakes, or Drechter Kucha, are deep fat-fried delicacies that are made by pouring a batter through a funnel into the hot fat.



This is the cake that was pictured in the July, 1962 issue of *Woman's Day* magazine with Nika Hazelton's article, "Come to the Fair." Mrs. Hazelton was attracted to the Morning Glory Cake used one year in the Folk Festival pageant. Her article attracted hundreds to the festival and all of them wanted to see the Morning Glory Cake. One after another asked, "How is it made?"

The cake on display was baked by Mrs. George Hunsicker, 118 S. 11th St., Allentown. Mrs. Hunsicker is one of the few women who bake this festive cake regularly for birthdays, bridal showers, and weddings. The latter are always white, of course, but for other occasions she colors the icing to match the color scheme of the table decorations. Quite often the cake is used as the centerpiece. It is a unique cake in that each guest can lift out his own cone and the cake isn't even cut!

Fifty years ago, this cornucopia cake was often decorated in red, white and blue for Memorial Day celebrations and

Fourth of July picnics. Some called it the Band Cake because it was always a popular donation item for the annual band festival. Even more decorative was the Ice Cream Cone Cake with a cherry in each cone. This one also had a floral decoration of real flowers inserted in the top in place of the center cones. A white cornucopia cake was often served as a bridal cake. One lady vividly recalls how thrilled she was to carry the Morning Glory Cake as she and her husband, as bride and groom, led the procession of guests as they walked down the street in Hamburg to the place of the wedding reception. Of all these, the Easter Cake must have been the most beautiful. The cake was iced in white but a bit of yellow icing in the center of each cone transformed the cornucopias into Easter lilies.

The Morning Glory Cake is usually made with a sponge cake batter, mainly because the cones are more easily rolled, but some families have always made them with butter cake recipes. To make the cones very thin layers are baked in pie tins. Each cake is cut in fourths and each fourth must be quickly rolled into a cone while it is still warm. When 48 of these cones have been made, the open end of each is dipped into icing and colored sugar, then stacked in round layers with each layer getting smaller until the top center is filled with only three cones. Don't fret if some of the cones break. It happens to the best of cooks!

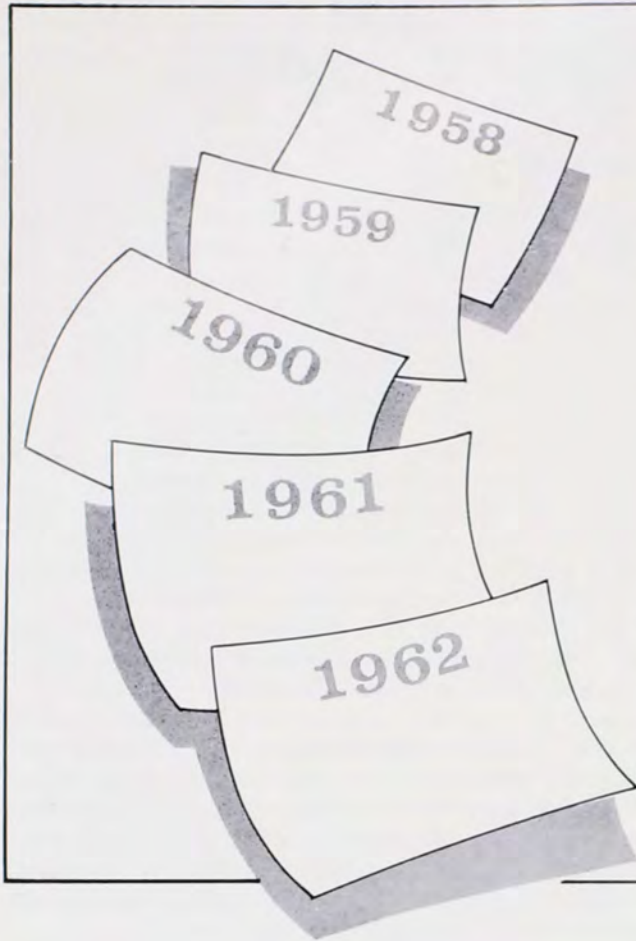
Morning Glory Cake

9 eggs
2 cups sugar
2 tablespoons water
2 cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup confectioner's sugar
2 tablespoons water
red sugar

Heat oven to 350 degrees.

Beat the eggs with a wire whisk until frothy. Adding the sugar very slowly (one tablespoon at a time), continue beating for fifteen minutes. Add water and beat until blended. Fold in gradually the flour and baking powder that have been sifted together. Add the vanilla. While the first cones are baking, mix water and confectioner's sugar until smooth.

