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Pennsylvania Volflife

Spring

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Fraktur

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HILDA ADAM KRING, Ph.D., who teaches in the Department of Literature and Communication Arts at Grove City College in Grove City, Pa., is the author of *The Harmonists: A Folk Cultural Approach*. This present article concerning a prominent member of the Harmony Society grew out of a paper she presented in Pittsburgh to the 18th Annual History Forum of Duquesne University.

EARL F. ROBACKER, Ph.D., a native Pennsylvanian although for many years resident in White Plains, a suburb of New York City, has been a contributor to *Pennsylvania Folklife* from the time of its founding. A writer on antiques, his first full-scale work was *Pennsylvania Dutch Stuff*, in 1944. Later works include *Touch of the Dutchland* (1965) and *Old Stuff in Up-country Pennsylvania* (1973). His most recent work, *Spatterware and Sponge* (1978), was written in collaboration with his wife, Ada F. Robacker. Hamilton Square, of which he writes here, is Mrs. Robacker's "home" territory—and was home territory also for fractur-writer/schoolmaster Johann Adam Eyer (1755-1837), in the later years of Eyer's life.



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COVER:

*A contemporary artist's impression of the cover of a *Vorschrift* booklet made in 1820 for a student at the Hamilton School in Hamilton Square, Pa. Johann Adam Eyer (1755-1837), an accomplished artist and expert "in the fine German script of fraktur writing," was schoolmaster at the Hamilton School for more than twenty years.*



The Hamilton Township, Monroe County, house of John Henrich Fenner, built in 1805. Fenner, associate and friend of Johan Adam Eyer, was one of the witnesses to Eyer's will, drawn up in 1836. This building, as far as can be determined, seems to be the only remaining dwelling house that could have been personally known to Eyer.

JOHANN ADAM EYER: "Lost" Fraktur Writer of Hamilton Square

by Earl F. Robacker

Hamilton Square is a pleasant little hamlet in the western part of what is now Monroe County but what was still Northampton in 1836, a year before the death of our "lost" fraktur writer (1755-1837). It is served by the nearby village post office of Sciota, about eight miles west of the town of Stroudsburg, on business route 209. The village was known as Fennersville until 1867, when the Indian name was chosen to reduce the confusion with nearby Tannersville. The area could, in 1867, fairly have been termed Pennsylvania Dutch in makeup, albeit with recognition of a considerable number of English land-holders, some of whom were Quakers. Today, with second homes and condominiums gradually mixing with or replacing the older concept of a pioneer house and home shared

by a single family, it would be about as difficult to affix an ethnic stereotype as to tell where the next shopping mall or time-sharing cluster is likely to come into being.

This is "old" country, for all that. A historical monument on the Cherry Valley Road, which passes through Hamilton Square, marks the place where a massacre by the Indians took place in 1755. That was a few years before Jacob Brinker rebuilt (1764) the log structure known as Brinker's Mill on the site of a still earlier structure said to have been erected in 1729. Brinker's log mill was the one at which General John Sullivan paused for provisioning his troops in the celebrated 1779 expedition against the Iroquois known as "Sullivan's March." By the time the rebuilt log mill went to pieces under the



All illustrations of fraktur are of pieces privately owned.
Photography by William Jackson Taylor

A pair of bookmarks or Awards of Merit, one in script, the other lettered, both for Henrich Fenner. Undated, they were found in the Fenner family Bible (printed in Basel, Switzerland, 1798). The taller piece measures 6 inches by 3-5/8 inches; the shorter, 5 by 3-5/8.

wear and tear of McMichaels Creek, a little less rambunctious now than it used to be, Brinker had left the community.

The present stone structure was built near the same spot by Bernhard ("Barnett") Fenner in 1800; the stone dwelling house on the hill just above—the house in which this is being written—was erected for or by Bernhard's son John Henry. Official records indicate that taxes were being paid on it by 1805. The stone hotel in Sciota—the "inn" of early times—was probably built during the same period; the frame building now used as the post office, even earlier. The Cherry Valley Road, with many of its early buildings still intact, has been called "The old stone house road." Of all these buildings, Christ Church, set in its own small grove,

has the most strategic scenic position and, with its carefully tended two-story, stained-glass-window beauty, to say nothing of its original altar structure, could be considered the most impressive.

To this community, some time before 1805 but probably not long after 1796, came Johann (or "John" or "Johannes"—or as he at least once termed himself, "Hans") Adam Eyer (also spelled Oyer), as the schoolmaster — or, since German was then the preferred language, with English often an acquired tongue, the *Schuldiener* for the Hamilton School and the community. Eyer was already an experienced teacher; he had recently taught at the Upper Mt. Bethel School, not many miles away, but on the opposite side of the Blue Mountain, which constitutes a formidable boundary between

the Down-country and the Up-country. (Sciota and Hamilton Square are Up-country.) Before that, he had served at a number of (Down-country) places in Bucks County (Bedminster Township and perhaps elsewhere), in Chester County, and probably in Lancaster. One of his own teachers may have been the revered Mennonite educator, Christopher Dock. Teaching in those times had not yet attained the status of a profession; school terms were short, often no more than three months in length; attendance was voluntary, and the tuition was paid directly by the parents. A student might elect to take one or more of the three R's, sometimes plus or minus music, according to the presumed degree of competence of the teacher.

We do not know what Eyer's ability as a teacher of reading or arithmetic was, but from the fact that he spent more than twenty years at Hamilton Square we assume that he was satisfactory. As a music teacher and a musician we deduce from documents he left that he was superior; in handwriting he personally was superb; what can be taught to another depends in large part on the individual potential of the student, but there are few if any of the old scribes who can approach the quality of Eyer's penmanship, whether lettering or cursive writing, in German or in English—and most particularly in the fine German script of *fraktur* writing.

Moreover, from the first his skills were recognized beyond the classroom, and as he gradually assumed phases of responsibility in church and community affairs he found them steadily in demand. At a time when many could write little beyond their names, Eyer was the person to get to draw up a will or other legal document, to manage the details of property transfers, to draw up the Church Charter, and the like. While his name is found over and over again among those of persons involved in community affairs and in those of immediate siblings and their in-laws, we know little of his personal friends beyond one we assume must have been closer than some of the others—the John Henry Fenner previously mentioned, who was a witness to his will, drawn up in 1836. Johann Adam never married.

Incidentally, a not unusual practice in naming children in some German families should perhaps be mentioned here—that of repeating a given name. Johann Adam had two brothers also named Johann (or simply John): Johannes, whose dates seem not to be on record (but for whose *son*, John, Johann Adam made a birth certificate in 1795) and Johann Friedrich (1770-1827). Usual procedure in such cases would have been for Johann Adam to call himself Adam—as in some property transactions he did—



Christ Church at Hamilton Square, Monroe County, built in 1829 adjacent to the site of an earlier log structure. Eyer not only drew up the church Articles or constitution, he was an important fundraiser for the project!

and for Johann Friedrich to use Friedrich instead of his full name.

Here, then, is a man prominent in his own time, obviously respected, a "settled" person in the sense of having a permanent residence, living in a busy, thriving community. How could a person like that get lost, or drop out of the memory of man? Two separate instances will serve to show that the question is by no means a merely rhetorical one: Some twenty-five years ago, when an attempt was being made by local collectors to ascertain the truth or falsity of the rumor that not all *fraktur* was a

product of the Down-country, but that some had actually been made north of the Blue Mountain, trails led to Martin Brechall and to George Adam Roth. Brechall was soon identified as a Northampton County artist. Ascriptions to Roth proved to be erroneous. Meanwhile, a friendly but absent-minded antiques dealer, knowledgeable in some areas of fraktur, kept repeating, "There's *another* artist, you know. I can't think of his name, but he made pieces for that family over in the valley, you know the one I mean. Not Brechall and not Roth, but someone different. Maybe it will come to me . . ." It never did come to him, but now, years later, with "that family over in the valley" identified, it seems clear that the elusive artist must have been Johann Adam Eyer.

The second instance occurred more recently, shortly before the congregation at Hamilton Square celebrated the 150th anniversary of the rebuilding of the church (October 30, 1980). An announcement was made that—as an important part of the festivities—there would be an exhibition of the works of, and a lecture given by a leading authority on the life and works of one of the most accomplished artists the community had known—Johann Adam Eyer. Reaction to the announcement could be termed all but unanimous: a puzzled lifting of eyebrows, followed by a whispered "John Adam WHO?" (A few years later, a single bookplate by John Adam WHO, dated 1789, would command an unheard-of figure at the June 9, 1983, auction of the fraktur collection of Fred Wichman at Sotheby's in New York; and even before that, prices for superior pieces had soared from three digits to four—in the rare instances when they changed hands at all.)

While the work of fraktur writers, wherever they lived and wrote, has many points in common, each writer produced essentially what his clients required, so far as basic types were concerned. Most of the scribes were teachers or preachers—not infrequently both. Some of what they wrote was done in the line of duty or as a good-will gesture, without expected compensation; some, especially birth-baptismal certificates, brought in a modest and usually badly needed supplementary income. Eyer, unlike men of lesser ability, was so busy with community matters that the range of his fraktur is actually less than we might expect. Friedrich Krebs, for instance, did hundreds, perhaps thousands, of birth-baptismal certificates; in fact, he was kept so busy in a rapidly expanding German-population explosion that finally he "prepared" (*Verfertigt* was his own word for what he did) them in advance, leaving the finishing touches and the filling-in of

necessary data for someone else. There are few birth-baptismal certificates that can be credited to Eyer, and most of those that can be so attributed were done for members of the expanding Eyer family. In the rare instances in which they come to light now, it usually develops that they have never been out of family possession, and have seldom, if ever, received any publicity. As a broad generalization, it might be said that of all the forms of fraktur writing the birth-baptismal certificate is most often found; in Eyer's case we might well substitute "seldom" for "often."

Eyer *Vorschriften* (copybooks) exist as single pages and as booklets varying in content from six to eight pages—or more. It is probable that some of the single pages may have been book covers originally. The art work is often confined to a single sheet; the remainder of a booklet may be partly the teacher's work, partly the student's—or partly blank. Since the whole idea of a *Vorschrift* was to set the best possible example for the aspiring student, the teacher's most able—or spectacular—efforts were likely to appear on the cover of a booklet. One interesting example has a very competently-drawn horse, led by a boy, as a supplementary design—on the back cover. This specimen, sold at auction at Sotheby's in New York in November, 1975, was made for George Schlotter, student at the Hamilton Township School in 1820. ("Schlotter," originally probably "Schlatter," persists locally today as "Slutter.")

It would probably be safe to say that the little hand-done songbooks compiled, drawn, and colored by Eyer show him consistently at his best. In inspiration they seem to have stemmed from the Mennonite Down-country. There are many excellent examples from Down-country schools—schools mentioned elsewhere in this article—some pieces believed to have been done by Eyer when he was working there, others by other teachers working in a similar tradition. For us, however, it is Eyer's Up-country work that immediately rings a bell. He personalizes fraktur for us in a way true of few, if any, other artists of comparable skill: In his work we find familiar old-family names—names on an enduring continuum, plus names of places still existent under their original names—places that can be visited; plus dates when the fraktur was written or presented.

A representative song-book of Eyer's measures 6-1/2 by 3-5/8 inches, is thread-bound, and opens horizontally (as most hand-prepared song-books do); the plain cover may have been blue originally, but is now oft faded to a neutral non-color. (Many of these covers were so worn in use that they were discarded long ago.) The major fraktur decoration



Johannes Werckheisser's birth/baptismal certificate is one of the few such documents created by Eyer. It is believed that with few exceptions Eyer made them only for family members. (The Werkheisers and the Eyers intermarried.) This certificate (7-1/2 by 13 inches) has not been out of one branch or another of the family since 1812, the date of the child's birth. It should perhaps be noted that the spelling of the surname varies widely.

is on the frontispiece of the book, with titles and musical notation, both staves and notes, for a dozen or more hymns on pages following. In many cases, only the frontispiece has survived. The frontispiece of the songbook made for Elizabeth Werkheuser (Werkheiser) indicates that the girl was a singing-school student at the Hamilton School, Northampton (now Monroe) County. The piece is dated February 16, 1811.

It may be relevant here to note continuing involve-

ment by the Eyer family in the field of music: In 1833, Henry C. Eyer, son of Johann Adam's brother Johann Friedrich, brought out one of the more successful "shapenote" songbooks of the day. Printed in Harrisburg by Francis Wyeth, it was, like many of the type, bilingual; its English title was *The Union Choral Harmony*—"Union" because it attempted to reconcile two different schools of thought in shapenote (also "shaped-note") music. The attempt was apparently successful. (For a dis-



A single-page *Vorschrift* (13 inches wide, 8 inches tall) presented to Georg Adam Roth, an industrious student at the Hamilton School, as indicated by the corner cartouche. It is dated 1805.

cussion of shapenote musical notation and harmony, see reference to Edith Card, "The Tradition of Shaped-Note Music," in bibliography.) Of the 272 hymns in this volume, the words of twelve, in German and in English, are credited to "J. Eyer." One bears the double accreditation "Words and music by J. Eyer." Thus far, "J." has remained unidentified; sooner or later some super-sleuth may find out whether or not "J." signifies Johann Adam.

In the field of fraktur, after the family certificates, the *Vorschriften*, and the song-books, perhaps the best-known type is one termed, for want of a better name, the bookmark or the "award of merit." The chances are that in many cases the piece came into being as an award of merit and, if put to actual use at all, served as a bookmark—probably in a family Bible. "Give thy heart to the Lord, who hath so loved thee" is a usual message on these attractive little pieces, serving, with colored



*A cover and a single surviving inside page from a *Vorschrift* booklet (6-1/4 inches wide, 7-3/4 tall), framed as a unit, made for Johan Angelmeyer, a student at the Hamilton School in 1811. (The surname, variously spelled now, is a familiar one in Monroe County.)*

fraktur ornamentation, as background for the all-important recording of the name of the recipient in fancy script or lettering. We are so familiar today with the visual appearance of our names that it may call for actual effort to realize the satisfaction that a long-ago reader could take in the sight of his very own name—more particularly when set against an ornamental background.

The religious spiral as an art form was practiced by no more than a handful of especially skillful writers, with at least one known example, probably by Eyer. Another type is a marriage greeting—the

only specimen on which the writer has seen Eyer's actual (lettered) signature. A number of book frontispieces are known. A drawing depicting soldiers and their women companions, owned by the Henry Francis DuPont Winterthur Museum, is credited to Eyer. Another piece, also at Winterthur, is an illuminated hymn text. There may well be unreported or unidentified types, logically including family records, in private possession.

Johann Adam Eyer may be said to have been "lost" more than once, although like the small boy in the fable he could not really be considered lost



Cover of the musical songbook made for **Elisabetha Werckhäuser** at the Hamilton School in 1811. It has been termed one of Eyer's most accomplished pieces.

since actually he knew, all the while, just where he was. Some of the "lost" years were those in which many of the German-speaking emigrants from Europe remained on the move, even after reaching America. For the older members of the Eyer family (father John Martin and mother Dorothea Beuscher) to pull up stakes in Bedminster Township, Bucks County, was not particularly unusual. Opportunities in the New World must have seemed all but limitless by comparison with what Europe had to offer, but the way to discover them was to go and search for them. The Eyers, for reasons best known to them-

selves, went only as far as the Blue Mountain before calling it quits and settling down. Others, more adventurous, went north—all the way to Nova Scotia and Ontario; some went west—to Ohio, to Indiana, to Iowa, to the West Coast; still others went south—to Maryland, to Virginia, and on to Texas. We know now where they settled because in so many instances they took with them some of the treasured possessions of earlier home places, things that at a later date would come to light and help to identify them when descendants grew curious about and interested in their roots. It was some-

thing of a shock for many present-day Pennsylvanians to discover in this century that for two hundred years Pennsylvania Dutch had been spoken in parts of Canada; it was, and still is, a major surprise for a tourist to "discover" a piece of fraktur in Lunenburg or in a Canadian museum. It would seem that something out of sight and also out of mind becomes, after a while, something lost.

Johann Adam Eyer, lost to Hamilton Square for perhaps a century, perhaps longer than that, may not have been equally lost, earlier, to the communities he served before he came north—the Birkensee (or "Berg und seh" or, eventually perhaps "Perkasie") School; the Hilltown community; the Deep Run (he used the German-sounding name Tieff Ronn in one of his roll books) School in Bucks County; the Vincent School in Chester; places in rural Lancaster County—because he apparently went back now and then, long enough at least for a term of teaching. Some of the dated pieces accredited to him bear Down-country names for years when he was at least technically in residence Up-country with the parents and other family members for whom he made a home. After 1804 (the earliest date yet to appear on a piece of fraktur done for a student at the Hamilton school) it is probably safe to assume that he had little time or need to go very far afield.

"Lostness," a multi-faceted thing, was not entirely a personal matter. By 1834, near the end of Eyer's life span, Pennsylvania was taking steps, through school law, to improve public instruction over all. By 1854 the law had come to specify that "in every school district there shall be taught orthography, reading, writing, [and] English grammar." Moreover, public money would be used to subsidize only schools that were a part of the public school system. The implications were clear. The transition from instruction in German to instruction in English began at once, although it was to be many decades before the law was fully implemented. When teaching in German was discontinued, instruction in fraktur-writing became pointless, since there was no longer either a need or a place for it; and when those who had been trained in the needed skills were gone there was no one to take their place.

Furthermore, a major role of fraktur had been for church—or religion-oriented—use; the illustrated texts of fraktur are often Biblical in origin. Since one of the salient factors in sending youngsters to school at all in early days had been to teach them how to read the Bible, when German as a medium of teaching was lost, the working exercise of religion in school went with it. What was left of religion in the schools was carried on in frakturless English.

Within a few years, as the population continued

to grow and a new set of needs arose, the course of study broadened, inevitably with added demands on the teacher's time. With fewer unoccupied moments now at his command, the teacher who once could supplement his earnings by writing fraktur on the side had to discontinue the practice. The art of fraktur-writing, time in which to practice that art, and the unused talent of the teacher went by the board all but simultaneously.

Hamilton Square, even in Eyer's day, was well on its way to becoming what it wanted to be—an American, not a German, community. What was German would be retained for a while, out of sentiment or auld lang syne or even inertia, but by an older generation rather than by those who would determine the future. At the same time, there was a kind of built-in safeguard in the Germanic—that is, Pennsylvania Dutch—character, something that would keep partial loss from being total loss.

That safeguard was the fact that, whether owing to earlier adversity or to some obscure character trait, few of the Germanic element actually threw *anything* away. For the most part they stopped reading and speaking German in the span of a generation; they no longer were taught or could practice fancy calligraphy; legal offices supplied the pre-printed legal forms they needed. But they kept what they had, by way of documents and papers, finding storage space somehow, somewhere, as generation followed generation. Eventually, of course, a limit would be reached: Somebody would be forced to declare that, no two ways about it, something had to give—and trunkfuls and boxfuls of everything from Penn Grant deeds to hand-drawn, illustrated property maps and birth certificates of long-forgotten relatives went up in the smoke of backyard bonfires. (It was from such a bonfire that an ultra-important signature, in fraktur, of the mysterious "Easton Bible Artist" was rescued from the flames. From such a fire, too, fifteen priceless Peale's Museum silhouettes were salvaged at the last moment. The writer has seen and personally examined a piece of what has all the marks of genuine Eyer fraktur rescued from a waste basket not far from Sciota.)

