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Folk Festival Issue 75¢

*Pennsylvania*  
**FOLKLIFE**

SUMMER ♦ 1962



**PLAIN GARB**





# *Pennsylvania* **FOLKLIFE**

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# *Pennsylvania's*

# PLAIN GARB

By DON YODER



Pennsylvania is—to the nation as a whole—the “Plain State,” and the Amishman has become our symbol. The Plain Quaker used to occupy that position, but in the 20th Century the honor has passed to the “Plain Dutch,” and in particular to the Amishman.

At the 13th Annual Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival, to be held at Kutztown June 30 through July 8, the plain costume heritage of the state will be featured.

When one speaks of a heritage, he thinks of the past. The fact is that folk costume is very much a thing of the present in the rural valleys of Dutch Pennsylvania. For folk costume one does not have to cross the Atlantic. In Lancaster County alone, a greater variety of living folk-costumes may be seen on the streets and country roads than in any single area of Western Europe. Furthermore, these costumes are worn every day. They are not, as is the case with most European folk-costumes, worn for the tourists or put on for special holiday occasions.

The difference is that Pennsylvania’s “plain” clothes are religious costumes, worn to set the wearer apart from the surrounding world. As the Quakers used to say, plainness was to be “as a hedge about them against the intrusions of the world.”

Despite its similarities to European models, the Pennsylvania plain costume is rooted deeply in American soil. As the clothes exist today they are—like the Pennsylvania folk-culture as a whole—more an American than a European product. The 18th Century emigrant forefathers did not step off the boats dressed as their descendants do today on the streets of Lancaster and Kutztown.

The best example is the plain bonnet. This is definitely a 19th Century development. While it is in its various forms the mark of the “plain” woman today, the bonnet invaded the Pennsylvania Dutch world from outside, about 1800.

In the 18th Century, Quaker women and those of the other “plain” sects in Pennsylvania—Mennonites, Amish, Dunkards—used various styles of headgear, but not the bonnet. This creation—called by the irreverent the “coal-scuttle” or “sugar scoop” bonnet—was introduced into the state about 1800, through the “visit in Gospel love” paid the Pennsylvania Friends by an English Quaker preacher, Martha Routh. Her visit to Chester County wearing the new English bonnet caused such a flurry of imitation that a Chester County schoolmaster recorded in his Memorandum

*Chester County Quaker Costume of 1830's, worn by author's mother, Mrs. Ora M. Yoder, of Devon.*





*Mrs. Maggie Oberholtzer of near Denver, Lancaster County, models the "New Mennonite" costume of the Herrite schism which split off from the Old Mennonite group in that county way back in 1812.*



*Conservative Dunkard (Brethren) Costume, worn by Mrs. Bessie Kulp, Vernfield, Montgomery County. Conservative Mennonites wear similar dress.*



*Costume of Ephrata Nun, 18th Century, worn by Miss Beth Munger of Kutztown State College.*

*Mrs. Sadie Kriebel, of Hereford, a Schwenkfelder, displays that sect's costume and coffee-cake.*



Book, in 1820, that "Sister Martha was the means of bringing bonnets in fashion."

First among Quakers, then among the Dutch, the bonnet became the trademark of Pennsylvania's "plain" womenfolk. By Civil War days it had reached its full proportions, and has been shrinking ever since.

As a Quaker historian expressed it: "Like the stars, each bonnet differeth from another in glory." Those of the various sects are all different.

Some of the Pennsylvania plain costumes are now, unhappily, obsolete, and no longer seen along the byroads.

#### THE EPHRATA COSTUME

One is the Ephrata costume. Ephrata, in Lancaster County, is one of the few places in the world where Protestant monks and nuns used to be seen. At the great cloister built in 1732 by the pietist-mystic Conrad Beissel, the sisters were garbed in white, with a bit of folk decoration embroidered into the cincture, or belt. The cowl which covered the head was attached to the habit.

Another now obsolete costume was that of the Schwenkfelders, a group of Protestant refugees from Silesia in the 1730's. They settled northward from Philadelphia, and today have five churches. Originally they were "plain," but now they dress like other Americans.

The costume, used until after the Civil War by older women, was a black dress with plain check apron and shawl providing the accents. A white peasant cap was worn.

Although the costume has passed, they are remembered for the delicious "Schwenkfelder-Koocha," or Schwenkfelder





*Mrs. Laura Huyett, of Narvon, in costume and "flat hat" worn by the White Carriage Amish.*



*Mrs. Jennie C. Trein, of Nazareth, a Moravian and famed putz maker, in old Moravian costume.*

Cake. The women of the sect were Marthas, as well as Marys!

The Moravians and their costume were brought to Pennsylvania through Count Zinzendorf, the 18th Century revitalizer and missionary leader of Protestantism. They founded Bethlehem, Nazareth, Emmaus and Lititz in Pennsylvania, as well as Graceham, in Maryland, and Winston-Salem, in North Carolina. There are still Moravians in Pennsylvania, though they dress like anyone else. And they still make Christmas "putzes"—elaborate manger scenes.

#### THE MORAVIAN COSTUME

Old-time Moravian women wore a gray German peasant dress with white accents, and a white *Shnevel-howba* or "bird's beak" cap. Like the Schwenkfelders, they also contributed a coffee-cake to America, known as a Moravian sugar-cake. It's delicious, too.

Though people speak of "Quaker gray," Pennsylvania's Quakers often wore brown—warm browns for the dress, cream color for the shawl, darker brown for the capacious bonnet. The costume was seen at Yearly Meeting time until about 1900, but now the only Quakers who wear a special garb are in the Midwest.

Among the living costumes of Pennsylvania's "Plain Dutch" world today are those of the Old Mennonites and Dunkards, the New Mennonite costume, and that of the White Carriage Amish.

The first includes a dress of plain material, conservative in color, with a bonnet not quite so big as that of the Quakers, and the earlier shawl or kerchief has now become

a part of the dress, and is called a cape.

New Mennonites or "Herrites," were a schism of 1812 in Lancaster County. Normally their women dress in uniform colors—dark or light gray, or black, and the bonnet is the same color as the dress. In winter, shawls, rather than coats are worn, as with Old Mennonites and Dunkards, but some younger women now wear coats.

Most interesting of women's plain costumes in Pennsylvania is that of the White Carriage Amish (Nebraska Amish) of the Big Valley in Mifflin County. They are even more conservative than Lancaster's "Old Order" Amish, whose women are beginning to be seen in nylon dresses (cut "plain," to be sure) and nylon stockings.

The White Carriage Amishwoman's headgear is the "flat hat," an 18th Century style which preceded the bonnet, which had not arrived when they settled the valley in the 1790's. They make them of straw, and though flat when taken off, the hats when worn and tied under the chin are like a double bonnet, looking both ways.

#### LAPELS ARE WORLDLY

Men of the Dunkard and conservative Mennonite groups wear black or conservative gray suits, with stand-up collars, since lapels are "worldly." They wear no ties—since, as a Lancaster County Mennonite once told me, "Ties are neither for hot nor cold." That is, "They won't keep you warm in winter, nor cool in summer, so why wear them?"

This would seem to be the judgment of the practical-minded Plain Dutchman of Pennsylvania on the changing fashions of the "world."



The harvest ring—a pottery container filled at the house and then slipped over the arm of the person who carried it to the harvest field. Found in Monroe County, it is said to have been used for the sugar-water-vinegar drink known as switchel outside Pennsylvania, and the “Essich Schling” in the Dutch Country.



Stone flasks. The specimen at the left is markedly similar in texture and glaze to the blue-decorated, salt glaze stoneware found generally along the eastern seaboard. The bronze-glazed specimen at the right is probably an import—perhaps one more of the many kinds of gin containers from Holland.

**Ai, Ai, Ai**

Oldest of all the vessels pictured are these blown dark green bottles, dating probably from the Seventeenth Century and almost certainly antedating the Pennsylvania Dutch. Found at Shawnee-on-Delaware, Pa., a community which existed as early as the 1660's.







*Blown amber "chestnut" glass flasks from the Eighteenth Century. A favorite exercise among collectors is trying to assemble an evenly graded collection, ranging from larger to smaller, starting and stopping at any desired point. Capacities of blown bottles are always approximate, but may range from less than a gill to more than five gallons.*

# and a Bottle of Whatever

By **EARL F. ROBACKER**

• Time: a hundred years ago—or yesterday—late afternoon; place: somewhere—anywhere—in the Dutch Country; characters: Grandmom and Aunt Lib. "Let's have tea for supper, once," suggests Grandmom.

"Yes, well; on a hot day like today tea would go good," agrees Aunt Lib . . . but things are not what they seem, for the chances are that having "tea" for supper means going out and plucking a bunch of fresh peppermint or making an infusion from the dried herb. "Tea," in the sense of such designations as orange pekoe or Oolong, or even something as exotic as Lapsang Souchong, was known in the Dutch Country of old but, while it was certainly not unpopular, it was not regarded with any special favor, either. Herb teas apparently met the needs of a great many rural families . . . and, moreover, they didn't cost a penny!

