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## Pennsylvania Folklife Vol. 31, No. 3

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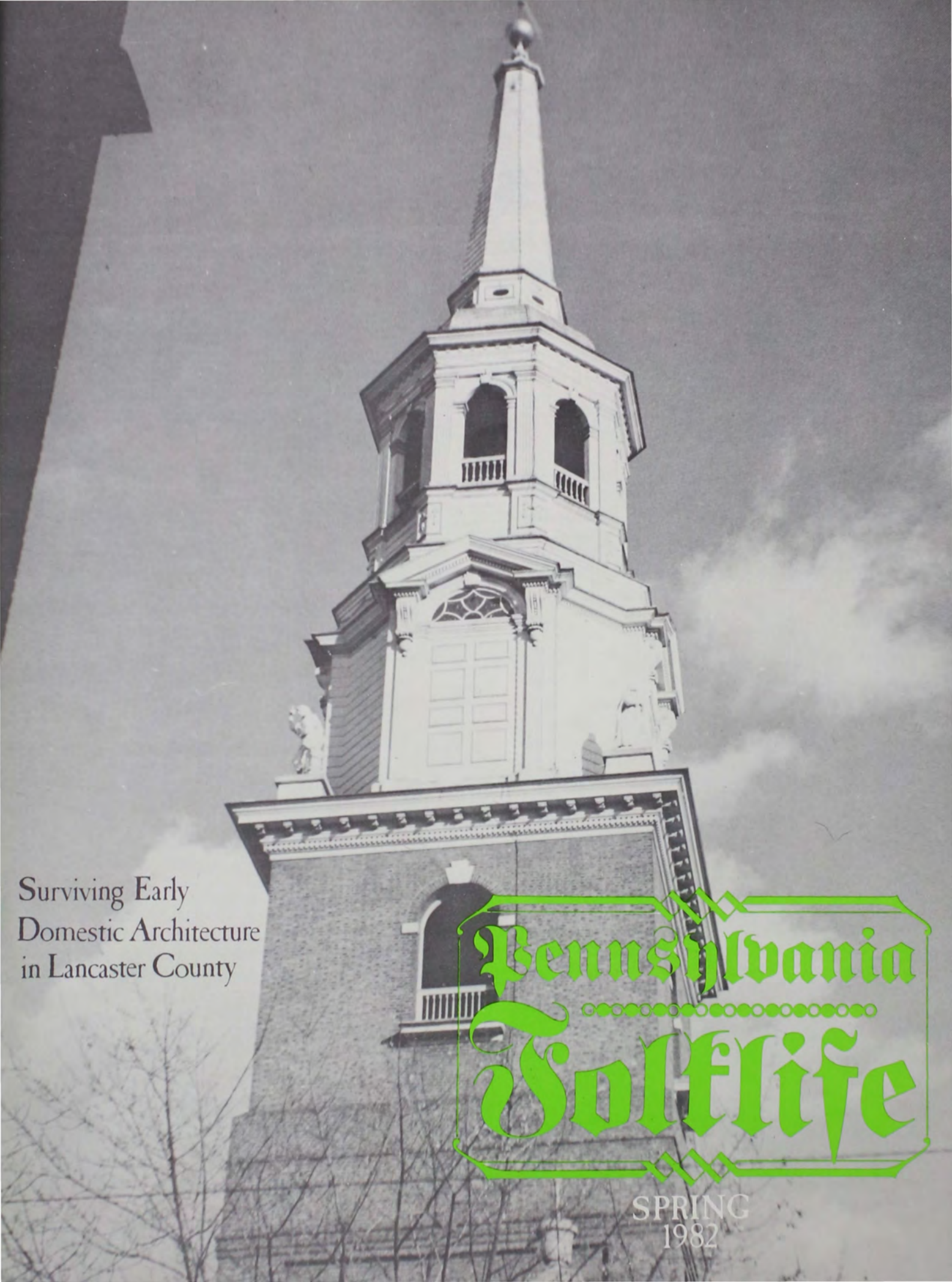
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Robert G. Adams, and Jane Adams Clarke



Surviving Early  
Domestic Architecture  
in Lancaster County

Pennsylvania  
Folklife

SPRING  
1982

# Contributors

JOHN D. KENDIG, of Manheim, PA, developed an interest in trees, forestry and lumbering early in life; indeed, he took an undergraduate degree in forestry at The Pennsylvania State University. His interests in nature, timber utilization, history, and folk culture coalesce in this item.

HENRY J. KAUFFMAN of Lancaster, Pennsylvania has written extensively about, and is a recognized authority on Pennsylvania arts and crafts. His article on the Pennsylvania copper tea kettle appeared in a recent issue of *Pennsylvania Folklife*.

NANCY K. GAUGLER, recent graduate with honors from Ursinus College, resides in Central Montgomery County, PA. In her charge is our Circulation Desk and the Reprint and Back-Issue Service she organized. With this issue, she returns to her prime interest in research and investigation of writers and their themes. She has put this original conversation onto paper from a recording in the Folk Cultural Collection in the Archives in Room 301, Myrin Library, Ursinus College.

W. L. (DUSTY) ECKERD was born in Loyalville, PA, 11 June 1931 and gained much of his early education with the U.S. Air Force, during a twenty-four year career. A graduate of the University of Hawaii, he now teaches high school in Honolulu and is working toward a Master's degree in library studies.

WILLIAM T. PARSONS of Collegeville, PA, Editor of *Pennsylvania Folklife* and Director of the Pennsylvania German Program at Ursinus College, has long studied Pennsylvania German and Palatinate dialect poetry as well as other versions such as the Frankfurt dialect. He will be teaching a comparative dialect course in summer, 1982.

JOHN B. FRANTZ, Associate Professor of History at The Pennsylvania State University, is probably the leading scholar today on the evolving of the New Awakening among the German population of Pennsylvania, in particular among the Lutheran and Reformed Germans. Some part of this article was included in a Bicentennial presentation and Church 250th Anniversary service at Falkner's Swamp in 1975. We are happy to print it now.

ROBERT G. ADAMS is a lifelong resident of Philadelphia who worked for 32 years in industry before retiring in 1973. Since then he has pursued his hobbies of genealogy and clock repairing, and has made two trips to Germany.

JANE A. CLARKE, a graduate of Pierce Junior College, was administrative assistant to two lieutenant governors and is presently executive secretary to the Administrative Judge of Family Court in Philadelphia. In addition, she has been doing genealogical research for herself and others for about ten years, and has lectured on the "how to" of finding German ancestors.



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*(Inside front cover)*

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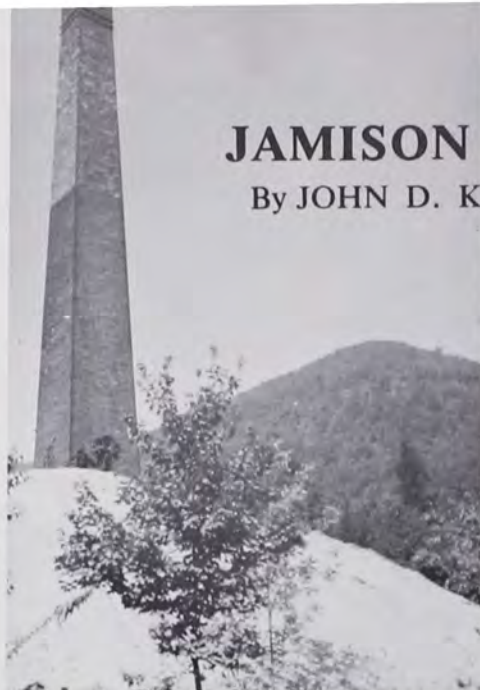
*The steeple of Trinity Lutheran Church, Lancaster, Pa., epitomizes the distinctive, attractive architecture of the Pennsylvania German spirit. Public and private along with religious and secular buildings fit into the general style one sees on all sides there.*

*Layout and*

*Special Photography: WILLIAM K. MUNRO*

# JAMISON CITY

By JOHN D. KENDIG



*Old tannery smokestack and sawdust pile of a much later, much smaller sawmill than typical of the old lumbering days.*



*One section of Jamison City about 1927. Nothing left but a few scattered houses.*

Up on the east branch of Fishing Creek, near the border line of Columbia and Sullivan Counties in north-eastern Pennsylvania, there is a narrow valley that runs back into the steep slopes of the North Mountain country. In the early 1800's, the ridges were so heavily covered with forests of great hemlocks that the old timers had said "you have to lie on your back to see the sun shine."

There was an abundance of bear, deer and other game. The streams were well filled with trout. Eagles winged back and forth over the rugged ledges that stood out high above the valley floor. Undoubtedly, wildlife brought some of the first people into this country and one of the first buildings put up was a large lodge for the accomodation of hunters. Soon the area was known as New Philadelphia.

When Civil War days came along, there was a stubborn fellow who lived in a house by the valley road. He was drafted for service in the Union Army but refused to go. "If you come to get me," he said, "I'll shoot the whole bunch of you." And he kept his word, or at least tried to, for when they came to get him he fired at them. But the gun exploded and he was blinded for life.<sup>1</sup>

The war years passed and the fine old timber of the country attracted the rapidly developing forest industries of the day. Railroads branched out into the timberlands and the Bloomsburg and Sullivan Railroad<sup>2</sup> came up into Fishing Creek Valley. The great amount of hemlock brought the tanneries, and, by 1888, the Elk Tanning Company was operating a plant there.

For a land long quiet (save for the cries of wild creatures, the occasional shots of hunters, and the noise of wind and storms) it must have been a startling contrast when the axe strokes and saw cuts ate steadily into the sturdy old trees until they were torn from their lofty

places in the sky and came swishing down to earth. It was a new day in the North Mountain country as Jamison City throbbed into life.<sup>3</sup>

At first, the trees were cut only to obtain bark which was used in the tanning of hides for leather. The peeled tree trunks were left lying on the ground and efforts were made to slide the valuable bark down the mountain side. This sliding resulted in too much breakage, however, and since the slopes were too steep for the building of ordinary woods roads, a system of "snubbing" wagon loads of bark to the bottom was used.

In this system, the wagon, loaded with bark, was fastened at the back with a heavy rope. The other end was "snubbed" around a sturdy tree at the mountain top. The rope was regulated there by a man who gradually let it out, as the driver on the wagon started down the slope over a previously cleared runway. Certainly the driver had a precarious ride down the grade, held in check only by the snub rope. Sometimes the rope would tear and let the wagon loose for a wild ride to the bottom. It was said, in those days, that they thought little of killing a man at Jamison City. Prizes were offered, at times, to the man bringing down the biggest load of bark to the tanneries.

In full operation the tannery had a capacity of 300 to 400 hides a day. Some of the area tanneries used 21 cords of hemlock bark a day. It was said that oak bark made higher quality leather, but hemlock was used because there was so much of it at hand.

Closely following the tannery came the sawmill, which was eventually managed by the Central Pennsylvania Lumber Company. Now logging began in earnest. Many of the trees previously cut for bark were bucked up into log lengths, and often four or five 16



*Log train at Jamison City in the busy days, coming in from Emmons.*

*Left to right, Frank Mathers and Zude Oplinger, at an old time meeting in front of Mathers store in 1927. They both worked at Jamison City and here were busy talking it over.*



foot logs would be cut out of one trunk. On uncut steep slopes work would usually begin at the bottom and proceed up the mountain side. Great trees cut near the top would crash and roll to the bottom, being nearly clear of limbs and with the tops broken out when they got there. Sometimes trunks 50 to 70 feet long were broken off at a top diameter of 20 inches. Here, as in many other aspects of the woods operations, there was much waste of timber that could have been used only too well, later on.

On slopes not as steep, log slides were used to get the logs down the mountains to the railroads that hauled them to the log pond at the mill. One log slide was built for a distance of about 2 miles down Blackberry Run, and the cut logs were sent down over it to the mill pond in the valley. This system worked well enough except that occasionally a log would jump out of the slide and hit a man or horse along the way.

Another method of moving logs was by building splash dams; this was done on the branches of Fishing Creek. Dams with gates were built and logs were dumped into the stream below them. When the gates were opened, the high, rushing waters carried the logs, splashing and tumbling together, down to the mill pond. At one time, up the east valley stream, the tumbling logs jammed near a waterfall. A man by the name of Lewis went out to break the jam and, when he got the key log loose, the entire body of wildly pitching, ramming logs carried him over the falls to his death. The place where this happened is still called Lewis Falls.

Supplied not only by these local logging operations, but by log trains bringing timber from other nearby logging sites as well, the Jamison City sawmill was a thriving business. It was a double band type—one side for the sawing of hemlock and the other for the sawing of hardwoods<sup>4</sup>—and had a capacity of 70,000 to 100,000 board feet a day, when operated on two twelve hour

shifts. The lumber was stacked on the flat valley floor, rigged up carefully along center runways, into piles up to 30 feet high. All of these piles had a precise front pitch and backward slant and were topped with a roof of boards. At one time in 1908, there was over 9,000,000 board feet of sawed lumber, mostly hemlock, in the yard.

Settlements quickly grew up around the tannery and the sawmill in true boom style. Down on the valley level, streets were laid out. There were at least three hotels, a church, stores, a school building, post office, and a doctor's office. Two suburbs even developed, one in the tannery section known as Germantown and another, near the sawmill, called Hoboken. A large, swanky hotel known as the Proctor Inn or the "Big Onion," was built on the slopes of Germantown; it had some 40 or 50 rooms. Perhaps the whole town had a population of about 1,500 people—busy, bustling, and boisterous.

The early days were rough ones as evidenced by the tales of Burr McHenry who worked and lived through it all. "One time," he said, "I sat out on the hotel porch and counted seven different fights going on along one street in less than half an hour. Men would fight at the slightest excuse. Just meeting was often enough to start them off and they sure did each other up."

He went on to tell of the long standing case of Mac and Jake. They had met five times in wild combat and five times Mac had been floored and beaten so badly, it was hard to see how he had survived. One dark, rainy night Mac came into town from the woods and you could see he was all set for a fracas. He stopped at the first hotel he came to and the bartender warned him: "Jake's up at the Big Onion and he's in a powerful bad humor. You'd better watch out."

"Just who I'm lookin' for," Mac growled and set



*The City Hotel at Jamison City, about 1908.*

right off for Germantown. A whole gang of men and boys followed him because they knew only too well what was about to happen.

When Mac reached the Big Onion, he found Jake in the doorway and they plowed right into each other. None of the spirited onlookers had ever seen a wilder, rougher fight. It was a long, hard tussle and it was often difficult to tell just who was on top but, somehow or other, Mac tore himself loose and when Jake rushed him, he let fly a sharp uppercut that floored Jake for the count. Mac had been soundly thrashed five terrible times, but in this sixth battle he had come out ahead. After it was all over those two gory ruffians shook hands and that was the end of their feuding. That was the way things happened at Jamison City, in the early days.

Later on, the town quieted down more but there always seemed to be the urge of the bully to test out any new man who came along. The newcomer would be closely watched and sized up for a couple of days. Then would come the battle. The bully would wade in, fists would fly and sometimes it was the bully, himself, who got knocked into a tannery vat or laid out across a board pile. But often, after it was over, there would come a handshaking and the fighters would gradually become good friends.

A sort of neighborly social life developed. Nearly every family had a cow and pig and it was customary for the men to visit around and see whose stock was growing the best. The women went around to each other's homes and baked doughnuts and cakes. At Thanksgiving and Christmas there were holiday dinners and the men would go out for Christmas trees—often



*The industrial center of Jamison City. The sawmill and log pond at the left and front. The tannery at the right rear.*



*The Central Pennsylvania Lumber Company lumber yard at Jamison City.*



*The 100,000 board-foot-a-day Central Pennsylvania Lumber Company Sawmill; it rarely sawed out quite that much.*





*Cutting ice on the mill dam at Jamison City.*



*The tannery smokestack that was never supposed to be torn down. Sawdust pile of a small mill operation, many years after Jamison City's big days.*



*A general view of Jamison City with the tannery off to the far left and the sawmill at the far right.*



*A bird's eye view of the center of Jamison City, with the City Hotel at the upper left.*

big hemlocks that spread over the whole side of a room. And there would be more visiting around.

There were tales of fires and train wrecks and other calamities, and there was the big blowdown of hemlock in 1896, when a hurricane swept great stretches of timber to the ground. Men of all kinds and nationalities came to peel the bark and salvage the timber. The outlying mountains were full of crude shacks in which these passing workers stayed.

So Jamison City lived and flourished but, before it was hardly realized, the end had come. The slopes and tops of the mountains were gradually cleared and one day the town awoke to the fact that the timber was gone. There was nothing more within reach to cut. The community had been built up in a rather permanent way with large plants and workers' homes and families; only one thing had not been considered and that was the management of the timber stands. Everything had been for the present, nothing for the future. And there had been waste in the woods and plant operations. So, unfortunately, Jamison City, like hundreds of other timber towns in the state, lived and died. Possibly, with keen foresight and careful management, it might have lasted longer, even up to the present day.

The sawmill was the first to close, in 1911-12,<sup>5</sup> while the tannery managed to hold out until 1925. It just stopped; there was no special observance of the end. In the following years, the big plants were dismantled and, by 1927, vast stretches of ruins (steel, concrete and wood) lay prostrate and forlorn, where once there had been active life. Today, if you go back, even those reminders are gone and only the tall impressive brick chimney of the tannery boiler house is left as a monument to the old Jamison City.



*The Post Office and B. F. Mathers General Store at Jamison City. At the upper left can be seen a part of the "Big Onion" Hotel.*

Most of the old buildings are also gone. German-town and Hoboken may have a few houses left, but most of the scattered buildings are down along the main valley road. The street where the three hotels were lined up is now a brush field. The school is gone, the railroad has retreated to Benton and the old station has become a private residence. Even the church has been changed into a summer home and a place for hunters. Some of the old places have been fixed up into attractive summer homes and a number have become hunting camps. The fine, large house in which the superintendent of the tannery had lived, later became the home of a state game warden, who managed much of the surrounding land for the protection and care of game. Once more the area is highly valued for its earlier use of wildlife and hunting.

The same rugged mountains still slope steeply up into the sky, and another crop of timber is coming along. But it will be mostly hardwood this time. Once in awhile an artist comes to paint pictures of the wild beauty of this storied valley and its mountains.

For many years, a few of the old timers still remained. Frank Mathers, for example, who had kept a store in the old Jamison City later sold gas and raised chickens. Burr McHenry and his wife also lived along the dusty valley road. He farmed a few lots, plowed for his neighbors, and went hunting. Every now and then, an old lumberman, like Zude Oplinger of Shickshinny, would come back to visit with them and talk about the days when they had worked together in Jamison City, and Zude had been one of the newcomers who had been tested and was fortunate enough to have knocked his assailant into a tannery vat. It had been a rough and ready town that these three old buddies would never forget.



*Large deck of hemlock logs, ready to be loaded on railroad cars and taken to the sawmill. This was actually at a Central Pennsylvania Lumber Company operation at Sheffield, Warren County, in 1931. Just about the last set of this company. But it was certainly much similar to the Jamison City operation, where the previously peeled and left lie hemlock logs were being salvaged.*



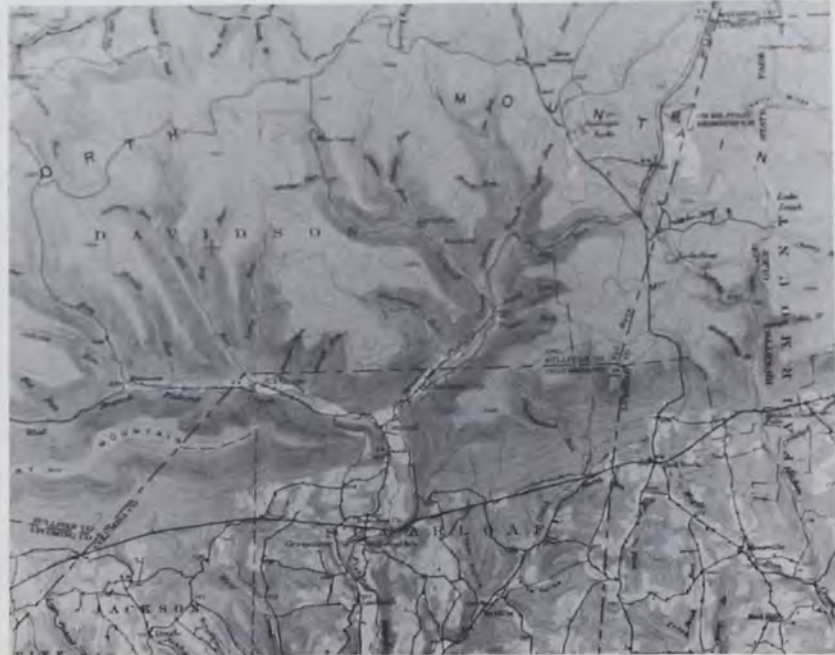
*A tangle of barked hemlock logs, apparently cut for some time, along the railroad, ready for loading and hauling to the Central Pennsylvania Lumber Company sawmill at Sheffield, Warren County in 1931. This was much similar to some of the operations at Jamison City.*



A typical virgin forest at Hearts Content, in the Allegheny National Forest, in Northwestern Pennsylvania in 1931. It shows the dense forest and large trees of these original blocks of timber, as had also occurred at Jamison City.



A group of typical virgin timber at the edge of a clearcut area in the Hearts Content section of the Allegheny National Forest in Warren County, in 1931. These grand old trees, 200 feet high and 6 to 7 feet in diameter at breast height, were white pines, while the large trees at Jamison City had been mostly hemlocks, but the size was much the same and both these trees played a very important part in the early lumber industry of Pennsylvania.



Jamison City and the North Mountain country, including Blackberry Run, Lewis Falls and Emmons out from Bloomsburg, Benton and Central; as shown on the U. S. Geological Survey map of the Laporte Quadrangle of 1953. At the lower right is the well known Ricketts Glen State Park, formerly known as the Kitchen Creek area.