Fortunately, enough people recognize the finality of the bonfire sufficiently to assure that something will survive. Eyer as an artist lives on—Johann Adam, whose physical demise took place a little less than a century-and-a-half ago. His work today, in the light of contemporary re-evaluation, is achieving in many minds the respect and appreciation it once commanded in only a few—partly because there *were* fewer persons, but also because those few lacked the standards of comparison we



The cover of a complete 12-page songbook made in 1795 for Elisabetha Laubach, a student in the Pikeland School when Eyer was teaching there. Dimensions are 6-1/8 inches by 3-3/8—not unusual proportions for such booklets if one takes into account the fact that the edges of pages and the cover are often abraded with age and handling.

can bring to bear today. That is not for a moment to suggest that we are able now to identify all his work; when one gets down to brass tacks he must admit that Johann Adam himself, like so many of the modest scribes of his time, took pains to see that, while hopefully his work might endure, at least for a while, his own name was unimportant and there was no need to record it. In other words, no matter how earnestly we might wish to change matters, almost no Eyer fraktur is signed.

What we do, therefore, in trying to make an identification, is the next-best thing: We look for characteristic elements on surviving pieces, the original owners of which are known—pieces bearing place names of schools in which he taught and dates of the times he taught there, pieces the provenance of

which is beyond dispute back to the original owner. Why all the emphasis on the school angle? Simply because so much in the surviving body of Eyer's work consists of fraktur made for students known to have been in certain schools at known times.

Following are some of the elements that enable us to say "This appears to be the work of Johann Adam Eyer"; not all the elements on any one piece or type but some of them—the more the better:

1. Two- or three-lobed foliations, all petals on the same side; they occur in borders outlining the whole piece or setting off large individual units, often circular; borders neatly drawn, and colored between lines;
2. Hand with quill pen; or hand with pen on one side of the total design and an inkwell

- with pen or quill on the other;
3. One or more figures of angels shown (neatly, not carelessly) "girdled with the wind"; winged seraph heads;
 4. "Walking" (i.e., standing or striding) man with upturned, shallow-crowned hat, knee breeches, and long-skirted coat;
 5. Six-pointed flower-head-centered hollow stars, sharply pointed, points shaded or double-drawn on one side;
 6. Round-petaled flowers with one large petal elongated to a point;
 7. Carefully balanced thick sprays of foliage, each leaf individually delineated; sprays sometimes spring from a heart;
 8. Broad multi-colored tulips with geometrically perfect petals;

9. Heart-shaped leaves with clusters of tiny berries;
10. Birds—
 - a. Red-breasted birds with squarish wing patches in contrasting color;
 - b. Full-bodied eagles with wide wing-spread;
 - c. Long-tailed large birds at rest;
 - d. Feathers on large birds sometimes depicted with fine pen strokes rather than a brush;
11. Extraordinarily fine and regular German script —NOT the script published by Carl Friedrich Egelmann in his (1821 and again in 1831) *Deutsche & Englische Vorschriften für die Jugend* (German and English Copybook Exercises for Youth) but an earlier, finer, evenly slanted script popular in Germany long before



Facing inside pages in Elisabetha Laubach's music songbook of 1795. Enough of the words and the musical notation to identify "important" hymns was included.



Cover for the little songbook (1790) of Johannes Seibel (now oftener spelled "Siple"), singing student in the Birken-See-Schule. ("Birken-See" seems to have been a forerunner for "Perkasie.") One of Eyer's earlier pieces, 6-1/4 inches wide, 3-3/4 inches tall.

Egelmann's time. Egelmann's little book served its purpose well, but it came too late to have played a part in the education of the very early scribes, as has sometimes been stated; 12. The word "Hamilton" in "Hamilton School" or "Hamilton Township" sometimes, although not invariably, spelled "Hamelton" or "Hameltoner."

This listing does not include some of Eyer's more spectacular—but exceptional—design motifs; the deer, for instance, or the lion, or the "double" eagle with pen-delineated feathers, or the all-but-caricatured

representation of Adam and Eve (just *half* of each figure, shown vertically, one half on each side of the piece.) Used in conjunction with the given illustrations, however, it should provide at least a first step for the person who feels that he may have an unreported Eyer before him.

With the recent local rediscovery of Eyer as an important personality—more particularly with the dramatic impact of fraktur sales-prices in the Wichmann auction mentioned above—interest in the man both historically and as an artist appears to be growing. (Concurrently there seems to be growing

Die
Union Choral Harmonie,
enthaltend
Kirchen-Melodien,

Die deutschen und englischen Wörter versehen, die bey allen Religions-Verfassungen gebräuchlich, auf drey und vier Stimmen gesetzt, und mit vielen der vornehmsten musikalischen Stücken versehen; die zum Theil noch nie im Druck erschienen, und manche die neulich für dieses Werk componirt worden sind, von verschiedenen Dichtern und Componisten, nebst hinreichendem Unterricht versehen, eingerichtet zur Uebung der Jugend, und zum Gebrauch des Beyständlichen Gottesdienstes.

Von Heinrich C. Eyer.

THE
Union Choral Harmony,
CONSISTING OF
SACRED MUSIC,

With German and English lines to each tune, adapted to the use of CHRISTIAN CHURCHES of every denomination, comprising a number of the most popular Melodies in the United States; to which is added a number of tunes which have never before been published, some of which have been lately composed for this work, by different authors. Together with a concise introduction to the ART OF SINGING; for the use of Scholars and persons wishing to qualify themselves for participating in DIVINE WORSHIP.

BY HENRY C. EYER.

FRANCIS WYETH, PRINTER, HARRISBURG. 1833.

Henry C. Eyer's Union Choral Harmony of 1833, a collection of 272 pieces of sacred music, including numbers by "J. Eyer," not further identified. The book, widely popular and frequently reprinted, offers evidence of continuing interest, by a branch of the Eyer family, in music.

respect for the extent of the information to be found generally in old tax lists, courthouse records, and other documents having to do with property transfers, as aids in identification.)

Researchers are sometimes a little startled to find that for early records they need to go to the courthouse at Easton (Northampton County seat) instead of the one at Stroudsburg (Monroe County seat). Official record-keeping for Monroe as a county could, of course, not begin before it had been made a governmental unit in 1836. An interesting example of the complications that might occur during the transition exists in the birth certificate of Sim(p)son Anglemeyer: Simson's certificate records his having been born on March 30, 1836, in Monroe County; that was two days before the county as such existed!

While, undoubtedly, significant data pertinent to Eyer may exist in areas south of the Blue Mountain, Hamilton Township in Monroe County seems to be an important place in which to study him with the idea of authenticating his work. Hamilton Township was the latest and last place in which he lived. Records of property sales can be traced fairly easily even though the identical (original) sites and boundaries can not always be perfectly identified. Hamilton Church records include frequent references to the activities of Eyer; the church charter ("the Articles") is credited to him, providing a kind of key to his proficiency in penmanship; there is no confusion about the Hamilton school, even though the spelling of its name varies; names on fraktur survivals include names prominent in Eyer's time

and still prominent in the community—Anglemeier, Arnold, Eyer, Fenner, Slutter (originally Schlatter), Werkheiser, and others. Moreover, these names show a relationship to Eyer because of marriages that inter-relate the Eyer family with the others named. In many cases the pieces credited to Eyer have never been out of the families whose early members were related to Eyer and associated with him.

Inevitably, questions arise. One of these has to do with his dwelling place: Where did he, personally, as a bachelor, live? To put it bluntly, we just don't know. He was obviously, according to records extant, engaged in considerable buying and selling of land—not alone for himself, but for members of the family, including his parents. (Parental property may have been held in Johann Adam's name.) Completely bilingual, he was the logical member of



*A contemporary artist's impression of the cover of a **Vorschrift** booklet made for a student at the Hamilton School in 1820. (The artist's work is signed.) The original booklet remained in family hands until some time in the 1970's. Eventually it was sold at auction and is now in a private collection.*

a German-speaking family in a largely English-speaking community to handle business affairs for the family.

In the matter of property (real estate) acquisition and transfer there is another example of the way something can get lost—very naturally, at that. Take, for instance, the records used to define Hamilton Township property owned by the writer and his wife; it is his wife, born Fenner, who is immediately concerned here: We mentioned the stone

house earlier; it is on land that, when it was surveyed for acquisition by the first Fenner owner, many years ago, was designated or identified by stones or trees as starting points and landmarks. For the times, when stones and trees were likely, in virgin territory, to have a strong degree of permanence, that method made sense. Today, with the clearing of land, with a continuing succession of owners, and with a repeated fractioning of large acreages, we can no longer be sure as to what stone



The cover of Catharine Carl's music booklet (Vincent School, Chester County, 1788) as reproduced on note paper some years back and sold commercially. (The identity of the source of the original was correctly acknowledged, as was that of the commercial press.) It is hardly surprising that some copies should have been framed instead of serving for correspondence. Certain well-known museums offer reproductions—as reproductions—of well-liked fraktur pieces.



A simple white stone slab, now showing signs of its age, near the top of a sun-drenched hill in Mt. Zion Cemetery, Hamilton Township, presents the essential statistics: "In memory of John A. Eyer, who was born July 27, 1755, and departed this life December 29, 1837, aged 82 years, 5 months, 2 days." Attempts have been made to keep the monument intact—a challenging job.

it was that stood "at the corner of lands owned by Johann Adam Oyer (Eyer)," or which of Rudolph Drach's cleared meadows may once have held the roots of "a certain tall tree along the road"—especially when there is no longer any indication of a road. Locations of the original dwellings of some early families can sometimes be ascertained—but often they can not.

All this leads, of course, to the fact that, while we know where the early Hamilton school was (bits of the foundation were still to be found recently near the church) and that the Eyer family dwelling was not far away, investigation has thus far not revealed which, if any, of the dwellings near enough to qualify as possibilities may be on the site of the place where Eyer lived and did his homework.

Incidentally, Eyer is not buried in the neatly walled cemetery at Hamilton Square, interments at which go back to Revolutionary times. (Rudolph Drach, the potter who came up from Bedminster is buried there.) Instead, a simple stone slab, sun-bleached, on the hilltop of the Mount Zion cemetery at nearby Kellersville, marks his resting place. It may or may not be significant that his grave is just a few steps away from the family plot of the Fenners, some of whom had been his friends.

We should note that, while a number of the larger museums, as well as libraries interested in rare books and manuscripts—to say nothing of the collections of the Monroe County Historical Society at the Stroud Mansion House in Stroudsburg—have examples of Eyer's work, the original specimens shown here are in private hands.

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Lydia Kauffman

AUNT LYDIA

by Henry J. Kauffman

This is an account of the life of my Aunt Lydia. She was a strong, courageous woman, confronted with innumerable difficulties, some of which she never completely resolved; yet in many ways she fought her way to a successful life. Her early years were spent in relative comfort, but later she was desperately poor. She took me into her home when I was four years old, and from that day she took care of me—in her fashion—until I could “shift for myself.” The lessons about living she taught me I still remember with gratitude; I still remember the example she set and the hardships we endured.

Aunt Lydia was born about 1870 and spent her early years on a farm about five miles from York, Pennsylvania. She was the daughter of a Bishop of the Dunkard Church, so-called because of the sect’s practice of “dunking” or dipping their members’ entire bodies in baptism. They were “plain people” who wore no ornaments or buttons on their clothing, used no mechanical devices (except a pump) on their farms, and worshipped in their barns in the summer and their houses in the winter. They spoke the Pennsylvania Dutch dialect.

A typical Dunkard house—as Aunt Lydia’s was—was spacious, with one large room, or several adjoining rooms, available for religious services. Each home had the required number of benches

for seating, as well as a barnyard for the carriages (covered, with a seat in front and room in back for children to stand) which transported distant worshippers to the meeting.

So, by mid-Saturday afternoon a number of dark gray or black carriages—among them Aunt Lydia’s parents’—could be seen in the region, all of them destined for the house where weekend services were to be held. Special provisions were made for both men and beasts; the horses were tied under the barn’s forebay if there was not adequate room inside. Plenty of food was prepared for the meals on Saturday evening, Sunday morning, and Sunday noon. Late on Sunday afternoon the worshippers headed back to their farms to take care of the daily evening chores of milking and feeding the animals. Every family had about two weekend meetings each year. Sometimes children were brought to the services; however, this practice was not encouraged until they were well along in years and could understand the ceremonies. Of course, there was plenty of time between meetings to teach children the importance of “Christian living,” as the Dunkards interpreted it.

The religious services Aunt Lydia attended in her early years were simple and non-ritualistic, and—although she was an observer, not a participant—the simplicity and unpretentiousness of her later life

must, in part at least, be ascribed to the example set by her mother and father and their co-religionists. Dunkard leaders were chosen by lot: a few of the most fluent and deeply religious men were selected to pull straws out of a Bible. Those who drew short straws—among whom must have been Aunt Lydia's father—became the congregation's authorities in religious and secular matters. Some were very adept at their calling; others might better have pulled long straws.

Aunt Lydia's indifference to music may have had its antecedents in the Dunkard's practice of singing without any musical accompaniment. Singing was in German from a hymnal called the *Ausbund*, the oldest used in the Protestant church. The leaders set the pitch and intonation, and the congregation followed. Prayers were long, but personal confessions frequently interrupted the services. Such confessions usually recounted incidents of personal sin for which the penitent was now asking forgiveness.

After the meeting the men gathered in groups to discuss matters pertinent to them, while the women prepared the meals. These meetings were usually concerned with secular matters; however, if a major decision had to be made about church matters, it was sure to be mentioned at this time. In fact, Lydia saw both sides of Dunkard life, the spiritual and the earthly, for the religion was a practical one. If any members of a family were unable to assume their normal farm duties, men from the congregation pitched-in and cut the corn or planted the wheat. Children were born in the home, and if there were no children old enough to perform household duties in lieu of the mother, a neighbor came in to help. If barns burned, timbers were gathered together for a "barn raising" which lasted for a day or two. This would be a pleasant occasion for all who attended. Fellow religionists in concert did the heavy jobs while some of the lighter chores were left for the owner. Cattle were also supplied if many had been lost.

Once or twice each year certain members from York County drove to Lancaster County to attend services there. A few children went with their parents on such occasions, and Aunt Lydia often retold her enjoyment of these trips, perhaps only two or three in her childhood. After I owned an automobile, on several occasions I drove her to Lancaster County; trips she found no less exciting and memorable than those of her childhood.

Needless to say, families were a very close-knit group. Children married before age twenty to a church member. If they married outside the church, the newcomers were asked to become members. If they refused, the member had to leave the church. After marriage a young man might grow a beard,

but no mustache. They were associated with Prussian militarism and were *verboten* for any member of the church. I often wondered if these complexities determined my aunt to a life of spinsterhood.

It was customary for each family to take care of its own. When young married couples were unable to move at once to their own farm, they lived with one of their in-laws until a new residence could be found. In old age, the elders lived in the same quarters as one of their children, or in separate quarters built adjoining the house. Each generation learned practical lessons from its elders.

After a year or two, the new families started having children, large families being a necessity, for there was work for many hands on a farm. Eleven or twelve children was not uncommon, Aunt Lydia herself being one of eleven, although three had died at birth. Children were given biblical names: boys Elias, Joseph, David, and John; girls Lydia, Esther, Anna, and Rebecca. Joseph was one of the most frequent for boys: it was the name of Lydia's grandfather, father, and a brother. It is likewise my middle name, but with me childless, Josephs are at the end of the family line.

Leaders were uneducated in the modern sense of the word. Usual instruction for the children was attendance at a nearby school (possibly a mile or two from their home), which was open only in mid-winter when farm work was at a minimum. Education meant almost exclusively reading, writing and arithmetic, with much emphasis on reading the English language, since all the children were fluent in the household Pennsylvania Dutch before they went to school. Aunt Lydia tried to teach me the dialect, but there was no demand for it outside the home. So although I never learned to speak it very well, I have never forgotten "*Vee gates?*" which means "How are you."

Particular attention was also given to reading the Scriptures in English, despite the fact that Bibles were printed in German. Aunt Lydia's had two columns on each page, one side was German, the other its English counterpart. She often read her Bible, but I never heard her pray. Actually there was little outward show of religion by Aunt Lydia's generation, except for the clothing they wore. In her father's time, however, there were daily devotions in each church family. Her father read from the Bible before breakfast, after which his family knelt at their chairs while he prayed. This ritual was repeated at supper time, with only a short prayer at the noontime meal. Only one of my aunt's brothers continued this practice in his family life.

At a very young age, Aunt Lydia often reported, she and other children were taught to contribute their services to the family life, girls cooking and

sewing as well as doing dairy work. Some of the church members made all of their clothing, but with only one mechanical device permitted: a sewing machine. Making their own clothing was not only the most economical way to get them, but also the most convenient. Fabric was bought from a traveling peddler, who carried on his back a large pack covered with light grade linoleum. These peddlers called regularly on the various households of the church, where they could sell cloth of only dark gray or brown, never printed or woven patterns.

Peddlers with other wares also came to the country sites where Dunkards lived. After Aunt Lydia's mother died, she assumed responsibility for the household. Her father bought gifts for her from peddlers, presumably to express his appreciation for her help. (This action was unusual for there was rarely any affection shown among the members of the faith and their descendants.) Among these presents was a tablecloth with a red border and the word "Welcome" woven into the fabric. He also bought her a gold watch, a departure from the frugal way her father usually lived; another unusual gift was china plates with blue eagles imprinted in the center. These were extravagances of which fellow church members would hardly approve.

Still another peddler of note dealt in dogs. He traveled the countryside wearing a heavy leather belt with hooks on it. On each side he hooked about five dogs, and when he came to Aunt Lydia's farm home, he unhooked them and tethered them to a picket fence in the front yard. He bought, sold, and traded dogs. Aunt Lydia's father was very hospitable to these peddlers, allowing them to spend the night in the barn in the summer, or on the second floor of the summerhouse in the winter.

For her enormous amount of daily work (particularly when increased by church services) Aunt Lydia received two dollars a month. But with her room and board thrown in, she could save most of her wages, and she at long last bought a buggy, which enabled her to visit neighbors on Sunday afternoon, the only day she could commandeer the use of one of the farm horses. The purchase of the buggy and the gifts mentioned above, indicate that Aunt Lydia never embraced the religion of her parents. Still less, in my life with her, did she show much affection toward me. This statement is not to suggest that she hadn't any, but that there was little evidence of it.

Despite the fact that Aunt Lydia never embraced the faith of her parents, she always revered the memory of them, invariably speaking favorably of them, and holding on to their family Bible. Sacred and highly prized, Dunkards—at the time of their marriage—bought or were given a Bible with the



Henry J. Kauffman, age 8 or 9, a pupil in the Mt. Rose School in York, Pa.

understanding that it would be a center of interest throughout their lifetime. Aunt Lydia's father's Bible was nine by twelve, and was bound in calfskin; it is a very impressive volume. On one of the blank pages in the front, a very skilled calligrapher lettered "Joseph Kauffman son of Joseph Kauffman married Susan Flory, daughter of John and Annie Flory, 1854." Some of the entries in the family register were made in the same hand, so it is likely the decorative and flamboyant penmanship was done by an itinerant calligrapher. In the tradition of the Dunkards, my father also had a Bible but, unfortunately, it does not show much wear.