Peppermint was not the only branch of the mint family considered worthy of being an accompaniment to the usual evening meal of cold meat and fried potatoes, but it was probably the most widely used. Spearmint was just as good, in the minds of many, and there were those who liked woolly mint and pennyroyal. However, somewhere along the line a delicate question arises: When does "tea" leave off being a supper drink and become a medicine? Peppermint and

spearmint could be either—but then what about catnip, more delicate in flavor than either? Perhaps catnip should be considered the cutting-off point for, while it might be all right to serve catnip tea on occasion, one could certainly not go beyond that and serve horehound or wormwood, even though these herbs could be used to flavor something stronger.

A few years back, "blue balsam" tea was getting a big play at the Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival at Kutztown; everywhere one looked, seemingly, this regional specialty was being featured. The writer did not indulge at the time, but curiosity got the better of him later and he wrote the then editor of the Kutztown newspaper, asking for her help in locating some blue balsam. She replied promptly, saying that she could do better than recommend a commercial source of supply—she was sending some fresh from her own garden, along with her best wishes for happy landings. It arrived in perfect condition . . . and it matched exactly the blue-stemmed peppermint the writer had growing at the fountain only a few feet from his back door. Who asked that question about what's in a name?

Now and then a concentrate was made of the fresh mint—a strongly flavored sugar syrup—and set aside for later use. There are housewives who do the same thing today with tea—real tea, that is—to ensure having an adequate supply on hand for iced tea on summer afternoons.



Along with mint or tea concentrates, one should mention the fruit syrups which were bottled during the summer when berries were plentiful. Among them, the red raspberry seems to have been most popular, perhaps as much for its clear red color as for its flavor. Raspberry syrup was prepared "so"—that is, plain; or it was given a somewhat more exotic touch by the addition of a few leaves of wasp geranium or sometimes just a touch of wormwood. Vinegar was often added to raspberry syrup. The juices of other berries, however, especially of blackberries or elderberries, were usually preserved without additional flavoring.

While we are speaking of tea, we might note in passing that the Dutch country also had a distinctive kind of coffee—coffee only in name, since it was brewed from parched or roasted grains of rye. The serving of rye coffee could hardly be called an economy measure, although the cost was negligible since the rye was home grown, because it often appeared on the table in addition to regular coffee and one might have his choice. There are those who maintain that when the grain is properly roasted, ground, and brewed the resultant beverage is more palatable than merely run-of-the-mill brands of coffee.

Other popular drinks, either non-alcoholic or containing so little alcohol that it didn't count, were such concoctions as root beer, ginger beer, birch beer, and spruce beer. With the exception of birch beer, these were usually prepared by using sugar, water, yeast, and a commercially prepared extract. The flavoring in birch beer usually came from oil distilled from the bark of the black birch. What is probably the best commercial birch beer available, as a carbonated drink, is still made in Kutztown, in the heart of the Dutch Country.

For the most part, these were hot-weather drinks—and they were also principally women's and children's drinks, if truth must be told. An equally innocuous beverage was one that was taken to the field by the farmer for consumption with the nine o'clock "piece"—a mixture of vinegar, water, and sugar. Instead of sugar, molasses was sometimes used, and outside the Dutch Country proper the liquid was frequently known as "switchel." When molasses was used, ginger might be added for additional tang. Edna Eby Heller, in her *Dutch Cook Book*, Vol. II, gives a formula for the beverage, which she calls "Essich Schling": one part of water to three parts vinegar, with a little sugar and sometimes spice, and the optional addition of a bit of baking soda. Such a drink should perhaps be called a thirst-deterrent rather than a thirst-quencher.

Apple cider, in sheer volume, took precedence over all other home-made drinks. Apples were usually a bumper crop, and the thrifty farmer was often hard put to make use of them . . . but according to the lengths to which he was willing to go in reducing them to liquid, he could do pretty well.

Apple butter-making called for a highly special kind of cider—not just any apple cider. The farmer probably had twenty or more varieties of apples on which to draw, but only a few would give the flavor to be desired. Pound Sweetings and Twenty-Ounce apples, for instance, were too bland; Kings and Bellflowers were all right, except that they were especially good for conversion into apple schnitz; Vandevcers and Smokehouse and Fallowaters were perfect. Often a sweet and a tart apple combination, such as True's Sweeting and Northern Spy, was considered desirable. Whatever the variety of apple, the cider had to be boiled down until it was thick and both sweet and tangy. Some of it



*The tin flask (pint capacity) is competently made, but must have been less pleasant to drink from than its glass counterpart.*



*The great glass carboy did yeoman service in early times, serving to hold vinegar, molasses, or more potent liquids. This example, like most of them, was probably once encased in wicker. It is about twelve inches high and holds about ten quarts.*





Amber pressed glass flasks were enormously popular and existed in a wide number of designs. The eagle, left, was a popular pattern.



A Pennsylvania redware drinking mug (pint capacity) of a kind once rather common but now hard to find. In some establishments dispensing liquor, customers supplied their own mugs, leaving them at the bar just as later they supplied their own mustache cups at the barber shop.

pair of two-quart bottles in deep cobalt blue, pressed in two molds. These were probably made after the 1850's.



was usually bottled for later use in mincemeat or for a hot-weather drink.

Hard cider was about as common a drink as it was possible to find, and the cellar that did not contain a number of barrels of the liquid (in some cases ostensibly for the making of vinegar) simply was not well equipped. Most farmers were content with cider that was just cider, but others had to go a step beyond and gild the lily. One of the lily-gilding agents was sassafras and another was wintergreen, both of which were also occasionally used as flavorings for apple butter. As taste refinements for hard cider . . . well, if one liked sassafras or wintergreen, probably he could stand it in cider.

Less innocent than merely flavored cider was Cider Royal—apple juice to which brown sugar and raisins were added at a certain stage in the fermentation process. Not infrequently when the barrel or keg was opened for the addition of these ingredients, a generous lacing of rum or whiskey was added also, to help get things going. Whatever its secret or non-secret ingredients, Cider Royal is likely to have at least double the potency of regular cider. Those who would wish to recapture a bit of old-time atmosphere by purchasing a jug of cider at a roadside stand and then adding sugar and raisins would do well to remember that if there is sodium benzoate in the bought cider all they will have, after no matter how long a wait, is a mixture of sugar, raisins, cider, and sodium benzoate.

A trick or stunt once practiced in the Dutch Country—and probably wherever cider was made—was to leave a barrel of cider outdoors in the fall, to freeze. Gradually, of course, the water in the barrel would turn to ice, leaving an inner residuum of liquid fire which was perhaps the next-to-most-potent drink which could be made at home. Most potent was probably the particular brand of applejack (distilled apple brandy) known from Delaware Water Gap to Easton and points east and west as Jersey Lightning. So powerful is this witches' brew that, according to local legend, one sniff from a jug from which the (corn-cob) stopper has been removed is enough to make a tyro pass out cold. Regional stories persist to the effect that Old Doc Somebody-or-other always used Jersey Lightning instead of ether on a patient when he had an amputation to perform—not a *drink*, just a whiff.

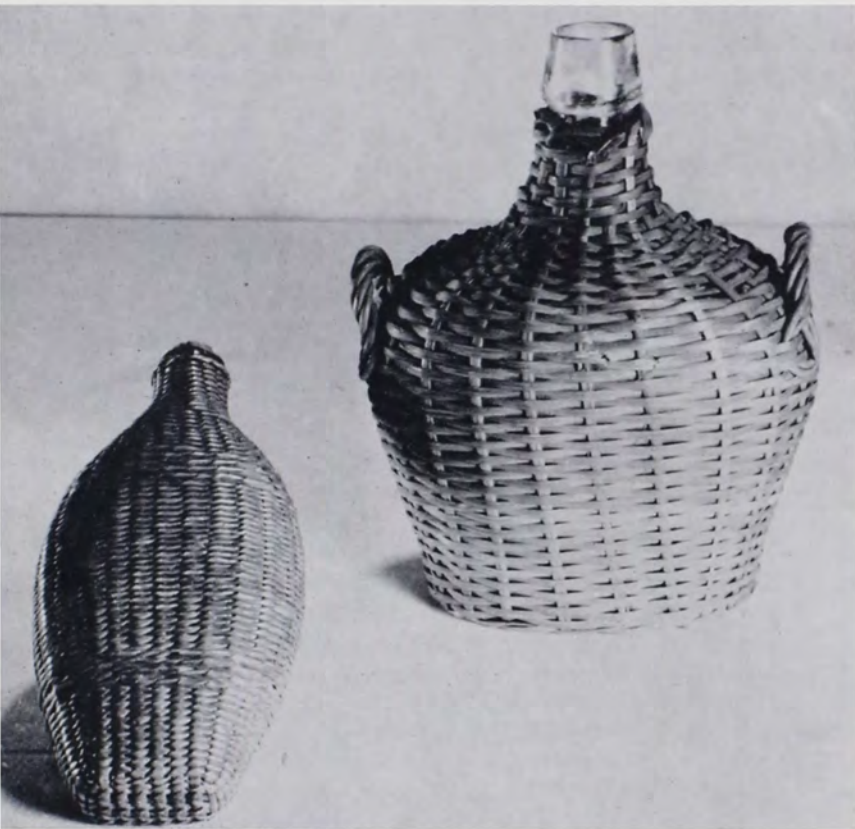
It is said that on the Jersey side of the Delaware Water Gap, deep in rattlesnake-infested ledges and caves, stills which were made from copper from the old copper mine at Pahaquarry more than a century ago, are still producing "apple," as it is invariably called. ("Applejack" is merely a word for print!) A few uncharitable souls insinuate that perhaps a little rattlesnake venom now and then finds its way into the flasks which change hands without benefit of revenue stamps.