#### ENDNOTES

<sup>1</sup>This little story probably ties in with an incident that happened during the Civil War when approximately 1,000 Federal troops were sent to Bloomsburg (in 1864) to investigate a group of men supposed to be evading the draft. They were reputed to have fortifications for their defense in a remote place in Fishing Creek Valley, but no fort was ever found and the men apprehended were released without the accusation having been proven.

<sup>2</sup>The Bloomsburg and Sullivan Railroad was 20 miles in length from Bloomsburg to Benton in Columbia County. It was opened to traffic September, 1888, originally to furnish an outlet for the extensive lumbering operations along Fishing Creek and also served the huge tanneries established in that territory in connection with the lumbering activities. It passed through one of the most beautiful sections of interior Pennsylvania. It was never a great financial success but provided a number of thriving towns with transportation and an access to market for their products.

With the end of lumbering and the tanneries, business declined and, in 1926, eight miles of the road north from Benton to Jamison City were abandoned. In 1928 the remaining part of the railroad was taken over by the Reading Railroad Company and was incorporated into the Bloomsburg Branch of the Shamokin Division.

<sup>3</sup>There are various possible sources for the name Jamison. It could have come from the name of early settlers of the area, or from B. K. Jamison of Philadelphia, a financier of railroads and coal mines (Taber) or a Colonel John Jamison, who helped finance the railroad and laid out building lots (Fenstermacher).

<sup>4</sup>After the hemlock was cut, veneer operators came through and removed the best hardwood. Later, acid plants cut out the rest of the usable tree growth and that pretty well finished the timber cutting at Jamison City for a long time.

<sup>5</sup>Later, a small portable mill that cut a mere 5,000 board feet a day operated there. But not for long and it left a heaped pile of sawdust up against the old chimney stack. Occasionally, an operator cuts some mine props but it all looks like pretty small business compared with that of the famous logging days.

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Personal interviews with Zura (Zude) Oplinger of Shickshinny, PA, and Frank Mathers and Burr McHenry of Jamison City, about 1927. These three men had worked together in Jamison City in its most active period. I felt highly privileged to have known these three grand old men of a bygone day.

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*Exterior of Rock Ford*

## DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE IN LANCASTER COUNTY

By HENRY J. KAUFFMAN

There is a phenomenal upsurge of interest in American architecture today. Women's clubs and historical societies raise funds to save a decaying landmark, businessmen and housewives poke into attics and cellars to see how their ancestors lived, and people of all ages swarm to places like Williamsburg, VA, Sturbridge, MA, and Old Salem, NC. Roofs, doors, windows, floors, fireplaces, halls, porches, and other details come under close scrutiny by these connoisseurs of the way men lived in the past. Along with architecture, they dissect such things as food, social customs, agricultural practices, and other related items.

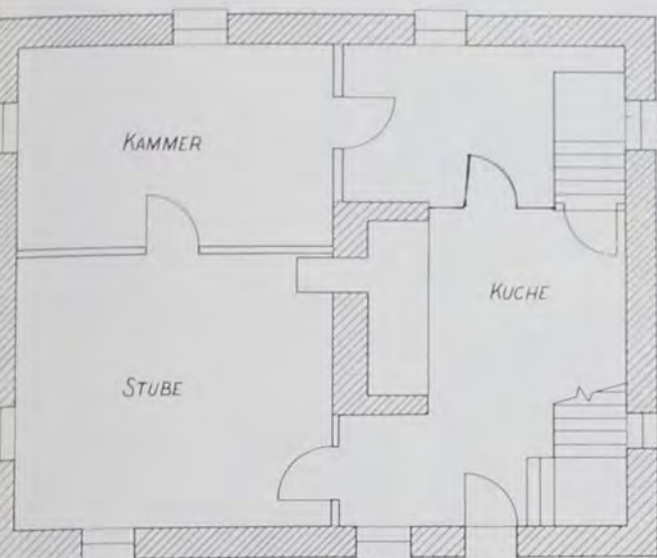
One area which has recently come into national focus as a tourist attraction is Lancaster County, PA. Known for many years as an attractive place to visit because of its shipshape villages, provincial foods, unique agricultural methods, and outstanding museums, its image has been broadened to include some unusual examples of residential architecture. Architecture is considered the mother of the arts, and that truth has never been more evident than in Lancaster County. The various cultural strains indigenous to the county have left a view of architecture and the decorative arts which has few counterparts anywhere in America. There are many important and interesting buildings to be seen, but this article will deal with only three: the Hans Herr house, Rock Ford Plantation, and Wheatland, the home

of Pennsylvania's only President, James Buchanan.

Lancaster County was a part of Chester County until 1729, and before that was a possession of William Penn and his heirs. Most of the patents and deeds drawn in the county before 1750 came from Penn or his sons as proprietors, and their names are clearly inscribed on the top of the deeds. The southern part of the county was shared by Quakers and Scotch-Irish, but that fact is of only academic importance because there are virtually no architectural examples there that attract visitors. The central and northern portions of the county were shared by the English and the Germans, who came to Pennsylvania, at Penn's invitation, from the Palatinate and parts of Switzerland. It was said that Lancaster Borough was owned by the English, but inhabited by the Germans. This was not true in the rural area, however, for there the Germans were not only plentiful, but they also owned most of the land.

The two cultures—English and German—produced an economy and a society which is extremely interesting today. The Pennsylvania barn has had much publicity, but who has heard of a Pennsylvania—or rather a Lancaster County—house? That is because there is no *one* style of Lancaster County house, but several. Some are Germanic, some are English, and later ones combined the desirable features of each.

The oldest house still standing in Lancaster County



First floor plan of the Herr House

might logically be expected to be English since they were the first ethnic group here, but luck and fortune have reversed the logic and the oldest house is Germanic. This house was built by Christian Herr who came to America about 1710; the initials *C. H. 1719* are carved in the lintel stone over the only door into the building. The Herr house is the finest example of very early Germanic architecture in America. It was built of field stone gathered from the land as it was made fit for farming. Before restoration the stone seemed to be precisely pointed; however, all traces of pointing have been lost in a plaster overlay. In a practice reminiscent of mediaeval Europe, all of the stiles, lintels, and sills were carved out of stone and fitted into the small openings. Part of the window sash are hinged and swing outward when opened.

The exterior of the house and the floor plan are intimately interrelated as one would expect. (The German traveler Schoepf, as he traveled through Pennsylvania in the late eighteenth century, noted that houses with one chimney near the center of the roof were inhabited by Germans, and houses with two chimneys were inhabited by Englishmen.) This floor plan can be described as being two rooms wide and two rooms deep. The front door leads into the *küche*, or kitchen. This room has a winding stairway which leads to the second floor, and a large fireplace known as a "walk-in." Not only were the family meals prepared and eaten here, but most of the other daily activities of the family took place here as well.

At the far end of the kitchen, opposite the front door, is another door which leads into a small room that probably served as a *kleine kammer*, or small bedroom. On cold winter nights, heat from the kitchen could pass into this room.



The Herr House is located about five miles south of Lancaster.

Yet another door (this one in the wall to the left of the front door) leads from the kitchen into the *stube*, or parlor. This is a reasonably large room equipped with a ceramic stove, as was done in Europe. This stove replaces the usual five plate stove that was installed in many Germanic houses before stove pipe was invented. It was fed from the fireplace in the kitchen, and the smoke went up a common chimney. In addition to the stove, the parlor is furnished with permanent benches that are installed in one corner. This was another European custom, and the area is called a *bank eck*. Because this house was first occupied by a bishop of the Mennonite church, it is probable that the *stube* served as the room for worship.

In back of the *stube* is a larger bedroom (*kammer*) which contains a sea chest that was used by Europeans to bring their precious possessions to the New World. There is also a rope bed with a straw mattress and a feather-tick coverlet. Against one wall stands a large *schränk*, a wardrobe for the storage of clothing, which was used by German people throughout the eighteenth century.

On the second floor level of the chimney stack, a small fireplace heated one room which was probably used by children. The second and third floors are completely enclosed by the roof, and, as a result, the house is said to have a double attic. The sharply pitched roof is an architectural detail from northern Europe where heavy snows stayed on roofs a long time; it is well suited to the climate of Pennsylvania. Other features, such as an outside cellar door (now removed for security purposes), plaster mixed with straw, open beam ceilings, and doors with strap hinges, attest to the unique quality of the house.

### Valuable Farm at Public Sale.

WILL be offered at public sale, on Saturday October 7th, 1848, on the premises, at "Rockford," in West Lampeter township, Lancaster county, about one mile from the city of Lancaster, that valuable plantation known as

#### "ROCKFORD,"

late the property of Gen. Hand, containing 139 ACRES and 40 perches of limestone land, adjoining lands of John Mecartney, John Kreider, (filler,) James Evans and the Conestoga Navigation. The farm is in a high state of cultivation and under good fences. About 12 acres is thickly covered with heavy timber, and all the residue is arable, having been limed within the last few years. The improvements consist of a large two story brick

#### DWELLING HOUSE,

50 by 40 feet, a tenant House, a large bank barn, wagon shed with double corn crib, carriage house, spring house, well adapted for an extensive dairy, smoke house, ice house, hog pen, and other out-buildings. There is also on the farm a young and thriving orchard of choice fruit. The farm is watered by several springs of never failing water, one of which rises near the dwelling and flows directly through the barn yard. Stock can have free access to water from every field, at all seasons of the year. There is locust timber on the farm sufficient to keep it under fence for many years to come. There are on the farm abundant materials for lime. It is easy of access from the main road, a new road having been made from the Factory Bridge within the last year. The situation is healthy and pleasant, which, with an extensive summer range, render it desirable as a stock farm.

Sale to commence at 2 o'clock, when due attendance will be given and terms of sale made known by

MESHACK ROCKFIELD.

Sep 6

18-47

*An advertisement of public auction of Rock Ford on October 7, 1848.*



*Henry Kauffman pointing out items of interest in the Rock Ford-Kauffman Museum.*

The second house included in this survey is Rock Ford, the elegant home of Revolutionary War General, Edward Hand. A graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, Hand emigrated to America in 1767, with the 18th Royal Irish Regiment of Foot. Resigning from the British service in 1774, he joined the American forces in 1775, and was later made the Army's Adjutant General. Hand was well-respected by General Washington, who visited him in Lancaster after the war and brought a pair of silver sugar tongs as a gift for Mrs. Hand.

In peacetime Hand continued to render distinguished service to his community and country. He was a member of the Continental Congress and the Pennsylvania Assembly and also served as Chief Burgess of Lancaster. He moved to Rock Ford about 1792 and died there September 3, 1802.

Hand's mansion is built on the side of a hill and commands a view of the famous Conestoga Creek, which he forded when the water was low; hence the name of the house. The survival of the property sounds like a modern fairy tale. Rock Ford was scheduled for demolition with the site to become a city dump. In the final hour the Junior League of Lancaster bought the plantation and proceeded to refurbish and furnish it.

The project can hardly be called a restoration because the house was virtually intact when the League acquired it. The slate roof is neither original, nor authentic, and there is some indecision about the construction date of the piazzas around it, but the doors, windows, floors, shutters, paneling, stair rails, and balusters are all original to the building. In addition, the original fireplaces were enclosed but intact, and even many of the original tiles of the hearth survive.



ELEVATION

*Elevation of the master bedroom at Rock Ford Plantation*



*View of fireplace and furnishings of the master bedroom at Rock Ford.*

Unquestionably the finest old house standing in Lancaster County today, Rock Ford is brick, Georgian in style, with a transverse hall on the first and second floors. Both halls are flanked with two rooms on each side with masonry partitions between them. There is a fireplace in each room, in the middle of the partitions, and beautiful cupboards with paneled doors on each side of the fireplace.

The cellar of the house was built in the tradition of Pennsylvania barn architecture, for it is exposed on one side to make the kitchen and another room attractive places to live and work. There is a large fireplace in the kitchen where food was prepared and carried to the main floor of the house to be served. The "press" locks and strap hinges of the doors are also distinctly Pennsylvania in style, with hardly any change from their Germanic originals.

Rock Ford is completely furnished with furniture of its period, made principally of walnut wood. The dominant styles are Queen Anne and Chippendale, to

which are added a few country pieces such as the Pennsylvania stretcher table and the "Dutch" cupboard in the kitchen. There are inside shutters on the windows of the second floor which permitted ventilation into the room to be easily controlled by the occupant; when not in use, they can be cleverly folded in the window jambs.

A national survey of buildings at an early date indicates that the plantation had a barn, a smaller tenant house, a stable, and a spring house. The shell of the spring house remained, but now has been completely dismantled. A barn appropriate to the 18th century has been erected on the site of the original barn. The second floor of the barn has been converted to a museum which houses artifacts from the collection of Zoe and Henry Kauffman. Objects made of pewter, tin, glass, and ceramic, as well as baskets, furniture, textiles, and Kentucky rifles, are displayed there in attractive, well-lighted cases. The barn is called the Rock Ford-Kauffman museum.



*View of Wheatland from the Marietta Pike.*

The final house in this survey is James Buchanan's Wheatland: built in 1828, it is a fine house of the period. It has a transverse hall only on the first floor, and the earlier interior symmetry of Rock Ford has been lost by placing the stairway at the rear of the house, to the left of the hall. On the other side of the hall is a passageway to the kitchen. The kitchen is in the right wing of the house and has a cavernous fireplace for heating and for the preparation of food. The library is in the left wing of the house on the first floor; bedrooms are on the second and third floors. The hall is flanked by the dining and living rooms which are spacious, well-lighted, and adequate for the social customs of the era.

The mansion is beautifully furnished with appropriate furniture. The formal dining room contains the furniture used by Buchanan, and the library has the desk and chair where he worked and meditated about his problems, both personal and political. The grounds are spacious and meticulously cared for, with magnificent trees which have replaced the wheat fields that originally surrounded the house. A large smoke house and a car-

riage house are located at the rear of the property, as is a unique outdoor toilet known as a "five holer."

This brief survey of residential architecture in Lancaster County describes only three houses. It has been pointed out that one—the Herr House—is a replica of houses built in Germany in the late 17th and early 18th centuries. The second—Rock Ford—is an excellent example of an English Georgian house of the late 18th century, with some modifications to suit the climate and tastes of Pennsylvania. The review is completed by including Wheatland which is a late Federal building, with some influence of Greek revival. It should also be noted that the Wright Mansion, in nearby Columbia, PA is an outstanding example of English architecture.

All of these houses are open to the public on a regularly scheduled basis, and, along with other important edifices in the area (Trinity Lutheran Church, Donegal Church, some of the old buildings on the campus of Franklin and Marshall College), will provide the visitor with an architectural perspective rarely found in America.



# CONVERSATION WITH MARGUERITE DE ANGELI

Edited by NANCY K. GAUGLER



Marguerite de Angeli, photographed in 1949. All illustrations from her books, by permission of the author.



Awarded the prestigious Newberry Medal when *The Door in the Wall* was judged "the most distinguished book for children in 1949," Marguerite Lofft de Angeli has had a long and outstanding career as an author and illustrator.

Marguerite was born in Lapeer, Michigan, in 1889, and lived there until she was thirteen, when the Lofft family moved to Philadelphia. There she attended high school and took lessons in preparation for a career as an opera singer. These plans were abandoned, however, when she met and married the son of a neighboring family, John Dailey de Angeli.

The newlywed de Angelis lived in Canada for several years before settling permanently in the Philadelphia area, where they raised their five children. In 1921 Mrs. de Angeli met Maurice L. Bower, a successful illustrator who became her friend and teacher. She had always wanted to draw; with Bower's help and encouragement and through his connections, Marguerite got a job as illustrator for the Westminster Press. She went on to illustrate books by such well-established authors as Charlotte M. Yonge, Elsie Singmaster, Dorothy Canfield, Elizabeth Vining, and Cornelia Meigs.

After fourteen years of collaborating with others,

Mrs. de Angeli was challenged by an editor to write a book of her own. The result, *Ted and Nina Go to the Grocery Store* (published in 1935), was based on experiences with her own children. In subsequent books she began to look further afield for her material, and, as noted in the following interview, Mrs. de Angeli began writing about ethnic minorities before it became the fashionable thing to do. Her subjects included the French Canadians (*Petite Suzanne*), the Swedes (*Elin's Amerika*), the Poles (*Up the Hill*), and the Pennsylvania Dutch (*Henner's Lydia*, *Skippack School*, *Yonie Wondernose*).

In 1975, as part of a series of Bicentennial programs, a seminar on "Pennsylvania Dutch Study Materials in Elementary and Secondary School Use" was held at Ursinus College in Collegeville, Pa. Featured at that seminar was a conversation between Mrs. de Angeli and Mary Alice Wheeler, a public school teacher and authority on children's literature about the Pennsylvania Dutch. As might be expected, this conversation deals primarily with Mrs. de Angeli's experiences when writing her Pennsylvania Dutch books; anyone interested in knowing more about other aspects of her work will find her autobiography, *Butter at the Old Price*, interesting and informative reading.



## CONVERSATION: EXPERIENCES AND IMPRESSIONS OF AN AUTHOR

**MaryAlice Wheeler:** I was wondering if you might be able to tell the people here some of the things you had to go through to write a book like *Henner's Lydia*, for example. Perhaps how you got left in Womelsdorf.

**Marguerite de Angeli:** Yes, it's a long, long day's story. Let me think a minute . . . . After I had done the Ted and Nina story, (the first one of those, where they *Go to the Grocery Store*), my editor said, "Now, what have you in mind next? You know what I wish you would do? My mother lived in Reading and I would like to have you do a story about the Pennsylvania Dutch." That's the expression she used. I said, "Oh, I'd like to do that because my Father used to travel through Pennsylvania." That's how we came here from Michigan. He was with the Eastman Kodak Company and he travelled through Pennsylvania to demonstrate the Eastman products. He was a very good photographer himself. And he was an artist; only then it wasn't so easy to earn a living as a painter, and it didn't occur to him to write a child's book, I'm sure, but he could have.

So I was very much excited about the idea, but I didn't know anything about the Pennsylvania Dutch except the stories my Father used to bring home, such as: "Throw the cow over the fence some hay," or, "Bell don't button, bump!" Things of that kind. Papa used to tell us about the food when he would be up here for a week or so. Thus I was excited about it but it took a lot of searching to find exactly where I should go and how I should do it. In my mind it was a little girl to begin with; it had to be about a little girl. So I talked about it to my family, of course, and I got a book on *The Making of Pennsylvania*,<sup>1</sup> by Fisher, I think, and read about the Amish and the Mennonites coming here for religious purposes. That was a great help but in my mind I became confused about which was who; which dressed this way or dressed the other way.

Then one day my brother called me on the phone. He said, "I'm going up into Pennsylvania. How about going with me? Maybe you can get what you want for that book you have in mind."

I said, "Oh, I can go; I'm sure I can."

So I arranged with my family, some of whom were



pretty well grown up by now, that I could be absent for two days and two nights. I would be home Friday night before dinner.

I started out early, I think, on Wednesday morning with my brother, about six-thirty. We were so glad to see each other; we had lots to talk about and first thing we know, we found ourselves in Reading. Well, I didn't want to be in the city, I wanted to be in the country and I knew I must stay overnight with a family. You probably all know that if you stay overnight with a family, even one night, you know them better than if you know them casually for months, or years, perhaps.

You find out little things: one thing, what they have for breakfast; how they treat each other in the morning. There are little things that come out when you stay with people. You become much closer to them.

**Wheeler:** How did you determine that? Did you learn that by experience or have you always felt that?

**de Angeli:** This is instinctive, I think. And, I don't know, you learn things through your life without even knowing how you learn them, and I know that my mother used to say (and I think this is one of the best things to go by), "You know, you can do anything you really truly want to do." And that's been the custom all my life, because I believe it too, because for one thing, if you sincerely want to do something, you must have a slight aptitude for it in the first place. Then your open attitude brings things to you.

**Wheeler:** But even if you had this positive attitude and an aptitude, I imagine it takes a lot of discipline.

**de Angeli:** It takes a lot of discipline and work.

**Wheeler:** I was going to ask you, how did you remember these things? Did you take a diary along with you at all?

**de Angeli:** Well, I probably made a few notes. But there are some things I will never forget and I can forget my cousin's first name! There are some other things I will never forget: atmosphere [for example]. Well, I'll tell you how we went; I'll continue with this one day, because it was a long, long day.

Now, before we started out, over this several weeks, when I was thinking about this story and hoping for it, I can't say planning; because it was so ephemeral that I couldn't do much planning. But I had thought, if I only knew a doctor. You see, I had decided on the Amish because of the costume, because of the dress. I



knew that only the Amish children dressed in the old way. The Mennonite children, I believe, do not. So that was one thing that determined me for the Amish. I knew it was something I would like to draw. So I said if I only knew a doctor, that perhaps he would let me stay in his family for overnight or two nights, perhaps. But nobody seemed to know a doctor in the Amish area. No, nobody knew.

So, well, I thought we'll see what happens. I have a way that grows upon me as I get older, of thinking if I just wait and see. It's amazing how you're led to things, how things come to you. It happened. I get the shivers every time I think of it because it's spooky.

**Wheeler:** I got the shivers when I was reading your autobiography.

**de Angeli:** Did you really?

**Wheeler:** Yes, because of so many things, like when you wrote the story *Jared's Island*. You thought that there must be a tree in a certain position . . .

**de Angeli:** Wasn't that strange?

**Wheeler:** And then someone told you, "Why there was a tree there . . ."

**de Angeli:** I just thought there could be because there was a scrub oak on that hill. I didn't see any big trees, but there was scrub oak and I thought, "There could have been a BIG one."

**Wheeler:** And you were right.

**de Angeli:** And there was. Right where I said it was. Well, then, as I say, we found ourselves in Reading, my brother and I. And then, "Oh," I said, "I want to be in the country somewhere. I want to be among the Amish. I wouldn't say a city was a good place."

So we looked at the map and he said, "Now here's Womelsdorf and I'm going that way. Suppose we go there, it sounds Pennsylvania Dutch." So we went to Womelsdorf. He said, "I don't like to leave you here without knowing where you're going to stay."

I said, "Oh, I'll be all right."