When I was about twenty years old, Aunt Lydia told me to remove some objects from her blanket chest into mine. These were possessions which she regarded very highly, and because of my interest in fine old things, she wanted me to have them, rather than have them sold at auction to unknown purchasers. In addition to the Bible, the tablecloth, and the gold watch, there were some lustre pitchers which she had bought at a local Woolworth store because they were imperfect. She patronized the same establishment for her eye glasses, large numbers of which were displayed on a stand. After trying different ones she found the best for her condition and purchased them.

Searching for a husband though, seems never to have concerned Aunt Lydia. Although most of her

brothers and her sister married, that was never to be her lot. Perhaps because, when her mother died, Lydia's became the steady hand of the household. She tended the garden, churned the butter, baked the pies and cakes, washed the family laundry, milked the cows, and helped in the fields when hands were needed to quickly get a crop into dry storage in the barn. It was a fact that her help could simply not be spared, and my guess at this point would be that her father discouraged any thoughts of marriage, if indeed she ever had any. Furthermore, when late in life her father became blind from cataracts, only Lydia was available to care for him, or so it seems.

In her middle years and later, Aunt Lydia's life was influenced by the religious beliefs of her parents, though neither she nor any of her brothers or sister ever became Dunkards. Their behavior was determined by their implementation of the Ten Commandments. Much importance was attached to honesty in business transactions, and to honesty in their relations with each other. Such a point of view was very evident throughout the many years I lived with her. By virtue of hard work and careful planning many Dunkards became reasonably prosperous, but success must not be allowed to lead to pride or other sins. They merely acquired better cattle and richer fields.

It was customary for Dunkard parents to help their children acquire a farm when they were married, but there is no evidence that my grandfather substantially helped any of his children. My father's name was David, and he was the favorite son of my grandfather. By the time he was married, the family farm had become too large for an aging father, so about sixty acres was set aside for him, with a new house and barn. The farm was not a gift, but provision was made for payment in a convenient manner. This benevolence created some hostility among other members of the family, and certainly was in sharp contrast to the lot which Aunt Lydia drew for her frugal livelihood.

My father's leaving the family homestead was not a great blow to Aunt Lydia, for it was her opinion that because he was the favorite son, he had not been doing his share of the farm work. She thought he was a dreamer, with ideas about work other than farming; however, he proceeded to work his new farm in a traditional manner. He raised the usual crops and planted some fruit trees, one field being devoted to an apple orchard. He had several cows and horses which he tended carefully. On the north side of the house were some beehives which provided honey for the family table, with a small amount left over to be sold. He gained some distinction by being one of the

first farmers of the region to grow alfalfa, but that did not accrue to any financial gain for him. And, when he took on a sideline business selling buggies and carriages (proving Aunt Lydia was right about his leanings) there is no evidence he was successful in it either.

His house was a very substantial one with a stone foundation built into the side of a hill, exposing some of the cellar area on ground level (this was a traditional Pennsylvania Dutch procedure). There were four rooms on the first floor: two in the front and two in the back. Two doors led off the front porch into each of the front rooms; this kept parlor traffic out of the sitting room, and sitting room traffic out of the parlor, a common practice at the turn of the twentieth century. Adjoining the house was a summerhouse, and to the rear was a smokehouse. Near the smokehouse was a fine Bartlett pear tree which bore succulent fruit. There was also a cherry tree in one of the fence-rows that bore big white cherries. The barn was also built into a hill; it was what is known as a bank barn. There were stables for horses and cows, and a barnyard with a watering trough where the animals could drink their fill. In the back part of the barn was a cold cellar in which food was stored for winter use.

My parents started raising a family soon after they were married. Within a few years a son was born, followed by four more boys and two girls. My mother died at the birth of her eighth child. Medical help was five miles away, and when it arrived it was too late. I was the second youngest of the surviving children. My oldest sister was twelve.

The following years were fraught with difficulties. A neighbor woman came in for a year or two to take care of the family, and when she left my father advertised for a housekeeper. Between housekeepers Aunt Lydia came in to help with unusual chores such as house cleaning, and at butchering time. Her time was very limited, however, for she had a household to take care of; also she was not very kindly disposed toward my father. When my father advertised for help, he was not very fair for he suggested he was "a gentleman farmer," and he neglected to mention that there were children to be taken care of. When help came, they found that he was scraping the bottom of the financial barrel, and that there were several children underfoot; my father married one of the housekeepers, but despite the marriage, she did not stay much longer than any of the other helpers.

My father's lack of interest in farming became evident to all when he got involved in the operation of a hardware store in York. He sold the usual line of

hardware, and also catered to the needs of farmers with items such as fencing, wheelbarrows, and hand tools. He left the house early in the morning and returned late at night. After he got in the buggy in the morning, he wrapped the reins around the whip-socket and fell asleep. Faithful Maud took him to his destination without any direction. While he was engaged in the hardware business, my father acquired two objects which Aunt Lydia regarded as absolutely unessential: a typewriter and a telephone. She thought both of them evidence of worldly living, a fact she often mentioned to me after I went to live with her.

My older brothers, however, were unwilling to carry on the work on the farm, and trying to manage two ventures led to the bad management of both, and finally, to bankruptcy. A sad day of reckoning came when the family had to be dispersed. (In the meantime, my oldest brother had died of tuberculosis, my second oldest brother had left for factory work in Ohio, and my youngest sister had contracted tuberculosis and been sent to a sanitarium at Mount Alto, Pennsylvania.) My next oldest brother became a hired man on a farm nearby, until he was old enough to start out on his own; my oldest sister went into training to become a nurse; I was sent to live with Aunt Lydia; and my youngest brother was taken into the home of my mother's sister. My father moved to Philadelphia and lost all contact with some of his children. He never wrote to them, and this final parting was the last time he saw some of them.

Before this time, Aunt Lydia and her father had left the original family farm and moved to a smaller farm, nearer York. As a matter of fact, at the time the family was dispersed, her father had died and she was living alone. In the eyes of some people, her logical move would have been to go and live with my father and keep the family together at a new site. For many reasons, she was unwilling to do that. Instead, she took me, and I lived with her for the next twenty-five years. My life with her was extraordinary.

GREEN HILL

Aunt Lydia's new home was in Green Hill, a small town a bit more than two miles from downtown York. The site was a small farm of about two acres which presumably my grandfather would cultivate, and thus continue, in a small way, the work he had done all his life. Things did not work out that way; his cataracts progressed rapidly, he was unable to do much, and the work fell to Aunt Lydia. For many years she did work that would have been more appropriate for a man. The new

house was not suitable for weekend religious meetings, and the barn was too small to accommodate a number of horses, so Dunkard meetings were a thing of the past for my grandfather; and, as I have previously mentioned, Aunt Lydia never became a member of the sect.

The death of my grandfather was a heavy blow to Aunt Lydia. He owned the Green Hill property and had a few dollars set aside, because it had cost less than the price he got for the old farm. Now his estate was divided among the surviving children, each one getting an equal share. Aunt Lydia's share was put into the Green Hill house, and she had to borrow the balance and take a mortgage on the property. This was very unjust, for if she had not faithfully cared for her father for a long time, there would not have been any money to pass around. In my opinion, it would have been much fairer if each of her brothers and one sister had given her at least *some* additional money from the estate to compensate her for the care she had taken of their father; she probably deserved it all. As a result, she worked hard the rest of her life but still never completely paid for her home. On top of that, all but one of her brothers neglected to visit her and provide a little pleasure, for which she would have been eternally grateful. Her youngest brother, John, lived in York and prospered in a unique business: picture framing. He was a kind friend to Lydia until she died, and there was a great deal of talk in Pennsylvania Dutch each time he visited her. She also visited him, and I enjoyed the visits because he had a son who was exactly my age. Uncle John became a Lutheran when he moved to York, as Aunt Lydia did also in her final days.

I will describe the town of Green Hill at another point in my story, for I now want to describe Aunt Lydia's house and barn. The house stood back a nice distance from the road, and had a yard across the front and on each side. The lot was about eighty feet wide, and continued back to where it adjoined a cemetery. There were two maple trees in the front yard and a fine pear tree in one of the side yards. Off one of the back corners of the house was a sour-cherry tree which bore unusually large cherries. When I was small, we had to have a neighbor come in and pick the fruit, for which he got a small proportion of the total. As soon as I could handle a ladder, we saved money to buy one. When not in use the ladder was carefully stored in the barn, and when the place was sold the ladder was still in good condition.

The farm was divided into three sections. In the section nearest the road, the house, the garden, and

the barn were located. The next part was devoted to intensive "truck farming" which meant that small crops such as beans, peas, cabbage, and cauliflower were raised there. The last section was used to grow major crops such as potatoes and corn. By the time I came to live at Green Hill, plans had been pretty well established for the use of these three areas, and they never changed very much. As Aunt Lydia got older she was unable to take care of the third section, and it was allowed to grow up in weeds. Less attention was paid to the second section also, but the garden was still nurtured with remarkable skill and patience.

The house was built of brick and was three full stories high. There was a mansard roof on the front of the third story, most of which was covered with tin. This roof had to have frequent applications of paint to keep it from rusting and leaking; it was one of the manly chores which Aunt Lydia performed. The back part of the house had a slate roof and never required any attention.

There was a porch across the front of the house with two doors leading into two long, parallel rooms. One of these rooms was a parlor, the other was used for storage. On the long outside wall of the parlor, a mantle-piece was attached; it was a vestige of earlier years, for there was no longer any fireplace. On the mantle was a low, rectangular clock with simulated marble columns along the front side. On top of the clock was a bronze figure of a man with a lasso in his hand, riding a horse. The room was heated with a fancy stove; the three sides above its firebox were filled with small pieces of mica which let the blaze of the fire show into the room. Sometimes at night the light was turned out and the room would be dimly lit by the light of the flames passing through the mica. But mica was expensive, and there was not always money handy to buy new pieces when they were needed.

Among the major furnishings in the parlor was a set of decorated plank-bottom chairs. I suppose Aunt Lydia bought them out of her allowance; his religion would have prevented my grandfather from doing so. Beside the front door, over a Victorian table, hung a mirror with a very simple black frame. This was probably brought from Aunt Lydia's former home since it was a style Dunkards could use without being considered proud. There was also a Victorian-style couch and two large maple rocking chairs with reed backs and seats. We had a fire in the parlor only on weekends; there was an unused stovepipe hole in the ceiling through which a little heat escaped to the bedroom above—the one in which Aunt Lydia slept.

In the back, the kitchen extended across most of

the two front rooms. This was the most important room in the house, for most of the day and evening hours were spent in it. In the center was an oak table with five legs, the center leg functional when additional boards were put in to make the table larger. I remember the fifth leg well, for when I traveled a long distance in a horse drawn vehicle I developed a tight feeling in my chest which Aunt Lydia called "liver grown." The cure for this was to get down on the hands and knees and crawl briskly around a table leg, reversing direction each five times around. I read an account of this malady once, by a doctor who said it actually existed and that trips around the table-leg cured it. But I have heard little about it since my childhood days.

The center of one kitchen wall had a projecting section into which the cookstove was pushed in the summer, to keep the heat from canning and other culinary work out of the rest of the room. The stove was a mass of cast iron mounted on four substantial legs; it must have weighed as much as five hundred pounds. By using a large stick as a lever, Aunt Lydia was able to move the stove back and forth between its two locations. There was a recess on each side of this projection; on one side it held a sideboard, and on the other side a sink and cupboards were permanently installed. We did have the luxury of city water; however, there was a well under the back porch.

My most vivid memory of the kitchen is of the linoleum on the floor. There were three or four pieces, each one having been bought at a different time, and each one having a different pattern. These pieces were purchased from peddlers who canvassed the territory. One of the pieces was inlaid, which meant that it was made up of many separate patches, each one a different color. Because there was some depth to these patches, the design would never be worn away. Most of the pieces were only imprinted with a design and with constant use the design simply disappeared. I remember this floor so well because, at a very early age, it became my job to scrub the linoleum with a bucket of soapy water and a cloth. The logic in back of my doing it was that it was difficult for Aunt Lydia to scrub under the stove, but I was small and agile. And, while I was at work under the stove, my job might as well be extended to include all the linoleum.

We let the fire in the kitchen stove go out at night, even in the coldest weather; coal was a precious commodity, and we used it only during the day. We frequently burned small blocks of hardwood which were bought from a local furniture factory. Aunt Lydia always regarded getting up in

the morning to start the fire as her responsibility, and only when she wasn't feeling well did she ask me to do it.

The stove was really the center piece of the kitchen. The cast iron was polished with black stove polish and the nickel was cleaned with soap and water; we never bought a commercial metal polish. There were four iron disks on the top of the stove on which vessels were placed to cook food. Two of the disks were directly over the fire box, and these were removed when fast cooking was in order. On the right side of the fire box was the bake oven in which bread and other pastry was baked. (I particularly remember putting ears of yellow field corn in the oven to brown a bit so the cornmeal would taste more mellow and not so raw.) Another of my chores was emptying the ash pan. Along with this went the responsibility of sifting the ashes in a square box with a handle and a wire mesh bottom. (This was only done when coal was burned.) The idea was to save the few remaining unburned bits of coal and the hard ash for re-use in the stove. It was remarkable how this second time around saved coal and provided adequate heat.

The second floor of the house had five bedrooms; four were small but the one across the back was the same size as the kitchen. The stairway led from the kitchen, and on very cold nights the door was opened about a half an hour before we went to bed. Also, on these extremely cold nights—when the bedrooms were so cold your breath froze on the windowpane—we heated a flatiron and took it to bed to take the chill off the bedclothes; this was standard practice during much of the winter. I slept on a rope bed with a chaff bag for a mattress; on top was a feather tick: a bag filled with feathers. It was soft and fluffy and kept one very warm.

The first and second floor windows were fitted with shutters: solid on the first floor, louvered on the second. In the summer they were bowed (partially closed) to keep out the sunlight and allow cool breezes to filter through the house. In the winter those on the first floor were closed to keep in the heat.

On one side of the kitchen a long porch with a roof provided a place for laundry work in the summer, and a place to relax when the days' work was done. Beyond the porch was an arbor where white and dark blue grapes grew profusely. In back of the house lay the garden and the barn where a horse and a spring-wagon were housed. (The spring-wagon had steel springs to ease the ride; Dunkard wagons had no springs: they were considered "worldly.")

The original plan was for my grandfather to care for the horse and cultivate the land; however, these

burdens soon became the responsibility of Aunt Lydia. She had to buy feed for the horse and have it stored in the section of the barn designed for that purpose. There was a trough for feed and a rack for hay for the horse to eat, and twice a day she carried a bucket of water to the stable for the horse to drink. She also cleaned the stable and carefully piled the manure in the barnyard so she could later put it on the garden. The horse required daily care, and only in an emergency was a neighbor asked to come in to feed him.

Aunt Lydia was very competent at solving the problems the horse created. I can well remember how she took the harness off a peg in the stable and threw it on the back of the horse. She knew how to buckle every important end. Then she would lift the shafts of her spring-wagon, back the horse into place, and attach the proper parts of the harness to the shafts. The spring-wagon had a seat and a sizeable space in the back to haul vegetables. It was a small, delicate wagon, and Aunt Lydia could push it into the barn at the end of the day. The horse was hitched to it in the barn, and drew it out.

Aunt Lydia also brought her buggy to Green Hill, but I can't recall that she used it. I can recall it being placed in the side yard with a "for sale" sign on it. It sold quickly, for at that time there was a demand for such vehicles, the automobile not having come into common use. Eventually, the horse and spring-wagon were sold too, but not until they rendered important assistance to Aunt Lydia, a subject I will discuss later.

I remember the barn very well for it was the only reason I had any status in the community. It was a warm, dry place for me and my friends to play in bad weather. We had a trapeze on the second floor and each person tried to swing high enough for his feet to hit the barn roof. This was a bit dangerous, but no one was ever hurt.

Before describing the important part the garden played in our lives for so many years, it should be mentioned that Aunt Lydia really had a green thumb; she could make anything grow. In the cemetery behind the farm were some very old boxwood bushes; she took small limbs from them and planted them at home. It seems to me that all of them rooted, and before many years she was operating a small business in boxwood bushes, both American and English. After the farm was sold in 1937, I went back and bought some bushes, which I planted on each side of my porch. They are now about six feet high; they are reputed to grow one inch each year.

Gardening was started in hotbeds some time before the ground was fit to dig and plant. These were

on-the-ground enclosures (preferably on the south side of the house) made of boards (about a foot wide and five to six feet long) and large pieces of glass which kept the heat from the sun's rays in, and the cold out. One side of the hotbed was low so the glass slanted and shed water when it rained. Seeds were planted early in the hotbed so they would have a start before they were planted out in the garden. I can remember that Aunt Lydia planted tomato and lettuce seeds in her hotbeds. The lettuce was a head type, and when planted in the garden, developed good-sized heads. They were not as big as heads are today, but they were soft and very tasty.

In Aunt Lydia's garden the beds were laid-out in a cruciform, doubtless the implementation of a religious concept: the Dunkards had many beliefs which determined their farming practices. The beds were raised a bit from many applications of manure; this allowed proper drainage and, additionally, looked nice. There were sodded paths between the beds. When the frost was all out of the ground, it was time to spade the beds. Aunt Lydia showed me how to do this: one row was dug the whole way across the bed, leaving a small ditch. This ditch was filled with manure, and the operation was repeated until one bed was entirely turned over with the spade.

It seemed that I was digging the garden before I was as high as the spade handle, and at first I was not very good at it. I did not cut the ground fine so that raking would be easy; raking reduced the big clods to very small ones and that made planting easier. When transplanting from the hotbed, one made a small hole by hand, and added a dip of water before putting in the plant. Later, long rows of seeds—red beet, celery, cabbage, and more lettuce and tomato—were thickly planted in the garden rows, and later thinned-out and replanted some distance apart so the plants had room to mature.

Some early peas and beans were also planted in the garden, but the big crops were planted in field number two. One of the vegetables we sold on a large scale was celery; most plants were sold by the dozen, but celery plants were sold by the hundred. Frequently, customers came in off the road to buy celery plants; then I had to sprinkle the bed with water and pull as many as a thousand plants. I had to do this when my friends were running around the neighborhood getting into various types of mischief. At times I became stubborn about my lot, but that did not change it.

I should emphasize the fact that for many years the products of the garden and field were our only source of income. In the spring various vegetable

and flower plants were pulled and packed in lots of a dozen. I had to help in this activity in any way that I could. The plants had to be pulled the same day they were taken to market, so both of us got up early that day and packed plants by the dozen in a large basket. The market we attended was the Central Market in York, which today continues to serve the function for which it was built. Aunt Lydia loaded her produce in the spring-wagon, and when we reached the market there was always uncertainty about the availability of a parking place. If there was no space at one of the hitching posts in the alley alongside the market, she had to put the team in a nearby livery stable. This accommodation cost about twenty-five cents, which might have been one-tenth of her total take at the market.