For baking the cones of a Morning Glory Cake, one should have at least 3 aluminum pie pans, 9" size. Using each pan four times (four cones from each cake) you will have 48 cones. With a large mixing spoon put 3 spoonfuls of batter in each ungreased pan, or just enough to cover the bottom. Bake 8 minutes at 350 degrees. When baked, cut into four wedges and roll each piece into a cone, working quickly while cake is warm. Dip open end of each cone in icing, then in colored sugar. Arrange circle of cones on cake plate so that the diameter of first layer is 9 inches, and points are toward the center. Repeat for other layers, making the circumference of each layer smaller than the last. Use halves of broken or crippled cones to fill hollow spots in the center.



FIVE YEARS of FOLK FESTIVALING

By FLORENCE H. BAVER

Having been asked by the Director of the Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival, Dr. Alfred L. Shoemaker, to write a very personal report about my experiences at the Festival for the past five years, is a very difficult assignment, indeed. However, if we Pennsylvania Dutch can rely on our dialect expressions with which we grew up, we are seldom in want of finding sayings to fit the situations.

Folk festivaling has been such a pleasure, an honor, and a duty to my ancestral heritage, that my feelings can be well expressed in the old favorite "*Es koomt aim ins bloot won's freeyoar bei koomt oon es iss bal Folks Fesht tseit*" or "*Mei bloot wott gons oof reerish won's nuch der Folks Fesht tseit tsoo gait.*" (It stirs my blood when Folk Festival time draws near.)

In this story I shall attempt to explain how and why I became involved in participating in the Folk Festivals, sponsored annually by the Pennsylvania Folklife Society. For the focal point of this article, I shall concern myself with what I tried to do at these festivals in the past five years. Here, I must begin to become personal, as there would be no degree of justification, if I would not mention the names of the women who have so ably directed their efforts toward the goals that I have outlined for our project, from year to year. In addition I shall give my appraisals of successes and failures. Another one of our popular Pennsylvania Dutch sayings will help me out right here, "*Won ich eich oof de tsai-a drait, mist eer's nemma.*" The English version expresses the fact that if the shoe fits you, you'll have to



NOSTALGIC TUNES ON THE PARLOR ORGAN. Mrs. Marie George at 1962 Folk Festival.

wear it and like it. Sometimes we have great faith in something but then we lose our faith as time goes on and we begin to criticize and tear down. This has happened to such a degree at times among the participants of the festival and also among the residents of the community in which the festival is held annually, that it is a very regrettable fact to mention in this article.

Now, in a much bigger and more important paragraph, I want to eulogize the success of the Homelife Division of the Folk Festival, of which I had the opportunity of being organizer and supervisor for the past five years. We cannot measure the payment for our efforts in dollars and cents. We can't expect to all become memorialized in a Who's Who of the Folk Festival. We can't win a popularity contest, but we can become a part of an integral heritage, respected and pursued by thousands and thousands of people from all over the United States and foreign countries.

Because quite a number of the women who assisted me in this project, have done so for no less than three out of the five years, I have been able to see their insights broaden from year to year. Therefore, in evaluating my own edification of the folklore and customs of my ancestors, I am sure that I may use the pronoun "we" and speak for all who helped in this project. As with whiskey, we did improve with age. Through concentrating on the same subjects for successive years, we have become more efficient in drawing from the memories of our childhoods and experiences of our youths those things which helped us to organize each unit better and stimulate our inquiries among the many spectators for additional lore and comparisons of similar experiences in many other areas.

Since the Pennsylvania Folklife Society has a threefold goal, namely, to collect, record, and make available to others, the customs and traditions of our forebears, I have tried hard to influence everyone who participates in the Homelife Division to strive for these accomplishments. In doing this, the women who lacked a high school education were handicapped. However, these same women are genuine "grass roots" people and have portrayed our folklife with an authenticity that puts those who have become urbanized to shame. According to my judgment, for collecting lore during her conversations with festival visitors, Mrs. Elizabeth Adam of Lenhartsville receives the laurels in the Homelife Division. She has acquired a good sense of detecting what is worth recording for the folklorist. Even though the success of the Folk Festival is measured by the tremendous increase of attendance every year, a demonstrator is handicapped for collecting lore, by the density of the crowds in the past five years. As for myself, the many supervisory duties have hindered me from making contacts with the public.

All in all, the Homelife Division has no thoughts of turning backwards. We began immediately at the close of the last festival, to plan for next year's activities, with a bigger scope than ever before.

I shall proceed now to record the progress of the Homelife and Household Chore Division year by year for the past five years.

THE FIRST YEAR—1958

In the beginning was the word . . .