So we had made sort of a pact that if on Friday, we happened to meet in Lancaster, if we happened to be there not waiting too long for each other, he would take me home. But we wouldn't wait too long.

Then he left me and I saw a woman sweeping the pavement. I went to her and asked her if . . . I had forgotten then Amish, I had Mennonite in me. I would like to meet some Mennonite people. I would like to

write a story about a child. "Oh," she said, "there are no Mennonites around here."

Well, I was a little taken aback, but I thought, "Now, don't be too discouraged." So I said "I'd like a place to stay overnight."

"Well," she said, "The woman next door used to take people in, but she's been ill, so I'm not sure that she will."

So I went next door and the woman came to the door on crutches. And of course when I asked her whether I could stay the night, she said, "I don't think so."

"Well," I said, "I won't be any trouble. I'll make my own bed and I'll be no trouble to you. Just let me stay."

"Alright," she said, and she showed me the room. So I left my things and went to the High School to talk to the Principal. When I asked (and I don't know now whether I said Mennonite or Amish), he said, "Oh, you're in the wrong part of the country. You must go back to Reading and go down into Lancaster County."

So that was a little dismaying but not too much. So I had to go back to the woman and say that now after all I could not stay with her anyhow. I said, "I feel that, having taken the room, I ought to give you something."

She said, "Well, you can give me a quarter."

So I went on my way to where the bus would come along, hoping for a ride. You see, there was an hour or an hour and a half to wait for the bus. I thought, "Somebody will come along that will take me."

I went to the corner and sure enough, a young man came along, about seventeen, I would say, about one of my boys' age. Then I said, "Is this where you take the bus for Reading?"

He said, "Yeah, but get in. I'll take you." He took me to the City Hall where the Principal of the school had suggested that I go. He had said, "You go to the City Hall and ask for the Register of Wills and he probably can help you."

So that's what I did. This young man took me to the City Hall in Reading. Well, the Register of Wills was just going out for his lunch. So he said, "You come back in about an hour and maybe I can help you."

So I went and had my own lunch and went back and then he said, "Now if you go to the Dodge Agency, there's a man there who lives in Lancaster County. I think he can, perhaps, take you down there and will

introduce you to somebody.”

So I went to the Dodge Agency; I have forgotten the name of the man, but he was a salesman. He said, “Yes, I do live in Morgantown, right in the center of the Amish district. But I’m not going home tonight. I’ve got to go somewhere to sell a car. Now you will have to take the train down, but the train doesn’t go to Morgantown, it only goes to Joanna. But there will be a postman there and I think he will take you; it’s only two miles.

So I had to put in the afternoon. I think I went to the movies but I can’t quite remember.

**Wheeler:** I think that’s a good thing to do when you want time to pass quickly.

**de Angeli:** Well, the time passed somehow. It was late afternoon. You see, this was in October so that the light was beginning to fade a little by the time the train came along. I was a little anxious, so, whenever we stopped (and we stopped often), I would say, “I’m sorry, is this the station?”

Finally the conductor said to me, “Now lady, I’ll tell you when we get to Joanna.”

So, when we came to Joanna, it was really getting dark and there was just one light bulb shining, and we were right out in the country, at a little country store. I found the postman but he said, “You know, tonight, I don’t have the sedan. My sedan is being repaired and I have only the roadster and I have another passenger.”

Well, we walked toward the car and the other passenger was a rather large woman but she said, “Oh, come on, you can get in. We can manage all right.” I told my story again. (Oh, yes, this man at the Dodge Agency had told me to go see a Mrs. Herr, who lived on the Main Street in Morgantown. He thought maybe she would let me stay with her.) She [the large woman] said, “If Mrs. Herr won’t take you in, you come back to me and I’ll find a place for you.”

(I have always wondered why she didn’t take me into her house, but she didn’t.)

When I came to see Mrs. Herr, the postman got out and asked her if she would let me stay there and she said, “Oh, no; oh, no.”

I could see her head shaking so I got out and added my plea but she said, “I can’t take you in, I’m making pickles.”

So I got back in the car with this other lady. We went back to the other lady’s house and she took me next door. By now I was pretty tired so I had my supper and went right to bed. The next morning I found I was in a doctor’s family.

**Wheeler:** Isn’t that marvelous? That’s one of those things that happen.

**de Angeli:** It’s unbelievable. So that’s the way that went.

**Wheeler:** I don’t imagine too many people after hearing that, will be anxious to write.

**de Angeli:** My son has written one book, called *The Empty Barn*. I said, “Why don’t you do some more writing?” He said, “Oh, my, it’s too much work.”

**Wheeler:** Do you know what has impressed me? So many of your books, it seems, were before their time; all of these ethnic minority books that are just fabulous stories. They were high quality when they came out. Isn’t it gratifying for you to see that they are more desired as years go on?

**de Angeli:** It is amazing to me, I just can’t believe it. But it happens anyway.

**Wheeler:** Oh, I should say. I should like to mention what Mrs. Helffrich<sup>2</sup> said, that some of Mrs. de Angeli’s books are not in print at present. If you have read some of them, you know that many of these ethnic books are particularly suited to a Bicentennial Year. Mrs. de Angeli has graciously given us the address of the gentleman at Doubleday and Company, and if you would be interested to see, for example, *Skippack School*, reprinted, and all the other ethnic minority books put out, would you please get out pencils and note this address which will be available at a table in the back of the auditorium. Please write if you are at all interested.

When people ask you why you write children’s books, what do you say? What was it that inspired you? Was there any special motive?

**de Angeli:** I love children to begin with. I love all children and I enjoyed my own children. I learned anatomy, the only way I learned any at all, by bathing my children and by feeling the bones. I didn’t have formal training in drawing.

**Wheeler:** It wasn’t necessary.

**de Angeli:** I’ll tell you another story, connected with



that. All my life I have wanted to write and illustrate, ever since I can remember, since I was a little child. And of course, my head was always in the clouds about one thing or another. I think I must have been the despair of my parents.

**Wheeler:** But you did take your mother's advice, did you not? If you wanted to do it, did you do it?

**de Angeli:** I always had great love and respect for my parents. I know that I must have been a trial; I was always going off on a tangent. I didn't mean to be disobedient or anything like that but always I was so curious about everything. And ever since I can remember I wanted to write and draw but there was always something else. Well, I can't do it as I thought I could. To try to put something down on paper that is in your mind, that is so clear as a picture in your mind, it's a quite different matter to put it down on paper. And then, these efforts of mine would be so bad that I would think, "Oh, well, I'll make half; I'll do this, I'll do that."

**Wheeler:** But there must have been a lot of persistence there. You kept trying . . .

**de Angeli:** Well, I kept trying and my mother always encouraged me. My father, who was an artist, in fact, I'm sure felt that I might get into bad company if I studied art, so he never encouraged me. Something I never would have done in the first place. But, I think he was fearful of that. He had lived in New York and I'm pretty sure that was in his mind. My mother often let me off the dusting if I had a drawing I wanted to do. Then, when I was about sixteen, my sister and I were having a concert. It was a rainy day, I think, and she played the piano and accompanied very well. So I was singing at the top of my voice one of my father's songs. The minister from across the street came over so I started to call my mother, but he said, "No, it's you I want to talk to. How would you like to be the contralto in our quartet that's just forming?"

"Oh, I'd be delighted, of course!" See, I was off on another tangent.

"Well," he said, "if you'll study singing, we'd like you to join right now."

So that started my singing career which lasted about fifteen years. Meantime, I married.

**Wheeler:** Yes, So you really have had two careers.

**de Angeli:** Three. Well, four, if you count the children.

**Wheeler:** You have a book you are working on.

**de Angeli:** Yes, I came to the end of it. I won't say I finished it because you have to go over it and over it and over it. But I came to the end of it, about the day before yesterday and it's called, *Whistle for the Crossing*. It's about early railroading. It's about a boy, really, whose father drove the first engine all the way from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh on one track. Before that they had had trains go so far: to Columbia, was, I believe, the first stage of the railroad. And then they would sometimes go by canal and by other railroads to Pittsburgh. But this was the first all-the-way on one track to Pittsburgh, the layover, the experiences and all that. I suddenly found the other day, why here, this is the end of the book.

Now I am re-writing the last page because I think I was a little abrupt. I did the first chapter seven times. When I first began . . . You see, this too is based on factual material. A friend of mine is a great-grandson of that man who drove the engine: Edward Terhorst Moore. He and his wife came calling one evening. They brought little model engines with them. I'm sure they thought, well, maybe I might take the idea to write a book. And of course, I did.

But it took a great deal of research because I am an un-mechanical person. Things like that are difficult for me. They are not in my world, somehow, mechanical things. So this took a great deal of research, although he and his wife did a lot for me. They went to the Franklin Institute and gave me quite a lot of factual material which was helpful. But I still had to go myself. And then one day I went to the Institute and I said, "Now, I would like to have a man come with me into the room where they have the engines." If you don't know, there are three engines in this one room: one is enormous. There are two that were used near the time of my story.

So I said, "I would like him to take me and help me into the cab and show me what everything is for, so that I will have some idea of saying what Pa would be doing when he drives the engine, you see." I had no more idea than the man in the moon how an engine works. I didn't realize that there are pipes going back and forth



inside that cylinder. I thought that was filled with water, but it's not. Those are just a few of the things.

And I found out another thing in this story: the mother died very young and I somehow got the idea that I had to have Mama in it. During the time that she was ailing and dying, well, it just was like lead. So I destroyed that and began all over again, having the mother having died the year before, you see, so that Minnie, his sister, takes over. Now I'm telling you the whole story!

**Wheeler:** I was going to say, if only it's out tomorrow, we'll be anticipating it. It's been just marvelous that you could come this afternoon. It has been a very inspiring time . . .

**de Angeli:** May I tell the name of the one that's coming out in September?

**Wheeler:** Of course, please do!

**de Angeli:** It's called *The Lion in the Box* and this is also based on factual material. My friend, Lily Gehman, who is blind, lives in the building where I live. She was in my house around Christmas time and she said, "Oh, I was just thinking of one Christmas that was so wonderful."

And then she told me about her mother who was a widow, who had to work at night. Two sisters and she had to take care of the little ones, five and a year and a half, at night, and they had certain tasks they had to do: scrub the floor, so that their bare feet would be clean, and all such things.

This is one of those odd things; they came over later, when I had written something and I read to her that when Mama left at night for work, she took each child by hand and looked into his eyes and said, "Now I expect you to do this or that."

Well, the babe given a notice, wants to be a good child, each to do her task, and so forth. And when Lily heard that, she said, "It's true!, It's true!"

And then after they had been asleep a long time, a man comes to the door and says, "Open up! Open up! I have a package for you." And the package filled the doorway. Then he said, "There's a lion in that box! Don't you open it." He winked at one of the girls but they didn't get the joke. They went to bed crying and thinking the lion would get one of them.

The next morning when Mama came home, she said, "There's no lion in that box. It says FRAGILE, and no lion is fragile. Now, we'll open it in the morning." But I can't tell you anymore!

**Mrs. Randolph Helffrich:** I think you'll agree, we haven't had a program like this for a very, very, very long time.

#### ENDNOTES

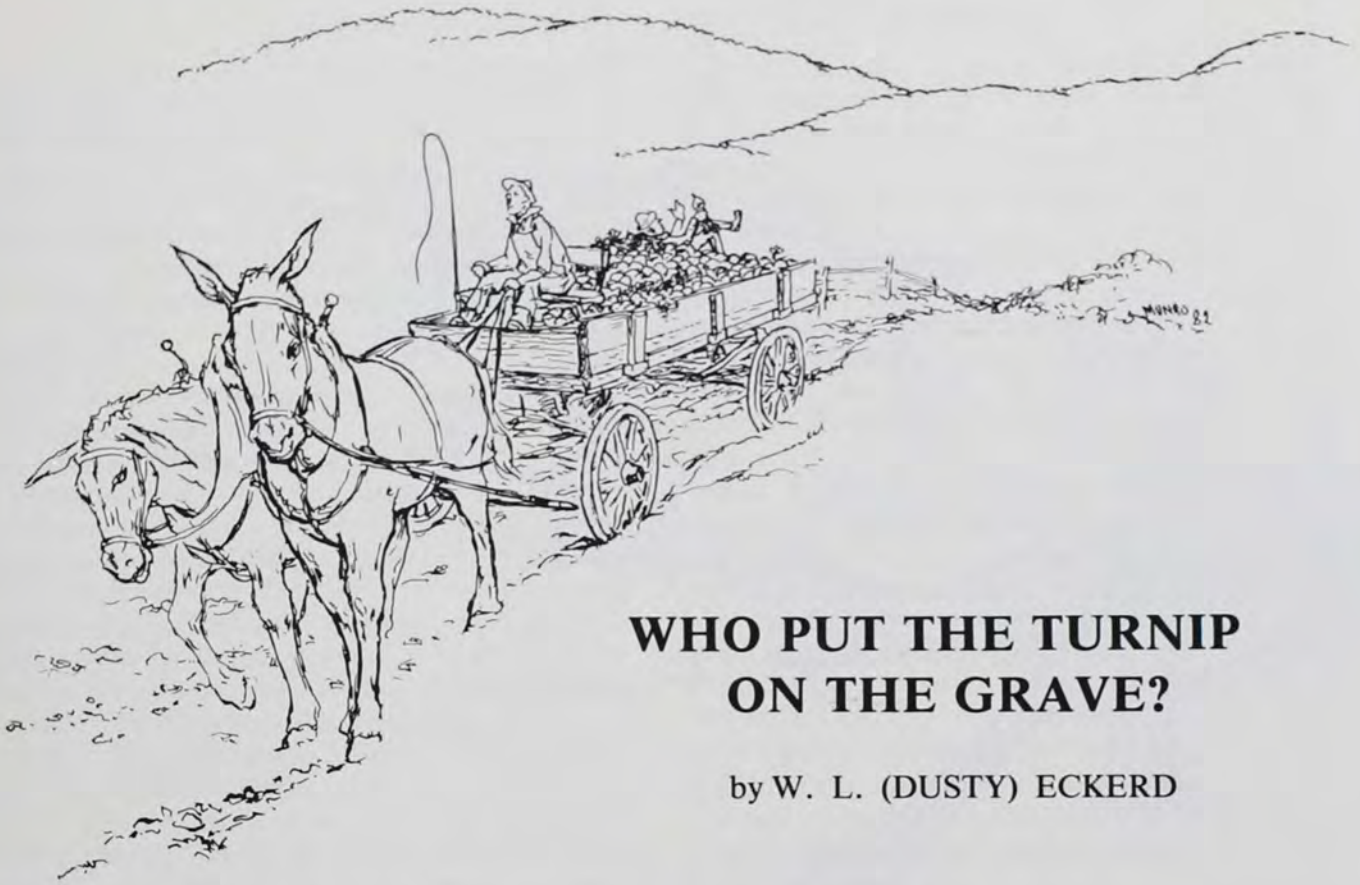
<sup>1</sup>Sydney George Fisher, *The Making of Pennsylvania* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1896).



<sup>2</sup>Mrs. Randolph Helffrich, an alumna of Ursinus College and personal friend of the author, introduced Mrs. de Angeli and brought the interview to a close.

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## WHO PUT THE TURNIP ON THE GRAVE?

by W. L. (DUSTY) ECKERD

Editor's Note: One of the most popular subjects of folklore is the phantom hitchhiker. The following story is a variation of that theme.

This story was told to me by my father, Peter N. Eckerd (1896-1966), when I was a boy. It is said to have happened to my grandfather, Corey Moss (186?-1934), my mother's father. It happened in North-eastern Pennsylvania, in a place called Loyalville, which is situated about four miles from Harvey's Lake, Lake Township, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania. My grandfather owned a farm there in the early 1900's and this incident occurred around 1933, as far as I can determine. Grandpa's farm was mostly woodland and so he also rented a few acres of land about one mile from his farm which he had planted in turnips. It was along this road that this story happened.

One day he hitched up his team of mules to the sideboard wagon and went to this field to harvest a load of turnips. The road was an old gravel road, which most roads were in those days, that went up a hill past the old Methodist Church and graveyard and down another hill to the field.

Grandpa worked at pulling turnips almost all day and had the wagon loaded and ready to haul back to the farm. When he hitched up the mules and started for

home, he discovered that one mule was a bit lame and not pulling his share. He unhitched that mule and rode it home and got another mule and rode back to the field. Well, by this time, it was nearly sundown so he hurried the team along to get home to do chores.

Going up the road and nearing the top of the hill, he saw a "beggar" or "tramp" (as Grandpa put it) along side the road. This person waved to him and asked for a ride, stating he was lame in the leg. Grandpa allowed him to get up on the pile of turnips in the wagon and drove on. The old man asked Grandpa if it was okay to eat a turnip or two as he was hungry. After saying it was okay to do so, Grandpa, a very taciturn man by nature, turned his attention to driving the team. They had just neared the church and started down the other side of the hill when the team started to run. Grandpa turned to tell the old man to hang on as the "mules had the bit in their teeth and wanted to run."

As he looked back, he later related, there was no one on the wagon. This frightened him. He ran the team all the way to my father's house which was adjacent to the farm. Jumping down from the wagon, he ran to

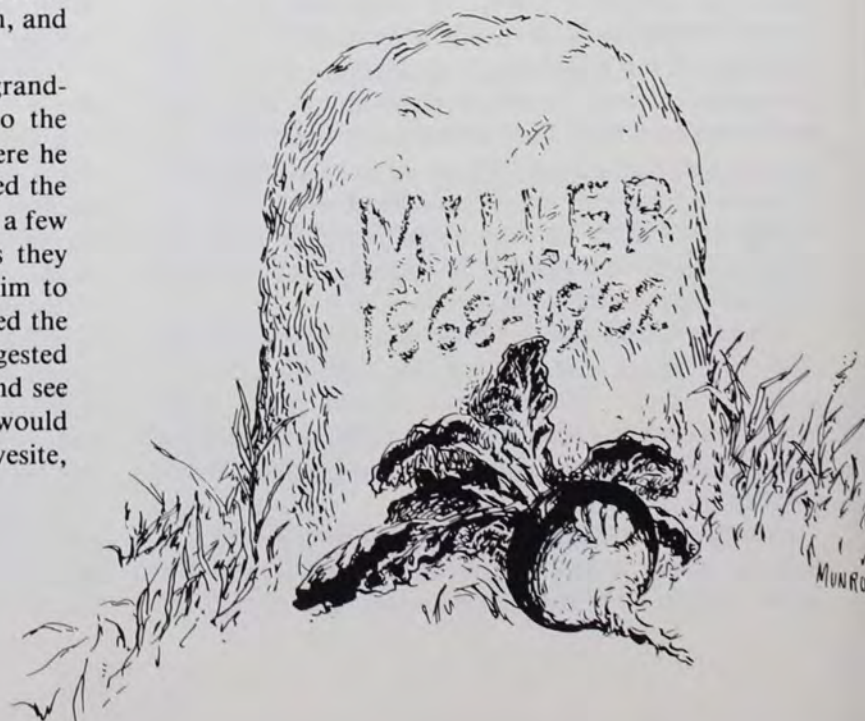


the back porch, yelling to my dad, "Pete, the strangest thing just happened to me! I just saw Mr. Miller and gave him a ride, but he disappeared." My dad was startled because Old Mr. Miller had died just about one year before. Dad attempted to calm Grandpa but he kept insisting that it was Mr. Miller (who was the beggar or tramp) who had hitched a ride. He even showed Dad a pile of turnip peels on the load in the wagon, and Grandpa didn't eat turnips.

Finally, Dad, in an attempt to prove to my grandfather that he was wrong, suggested they go to the graveyard where Mr. Miller was buried, and where he and Grandpa had even dug the grave and attended the burial. They jumped into Dad's Model A and in a few minutes were at the church and graveyard. As they drove up, the Parson came out and Dad told him to talk to Grandpa because the Parson had conducted the service for Mr. Miller. The Parson kindly suggested they all walk back to the rear of the graveyard and see the grave once again for themselves, hoping this would settle the question. As they approached the gravesite,

Dad said, "There, see for yourself, the place where Old Mr. Miller lies."

To which Grandpa replied, "Then how do you account for that turnip on the head of the grave?" For sure enough, there at the head of the grave was a nice fat turnip!





# PENNSYLFAWNISCH DEITSCH UN PFÄLZER: DIALECT COMPARISONS OLD AND NEW

Translated and edited by WILLIAM T. PARSONS

Poetry has long been considered a luxury item of a language which has sufficiently developed to have polite forms and elegant aspects. In short, not until a language had full-fledged standing as a literary speech form, did such niceties apply. Perhaps so, but folk-life forms and indeed folk culture itself become rather insistent that a people [almost any people] will express their feelings, complicated or primitive, in their own language forms, even if severely limited and quite preliminary.

People do have feelings to express. They have hopes, ambitions and aspirations. Some of these they may well express in dialect language itself. Of course, the monopoly held by formal languages [High German in this case] has tended to suppress anything so gross as a poem in the dialect. Still, they *are* to be found, and in sizeable numbers, at that. They are not only a part of today's nostalgic return to yesterday, but myriads of poems written by almost as many local and regional poets are still about. Many are one hundred and fifty years old. Yet many are almost contemporary.

I believe that some of the following literary works, both from *Pfälzer* originals and from the *Pennsylvanisch Deitsch*, are here translated into English for the first time in print. Thus they serve the useful purpose of reminder to all of us: These are living items, they are written down, are read and sometimes changed, adjusted and transmuted until we can often find the thread of relationship only with difficulty. They are like other oft-repeated literary and oral folk forms.

Oral tradition has continued to change them somewhat, though these are from the tradition which was written down, though then often just forgotten. Their recurring themes do pop up quite often, though at quite

irregular intervals. Some of the poets quite frankly and enthusiastically borrow ideas, themes and even actual words from others; in some additional cases like that, mere hints become virtual tone-poems to be perfected and adjusted. They sang and they wrote and they exchanged.

Much of the poetic production which follows, is old for literature. But the very age, surprising to some, would have surprised very few who gathered at York, PA, for the SAGS Eastern Regional gathering in Fall 1981. But then, dialect usage does change despite efforts of individuals to retain forms, or to hold back the clock.