In the market there were long lines of stands with flat tops and raised edges to keep the produce in place. Aunt Lydia always tried to find a stand in a high-traffic area for this helped to increase sales. When peas came into season we merely pulled the pods and took them to market; however, my chore was to sit in back of the stand and hull them. This increased the price and made them more saleable. As the day neared its end Aunt Lydia reduced her prices, for she believed a small amount of money was better than none at all. She very rarely took any of her produce home.

Market day was a tantalizing experience for me. Sometimes I tended the stand as Aunt Lydia went around the market to find out what others were charging for their produce. I didn't like the work I had to do, but I always had some spare time to run around and see the baked goods and drinks offered by city merchants. The baker had delicious cream puffs, but they cost five cents and I rarely had that much money to squander. But Aunt Lydia found out that the baker had a box under his stand in which he kept cookies that were broken or otherwise unsaleable. For ten or fifteen cents she could fill her basket with these and, for a few days or a week, we had a feast of delicious baked goods. Another treat was obtained from a stand which served complete hot meals. This was an essential service, for the market operated from nine-to-five. On very rare occasions I was allowed ten cents to buy an oyster sandwich from them; they were hot and delicious.

CULINARY ARTS

In no phase of Aunt Lydia's life was her poverty more evident than in the food we ate. During the summer when fresh vegetables and fruit were available, our diet was reasonably adequate, but in the winter, conditions were otherwise. Aunt Lydia was

reasonably skilled in country culinary arts, but there were times when not enough food was available to exercise her skill. Our diet ranged from the most meager scraping together of odds and ends, to a luxury meal consisting of a roasted chicken—with plenty of stuffing—over which a rich gravy was poured. For the most part, however, our diet consisted mainly of the same two ingredients: potatoes and white flour. The selection of these was easy to make—both were cheap. At some meals they were eaten singly, at other meals combined; sometimes tastily, other times not.

Possibly the least nourishing, and certainly not the most palatable meal I ate, was cracker soup: crackers, hot water, and sugar. In my early childhood a popular type of cracker was made of white flour baked in a circular pad about an inch-and-a-half in diameter. These biscuit-like crackers were broken into big pieces, placed in a soup bowl, and partially covered with hot water which they soon absorbed to become soft and flaky. Next, a small amount of sugar was sprinkled on the crackers, and the concoction was ready to eat. This might be served for any meal, although I don't remember eating it for breakfast.

Coffee soup was prepared in the large cups we had in those days: sugar and milk were added to the coffee, and then small lumps of bread were broken into it; this was more of a dessert than a meal (or a course of a meal). The tastiest combination of similar ingredients was known as bread soup: small pieces of bread covered with milk and sprinkled with sugar. Aunt Lydia considered this an especially tasty dish and we often ate it on Sunday evening.

Of course the bread was baked, once or twice a week, by Aunt Lydia herself; she never bought it—or any other pastry—from the horse drawn baker's wagon which passed our front door. Dough was made in part from potatoes and yeast often kept (in small quantities) from one week to another. The dough was put into large round or rectangular pans to "raise"; when this was complete, it was put into smaller pans and placed in the oven to bake. In the oven the resulting coarse-grained bread often dripped over the side of the pan and baked quite brown; I often broke off these brown bits—with an ample application of molasses they were an experience worth waiting for, and a grievous deprivation when there was no overflow.

An inexpensive brand of all-purpose flour called "Daisy" was used for many years; in fact, it is still on the market. "Daisy" was particularly used by Aunt Lydia when she made noodles. All I can remember of this process is a thin layer of dough rolled out on a baking board. After her rolling pin

had thinned a sheet, it was lightly covered with flour, curled into a roll, and sliced crosswise. Aunt Lydia rarely waited for the noodles to dry before she added them to chicken or beef broth and produced noodle soup. (The chicken broth was obtained by cooking bones left over from a roaster or by the simple addition of chicken fat, if available.) Sometimes vegetable soup was made from beef broth and fresh or canned vegetables. When these soups were served they were the entire meal; in fact, Aunt Lydia always made enough vegetable soup for several meals. If the original batch was skimpy, additions were made after the first "go-around."

Apple dumplings were another tasty dish prepared with dough. Apples were cored, peeled, and cut into halves. A complete apple, or parts of smaller ones, was sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon and enclosed in a thin layer of dough, which was then baked or boiled and served with milk. To my boyish palate, the boiled ones were not very tasty, but the baked ones were (and still are) great. There were no apple trees on Aunt Lydia's farm, so we didn't have this delicacy very often. A somewhat similar delicacy, also unfortunately not served very often, was a pudding dish made by boiling a thick dough, with fruit added, in a cloth bag on top of the stove. This too was served with milk and sugar.

The present-day "hot cakes" were never made, but fried ones called "flannel cakes" were frequently on the menu. These were similar to hot cakes, but the dough was slightly sweetened and I believe an egg was added. The "flannel" variety was fried in a cast-iron skillet with plenty of shortening, and it usually turned brown around the edge. These cakes were most often served for supper, and like the soups, were the entire meal.

One of the real austerity meals Aunt Lydia's kitchen produced was "brown flour" potato soup. To me this was the most distasteful of all. Potatoes were peeled, cut into small cubes, and cooked until they were soft but still firm. At the same time, flour was browned with shortening (the process was somewhat like frying flour) and then mixed with the cooking potatoes.

Milk was a scarce ingredient in our diet, and ordinarily was used with only a few special dishes. When these delicacies were on the menu, I was sent to a nearby farm to get skim milk which cost four cents a pint, or seven cents a quart; I can recall being dispatched for as little as one pint. The part of these missions I best remember is that if I was to get a pint of milk, I took a quart jar; and if I wanted a quart of milk, I took a two-quart jar. The logic behind this finesse was the fact that the

farmer never measured the milk precisely, but made an estimate in the jar. With this shrewd device we always got a shade more milk than we paid for.

I have pointed out that because potatoes were cheap, they were a regular part of our diet. But Aunt Lydia bought only small potatoes, for they were even cheaper than large ones. (Today, I suppose they throw the little ones away; at least, I have never seen them in a supermarket.) They were, of course, difficult to peel, and frequently this operation became my chore. My peelings were always inspected and, if they became too thick, I was reminded of my wastage of food, which we could ill-afford.

One of the most palatable dishes prepared by Aunt Lydia is known in the Dutch country as "raw fried" potatoes. This term means merely that potatoes were not boiled before they were sliced and fried in hot fat. Fried potatoes were eaten any time of the day—morning, noon, or night. If for an evening meal, eggs might be beaten in, creating a kind of "potato omelet." This was a very popular item in the Pennsylvania Dutch diet years ago, yet it has all but disappeared now. Another delightful dish was created by cooking new potatoes and serving them with margarine and a sprinkling of parsley. Usually another vegetable such as beans or peas accompanied the potatoes. I also recall that once or twice Aunt Lydia made potato chips. This occurred only when a few reasonably large potatoes were found in the yearly supply, and was the only time I tasted potato chips until I was many years older.

Another dish in which potatoes were liberally used was potpie. For it, the tubers were peeled and cut; then peas or beans (or both), often carrots, and a small quantity of chopped onions were added. While these vegetables were boiling with a quantity of beef or sausage for flavoring, a layer of thin dough was baked in a deep pan in the oven. The cooked vegetables were placed over the baked dough, covered with another thin layer of dough, and baked until the top crust was browned. There is a Dutch dish prepared today with similar ingredients, but it is boiled instead of baked. The word to describe this dish is not printable.

The style of long-ago potato cooking most common today is "mashed." Then as now, the potatoes were boiled until soft but firm, and crushed with a masher, of which there were many types. Milk was added as the mashing proceeded, and the finished potatoes were served, by most, with a pat of butter. Even our poor neighbors—much to Aunt Lydia's disapproval—used butter. We, however, used only margarine, its color white by law because the big dairy interests didn't want it confused with their

product. (A small container of coloring compound was sold with each pound and could be added to make the margarine yellow.) When mashed potatoes were first put on the table, the amount was always excessive for one meal, so the balance was made into round patties and fried the following day. The fried cakes were really better than the original serving.

The final recipe for potatoes, not particularly appetizing, prescribed putting them on the table in their "jackets" or skins, each person peeling his own while they were hot. They were served this way in the interests of expediency: it was easy and there was absolutely no waste. Nothing could make them palatable to me; sometimes a brown-flour gravy was made to spread over them, but I thought it only made them worse.

In addition to potatoes, there were other root crops such as carrots, turnips, and oyster root. We usually ate carrots and turnips raw, although the latter were occasionally cooked with beef broth. Oyster root tasted a little like its namesake, and was cooked and served in milk. We never bought oysters themselves, but a pint of broth could be had cheap from the huckster who came past our front door. It was a great day when he let a few small oysters slip through with the broth.

Another vegetable of importance in our diet was dandelion. In the spring when the fresh young plants first came up, Aunt Lydia and I would go into the nearby cemetery with bags and dig out the plants, retaining part of the root. After a thorough washing, some was taken to market to sell, and we always had a few meals of our own. It was prepared by placing some bacon or pork fat in a frying pan, after which the leaves were stirred in. Before they became soaked, a few drops of vinegar were added, and you had an old version of a modern-day salad. If it doesn't sound tasty, it wasn't.

Generally speaking, meat was a very scarce item in our diet. What I remember best are the soup bones. These were sometimes purchased from a butcher wagon which went by two or three times a week; or, I might be sent to a nearby butcher shop to buy what was needed. As I recall, the soup bone was mostly bone with only a small amount of meat, but Aunt Lydia liked the marrow which she scraped out of the bone. Sometimes we bought a cheap cut of chuck, but never steaks or chops. Aunt Lydia often pointed out that our poor neighbors were spending too much money for choice cuts of meat. Fortunately, we did raise chickens, and when visitors came on Sunday, the meal was invariably roasted chicken, with plenty of stuffing inside and out. The chicken flavor made the dull-

tasting bread a bit more palatable.

Pork was the most common meat in our diet. Aunt Lydia often bought a fresh ham and tried to smoke it herself with a preparation called "patent smoke." To this liquid, salt and pepper were added, and the mixture applied liberally over the whole ham, I believe. After weeks of waiting, the ham was edible. As a matter of fact, it tasted fine to me, for I had never yet eaten good home-cured ham.

I previously mentioned that yellow field-corn was placed in the oven to turn it a bit brown. I had to take the kernels off the cobs, then take them to a nearby mill for grinding. This order of business was followed every year so the annual supply did not lie around and get stale. The miller charged only a few cents for grinding. Of course, cornmeal could be bought at the grocery store in pound bags, but that was more expensive than the way we got ours.

Three staple meals were made from this cornmeal. One was "Johnny" cakes, which meant that the meal was mixed into water and then fried into cakes on a griddle. These were eaten any time of the day. Another dish was made by cooking cornmeal in water until a thick running mass was produced. This "mush" was eaten with milk and white sugar, but was turned into a delicacy if brown sugar was used. With mush too, it was common practice to make more than could be eaten at one meal, so the excess was poured into a rectangular pan to cool and solidify. The next morning it was cut into slices and browned in a frying pan or on a griddle. Molasses, the usual sweetener, was used, but occasionally honey was substituted. The third edible was prepared by boiling corn meal and meat broth with small chunks of meat. This was also cooled, and the next day cut into slices for frying. Known as scrapple, it is available everywhere today.

A by-product of the garden behind the house was sauerkraut. For this, firm heads of cabbage were shredded by a device known as a "cabbage cutter." (Some of these implements have handles in the shape of hearts and are collectors' items today.) After several inches was laid in a large crock, salt was thrown on the layer of vegetable, and the operation was repeated until the crock was nearly full. Then a large board with a stone upon it was placed on top of the mixture, and through some mysterious chemical action the sauerkraut was formed.

Sauerkraut was cooked slowly, on the back of the stove, along with a piece of fatty pork; it was always served with mashed potatoes. Some diners of less delicate sensibilities mixed them; others ate them separately. Again, an oversupply for one

meal was always boiled, and on subsequent days the sauerkraut was heated with dough balls called *Gnepp* added. Aunt Lydia always said the sauerkraut tasted better the second day than the first.

Fresh vegetables, on the other hand, could be boiled in many other ways. When beans and potatoes were cooked, a piece of ham or ham broth was added when they were about finished. Fresh cabbage was also boiled with ham, but potatoes were rarely added. Fresh sweet corn was usually eaten off the cob, but sometimes the kernels were cut off and "creamed" with skim milk. Aunt Lydia's home grown tomatoes were often sliced and eaten raw with sugar or salt. Many old-timers liked sugar, but salt is more popular today. There was never any cream of tomato soup, but sometimes, when tomatoes were boiled, brown flour was added; I thought it did little as far as palatability was concerned.

Some comment should be made about the food which was eaten in the winter when fresh vegetables and fruits were not available. Brought into the ground floor cellar were root crops like celery, carrots, and turnips; all were packed in fresh, loose ground which kept them fresh, tasty, and edible most of the winter; the celery stayed especially crisp through bleaching yellow. Aunt Lydia's method is probably still in wide-spread use in Lancaster County, where fresh celery is available throughout most of the winter.

Also, a sizeable amount of food was preserved in glass jars similar to those in use today. A metal cap and a rubber ring placed between the cap and jar made it air-tight so the contents wouldn't spoil. Sometimes Aunt Lydia would hear a hissing noise in the cellar, indicating that a jar had sprung a leak. If the jar was opened at once the food was safe, but more often than not she was too late, and both the contents and her efforts had been wasted. Tomatoes, corn, and green beans were three vegetables canned in fairly large quantities. Fruits like sour cherries, peaches, pears, and apricots were sweetened and stewed before being preserved, so they could be eaten just as they came from the jar.

Because Aunt Lydia raised so much of her own food we bought little from the grocery store. But if the hens had laid generously and eggs were plentiful, I was sent to the store with a dozen or two to barter for groceries. In addition to sugar and flour, I often got inexpensive rice in reasonably large quantities. This was made into soup with *rivvels* and chicken broth, or boiled and eaten with milk, sugar, and cinnamon. On rare occasions we had rice pudding so tastily seasoned that it remains one of my favorite desserts today, sixty years later.

Dried lima beans were also acquired by exchange at the grocery store. They were soaked in water for a specified amount of time and then baked in the oven with some type of smoked pork on top; small pieces of bacon were ideal in this recipe, but we rarely had that luxury.

By and large, there was a scarcity of quantity and quality in the foods we ate; we both knew it was meager fare, but there was no alternative. We both withstood our Spartan existence very well, and I can't say we were any healthier or happier when, late in Aunt Lydia's life, better food became available to us.

SCHOOL DAYS

I don't think Aunt Lydia ever realized that my life as a very young boy was quite unhappy. We lacked many of the worldly goods our neighbors possessed and consequently were judged to be poor. I am afraid that poverty connoted inferiority to them which, of course, was not the case. Our poverty did isolate me from the children of the community, though I would occasionally sneak away to join neighbors in their play. Since Aunt Lydia had played very little in her childhood, she envisioned a similar lot for me. On rare occasions she allowed me to "run around the neighborhood" as she called it, but there were always strict warnings about the hour for my return.

Her control waned a little after I started going to school, but to my surprise close contact with other students only increased my personal problems. My associates found out that I had no mother or father, and they ridiculed me when I said I was living with my aunt. Furthermore, because of her minimal association with other adults of the community, Aunt Lydia was not very popular; so I became the victim of their collective scorn.

Older children commented about my Pennsylvania Dutch accent, and my nickname became "Dutch," with all the unpleasant implications such a name could have. On the other hand, Aunt Lydia was very proud of her Germanic ancestry and all the ideals that went with it. She tried to instill the same pride in me, but it was an uphill fight.

Furthermore, my clothing was different from most of the other children's, theirs being "store clothes" and mine "homemade." Aunt Lydia sewed all my garments except shoes and stockings which she obviously could not fabricate. My shirts were made of light but substantial cloth, often a remnant which she bought at a very low cost; my trousers were of heavier dark cloth. Sometimes she cut good cloth out of discarded adults' clothing to make my coats and pants. I often yearned to have a sweater, but we simply could not afford one. Generally speaking,

my clothes were of a better quality than the attire of my associates, but very unfashionable in their eyes.

The haircuts Aunt Lydia gave me were another liability. For cutting I sat backwards on a plank-seat chair and placed my arms over the back rest, a towel over my shoulders to prevent loose hair from going down my neck or into my clothing. She used only a scissors for haircutting, and was unable to make a gentle gradation from the skin of my neck to the mass of hair covering most of my head. The result was really clumsy looking, but home cutting effected a substantial saving in our very tight budget, so I had to wait until I went to high school to get haircuts in a barber shop.

The school where I spent the first eight grades was located at the western end of Green Hill. There were two rooms in the building, one for the first four grades, the other for grades five through eight. A bell in the tower on the roof called the school into session in the morning, at recess time, and after lunch. This bell ringing was a tradition of long standing for schoolhouses, and at Halloween one of our tricks was to climb up to the tower and fasten the clapper of the bell so it could not ring. This created an embarrassing situation for the teacher, who had to get someone to crawl up on the roof and loosen the mechanism. We all hoped the person selected would be the same one who had silenced the bell the night before.

Both rooms were filled with seats fastened to the floor. The wooden parts were made of strips of light and dark woods, probably maple and walnut. These hardwoods could withstand the wear and tear of the schoolroom. Such seats and desks are now sold as choice items in antique shops, although many of them are not very old. The wooden parts were held together by pierced, cast-iron panels. In both rooms the smaller seats were in front, the larger ones in the rear—obviously an arrangement designed to suit the different sizes of the students attending the classes.

On top of the desks were grooves for pencils and, on the right side, a hole for an inkwell (used only by the upper grades). Books were kept on a shelf under the top of the desk. The inevitable carving was present even on desks used by young students; the favorite subject of these budding young artists was their initials or, more daringly, their first name. On the older pupils' desks, the initials were often accompanied by declarations of undying affection for the school's current *femme fatale*, and were profusely illustrated with hearts pierced by angled arrows. Sometimes the name of a boy's favorite girl was inscribed in lieu of the heart and arrow.

Another form of classroom delinquency involved the blackboard or, more specifically, its thick felt erasers. Occasionally, boys threw these erasers at each other when the teacher was not watching carefully. The penalty for such an infraction was cleaning erasers (by slapping them together until the dust was gone) after school, when the other children had gone home. Naturally, Aunt Lydia was unaware of these boyish pranks; had any tardy return home from school aroused her suspicions of my participation in them, she would certainly have "straightened me out" immediately. (This is perhaps, a good time to note that parents never went to school to confer with the teacher—even when the aforementioned tardy homecomings subtly alerted parents to the fact that the educational process was not moving normally. The only parental involvement was in signing the report card that recorded the pupil's grades in various subjects, including behavior, then called "deportment.")

Discipline was not the only school problem; there were several other difficulties to be overcome by teachers and pupils alike. For example, there was no janitor, so the teacher (or an older pupil) had to put coal in the stove, carry out ashes, sweep the room, and wash the windows; and there was no one to make minor repairs to desks or other school property. A bucket with drinking water and a common cup were provided, but before I left the school our parents were obliged to supply individual collapsible cups, which we kept in our desks. And, most memorably, the boys' and girls' toilets—used by teachers and students alike—were at so great a distance that visits diminished considerably when the weather was very cold.