The ninth annual Folk Festival marked the birth of the Homelife Division. One weekday evening, in the spring of 1958, Dr. Shoemaker called at our residence to ask us (my

husband and me) if we would accept an assignment to participate at the next Folk Festival. We were surprised and just nodded silently. On second thought, I am wondering if we even nodded. At least, we thought we did nod, and began to drink in the many suggestions made by Dr. Shoemaker. He elaborated on my husband's assignment first. Then my ears began to carry this wireless message to my brain, "And now, Florence, I want you to concentrate on everything pertaining to the KITCHEN. What activities can you think of to demonstrate, that relate to the housewife's chores in the past?" Still being in a dazed and frozen stage, all I could think of was how my mother and I used to wash and shine the lamp chimneys and then refill the lamps, every Saturday morning. Why Saturday was more accented in my mind, I don't know, but another thing that began to occur to me was polishing the kitchen range every Saturday. As the evening advanced, however, Dr. Shoemaker and I had progressed to the point where I seemed to be able to unfold memoirs of my days on the farm in Berks County, during the first twenty-six years of my life.

Having become acquainted with Mrs. Catherine Hilton Rahn of Phillipsburg, N. J., through a Pennsylvania Dutch class (as I called it) once held at my house, I solicited her assistance in this assignment. She consented to assist me.

I knew that a theme and an outline were pertinent and I began to divide my ideas into seven categories. THE SEVEN DAYS OF THE WEEK became my theme. I made a trip to Bethel, Pennsylvania, where the Pennsylvania Folklife Society was located at that time, and spent the greater part of a day looking up lore and information in the Society's card files. Trips to the Easton Public Library plus ideas envisioned in bed when I could not sleep (my best thoughts always come to me in bed when the other half sleeps), helped me to see the way more clearly.



SCOURING KNIVES AND FORKS THE OLD WAY—WITH ASHES. Mrs. Myrtle Reinhard, 1962 Folk Festival.

The time for the 1958 Folk Festival arrived and Catherine Rahn and I were co-hostesses, in a tent, immediately west of the main building on the grounds, to thousands of visitors. Our exhibits started inside the tent on the immediate right with posters and articles portraying our theme, SEVEN DAYS OF THE WEEK. First was Monday, Wash Day (*Moondawg, Wesh Dawg*). We showed such articles as washboard and tub on a chair without a back (*bortzerd*), wash "stomper," homemade soap, etc.

Continuing along the inside edge of the tent, next came Tuesday, Ironing Day (*Dinshdawg, Biggle Dawg*). Here one could see flat irons, sad irons, charcoal irons, gasoline irons, old clothes-sprinklers, beeswax to rub the irons, ironing board and stand (*biggle buck*). The third exhibit showed what is usually done on the day following ironing day, Wednesday, Mending Day (*Mitwuch, Flick Dawg*). To emphasize the fact that we Pennsylvania Dutch women were taught by our mothers to be thrifty and mend our clothes, we laid out a pair of overalls that were in the mending stage, also a sewing basket, a bundle of patches, socks being darned with a calabash, and gloves being darned with a corncob. Thursday (*Dunnershdawg*) was usually Going to Town Day (*Shtroass Dawg*). This day we illustrated by laying out a shawl and woolen cap, hat, and cane.

Continuing around the inside edge of the tent, next was Friday, Baking Day (*Freidawg, Bock Dawg*). Here we did not expound extensively as this would have overlapped with the activities of the eating tents conducted by other groups and also the activities of the Folklife Society's Food Editor. We stressed lore more than recipes. We showed testing the doneness of a cake when coming out of the oven with the sprig from a broom. We also exhibited the Easter-rabbit cake, baked and donated by Mrs. Russell Merwath of Easton. These cakes are a rarity, but an old German idea retained by a few women.

Next in line was Saturday, Cleaning Day (*Somshdawg, Bootz Dawg*). Here we showed how to clean spots on rag carpet with liquid soap (*shmeer saif*), beating rag carpet, types of brooms, such as the splint broom (*sheena baisem*) and the brooms made from broom corn.

Lastly, and the exhibit for which we received the most comments of all, was Sunday, Church Day (*Soondawg, Karrich Dawg*). Here, we exhibited sentimental things, things that people treasured and enjoyed looking at on a Sunday afternoon. Catherine's big bouquet of white lilies and the Bible were in the center of the table. Then around it, were the stereoscope, picture album, friendship cards, Sunday School lesson cards, and a Himmels-Brief.

The center of the tent was adorned with a small table containing a setting of lovely old dishes. At the far end of the tent was a dry sink where we showed cleaning the lamp chimneys and scouring the knives and forks with wood ashes and powdered bricks. On another table we exhibited old cooking utensils. We showed such folk beliefs as straining the coffee through the dish rag so that the hired man won't walk off, and scraping wood off the kitchen table and putting it on buttered bread for the maid so that she won't get homesick. Our entire display was rounded off with a poster for each day of the week. Many old sayings and folk beliefs were tacked up.