Rum was probably the favorite strong liquor along the entire seaboard, from the time the first sugar cane was fermented in the West Indies. It was popular in its own right, but it was also frequently added to other liquids, which in a sense served as set-ups. "Shrubs," for instance, might actually be made of berry juice, sugar, water, and a little lemon—or they might be fortified with rum, according to taste. Egg nog, long popular during winter holidays, generally was prepared with rum rather than with whiskey, as it is nowadays. Rum and water in equal proportions were the components of "grog," that opprobrious word which somehow lent its name to the generality of alcoholic drinks. "Grog," incidentally, is a slang term derived from a nick-





*Drinking mugs of painted tôleware. The distelfink, widely popular in other decorative media, is a rarity on tôle.*



*Wicker coverings for glass containers of all sizes were a practical step toward reducing breakage. There is considerable artistry in the tightly encased flask at the left.*



*An enameled blown glass bottle of half pint capacity. Such bottles were blown in Pennsylvania in the 1770's by Baron Stiegel's craftsmen—but they were also imported from abroad, often from the Low Countries, filled with gin or cordials.*



*Not what it seems! While this tumbler has some of the earmarks of sgraffito ware, it is an experimental piece turned out at Mercer's tile-making establishment in Doylestown in 1911. The experiment was considered unsuccessful, and all but a few pieces were destroyed. This one long belonged to the late Levi Yoder, of Silverdale.*



name: "Old Grog," Sir Edward Vernon of the British Navy, doled out rum and water to his seamen way back in the first half of the Eighteenth Century. Somehow, the nickname attached itself to the drink, which we are told was a popular one. "Grog" is said to derive from "grosgrain," a kind of cloth favored by Sir Edward in his personal attire.

Old almanacs, newspapers, and cookbooks, our best sources of information on such matters as those we are discussing, almost always mention mead as a strong drink. Mead derives from honey; it is mentioned in song and story, so to speak, but the writer has not come upon any one in the Dutch Country who has either made it or tasted it.

Lewis Miller, the indefatigable folk artist from York, gives us a recipe for cherry bounce, said to be lovelier in color than any liqueur or cordial. As made by a Colonel Spangler in 1806, the proportions of ingredients were the following: a barrel of cherry juice, six pounds of sugar, and two gallons of whiskey.

Brandy ("branntwein") was used in a variety of ways other than as a mere potable. One almost indispensable use was that of combining it with peaches at preserving time, to create a delicacy famed far beyond the Dutch Country—branded peaches. A story of an incident which occurred years ago is still being repeated in the Dutch Country: A certain visiting parson was fond of good food, but was also noted for the violence of his diatribes against alcohol. One day he made his appearance at a farmhouse just as the

family were seating themselves for the noon meal. Naturally, he was invited to draw up a chair—but the housewife was mortified and chagrined because a large dish of brandied peaches was in evidence. She could think of no excuse for removing it without causing comment—so, when the time came, she simply dished out peaches to all. The parson appeared to enjoy them, and it was obvious, from his glances toward the fruit bowl, that (a) he did not know what he was consuming and (b) he could probably be persuaded to have a second helping, although actually there were only a few peaches left in the dish. There was no help for it: "Would you like yet some peaches, Reverend?" asked the hostess.

"Well, not the peaches, thank you," said the guest, politely, "but perhaps I could have some more of the juice!"

Brandy, of course, is traditional for use in fruit cakes, in making various sauces, including hard sauce, and in fancy desserts. Long before the Waldorf achieved fame for its Cherries Jubilee, flaming brandied dishes were known in the Dutch Country.

Beer has long been associated with folk of German descent as a kind of natural, like Italians and spaghetti or Scotchmen and finnan haddie. Beer was made at home in the Dutch Country—but few could produce a drink comparable in quality with what the professional brewer was able to put on the market. Essentially, therefore, it remained an away-from-home beverage. Pink-flowering hop vines once clambered over rural fences far more frequently than they do nowadays. (Who has seen flowering hop vines?) For the last half century, though, they have been "for pretty" and not for beer—or just possibly for a few die-hard housewives who preferred hop-risin' yeast to the packaged product.

Preston A. Barba and Ann Hark, in their excellent *Pennsylvania German Cookery*, tell us that Israel Acrelius, provost of the Swedish congregations on the Delaware, in 1759 listed 48 kinds of drinks known in North America. There are probably that many subdivisions of the most popular home-made beverage of all—wine. Vineyards were started in the New Country as early as 1619—the same year in which wives were imported for the Virginia colonists, and the year in which slavery was introduced. (Perhaps someone should try to put this data together in a significant way!) There were, of course, wild grapes long before the European varieties were introduced, and it seems highly unlikely that no one experimented with their juice.

Wine seems to have been made from anything to which sugar, yeast, and water could be added and which could then be fermented. Currant, elderberry, grape, and dandelion were usual; fire cherry, rhubarb, dogwood blossom and white clover were less so, but not rarities, by any means. Peach and apricot (this latter from the dried fruit) were popular. Mulberry, thimbleberry, gooseberry—well, practically everything, even yellow tomatoes . . . and some of them achieved real quality in color, bouquet, and taste.

Among all the berries and fruits which grew so abundantly, peaches posed a special problem, in that they yielded prodigiously but could not stand transportation to the distant markets of Reading or Philadelphia or York or Baltimore. One solution was to make great quantities of peach wine, distill it, and then transport the resultant brandy to market. Peach and cherry brandy were often the most nearly pure spirits available in rural areas, and the story goes that in preparing the paints used in fraktur drawings the artisan often dissolved his cherry gum in peach brandy rather than in alcohol bought especially for the purpose.



*Drinking mug made of Virginia Ware, contemporary with late Adams tableware (1880's). It was made in England and also, with slight variations, in the Saar district in Germany. The rabbit is a transfer; the large central flower, hand painted; the small rosettes, sponge-stamped.*





*This date board is the oldest we have found, and is on the house of Henry Weiss located on the road from Eshbach to Bechtelsville, Berks County. Black and white. Type I. (No. 1.)*



*Located on the Janet D. Hyatt property at Schwenksville, Montgomery County. Black and white.*



*These are on the house of the West Brothers Farm on each gable end. They are black and white and were supposed by the owner to be turkey buzzards and not eagles.*



*This was the most recently repainted and is on Clayton Schlosser's house one mile south of Lederach, Lower Salford Township, Montgomery County. Black and white. Type II.*



# EAGLE

By ALAN G. KEYSER

The eagle date boards which appear on houses in the Montgomery County area of Pennsylvania can properly be considered as Pennsylvania Dutch folk art. They are found only in the "Dutch" section of the State, and the names which appear on them are "as Dutch as sauerkraut," but since they contain the eagle as their motif, they can also be considered as general American folk art.

The eagle motif derives from the coinage of the period. There are two definite types which were taken from coins. Type I was taken from the silver coins minted between 1795 and 1798, and Type II was from the coins in the period 1798 to 1804. Then there are others which have not been classified as to origin, and which probably do not come from coins. These boards fall into the period 1801 to 1840 with ten good examples known. As can be seen in the photographs some of them are very primitive, while others were very accurately executed. All have been repainted due to the fact that they are on the exterior of the houses and have been exposed to the elements, so we probably shall never know how the original looked.

The majority of eagle date boards is in Montgomery County, with one in Bucks County, one in Lehigh County done on plaster (not old), and one in Berks County (No. 1). There are probably more than we have covered in this article, but all known eagle date boards have been mentioned.

*Paul Weaver painted this one and added his own name and the date 1950. It is in Limerick Township, Montgomery County. Green and white. Type I.*





The date on this one was 1812 according to the owner Linford Shelly of Vernfield, Montgomery County. Green and white. Type II.



Painted blue and white, this is on the house of Mrs. Margaret Meyers of Lower Frederick Township, Montgomery County. Type II.



This primitive appears on the house of Dr. Christian Pedersen on the Old Skippack Road in Upper Salford, Montgomery County. Black and white. Type I.

## DATE BOARDS



The house pictured here is of the general type on which the eagle date boards appear, although the majority are of stone construction.