The school curriculum consisted mainly of arithmetic, reading, spelling, and penmanship. Most teachers were better than average penmen, and they wrote examples of capital and lower-case letters on the blackboard for us to copy. Spelling was also very important; the teacher dictated the words and we copied them in our blank spelling books. These books were examined, and in cases of very bad performance, the erring student was ordered to write the mis-spelled words fifty to one hundred times—at recess or after school. If many words had to be rewritten, they were always done after school. My memory of these procedures is still unpleasant, but they did seem to improve our work.

One of the very pleasant memories of my life in the first four grades concerns the activities of the end of the year. The second-to-the-last day was spent in gathering up loose ends around the schoolroom. All pencil marks were erased from the books, and a few repairs to loosened bindings and torn pages were made if they could be performed

by students with the teacher's help. This work did not require the entire school day, and the session was dismissed a bit earlier than usual.

But the last day was the most fun. By the time school ended in early May the leaves were sprouting, the grass was green, and some of the wild flowers were blooming. This was the time to take a walk into the woods a mile or so from the school. We arrived at school late that day with a big smile and a noontime lunch in a box or bag, more likely the latter. We found a pleasant place in the woods to eat lunch, played a few games, then went happily back to the school. Individually, all of us said goodbye to the teacher and told her we hoped she would be there next year. The lower classroom was always taught by a woman, who also seemed to enjoy the activity on the last day of the season. My teacher of the first four years was Carrie Ligget, and I will always remember her as a warm, and very pleasant person.

These continue to be my major recollections of the earliest grades in the first room. But after I passed the fourth grade I was promoted to the other room in the schoolhouse. However, unlike practices today, not all students automatically passed. If work in one grade was unsatisfactory, the slow learners were required to repeat the grade they failed. A demeaning social stigma was attached to such failures, perhaps permanently affecting—according to modern theories—the lives of unsuccessful scholars.

The curriculum of the higher grades included the same subjects taught in the lower, though with changes and additions. Three additions were geography, history and physiology. I did quite well in history and geography for I had a very retentive memory. Easy for me were the important dates in history, as well as the names of the states, their capitals, and most of the important seaports. Physiology, dealing as it did with the names of various organs and bones, had no appeal for us and was later discontinued.

In these advanced grades, there was a major change in the way spelling was taught. The teacher gave the first person in the row a word to spell; if he spelled it correctly he stayed at his position; if he failed, the same word was given to the next in line. If this pupil spelled the word correctly he passed the erring student and went to the head of the row. This procedure, called trapping, was followed the whole way along the row. Finally, the best speller stood at the head of the line, the poorest at the rear.

My teacher in the higher grades was a man. I well remember his name, but I will not repeat it, for he is still living. One day he announced he had

brought a yardstick to school and a half-dozen wooden sticks one yard long and about an inch in diameter. He unwrapped these—calling our attention to his actions—and laid them on a high bookcase where students could not reach them. He was a very stern man and all his subordinates knew he would use them on schoolroom rebels. I reported this matter to Aunt Lydia who made no comment on the teacher's obvious intentions, perhaps because she was also quite stern, although I can't recall that she ever paddled me.

Eventually the inevitable infraction occurred, and the first boy to get a "licking" was in the seventh grade. The teacher tried to get him over his knee, but failing that, held the boy's hand and thrashed away at the seat of his trousers. This episode proved to the culprit—and to the rest of the class—that corporal punishment would be carried out. But the memory of the beating gradually faded, and eventually a red-headed girl was laid on the teacher's desk and hit with a stick. She cried and was let off; the end, I believe, of these savage beatings. (The use of these sticks recalls milder student punishments: standing in the corner, wearing a dunce's cap, not being allowed out for recess. All of these would be frowned on today.)

There was another, worthier, side of this teacher, but in my opinion it never balanced out his mean disposition. He would sometimes bring his clarinet to school and play modern songs for us, often encouraging us to sing along with him. Another pleasant experience was art class on Friday afternoon. After recess, he hung big posters on the blackboard and allowed us to copy them with lead pencils. Very special paper was handed out for this art lesson, and all in the room followed the same procedure, though presumably the older students were more skilled from their several years of practice. When the drawings were finished, they were colored with wax crayons which the teacher kept on his desk. After each art lesson the best drawings were hung on a string stretched across the front of the room for that particular purpose. They were left there until replaced by the next week's set of pictures, always of a different subject.

But, however well a student had done in all these areas of study, to successfully complete the eight grades he had to clear one more hurdle. This was a comprehensive and formidable examination requiring most of a school day, and it was taken by virtually all the students of the eighth grade. Passing this examination also meant the scholar could be admitted to York High School. I did not pass with flying colors, but I did pass. Somewhat pleased with my academic achievement, I went home in the hope of hearing my triumph extolled. But Aunt Lydia, as

usual, was not much impressed—at least outwardly—and said little about it; she left me to silent and lonely self-approval of my new-found eligibility for the ninth grade.

AT PLAY

As a youngster I had many problems not directly connected with school life. Most of these grew out of the fact that we lived in a mill town, and Aunt Lydia did not want me to associate with the children of the community. This attitude was not entirely a social protest, but she was sure that my best interests would be served if she kept me home as much as possible. She thought the people who lived in the town were poor and shiftless, and cared little about matters of importance such as vulgarity, thievery, and respect for other people's property. Both adults and children were poorly dressed, their diet was not a good one, and, needless to say, very few—if any—attended Sunday school or church.

Because I wanted to spend at least a little time with my peers, I attended a Sunday school outside our community—toward downtown York. Aunt Lydia did not go to church herself, and she neither encouraged, nor discouraged, my attending Sunday school. I was in a class with other boys my age, and we were taught by a completely untrained teacher. His concern was mostly with the Bible and not much with the boys who were his pupils; at least he didn't relate one with the other. When I was older, I attended services but never joined a church. One minister took some interest in me, but never pressed me about joining; had he done so, I might have become a member, and I don't know what Aunt Lydia's attitude would have been to that situation.

Much of the time, then, Aunt Lydia and I were in conflict: she wanted me to stay at home and I, naturally, wanted to go out and play. I don't know how I got away from home sometimes, but I do know that I did not deliberately disobey Aunt Lydia. I had a few friends my age: one was Sam Stine who was of Indian ancestry; another was Butch Lehman, whose father was a butcher. I went to their homes, but I don't recall that they visited me. Sam Stine became a very successful baseball player, and I believe Butch Lehman ended up working on a railroad in New Jersey. I miraculously met him on the street in New Brunswick while I was attending Rutgers University. I hadn't seen him for many years, and he was as surprised as I was. We had a long chat about the good old days, and I haven't seen or heard of him since.

I was severely handicapped in any youthful activity that required even a small amount of money, for we simply had none for extras (and only a little

for necessities); I believe Aunt Lydia would have given me a small allowance if she could have spared it, but she never could. When I was a boy, one of the popular pastimes for youngsters was spinning a wooden top with a metal pin at its point. A string was wrapped around the cone-shaped top and it was thrown to the floor to spin. I developed some dexterity in this art by using the tops of my friends, but I never owned one of my own.

I was a bit more successful with a kite. A distant cousin had a cigar box factory in York, and sold thin, narrow strips of wood ideal for making kites because they were strong and lightweight. Aunt Lydia gave me two cents and I walked to the factory; I thought the rich cousin could have given me the strips, but I guess he needed the money. With a hammer and some small nails, I tacked the strips together in the shape of a cross, and covered the frame with newspaper. If I made a big kite it required more than one sheet of newspaper, so I pasted two pieces together with flour paste; paste made by simply mixing white flour with water. Newspaper was not as light or colorful as real kite paper, but I was happy to have it.

The other requisite for a kite was a long string. Aunt Lydia had a ball of string which she had saved from packages; I was allowed to knot many small pieces together for my kite. But a kite-string with knots had a bad defect, for it was impossible to send messages up the kite. One put small pieces of paper on the string, and the wind blew them up to the kite. There were races to see whose message got there first, but I was out of the running, for my first message got stuck on the first knot in the string. Although I was a second-rate kite owner, it did give me enough status to keep me happy.

Another childhood toy was the slingshot. Aunt Lydia tolerated a kite, but a slingshot had to be hidden under the porch when not in use, and it was never used around the house. I made my weapon from a "Y" shaped tree branch: one end of a rubber band was attached to both of the upper sections, and the other end of the rubber band was attached to a pocket of cloth or leather which held the stone before it was shot. It was not very accurate; however, I remember killing a catbird one time. Catbirds made an unpleasant sound, and we regarded them as pests; no one shot at robins or bluebirds.

One of the most popular games in our neighborhood was cowboys and Indians. Some of the boys had cowboy suits, and some had Indian suits with a long line of feathers in the headdress. Aunt Lydia could sew very well, and I begged her to make me a suit; but she knew it would take me to the street, and she didn't want that. And, the Indians had bows and

arrows which were also *verboden* as far as she was concerned.

One of the larger toys that boys had in those days was made from a roller skate. The front wheels were attached to the front end of a narrow board, the back wheels to the back end. A box was mounted vertically on the front end of the board with a stick across it for a handlebar. One foot was placed on the board and the other foot "kicked it along." Aunt Lydia had one of the few paved sidewalks in Green Hill, and boys invariably used these skateboards in front of our house because they knew she didn't like the noise they made. She chased them away and told them to use their own sidewalks which, unfortunately, they didn't have.

Although a discarded skate was available, I never had one of these toys; I never had marbles, either. There was a lot of marble shooting in our community; the children of the mill workers had many, and I would borrow one to play, but I was never happy. I was afraid I would break the marble and have to replace it, which I knew I could not do.

The time came, however, when I did get a toy like those of my associates: Aunt Lydia bought me a fine coaster wagon, with the intent that it be used for both work and play. She warned me, though, that I should never allow anyone else to play with my wagon, for if they broke it I would not get another one. Of course, everybody wanted to play with it when it was new, and I had to refuse them; this decreased my stature with my peers.

The work that I did with the wagon was carrying stockings back and forth from a knitting mill for Aunt Lydia to mend. A certain number of stockings came through the machinery with small holes; these were sent out for community women to sew. A small pittance was paid for this work, but Aunt Lydia's attitude was that it was better than nothing. The knitting mill was about a mile from our house; in some places there were sidewalks, in other places there were none. I had to be very careful when on the road, but there were only horses and wagons to avoid, no automobiles. I took the mended ones into the mill, picked up the pay for a previous load, and took a new batch to be mended. I never lost any money, nor did I ever spend any. Although such work did account for a small amount of cash coming into our home, there was never any for luxuries. Aunt Lydia did this work in the winter when she had no income from the garden.

The fact that the wagon was difficult to operate on snow-covered surfaces led her to buy a sled for me. The best sleds were called Flexible Flyers. They had hollow-ground runners and an excellent steering device near the front end. My sled was

called a Monoplane, and was not as sophisticated as the Flexible Flyers. In the same manner as the wagon, I was told this would be the only sled I would ever have. However, I broke it, and had to have a friend who worked at a nearby factory repair it. After Aunt Lydia's death, I sold her furnishings, and the sled went with them.

It was entirely normal that after I owned the sled I would want to go coasting with my friends; there were several hills nearby. The roads were not cleared and, after snow got packed on the hills from wagons and sleighs, they were excellent places to coast. I was allowed to coast after school, but in the evenings the place was dominated by teenagers; boys and girls Aunt Lydia thought were not good comrades for me. Actually, the actions of the young men and women were clean-cut, and I never saw anything out of order while I was coasting. My biggest problem was that I would sometimes drag my feet and wear the tips of my shoes through. That caused much trouble at home. Occasionally I was allowed to coast at night, but if I did not get home at the appointed hour the door was locked, and I cried until Aunt Lydia let me in. This fact became known, and it did not enhance her stature in the community. Although it sounds inhumane now, she thought she was acting in my best interests.

Another time I was locked out was the occasion on which I got to touch my first airplane. After World War I there was considerable barnstorming around the country, and two or three planes came to York. Apparently they had not made arrangements for landing, and one landed in a wheatfield near my home. The pilot obviously thought it was a smooth field and never suspected the tall wheat. I felt very big to be one of the boys to give him the "lay of the land" around there, but it was dark till I got home, only to find the door locked again. That did not happen very often thereafter.

Holidays were not particularly festive times for us. I don't remember any unusual activities at Christmas except the purchase of a few oranges. I was inclined to buy navel oranges which had thick shells and no seeds; Aunt Lydia pointed out that such oranges were a poor buy in contrast to oranges that had thin shells and seeds. A chicken was never killed unless company visited us, so there was no roast chicken on Christmas, for I don't recall that anyone ever visited us at that time.

Good Friday was a day for meditation and reverence, so little was done except the daily work of cooking and washing the dishes. Sometimes Aunt Lydia read her Bible and tried to get me to read it, but when I was very young it did not sound very interesting, and when I became older I suppose I did not read it as a protest against her

way of life in comparison with that of the rest of the community. I doubt if most of the residents of the community knew there was a day such as Good Friday.

Easter came in for a bit more consideration and, strangely enough, the worldly side of it. Aunt Lydia bought a few chocolate Easter eggs and a chocolate rabbit. These she would hide at some point in the house and I had to hunt for them. I always found them resting on a small pillow in the parlor. The pieces were put away, and I was allowed to eat a small egg or part of the rabbit on a piecemeal basis. I had trouble reconciling the religious nature of Easter with the candy—not to mention the curious association of a rabbit with eggs. She had no answer to this problem, and I was so happy with the candy I never really pressed for a solution.

Fourth of July was both a joy and a frustration for me. We were too poor to buy fire crackers; as a matter of fact, I could not even have a tin can with a light explosive in it. I don't remember exactly how this device worked, but there was a hole in the bottom of the can, and when a match was placed there the lid flew off. This operation could be repeated many times, and it seemed a cheap, safe way of celebrating the Fourth. There was, however, a free spectacle and it was always the most enjoyable part of the day. By going to the top of the nearby cemetery we could see large and colorful explosions set off by rich people who lived in a suburban York area called Elmwood. The fireworks started soon after dark and one explosion quickly followed another until ten or eleven o'clock. I can recall that Aunt Lydia always went along to see the fireworks, indicating to me that she never embraced the religion of her parents because it was too austere for her.

Although the act was not connected with any holiday, there was a religious concept in back of a healing process known as "pow-wowng." I can recall that people of the community came to Aunt Lydia with infected cuts or bruises, over which she performed certain procedures in the belief that they effected a cure. It was only performed on abnormalities that were evident, such as cuts and bruises. I cannot divulge the words which were said, for to be successful, only a man could tell a woman, or a woman tell a man, how to do it. (Aunt Lydia's father had taught her.) The procedure was to repeat a biblical quotation three times, blow over the affected area three times and, finally, wave it away by passing your hand over it three times. I couldn't be a successful operator, for I did not believe that it would work: it was known that any doubter could not function effectively.

HIGH SCHOOL

After I completed the first eight grades it became very evident to me that Aunt Lydia had little concern about my going on. Actually, neither of us had to make a decision about my continuing in school, for I was not yet fourteen years old and could not legally quit. The logical place for me was York High School, and I enrolled there when the session started.

I did receive a little incentive to go on, for at this time Aunt Lydia bought me my first suit of "store" clothing. This purchase was intentionally made on Monday morning, at a store operated by a Jew. Her thinking was that the merchant would spare no effort to make a sale on Monday morning, the consumation of the sale being a portent for good business throughout the week; failure to sell would suggest a week of bad business ahead. I don't know where she got this notion, as I never heard another person express it; but the bargaining which followed convinced me Aunt Lydia was right. She warned me that this new finery was to be worn only on special occasions, and that my daily attire would continue to be the homemade wardrobe which I had been wearing all the time—weekdays and Sundays. When this new, treasured, garment was not being worn, it had to be neatly hung in a closet so it would not become wrinkled or soiled. It was a long time until I got another "store suit."

My initial trip to high school was a memorable one, the first time I was allowed to go downtown without Aunt Lydia; a boy from my neighborhood had been attending for a year, so two of us followed him. The school is still standing today and it is not very impressive in comparison to the modern high school next to it. But to a boy from the country, it was a very impressive structure indeed. It was built of yellow bricks, three or four stories high, and had a tile roof. There was a large, open foyer in the center of the building which led into a long hall with a tile floor. Straight ahead, across the hall, was a large stairway to the second floor. There was no gymnasium in the basement which was used instead for the heating plant and for storage. Chandeliers hung in the halls, but by modern standards they were dimly lighted. When classes passed, the halls were full of students, and each teacher stood outside the open door of his classroom. This stationing of manpower was an obvious attempt to control traffic in the halls; as I recall, it was a very successful device.

Two courses—the Classical and the Scientific—were designed to prepare us for college; the other two—the Commercial and the Industrial—were terminal. With absolutely no prospect of going to

college, I can't even guess at my logic in enrolling as I did. I vaguely recall supposing that taking the Classical course could open another door for me, a door that otherwise might be closed. But I sought no advice about my decision, and I didn't get any. I am sure Aunt Lydia thought I was a foolish young man, but she never questioned my decision.

By contemporary standards the Classical Course was a tough one. I had four years of English and history, three of Latin and Spanish, and two of mathematics and science, with no electives. I had one study period each day, but it was held in a room where another class was formally operating, and little studying could be done. Unfortunately, my country school curriculum was poor in comparison to that of the city schools, so to compensate I had to work hard throughout my whole high school career. My weakness was most evident in mathematics, and the only course I ever flunked was first-year algebra. Aunt Lydia, of course, could not tutor me, but I had a very sympathetic teacher, who guided me successfully through my repetition of the course in my regular study period. Giving up my study period handicapped me in my second year, but by "hook or crook" I got through on my second try.

The need for money became more acute after I started going to high school, for now there were lunches to buy, and the four mile walk to and from school quickly wore out my cheap footgear; Aunt Lydia had to buy me better shoes and overshoes than I had ever owned before. When the weather was bad, I got soaking wet on my long hike, for I owned neither raincoat nor umbrella. Then I had to sit in my damp clothing all day, and maybe get another soaking on the way home. But despite the odds against me, I was rarely late or absent for two of my four years in high school. Such a record was rewarded by a certificate, which impressed Aunt Lydia a great deal, for it was evidence that I was at least doing something successfully. She seemed to take it for granted that I would pass all my courses, and rarely discussed my studies with me; obviously she was unable to help me in my struggle with Latin nouns and verbs, or with algebraic equations.

But my aunt was much relieved when I increased our meager income by getting a job delivering evening daily newspapers. They were brought by the trolley to within six blocks of my home, and thrown by the motorman under a maple tree on the street corner. I started delivering from there on my way home from school, but to this day I don't know how I managed to carry all my books and the papers at the same time. The problem was

particularly bad on Friday evening when the newspapers were unusually large, and my arm just about reached around the bundle. (I did not have a sling like present-day boys use for the same work.) The problem was also complicated by the fact that on windy nights I had to roll the papers and place them between the balusters if there was a front porch.