This being our first year, we concerned ourselves mainly with exhibiting and talking to our visitors. Demonstrating was left for development another year. To invite the festival patrons into our tent, I painted a big sign which was

placed outside of the tent. It read *KOOM REI—DE FRAW ISS IN DER KICH* (Come in—the wife is in the kitchen). On the pole at the entrance of the tent, I had placed a poster with a rooster on it which said that if a rooster crows in front of the kitchen, it means company will come. And company we had, lots of it! We treated our company with pieces of bread, spread with home-made jelly.

Catherine and I appeared on the main stage one evening, doing a thirty-minute program of discussion and dramatization on folk beliefs pertaining to household chores and family life.

This was my first year of full-time Folk Festivaling.

THE SECOND YEAR—1959

. . . from whence cometh help.

Our project being in its infancy in 1958, we left demonstrating untouched that year. As we look back to that first year, we view this neglect, sadly. It was during my planning conference with Dr. Shoemaker for the 1959 festival, that he strongly urged more demonstrating and enacting of the Pennsylvania customs. He asked me to secure the help of several more women so as to bring about more activity. "Wherever there is any action," said Dr. Shoemaker, "people will stop and look, and become interested."

In my quest for help, I was able to get Mrs. Eva Weiss of Nazareth, R. D. 3 and Mrs. Nettie Pettit of Easton as additional helpers besides Mrs. Rahn and myself. This year our tent was located at approximately the same place on the grounds but the size was increased considerably. The carpenters constructed a display counter completely around the inside edge of the tent. Mrs. Rahn and I having been extensive private collectors of articles making the folk-life of our forebears real, we arrived with our cars loaded down, and began to fill and arrange our counters. Our other two helpers also contributed whatever they could.

The title above the entrance to our tent simply read KITCHEN LORE. We did not use the Seven Days of the Week theme as the year before, but launched out into many more categories, such as needlework, herbs and teas, old-fashioned clothes, old kitchen utensils, and children's playthings. Above all these our Sentimental Things polled most comments.

The central part of our tent was the demonstration area, where we ironed, cooked, fried mush, and made waffles on an old long-handled waffle iron. In cooking, we used the subject of Potatoes and cooked dishes in which potatoes were used. To name a few of the more than twenty that we made: *grumbeera fülse* (potato filling), *kola brenner grumbeera* (charcoal burner's potatoes—these were fried potatoes with diced bacon added and so named because charcoal burners commonly made them in their shanties out in the woods), and *gree grout* (cooked onion tops with diced potatoes added). The cooking and frying of mush brought much inquisitiveness. All these foods that we prepared we gave away to the festival visitors to taste.

Another demonstration that created much attraction was washing in a tub on the washboard outside the entrance of our tent. This proved a big asset to the film industry as many stopped to take pictures of the demonstrator or took a try at it themselves while someone else took their picture.

I dare not forget to mention that when the festival was about half way over, a severe thunderstorm arose and the accompanying winds tore a big hole into our tent and water soaked and blew away many of our articles on display.

Mrs. Pettit and I happened to be in our tent alone at the time and when we realized the severity of the storm, we abandoned the tent and sought shelter in the big building nearby. After the wind and the rain subsided, we went back to our tent and found everything disheveled. Our big table in the middle of the tent, with all the potato dishes on it, had been upset, every article was drenched, and many things were blown away, but were luckily caught by a wire fence at the edge of the fairgrounds. Being without electricity, Mrs. Pettit and I gathered up everything that we could with a flashlight and took it to one of my relatives to dry in the sun the next day. It took us the greater part of the next day to get things back into place but the festival continued and so did we as best as we could.

This year I was assigned the responsibility of a daily stage program on women's activities, with as many women participating as possible. Since we were only four women in our tent, I had to recruit women from all over the grounds. This took a great deal of my time as this was a new venture. Most of those whom I approached usually gave me this for an answer, "*Oi, harri yesses, des kon ich net do.*" (Oh, my gracious, I can't do that.) After much talking and explaining of what they were to do and say, I usually got them to say, "*Wel, ich broveer's.*" (Well, I'll try.) After the programs were over, mostly everyone said, "*Och, des woar nix da tsoo.*" (Why, there was nothing to it.) To help in these programs, I was assisted by women in other demonstration areas such as soap-boiling, food tents, and applebutter-cooking. Among a few of the acts that brought much applause were peeling apples with an old apple-peeler by a young girl from the audience and then throwing the peel over the left shoulder to see what initial it spelled on the floor (this supposedly being the initial of her future husband), cleaning intestines, bringing a real, live baby chick to the microphone and showing how to draw the worms from its throat with the hair from a horse's mane, shaking rag carpet by two women, one at each end, demonstrating broom lore. This year we proved to ourselves that giving away things, such as a crust of freshly-baked bread, and audience participation, were musts for a good stage program.

Our staff was doubled this year, our displays were much bigger than the previous year, and our demonstrating caused the attendance in our tent to become massive.

This was my second year of full-time Folk Festivaling.