Most important for the dialect-survivor is that an evolution of language becomes fairly evident. As for spelling, well, you must just observe what John Birmelin wrote, and remember that he was doing it at least half tongue-in-cheek. Battles over spelling have intensified in the thirty-odd years since Birmelin's death. Von Kobell and Wuchter are both pathfinders, though on opposite sides of the Atlantic. Kühn and Stoltze express dialect truisms and realities of nearly a century ago, while some other more contemporary themes are here also to be found. This stage of dialect usage is about as crowded as can now be imagined. With time it will now thin out.

Read, smile, snort, guffaw: the precise form of your reaction matters relatively little. But it does matter very much that you take note of what you find here; else the efforts of these men of the linguistic road will have been in vain. Perhaps you will just observe the small results of poetic effort today. We feel they are many, pleasant and varied. You are invited to agree or to disagree.

Now, though, without formal interference, the poems:

## LACHE (c. 1924) By August Heinrich

Lache, lache, dess isch g'sund,  
Lache macht die Backe rund.  
Lache macht das Herze weit  
Lache recht in Fröhlichkeit.

Lach' e bissel jeden Dag,  
Lach' dir Träne aus'm Aag.  
Lach' dich bucklich, lach dich krumm,  
Lache bringt dei[n] Sorge um.

Lach' dich krank un lach' dich tot,—  
Lache macht dei[n] Backe rot.  
Lache gibt dir wirrer Mut,  
Lache, lache, dess isch gut.

## LAUGH (c. 1924) By August Heinrich [The Bellemer Heiner]

Laugh, laugh, that is really sound,  
Laughing makes the cheeks so round.  
Laughing makes the heart expand  
Laugh right into Happy-Land.

Laugh a little every day,  
Laugh 'til eyes do tears display;  
Laugh yourself humpbacked, bent in two  
Laugh out your sorrows, some or few.

Laugh yourself sick, laugh yourself dead;  
Laughing makes your cheeks so red.  
Laugh 'til you've found better mood  
Laugh! Just laugh, for that is good!

**LACHE** (c. 1935)  
By John Birmelin

[“IWWERSETZT aus em August Heinrich” sei buch  
“e bissel verlengert un wennich verennert.”]

Lache, lache, des iss g’sund,  
Lache macht die Backe rund,  
Lache macht des Haerz so weit,  
Lach in aller Frehlichkeit!

Lach e bissel yeder Daag,  
Lach yuscht, wer net heile maag,  
Lach yuscht, geht’s der noch so grumm,  
Lach, noh gebachte gaar nichts drum!

Eener was net lache kann,  
Der iss doch en aarmer Mann!  
Odder iss er iwwerg’scheit  
Hot’s fer Lache gaar ke[n] Zeit?

Denkt sich wul viel meh wie mir?  
Well, dem losst mer die Blessier;  
Hot er mol zu’n hocher Geischt,  
Lacht mer ewwe in die Feischt.

Nau, so weit as mich aageht,  
Lache iss mei greeshti Freed;  
Wann ich lach, so weit ich weess,  
Bin ich aa net aerrig bees.

Lache, lache, maerryets frieh,  
Hot mer yuscht die halwi Mieh;  
Lache, lache, owets schpot,  
Hot mer doch sei daeglich Brot.

Wann ich aa net viel verdien,  
Lache iss en Medizin;  
Lache halt der Dokter drauss,  
Lache bringt eem Glick in’s Haus.

“Lach! Dann lacht die Welt mit dir,”  
Um so greeser dei Blessier;  
“Heil! Dann heischte ganz allee,”  
Um so mehner dut’s der weh.

Iss die Welt aa noch so letz,  
Sei mer yo ken aldi Gretz!  
Lach dezu, dann grickschte Mut,  
Lach genunk, dann geht’s der gut!

**LAUGH** (c. 1935)  
By John Birmelin

[Translated from August Heinrich’s book  
but lengthened a bit and somewhat changed.]

Laughing is a healthy sound,  
Laughing makes the cheeks so round.  
Laughing makes a bigger heart  
Laugh in happiness—an art!

Laugh a little every day;  
Laugh to drive the tears away.  
Just laugh, not all things twist like that  
Laugh, who cares now what about?

One who cannot laugh, for sure,  
He’s a man who’s really poor,  
Or he is just oversmart  
And has not learned the laughing art.

Does he think a lot like me?  
Well, then, let my pleasure be;  
Does he honor higher spirit?  
“Laugh right in his face!” has merit.  
[into his Fist - idiomatic]

So far as it’s my concern  
Laughing is my greatest turn;  
When I laugh, so far as shown,  
Staying angry’s quite unknown!

Mornings early when I laugh  
It cuts troubles right in half;  
Laugh at night ’til time for bed:  
One still has that daily bread.

When I have few dollars seen  
Laughing is a medicine;  
Laughing keeps the doctor out  
Laughing brings good luck about!

“Laugh and the world laughs with you”  
The pleasure is the more.  
“Cry and you cry alone,” we add  
To weep alone, it hurts, and bad!

And do you find the world so wrong  
That you must cry complaining song?  
No, laugh, then courage comes along  
Laugh enough! Then you get big and strong!

## WIE SOLL MER SCHELLE?

By John Birmelin (1936 or 37)

Saagt mer mol, wie soll mer schelle!  
Sel macht immer bissel Schtreit;  
Was mer nau net hawwe welle.  
Schiebt mer graad mol uf die Seit.

**S**

Saagt, wie soll mer buchstawiere  
In de scheene deitsche Schprooch!  
Brauch mer noh ke[n] Zeit verliere,  
Macht mer's ewwe yuscht so nooch.

**a**

Soll mer Deitsch wie English schreiwewe?  
Deel, die meene sel waer recht.  
Soll des Deitsch beim deitsche bleiwe?  
Nau - sel guckt emol net schlecht!

**R**

**t**

Harbaugh, Fischer, Grumbine, Brunner,  
Waare vun de gude Alde;  
Un, des iss aa gaar ken Wunner,  
Hen sich ganz beim deitsche g'halde.

**i**

**w**

"Solly Hulsbuck"—"Boonestiel,"  
Die hen's Deitsch wie English g'schriwewe;  
Waar des yuscht fer ewweviel?  
Waar'n verleicht dezu gedriwewe!

**R**

'm "Bumpnickel Bill" sei Sache  
Sin im Land rumhaer bekannt;  
Bringe 'n mancher noch zum lache,  
Lest 's en mancher mit Verschtand.

**g**

Deel, die hen an annrer Glaawe,  
Denke viel vum Parre Stoudt;  
Kenne's Deitsch noch gut verdraage,  
Glaawe noch an Sauergraut.

**S**

Lambert schreibt mit "e-e-e,"  
Alsemol mit "j un j" (yott un yott)  
Saagt er daed aa druf besteh;  
Ei, ya Well! 's iss wie mer's hot!

**g**

Un der Fogel, so politisch,  
Bringt an annri Aart Geles.  
Mit Gegrizel diakritisch,  
Universitaetgemaess.

**j**

**b**

Reichard, Brendel, Moll un Barba,  
Yeder nooch seim Abbedit;  
Doch des Schreiwewe hot sei Naube,  
Kenner macht debei Brofit.

**g**

Iss es Schelle? - Buchstawiere  
Frogt mer weiter net dernooch;  
Un fer was dann dischbediere?  
's iss yo doch die Mutterschproch!

**e**

## HOW SHALL WE SPELL [IN DUTCH]?

By John Birmelin (1936 or 37)

Tell me once, how shall we spell?  
We always have contention  
Which we really do NOT need.  
It pushes us right off the page.

**R**

**v**

Tell me, how shall we spell  
In this Pennsylvania German dialect?  
And we do not have much time to spare  
It's pressing on us to settle this thing.

**r**

Shall we write *Deitsch* as we write English?  
Some tell us that it's the way.  
Or, shall *Deitsch* stay German-fashion,  
Well, that doesn't look bad either!

**y**

Harbaugh, Fisher, Grumbine, Brunner:  
They wrote as Old Timers all;  
And I guess it is no wonder  
They stuck with forms quite German.

**h**

**f**

But Solly Hulsbuck and Boonestiel  
Wrote Pennsylvania German with English orthography.  
Was that quite immaterial?  
Did that just put them on the other side?

The writings of Pumpnickle Bill  
Became famous throughout the Country.  
They brought many to the point of laughter  
And many read his writings with understanding.

**S**

**d**

Some who had a different thought,  
A lot who went with Pastor John B. Stoudt  
And knew proper High German but put up with *Deitsch*  
For they still believed in Sauerkraut.

Lambert's Dictionary writes it with many "e's"  
Sometimes also "j" for "y" or "gg"

**d**

[the sound we don't have much in English]  
He said we just had to put up with it  
Well, then! That's the way it is!

And then [Edwin M.] Fogel, so political,  
Brings another type of reading  
With diacritical markings  
To conform with the University System.

**B**

Reichard, Brendle, Moll and Barba,  
Each according to his taste.  
Still such writing has its own tricks  
And noone makes out through all that.

**f**

Is it *schelle* or *buchstawiere* to say "to spell"?  
Ask me later, after while;  
But why in the world are we here arguing,  
Isn't it the dialect language that counts???

**b**

## DU GUCKSCHT MER DOCH SO BLO

By John Birmelin 30 Dec 1941

Was fehlt dir nau, mei liewer Freind?  
Du guckscht mer doch so blo!  
Wottscht in der Himmel, wie mer's scheint.  
Bischt net zufridde do.

Un kaemscht du in der Himmel nei,  
Mit so 'me sauere G'sicht,  
Do machscht du noch die Engel schei,  
Beim helle goldne Licht!

Beguck dich mol im Schpiggel dart!  
Was raus guckt, sell iss dich.  
Do nemmscht dir selwer nimmi's Bart  
Un hoscht dich uffem Schtrich.

Guck noch emol so schpottich nei  
Un lach emol fer Schpeit!  
Kannscht graad so schee wie Annre sei,  
Gewiss doch graad so g'scheit.

Du wunnerscht was noch kumme sett,  
Un sell iss was dich quaelt.  
Es menscht vum Druuwel kummt yo net,  
Noh hoschte's doch verfehlt.

Do henkt mer net die Fliggel glei,  
Wann's bissel grutzich geht;  
Do muss mer graad so batzich sei  
Wie 'n Haahne, wann er graeht!

So lang as'd noch zu esse hoscht,  
En g'sunder Abbedit,  
Un waer's aa yuscht en Riewekoscht,  
Do macht mer grefdich mit!

Un wee-ich em Alder sei net bang!  
Do hockscht dich in die Ruh;  
Noh gehn die Yunge in der Schtrang,  
Du saagscht 'ne wie's zu duh.

Un hoschte, hie un do, en Feind,  
Beweist as'd ebbes bischt.  
Yuscht hiet dich var em falsche Freind,  
As er dich net verwischt!

Un saagscht der Welt mol "Faerrewell,"  
Do sei du yuscht gedroscht!  
Wer dich beyust kummt in die Hell  
Un waerd noch gut geroscht.

## YOU LOOK SO BLUE [SO SAD] TO ME

By John Birmelin (30 Dec 1941)

And what's wrong now, my dear old friend?  
You look so blue to me.  
If heaven's watching, as I think,  
Content they cannot be!

And if you came to Heaven now  
With such a sour face,  
You'd make the angels shy away  
In the light of that good place.

But just look into the mirror there  
What reflects, that is you!  
Of course things go against the grain,  
But there is much to do!

But do not mock yourself inside,  
Laugh now and then, for spite  
You are as nice as others are  
And even, "chust" as smart!

Don't wonder what may happen now,  
Of course, that's half the bother;  
Much of that trouble never comes  
One thing succeeds the other.

We do not pack our wings away  
Just when there's something wrong  
It's like - to be as cocky as  
The rooster crowing long.

So long as you have food to eat  
And still have appetite  
And cash to pay a turnip's cost,  
You're healthy and you're right!

If when you're old, you're weaker,  
Just sit there, take your rest!  
Into the traces, younger men,  
You tell them how, and with zest!

If here and there, an enemy  
Should just by chance appear  
Watch out now for the doubtful friend  
That he doesn't knock you out.

And say to this Old World "Farewell!"  
And keep your confidence;  
Whoever uses you, can go to Hell  
His hot, well roasted, residence.

## DER BLO' BERG

Gedicht in pennsylvanisch-deutscher Mundart  
von einem hiesigen Buschpfarrer

Mitgetheilt von P. W. F., c. 1880

O, Bloer Berg! O Bloer Berg!  
Ich gleich dich arg, du alter Berg,  
Ich gleich dich allgebot zu seh',  
For schur, du bist gar ewig schee'.

Wann morgets ich vum Bett steh' uf,  
Guck ich for's erst hi's zu dir' nuf;  
Sell is schier alsfort so mei' Weg,  
Eb owets ich mich anne leg'.

Guckt morgets hi', wie schee is sell!  
Sehnt, wie sei' Top is klor un hell!  
Doch drunne tief, im ganze Dal,  
Leit noch der Schatteüwerall.

Guckt noch mol hi': Nau runner schleicht  
Die Sunn, mit Fuss gar weech, gar leicht;  
Sie macht kee Lärm, sie nix verschreckt,  
Doch hot sie alles ufgeweckt.

Die Buwe füttrt schon das Vieh;  
Die Mäd geh'n melke schon die Küh;  
Der Schmok steigt hoch zum Schornstee raus,  
Die Frah macht Breckfest schon im Haus.

Ihr Leut, is sell net wunnerbar?  
Die Sanftmuth ruhlt, meent mer schier gar;  
Sie hot's am End wie's ihr gefällt,  
Werd ruhle mol die ganze Welt.

Blo' Berg, en g'waltig Macht bist du,  
En Pau'r vun unstörbarer Ruh';  
's mag dowe um dich, wie es will,  
Hockst du do ruhig, gränd un still.

Horch! horch! wie wild der Stormwind braust,  
Wie ferchterlich 's Gewitter haust!  
Es siemt, es wär en b'sonders Werk  
Dich zu verstöre, alter Berg.

Du gebst nix drum. Der Wind verweht  
Dunner un Blitz vorüwer geht;  
Die Luft spielt fröhlich um dich her;  
Bist frisher als du warst - nix mehr.

Wenn ich dich so bestörmet seh',  
Denk' ich glei' an mei' alte G'mee,  
Mei' liewe Kerch, die stormumweht,  
Umdunnert un umblietzt do steht.

## BLUE MOUNTAIN

A Poem in Pennsylvania German dialect by a  
Country-Preacher, so-called; c. 1880  
Forwarded by P. W. F.

Oh, Blue Mountain, Blue Mountain!  
I like you very much, you old mountain;  
I like to see you every now and then  
For you are always handsome.

When mornings from my bed I rise  
I first look over there and up to you;  
That is likewise my everyday habit  
In the evening before I lay down to sleep!

Look out in the morning! How pretty that is!  
See how the mountaintop is bright and clear!  
While down below the whole valley  
Lies still completely in shadow.

Now just look here; so sneaking down's  
The sun, on softest, lightest feet.  
It makes no noise, it terrifies nothing,  
Yet it has awakened everything.

Boys already feed the animals,  
While girls go milk the cows.  
The smoke curls up and out of chimneys tall  
While the wife makes breakfast inside the house.

My friends, is that not wonderful?  
Gentleness reigns, one might almost say  
[if not a contradiction]  
The result is just what one desires  
If only it ruled the entire world!

Blue Mountain, a mighty power you are  
A power of undisturbed peace;  
Let it storm about you as it may,  
There you sit quiet, grand and still.

So Listen, as the wild stormwind howls,  
How fiercely bad weather rages!  
It would seem to require a special work  
To frighten you, solid old mountain.

You just do not care. The wind increases,  
Thunder and lightning are all around.  
The winds play happily about you  
More briskly than if you were not here.

And when I see you so beset,  
I think about my Old Congregation,  
My beloved Church, which stands there  
Smashed at by storm, by thunder and by lightning.

Die Feind der Kerch, sie dowe laut,  
Un kreische, sie wär' letz gebaut;  
Seh'n Fehler do, seh'n Fehler hie,  
Un möchte gern verstöre sie.

's bat nix! Die Kerch steht ewig fast;  
Ken Storm kann störe ihre Rast;  
Wie du, Blo' Berg, so bleib sie steh',  
Bis mol des Erdreich werd vergeh'.

Dann nemmt sie Christus zu sich 'nuf  
Un setzt die Siegeskron' ihr uf;  
Dann führt er sie zur ew'gen Ruh',  
Wo ihr ken Feind kann Schade dhu'.

Blo' Berg, oft ah verwunner ich mich,  
Wie zierlich du dhust kleede dich;  
Ken Mädél uf der ganze Welt  
Is mit so scheene Kleeder b'stellt.

Dei' Bonnet is en wahre Luft  
Un deckt dei' Kop ken paar Zoll just;  
En Wolk, 'em Owetroth sei' Glanz  
Bedeckt ihn recht, bedeckt ihn ganz.

Vum Frühjohr früh, zum Spotjohr spot  
An schöne Blüm'cher host kee Noth;  
Un Trauwerank' umfranzle dich,  
Dei' Rocks un Beem gar zimperlich.

Im Frühjohr host en neues Kleed  
Vum zartste Grü, en Aageweed,  
Im Summer ah so; doch m'r meent  
's wär eppes vun der Sunn verbrennt.

Derno im Spotjohr, o, wie schee',  
Wie prächtig bist du anzuseh'!  
Dann ist in bunt'ster Farwepracht  
Dei' Kleed vun Kop zu Fuss gemacht.

Zur Winterszeit dress'st du dich weiss  
Glitzerst als'mol mit Perle-Eis;  
Doch sell werd mir gar bald verleed;  
Gleich besser dich im Summer-Kleed.

Gut bei, Blo' Berg! Doch nee, ich geh'  
Nie fort vun dir nach Eiowe,  
Ah nirgets sunst. Do, do bleib' ich,  
Wu ich kann alsfort sehne dich.

Enemies of that Church, they go at it strong.  
They gripe that it was poorly built;  
Find mistakes there and errors here,  
So they would really like to destroy you.

But, then, so what! The Church stands fast always!  
No storm can destroy your rest.  
As you Old Blue Mountain, just stand right there  
Until this earth itself shall pass.

Then Christ will take you to himself  
And place the Victor's Crown on you  
And lead you to eternal rest  
Where each enemy is rendered harmless, too.

Blue Mountain, I am often amazed  
How nicely you do clothe yourself.  
No woman in this entire world  
Is adorned with clothes more beautiful than you.

Your bonnet is the air itself  
And covering your head just a few inches wide  
Is a cloud, whose flash of evening red  
Decorates it right, covers it completely.

From early in spring till late in fall  
You have no need of pretty blooms;  
You are surrounded by goodness  
For your rocks and trees are delicateness.

In spring you have new clothing, too,  
Of deepest green, as is the custom.  
In summer also, although one would think  
That the sun itself had burned up something.

But then in fall, how pretty then;  
How pretty just to look upon!  
Then you are in most colorful costume displayed,  
A costume made from head to foot.

In wintertime, you're all in white  
Glittering at times like pearly ice.  
But I would mislead you quite away; I like you better  
I like you better in summer costume.

Good bye, Blue Mountain! But no, oh, no!  
I cannot answer a call to Iowa.  
Nothing like that! No, I'll stay here, just where I am,  
Where I can always look at you.

---

How many times have those of us brought up in its shadow, repeated *uf deutsch* or in English, "Blo' Barrick, Blo' Barrick, Ich gleich dich so arrick!", when in awe of nature? But notice the special nature of this printing. I believe it is the first time in translation that the proper and enlightening subtitle has been printed as it originally appeared in Trexler. *Skizzen aus dem Lecha-Thale*. Allentown, PA Friedensbote Press,

1880-1886. It had to be the product of the hand of an officially unappreciated preacher [Buschpfarrer]. You find it there as Number XXXI on pages 98 and 99. At any rate, many of us have sympathized with the outlaw or shadowy *Iwwerbarriyaleit* pastors and Circuit riders, like Michael, Schumacher, Rothenbühler (though in the city) and even Boehm, who is so beautifully described by John B. Frantz in the closing article.

**DIE AUSWANDERER**  
By Franz von Kobell (eb 1876)

Es sitze' zwee vergrämte Gsichter  
Beinanner beim e' Schoppe' Wein,  
'S sin junge Leut', die sin sunscht luschtich,  
'S muss denne' halt was g'schehe' seyn;  
Do sächt der ee', for was sich plooché'  
In so'me Land? es gschicht uns recht,  
Was geh' mer nit, es git noch Länder,  
Die sin wess Gott nit gar so schlecht,  
Amerika! dort is e' Lebe',  
Do hunzt mer sich nit so, wie hier,  
Dort is der allerschlechtschte Pflanzler  
Als wie bei uns e' Cavalier;  
Natürlich, denk' der nor den Reichthum,  
Der Wein un' s Korn die wachse wild,  
Vun Froscht un' Winter ke' Gedanke',  
Der Himmel is jo gar zu mild,  
Dort pample' emm die Goldorange'  
In's Maul, do knikert sich's nit drum  
Un' Tabak wachst, wie bei uns Dischtle  
Un' frei geht dort e' jeder 'rum  
Un' jagt un' treibt's noch sein'm Gefalle'  
Un' heurath't wie er will un' mag,  
Do ploocht emm ke' Regierungswese'  
Un' Vorschrift, wie hier alle Tag.

Un' hot mehr Glück nor for 'n Kreuzer,  
So find't mer aach 'n Klumpe Gold.  
Un' kann sei' Lebelang dra' zehre',  
Dann 's git genung, wer's suche' wollt'.

Horch, geh' mer hi', was Palz un' Pälzer  
Do is for Eenigkeit ke' Sinn,  
Die Landsleut' liesse' emm verhungre'  
Dess is e' anner Korn dort drinn!