By the time I reached home the papers were all gone, though sometimes there was one left for me, a real windfall because we never subscribed to a daily paper. Sometimes I had an opportunity to sell one on my route, but this was a precarious business, for if an extra one had not been included in my pack, someone would not get a paper that evening. Naturally, such an exclusion brought protests when I collected the money, so I did not sell them very often.

In her early life Aunt Lydia never became accustomed to reading a daily paper and developed little interest when one was available at no cost. I do recall, however, that on rare occasions she bought a Sunday paper called the *North American*. She was particularly fond of the "funnies"; quite a departure from the stance of the typical Dunkard.

The subscribers to my daily paper paid ten cents a week, and I collected on Saturday morning. On very rare occasions a patron would give me a nickel tip, several of which made my day a great success. Tips were more liberally given at Christmas time, sometimes amounting to almost enough to buy a new pair of shoes. Because of this extra money, I was able for the first time to have two pairs of shoes, one for weekdays, and another for Sunday. I avoided a lot of wear and tear by going barefooted in the summer. This procedure caused my feet to spread a bit, and it was always difficult to get back into shoes in the fall when school started.

Money was also needed, of course, when I bought my lunch on school days. The high school was only two blocks from downtown York and its too-costly restaurants, so when I ate in town I usually consumed two big soft pretzels with an ample application of mustard. However, when the weather was good I often walked home at noon, thereby lengthening my total mileage to eight miles per day. Aunt Lydia did inquire about the contents of my lunch when I did not walk home, and I am afraid that I was not very truthful about the food which I consumed. Even she would have been aware that only soft pretzels were not a sound meal for a growing boy.

Although my academic achievements might best be described as "average," I did outstanding work in history and Spanish. My Spanish teacher was a

charming lady who taught while sitting at her desk practically all the time, but you were not in her class very long before you realized that she loved her subject. In my third year of the subject there was considerable conversation between the teacher and the students, a technique that modern language teachers would have you think was an innovation of their own. I can't recall ever using the language anytime until I visited Spain, thirty years after I graduated from high school. My recollection of it then astonished me, and even at that late date I was happy to use something I had learned in high school.

I had a number of history teachers; one of the outstanding ones was a Mrs. Smith who taught Ancient History. I enjoyed learning about knights and castles, and the Crusades impressed me as a great movement of the late Middle Ages. I had a good memory, and the dates most students despised, I enjoyed. A desire to visit historically important places was one of the outcomes which I was later able to implement.

After my fourteenth birthday I started looking for employment more remunerative than carrying newspapers. I don't recall that Aunt Lydia prodded me into improving my status at that particular point, but she obviously influenced me to upgrade myself, a posture I have had throughout my entire life. I found employment at the American Chain Company; their factory was located along the route from the high school to my home. The afternoon school session closed at three-thirty; this allowed me enough time to hurry to my work at four o'clock.

My work at the chain company consisted of inspecting the short sections of chain used for cross members on automobile tire chains. Inspecting was done by rattling the chains in one hand and listening to the resulting sound. Imperfections could be detected by this procedure. The imperfect ones were discarded and the good ones placed in a large barrel weighing several hundred pounds. Although a strong, two-wheeled truck was used to transport these barrels, that part of the work was strenuous for a fourteen year old boy. Aunt Lydia had earlier worked in the same department, but she inspected chain traces used by horses for pulling wagons. I don't recall what her wages were, but mine were twenty cents per hour. I earned two dollars for my weekday work, and another dollar for Saturday morning. Aunt Lydia was very insistent that the money I earned be put into a savings account in a local bank, but if I needed shoes she permitted me to keep enough money to buy them. Also, I vaguely recall buying an overcoat; she continued to make my shirts and trousers.

AFTERWARD

I graduated from York High School in 1926 and, in September, enrolled as a freshman at Millersville State Normal School. Aunt Lydia gave her silent consent to this move. She told me that working in a factory or on a farm was not the best way of life, and someone had told her that if I went to school for a year, I could teach at a one-room school near our home. Unfortunately for her, I did not get back to York until 1930, when I began teaching industrial arts in the York schools.

Of course I went back and lived with her. I helped in the garden and, after I bought a car, took her to market with her plants and small produce. Even then, her "take" was often less than one dollar, after she stood at the market half the day. (Not surprising when you consider, for example, that she sold parsley for a cent a bunch.) In the evening, after she finished work, I would occasionally take her for a ride through the countryside. Once I took her to Lancaster County to visit friends who had visited her in her younger days.

After five years in York I went to a suburban Philadelphia high school to teach, but I came home

every weekend to make sure she had food and coal and wood for her kitchen stove. Most of the time there was still only heat in the kitchen, but sometimes we made a fire in the living room stove with the mica panes. By 1936 I had a master's degree from the University of Pennsylvania, and that year, suffering from breast cancer, Aunt Lydia died. I was the executor of her very small estate.

In 1938 I married the art teacher in my high school, and in 1942 I became an instructor at Millersville State College; I retired as a full professor in 1973. After my wife died I wrote several books and a great many magazine articles. I have given the bulk of the antiques that my wife and I collected to Rock Ford Plantation, near the city of Lancaster. They are displayed there in the Rock Ford-Kauffman Museum. I have a few hobbies, but most of my time now is consumed by reading and trying to keep abreast of current events. I know that the publishing business is now highly competitive, and this may well be the end of my writing career; I think it only fitting that it end with a tribute to my Aunt Lydia.



The Rock Ford-Kauffman Museum.

*House near Newville, Pa.,
where Harry Kramer died.*



THE IMAGE OF THE JEW IN SOUTH-CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA

by Mac E. Barrick

Rudolph Glanz provides an excellent picture of the American attitude toward Jews in his study *The Jew in the Old American Folklore*.¹ However, since most of his sources are popular (i.e., magazines and newspapers) rather than oral or folkloric, his observations are only partially true of the opinion held by rural central Pennsylvanians of the past generation. There is little evidence that local people saw the Jew as a scapegoat responsible for the crucifixion of Christ as Glanz notes (pp. 9 ff.), or that local people associated human sacrifice and blood rituals with Jewish religious rites.² In fact, little was known about Jewish rituals at all. Jewish people were such a small minority in the area that the Jew was regarded more as an oddity or an object of curiosity than as the subject of religious or ethnic hatred and persecution.

The only contact most people in rural central Pennsylvania had with Jews was in business dealings. There was the ubiquitous Jewish peddler, the Jewish junk-dealer, and the Jewish clothing-store owner, three traditional professions of the Jew in America.³

The peddler that most older folks in Cumberland County remember was named Harry Kramer. He is a legendary figure in the sense that many people knew a story or two about him, but few were able to provide a narrative structure to his life. One of those few provided this account:

When he came over here from Germany, why he was sixteen years old, around seventy-five years ago when he came over, before I was born, anyhow, and, uh, he came with a family by the name of, uh, Wheeler, Russell Wheeler up there's daddy, what was the old man's name now? He came to their place an' they started him off with a basket, with needles an' pins, combs, aw, I don't know, all little trinkets like that. Then he got a bundle that he carried on his back, an' he had all kinds of dry goods, that is, shirts an' stuff and women's stuff, but also the needles and pins was in this here. Then he got a horse an' wagon an' he had about half a dozen er more of these great big bundles that were this long, stood about this high, and he had straps on them an' he'd put his arms in them an' carry them into the house. Every bundle was different, and he knowed what was in every bundle. Then, he bought the store in Plainfiel', right above the church where Noaker's, I guess Noaker's still in the house there. An' then his wife an' Sammy run the store, an' he kep' on drivin' the wagon. Then they moved t' Harrisburg. Well, he was in Harrisburg first, that's the way it was, then they moved up to Plainfield, an' then they went back to Harrisburg. His daughter was married to a fella in Carlisle that run a dry goods store.



IKKY—"I got into a fight last week, and a man kicked me in de synagogue."
 JAKE—"Vere is de synagogue?"
 IKKY—"In de temple."

Illustrated joke from M. A. Donohue's New Hebrew Jokes.

He would buy a case of eggs on Easter, an' he'd take them down to Harrisburg, an' that week he wouldn't work at all. It wasn't Easter t' them, ya know. And he'd try to get a half a dozen guinea eggs t' take along, an' then they'd take them and boil these eggs and they'd get out in the street an' they'd break all the other kids' eggs, an' these guinea eggs, they wouldn't break, an' Sammy would get all the other kids' eggs.⁴

Tommy Darr [i.e., Derr] was livin' down on the creek road, an' Harry Kramer was at Tommy Darr's t' stay all night, an' sometime in the night, I don't know, about three o'clock in the morning, he called Tommy, an' he wanted a paper an' pencil, he said, "I'm gonna die." An' he wrote on this paper, "I give you my horse and wagon for the trouble I'll be causing after my death, for you to transfer my goods to Harrisburg."

He'd leave his team there when we lived in Kerrsville, and we'd take him over an' he'd go down in the train. He used t' stay with us for a week at a time.⁵

In its oral form the foregoing narrative evidenced a metalinguistic factor that does not come across in print. It was apparent from the narrator's attitude and from the way in which he referred to the incident, that he was implying that Kramer by some preternatural means had foreseen his own impending death, an element not present in Tommy Derr's account of the matter:

He come there one night, I think it was a Friday, and said, "Tommy, can I leave my horse and wagon here?" He was going down for the next week to a fast or feast or something the

Jews had. He used to travel around, but he was particular where he left his horse. We were livin' down where Fickes has now.

We went up to Brown's that night, and he was talkin' about how the Jews do, the different things they do, like when they die, they don't have an undertaker. The rabbi takes care of everything. Brown liked to hear about the Jews. He was from down in Virginia. Well, about midnight, I said, "Harry, it's bedtime. We better go." Charlie Lutzabaugh was there and he come along down with us.

Harry used to stay with us a lot. I liked him. He said, "Bert, what're we havin' for supper?" And she said, "What would you like?" He said, "Scalloped potatoes." And she said, "Well, if that's what you want, Harry, that's what you're gonna get."

That house there was built in three [parts]; each had a door. And that night Charlie come over and said, "Harry wants ya." So I got up an' got dressed and went over, and he was jumpin' around there on the bed like a chicken with its head cut off, and I said, "Harry, are ya sick?" He said, "Yes, I am." "Do you want a doctor?" He said, "Yes, I do." Well, we didn't have a telephone then, so I went over to Amos Seiders', and when I got back, he was gone.

He had the whole one end of the house full a different stuff, summer and winter stuff, and his family come up, they had a store, down there [in Harrisburg], Greenberg's, and took the stuff down and sold it, and the horse and wagon, she said, it'd cost too much for the feed, so if I wanted it, to get rid of, I could have it, for keepin' it. Well, I think I got \$25 for the horse, and I sold the spring wagon to Clarence Miller over here for \$10. It probably ate more than that so I didn't make anything on it.

But I really miss Harry. I liked him. But when he'd set down to eat, he'd always ask my wife if she used any hog fat to cook. Chicken fat was all right. He'd buy chickens, and a couple dozen eggs, to take along. He'd take a couple old roosters, almost every time, over to Harrisburg.⁶

Many people recalled how Kramer stayed overnight at their house,⁷ and most of them remembered that he always asked to have his food cooked in butter, rather than lard, a detail that seemed to impress these Pennsylvania German folk whose principle meat was pork. Sam Burkholder, a Newville druggist, once noted, "Out at Mifflin [Grange Hall], they'd have a Halloween Special, and they'd give a prize, and they'd hand him a ham sandwich."⁸

Another Jewish businessman familiar to most rural

Pennsylvanians was the ragman, a sort of peddler in reverse, who traveled around buying old rags, newspapers and scrap iron, for a handful of pennies, or later a handful of nickels. "They always paid you in pennies or nickels so you thought you were getting a lot of money," one man recalled. Most of the urban junkyards were also owned by Jews, and there was a widespread assumption that you never received fair payment for whatever you sold there. Some fellows up above Newville had a way of allowing for possible cheating:

The fellas that used t' haul junk cars to Harrisburg, they used t' put all kinds of stuff in them [to make them heavier]. I put cans and stuff, but that was all right. One fella was having some cementin' done, and there was some left over, so he told them to pour it in a [steel] barrel, and he loaded that with the other stuff and sold it for junk. I don't know what they said when they found that. J_____ would fill buckets with water and freeze, and when he was takin' a load down, he's let the water run over it all night so it would freeze on there.⁹

Jewish business acumen is more envied than detested, even today. The operator of an auto repair shop near Shippensburg, commenting recently (February 23, 1984) on an area scrap dealer's frequent purchases of surplus military equipment at Letterkenny Army Depot, complained, "I could make money on that stuff, but they won't have any dealings except with their own kind." Though local people seem unconsciously aware of such clannishness, it is a trait not often remarked.

Most central Pennsylvanians had business dealings with Jews in the clothing business.¹⁰ Such stores as Berg's, Israel's, Blumenthal's, and Kronenberg's, all noted clothiers in Carlisle, made no attempt to conceal the ethnic background of their owners, since they thrived on the common belief that one could get a good bargain in such stores. The prices were always "reduced" to a figure ending in 98, to the extent that any such price, 98¢, \$1.98, \$2.98, etc., is still known locally as a "Jew price," and haggling over prices is called, here as everywhere else, "jewling somebody down."

One man thought he had discovered a secret stratagem for dealing with Jewish merchants. "Always go in on a Monday, even if you don't want to buy anything, and they'll do anything to sell you something. They always wanta make that first sale," hinting that they thought it bad luck to let the first customer of the week escape unsold. But the reason is more likely a central principle of Jewish business practice. As Roy Miller of Doubling Gap once explained it after talking to a Jewish businessman, "You and me figure, if we don't sell some-

thing today, we can always sell it later, but I was talkin' to Norman down there, and he told me, 'If you don't make that fifty cents when you have the chance, you'll never get it back.'" At least part of the pretended disdain for the financial success of local Jewish merchants is tinged with jealousy:

Ken Whisler used t' tell a story his daddy told it t' him, about these two Jews that wanted t' go inta business. They went t' this big businessman an' wanted t' borrow \$5000, but he said no. They wanted t' open a vinegar cellar. An' after while, when he seen they were doin' pretty good, he went to' them an' said he'd lend them the \$5000. An' they said, "We don't need it now. We've got \$5000." They always manage somehow.¹¹

Only occasionally is there a hint that the Jewish businessman is outright dishonest. A service station owner near Carlisle once told this story:

An Englishman, Irishman and a Jew were stayin' at this hotel, and they got into a card game and didn't have any money. So the next morning they were gettin' pretty thirsty, an' they didn't know what to do, so they decided they'd go down and do like always. So the Englishman walked into the bar and said to the bartender, "I'll have the usual," so he gave him a big double, and he he drank it down and started out an' said, "Well, I'll see ya." An' the bartender said, "Wait, you didn't pay me." An' he said, "Yes, I did, I paid you when I came in. Don't you remember?" The bartender, he didn't know what to do. Well, he went out and told the Irishman about this, and the Irishman went in and said, "Oi'll have the usual." So he gave him a double of Irish whiskey and he drank it down and started out. The bartender said, "Wait, you didn't pay me." He said, "Yes, I did." An' the bartender [scratching his head] said, "I don't know what's wrong with me. I can't remember." So the little Jew came down, and he went in and said [with Jewish accent], "Give me the usual." So he gave him the drink, and he drank it down and the bartender said, "I don't know what's wrong with me today, there were two guys just in here . . ." And the Jew said, "I ain't got time to listen to your shit. Just give me my change, an' I'll get out of here."¹²

There is always in dealing with Jewish merchants a certain mistrust, a seeming awareness that the Jewish businessman carries shrewdness to the borderline of what is legal. J. Raymond Bear told this story at the 1968 meeting of the Pennsylvania Folklore Society at the William Penn Museum in Harrisburg:

It's bad luck to bury money. That's in the Bible. The reason I know is there was these fellas one time, were friends, and they all agreed that whichever one died first, the others would each put \$10 in his coffin. So the one died, and the Protestant came and put \$10 in his coffin, an' the Catholic came and he put \$10 in the coffin, an' the Jew, he wrote out a check for \$30 and put that in, an' took out the \$20 change.¹³

In another version told in Bloserveville in 1976, the check-writer was Scottish, but the check cleared the bank two weeks later; the *undertaker* was Jewish.¹⁴

The same attitude is expressed in the saying. "Three failures and a fire make a Jew rich."¹⁵ When the main storage building at a Jewish-owned junkyard in Carlisle burned about 1943, a number of spectators mumbled knowingly, "Business is bad, business is bad." But of course there was no evidence of arson. A story told at the Enola railroad yards in 1918 and still in circulation in 1963 expresses the same concept:

There were two Jews talking one time and the one says to the other, "How much is your place worth?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

"How much insurance do you have?"

"Twenty thousand dollars."

"Well, why don't ya?"

"I'll tell ya why I don't. I've got a firehouse on one side of me, a police station on the other, and a swimming pool on the roof. Now, why don't I?"¹⁶

Charlie Delp, an auctioneer from Boiling Springs, used to tell this one at sales that he conducted:

Two Jewish fellas was talkin'. The one says to the other'n, "I hear you had a fire." He said, "Na, that ain't till next week."¹⁷

This attitude was predicated in part on the appearance of similar jokes in popular publications such as almanacs, newspapers, and jokebooks throughout the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. An anonymous pulp collection, *New Hebrew Jokes*, published the following:

"Vat's de matter, Ikey?"

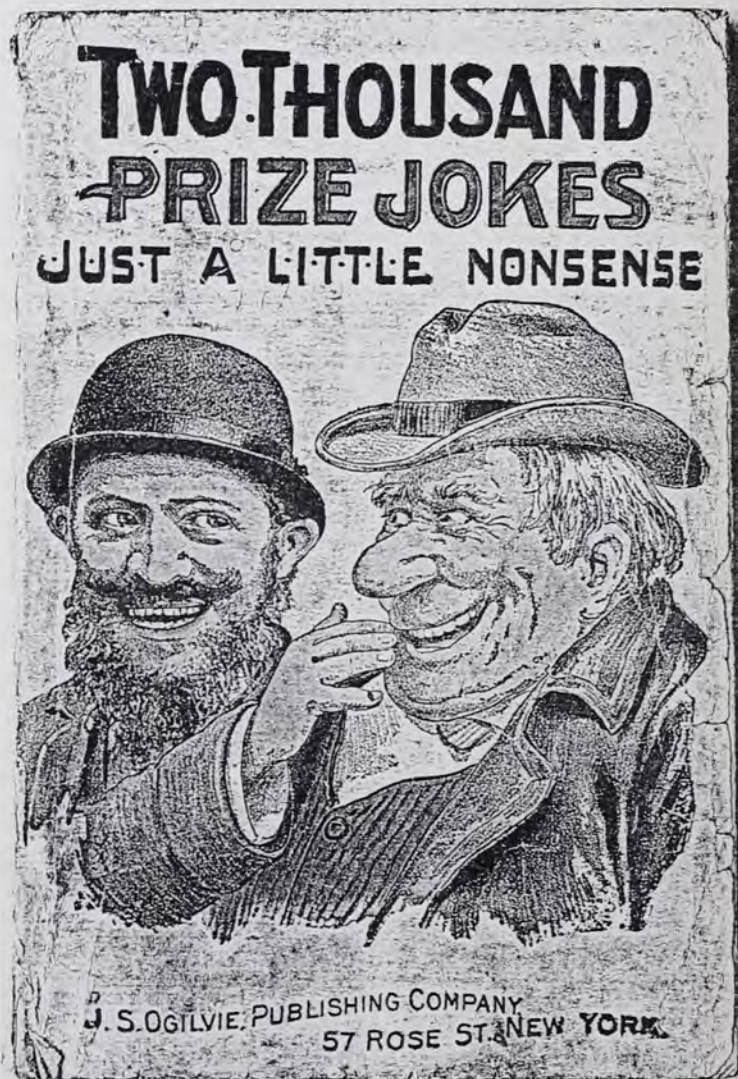
"Don't mention it, Ezra, I'm a dinkey-dink. Dat's vat I am."