THE THIRD YEAR—1960

I will put my trust in thee . . .

After the horrifying experience with our labors in last year's storm, we said repeatedly, "If we could only get into a building next year." It may have been this, plus the evidence that our work could be made much more effective in a building in accommodating greater crowds, that we located in a building this year. I have never been elated by any amount of superiority over other festival participants and I hope that no one will ever regard me as anyone but a humble person, doing whatever I do, for the success of the Folk Festival and the Pennsylvania Folklife Society. But whenever and wherever an affair is staged, a supervisor must be appointed. Very early in the year Dr. Shoemaker came to my home to tell me that the greater part of the large gray building right inside the main gates was to be occupied by demonstrators pertaining to Homelife and Household Chores, and that I was to take charge of this



SEWING MACHINE SKILLS OF YESTERYEAR. Mrs. Maggie Stofflet at 1962 Folk Festival.

division. He also told me that I was to increase the staff for this division to about ten women besides myself.

In our planning, that same evening, we decided that there should be the following units: Food, Washing, Ironing, Cleaning, Herbs and Home Remedies, Child Care, Needlework, Sewing, Sunday Afternoon in the Parlor, Beauty Aids, and Miscellaneous. Each unit was to be manned by a full-time demonstrator, using old-time equipment of the wood stove era. There were to be attractive and decorative posters of sayings and illustrations of lore and customs on the wall as a background.

In thinking about the big job ahead, where to get so many additional women, made me the most shaky. Having had a few very nice associations with women belonging to granges, women who helped me very capably in the stage programs the previous year, I at once thought that in these organizations was ability and talent that would be helpful. So through my communications with grange presidents I extended an invitation to women of the organizations to help in the Homelife Division. Women from the Fleetwood, Topton, and Seipstown Granges responded. I also secured the help of several other women through private contact.

In the Spring, I called a meeting of all these women at the Folklife Society's office in Kutztown. Here I announced that our project was to be "The Women's Role in the Home in Past Years." Our assignment was to demonstrate, explain and collect lore, and furnish and exhibit the equipment necessary for the assigned subject. I outlined the following objectives for this project:

1. Present the average Pennsylvania Dutch home, then and now, to the public.
2. Get the spectators to participate as much as possible.
3. Collect information from the public during conversations with them.
4. Hand all information collected to the office of the Folklife Society to be preserved in the files.

Sensing that these women were unexperienced in festival participation, I prepared a typed outline for each unit containing the title, objectives, suggestive list of equipment

needed, and a list of sayings, beliefs, and lore which I compiled from search in the Folklife Society's files. This the demonstrator was to become acquainted with. I urged them to regard this outline as by no means complete—just intended to set them to thinking—and that they should continue to add to it. It was planned to have a typical kitchen setting for the cooking demonstrations.

Another brief meeting was held in June at the same place, mainly for the purpose of the women presenting their problem if they had any, and to help each other out with equipment that they were lacking. A date was designated for coming to the grounds for setting up our units.

The setting-up day was three days before the opening of the festival. This proved to be a hectic day for the supervisor as very few of these women had ever put up any exhibits before. The sense of attractive arrangement was lacking and the spirit of "I'll do it Saturday morning" (the opening day of the festival) was prevalent. It became very evident that poster-making and labeling all articles on display with the dialect and the English names, became my job between Wednesday, setting-up day, and Saturday, opening day. I devoted all of my time the next day, Thursday, to this. Friday I made a trip home to Easton to gather up more articles, from my private collection, needed in various places in the units to make the exhibits more complete.

Many of the women proved their concern by coming to the grounds Friday evening, making additional effort to complete their units. A few slipped away leaving unsightly boxes and bags for someone else to attend to and make the place presentable looking for opening day. This was not wilful intent but inexperience. All in all, the efforts and cooperation of all the women concerned increased the interest of the spectators of the 1960 festival to an all-time peak.

The biggest difficulty encountered during the festival days was the fact that some of the units were manned by so many different women during the week representing the particular Grange which undertook the obligation for that certain unit. Working only part time made it necessary for me frequently to begin to coach a different person for the same job. Furthermore, it proved hard for the demonstrator as it does take a whole half day to feel one's way when starting out. This experience was convincing me that I should try to recruit as many full-time workers as possible the following year.

Perhaps it's a matter of how you look at it, but I always try to outweigh faulty enterprises with things that are good. I apply this in the fact that with this year's festival the installation of the Child Care unit, we were able to boast that our participants ranged from the oldsters to the youngsters. Mrs. Betty Adam had charge of the Child Care unit and she utilized the assistance of her ten-year-old daughter Rita in her demonstrations. Rita did not tire of her role as demonstrator of old-time playthings because she had two other attractive helpers, David Werley, aged four, and Donna Werley, aged two, all dressed up in old-fashioned children's clothes of an early period. The Werley children made up the third generation of the Earl Diehl family taking part in the festival activities.