This one is painted green and yellow and is on the house of Mrs. Vincent Alderfer of Lower Salford Township, Montgomery County. Type II.

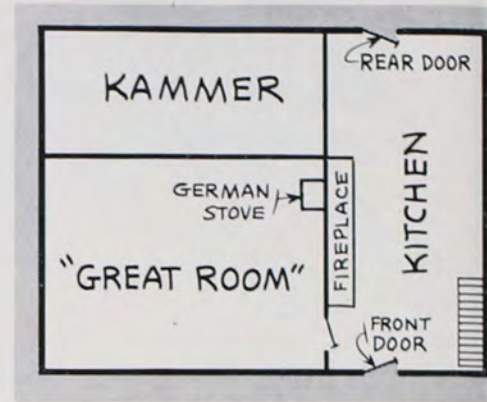
There is no inscription on this one nor is there any indication that there ever was one. It is located on U. S. 309 south of Highland Park in Bucks County. Black and white.







*The Schneider Cabin—Oley Valley. Note the central chimney, vertical gable siding and few windows.*



*Typical first floor room arrangement in the continental log house.*

# The CONTINENTAL LOG HOUSE

By **ROBERT C. BUCHER**

Although the Swedes were the first people to build log houses in this country, it was the early German settlers from the Continent who were responsible for the log cabin in America.

The Germans built their cabins in large numbers in Colonial Pennsylvania and the Scotch-Irish adopted their methods. From Pennsylvania the log tradition spread rapidly through the Colonies and by the time of the American Revolution had become the typical American frontier dwelling from Maine to Tennessee.<sup>1</sup>

In spite of the importance of the log cabin in American history, very little study has been devoted to this romantic dwelling. It was G. Edwin Brumbaugh who first described the Continental or central fireplace type Germanic log dwellings in his article on Pennsylvania German Colonial Architecture,<sup>2</sup> and a study of these buildings will show their basic differences from the great majority of log buildings with their fireplaces on the gable end of the dwelling. These latter buildings usually are considered to be of later English or Scotch-Irish influence, although the English did not bring a log tradition with them to this country. They built framed wooden dwellings rather than log houses.

The great distinguishing characteristic of the Continental-type log house is its massive central fireplace. Around this large flue were located the long, narrow kitchen on the one gable, and the "great room" and *kammer* at the other end of the house, with sometimes a five plate stove to heat the seldom used "great room." The front door was off center, always in the kitchen, with a door directly behind it in the

<sup>1</sup> Harold R. Shurtleff, *The Log Cabin Myth* (Cambridge, Mass., 1931).

<sup>2</sup> G. Edwin Brumbaugh, *Colonial Architecture of the Pennsylvania Germans*, Pennsylvania German Society, XLI (1933).



*The Pott Cabin—Oley Valley. Built over a spring with running water in the cellar. Original casement windows.*

*The Darkes Cabin—Berks County. A bank house with fireplaces on both levels. Note use of stone below ground level.*







*The Schultz House—Montgomery-Lehigh County line. Best known two and one-half story log house—of Schwenkfelder origin.*



*The Knerr Cabin—Montgomery County. A quaint cabin in a primitive setting.*

rear of the house. This type of house is of peasant origin and is the direct result of the Continental tradition of life.

It was during the summer of 1961 that the subject of these Continental-type log houses was discussed by Alan G. Keyser, Clarence Kulp, Jr., Dr. Alfred L. Shoemaker and the writer. It was contended during these discussions that not more than three or four of these primitive dwellings could be found in Pennsylvania with their fireplaces still intact.

As a result of the discussion it was decided that the writer would make a study to determine how many of these log houses could be located with their fireplaces still in substantially unchanged condition. The fireplaces and the buildings were to be photographed to provide documentation for future study.

It is our purpose, therefore, to make an introductory and mostly pictorial report of this study which was made during October and November, 1961 and covered rather large areas in the counties of York, Lancaster, Lebanon, Berks, Lehigh, Bucks and Montgomery in Eastern Pennsylvania. As a result of this survey it is the writer's opinion that at least fifty and perhaps as many as one hundred of these buildings exist in Pennsylvania today, with their fireplaces still intact. Of course, there are many more, still standing and in use as dwellings, which have been altered in such a way that part or all of the original fireplace has been removed. In addition to the Continental-type log houses, there is a considerable number of log houses with gable fireplaces, but



*The Rex Cabin—Lehigh County. Central chimney with barn-like forebay in front.*



the latter are not part of our study, they being of a different origin and spirit.

The kitchen fireplace in the Continental-type log houses varied from about seven feet to sixteen feet in length and opened into the kitchen which was located along one side of the house. The "great room" was behind the fireplace and along the front of the house. There was always a *kammer* or downstairs sleeping room in this type house. It was in the rear of the house, sometimes behind the "great room" and sometimes behind the kitchen, with a panelled partition behind the kitchen and *kammer*. In the larger log houses one frequently found a five plate or German stove, which was plastered into the rear of the fireplace and was fed from an opening in the kitchen side of the fireplace. These stoves had no opening at all in the room which they heated, that is, the "large room."

Most of the houses being described in this article had the kitchen on the right end of the house, as shown in the sketch and this end of the building faced North or East. However, the Knerr, Jones and Darke cabins had the reverse arrangement, with the kitchen facing West. The large fireplace opening for cooking and heating obviously was in the kitchen and faced the gable of this long and narrow room. In some kitchens there was only one small window and this fact helped conserve the heat from the fireplace.

We will now proceed to describe sixteen cabins and log houses included in this survey, starting with the one and one-half story cabins.

#### THE SCHNEIDER CABIN—OLEY VALLEY

This beautifully proportioned cabin has been in the Schneider family since pioneer days and still retains its original appearance and features. The fireplace is twelve feet long and the kitchen has only one small window. It has no cellar.

#### THE POTT CABIN—OLEY VALLEY

Built by a settler whose identity has not been investigated. The farm came into the possession of the Pott family at an early date and, therefore, has the tradition of the early iron industry. This primitive cabin is now owned by Miss Kathryn Solomon who plans to restore it.

*The Dietz House—Montgomery County. Notice the vertical corner posts. Had a fireplace stove originally.*



*The Jones House—Montgomery County. A large, well proportioned house with massive central fireplace.*



*The Kooker House—Bucks County. Now in ruins.*





The Pott cabin had a tile roof originally and the usual steep roof and plain walls with few windows. The very interesting cooking fireplace was in the cellar, with the spring located behind the fireplace and water from the spring running through the jamb of the fireplace within three or four feet from the kettles used to cook the family meals. The housewife could draw water for the pots without taking a single step from her position before the fireplace. This was indeed as stated by Harry Stauffer central heat and running water in 1740.

The original casement windows and arched fireplace in the great room are unusual features of this cabin. There was no window in the first floor room behind the fireplace.

#### THE KNERR CABIN—MONTGOMERY COUNTY

A pleasant and quaint cabin located on a slope facing South and built over a spring, with two separate rooms in the half-cellar. There was no passage between these rooms originally.

This cabin is in original condition inside, has a ten foot fireplace and the original, unaltered *kammer* is still used as the bedroom!

#### THE DARKES CABIN—BERKS COUNTY

This bank house has a fireplace on each level, the one in the first floor kitchen being eight feet long and the arched stone fireplace in the lower level being seven feet long. This cabin is close to its original form and is pleasantly located on a bank over a spring adjacent to the old Union Canal bed.

The few windows, central fireplace and "kick" in the roof identify this cabin as Germanic. It was probably built by the Reed family.

#### THE REX CABIN—LEHIGH COUNTY

This cabin was built by the Rex family and is still in the possession of a descendant, Roy Wertman. It has a ten foot fireplace, a very narrow and dark kitchen and an overhang in front, resembling the forebay of a barn.

#### THE SEIBERT CABIN—LEBANON COUNTY

This cabin is in good condition and has an unusual encircling pent roof which is typical in this particular area of Lebanon County. The pent is much closer to the eaves than is customary, presenting an unusual appearance, but who can question the fact that it afforded excellent protection to the lower part of the building?

The fireplace is seven feet in length and the kitchen quite small. The cabin is built on a slope over a spring.

#### THE SITTLER HOUSE—LEHIGH COUNTY

Believed to have been built by the Christ family, it has a double attic and steep roof. The fireplace is twelve feet long. This building has had a number of alterations and is in poor condition.



*The Seibert Cabin—Lebanon County. Unusual pent roof, typical fenestration, original half doors in front.*

### THE TWO AND ONE-HALF STORY LOG HOUSES

It was a surprise to the writer to find that our survey produced more two and one-half story log houses than one and one-half story cabins. This may be due to the two and one-half story houses having been built later and prized more than the original dwellings. There may well also be other reasons for the survival of the larger houses.

#### THE SCHULTZ HOUSE—MONTGOMERY-LEHIGH LINE

The best known two and one-half story log dwelling is the Schultz house, East of Palm on the Irvin Shelly farm. This early Schwenkfelder building is probably Pennsylvania's outstanding two and one-half story Continental-type log house.