Stoss a' Kammrad, wir wolle' reese  
Fideel un' luschtich über's Meer,  
Un' habe' mer de' rechte' Seckl  
Un' 's gefallt uns, kumm mehr widder her -  
--Die Gränk! do guck emole dess Gsindle,  
Dess müsse' jo Zigeuner sey',  
Schlawake' oder Sansculotte',  
Wie kummt dess Lumpevolk do rei',  
Wo seydt ihr her, ihr Bettlgsichter,  
Drei Schritt vum Leib', nor nit so nah -  
- " "Mir sin vum Rhein, sin ausgewannert  
Un' kumme' vun Amerika." "

**THE EMIGRANTS**  
By Franz von Kobell (bet. 1863 & 1876)

Two woe-begone countenances sat  
Together with their liter of wine;  
Young people, they were otherwise jolly,  
There had to be some reason for what was happening;  
Then the one said, "Why should one torment oneself  
"Things don't work here. But there are countries  
Which are, God knows, not so bad at all.  
America; that's where there's a living,  
One does not push oneself so much, like here.  
And there, the very worst of farmers  
Would be all free and easy here.  
Naturally, we think of them as Empire  
Of vines and grain just growing wild;  
Of frost and winter, not a real thought,  
Why, Heaven itself is just that mild.  
There, grapefruitlike, stuff gold-oranges  
Into the mouth, for health, you know.  
Tobacco grows there as by us such thistles,  
While free men there can come and go,  
And hunt and shape at their own pleasure  
And marry as they will and can;  
To bother them, no regulations  
Nor codes nor rules as each day's plan.

Such good fortune is theirs: Should they seek a dollar  
They find instead a lump of gold  
Which may indeed supply each his lifetime  
Enough and to spare, just to seek and to hold."

"So listen, do go over there, [take] something Palatine  
along  
For there is no taste for [Bismarck's] unity thing  
Their countrymen will let them die of hunger,  
With another kind of value therein!

Stuff the 'Comrade' business, we will journey  
Faithful and happy overseas.  
And if we have the right sails [or the right financing]  
And if it pleases us, we'll be back--"

--"Hey, sick ones [or are they bearded]! Just look at  
the vagabonds,  
They surely must be Gypsies,  
Slovakians or revolutionaries!  
How do we get such riff-raff here?  
Where are they from, with their beggars-appearance?  
Now, stay away, just don't get too close!!!"

- " "We are really Rhinelanders, we emigrated,  
And now come from America." "

### SO SIN' SE

Von Franz von Kobell (zw. 1863 & 1876)

Es lege' sich zwee schloofe',  
E' Bauer is der ee',  
Der bet't, "du lieber Himml,  
Mach' morg' 's Wetter schee',  
Dann sunscht is all' mei' Hoffe'  
Un' all' mei' Luscht vorbei,  
Mei' Heu werd' morg' trucke',  
O schon' mer doch dess Heu! -"

Der anner war e' Müller,  
Steht schun' drei Täg' sei' Mühl,  
Der bet't: "Ach wann doch morg' e'  
E' rechter *Rege*' fiel,  
Sunscht kann ich nimmer male',  
Hab' jo ke' Wasser mehr,  
O loss doch tüchtig regne',  
Es is der Bach so leer. -"

Es gehe' zwee' zum Jage'  
Juscht uf conträrm Weg'  
E' jeder sicht vun weit'm  
E' Wild in sein'm Gegeg',  
E' jeder bet't verstohle:  
"Nor dessmal gute' Wind,  
Mer weess, wann ich so herrlich  
'Nn Rehbock wieder find'. -"

Der Wind der soll halt blöse'  
Noch links un aach noch rechts,  
'S soll regne' un soll schee' sey',  
E' jeder anners möcht's.  
So sin se halt die Mensche  
Un jeder rasonniert  
Un was dem eene' recht is,  
Den annere genirt.

Un klage' unserm Herrgott  
E' jeder sein' Verdruss,  
Es wär' jo gar ke' Wunner  
Käm dem emol der Bschluss  
Un thät se all' verschlage'  
Tief in de' Bodd'm nei',  
Dann so a ewig's Jammre'  
Muss nit zum höre' sey'.  
Un dess is doch des mehrschte,  
Dann geht's 'm Schlingl gut  
So hot er annre Gschäfte',  
Als dass er bete' thut.

### THAT'S THE WAY THEY ARE

By Franz von Kobell (between 1863 & 1876)

Two people lay there at bedtime;  
The farmer was one of them.  
He prayed, "Dear Heaven  
Let tomorrow's weather be fine,  
For otherwise all my hopes  
And all my wishes are gone.  
Clear weather will make my hay dry  
A crop of hay to please."

The other one was a miller,  
His mill three days dead still.  
He prayed, "If only, come morning,  
A proper rain should fall,  
Otherwise I shall never grind at all  
For I have no more water;  
Oh, let there be a steady rain  
For the stream now runs so low."

It happened both went hunting  
Though off on different paths;  
And each saw, from a distance,  
Fair game along his trail.  
Then each one prayed in secret,  
"Now just this time, good wind,  
For who knows if I shall ever  
Find such a stag again! -"

So the wind shall really blow now  
Both to the left and to the right;  
It shall rain but shall be fair yet,  
Let each choose as he might.  
And that's the trouble with mankind  
As each one reasons out,  
And what is just for one of them  
Brings the other's awkward shout!

Complaints they send to God above,  
Each of his own disgust;  
It would really be no wonder,  
Should it come to an end, I trust.  
And if they were all boarded up  
Somewhere in a cellar deep;  
For such eternal yammering  
Would keep a saint from sleep.  
So this: what happens most the time  
And we fall in the trap evermore.  
For they have other business to do  
Than pray, what they don't need, for!



### OH, BIN ICH NET EN SCHOENA BU?

Sung by Jeremiah Schindel (c. 1850)

Oh, bin Ich net en schoena Bu.  
Ich hop so schoenes heetly uf,  
Mit so schoenes bondly druf,  
Bin Ich net en schoena Bu!

Oh, bin Ich net en schoena Bu.  
Ich hop so schoenes reckly aw,  
Mit so schoenes kneply draw,  
Bin Ich net en schoena Bu!

Oh, bin Ich net en schoena Bu.  
Ich hop so schoenes hussly aw,  
Mit so schoenes latzly draw,  
Bin Ich net en schoena Bu!

### OH, AM I NOT A GOOD BOY?

Sung by Rev. Jeremiah Schindel (c. 1850)

Oh, am I not a good boy?  
I have such a pretty hat on,  
With a pretty band around it,  
Ain't I the good-type boy?

Oh, am I not a good boy?  
I've such a pretty coat on me  
With such nice buttons you can see  
Am I not a good boy?

Oh, am I not a good boy?  
I have such fancy pants on me  
And with a fly built in, you see! [Like Dad!]  
Am I not a good boy?

### EN SCHPRUHLIED

By Reverend Astor C. Wuchter (c. 1912)

Der wehwer webt  
Der schtricker schtrickt,  
Der Mensch der lebt  
Wie er sich schickt.

Der schneider schneit,  
Der flicker flickt,  
S'gebt fromma leit  
Wonn alles glickt.

Der maeher maecht,  
Der reiher reiht.  
Wer singt un beht  
Hut's nie bereit.

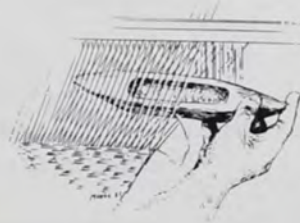
Der hahna kraecht  
Bei dawg un nacht,  
Wer frieh uffschteht  
Grickt's hoy g'macht.

Der hund der blooft  
D' hivvel nuff,  
Wer fleiszig g'schofft  
Haert tzeitlich uff.

Die Welt die dreht  
Sich rum un rum,  
Wer onna steht  
Bleibt ewich dumm.

Der wehwer webt,  
Der schtricker schtrickt  
Der mensch der lebt  
Wie er sich schickt.

Nix g'wogt is nix g'wunna.



### A SONG OF SAYINGS

By Astor C. Wuchter (c. 1912)

The weaver weaves, The knitter knits  
And man lays out the pattern for his life.

The tailor cuts, Repairman mends  
You see proud people When fortune tends.

The mower mows, The sewer stitches,  
Who sings and prays Is never needy.

The rooster crows at night and day;  
Who gets up early, He makes more hay.

The dog that barks From the top of the pile,  
Reminds us that workers May stop after while.

The world runs always 'Round and 'round;  
Just temporal things will bog us down.

The weaver weaves, The knitter knits;  
And man lays out the pattern for his life.

Nothing ventured, nothing won.

**EN DUDELSACK LIED**  
By Astor C. Wuchter (c. 1909)

Die welt die is'n dud'lsack  
Un yeders schpielt druff rum,  
Der ehnt der hut sie fer sei peif.  
Der onner fer sei drum.

Fiel hen aw noch'n dud'lsack  
So seitwegs nehwa bei  
Sie blohsa uff un dud'la mit  
S'is alles frank un frei.

Der ehnt der hut die schenschta geil,  
Der ehnt die beschta kieh,  
Der onner hut die fetta sei,  
Der onner's hinkl'l fieh.

Der ehnt der hut die fleisicht frah -  
En rarer fogel, sel!  
Der onner war schun tzwonsich yohr  
Net iwwer'n kar'chaschwell.

Der ehnt der schpiert's im hovversack,  
Der Dawdy der war reich,  
Sei nemma all die erbschaft mit,  
Won's obgeht, in d' beich.

Der ehnt der hut sei rummadiss,  
Der onner hut sei bloag -  
Wie Gott sei sega ausg'dehlt  
War's mit der letza woag.

Wer g'schtroaft is mit'ma dud'lsack  
Den dauert m'r aus noth,  
Wer's ovver immer hehra muss  
Dem helft nix wie der doht.

**SIE HOTT NIX**  
By Daniel Kühn (Speyer, c. 1905)

's Käthche hodd e hibschi, e feini Puschtur,  
Hodd e Meilche so rot ass wie Kersche;  
Hott Zähner wie Perle, gereiht an ere Schnur,  
Hott Fiesscher so flink wie die Hersche.  
Hott Guschto zum Danze, danzt Walzer, Kalobb  
No jeder beliewige Leier;  
Hott schöne schwarze Aage, die funkeln im Kobb  
Unn brennen ins Herz ass wie Feier.  
Sie ess aa kaa[n] Schlamb unn hott Battschhänncher  
zart,  
Aa sunscht fehlt der herzige Krott nix;  
Hott seidnige Hoor unn hott Schick un hodd Art,  
Awwer dess ess de Deiwel: Sie hott nix!

**A BAGPIPE SONG**  
By Astor C. Wuchter (c. 1909)

The world it is a bagpipe  
Which each one plays upon  
The first, he plays it for his fife  
The other for his drum.

Still many have such bagpipe  
So by their side may be,  
They blow it up and doodle with  
'Tis all so frank and free.

The first has hands'mest horses  
And cows, the very best;  
The other has the fattest hogs,  
Out-chickens all the rest.

The first, he has the finest wife,  
A rare bird that, indeed!  
For twenty years, the other's foot  
Has seen no church door, no need.

The first saves in a carpetbag;  
His father was so rich!  
The inheritance goes along, no doubt,  
When they go to confess.

The first, he has his rheumatis';  
The other, his complaint.  
As God distributed his blessings  
This was for final balance.

He who's punished with the *dudelsack*  
(One takes it when one must)  
He hears it through eternity  
Spared: But the dead, only just.

**SHE HAS NOTHING**  
By Daniel Kühn

Katy has a pretty, fine figure  
Has a little mouth as red as cherries;  
Has teeth like pearls, set in rows like her lace  
Has feet as quick as a deer.  
She likes to dance, and does the waltz and the galop  
To each beloved song;  
She has beautiful black eyes which sparkle  
And burn into one's heart like fire.  
She is no mess, but has a crisp handshake  
And rarely fails to be the spirited young thing.  
She has silky hair, tact and grace.  
But the devil of it is this: She has no money!

## DIE SCHÖNSTE SPRACHE

By Friedrich Stoltze (c. 1905)

Von alle Sprache in der Welt  
Is ää, die merr derr best gefällt,—  
Es is e alt,—die ält'st am End,—  
Die Eva hat se schon gekennt,  
Doch is es die Hewräisch net,  
Die Grieschisch un Chaldäisch net,  
Hat ääch nit mit Latein gemää,—  
Von *dotte* Sprache is es kää!  
Im Gegedhää! Es kimmt merr vor,  
Sie wär' als *zu* lewendig nor.

Doch's Beste is die Sprach Versteht  
Der Derk sowohl als Samojed,  
Der Kaffer selbst, des dumme Oos,  
Un ääch der Deutsche un Franzos,  
Der Italiener un Kosack,  
Der Engelenner un Schlawack,  
Der Spanier, Schwed un Portugies,  
Die nowelst Dam un olwernst Lies,  
Der König un im Stall der Jerg,  
Ja, selbst der Pfarr in der Kerch;  
Korz, alle Welt in Dorf un Stadt,  
*Wann* merr des rechte Alter hat!  
Die Mädercher von Fuffzeh Jahr  
Verstehn se oft schon wunnerbar!  
Hernegege alte Professorn  
Sein ganz vor so e Sprach verlorn;  
Doch e Kokett, wann noch so alt,  
Hat noch die Sprach in der Gewalt,  
Un iwwerhääpt ääch zeigt sich hie  
Des schee Geschlecht als Sprachschenie.

Es is e Sprach, wie kää mehr blieht!  
Ach so voll Geist un voll Gemieht!  
Un oft ääch voll Publicidät—  
Korzum, wie gar kää zwett besteht  
Un dass ich's Ihne endlich sag,  
Die Sprach, dess is die *Äägesprach!*

E Sprach, die allerbest gewiss,  
Wo kää Grammatik nethig is,  
E Sprach, die ääm am meiste rihrt,  
Un wo merr kää Babbier verschmiert;  
Die ääm am seligste dorchzuckt,  
Un wo merr net sei Geld verdruckt,  
Un die merr spricht un doch net hört,  
So dass kää rauhes Wort ääm stört;  
E Sprach voll Lieb un Zärtlichkeit,  
In der ges ganzi Herzi Leiht,  
Des Herzi ganz, dess liebt un hofft  
Von so em scheene Mädche oft,  
Un blinz ääm zu un winkt ääm nach!  
*Hoch, dreimal hoch, die Äägesprach!*

## THE MOST BEAUTIFUL LANGUAGE

By Friedrich Stoltze (c. 1905)

Of all the languages here on earth  
There's one that brings me mostly mirth:  
An old one,—MOST ancient, you see,  
Which Eve, herself, had known with glee.  
Still, I don't mean the Hebrew tongue  
Nor Greek nor Chaldee had she sung;  
Had little in common with Latin, 'tis said,  
I write NOT of a tongue that's *dead*.  
Just opposite, it seems to me,  
*Unser Schproch* is TOO lively and TOO free.

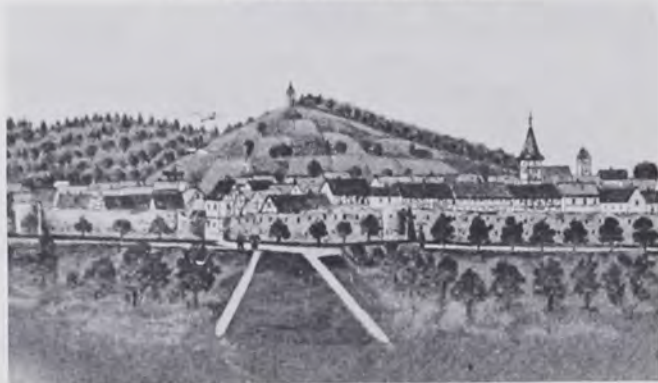
Still, each understands his language best  
As the Turk, so also the Samoyed,  
The Kaffir himself and the Ostian workman  
Parisian actor and country German;  
Italian and riding Cossack  
The Englander and farmer-Slovak;  
Spaniard, Swede and Portugee  
Young madam and oldest LizaBee.  
The King and George the Stableboy  
And Pastor of the Church also;  
In short, every town and countryman  
*Whenever* speaking years do span.  
Young girls of fifteen years of age  
Know as well as does the wisest sage  
Professors, however, of wide repute  
In this speech are not resolute;  
But a coquette, barely old enough,  
Uses speech as powerful stuff;  
Especially shows us in a trice  
The pretty flirt with speech like spice!

It is a tongue hardly blooming now  
Yet spirit and feeling does still allow.  
It's often outright publicity  
Yet rarely takes a second key  
Now after I have hung and hung,  
I'll tell you: It's one's *native tongue!*

Oh! Language which we know the best  
But where full grammar is not highest;  
In general it's a laughing speech  
Which rarely printed page does reach.  
Sometimes in holiest usages  
But never for printing money pledges.  
And which I speak but never hear  
Allowing no rough language to bend my ear.  
It's a language full of love and tenderness  
Which lets the heart itself caress.  
An entire heart, which loves and hopes  
For such a sweetheart, it could cope;  
Makes sign to one; calls another and hears,  
"For our *Native Tongue*, Let's give *three cheers!!!*"

# JOHN PHILIP BOEHM: PIONEER PENNSYLVANIA PASTOR

by JOHN B. FRANTZ



*Hochstadt, the birthplace of Boehm.*

Although John Philip Boehm was one of the most important of the early German pastors who served in Pennsylvania, he is not well known, even among his ecclesiastical descendents in the Reformed Church that he served so faithfully. One of the reasons for his lack of fame is that for many years his papers were not available, despite historians' efforts to find them. Eventually Henry Harbaugh, the noted mid-nineteenth century clergyman and writer, traced them to a third-floor garret in Philadelphia only to learn that they had been destroyed twenty-five years earlier.<sup>1</sup> Not until the late nineteenth century did James I. Good and Henry J. Dotterer discover that many of Boehm's letters, reports, and other papers had been preserved in the Netherlands by officials of the Dutch Reformed Church who had assisted their counterparts in America many years earlier. Good, Dotterer, and William J. Hinke brought copies to America where Hinke published them in *The Journal of the Presbyterian Historical Society* and included them with his biography of Boehm that he published in 1916 as the *Life and Letters of the Reverend John Philip Boehm*.<sup>2</sup> Unfortunately, this book has not received widespread attention, and Boehm remains comparatively obscure.

John Philip Boehm was born into the family of the Reformed minister at "Hochstadt, near Frankfort-on-the-Main" in what is now Germany, in 1683. His father's self-confessed "slippery tongue" caused difficulties for him with his second wife as well as officials of his congregations and led to frequent moves.<sup>3</sup> Little more is known of Boehm's early life.

By 1708, Boehm had become a master in Reformed Church schools. He served at Worms from 1708 until



*Lamsheim, where Boehm was schoolmaster.*

1715 and for the next five years at Lamsheim. He left both positions after intense involvement in disputes for which he does not seem responsible.<sup>4</sup> After Boehm departed from Lamsheim, he emigrated to America in 1720.

When John Philip Boehm settled in southeastern Pennsylvania, his German Reformed neighbors urged him to become their minister. Because the assumption of the pastorate without formal theological training and ordination was contrary to the Reformed Church's tradition, Boehm consented only to conduct services and refused to administer the sacraments. His decision meant that German Reformed colonists had to continue their journeys to the Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia for baptism and the Lord's Supper, or do without them.<sup>5</sup>

Boehm was so effective as a lay reader that two men, Henry Antes and probably William DeWees, came to him "in the name of all the people" and asked him if he "had the courage to answer for it at the last judgement" if he refused to officiate to them. He later wrote that he had wanted to "escape this yoke" to support his family, but his conscience convinced him that he should become their minister. Consequently, on October 15, 1725, John Philip Boehm administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to the congregation at what was called Falkner's Swamp in New Hanover Township, prepared a constitution for this and two other congregations, and, in 1729, secured ordination from Dutch Reformed clergymen in New York City.<sup>6</sup> His was a most significant ministry, for it preserved the German Reformed Church in this country.

Initially, Boehm served the Falkner's Swamp, Skippack, and Whitemarsh congregations; however, Reformed people elsewhere quickly learned of his availability and asked him to serve them too. In 1727, he responded to calls from the Conestoga and Tulpehocken regions. At about the same time, he began to serve in Philadelphia to which he was called formally in 1734. Later, he extended his ministry to the Schuylkill and Oley valleys. Indeed, the entire area between the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers, between Philadelphia and the Blue Mountains (a district which is now covered by

at least ten counties) became his parish, and thousands of colonists of Reformed background became his parishioners. Among them, he organized congregations, preached the Word, administered the church's sacraments and rites, conducted catechetical training, and attempted to maintain order in the church.<sup>7</sup>

It was a difficult ministry for Boehm, filled with difficulties that would have destroyed a less dedicated person. Although he must have been familiar with many types of parish problems, the American environment rendered them different at least in degree, if not in kind, as well.

Obvious was the need to travel by horseback great distances over crude roads and trails to reach such widely scattered congregations. Boehm reported to Dutch officials in 1744 that he had covered over 100 miles each month for eighteen years, a pace that he continued for another five years. Evidence of Boehm's travails as he attempted to meet his preaching appointments has not survived; however, a colleague observed that "often the roads . . . are such that one would not drive a dog out into them." Later missionaries to the German settlers in America described such distressing mishaps as falling from a horse while riding on a narrow trail near a steep precipice, becoming stuck in a swamp, and being threatened by hostile Indians. It is safe to assume that Boehm experienced similar difficulties. In time, he began to feel the effects of so much travel and to wonder how long he would be physically able to maintain his ministry.<sup>8</sup>

Despite the seriousness of such tribulations, Boehm worried more about other aspects of the environment, such as freedom of worship, that prevailed in Pennsylvania. Boehm had experienced in Germany toleration of Roman Catholicism, Lutheranism, and the Reformed faith; however, sectarianism was suppressed. When pastors were annoyed by Mennonites, Baptists, or others, the pastors reported the sectarians to the magistrates who fined, imprisoned, banished, or executed them.<sup>9</sup> The authorities in Pennsylvania provided no such assistance. The proprietor, William Penn, pledged that "all persons living in this province who confess and acknowledge the one Almighty and Eternal God . . . shall in no ways be molested or prejudiced for their religious persuasion . . ." The colony's first legislature repeated the promise and proclaimed that no one was to "be compelled to frequent or maintain any religious worship . . . contrary to his or her mind . . ."<sup>10</sup> As Boehm's later ministerial colleague and neighbor, Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, described the situation, "in religious or church matters, each person has the right to do what he pleases. The government has nothing to do with it."<sup>11</sup>

Boehm considered what he called "the excessive liberty . . . harmful to the true (Reformed) Church." Many of the problems that Boehm experienced he attributed to the lack of protection from the civic govern-

ment in "this free country" where "everyone breaks in . . . to do whatever he desires." He urged European church officials to help to correct this condition,<sup>12</sup> but, to his chagrin, they never did.