There were many more supervisory duties this year. Lunch schedules had to be worked out for each one, and we were scheduled for a daily stage program, on some days twice a day. About this, too, the women were reluctant at first. It became my job to coach them in advance and to help them to select the most attractive equipment to bring to the stage. Acting as M.C. of the programs, I had to try

to lead them into the discussion of lore on their respective subjects in a personal and humorous way as I called them to the microphone one by one. This helped to relax them and aroused the receptiveness of the audience. I discovered this year that the more personal experiences that can be woven into a program, the better the show. All the women whom I recruited for these programs were very cooperative. We all did better day by day and by the last day of the festival we became very "good."

Space does not permit me to elaborate on the extensiveness of each unit, how it was handled, the amount of lore that was exposed, and the thoroughness of its treatment. But it would be next to sinful to pass by, in this report, the memories and the peace of mind that the parlor organ, which was so capably played by Mrs. Marie George, brought to thousands who came to the festival. People gathered around the organ and sang folksongs and hymns as they had not sung for years. A typical parlor atmosphere and setting was created with old-time portraits on the wall, the parlor table with the Bible on it, a traditional rocker, a fern, the family album. During the day the singing groups consisted mostly of festival visitors from far and wide, but in the evening, especially near closing time, this group singing still continued but consisted mostly of festival workers. This was the much needed spirit, longed for among our workers for a number of years.

The genuine old-time kitchen atmosphere as many of us rural Pennsylvanians remember it in our youths, was effected in our Kitchen unit where Hilton Rahn (chewing tobacco and occasionally spitting into a pail of ashes beside him), in red shirt, old straw hat on his head, and a gingham apron over his lap, cracked hickory nuts on the flat iron. This was a typical evening in the kitchen. Mrs. Rahn took time out from darning socks to pop some popcorn which had been grown on their farm at Stines Corner. Some of us cooked "moashy" (taffy) and others peeled apples to eat and helped to "make the nuts out" with a horseshoe nail. We permitted the visitors to help themselves freely to our goodies. This proved that the kitchen was the chief congregating place years ago.

The demonstration building was jammed with people day after day. It was a Big, Big Festival. This was my third year of full time Folk Festivaling.



THE MILLINERY DEPARTMENT. Mrs. Stella Titlow, 1962 Folk Festival.

THE FOURTH YEAR—1961

*He that goeth forth . . .
shall doubtless come again with rejoicing.*

For a bigger and better Homelife Division this year, our number of units was increased from the ten of the previous year to thirteen. The work in the kitchen and the preparation of food was expanded considerably. Sauerkraut-making became a full-time duty, as did also canning, jelly-making, and the drying of fruits and vegetables. Raising plants and gardening was also added. In this unit we showed how plants are started in the house and then transplanted into the garden. We showed how plants are started from seeds, bulbs, vines, slips, and roots. Many flowers and vegetable plants were on display. Planting lore and the dependence upon the almanac were explained.

Another new unit this year was the role of the milliner. Many old-fashioned hats were on display, which again netted the camera industry much cash as many, many women put the hats on and pictures were taken of them by their friends. Other units were continued much the same way as the year before, perhaps combining some, if I remember correctly.

A great effort was made this year to reveal table and mealtime lore. A typical Pennsylvania Dutch meal was prepared in our so-called kitchen every day and served at noon to about eight of our demonstrators in our division. These women, while eating heartily, dramatized and discussed customs prevailing at the dinner table down through the years. Space does not permit to elaborate but a few of them were:

- (1) When a fork was dropped a man would come to visit; a knife meant a woman; a spoon, a chatterbox; a butcher knife, the minister.
- (2) If one wiped the mouth with a dish-rag she would become hairy around the mouth.
- (3) When everything is eaten up on the table it means there will be clear weather.
- (4) Many coffee grounds in the bottom of one's cup means many tears.

A few of the many sayings pertaining to mealtime habits are:

- (1) If one takes more than one can eat—*"De awga woara graisser wee dar mawga"* (The eyes were bigger than the stomach).
- (2) When eating something that is too hot—*"Ich hop mei gush far-brennt"* (I have burned my snoot).
- (3) When a woman cuts the bread very thick—*"Doo gepshht en goody shweeyer-mooder"* (You would make a good step-mother).

Regrettably, this dramatization did not deem itself worth repeating another year under the same situations because only a very small group of spectators could hear the conversations at the table without the use of a microphone. I would like to try this same idea again in the future with the aid of a microphone and a commentary being given by one person.

Our stage programs were quite varied this year and the compliments were pleasing. The building in which we were located was jammed throughout the day. Collecting lore from people became chanceless due to the massive crowds. We rejoiced in the Bigger than Ever Festival.

This was my fourth year of full-time Folk Festivaling.