The cooking fireplace is nine feet long. One of the unusual features of this house is the two-inch-long wooden pegs driven into the logs to hold the plaster on the interior walls.

#### THE JONES HOUSE—MONTGOMERY COUNTY

This large and very typical two and one-half story dwelling is in good condition and is presently occupied. The fireplace is ten feet long and like the Knerr and Parkes cabins is a "left-handed" one. The house faces South and the fireplace is on the West gable, facing left for a person looking at the front of the house.

#### THE KOOKER HOUSE—BUCKS COUNTY

This log house has a nine foot fireplace and was in the Kooker family for a number of years. It is now in very poor condition. Like many log buildings, it was covered with horizontal siding some years ago. Tradition says *hezerei* was connected with this house.

#### THE DIETZ HOUSE—MONTGOMERY COUNTY

Located near Sunneystown, this log dwelling may have been the second house of the Dietz family, who operated mills in this area. The house is in poor condition.

The photograph of this house shows the vertical corner post construction, which was not uncommon in this area. (The writer knows of at least four or five log buildings still standing with this feature.) The horizontal logs were fitted



*The Sittler Cabin—Lehigh County. Believed built by the Christ family. Typical steep roof.*





*Village Log House—Lancaster County. Photogenic from any angle. Built for two families.*

to slide into a vertical groove in the upright logs and wooden pegs were driven through holes in the edge of these uprights to fasten the horizontal squared logs or planks.

The Dietz house has an eleven foot fireplace and there is an opening for a five plate stove about one foot above the hearth on the right side of the fireplace.

**HOUSE NEAR STOUCHSBURG—LEBANON COUNTY**

This tall two and one-half story log house is occupied by the family of Walter Stemm and remains substantially unaltered, except for the addition of siding. The fireplace is seven feet long.

**HOUSE OR TAVERN—ALLEGHENYVILLE, BERKS COUNTY**

Tradition says that this large house was once a tavern and that on occasion horses were taken into the large kitchen. This is a most pleasant and "liveable" house, with an impressive twelve foot fireplace. Notice the squat appearance of this house, as shown in the photograph, with its large wall space broken by few windows.

**THE MASEMER HOUSE—YORK COUNTY**

A massive sixteen foot flue provided the heat for this large house which presently serves as the home of the Masemer family. The house is in excellent condition, has three fireplaces built into the large central chimney to serve three different rooms. It appears to be a fairly late log house with some Georgian features added as later alterations.

**UNIDENTIFIED LOG HOUSE—LEBANON COUNTY**

Located a few miles North of Palmyra and East of Bindnagle's Church are three large two and one-half story log houses, still in use as full or part time dwellings.

The log house shown in the photograph was originally a two and one-half story building but part of the upper story was removed following a fire. The twelve foot fireplace on the first floor has been altered slightly but is still functional and has its original outside dimensions.

The first floor cooking fireplace faces the right side of the house (East) and there is another large cooking fireplace in the cellar, which is built into the same massive central chimney and faces the opposite way. It is the writer's opinion that this type of large log house was typical of the later log buildings in this area.



*Log House near Stouchsburg—Lebanon County. A tall house with a narrow, seven foot wide kitchen.*



*Log House or Tavern—Berks County. A very large house with rugged lines.*



*Fireplace in the Seibert Cabin.*





*Masemer House—York County. A large house with sixteen-foot fireplace flue. Charming master bedroom with small fireplace.*

#### VILLAGE HOUSE—STRASBURG, LANCASTER COUNTY

The village of Strasburg must have been largely a log village originally, for a number of such dwellings still are in use today, but with their central fireplaces removed.

The house shown in the photograph is attractive, unusual and interesting. It is currently used as a two-family dwelling and the central fireplace is intact.<sup>3</sup> The interesting feature of this building is that it was built originally as a two-family or "double" dwelling. It apparently had two front doors, evenly spaced, when built, and the fireplace has a six or eight foot opening on each side of the central flue to serve both families for cooking and heating.

#### CONCLUSION

In concluding this article I would like to state that the main merit of the log house is its warmth. Without exception the occupants of the log houses have told us how warm, how comfortable their houses are. The log house originated in cold climates and ease of heating is one of the main reasons for its survival over the hundreds of years. We received testimony to this fact from one of the last occupants of a log house in Franconia Township, Montgomery County when Mrs. Sallie M. Landis told us how her neighbor, near Hallman's creamery loved his old log house. In the words of Mrs. Landis: "Es Abraham Clemmer's haus iss die helft en bluck haus un er wor ols so shtultz gawest mit seim bluck haus un er hut gsawt, 'Siss net feicht we onra heiser, un s wor so warm gawest.'"

Many other bits of testimony and numerous stories were given to the writer during the search for the log houses and these pertained to life in these primitive buildings and customs which survived to recent years. The most important contributions were made by Mrs. Sallie Landis and Charles Sittler.

In order to report these testimonies and give as complete a story of the log house as is possible from information that is available, a definitive article will be published by the writer in a future issue of *Pennsylvania Folklife*. In this article it is planned to report on the origin of the log house, its construction and main architectural features, room arrangement and life in the log house, including folk culture and traditions pertaining to log cabin life.

<sup>3</sup> Tenants did not grant the writer permission to photograph the fireplace. All other fireplaces have been recorded photographically.



*Log House—Lebanon County. Upper part destroyed by fire. Has two fireplaces of twelve-foot size.*

*Fireplace in the Dietz Cabin, showing opening, in lower right corner, for the five-plate stove.*



*First floor "great room" arched fireplace in the Pott Cabin.*



Mrs. Audra Miller, of Orefield, Lehigh County, preparing waffle batter in earthen mixing bowl.



Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Mabel Wetzel, of Allentown, filling waffle iron. Note the old-time waffle jug.

# Waffles and Wafers

By RICHARD H. SHANER

Waffle making is undoubtedly one of the skills of every Dutch housewife in Pennsylvania, yet very little has been recorded concerning either the art of waffle and wafer making, or the traditional types of apparatus used in their production. There is according to the author's knowledge only one cultural contribution on this subject, and that is Dr. Henry C. Mercer's article on "Wafer Irons" that appeared in volume V of the *Bucks County Historical* publications. It is evident to any student of Pennsylvania folklore that the waffle and wafer tradition has played a definite part in the Dutch kitchen from the 18th century to the present. Hence it is now time to acknowledge this Americanism.

The area of waffle and wafer making can be divided into two categories: (A) the popular waffle or wafer made from between two pressed iron plates, and (B) the deep fried or thin *waffle-hexes* made from one iron plate. Waffle-hexes are not very popular in the Dutch Country today, and survive mostly in the 20th century with the Mennonite folk of the Saint Jacob's area in Ontario, Canada.

About the turn of the 18th century some Mennonites migrated from Bucks County in Pennsylvania to the Saint Jacob's area in Canada where they brought many of their folk customs. Although this group has kept alive waffle-hexes as a regular treat, there still exist in the Dutch





*The eighteenth-century waffle iron in use.*



*Removing a baked waffle from the long-handled waffle iron.*

Country occasional waffle-hexes made in the Lancaster area,<sup>1</sup> and at various county fairs. The iron which is used to make the waffle-hexes resembles a branding iron for animals. Often made by local blacksmiths, this iron was made in the shape of a hex-sign (about 5 inches in diameter) or some other such folk design. When making waffles the iron was first dipped into hot lard and then dipped into the waffle batter, after the bottom of the iron had been coated with batter it was dipped again into the hot lard and kept there to fry. Once the batter turned crisp the iron was removed from the hot lard, and the waffle-hexes fell free from the pattern. To eat the waffle-hexes one could use a sprinkle of granulated or powdered sugar. The following is a recipe for fifty waffle-hexes:

*Beat two eggs lightly, add two teaspoons full of sugar, and ¼ teaspoon of salt, add one cup of milk and a cup of flour. Beat until smooth.<sup>2</sup>*

<sup>1</sup>Edna Eby Heller, "Dutch Treats for Breakfast," *Pennsylvania Folklife*, Vol. 10, No. 1, pp. 30-31, 1959.

<sup>2</sup>Waffle-hex recipe from the Mennonite area of Saint Jacob's, Ontario, Canada.

There are three basic types of waffle-makers in the Dutch Country and only one type of wafer-maker. Waffles were made on (1) an 18th century long-handle iron, (2) 19th century short-handle wood stove iron, and (3) 20th century high collar iron, for wood or gas stoves. Wafers were produced from an 18th century long-handle iron, which was similar to the waffle iron of that century, except that the wafer iron did not have any rims.