"Vell, vat's you crying about?"

"I insured my brick-yard for five tousand dollars, and not a dam brick burned, and it cost me four dollars and a halluf for kerosene to make it a sure ting."¹⁸

Even the Lancaster County *Baer's Almanac* was still reprinting such jokes as late as 1948:

A Jew had a fire and the fire marshall called to determine the cause. One Jew said: "I think it started in the top floor from the electric lights." His partner said: "I think it started in the first floor from the gas lights." The fire marshall said: "I think it started in the basement by the Israellight."¹⁹



Early jokebooks such as this were filled with jokes based on ethnic and racial stereotypes.

Of course Jews weren't the only businessmen to benefit from well-insured fires, but they are the ones generally associated with arson in the folk mind of rural Pennsylvania.²⁰

One aspect of Jewish business practice received official recognition when the Carlisle Borough Council passed an ordinance prohibiting the display of merchandise for sale on the sidewalks in front of stores. One councilman who favored the ordinance

was quoted in the local paper as saying, "We don't want to look like a Jew town."

In fact, rural people of central Pennsylvania knew relatively little about Jewish customs and practices. Tommy Derr mentioned his neighbor's curiosity about such things, and several of the memorates already quoted reveal misconceptions about the observance of Jewish holidays and the Sabbath. There is an awareness of an inconsistency in the observation of that day, since Jewish businesses stay open and thrive on what was, until the 1960s, the primary shopping day of the week.

As the earlier reference to Harry Kramer and ham sandwiches indicates, local people recognized and joked about the Jewish propensity toward avoidance of pork. A number of jokes hint at the real Jewish attitude toward ham:

A priest asks a rabbi if he ever had ham. The rabbi admits that he did, then he asks the priest if he ever had sexual intercourse, and the priest admits that he did. The rabbi says, "Better'n ham, wasn't it?"²¹

Baer's Almanac for 1942 has a similar but lengthier version:

In a Normandy train, a good priest met a rabbi to whom he offered a sandwich copiously stuffed with ham.

"Thanks," said the rabbi, "I don't eat ham. My religion forbids it."

"What a pity," answered the priest. "It's a choice morsel."

Getting off the train, the two ministers of God took leave.

"Au revoir, rabbi, my regards to Madame!"

Thoughtlessly, the rabbi answered, "Au revoir, father. My regards to Madame."

The priest protested.

"Look here, rabbi, you know well that I'm not married. My religion forbids me to take a wife."

"What a pity," said the rabbi. "It's a choice morsel."²²

An earlier *Baer's Almanac* had this one:

A Jew, paying particular attention to a ham of bacon, when asked what he was saying to it, replied, "I was saying, Thou almost persuadest me to be a Christian."²³

Central Pennsylvanians may have been struck by the peddler Kramer's insistence in having his food fried in butter, but they were also conscious of the fact that some Jews did secretly partake of the forbidden fruit. Several employees of a Jewish grocery-chain owner recalled that he once took them to a restaurant

in Lewistown . . . and ordered pork chops. But after the meal, "He gave the waitress a big tip and told her, 'If I ever come in here with my wife, don't ever mention pork chops.'" And participants in the meeting of the Pennsylvania Folklore Society in Harrisburg, March 24, 1984, noted cases of other central Pennsylvania Jews who unabashedly ate ham while calling it "red salmon."

Other aspects of Jewish religious practice generally went unnoticed. There were of course occasional jokes about circumcision, but those are generally recent jokes told by more sophisticated jokesters:

A priest and a rabbi were each given a new car by their congregations, so the priest was out sprinkling holy water on his car, and the rabbi was standing across the street watching, and he thought he should do something like that but he didn't know what to do. So finally he got a hacksaw and cut a piece off the tail-pipe.²⁴

Not surprisingly, the Jewish Mother and the Jewish American Princess were unknown in rural central Pennsylvania, so jokes about them were rare until the current spate of outrageously gross and tasteless jokebooks appeared. In fact, the first graffiti about J.A.P.s to appear at Dickinson College was taken as an ethnic slur against orientals until a subsequent graffitist explained the acronym.

Like most newly arrived aliens, the Jew was sometimes the subject of numskull tales—tales based on fact, however, as the tellers generally state. Rubin Ettinger, a scrap dealer who had intended to settle in Chambersburg, wound up in Carlisle instead, because he was looking for a town with the railroad running down the middle of the main street, and Carlisle was the first such town he came to.²⁵ Sam Miller, another junk dealer in Carlisle, once asked John Schaffner, a neighbor, for some matches: "He came to the door one time and wanted to borrow some matches. I didn't know what he wanted them for, so I gave them to him. A little while after, I heard a *boom*. He was out of gas and wanted the matches to see if there was any gas in the tank."²⁶ And like most foreigners, Jews had a bit of trouble with the new language: "In here at Berg's store [in Carlisle], old Charlie Berg, the boy's name was Bertram, an' he was showin' the woman some pants, ya know, an' old Charlie says, 'Bertram take down your pants and show the lady what ya got.' That's no joke; that was real."²⁷ Of course, there is nothing distinctively Jewish about such stories, and similar anecdotes were told of other immigrant groups.

The unfamiliarity of central Pennsylvanians with the nature of Judaism has led to some amusing misconceptions. There is a tendency on the part of

some to label any southern or eastern European immigrant as Jewish, or sheeny,²⁸ which is a derogatory epithet applied to any swarthy foreigner. In fact, the word *Jew* predominates over the softer, less grating *Jewish*. In the folk mind the suffix *-ish* seems to suggest that the person in question is "only apparently," rather than outrightly Jewish (cf. a similar differentiation in the use of *Pole* and *Polish*). *Jewish* seems more polite than *Jew*.

Chick Snyder of Carlisle once said he'd never vote for Thomas E. Dewey because he looked too much like a Jew; this in addition to the fact that Chick Snyder was a staunch Democrat all his life. A Newville auctioneer occasionally had a Lebanese huckster at his weekly auctions to hawk dry goods, watches, souvenir tapestries and the like. This auctioneer alternated between calling the man a Hunky (which the man preferred, being known widely as Freddie the Hunky), and calling him a Jew, which the man silently resented, since he was an Arab.

Generally speaking, the bitterness evident in most central Pennsylvania racial humor is absent from jokes about Jews. Most people thereabouts are aware that the basic difference between Jews and other people is one of religion rather than race or ethnic background. The relative rarity of Jews in the area, coupled with a respect for their religious nature—they are after all God's chosen people; even the Bible, in God's own tongue, King James English, attests to that—these have strongly affected the attitude toward the Jew in central Pennsylvania. Unlike other racial and ethnic groups, he represents no serious economic or social threat to the status quo. He is not competing for local jobs, rather his business enterprises *provide* local jobs, despite employees' occasional complaints that they are underpaid and exploited. The result is that local people treat the Jew with good-natured familiarity, tinged with a feeling of envy and awe at his financial and religious situation.

ENDNOTES

A shorter version of this paper was read at the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Folklore Society in Harrisburg, March 24, 1984.

¹New York: Waldon Press, 1961.

²Cf., e.g., Florence H. Ridley, "A Tale Told Too Often," *Western Folklore*, 26 (1967), 153-156.

³Glanz, pp. 122-165.

⁴Regarding egg-tapping and the use of guinea eggs in that game, see Alfred L. Shoemaker, *Eastertide in Pennsylvania* (Kutztown: Pennsylvania Folklife Soc., 1960) pp. 35-38.

⁵J. Russell Barrick, Carlisle, Pa., March 31, 1970.

⁶Thomas J. Derr, Newville, Pa., August 29, 1981.

⁷"He used to stay at your house overnight and then he'd give you some pins or an old pair of pants, or something that wasn't worth anything, for feedin' his horse" (Ella Barrick, Carlisle, Pa., May 17, 1963).

⁸Newville, Pa., May 9, 1970. Burkholder, who called the man "Jew Kramer," explained that the daughter married a man named Greenberg, a clothing dealer in Harrisburg, not Carlisle.

⁹Newville, Pa., April 1, 1974.

¹⁰Cf. Glanz, pp. 147-165.

¹¹Samuel A. Miller, Newville, Pa., June 10, 1973.

¹²William H. Watson, Carlisle, April 6, 1975. Motif K233.

¹³J. Raymond Bear, at the April 27, 1968, meeting of the Pennsylvania Folklore Society. The story is widely told; see Motif K231.13, to which add: Stewart Anderson, *Sparks of Laughter* (New York, 1921), p. 45; Lewis and Faye Copeland, *10,000 Jokes, Toasts & Stories* (Garden City, N.Y., 1940), no. 6550; Bennett Cerf, *Anything for a Laugh* (New York, 1946), p. 32; Elmer L. Smith, *The Amish Today* (Allentown, 1961), p. 325; Richard M. Dorson, *American Negro Folktales* (Greenwich, Conn., 1967), p. 175; Isaac Asimov, *Treasury of Humor* (Boston, 1971), p. 43; Kurt Ranke, ed., *European Anecdotes and Jests* (Copenhagen, 1972), p. 67, and note, p. 155; Larry Wilde, *The Official Jewish/Irish Joke Book* (New York, 1974), p. 8; Bob Phillips, *The World's Greatest Collection of Clean Jokes* (Santa Ana, Cal., 1974), p. 141; R. T. Larkin, ed., *The International Joke Book, No. 1* (New York, 1975), p. 62; Allen R. Foley, *The Old-Timer Talks Back* (Brattleboro, Vt., 1975), p. 60; Max Brodnich, *The International Joke Book, No. 3* (New York, 1978), p. 98; Daryl Dance, *Shuckin' and Jivin'* (Bloomington and London, 1978), pp. 154-155; and Larry Wilde, *The Official Lawyers Joke Book* (New York, 1982), p. 162.

¹⁴George Farling, Bloersville, Pa., Sept. 5, 1976. Cf. also, *The Staley Journal*, XI, No. 3 (1927), 41; Joey Adams, *Ethnic Humor* (New York, 1975), p. 94.

¹⁵Barrick, "Proverbs and Sayings from Cumberland County," *Keystone Folklore Quarterly*, 8 (1963), 159.

¹⁶J. Russell Barrick, Carlisle, Pa., June 22, 1963.

¹⁷August 15, 1970. Cf. Asimov, p. 221; Pat McCarthy's *Collection of All-American Humor* (Amarillo, Tex., 1975), p. 39.

¹⁸M. A. Donahue, *New Hebrew Jokes* (Chicago, n.d.), p. 54.

¹⁹*Baer's Almanac*, 1948, p. 33. The same story appears in Julian Gore, *Jokes Galore* (Washington, 1917), p. 26, and in Dance, No. 274.

²⁰A Scotland Yard agent, Frederick Porter Wensley, describes the investigation of numerous fires set by Jews in London between 1913 and 1923 (*Forty Years of Scotland Yard* [Garden City, N.Y.: Garden City Publishing Co., 1931], pp. 155-159).

²¹Carlisle, Pa., Jan. 20, 1967. The same joke appears in J. M. Elgart, *Sixth Over Sixteen* (New York, 1950), p. 80; Asimov, p. 340 (no. 506); *Jewish Jokes for the John* (New York, 1972), p. 141; and Wilde, *Jewish/Irish*, p. 114. Cf. a similar joke in which the rabbi agrees to eat ham, at the priest's wedding: Copeland, No. 6632; Bennett Cerf., *The Pocket Book of Jokes* (New York, 1945), p. 50; Ken Murray, *Giant Joke Book* (New York, 1954), p. 237; Clyde Murdock, *A Treasury of Humor* (Grand Rapids, 1967), p. 54; Asimov, p. 340 (no. 505); Sig Altman, *The Comic Image of the Jew* (Rutherford, N.J., 1971), p. 133; Harry Golden, *The Golden Book of Jewish Humor* (New York, 1972), p. 160; Tommy Boccafucci, *The Italian Joke Book*, (New York, 1975), p. 21; and Larkin, p. 191.

²²*Baer's Almanac*, 1942, p. 33. The same joke is told in Spain: Luis Estesó, *Tonterías y chistes* (Madrid, 1926), pp. 197-198.

²³*Baer's Almanac*, 1857, p. 31.

²⁴From a Dickinson College professor, July 15, 1969, heard in Philadelphia. Cf. Gershon Legman, *Rationale of the Dirty Joke*, 2nd series (New York: Breaking Point, 1975), pp. 541-542.

²⁵Carlisle (Pa.) *Evening Sentinel*, June 12, 1970, p. 9.

²⁶Carlisle, Pa., ca. 1945. Cf. Esther L. Nelson, *The Silly Songbook* (New York: Sterling, 1982), p. 67.

²⁷J. Russell Barrick, June 12, 1973.

²⁸One possible origin of the word, from the Hebrew curse/blessing, *Misah Meshina!*, is suggested in *American Notes & Queries*, 3 (1889), 298. See also Glanz, pp. 64-65, and H. L. Mencken, *The American Language*, ed. Raven I. McDavid (New York: Knopf, 1982), p. 377.



Father Rapp and family; l. to r.: Mr. & Mrs. Rapp, Johanna and Gertrude; standing, Johann and Rosina Rapp.

GERTRUDE RAPP: Harmony Society Abbess

by Hilda Adam Kring

In 1824 William Owen, the son of the Scottish philanthropist said of Gertrude Rapp: "She is pretty, good humored, unaffected, and has great simplicity of character."¹

In 1828 the Duke of Saxe-Weimar wrote about his 1826 visit: "Miss Gertrude played upon the piano; she is proficient in music."²

In 1831 Alexander Farkas, the Hungarian traveler, wrote: "After supper Gertrude Rapp entertained with her pianoforte and song."³

In 1840 Gideon B. Smith in the *Journal of the American Silk Society* wrote of the "... success of the enterprising intelligent, and ingenious Miss Rapp."⁴

In 1842 Henry M. Barbour wrote of Miss Gertrude receiving gold medals in Boston and New York.⁵

In 1846 Franz von Loher, a German traveler, wrote: "... on the mantel were flowers and fruits, perfect imitation in wax and paint, more attractive than the real thing, done by Rapp's granddaughter."⁶

In 1875 Charles Nordhoff wrote: "... she seemed quite an admirable object to me."⁷

In 1888 Rufus Wilson wrote in the *Elmira Sunday Telegram*: "The one most honored among them [the Harmonists] is Father Rapp's surviving child [sic] Gertrude, a beautiful white-haired old lady of 82, who in her girlhood, was a splendid singer, and who still furnishes the music for the Sunday gatherings."⁸

In 1922 Harrison D. Mason wrote of his memory of 50 years ago when he composed:

A page from a strange romance . . .

The face,

The form,

The soul

of Gertrude Rapp . . .

Some ginger cakes and wine⁹

Who was she? — This woman of whom praises were sung from 1824 to 1922. This woman of the pianoforte, song, silk, ginger cookies and wine in the so-called wilderness of early western Pennsylvania which nurtured a German communal group known as the Harmonists. To better understand her one first must look at the Harmonists, a group of about 800 Germans—I say about 800 because



Some of Gertrude's handcrafts displayed on the wall and chest.

they never seemed to have had an accurate count—who lived together, sharing their lives and material goods in order to find a deeper realization of their common commitment to Christ as they understood it in Acts II and IV and Revelation. This scripture happily combined Father Rapp's practical and mystical philosophy.

Separating from the liturgical persuasions, mostly Lutheran, they searched for a new home in William Penn's "Holy Experiment." Their first home, established in 1804-5, was in Harmony, Butler Co. This lasted until 1814-15 when the need for better marketing of their goods called them to the Wabash in Indiana. There their second Harmony lasted until 1824-25 when "the call" came for a return to Pennsylvania. This time they settled on the Ohio, eighteen miles from Pittsburgh. They called the place Economy—a divine Economy because not only were these moves economic, but also religious. An intertwining of shrewd business transaction and a probing of biblical questions was a constant with George and Frederick Rapp, leaders of the group.

The sharing of material goods as found in Acts was understood from the beginning. The ideas of

celibacy soon followed. Perhaps out of necessity at first—infants could be a burden when a new town had to be built by both men and women. Furthermore, food was scarce and infants need special nourishment. But later celibacy became a conviction of George Rapp who felt certain that celibacy was the only way of life, stating that Jesus was celibate. He asked in a sermon, "Do you asses think you are better than He?"

Some differed and left, but most stayed in this monastic-like order awaiting the Second Coming within their lifetime. Some ask, "What price did they pay?" The answer is "None" for those who stayed, because their commitment to this religious-celibate-communal way of life was strong. They were living in the world, but spiritually they were not of it. Their work ethic was Germanic and therapeutic and financially sound in the "American System" of free enterprise which they supported, but also implanted in them was Father Rapp's conviction that Christianity had in many ways parted from its original moral simplicity and his belief that the return of Christ was imminent. Thus this religious community found a new earth and heaven. Into this soon-to-become-celibate world, Gertrude Rapp was born in 1807.

The daughter of Johanna and Johann Rapp, she quickly became the delight of Grandfather George. Her abilities recognized, she was taught not only German, but also English and French. (While residing in Indiana she lived for awhile with Shakers in order to perfect her English.) She also was taught the needlework of the day, the making of wax flowers, the playing of the pianoforte and organ, and the fine art of a proper lady who would be the hostess of the Great House, not only for her grandfather, but for the whole community, thus being an abbess-like character. When visitors came to the Great House it was she who was the hostess who became renowned for her ginger cookies and wine. I'm not sure that modern-day culinary experts would follow her recipe for the round, scalloped ginger cookies: It called for one gallon of molasses, one pound of lard, six ounces of ginger, four ounces of soda, eight ounces of water, and enough flour to make a stiff dough.

Her gentle manner and grace charmed all. It was evident from her ability and wit, however, that she was not merely an ornamental Harmony-figure, but also an "abbess" with the traditional qualities of leadership and drive hidden in the velvet glove. Gertrude was not only gentle, she also was assertive, decisive, liberated, and creative.