Pennsylvania's religious freedom led to a greater degree of religious diversity than Boehm had known in Germany. The founder of Germantown, Francis Daniel Pastorius, noted that the colony's inhabitants were so different that they must have come on Noah's ark.<sup>13</sup> Governor George Thomas asserted that the "Germans had imported with them all the religious whimsies of their own country" and even sub-divided further in America.<sup>14</sup> The famous English evangelist George Whitefield counted fifteen different religious groups in Germantown alone.<sup>15</sup> With Boehm in Pennsylvania (in addition to German and Dutch Reformed settlers) were German and Swedish Lutherans; German Roman Catholics; Moravians; Mennonites; Amish; Schwenkfelders; Inspired; New Born; New Mooners; Scots-Irish Presbyterians; English and Welsh Friends; Anglicans; and German, English and Welsh Baptists, including Dunkards and Sabbatarians. One observer noted that "there exist (in Pennsylvania) so many varieties of doctrines and sects that it is impossible to name them all."<sup>16</sup> No other province in America was so heterogeneous.

Boehm found that other religious groups, especially the sects, were competitors for the loyalty of the Reformed settlers in Pennsylvania. Sectarians openly challenged churchmen, chiding that their professional clergy served only for remuneration, that their sermons had so little effect they were a waste of money, and that their congregations were corrupted by unconverted members.<sup>17</sup>

Rivals won the allegiance of some members of the Reformed Church. Boehm complained that the Germantown congregation was "for a considerable time in a miserable condition, on account of all kinds of sectarians." Moravians made inroads in such prominent congregations as those at Germantown, Falkner Swamp,



*Communion set used by itinerant pastors. Property of Boehm's Church, Blue Bell, Pa.*

Coventry, Tulpehocken, and York. Dunkards and Seventh Day Baptists, who had established their cloisters at Ephrata, also were effective proselytizers. Indeed, it seemed to Boehm that the "whole land" was full of them. They caused him to hear "frequently with astonishment, of such or such a one who has gone over to them, even of Reformed people."<sup>18</sup>

The loss of Reformed colonists to other religious groups undermined the church's ability to finance its activities. Churches accustomed to subsidization by the secular government in Germany had to depend on voluntary contributions by their adherents in Pennsylvania. Although the sects had always been voluntaristic (partly because their lack of a professional clergy and elaborate buildings enabled them to get along with less money) voluntarism was a new experience for church members.<sup>19</sup> Some settlers accepted their responsibilities and contributed as much as they could. Many others, however, gave little or nothing. A German pastor in a neighboring colony described the churches' difficulty in collecting pledges of support by explaining that "one person will not pay, another cannot pay, the third moves away, and the fourth dies." As a result, this clergyman even had to bargain with the church council for the construction of his latrine.<sup>20</sup> Lack of funds made it difficult for the churches to support their ministers, who had no other source of income, and decreased the churches' effectiveness.

Boehm claimed that he never received a fixed salary. He made the people's small contributions suffice by living "in his own simple cabin" and by augmenting them with what he earned "by the work of his own hands." Boehm should have added that his son, Anthony William, was a competent farmer and freed his father from dependence on the church for his support.<sup>21</sup> Most Reformed ministers were not so fortunate and could not afford to serve the church in America under such circumstances.

Consequently, there was a severe shortage of clergymen. When Boehm assumed the ministerial office in 1725, there were only a few German Reformed pastors in English America. One of them was John Jacob Oel, who had been ordained by the Anglican Bishop of London and who was subsidized by the Anglican Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. He served German Reformed inhabitants of the New York frontier, where he conducted services according to the Anglican Book of Common Prayer. Another was John Henry Haeger who served German settlers in the province of Virginia. A third was Samuel Guldin, who had been punished by officials of the Swiss canton of Berne because of his pietism. He emigrated to Pennsylvania where he preached occasionally, but he served no congregations.<sup>22</sup>

Several Reformed ministers emigrated from Germany to Pennsylvania during the decade of the 1730's; however, they served the Reformed settlers in the province

for only a short time. For example, George Michael Weiss, who came in 1727, left Pennsylvania for Europe in 1730. Shortly after he returned in 1731, he went to the colony of New York. Weiss did not come back to Pennsylvania until 1746.<sup>23</sup> John Peter Miller, who arrived in 1730, was converted by the Seventh Day Baptists and entered their cloisters at Ephrata in 1735.<sup>24</sup> John Bartholomew Rieger came to Pennsylvania in 1731, but went to New Jersey in 1734, and did not return to Pennsylvania until 1739.<sup>25</sup> As late as 1741, Boehm and Rieger, who then served at Lancaster, were the only ordained German Reformed ministers in Pennsylvania.

Throughout Boehm's ministry, he worried about the effects of the lack of ministers on Reformed congregations. Responsible for his concern were reports from congregations such as the one at Tulpehocken which lamented that "for lack of a faithful pastor many a poor soul has been led into error and is still being led astray." Its members informed Boehm that "many (harmful) things would not have happened" if he "could have come more frequently."<sup>26</sup>

One of the harmful things that happened was the intrusion into the congregations of unqualified preachers. Although several men lacked ordination and entered parishes uninvited, the most serious occurrence was the infiltration of immoral men who disgraced the church by their conduct. John William Straub, who had been a schoolmaster in Germany where he was deposed for adultery, preached briefly to a faction of Boehm's Skippack congregation. Boehm called him a "shameless man who besides is a drunkard."<sup>27</sup> Caspar Schnorr inflicted himself on the Reformed congregation at Lancaster in 1744 where he was subsequently convicted of rape in the provincial courts.<sup>28</sup> When he left town in 1746, he failed to pay the rent for his lodgings and excused himself for his neglect by saying that he had given all of his money to a prostitute. The publisher, Christopher Saur, who adamantly opposed the churches, enthusiastically reported such activities in his widely-circulated German-language newspaper.<sup>29</sup>

Other ministers also caused problems for Boehm. Shortly after Weiss arrived in 1727, he charged that Boehm was unqualified for the pastorate. To Weiss, Boehm was a mere schoolmaster who had usurped the office of minister, and Weiss began to serve Boehm's congregations. Although Weiss and Boehm were formally reconciled after Boehm's ordination in 1729, Weiss merely tolerated Boehm and did little to heal the divisions that he had created.<sup>30</sup>

Boehm, in turn, rejected as invalid the ministry of the adolescent John Henry Goetschy. In 1737, at the age of nineteen, Goetschy had sought ordination by the Presbyterians who refused him as "ignorant in college learning and but poorly read in Divinity." Nevertheless, he served Reformed congregations at Skippack, Old and New Goshenhoppen, Great Swamp, Egypt,

Bern, and elsewhere. Boehm agreed with a Dutch Reformed Minister who described Goetschy as a student who presumed to do “everything that belongs to a minister” but resented him even more because Goetschy had circulated a forged letter that undermined Boehm’s leadership and the authority of the Dutch churchmen from whom Boehm hoped to obtain for the congregations financial support, Bibles, catechisms, and ministers. Goetschy left Pennsylvania for other colonies in 1740 and never returned.<sup>31</sup>

With other allegedly Reformed ministers, Boehm had doctrinal differences. When Miller became a Seventh Day Baptist in 1735, Boehm denounced his sectarianism.<sup>32</sup> As Jacob Lischy, John Bechtel, and Henry Antes began to collaborate with Count Nicholas Ludwig Zinzendorf’s Moravians during the early 1740’s in a union movement that seemed likely to absorb the Reformed Church, Boehm vigorously exposed what he considered the Moravians’ distinctive theological emphases. Because Boehm believed that one could not be both Moravian and Reformed, he denied Zinzendorf’s claim that he had authority to provide leadership for Reformed congregations.<sup>33</sup> To the congregations that were “not supplied with a sufficient number of (legitimate Reformed) ministers” and that were tempted to accept Moravian missionaries, Boehm advised patience, explaining that “God does everything in His time.”<sup>34</sup> In addition, Boehm intensified his efforts to indoctrinate Reformed settlers in their particular beliefs, set forth in the Heidelberg Catechism, and practises, specified in the Palatinate Church Order. That the Moravians did not win over more of the Reformed people was due largely to Boehm’s vigorous defense of the Reformed Church.<sup>35</sup> Boehm justified his actions by asserting that he had the “duties” of a shepherd and a watchman.” He went on to assert that he would “not cease from defending and watching as long as God gives me grace and life.”<sup>36</sup>

For the ultimate preservation of the German Reformed Church in Pennsylvania, Boehm believed organization was necessary. Although Boehm required the congregations that desired his ministry to adhere to the constitution that he had prepared in 1725 for the Falkner Swamp congregation, he could not impose it on others or force his ministerial colleagues to obey it. He urged, therefore, that the Reformed congregations and ministers in Pennsylvania associate more closely, as they had in Europe. In 1746, European church officials sent Michael Schlatter to Pennsylvania with instructions to organize the German Reformed ministers and congregations into an ecclesiastical body.

On September 29, 1747, Boehm accepted Schlatter’s invitation to meet with Weiss, Rieger, and twenty-seven elders to form the Coetus (Convention) of German Reformed Churches in Pennsylvania. It was difficult for Boehm to join Weiss and Rieger who, as he explained, had caused him “to suffer so much affliction,” but he



Michael Schlatter

found himself “duty bound to do what our dear Savior commanded us to do” and throw “all that is past . . . into the fire of love.” Boehm sacrificed his own grievances to the objective of organizing the German Reformed Church in Pennsylvania on a more stable basis. Although the coetus could not solve all of the church’s problems, it did provide the fellowship and support that Boehm had lacked during most of his ministry.<sup>37</sup>

For the many sacrifices that Boehm had made in behalf of the Reformed Church in Pennsylvania, he received little recognition from his fellow ministers until late in his life. One European church authority considered Pennsylvania’s Reformed congregations “shepherdless” and referred to Boehm namelessly as a “layman” who had served in “about the year 1720.”<sup>38</sup> When, in 1740, officials of the Dutch Reformed Church wanted information concerning Pennsylvania’s German congregations, they requested it from one of their own clergymen, Peter Henry Dorsius, minister of a Dutch congregation at Neshaminy, who solicited data from

*Minutes of the first coetus, September 29, 1747, written by Boehm.*



Boehm and then sent it to the Synod of North Holland as his own, never acknowledging Boehm's journeys to collect the material or his labor in compiling it. The consistories of Boehm's congregations charged "his reverence, Mr. Dorsius, tries to make void and exposes to the mockery of unprincipled people the holy ordination which our faithful pastor . . . received from the Reverend Classis of Amsterdam."<sup>39</sup> When Schlatter reported to his ecclesiastical superiors on his activities in 1747, he gave little credit to Boehm for founding most of the congregations. Indeed, Dutch officials could have assumed from what Schlatter wrote that he, himself, had organized the congregations that he had visited.<sup>40</sup>

Nevertheless, Schlatter was well aware of Boehm's contribution to the Reformed Church in Pennsylvania. He knew that Boehm was "a very upright man" and that "His Reverence also has the reputation of being faithful and punctual in his service." Shortly after Schlatter arrived in Pennsylvania, he visited Boehm to seek the wise council that only his predecessor in the pastorate could provide.<sup>41</sup> Boehm's other Reformed colleagues in Pennsylvania also came to appreciate his service. They elected him president of the newly-organized coetus, accepted as normative the constitution that he had prepared for his congregations, and at his suggestion signed the Heidelberg Catechism as their doctrinal statement.<sup>42</sup>

Eventually, European churchmen also recognized Boehm's heroic efforts. On June 2, 1749, officials of the Dutch Reformed Classis of Amsterdam wrote to Boehm praying that the Lord would enable him to "persevere with joy in the cheerful expectation of the reward of grace to God's faithful servants." Their conclusion to that letter, "Farewell, Worthy Brother. We commend you to God and the work of his grace," was more appropriate than they knew.<sup>43</sup> John Philip Boehm did not receive that message in this world, for he had died suddenly on April 29, 1749, while returning from administering the Lord's Supper to the congregation at Egypt. His body was taken to his home, and he was buried under the altar of the church in Whitpain Township (now known as Blue Bell) that still bears his name.<sup>44</sup>

Undoubtedly, Boehm had his limitations. Although his letters constitute a major source of information about the early history of the Reformed Church in Pennsylvania, they do not reveal a profound intellect. There is little evidence of what he said in his sermons and none that anyone believed that he had said it extraordinarily well.

Nevertheless, Boehm was loyal. He was loyal to his calling. "I am not able to cease from my work with a good conscience," he wrote in 1744 at the age of 61. He was loyal to his church and validly declared late in his life that he had not looked for "honor and profit" but cared "only for the advantage and best interests" of the Reformed Church "in this country." He was loyal to his God, holding, as he expressed it, the "firm belief and the assured hope that the Lord our God will provide."<sup>45</sup>

Boehm's loyalty was effective, for the survival of the Reformed Church among the German settlers in Pennsylvania was due primarily to his efforts, or as he would have said, to God through him. In accepting the call to the ministry he acted courageously, as he believed that the situation warranted. He founded or served at least thirteen congregations in southeastern Pennsylvania, traveling during his ministry approximately 25,000 miles, a distance "greater than the equatorial circumference of the earth."<sup>46</sup> He sustained his congregations in the face of threats to their continued existence and, according to the testimony of his parishioners, strengthened their Christian commitment. In his last year of service, he led an organization which provided cohesiveness for the German Reformed Church in English America.

All of this Boehm did because he considered the Reformed Church's interpretation of Christianity worthy of preservation. He revered its doctrinal statement, the Heidelberg Catechism, with its emphasis on the comfort that God extends to man through Christ. He respected the dignity of its corporate worship according to the Palatinate Liturgy. He honored its orderly government that he believed fostered mutual concern and extended the church's authority to its congregations and members.<sup>47</sup>

*House of Peter Troxell at Egypt, built in 1744, in which Boehm held his last communion.*



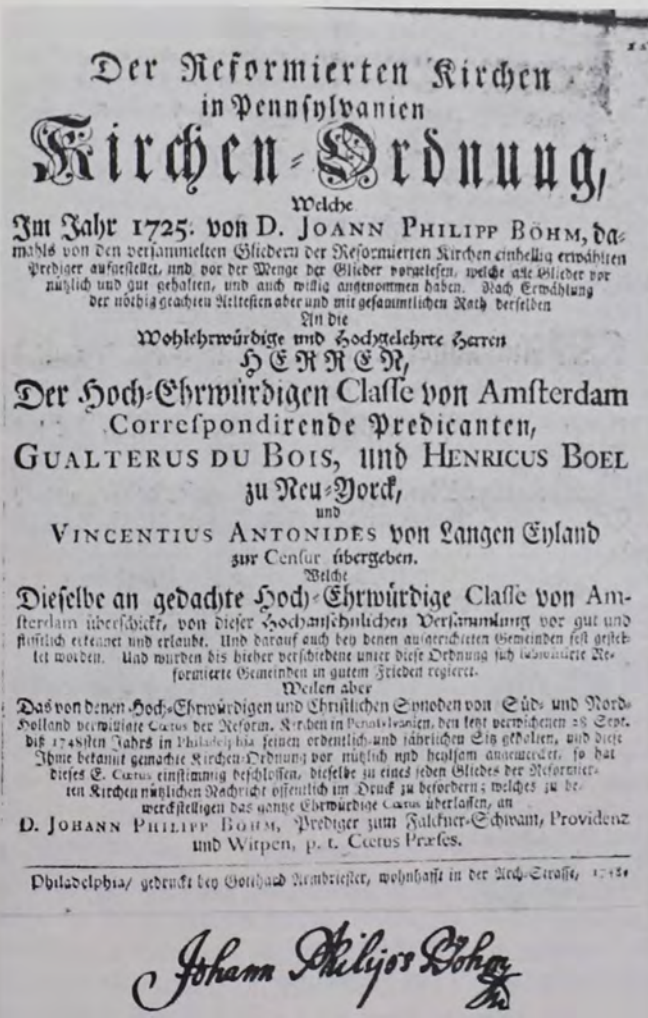


It was as if John Philip Boehm had received his commission from an earlier missionary of the church. The Apostle Paul admonished the Christians at Corinth to "Be on your guard, stand firm in the faith, live like men, be strong,"<sup>48</sup> and this is what Boehm consistently told the Reformed people of Pennsylvania. At the end of his ministry, he could have said what Paul declared to Timothy:

As for me, I feel that the last drops of my life are being poured out for God . . . The glorious fight that God gave me, I have fought. The course that I was set I have finished, and I have kept the faith.<sup>49</sup>



Boehm's Church, first stone structure, erected 1747.



Boehm's Church, present building, remodeled 1890.



Pewter communion set, property of Boehm's Church, Blue Bell, Pa.



The old Boehm homestead in Hellertown, Pa., where John Philip Boehm died.

Constitution for earliest German Reformed churches, prepared by Boehm.



Plaque in Boehm's honor in Boehm's Church, Blue Bell, Pa.

## END NOTES

This article is an abridged version of the author's address delivered at the two hundred fiftieth anniversary of Boehm's first administration of the Lord's Supper at the Falkner Swamp Reformed Church (United Church of Christ), October 15, 1975.

<sup>1</sup>Henry Harbaugh, *Fathers of the Reformed Church*, 6 vols. (Lancaster: Sprenger and Westhaeffer, 1857-88), I(1857):290.

<sup>2</sup>See "The Writings of the Rev. John Philip Boehm, Founder of the Reformed Church in Pennsylvania," trans. and ed. William J. Hinke, *Journal of the Presbyterian Historical Society* VI (Dec. 1912):295-324; VII(Mar. 1913):24-60; VII(Sept. 1913):113-141; VII(June 1914):257-303; VII(Sept. 1914):305-333; VII(Dec. 1914):353-384; VIII (June 1915):70-89; VIII(Sept. 1915):97-113; VIII(Dec. 1915):162-183; VIII(Mar. 1916):210-225; VIII(June 1916):258-281; and William J. Hinke, *Life and Letters of the Reverend John Philip Boehm* (Philadelphia: Sunday School Board of the Reformed Church in the United States, 1916), pp. viii-ix.

<sup>3</sup>*Letters of Boehm*, pp. 2-6.

<sup>4</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 6-19.

<sup>5</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 157-159, 408-409; and Jedediah Andrews to Thomas Prince, September 14, 1730, in *Hazard's Register of Pennsylvania* . . . , ed. Samuel Hazard, Vol. XV (March 28, 1835):201.

<sup>6</sup>*Letters of Boehm*, pp. 408-409, 356, 165-168, 178-179.

<sup>7</sup>For the geographic extent of Boehm's ministry, see *Letters of Boehm*, pp. 159, 163-180, 408. Estimates of the number of colonists of Reformed background in Pennsylvania appear in *Ibid.*, pp. 159, n. 8, 242-244; and Michael Schlatter, *True History of the Real Condition of the Destitute Congregations in Pennsylvania* (1752), in Henry Harbaugh, *The Life of Rev. Michael Schlatter* (Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakistan, 1857), p. 201.

<sup>8</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 426-427; *The Journals of Henry Melchior Muhlenberg*, ed. Theodore G. Tappert and John Doberstein, 3 vols (Philadelphia: Muhlenberg Press, 1942-1958), I(1942):177, 183; "Moravian Diaries of Travels Through Virginia: Diary of the First Colony of Single Brethren To North Carolina, October 8-November 17, 1753," ed. William J. Hinke, *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*, XII (Jan. 1905):277; Roy L. Winters, "John Caspar Stoeber: Colonial Pastor and Founder of Churches," *Proceedings and Addresses of the Pennsylvania German Society*, LIII (1948):Part III, 138.

<sup>9</sup>*European Origins of the Brethren: A Source Book on the Beginnings of the Brethren in the Early Eighteenth Century*, ed. Donald F. Durnbaugh (Elgin, Illinois: The Brethren Press, 1958), pp. 168, 182-184, 185-187, 241-268.

<sup>10</sup>*Annals of Pennsylvania From the Discovery of the Delaware, 1609-1682*, ed. Samuel Hazard (Philadelphia: Hazard and Mitchell, 1850), pp. 573, 620.

<sup>11</sup>*Muhlenberg's Journals*, I, p. 67.

<sup>12</sup>*Letters of Boehm*, pp. 206, 201, 219.

<sup>13</sup>Francis Daniel Pastorius, *Circumstantial Geographical Description of Pennsylvania* (1700), in *Pennsylvania History Told By Contemporaries*, ed. Asa Earl Martin and Hiram Herr Shenk (New York: Macmillan Company, 1925), p. 18.

<sup>14</sup>"Governor Thomas to the Bishop of Exeter, April 23, 1748," in *Historical Collections Relating to the American Colonial Church*, 4 vols., 2:*Pennsylvania*, ed. William S. Perry (New York: AMS Press, 1969 (originally published in 1871)), p. 256.

<sup>15</sup>*George Whitefield's Journals* (London: Banner of Truth Trust, 1960), p. 357.

<sup>16</sup>Gottlieb Mittelberger, *Journey to Pennsylvania*, ed. and trans. Oscar Handlin and John Clive (Cambridge: The Belknap Press of the Harvard University Press, 1960 [originally published in 1756]), p. 21; *Letters of Boehm*, pp. 157, 161; Lamech and Agrippa, *Chronicon Ephratense: A History of the Community of Seventh Day Baptists at*

*Ephrata* . . . , trans. J. Max Hart (Lancaster: S. H. Zahn and Company, 1889), p. 148; and *Journals of Muhlenberg*, I, p. 236.