Unlike the thin crisp waffle-hexes, the waffle produced from between the two iron plates is a thick (½ inch) baked spongy type cake. The earliest reference in print to the two plate waffle iron in the Dutch Country was by Eliza Leslie,<sup>3</sup> in her book "Receipts." No doubt the waffle tradition was brought to the Dutch area of Pennsylvania by the first settlers from Germany. In colonial Dutchland the housewife used a long-handle waffle iron which had a hinge connecting the two iron plates to allow them to open. This 18th century type worked much the same as a blacksmith's tongs, and had a ring at the end of one handle to loop over its counter part to keep the iron plates pressed together. The two most common forms of waffle irons made were rectangular and circular<sup>4</sup> in shape, having about a 8-inch diameter. On the inside of both cast iron plates were various designs to mould the waffle. These designs ranged from the simplest of diamond and square patterns to the more artistic stars, hearts, and swirling swastikas.

It was the housewife's job in colonial Pennsylvania to bake waffles over an open hearth. Since the waffle iron was too heavy to hold over the fire, it was probably rested at the edge of a log or stone above the hot coals. When one side of the waffle was baked the iron had to be turned around to the other side. Once the waffle was baked on both sides, the waffle iron was withdrawn from the fire by its long handle, and the golden brown product placed on the table.

The wood-stove waffle iron of the 19th century was entirely different from its predecessor. Instead of being one unit it now consisted of two: (1) the waffle stand, and (2) the actual waffle plates. A stand (with a short handle) was made to set on top of the wood stove, which would enable a separate unit, the two hinged iron plates, to rest on top of it. The stand was so designed that when the stove plate was removed from beneath the waffle stand, and the waffle was baked on one side, the iron plates could spin around to bake the reverse side of the waffle without having to lift the appliance. In this manner the housewife no longer had to lift the heavy waffle iron to turn it, but merely needed to tap one side for the iron plates to flip over. Another advantage of the wood-stove iron was that because the waffle iron did not have to be continually lifted, the size of the waffle could be increased without fear of having an awkward appliance. Indeed the weight of the waffle iron was no longer a hindrance, and in the 19th century iron companies started to produce some "double" irons. As many as ten single waffles could be produced from a double wood-stove iron at one firing. A third advantage from not having to lift the waffle iron was that the iron would always be hot and ready to bake waffles, thus increasing the efficiency of the process.

The shape of the wood-stove waffle iron was circular because the plates had to revolve through the circular stove plate hole. Only double waffle irons were rectangular because an entire stove plate section had to be removed to

<sup>3</sup>Mitford M. Mathews (ed.), *A Dictionary of Americanisms*, University of Chicago Press, 1956.

<sup>4</sup>Circular shaped 18th century waffle irons are rare, and heart shaped irons are extremely rare.



allow clearance for the revolving of the iron plates. On the outside of each waffle plate was a small hook or hole so that the cook could open the two plates by inserting her fork prong into the opening. Unlike the 18th century model there was no way of locking or pressing the two waffle plates together. The waffle inside had only the weight of one of the two iron plates resting on it to press the waffle. Patterns of the cast iron waffle plates were much the same as in colonial times, having hearts, diamonds, and other symmetrical moulding designs.

Waffle making was made so much easier in the 19th century that there was probably not a home in the Dutch Country without at least one waffle iron. To add to the ease of waffle making, potters designed a special crock to pour the waffle batter. This container held about 2 quarts of waffle batter, and beside the major opening at the top of the crock there was a circular spout about one inch in diameter for pouring.

In the 20th century the waffle iron went through another change in style, but not in principle. Keeping the same basic style as the 19th century model, two changes were made: (1) a higher collar on the iron stand, and (2) handles attached to the two iron plates. With the waffle plates lifted higher by the increase of the collar height, it was possible to use this iron on a gas stove burner, and still turn the iron plates. The increase in height in the collar allowed for the clearance which the stove plate hole in the wood stove formerly provided. Having handles attached to each of the two iron plates enabled the cook to turn and open the plates without the aid of a fork or hook mounted on the plates. If need be, the cook could remove the waffle plates from the stand by the same two handles. Although most waffle irons in the 1900's had square or diamond type moulding designs, a few companies still cast traditional heart shaped patterns. Like the 19th century model, most of the 20th century waffle irons were circular in shape, except again for the double type waffle iron which was rectangular. After the gas-wood stove waffle iron came the modern electric iron which is today as popular in the Dutch Country (except among the Plain Dutch) as anywhere else in America.

In collecting information concerning the art of making waffles on all three types of irons, I discovered that there were three ways of greasing the waffle iron. The most repeated method involved the use of a piece of bacon or the rind of a ham, the second suggested method was the spreading of melted lard with a chicken feather, and the last way was simply putting a little lard on each section with a knife. After making each waffle the iron plates had

*A nineteenth-century type waffle iron used on wood stoves. Note the heart design.*



*A gas stove waffle iron.*

to be greased on the inside to prevent sticking, and when storing the iron plates they were not washed on the inside so the excess lard would preserve the non-sticking quality.

There are various recipes for making waffles using sweet milk, butter milk or sour milk, and baking soda or baking powder, but of all the waffles I have tasted Mrs. Sally Bergman's are the best for me. This Berks County Dutch housewife at Barto has inherited a very tasty sour milk recipe which I here recommend to my readers:

*2 cups of sour milk, 1 teaspoon of baking soda in the milk, 1 or 2 eggs put in and then beat-up, 1 tablespoon of sugar, ½ teaspoon of salt, 2 tablespoons of melted butter, and enough flour to make the batter meet the proper consistency.*

Once several golden brown waffles have been made they were spread with butter, sprinkled with brown or granulated sugar, and stacked like griddle cakes. The warm waffles combined the melting butter and sugar to a sirup consistency and penetrated the stack. Molasses was not used in the Dutch Country on waffles until relatively recent times, and is not as popular as the older method of butter and sugar. Waffles were usually served for the evening meal, and often on Sunday. The most popular side dish served with waffles was chicken, and in some cases ham was considered equally good. It is very common in the Dutch Country for churches to have Chicken and Waffle Dinners which are well attended by the public. Whether this is only peculiar to the Pennsylvania Dutch and not the rest of America is an interesting question.

To attest to the interest of waffle making among the Dutch children, the following is a frequently recited rhyme:

*Die mammi backt waffla,  
Sie backt sie tsu hatt,  
Sie schmirt sie mit butter,  
Un gebt mer net satt.*

(Mother is baking waffles, she bakes them too hard, she spreads them with butter, and doesn't give me enough to fill me.)



There is very little evidence that wafer making was ever as popular as waffle making in the Dutch Country. The fact that the 18th century type wafer iron had not gone through any changes in style reveals that it may just have been a novelty in colonial Dutchland. Identical in style to the waffle iron of the 18th century the only difference was that the wafer iron plates were flat and did not have rims to hold the batter. When the batter was poured on the plate it was pressed thin by the pressure of both plates. Being as thin as one sixteenth of an inch, it did not take long to bake them (some only 20 seconds). Like the waffle irons, wafer irons also had designs but they were usually chiseled into the two plates, or scribed with a sharp tool. There were a few wafer irons which had cast designs, but in general no two wafer irons had the same design since most of them were made by hand.

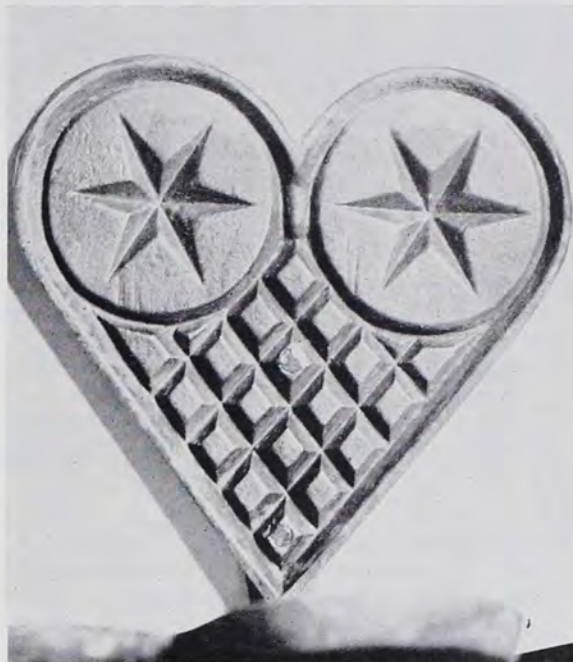
Mercer classifies the wafer products into six areas: (1) ecclesiastical wafers, (2) domestic wafers, (3) documentary wafers, (4) medicinal wafers, (5) fish wafers, and (6) confectioner wafers. Of these six probably the ecclesiastical wafer is the most common to the general public, because of its use in the 20th century. At the time of Dr. Mercer's article (1920) there were still Catholic churches in the area which were still making wafers from 18th century styled wafer irons. Upon investigation I discovered that the Roman Catholic Church<sup>5</sup> at Goshenhoppen (Bally, Berks County) is still using a wafer iron made as late as 1881.