MAKING SAUERKRAUT. Mrs. Mary Loy at 1962 Folk Festival.

FESTIVALING WAS NOT OVER YET

O ye waters . . .

In the past Folk Festivals in Kutztown we dealt with the seen; now we were assigned to deal with the unseen. A farm had been purchased near Lancaster by the Pennsylvania Folklife Society in 1960 for the purpose of establishing an outdoor museum. To date, no big events had been held there. Toward the close of the 1961 Festival in Kutztown, Dr. Shoemaker informed me that a Harvest Frolic was to be held on the Society's farm, August 25 to September 4 of that same year. I was asked to recruit some of the women of the Homelife Division for this event. I made a trip to the farm one day after the close of the Kutztown Folk Festival and spent a day of on-the-spot planning. Dr. Shoemaker suggested that I should contact Mrs. Martha Weidman near Manheim to enlist the services of the Farm Women's Groups of that area. This I did. I found Mrs. Weidman a very capable and most cooperative person. We arranged for a meeting on the Folklife Society's farm.

Mrs. Weidman came to the meeting and brought with her about a half dozen other women who were presidents of their respective groups. This was a big advantage because these women were experienced in arranging displays, demonstrating, and meeting the public. Four women from the Kutztown area also accompanied me to this meeting and expressed willingness to help at the Harvest Frolic. We planned to have the following units: Applebutter-cooking, making chow-chow, making jelly, gardening, drying fruits and vegetables, and dressing chickens. We were also assigned to do a thirty-minute stage program, daily. We designed these programs to present to the public our Pennsylvania Dutch way of life and portraying the chores of the housewife, then and now.

All the women taking part in the Household Division at the Harvest Frolic performed beautifully but the weather conditions bombarded the whole Harvest Frolic and the

torrential rains soaked the grounds beyond operating conditions on some days. Again, some of these women worked beyond expected capacity, equipping themselves with pitchforks, shovels, and rakes, and some going barefooted to help to drain the water on the grounds.

I enjoyed working with these women very much and in evaluating their capabilities I recommended to Dr. Shoemaker that they would be in a position to carry on by themselves another year.

For the first time gardening could be demonstrated in a real garden, the drying of fruits could be demonstrated in a real dry house. We were located on a real farm.

This was my experience Harvest Frolicking in Lancaster County.



HERB GARDEN AT 1961 HARVEST FROLIC. Mrs. Pauline Longenecker, left, and Mrs. Martha Weidman, right.

THE FIFTH YEAR—1962

The hills and the valleys rejoice . . .

A planning meeting was held at the Society's office in Kutztown one Saturday in May. Most of the women who had helped at the previous festivals responded again, also some new ones. We continued with the same units as in the previous year, but stressed baking more than cooking this year. There is always a first time for everything, and, this year was the first time that we baked raised cakes and meat pies from raised dough. Mrs. Ella Kunkel and Mrs. Beulah Diehl were in charge of this unit. During slack moments they also baked sponge cakes in earthenware sponge dishes and raisin tarts (*leicht boi*) with decorative sweet dough designs.

Most of the women of the Homelife Division have had a number of years of experience now and are all to be congratulated for the improved efficiency in arranging displays, demonstrating, conversing with the public, participating in the stage programs, and general cooperation with all concerned. The weakest point in this division is the lack of effort and ability to collect lore and information from others and to do research in their respective subjects. If I may get personal again, I think the laurels for pursuing her subject best should go to Mrs. Eva Weiss for her work on

Herbs and Home Remedies. For the jocose part of our stage programs I must hand it to Mrs. Bertha Rehrig and her monologs, and for the dressing of the period that the Folk Festival represents it's Mrs. Catherine Rahn. In fact, every one of the women who have participated in the Homelife Division at any time in the past five years have excelled in something to deserve a merit worth recording in the success of the Pennsylvania Folklife Society.

I regret to report that so few have chosen to become supporting members by paying the annual membership dues. I personally think that anyone taking part in the festival in any way should be a member of the organization they help to represent to thousands and thousands of people. Furthermore, being a member of the Society entitles them to receive the *Pennsylvania Folklife* magazine and the book published annually. These publications are extremely helpful in research and in becoming more efficient in the knowledge of our folklife and customs.

This was the Biggest Festival held at Kutztown at any time. The hills and the valleys rejoiced.

This was my fifth year of Folk Festivaling.

The following is a list of the women who have helped to make the Household Division a success at the Folk Festival in the past five years: (In case there are any omissions, it is not intentional but due to my memory failing).