<sup>17</sup>*Journals of Muhlenberg*, I, pp. 97, 143-144, 232. See also *Letters of Boehm*, pp. 162, 185, 427.

<sup>18</sup>*Letters of Boehm*, pp. 292, 360-361, 421-424, 355, 378, 200-203, 239, 412, 243, 275.

<sup>19</sup>For Boehm's proposed solution to the problem, see *Ibid.*, pp. 335-336.

<sup>20</sup>*Protocol of the Lutheran Church in New York City, 1702-1750*, trans. Simon Hart and Harry J. Kreider (New York: United Lutheran Synod of New York and New England, 1958), p. 316; and *The Albany Protocol: Wilhelm Christoph Berkenmeier's Chronicle of Lutheran Affairs in New York Colony, 1731-1750*, trans. Simon Hart and Sibrandian Geertrud Hart-Runeman, ed. John P. Dern (Ann Arbor, Michigan: n.p., 1971), p. 14.

<sup>21</sup>*Letters of Boehm*, pp. 426-427, 146. See also pp. 184-185.

<sup>22</sup>William J. Hinke, *Ministers of the German Reformed Congregations in Pennsylvania and Other Colonies in the Eighteenth Century*, ed. George W. Richards (Lancaster: Historical Commission of the Evangelical and Reformed Church, 1951), pp. 293-295, 288-290, 255-265. See also Joseph Henry Dubbs, "Samuel Guldin, Pietist and Pioneer," *Reformed Church Quarterly Review*, XXXIX (July 1982): 309-325.

<sup>23</sup>Hinke, *Ministers*, pp. 18-23.

<sup>24</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 300-305.

<sup>25</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 26-28.

<sup>26</sup>*Letters of Boehm*, p. 385.

<sup>27</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 324.

<sup>28</sup>*Journals of Muhlenberg*, I, p. 154.

<sup>29</sup>See Christopher Saur's *Pennsylvanische Berichte*, October 16, 1745, May 16, 1746, and June 16, 1750.

<sup>30</sup>*Letters of Boehm*, pp. 180-182, 198, 207-217, 324, 410-411.

<sup>31</sup>Hinke, *Ministers*, pp. 309-310; *Letters of Boehm*, pp. 253, 277-281, 288, 302, 324-325, 338, and *Records of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America . . . , 1706-1788 . . .*, 2 vols. (Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work, 1904), I:133.

<sup>32</sup>*Letters of Boehm*, pp. 219, 254-256, 274-277, 353-354.

<sup>33</sup>See John Philip Boehm, *Getreuer Warnungs Brief an die Hochteutsche Evangelisch Reformirten Gemeinden und alle deren Gleider in Pennsylvanien . . .* (Philadelphia: Andrew Bradford, 1742), pp. 13-96.

<sup>34</sup>*Letters of Boehm*, p. 382.

<sup>35</sup>"Diary of the Reverend Michael Schlatter," ed. William J. Hinke, *Journal of the Presbyterian Historical Society*, III (Sept. 1905):117. See also Clara Beck, "An Honest Effort to Save Pennsylvania from the Moravians," *Transactions of the Moravian Historical Society*, XI (1936):194-198.

<sup>36</sup>*Letters of Boehm*, pp. 370-372.

<sup>37</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 389, 428-432. Boehm's constitution appears on pp. 165-168, 400-404.

<sup>38</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 450.

<sup>39</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 271-272, 321, 339, 373, 387-388.

<sup>40</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 143; and "Schlatter's Diary," III(Sept. 1905):113-114 and III (Dec. 1905):158-162.

<sup>41</sup>"Schlatter's Diary," p. 117; and *Letters of Boehm*, p. 428.

<sup>42</sup>*Minutes and Letters of the Coetus*, pp. 39, 49-52, 40; and *Der Reformierten Kirchen in Pennsylvanien Kirchen=Ordnung . . .* (Philadelphia: Gotthard Ambriester, 1748).

<sup>43</sup>*Letters of Boehm*, p. 468.

<sup>44</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 139-140.

<sup>45</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 427, 445.

<sup>46</sup>"Schlatter's Diary," p. 117; and *Letters of Boehm*, p. 141.

<sup>47</sup>*Letters of Boehm*, pp. 245, 391-392, 452-453, 461.

<sup>48</sup>I Corinthians 16:13 (Phillips Translation).

<sup>49</sup>II Timothy 4:6-7 (Phillips Translation).

# THE SEARCH FOR OUR GERMAN ANCESTORS (OR — THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF MELCHIOR SHÖNER - YEOMAN)

By ROBERT G. ADAMS and JANE ADAMS CLARKE

All we knew was that we had Shaner ancestors. The other person of the "we" is my niece, Jane Adams Clarke, a part-time genealogist and the captain of our research team. Until my retirement from business in 1973, Jane did the bulk of the research, but now I help wherever I can, including the translation of German documents, which I do with varying degrees of success with the help of a BIG German dictionary.

From remarks dropped over the years by my mother, Alice May Shaner Adams, I knew that her father was Jacob E. Shaner, of German ancestry, and her mother was Martha E. Dugmore, born in Wales. She also told me that her paternal grandmother was born Maria Margaretha Kleisz in Württemberg. Beginning in 1847, the Philadelphia City Directory listed a "Jacob Shaner, Combmaker," so Jane searched the 1850 Census and found the following Shaner family:

Jacob Shaner 42  
Mary 41  
Henry 18  
Isaac F. 16  
Mary Ann 14  
Joseph 11  
Sarah 8  
Jacob E. 6  
Emmie 2  
Daniel Kleisz 75, baker, born in Germany.

We found the naturalization papers of Daniel's son Henry, which gave the date of immigration as 1816; armed with this scant information Jane wrote to Stuttgart, the capital of Württemberg, asking for information on the Kleisz family. Within a few months we were astounded to receive 18 pages of family records tracing our line back to a Conrad Klumpp, born in Gernsbach about 1560. The genealogist who worked on the research even located a distant cousin, Otto Köbele, in the small town of Altensteig (Schwarzwald), the home of the Kleisz family, and another cousin, Bertel Fasnacht, in Köln. We visited these families in 1976, '79, and '80, and have been in regular correspondence with them ever since. From further research done by the genealogist and Bertel, we learned that we probably are descended from "Eberhard der Jüngere," Duke of Württemberg, who died in 1419, and that the family possibly includes such personages as the philo-

sopher Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel, and Albert Schweizer. (The last three not fully documented, however.)

But what of the Shaners? The marriage records of St. Michael and Zion Church in Philadelphia show that Jacob Shaner and Maria Kleisz were married 13 September 1831, indicating that they probably were Lutherans, and not Amish or Mennonites as some family members had thought. Up to the time we found this record Jane had amassed a large collection of Shaners of all descriptions, from wills, land deeds, and church records, but which ones were OURS?

Then, early in November, 1978, came one of the lucky breaks family researchers dream about: Jane found marriage records in the Philadelphia Archives for two of my great-aunts. Sarah Shaner had married William H. Arment on 1 July, 1867, and her sister, Emmie E., married Willie E. Kamery on 21 May, 1871. I immediately looked in the Philadelphia phone directory, but could find no Kamerys; however, there *was* a Daniel Arment! I called him explaining my mission, and asked him if the name "Shaner" meant anything to him. He said it sounded familiar, but that his father, who lived in Ocean City, NJ, was the one I should contact. I dashed off a letter to the father, Robert A. Arment, and then started watching for a letter.

The following Sunday morning a call came from Ocean City, and the caller said "Well, I guess we're cousins." It was Bob Arment, who told me he was the grandson of Sarah Shaner Arment, and my second cousin! Best of all, he had in his possession his grandmother's family Bible containing the birth, death, and marriage records of many family members. Several weeks later, at Thanksgiving, the Arments were in Philadelphia and they stopped to see us, bringing the Bible. There were all the familiar names, Maria Kleisz, Jacob Shaner, Jacob E. Shaner, and the crowning touch was a piece of paper with the following notation:

- (1) Melchior Shöner, settled nearly 200 years ago, about 40 miles from Philadelphia, in Montgomery County.
- (2) Andreas, his 4th son, born 1747.<sup>1</sup>
- (3) Andreas' son Jacob, born March 3, 1772 [our grandfather].
- (4) Jacob - our father.

Now the list was complete: Jane, in the search for our ancestors' Shaner, had found the family of Melchior Shöner, who arrived in America on 21 September 1742, aboard the ship *Francis* out of Rotterdam. She reconstructed a genealogy for this family, and was sure that Melchior's great grandson, Jacob, the son of Jacob and Maria Neumann, was our ancestor, but there was no proof until the Bible was found, then everything fit.

In addition to this family Bible, *A History of the Lutheran Church in New Hanover*, published in 1919, by the Reverend J.J. Kline, contained a wealth of information on Shaner births, deaths, and marriages. It showed that this was the family's home church and New Hanover where they had lived. These church records were a vital key in locating and reconstructing these families. Additional information was found in probate and land records, as well as records of other churches.<sup>2</sup> Following is our Shaner line:

- Melchior Shöner (1710-1778) married Anna Maria Geiger (1717-1801)
- Andreas Schoener (1749-1806) married Julianna Reifschneider (1740-1830)
- Jacob Schoener (1772-1855) married Maria Neumann (1778-1842)
- Jacob Shaner (ca. 1808-1860) married Maria Margaretha Kleisz (1809-1903)
- Jacob Edwin Shaner (1844-1899) married Martha E. Dugmore (1844-1918)
- Alice May Shaner (1874-1955) married William George Adams (1872-1967)
- Robert G. Adams married Julia F. Haegle
- Edward Adams married Alice Raynor Lingard
- Jane Alice Adams married Peter James Clarke

Many family members are buried in the churchyard in New Hanover, including Melchior and his wife, Anna Maria. His tombstone, which can no longer be found, was reputed to bear the following simple inscription:

Hier Ruhet der Leichnam von Melchior Shöner, geb. 7 Sept. 1710 Hinterliess, nebt betrübte Witwe, 6 sohne u. 2 tochter, u. starb 24 Juni, 1778.

Here rests the body of Melchior Shöner, born September 7, 1710. [He] left behind besides a grieving widow, six sons and two daughters, and died on June 24, 1778.

In contrast, Anna Maria's stone, which is still standing, is inscribed thus:

Dem andenken unserer geliebten Mutter Anna Maria Shöner, geb. Geigern, Gewidmet von ihrem hinterlassenen sohnen und tochtern. Die verevigte sah das licht der Welt den 2ten Dez. 1717,



*New Hanover Lutheran Church.*

lebte mit unserem ehr. Vater in des Ehe 44 jahre, 7 monaten, 25 tage, Gebor 11 Kinder wovon 4 vor ihr Starben. War Witwe 23 Jahre, entschied dem 26ten Juli 1801 alt 83 jahre, 7 monaten, 3 woche, 4 tage.

Leichentext - Romer 14 SA v. 8

To the memory of our dearly beloved mother, Anna Maria Shöner, nee Geigern, consecrated by her surviving sons and daughters. The now immortal one saw the light of the world on the second of December, 1717, lived with our revered father in marriage for 44 years, 7 months, and 25 days, bore 11 children of which 4 died. [She] was a widow 23 years, and died on the twenty-sixth of July, 1801, at the age of 83 years, 7 months, 3 weeks, and 4 days.

Funeral sermon text—Romans 14:8



*Jane Adams Clarke pointing to the tombstone of Anna Maria Shöner.*

Now that we had the date of Melchior's death, Jane proceeded to search the Philadelphia Archives for his will. (New Hanover was still in Philadelphia County in 1778.) She found one dated 19 June, 1778, five days before his death. It was hand-written, evidently by a clerk, who not only misspelled the family name throughout the will as "Shiner," but also used some

quaint spellings of a number of common words, e.g., "pewder," "crosseds," "tea kittle" and others. The contents of this document are of interest as a commentary on life in Revolutionary times, and also give an idea of the status of women in those days. (See complete text of the will in Appendix at the end of this article.)

The preamble of the will may reflect the strong religious feelings of the old German immigrants, or possibly was merely the usual formula to introduce such a solemn document. At any rate, once the preamble was disposed of, the next order of business was to parcel out the deceased's goods and property to his wife and children, but making it clear that the wife was to receive only what is specified in the will—"chest and her clothes" "choise of my pepper-mills"—and to have them only as long as she remained his widow. If she were to remarry, everything was to be sold and divided among his children. The prohibition against remarriage appears several times in the will, pointing out the fact that these old Germans were careful to see that their property did not go to a second husband.

The bequest of the "spotted heffer" to his granddaughter Hannah is interesting because this six-year old girl had a twin sister Elizabeth. Why was Hannah singled out for special treatment? We will probably never know.

Attached to the will was a complete inventory of the household goods, still valued in pounds, shillings, and pence as was England, even though the country was two years into the Revolution. (They were likely expressions of value in Pennsylvania pounds and fractions.) An interesting note; among the articles allotted to the wife for use during her lifetime were a bed and bedstead valued at 45 pounds, and a servant-maid valued at only 30 pounds. Evidently they thought the bed would last longer!

Several months ago, Jane acquired a small book on the history of the Catholic Church in Berks County, and particularly of the Most Blessed Sacrament Church in Bally, Pa. The book was published in 1976 under the auspices of Msgr. Charles L. Allwein of Bethlehem, on the basis of research done by Edward Quinter of Pottstown. On page 52 is the following passage:

There is no record of any priest from Goshenhoppen visiting Pottsgrove (Pottstown) in Colonial days, though a few Catholics resided there in the period just prior to the War of Independence. Two of these Catholics were Catherine and Anna Maria Schoener, daughters of Melchior Schoener. Though their parents and brothers were members of the Lutheran Church at Falckner's Swamp, these two women were practicing Catholics. Catherine Schoener married another local Catholic, Jacob Malsberger, and their farm-property covered a portion of the present north-end of present-day Pottstown. Anna Maria, twice

widowed, married a third husband John Amos Jones, and at her death was possessed of considerable property. By her will, she bequeathed a plot of ground to be reserved from her property to be used as a cemetery for the Catholics of the immediate area, and she herself was interred there.

According to Paul Chancellor's *The History of Pottstown*, (1953), this little "Mintzer-Malsberger" cemetery stood at the S.E. corner of Lincoln Ave. and Evans St. in Pottstown. It had disappeared by the turn of the century, evidently a victim of urban development. We do not know what happened to the remains of the persons interred there.

At first it seemed to us that Anna Maria must have had four husbands. She is listed in Melchior's will as "Anna Mary now the wife of Georg Spengler." In her own will she lists her children as "Joseph, William, and Ann Mintzer; Catherine wife of Frederick Smith, and George Leaf." This would seem to indicate four husbands, including the last one, John Amos Jones. However, Jane recently found an article by Jane Kepingler Burris entitled "The Beginning of the Mintzer Family in Montgomery County" in the *Bulletin of the Historical Society of Montgomery County* (Vol. XIII). It mentions Anna Maria as the wife of Engelbert Mintzer, and states that her first husband Georg Spengler (also known as "Laub" and "Leaf") had been executed in Philadelphia on August 14, 1778. What the crime was, is not stated. (This was barely two months after her father's death.) At any rate, this clears up the question of three husbands with five names. Anna Maria certainly had a full life.

In 1979 a "Shaner Reunion" committee was formed consisting of Jane and me, and cousins Patricia Bellows of Sudbury, Mass., Marilou Murphy of Parlin, N.J., and Elaine Shaner Gustafson of Linwood, N.J. We selected Mays Landing, N.J., as the site for the gathering of the clan since the Shaner family played an important part in the history of that town. On 28 June, 1980, we all met at a local restaurant for a buffet luncheon, and had a wonderful time meeting cousins we had never seen before. There were 102 persons present, including eleven of us who are great-great-great-great grandchildren of Melchior and Anna Maria, and four youngsters who are entitled to three more "greats." Most of us are descended from Jacob Schoener and Maria Neumann, Norristown, Pa., but one cousin, William Yoh of Norristown, Pa., had Melchior's grand-daughter Christine and her husband Jacob Geiger as his ancestors. Six other cousins descended from Melchior's great-grandson Isaac and wife Elizabeth Frey. Most of the Shaners came from Pennsylvania and New Jersey, but some came from as far as Florida, Massachusetts, and Alabama. We plan to have another reunion in four or five years and by that time we hope to have discovered a whole new group of relatives who may wish to attend.

## APPENDIX I

In the Name of God Amen.

I, Melchior Shiner, of New Hanover Township in the County of Philadelphia and State of Pennsylvania, Yeoman, being at Present weak in Body but of Sound Mind and Memory, Blessed be God, therefore DO this Nineteenth day of June in the Year of Our Lord One Thousand seven Hundred and seventy eight, make and Publish this, my Last Will and Testament in Manner and Form following, that is to say, First and Principally I, Recomand my Soul to Almighty God, who gave it, and my Body to the earth to be buried in a Christian like Manner, at the Discretion of my Executors hereafter Named. Item I will and do hereby Order that my Just Debts and Funneral Charges shall be duly paid and Satisfied.

Item I give and Devise unto my beloveth wife Anna Mary, the Benefit of my Plantation Containing about One Hundred and Forty Acres of Land, an[d] Appurtenances and all what is Nail and Wall fast, with one of the Iron Stoves in which she is to have her Choise, Situate in New Hanover Township aforesaid, to her own Use and Peaceable Possession Rents and Proffits thereof during her Natural life time, if she Remains my Widow, but she has not Liberty to Plough any Land on the Plantation—only that field that Lays on the North Side of the Rhoad adjoining the said Rhoad and the other Little House on said Plantation, Containing aboat Four or Five Acres and not to distroy any Timber only as much as is Necessary to keep the Fences in Repair. And in Case she should Contract Matrimony again then the said Plantation shall be sold as hereafter is directed as it shall be sold after her decease.

Item I also give and devise unto my wife Anna Mary out of the Moveables as followeth Viz. Three cows, one heffer, three sheeps, and three swine of each sort, she is to have her choise out of the whole stock, the flax and the hemp-corn in the ground which is on hand at the time of my decease, a bed, bed-stead, chest and her clothes, kneeding-draugh, and the two kitchen crosseds, two pewder dishes, six pewder plates, and six pewder spoons, a pewder dankert, tea-kittle, the iron pots, the copper kittle, and the choise of my pepper-mills. Her saddle and bridle, three chairs, and the pails and tups, 4 baggs, and likewise my mare which I own at present, but she must pay what is due for said mare to Christophel Neiman's estate, or an equal sum to my estate. And further, the servant-maid to her and her assigns till the Indenture expires, and at the expiration of said indenture she is to give said servant every article specified in that indenture. Now, all the above mentioned moveables she is to have and enjoy during

her natural lifetime, instead of her Third part of the Personal Estate, and after her decease it shall be sold and divided amongst all my hereafter named children, share and share alike.

AND—further it is my will that after the decease of my said wife Anna Mary, or as soon as she should again contract matrimony, my said Plantation shall be sold upon public vendue to the highest bidder, and the principal shall be divided among my children Viz. John Shiner, Peter Shiner, George Shiner, Christophel Shiner, Catharine, now the wife of Jacob Malsberger, Andrew Shiner, Anna Mary, now the wife of Georg Spengler, and Jacob Shiner, share and share alike, except my eldest son John Shiner is to have over and above his equal share the sum of twenty shillings lawful money of Pennsylvania as his fore-right, and I do empower my said son Christophel Shiner to give deed or deeds to the purchaser or purchasers of my said Plantation and generally to act as if myself had acted.

Item—It is my will the Hannah Shiner, my grant-child, daughter of my said son George Shiner, shall have the spotted heffer which I bought of Conrad Yeager.

Item—It is my will that my personal estate after deduction is made what is bequeathed, shall be sold after my decease and shall be divided unto my said children as before mentioned, share and share alike.

Item—I do make, ordain, nominate and appoint my son Christophel Shiner Executor, and my beloveth wife Anna Mary Executrix of this my last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all other wills by me heretofore made, and that this is my last Will and Testament.

Signed and published and declared by the said Melchior Shiner the Testator above named, to be his Last Will and Testament in the presence of—

Peter Kline  
William Kepner  
Richards

Philad'a. July the 3rd. 1778, then personally appeared Peter Kline, William Kepner two of the witnesses of the above will, who on their solemn oaths did declare and say that they saw Melchior Shiner the Testator above named, sign, seal, publish and declare that written will and as for his last will and testament, and at the doing thereof he was of sound appearing mind, memory and understanding to the best of their knowledge and belief.

Richards

In the Name of God Amen I Melchior Shiner of New Hanover Township in the County of Philadelphia and State of Pennsylvania being at present in full and sound Mind and Memory do hereby testify that on this nineteenth day of June in the year of our Lord One Thousand seven Hundred and seventy eight, make and Publish this my last Will and Testament in manner and form following that to wit: First and Principally I Recommend my Soul to King of Heavens and my body to be buried in a Christian like Manner, at the Discretion of my Executors hereafter Named whom I will and do hereby Order that my just Debts and Funerall Charges shall be truly paid and satisfied

Item I give and Devise unto my beloved wife Anna May the Benefit of my Plantation containing about One Hundred and Forty Acres of Land, an Appurtenances and all what is Nail and the part with one of the Iron Stoves in which she is to have her house built in New Hanover Township to her own use and her heirs forever, and she is to have the use of her Natural life time, if she Remains my Widow, but she has not Liberty to Plough any Land on the Plantation, only that field that lays on the North Side of the Road adjoining the said Road and the other little house on said Plantation, containing about Four or Five Acres and not to destroy any Timber, only as much as is necessary to keep the Fences in Repair, And in Case she should contract Matrimony again then the said Plantation shall be sold as after is directed, and it shall be sold for the best use.

Item I also give and Devise unto my said wife Anna May out of the Moveables as Followeth Vizt Three Cows one Heifer Three Sheep & three Swine of each sort she is to have the use out of the whole Stock, and the Plax and Hemp Corn in the ground which is on hand at the time my Decese shall be Dead Head, Chest and her Clothes, Bedding, Drapery, and

Last Will and Testament of Melchior Shöner.