Like the waffle iron the wafer iron had to be greased each time, and instead of using lard, butter was substituted. Henry Mercer records his aunt Miss Fanny Chapman as still using her 18th century type wafer iron in 1920. The following is the traditional recipe which she used for her domestic wafers:

*1/2 lb. butter, 1 lb. brown sugar, 6 eggs, 4 teaspoonfuls of rose water, cinnamon to taste. Make a very thick batter, beat it lightly. Beat eggs with sugar and add them with the other ingredients. Grease the iron with melted butter and a feather.*

The best collection of wafer irons can be seen at the Mercer Museum at Doylestown, Pennsylvania.

<sup>5</sup> As early as four years ago this church began to receive its wafers from other church groups, and will probably not be making them in the traditional wafer iron at all in the future. This will mark about the end of this tradition.

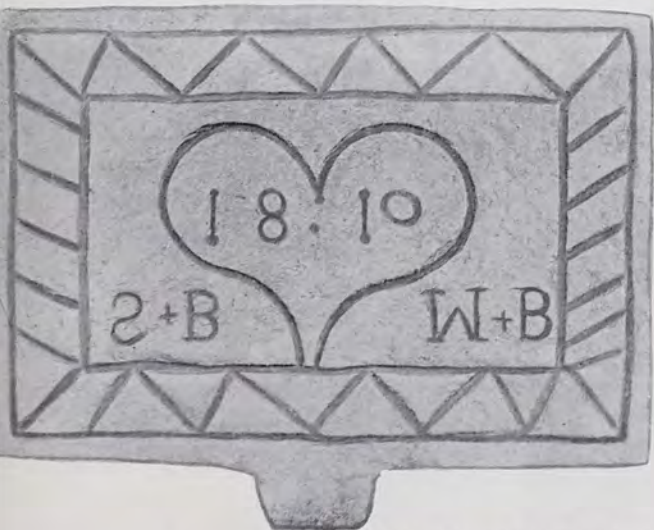


*Courtesy, Bucks County Historical Society*

*Rare Eighteenth Century heart-shaped wafer iron.*



*Waffle hex iron and a waffle hex.*



*Courtesy, Bucks County Historical Society*

*and hammered wafer iron with heart, date and initials.*



*Courtesy, Bucks County Historical Society*

*Hand hammered wafer iron with date 1765.*



# PROGRAM

## 13th Annual Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival

June 30, July 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8, 1962, Kutztown, Pa.

### SATURDAY, JUNE 30

#### PROGRAM—STAGE A

|             |   |             |  |
|-------------|---|-------------|--|
| 12:00-12:30 | Food specialties at the Festival.                         | 3:30- 5:30  | Major Folk Festival presentation: folkpageant of Gay Dutch folklife. |
| 12:30- 1:00 | Pennsylvania Dutch handicrafts show.                      | 6:30- 6:55  | Flax demonstration.  |
| 1:00- 1:20  | Dialect folksong program.                                 | 6:55- 7:10  | Dutch-English humor.   |
| 1:20- 2:00  | Hoedown and jiggling demonstrations by championship sets. | 7:10- 7:30  | Program of dialect folksongs.  |
| 2:00- 2:30  | The "Horse-and-Buggy Dutch" and their garb.               | 7:30- 8:00  | Plain garb show.   |
| 2:30- 2:45  | "Brofessor" Schnitzel.                                    | 8:00- 8:40  | Hoedown and jiggling demonstrations by championship sets.            |
| 2:45- 3:20  | Folk dances of the Dutch Country.                         | 8:40-10:30  | Major Folk Festival presentation: folkpageant of Gay Dutch folklife. |
| 3:20- 3:30  | Citation ceremonies.                                      | 10:30-11:00 | Amish documentary film.  |

#### PROGRAM—STAGE B

|             |   |            |  |
|-------------|---|------------|--|
| 11:00-11:30 | Music program.  | 3:30- 4:00 | Gay Dutch funeral lore show.                                   |
| 11:30-12:00 | The Gay Dutch and the Plain Dutch: two worlds in the Dutch Country. | 4:00- 4:30 | Plain Dutch folklife.  |
| 12:00-12:30 | Pennsylvania Dutch homelife show.                                   | 4:30- 5:00 | Pennsylvania Dutch farmlife show.                              |
| 12:30- 1:00 | Amish folklife.   | 5:00- 5:30 | Water witching demonstration.                                  |
| 1:00- 1:30  | Flax show.  | 5:30- 6:00 | Music program.   |
| 1:30- 2:00  | Customs of the year show.   | 6:00- 6:30 | Courtship, wedding and marriage customs in Dutch Pennsylvania. |
| 2:00- 3:00  | Panorama of horse-and-buggy farmlife in Dutch Pennsylvania.         | 6:30- 7:00 | Powwowing and hexerei show.                                    |
| 3:00- 3:30  | Music program.  | 7:00- 7:30 | Pennsylvania Dutch funeral lore show.                          |

### SUNDAY, JULY 1

#### PROGRAM—STAGE A

|             |   |             |  |
|-------------|---|-------------|--|
| 12:00-12:30 | Food specialties at the Festival.                         | 3:40- 5:40  | Major Folk Festival presentation: folkpageant of Gay Dutch folklife. |
| 12:30- 1:00 | Pennsylvania Dutch handicrafts show.                      | 6:00- 6:30  | Flax show.   |
| 1:00- 1:20  | Dialect folksong program.                                 | 6:30- 7:15  | Carbon County musiganders.   |
| 1:20- 2:00  | Hoedown and jiggling demonstrations by championship sets. | 7:15- 7:45  | Plain garb show.   |
| 2:00- 2:45  | Carbon County musiganders.                                | 7:45- 8:20  | Hoedown and jiggling demonstrations by championship sets.            |
| 2:45- 3:00  | "Brofessor" Schnitzel—Dutch-English comedian.             | 8:20-10:15  | Major Folk Festival presentation: folkpageant of Gay Dutch folklife. |
| 3:00- 3:40  | Folk dances of the Dutch Country.                         | 10:15-10:45 | Amish documentary film.  |

#### PROGRAM—STAGE B

|             |   |            |                                       |
|-------------|---|------------|---------------------------------------|
| 11:00-11:30 | Music program.  | 3:00- 3:30 | Music program.                        |
| 11:30-12:00 | The Gay Dutch and the Plain Dutch: two worlds in the Dutch Country. | 3:30- 4:00 | Pennsylvania Dutch spirituals.        |
| 12:00-12:30 | Pennsylvania Dutch household lore show.                             | 4:00- 4:30 | Gay Dutch funeral lore show.          |
| 12:30- 1:00 | Flax demonstration.   | 4:30- 5:00 | Dutch farmlife show.                  |
| 1:00- 1:30  | Customs of the year show.   | 5:00- 5:30 | Water witching demonstration.         |
| 1:30- 2:00  | The "Horse-and-Buggy Dutch" and their garb.                         | 5:30- 6:00 | Music program.                        |
| 2:00- 3:00  | Panorama of horse-and-buggy farming days in the Dutch Country.      | 6:00- 6:30 | Plain Dutch folklife.                 |
|             |   | 6:30- 7:00 | Powwowing and hexerei show.           |
|             |   | 7:00- 7:30 | Pennsylvania Dutch funeral lore show. |



## MONDAY, JULY 2

### PROGRAM—STAGE A

|   |  |  |
|---|--|--|
| <p>12:00-12:30 Food specialties at the Festival.<br/>         12:30- 1:00 Pennsylvania Dutch handcrafts show.<br/>         1:00- 1:20 Dialect folksong program.<br/>         1:20- 2:00 Hoedown and jigging demonstrations by championship sets.<br/>         2:00- 2:30 The "Horse-and-Buggy Dutch" and their garb.<br/>         2:30- 2:45 "Brofessor" Schnitzel.<br/>         2:45- 3:25 Folk dances of the Dutch Country.</p> | <p>3:25- 5:30<br/>         6:30- 7:00<br/>         7:00- 7:30<br/>         7:30- 8:00<br/>         8:00- 8:40<br/>         8:40-10:30<br/>         10:30-11:00</p> | <p>Major Folk Festival presentation: folkpageant of Gay Dutch folklife.<br/>         Flax demonstration.<br/>         Program of dialect folksongs.<br/>         Plain garb show.<br/>         Hoedown and jigging demonstrations by championship sets.<br/>         Major Folk Festival presentation: folkpageant of Gay Dutch folklife.<br/>         Amish documentary film.</p> |
|---|--|--|

### PROGRAM—STAGE B

|   |   |  |
|---|---|--|
| <p>11:00-11:30 Music program.<br/>         11:30-12:00 Pennsylvania Dutch folk-culture.<br/>         12:00-12:30 Dutch household lore show.<br/>         12:30- 1:00 Amish folklife.<br/>         1:00- 1:30 Flax show.<br/>         1:30- 2:00 Courtship, wedding and marriage customs show.<br/>         2:00- 3:00 Panorama of horse-and-buggy farmlife in Dutch Pennsylvania.</p> | <p>3:00- 3:30<br/>         3:30- 4:00<br/>         4:00- 4:30<br/>         4:30- 5:00<br/>         5:00- 5:30<br/>         5:30- 6:00<br/>         6:00- 6:30<br/>         6:30- 7:00<br/>         7:00- 7:30</p> | <p>Music program.<br/>         Dutch folk art and antique show.<br/>         Customs of the year show.<br/>         Occult practices in Dutch Pennsylvania.<br/>         Dutch farmlife show.<br/>         Music program.<br/>         Plain Dutch folklife.<br/>         Powwowing and hexerei show.<br/>         Pennsylvania Dutch funeral lore show.</p> |
|---|---|--|