Kutztown Festival

Mrs. Sarah Jane Frederick
Mrs. Mary Loy
*Mrs. Catherine Rahn
Mrs. Betty Loch
Miss May Kerchner
Mrs. Flossie Geiger
Mrs. Lillian Rupp
Mrs. Miriam Brunner
Mrs. Ida Kerchner
Miss Lillian Herman
Mrs. Fred Herman
Mrs. Catherine Chattin
Mrs. Eva Weiss
Mrs. Betty Adam
Mrs. Evelyn Werley
Mrs. Myrtle Horning
Mrs. Myrtle Reinhard
Mrs. Estella Titlow
Mrs. Beulah Diehl
Mrs. Ida Betz
Mrs. Ida Fenstermacher
Mrs. Miriam Rothermel
Mrs. Maggie Stofflet
Mrs. Marie George
Hilton Rahn
Mrs. Ella Kunkel
Mrs. Bertha Rehrig
*Mrs. Florence Baver
Mrs. Ernest Angstadt
Mrs. Mary Reeder
Miss Althea Kressley
Mrs. Hattie Leibold
Mrs. Verna Loch

Harvest Frolic (1961)

Mrs. Eva Rupp
Mrs. Miriam Rothermel
Mrs. Pauline Longenecker
Mrs. Martha Weidman
Mrs. Helen Reinhart
Mrs. Reba Gring
Mrs. Ruth Miller
Mrs. Milton Eberly
Miss Clare Gardner
Mrs. Verna Hess
Mrs. Bertha Rehrig
Mrs. Lillian Hanna
Mrs. Willis Graham
Mrs. Robert Miller
Mrs. Ruth Waltz
Mrs. Elmer Huber
Mrs. Florence Baver

* Co-hostesses the first year the Homelife Division was started (1958).

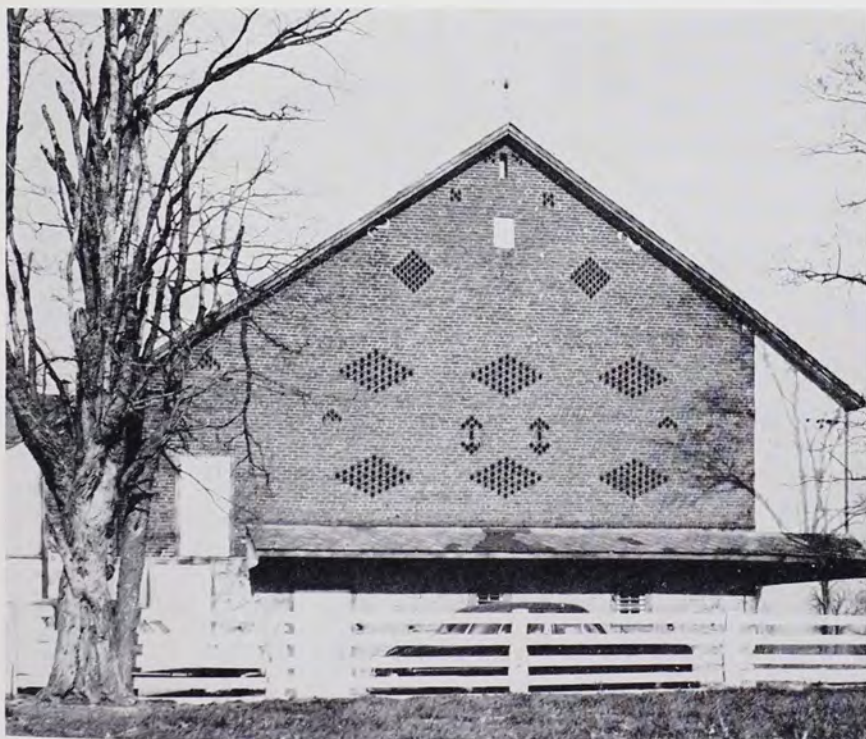


HAYSTACK PATTERN ON CUMBERLAND COUNTY BARN. The George D. Ross Barn, New Cumberland, Pennsylvania, photographed August 31, 1914, by G. Ross Bond, grandson of builder. This handsome "double-decker" barn was removed some years ago to make way for the expansion of New Cumberland. The farm buildings pictured here stood at the west end of what is now 4th and 5th Streets.

Additional Brick Barn Decorations

Since the publication of Dr. Alfred L. Shoemaker's *The Pennsylvania Barn* (Kutztown, Pennsylvania, 1955), two additional brick-end barn decorations have turned up. We are indebted to G. Ross Bond, of 850 Wayne Avenue, York, Pennsylvania, for the photos which appear on this

page. The new patterns are two: (1) the "haystack" pattern, on the George D. Ross Barn, New Cumberland, Pennsylvania (now removed), and (2) the "anchor" or "double arrow" pattern, on a barn near Donegal, Lancaster County.



ANCHOR OR DOUBLE ARROW PATTERN ON LANCASTER COUNTY BARN. Along with conventional diamonds appears this rare design. Is it unique? Have readers found it elsewhere? Photograph by G. Ross Bond, November 29, 1952.