Let us look at her assertiveness and decision making. Gertrude, age 22, was assigned to be head of the silk industry started at Economy. From 1842



Samples of the silk produced under Gertrude's direction at Economy.

to 1852 she kept a letter book containing her correspondence about the silk industry. We learn of her hands-on experience from a letter dated September 24, 1844 to L. B. Wakeman, the corresponding secretary of the American Institute in New York. She wrote:

The production and manufacture of silk, this new and most important branch of national industry, for the promotion of which your institute evinces such a praise-worthy zeal, is as possible, and can be carried on as successfully in this country as in any other on the globe. I have even the pleasure to be able to maintain that we can do here what probably has never been done in any of the old silk-growing countries, namely, to go in regular succession through the whole process of the silk business in one season, beginning with raising and gathering of the mulberry seed and ending with the manufacture of the woven fabric, all of which I can prove by the following facts: On the 30th and 31st of May this year, we gathered a quantity of mulberry seed from a number of choice trees of the Canton mulberry, which is the earliest of all the kinds we are acquainted with. On the following day, June 1st, we planted part of that seed in regular rows in several well prepared beds. In about 10 days the seed came up finely, and as the weather was favorable, and no weeds were suffered to grow with the young trees, they progressed beautifully and vigorously so that on August 1, we were able to commence the feeding of a small lot of worms on the foliage of them; and as both worms and trees continued to grow in good proportion, the quality of the leaves was always very suitable to the age of the worms. On the twenty-sixth of the same month, they commenced winding and produced a small lot of very fine cocoons, the greatest part of which we reeled, spun, twisted, colored and manufactured into ribbon, the rest we kept for seed and other purposes. Samples of which I send you with the other silk goods. They may be exhibited as a representation of the entire silk business as performed in one season; and after the fair, the worthy institute will please accept them as a present . . .¹⁰

In 1829 the Harmonists did not yet have the equipment, nor the expertise to reel the 120 yard-long fibers of silk from the cocoons, so the workers chopped them into shorter pieces and spun them like the short fibers of flax. Gertrude sent samples of this "tow" silk to prospective buyers. By 1839 Gertrude installed machinery for ribbon-making. James Silk Buckingham, in 1842, wrote about this machine which much impressed him. The mahogany-brass machine was built by the mechanics of the community under the direction of Mr. Fox, an English silk weaver. It was in the shape of a seven-fold bar so that seven separate ribbons, of seven different patterns were woven at the same time. Buckingham added that "all of this was as good quality as is produced at Lyon or in London."¹¹

Governor Joseph Ritner, who had been impressed with Harmonist textiles responded with the following when waistcoat silk was sent to him: "The silk vest has been made up and amply sustains the high grade of your amiable and intelligent granddaughter, Gertrude, to whom you will please present my kind regards. She will be glad to hear that the Legislature which has just closed its session has done something to encourage the culture of silk, for which her industry has accomplished so much."¹²

In a letter to Gertrude dated September 19, 1830, Frederick says that "in Baltimore and Philadelphia, the papers mention that I am wearing a homemade silk vest and silk scarf and they even stop me in the streets to see it."¹³

In the December 1840 issue of the *Journal of the American Silk Society*, Gideon B. Smith paid tribute to the Harmonist silk industry and among other praises wrote:

. . . Indeed we go farther and declare, that if every other establishment and person in the United States, had utterly failed in all their trials, the success of the enterprising, intelligent, and ingenious Miss Rapp, the head of the silk department of the society at Economy, would be sufficient evidence of the fact, that the business may be made profitable, and is practicable in this country. The fact that one has succeeded where a thousand have failed, only shows that the one has used more diligence, perseverance, and skill, than the others; and that if the others will use the same means, they will also succeed.¹⁴

This quality of work also found favor with Gov. Joseph Ritner who on April 16, 1838 had said about the silk: "I may compare it with the German character which never gives more promise than can be fulfilled and which always is durable."¹⁵ The business expanded beyond Pennsylvania, and Economy received gold medals and honorable diplomas at a special exhibit of the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia in 1838; at the Boston Fair of 1844; at the American Institute in New York in 1844; and at the great Columbian Exposition in Chicago.¹⁶ Today an exhibit can be seen at the Scalanderé Museum of Textiles in New York City.

A silk exhibit was sent to Congress in 1846, but Congress refused to take any action on the protective tariff question in regard to silk. This was the final blow to a business that had constant struggles with the climate which had made production hazardous and expensive. It must have been disappointing to Father Rapp who liked to quote a German prince who used to say: "I live by my people, therefore I must protect their industry against foreign competition."¹⁷

By 1853, a business which had made ribbons, handkerchiefs, vesting fabrics, dress silks, figured and plain satins, and silk velvets of royal blues, greens, shades of red and rose and purple, closed down. Gertrude had been assertive and decisive in an industry which brought lasting renown for the society.

Gertrude was liberated as only an "abbess" can be. Not only did she work within the order, but she also accompanied Frederick Rapp on many business trips, and mingled with business people and their families, establishing her own identity, as her later correspondence shows. When writing from Economy she discussed favorite musical-classics, new books, wax flowers, embroidery, the great garden with its contemplative atmosphere, and the society's music. When letters came to Economy from her trips, the contents sang of opera, concerts, and new books received.

I have been unable to determine whether or not she

attended the grand ball in honor of Lafayette in Pittsburgh. But considering all of her activities and prominence it is more than likely that she did. Fictional accounts of Gertrude have made much of this grand affair. They also have used Henrici's remark to Duss that there was a time when Gertrude and one of her tutors fell deeply in love with each other. And the two actually eloped, but her best friend Pauline Speidel followed and succeeded in bringing Gertrude back.¹⁸ The covenant with *Ora et Labora* triumphed once again. Many a European novel has the heroine or hero facing a celibate life because of a vow made by a parent. And this romantic theme has not escaped the writers of today. How enticing such a romance would have been can be imagined when one considers Franz von Loher's description of Economy: ". . . it was as if I were in a long lost cloister of iron grey monks and nuns secreted in the wilderness to do good for animals and indulge religious individuality."¹⁹

This desire for spirituality in Economy is expressed in all correspondence between the leaders of the Harmonists when they were on business trips. A random example can be found in one of Romeli Baker's letters to George Rapp. He wrote: "Here on the Mississippi on various boats one sees clearly how the devil inspires the people, so that my desire to see Economy grows apace."²⁰ Economy, the haven, the garden of peace. And Gertrude was the loveliest bloom in this variegated flower garden.

Gertrude was creative with things other than silk as has been noted with her wax flowers, music, and embroidery. On February 9, 1827, Elizabeth Solms thanked Gertrude for flower baskets—probably a drawing because she says: "Papa says I shall soon begin to learn to draw when I shall endeavor to emulate you."²¹ Elizabeth Catharine, the wife of business executive Solms in Philadelphia, wrote to Gertrude on October 15, 1835: "I think your wax work very handsome and your fruit very good."²²

From the arts one can move on to the art of nursing. Gertrude's gentle nursing of Frederick Rapp was of great concern for the whole community for as Father Rapp said, "You are nursing not only Frederick, but the whole society."²³ And finally, when Frederick was about to come home, Romeli Langenbacher, later known as Baker, wrote: "We think that Gertrude will play for you 'Sweet Home, Sweet Home,' and make you forget all the unpleasantness as much as she can. Hope is sweet, the same good remedy for you, as well as for us and will make us patient till you arrive home again because we belong together."²⁴

Gertrude's education and training for community-Christian life laced with the dignity of firm yet gentle leadership was a constant admonition from

Grandfather Rapp. When she was seventeen and still living in Indiana, George wrote her from Economy, the Economy of which she would be the first lady—abbess—for more than sixty years. Among other things, he wrote on January 22, 1824:

... Now my dear child the foundation of your training on which you now stand is about to develop. The light and truth will show you your own conviction . . . You have many talents which will let you make many discoveries. Choose a system of perseverance so that truth, goodness and beauty are united. And don't give up the belief of the love and hope in the Lord Jesus, strength in harmonious behavior, perfection in symmetry—all of which makes you beloved by God and man. God's peace will be your reward here and beyond.²⁵

At another time George Rapp expressed the idea that she (Gertrude) was a cross to the world, and that the world was a cross to her.²⁶

That Gertrude realized the gentle, yet demanding, concepts of their spiritual lives already, can be seen in an early letter of hers. On October 9, 1828, she wrote to a Mrs. N. A. H. Maddox:

... as we grow up to riper years we learn, and often by dear lessons, that there is no dependence in anything subject to decay this side of the grave and as we therein progress we cannot avoid through the aid of the Word of God to place our trust and our hope beyond the limits of the time in Him who reigns overall, and who knows but what is good for us at all times, and the more submissively, we endure the more peace and tranquility is our lot for certainly the order of heaven and of its inhabitants cannot be otherwise than the will of God be done and submitted to without the least shadow of restraint and the more we practice this religious obedience in our daily acts and thoughts here the better for us hereafter.²⁷

And so it was with her on the eve of December 29, 1889 when choir director George Kirschbaum announced "*die Gertrud ist soeben heimgegangen*,"²⁸ Gertrude just went home. Gone, but not forgotten. The memory of this gentle, assertive, creative woman lives on in one of the great outdoor museums of the United States—Old Economy of Ambridge, Pennsylvania.

ADDENDUM

There are also splendid museums about the Harmonists in Harmony, Butler County, Pa., and in New Harmony, In. It is in Harmony where Gertrude's cradle stood, and in New Harmony where she received much of her education.

ENDNOTES

¹Robert Dale Owen. *Threading My Way: Twenty-seven Years of Autobiography*. London: Tübner, 1874), p. 212.

²Bernard, Duke of Saxe-Weimar Eisenach, *The Harmony Society in 1826—Travels Through North America* (Weimar, 1828) p. 158.

³Karl J. R. Arndt, *George Rapp's Harmony Society 1785-1847* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press 1965), p. 459.

⁴Gideon B. Smith, *Journal of the American Silk Society*, December, 1840.

⁵Henry M. Barbour, Letter, November 28, 1842 to Gertrude Rapp (Old Economy: Silk Letter Book 1842-1847).

⁶Franz von Loher, *Western Pennsylvania Through a German's Eyes—1846* (reprinted in the *Western Pennsylvania Historical Magazine*, July 1982, Vol. 65, No. 3) p. 235.

⁷Charles Nordhoff, *The Communistic Societies of the United States* (New York: Schocken Books, 1965), p. 68.

⁸Rufus Wilson, *Elmira Sunday Telegram*: June 17, 1888.

⁹Harrison D. Mason, "Gertrude Rapp of Old Economy"—a poem, 1922 (pamphlet published at Old Economy, n.d.).

¹⁰L. B. Wakeman, Letter, September 24, 1844 to Gertrude Rapp (Old Economy: Silk Letter Box 1842-1847).

¹¹James Silk Buckingham: "View of the Harmony Society" from *The Eastern and Western States of America* (London, 1842, II.) pp. 205-234.

¹²Governor Joseph Ritner, Letter, April 16, 1838 (Ambridge, Old Economy, Box 45 (in 1967)).

¹³Frederick Rapp, Letter, September 19, 1830.

¹⁴Gideon B. Smith, *Journal of the American Silk Society*, December, 1840.

¹⁵*Ibid*, Ritner.

¹⁶John A. Duss, *The Harmonists* (Ambridge, The Harmonic Associates, Inc. 1970) p. 113.

¹⁷George Rapp to Thomas Hardy, Letter January 24, 1842 (Ambridge, Old Economy, Box 52 (in 1867)).

¹⁸*Ibid* Duss, p. 111.

¹⁹Franz von Loher, *Western Pennsylvania Through a German's Eyes—1846* (reprinted in the *Western Pennsylvania Historical Magazine*, July 1982, Vol. 65, No. 3), p. 237.

²⁰Romeli Baker to George Rapp, Letter, November 21, 1844 (Ambridge; Old Economy, Box 56 in 1967).

²¹Elizabeth Solms, Letter February 9, 1827 to Gertrude Rapp (Ambridge, Old Economy, Box 7 in 1967).

²²Elizabeth Catharine Solms Letter October 15, 1835 to Gertrude Rapp, (Ambridge, Old Economy, Letter Box 41 in 1967).

²³*Ibid*, Arndt, p. 530.

²⁴Romeli Baker to Gertrude, Letter May 16, 1834, (Ambridge, Old Economy, Box 37 in 1967).

²⁵George Rapp to Gertrude—January 22, 1824 (Ambridge, Old Economy, Box 4 in 1967).

²⁶*Ibid*, Arndt, p. 530.

²⁷Gertrude to Mrs. N. A. H. Maddox, Letter October 9, 1828 (Ambridge, Old Economy, Box No. 23 in 1967).

²⁸Christiana F. Knoedler, *The Harmony Society* (New York: Vantage Press, Inc. 1954), p. 44.

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Romeli Baker
Frederick Rapp
Gertrude Rapp
George Rapp
Gov. Joseph Ritner
Elizabeth Solms
L. B. Wakeman

Oldes un Neies Old and New

NEW PUBLICATIONS

We know from our orders for reprints and back issues that many of our readers have enjoyed and profited from the articles of Terry C. Jordan, Walter Prescott Webb Professor in the Department of Geography at the University of Texas at Austin. Professor Jordan's books include *Texas Log Buildings*, *Trails to Texas: Southern Roots of Western Cattle Ranching*, and *Texas Graveyards: A Cultural Legacy*; his newest work is *American Log Buildings*, published by the University of North Carolina Press at Chapel Hill.

As Professor Jordan notes in his preface, log construction and architecture occupy a special place in traditional American culture, and its roots lie in the Old World. In order to investigate those roots, he spent four seasons of field research in Europe, and one in Great Britain and Ireland, inspecting hundreds of folk buildings, and visiting more than thirty open-air folk museums with restored vernacular structures. He also did much domestic research, and made thirteen different trips through the central and eastern United States.

The results are presented in lucid, eminently readable prose, illustrative charts and maps, and beautiful photographs—most by the author himself. (Incidentally, readers of *Pennsylvania Folklife* will recognize many of these; a preliminary version of the book's fifth chapter "The German-Slavic Borderland" was published in our Spring, 1984, issue as "American, Schwenkfelder, and American Log Construction.") "*American Log Buildings* offers not only a descriptive analysis of midland American log architecture but an overall perspective on New World style and technique based on first-hand observation." It is an outstanding work and belongs in the library of anyone interested in the subject.

NKG

* * *

Just come to hand is Jack Marietta's new book *The Reformation of American Quakerism 1748-1783*, published by the University of Pennsylvania Press in 1984. In this fine production, Marietta examines folk cultural and social mores of members of the Society of Friends in this formative period. Of particular note is the author's comparison of his data and conclusions with the written expressions in other books dealing in whole or in part with the Quakers. The reader is happy to find a relatively balanced approach in Marietta's work, a fact not always in evidence in some of the earlier publications.

Marietta deals with personal relations among Friends, the restatement of group values, and examines family structure and interrelationship. In

a very scholarly way he examines the withdrawal of all Quakers except the defense Quakers from Pennsylvania provincial government in 1755 and 1756. He concludes that it was not a negative reaction as has sometimes been said, but a positive statement of belief, translated into action.

That the War for Independence would present obstacles to Friends in public institutions as well as within the Society was inevitable. Marietta presents a sympathetic view which suggests interpretations we will need to examine in the future; his book is a valuable study, a challenge to the serious reader, and a credit to the author and the publisher.

William T. Parsons
Archivist

MERCER MUSEUM FOLK FEST

Henry Chapman Mercer, a leader of the Arts and Crafts Movement, believed that the story of human progress and accomplishments was told by the tools that people used and the objects that they left behind. For anyone who has never been there, it is worth a special trip to Doylestown, Pa., to visit the Mercer mile: The Mercer Museum, which has the nation's most comprehensive collection of the plain and fancy tools of early America; the Fonthill Museum, Mercer's home, built to house his collection of tiles and prints from around the world; the Moravian Pottery and Tile Works, a living history museum which produces tiles in a manner nearly identical to that employed by founder Mercer in 1900; and the Spruance Library, a research library adjacent to the Mercer Museum.

On May 11 and 12 (rain or shine) the Mercer Museum will hold its twelfth annual Folk Fest, with craft demonstrations and sales, entertainment, and food. Proceeds will benefit the Bucks County Historical Society, and information about the Fest (or about any of the Mercer museums) can be obtained by writing to the Society, whose address is Pine Street, Doylestown, Pa. 18901.

DIALECT CALENDAR AVAILABLE

The *Pennsylvanish Deitsch Fersommling fun Barricks Kounty* publishes a very handy calendar of "Pennsylvania German Dialect and Related Events in Berks and Other Areas" that will be of interest to many in southeastern Pennsylvania. This convenient listing—printed yearly—includes dialect church services, dialect plays, folk festivals, *Grund Sau* lodge meetings, and the like. There are also lists of dialect television and radio programs, dialect newspaper columns, and dialect classes and courses. For information on how to be included in the calendar or how to receive a copy, write: John H. Schrack, 117 Gretchen Drive, Shillington, Pa. 19607.

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN SUMMER COURSES—1985

College credit courses will be offered in the Summer Program of Ursinus College for the twelfth consecutive year in 1985. They run from May 28 to August 22 and offer a variety of subjects and credit choices. Classes offer instruction geared to the individual with particular emphasis upon folk cultural aspects of local history. We have assembled specialists who bring their expertise to students and friends of Ursinus College and of Pennsylvania German culture. These courses may be taken for credit or as audit classes.

*PA GER 423/4/5: SEMINAR—PA GERMAN ARCHIVES

WM PARSONS SESSION A

Topics on assembling, cataloguing and preserving artifacts and documents related to Pennsylvania Germans. This course meets in the College Archives Room of Myrin Library. A research paper required. Minimum size=7 students. A three credit unit.

Three hours per day. *Three semester hours.*

PA GER 426-7. SEMINAR—GERMAN ORIGINS

JOANNE ALTHOUSE JUN 17-28

This course will explore the roots of Pennsylvania German heritage. Topics in the culture and homeland of immigrant groups. A two-credit unit.

Three hours per day. *Two semester hours.*

PA GER 422. FIELD SEMINAR—DUTCH COUNTRY PHOTOGRAPHY

PARSONS JUL 1-6

Intensive study and field practice photographing the Pennsylvania Dutch scene. Each day a visit to another part of the culture area: *Pennsylfaanisch Deitsch* and English descriptions from Germantown to Ephrata, of Plain and Fancy Germans. The field study requires laboratory hours. A photographic essay is required. A one-credit unit.

Six hours per day. *One semester hour.*

PA GER 307. PENNA GERMAN FOLKLIFE

WILLIAM FETTERMAN SESSION C

Classroom study and field techniques related to the folklore, folklife and folk culture of the Pennsylvania German country. Comparisons with the regions of Pennsylvania. A study of ordinary people who are Pennsylvania German. Interview and documentation practice.

Three hours per day. *Three semester hours.*

PA GER 305. PENNA GERMAN FOLK MUSIC

KEITH BRINTZENHOFF SESSION D

Folk songs of German origin and from Pennsylvania, presented by one of our premier folksingers in the Dutch country today. Themes and examples of folk-songs sung in Germany and America. Comparison of the Pennsylvania German musical scene with other American styles.

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The Staff: Althouse is a doctoral candidate at U C L A, where her topic is the Music of the Plain Folk. Fetterman is a graduate student at New York University and is Editor of *DA AUSAUGA*, a quarterly news journal which emphasizes current or historically obscure dialect writings and folklore. Brintzenhoff has sung at Kutztown Folk Festival and at the Billigheimer Purzelmarkt in the Rhineland.

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