APPENDIX II

A Just and Perfect Inventory and Conscionable Appraisalment of the Real and Personal Estate of Melchior Shiner late of New Hanover Township in the County of Philadelphia and State of Pennsylvania, Yeomen deceased. Appraised by us the Subscribers the Second day of July, A.D. 1778

(The following articles to wit)

To the Deceased his Wearing Apparel	26	15	0
To a blanket L 6 - A table cloth 20/0 two half worn 5/0	7	5	0
To a sheet 7/6 do. 30/0 three chairs 11/3 A clock L 25	27	8	9
To a Razor etc. 15/0 Box etc. 1/3 Knife 7/6	1	3	9
To knives and Forks 2/0 Augurs etc. Pinches 10/0 Cake pan L 1	1	12	0
To Chinny 12/6 glass and Bodles 12/6	1	15	0
To Lincy and Sundry sorts of Pewter ware	5	19	3
To Landern Candles 15/0 Hammer and anvil 10/0 Stilliart 22/6	2	7	6

To two bells 2/6 2 pans 10/0 one do. 22/6, fork spoon and a bottle 5/0	2	0	0
To: a pot hook, shov'l & tongues L 3, five baggs 37/6	4	17	6
To: a smooting iron 2/6, Ten pounds of woollen yarn 18/0 L 9	9	2	6
To: a iron stove L 5, chest 15/0, Gun L 5	10	15	0
To: 11 yards of tow Linnen L 4-2-6, Table L 3, Saw 5/0	7	7	6
To: two Spinning whls., Sickles and Cradle etc.	2	15	0
To: a Spinning wheel for wool, a bed etc.	5	5	0
To: a bed and bedstead L 4, Salt 10/0, Ax & swages 22/0 Rakes 2/6	5	15	0
To: a Pick ax & an ax 15/0, Spade and Grubbing Hough 15/0	1	10	0
To: Traw knife, Gradle & Sythe etc.	1	1	6
To: A Sythe and wedstone 6/0, Chain eat 10/0		10	
To: A Plow- Swinkle 15/0, Grindstone etc.	1	2	2
To: Four Bee hives L 5-10-0, Bedstead and chaff bag 20/0	6	10	0
To: two Iron hooks 5/0, Aple Mill Traugh and Beam 50/0	2	15	0
To: Old Stove Plates 40/0, Shovel etc. 5/0	2	5	0
To: A Copper Spoon 5/0, Cask and Vinigar 15/0	1	0	0
To: 6 Casks etc. 57/6, Tups and Pails 20/0	3	17	6
To: Boble Boards 15/0, Bedstead 2/6, Herrow 50/0 Chain 15/0	4	2	6
To: A Plough 52/0, two Collers 33/9, blind Halders 3/9	4	9	6
To: two Horse's Gears L 5-5-0, Sadle 52/6 Cutting box L 3	10	17	6
To: A Wind Mill L 6, Casks etc. 10/0	6	10	0
To: Hooks & two forks 10/0, A Could L 5, Hople 10/0	6	0	0
To: 15 cwt. of Hay L 5-12-6, A Swine L 2-12-6	8	5	0
To: A Biggs 10/0, Chains 40/0, seven Heads of Sheep L 10-10	13	0	0
To: Cash L 50-10-2, 2½ yards of Linnen 75/0	54	5	2
To: 3 yards of tow Linnen 45/0, Ax 5/0, A Cow L 15-0-0	17	10	0
To: a Bull L 6, A Heffer L 7	13	0	0

Several articles that the Widow has in possession during her natural lifetime (as followeth, to wit)

To: a Bed and bedstead L 45, Servant maid L 30-0-0	75	0	0
To: 2 Cows L 35-0-0, one Black ditto L 15-0-0 Heffer L 7	57	0	0
To: 3 Sheeps L 4-10-0, Iron Stove with a pipe L-14	18	10	0
To: three Swine L 12, Kitchen Crosseds L 4-10-0 Teapot L 3	19	10	0
To: Pewterwear L 5-1-0, 3 Iron Pots 38/0, pails and Bockets 30/0	8	9	0
To: a Kneading Draugh 25/0	1	5	0
To: a Coper Kittle L 6, Tup 20/0, Churn 7/6 ditto 7/6	7	15	0
To: pails 20/0, Chest 25/0, Peper mill 22/6	3	7	6
To: 3 Chairs 12/0, four Baggs 35/0, Flax & Hemp L 4	6	7	0

To the deceased his plantation containing about 140 acres with the Corn in the Ground, Situate in New Hanover Township.

We the subscribers do hereby Certify that the above is a just and Perfect Inventory of Melchior Shiner's Estate to the best of our Judgement and Ability witness our hands the day and above said

George Boocheer  
William Kepler


On this third day of July, Anno Domini 1778 Came George Boocheer and William Kepler and being duly Sworn According to Law that the within Inventory is a just and true Inventory and Conscionable Appraisement to the best of their Knowledge and Ability as witness my hand the day and date Aforesaid.

Richards





# Altes un Neues



Old and New

By WILLIAM T. PARSONS

With this Spring 1982 issue of *Pennsylvania Folklife*, the tenure of William T. Parsons as Editor will come to an end. It has been a ball! I have learned very much about the printing trade and have made numerous new friends in the process. But for a professor who is first and foremost a classroom teacher, it has cost me in time available. Although the classroom is normally my forum, this tenure has offered me another and has proved both a trial and a temptation.

It is a trial to me in the sense that one-quarter time, the defined amount within the regular teaching schedule, is sorely insufficient for me; thus it leaves me tempted to do a shoddy job, which I will not knowingly do. Not for our readers, nor for the college; so I must give up one or the other. Haste and the pressure of deadlines has caused me to make several errors, the worst of which are clarified elsewhere on this page.

Low key is the answer now, for me at least. Obviously I cannot do that and continue as Editor as well. So I have resigned.

Moreover, in the complex world, big or little, of us Pennsylvania Dutchmen, I find I cannot act as communicator and negotiator for all factions, though someone really should. Sure, I set that task for myself; no one else did it for or to me. While we should get together, it will not be through me now.

I still believe it important that *Pennsylvania Folklife* continue as a viable factor in research and in the dissemination of knowledge about this significant ethnic group. But it is in the classroom that I must now turn, that I must do my pedagogical thing. In class it is that I must develop my most peculiar or precocious notions, take my students through the learning process, and re-align my own theories. That life I propose to continue even more vigorously.

Other delightful, capable people will take over editorial and publishing duties in the near future, or in some cases, have already done so. They need your cooperation.

My job as Director of Pennsylvania German Studies Program at Ursinus College continues. I shall welcome exchange among scholars who wish to meet there. It will be my pleasure to greet and to watch performers from the Old Country also.

Research topics do keep me busy and shall still do, especially in local history, folk culture, dialect variations and folk music. All those topics are adjuncts to my teaching. I shall welcome the opportunity to make occasional contributions to this journal as to other scholarly ones. These four good years have allowed me to express myself and my hopes for Pennsylvania Dutch and for all good people everywhere. I do not regret ambitious things attempted, though I did sometimes regret the failures.

## END AND BEGINNING

It is now time to stop. Stop while I have some of my health left and at least part of my sense of humor remains. But, enough of contention, enough of strife. Let cooperation and good feelings be the keynote now! I still have some years of teaching career to fulfil. With many thanks to co-workers at Collegeville and at Manheim, and with profound gratitude to those administrators who gave me this chance. I shall miss it, but not for long!

Contributors who have sent in material shall rest assured that it has been passed on to more capable hands than my own. I expect an even better journal in the future than we had in the past. If you, the reader, have an article for publication, try us out, do it now!

I know most of the remaining articles awaiting publication. They are good. All that bodes well for us in the future.

William T. Parsons  
Editor 1978-1982



## TOURING VISITORS

The South Moravian Choir, Instrumental and Dance Group of Stuttgart, West Germany, under the direction of Widmar Hader, will perform at Ursinus College and participate in the Seminar Class there on 28 and 29 July 1982. On Thursday Evening they will present a full concert (including ballet) open to friends, visitors and the general public.

Their visit is to be a part of a full American tour which will carry them from Bethlehem, Lititz and Strasburg, Pennsylvania, to Salem, North Carolina and the Chesapeake area of Virginia in three weeks. They are to offer a series of programs of religious and secular Moravian music.

Collegeville presentations include material from 14th to 20th century and an old style ballet which has not been performed for about three hundred years. Readings and folk songs in dialect are also to be included.

Persons interested should contact Professor Parsons, in whose Seminar Widmar Hader and the Group will teach and perform, or Franz Streitwieser of Pottstown, who will be both host and participant.

## NEW PUBLICATION SERIES

As personnel and responsibilities change in our Pennsylvania German Program - Folklife Society - Ursinus College Research Program relationships, some old doors close behind us as others open before us. One aspect of this "new door" is the start of a new publication series: The Pennsylvania German Studies Series, beginning with the initial item as listed and described herewith:

PGS #1. William T. Parsons, editor. "So hen sie's geduh": *Selections from Pennsylvania Folklife*. Collegeville, PA: Penna German Studies Program, 1981. 296 pp. \$10.00 [+ postage & handling - \$2.00] *Now Available*.

Selection is geared to a fifteen week semester. It was indeed developed as a text for my own local course

[PGP 307] in Pennsylvania German Folk Culture and Folklife. There was simply no textbook in that very course area. It contains articles, items, and comments from *The Pennsylvania Dutchman*, Volume 1, Number 1 [1949], to Volume 31, Number 1 of *Pennsylvania Folklife* [1981].

In subject matter, it ranges all the way from definitions of Wildlife and Folklife, to poems and "shtories" in dialect and in English. In short, it attempts at least an initial survey in a field where textbooks have been scarce and rare indeed.

## CORRIGENDA

From the past issue, i.e., WINTER 1981-82, my transcription and translation of the prayer of the small boy [which efforts were entirely my own, as you now see] I made several greivous errors, for which I do apologize and hereby correct. The writing was indeed done by a young fellow whose spelling was, in some cases, as poor as his handwriting. I misread both, as follows:

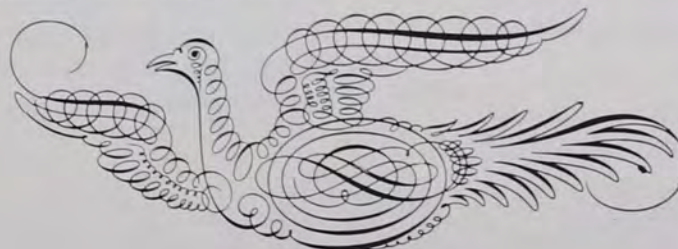
Line 4 [which I read: *Verhiese* - read instead *Verziehe* for what he intended to write *Verzeihe* = *Forgive me* (and so translate)]

Line 6 [sure seems to read *Freunde*, though he probably meant *Freude*, but change my translation completely, now to read: "that I may contribute more and more to the joy of my dear Parents and all good people . . ."]

From the hands of supposed scholar, professor and editor, all that is well nigh untenable and I do apologize. Please make corrections in your copy.

Although I now see that two friends close at hand tried to effect a correction and to get me to see it, it took the efforts of two pastors, one a parent himself, to bring me around to where I did finally admit the mistake was really my own, as it surely was. Especially on the *ie: ei* inversion, I have recognized it in other local, dialect and German language instances; here I was just blind. 'S iss wohr, ich muss noach lese lerne!!!

W T P 25 Jan 1982



## The Dutchman and Pennsylvania Folklife Back Issues Available

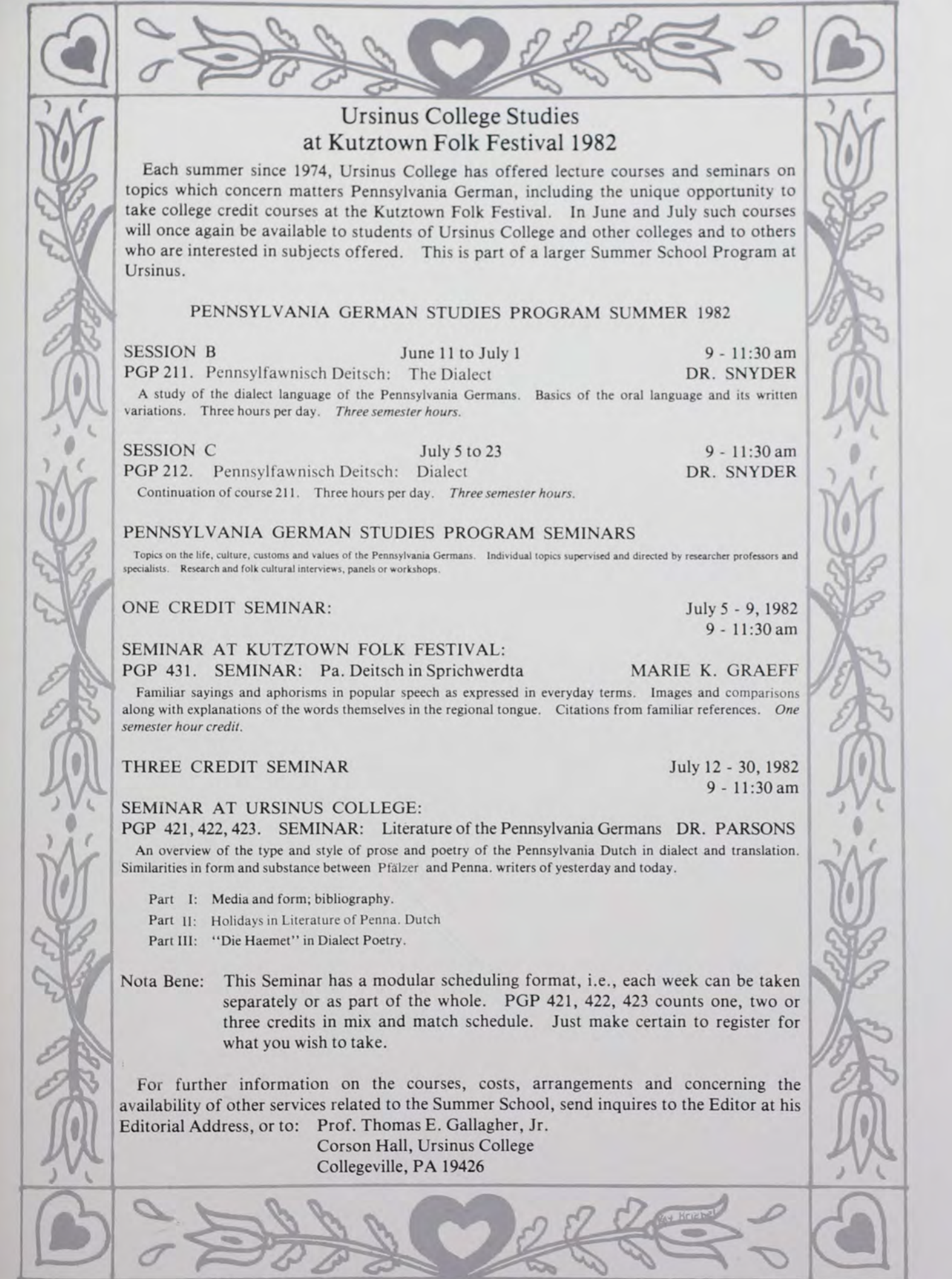
unless marked: not a.

Vol. 1	Vols. 2 & 3	Vol. 5
25 issues	22 issues each	15 issues
\$2.00 each	\$2.00 each	\$3.50 each
\$45.00 set	\$40.00 set	\$40.00 set

Volumes 1, 2, 3, 5 add .50 postage per issue,  
up to a total of \$1.50.

Vol 6 #1 June 1954	Vol 6 #2 Fall 1954 not a.	Vol 6 #3 Winter 54-55	Vol 6 #4 Spring 1955 not a.	Vol 20 #1 Autumn 1970	Vol 20 #2 Winter 70-71	Vol 20 #3 Spring 1971	Vol 20 #4 Summer 1971		
Vol 6 #5 [phantom v 7 #1] Summer 1955	Vol 7 #2 Fall 1955 not a.	Vol 7 #3 Winter 1956 not a.	Vol 7 #4 Spring 1956	Vol 21 #1 Autumn 1971	Vol 21 #2 Winter 71-72	Vol 21 #3 Spring 1972	Vol 21 #4 Summer 1972	Vol 21 #5 F F Suppl 72 not a.	
Vol 8 #1 Summer 1956	Vol 8 #2 Fall-Winter 1956-57 not a.	Vol 8 #3 Spring 1957	Vol 8 #4 Summer-Fall 1957	Vol 22 #1 Autumn 1972	Vol 22 #2 Winter 72-73	Vol 22 #3 Spring 1973	Vol 22 #4 Summer 1973	Vol 22 #5 F F Suppl 73	
Vol 9 #1 Winter 1958 [1957-58]	Vol 9 #2 Spring 1958	Vol 9 #3 Summer 1958	Vol 9 #4 Fall 1958	Vol 23 #1 Autumn 73	Vol 23 #2 Winter 73-74	Vol 23 #3 Spring 1974	Vol 23 #4 Summer 1974	Vol 23 #5 F F Suppl 74	
Vol 10 #1 Spring 1959 not a.	Vol 10 #2 Fall 1959			Vol 24 #1 Autumn 1974	Vol 24 #2 Winter 74-75	Vol 24 #3 Spring 1975	Vol 24 #4 Summer 1975	Vol 24 #5 F F Suppl 75	
Vol 11 #1 Spring 1960 not a.	Vol 11 Special 1960 Festival not a.	Vol 11 #2 Fall 1960 not a.	[W. Boyer Mem- orial issue]	Vol 25 #1 Autumn 1975	Vol 25 #2 Winter 75-76	Vol 25 #3 Spring 1976	Vol 25 #4 Summer 1976	Vol 25 #5 F F Suppl 76	
Vol 12 #1 Spring 1961 not a.	Vol 12 #2 Summer 1961	Vol 12 #3 Fall 1961 not a.	Vol 12 #4 Summer 1962	Vol 26 #1 Autumn 1976	Vol 26 #2 Winter 76-77	Vol 26 #4 [phantom #3] Spring 1977	Vol 26 #5 Summer 1977	Vol 26 #6 F F Suppl 77	
Vol 13 #1 Autumn 1962 not a.	Vol 13 #2 Winter 1962-63	Vol 13 #3 July 1963	Vol 13 #4 July 1964	Vol 27 #1 Autumn 1977	Vol 27 #2 Winter 77-78	Vol 27 #3 Spring 1978	Vol 27 #4 Summer 1978	Vol 27 #5 F F Suppl 78 not a.	
Vol 14 #1 October 1964	Vol 14 #2 December 1964	Vol 14 #3 Spring 1965	Vol 14 #4 Summer 1965	Vol 28 #1 Autumn 1978 not a.	Vol 28 #2 Winter 78-79	Vol 28 #3 Spring 1979	Vol 28 #4 Summer 1979	Vol 28 #5 F F Suppl 79	
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Ursinus College Studies  
at Kutztown Folk Festival 1982

Each summer since 1974, Ursinus College has offered lecture courses and seminars on topics which concern matters Pennsylvania German, including the unique opportunity to take college credit courses at the Kutztown Folk Festival. In June and July such courses will once again be available to students of Ursinus College and other colleges and to others who are interested in subjects offered. This is part of a larger Summer School Program at Ursinus.

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN STUDIES PROGRAM SUMMER 1982

SESSION B June 11 to July 1 9 - 11:30 am  
PGP 211. Pennsylvanisch Deutsch: The Dialect DR. SNYDER

A study of the dialect language of the Pennsylvania Germans. Basics of the oral language and its written variations. Three hours per day. *Three semester hours.*

SESSION C July 5 to 23 9 - 11:30 am  
PGP 212. Pennsylvanisch Deutsch: Dialect DR. SNYDER

Continuation of course 211. Three hours per day. *Three semester hours.*

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN STUDIES PROGRAM SEMINARS

Topics on the life, culture, customs and values of the Pennsylvania Germans. Individual topics supervised and directed by researcher professors and specialists. Research and folk cultural interviews, panels or workshops.

ONE CREDIT SEMINAR: July 5 - 9, 1982  
9 - 11:30 am

SEMINAR AT KUTZTOWN FOLK FESTIVAL:  
PGP 431. SEMINAR: Pa. Deutsch in Sprichwerdta MARIE K. GRAEFF

Familiar sayings and aphorisms in popular speech as expressed in everyday terms. Images and comparisons along with explanations of the words themselves in the regional tongue. Citations from familiar references. *One semester hour credit.*

THREE CREDIT SEMINAR July 12 - 30, 1982  
9 - 11:30 am

SEMINAR AT URSINUS COLLEGE:  
PGP 421, 422, 423. SEMINAR: Literature of the Pennsylvania Germans DR. PARSONS

An overview of the type and style of prose and poetry of the Pennsylvania Dutch in dialect and translation. Similarities in form and substance between Pfälzer and Penna. writers of yesterday and today.

- Part I: Media and form; bibliography.
- Part II: Holidays in Literature of Penna. Dutch
- Part III: "Die Haemet" in Dialect Poetry.

Nota Bene: This Seminar has a modular scheduling format, i.e., each week can be taken separately or as part of the whole. PGP 421, 422, 423 counts one, two or three credits in mix and match schedule. Just make certain to register for what you wish to take.

For further information on the courses, costs, arrangements and concerning the availability of other services related to the Summer School, send inquires to the Editor at his Editorial Address, or to: Prof. Thomas E. Gallagher, Jr.  
Corson Hall, Ursinus College  
Collegeville, PA 19426

33rd Annual

Pennsylvania Dutch

**KUTZTOWN**

BETWEEN ALLENTOWN & READING, PA.

**FOLK  
FESTIVAL**

July 3 · 4 · 5 · 6 · 7

8 · 9 · 10 · 11, 1982

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

## The Festival and its Sponsorship

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



FOR THE FOLK FESTIVAL BROCHURE WRITE TO:

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