## TUESDAY, JULY 3

### PROGRAM—STAGE A

|   |  |  |
|---|--|--|
| <p>12:00-12:30 Food specialties at the Festival.<br/>         12:30- 1:00 Pennsylvania Dutch handcrafts show.<br/>         1:00- 1:30 Dialect folksong program.<br/>         1:30- 2:00 Hoedown and jigging demonstrations by championship sets.<br/>         2:00- 2:30 The "Horse-and-Buggy Dutch" and their garb.<br/>         2:30- 2:45 "Brofessor" Schnitzel.<br/>         2:45- 3:25 Folk dances of the Dutch Country.<br/>         3:25- 5:30 Major Folk Festival presentation: folk-</p> | <p>6:30- 6:55<br/>         6:55- 7:10<br/>         7:10- 7:30<br/>         7:30- 8:00<br/>         8:00- 8:40<br/>         8:40-10:30<br/>         10:30-11:00</p> | <p>pageant of Gay Dutch folklife.<br/>         Flax demonstration.<br/>         Dutch-English humor.<br/>         Program of dialect folksongs.<br/>         Plain garb show.<br/>         Hoedown and jigging demonstrations by championship sets.<br/>         Major Folk Festival presentation: folkpageant of Gay Dutch folklife.<br/>         Amish documentary film.</p> |
|---|--|--|

### PROGRAM—STAGE B

|   |   |  |
|---|---|--|
| <p>11:00-11:30 Music program.<br/>         11:30-12:00 The Gay Dutch and the Plain Dutch: two worlds in the Dutch Country.<br/>         12:00-12:30 Pennsylvania Dutch homelife show.<br/>         12:30- 1:00 Plain Dutch folk-culture.<br/>         1:00- 1:30 Flax show.<br/>         1:30- 2:00 Customs of the year show.<br/>         2:00- 3:00 Panorama of horse-and-buggy farmlife in Dutch Pennsylvania.</p> | <p>3:00- 3:30<br/>         3:30- 4:00<br/>         4:00- 4:30<br/>         4:30- 5:00<br/>         5:00- 5:30<br/>         5:30- 6:00<br/>         6:00- 6:30<br/>         6:30- 7:00<br/>         7:00- 7:30</p> | <p>Music program.<br/>         Dutch funeral lore show.<br/>         Pennsylvania Dutch cooking show.<br/>         Witchcraft lore in Dutch Pennsylvania.<br/>         Dutch farm lore show.<br/>         Music program.<br/>         Dutch household lore show.<br/>         Powwowing and hexerei show.<br/>         Pennsylvania Dutch funeral lore show.</p> |
|---|---|--|

## WEDNESDAY, JULY 4

### PROGRAM—STAGE A

|   |  |  |
|---|--|--|
| <p>12:00-12:30 Food specialties at the Festival.<br/>         12:30- 1:00 Pennsylvania Dutch handcrafts show.<br/>         1:00- 1:20 Dialect folksong program.<br/>         1:20- 2:00 Hoedown and jigging demonstrations by championship sets.<br/>         2:00- 2:45 Carbon County musiganders.<br/>         2:45- 3:00 "Brofessor" Schnitzel.<br/>         3:00- 3:40 Folk dances of the Dutch Country.<br/>         3:40- 5:30 Major Folk Festival presentation: folkpageant of Gay Dutch folklife.</p> | <p>6:00- 6:30<br/>         6:30- 7:15<br/>         7:15- 7:45<br/>         7:45- 8:20<br/>         8:20-10:15<br/>         10:15-10:45</p> | <p>Flax show.<br/>         Carbon County musiganders.<br/>         Plain garb show.<br/>         Hoedown and jigging demonstrations by championship sets.<br/>         Major Folk Festival presentation: folkpageant of Gay Dutch folklife.<br/>         Amish documentary film.</p> |
|---|--|--|



## WEDNESDAY, JULY 4

### PROGRAM—STAGE B

|   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>11:00-11:30 Music program.<br/>11:30-12:00 The Gay Dutch and the Plain Dutch: two worlds in the Dutch Country.<br/>12:00-12:30 Pennsylvania Dutch household lore show.<br/>12:30- 1:00 Flax demonstration.<br/>1:00- 1:30 Customs of the year show.<br/>1:30- 2:00 Amish folklife.<br/>2:00- 3:00 Panorama of horse-and-buggy farming days in the Dutch Country.<br/>3:00- 3:30 Music program.</p> | <p>3:30- 4:00 The "Horse-and-Buggy Dutch" and their garb.<br/>4:00- 4:30 Gay Dutch funeral lore show.<br/>4:30- 5:00 Dutch farmlife show.<br/>5:00- 5:30 Water witching demonstration.<br/>5:30- 6:00 Music program.<br/>6:00- 6:30 Plain Dutch folklife.<br/>6:30- 7:00 Powwowing and hexerei show.<br/>7:00- 7:30 Pennsylvania Dutch funeral lore show.</p> |
|---|---|

## THURSDAY, JULY 5

### PROGRAM—STAGE A

|   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>12:00-12:30 Food specialties at the Festival.<br/>12:30- 1:00 Pennsylvania Dutch handcrafts show.<br/>1:00- 1:30 Dialect folksong program.<br/>1:30- 2:00 Hoedown and jigging demonstrations by championship sets.<br/>2:00- 2:30 The "Horse-and-Buggy Dutch" and their garb.<br/>2:30- 2:45 "Brofessor" Schnitzel.<br/>2:45- 3:25 Folk dances of the Dutch Country.<br/>3:25- 5:30 Major Folk Festival presentation: folkpageant of Gay Dutch folklife.</p> | <p>6:30- 6:55 Flax demonstration.<br/>6:55- 7:10 Dutch-English humor.<br/>7:10- 7:30 Program of dialect folksongs.<br/>7:30- 8:00 Plain garb show.<br/>8:00- 8:40 Hoedown and jigging demonstrations by championship sets.<br/>8:40-10:30 Major Folk Festival presentation: folkpageant of Gay Dutch folklife.<br/>10:30-11:00 Amish documentary film.</p> |
|---|--|

### PROGRAM—STAGE B

|   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>11:00-11:30 Music program.<br/>11:30-12:00 Pennsylvania Dutch folk-culture.<br/>12:00-12:30 Amish folklife.<br/>12:30- 1:00 Dutch household lore show.<br/>1:00- 1:30 Flax show.<br/>1:30- 2:00 Courtship, wedding and marriage customs show.<br/>2:00- 3:00 Panorama of horse-and-buggy farmlife in Dutch Pennsylvania.</p> | <p>3:00- 3:30 Music program.<br/>3:30- 4:00 Pennsylvania Dutch folk art show.<br/>4:00- 4:30 Dutch funeral lore show.<br/>4:30- 5:00 Customs of the year show.<br/>5:00- 5:30 Dutch farmlife show.<br/>5:30- 6:00 Music program.<br/>6:00- 6:30 Plain Dutch folklife.<br/>6:30- 7:00 Powwowing and hexerei show.<br/>7:00- 7:30 Pennsylvania Dutch funeral lore show.</p> |
|---|---|

## FRIDAY, JULY 6

### PROGRAM—STAGE A

|   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>12:00-12:30 Food specialties at the Festival.<br/>12:30- 1:00 Pennsylvania Dutch handcrafts show.<br/>1:00- 1:30 Dialect folksong program.<br/>1:30- 2:00 Hoedown and jigging demonstrations by championship sets.<br/>2:00- 2:30 The "Horse-and-Buggy Dutch" and their garb.<br/>2:30- 2:45 "Brofessor" Schnitzel.<br/>2:45- 3:25 Folk dances of the Dutch Country.<br/>3:25- 5:30 Major Folk Festival presentation: folkpageant of Gay Dutch folklife.</p> | <p>6:30- 6:55 Flax demonstration.<br/>6:55- 7:10 Dutch-English humor.<br/>7:10- 7:30 Program of dialect folksongs.<br/>7:30- 8:00 Plain garb show.<br/>8:00- 8:40 Hoedown and jigging demonstrations by championship sets.<br/>8:40-10:30 Major Folk Festival presentation: folkpageant of Gay Dutch folklife.<br/>10:30-11:00 Amish documentary film.</p> |
|---|--|

### PROGRAM—STAGE B

|   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>11:00-11:30 Music program.<br/>11:30-12:00 The Gay Dutch and the Plain Dutch: two worlds in the Dutch Country.<br/>12:00-12:30 Plain Dutch folk-culture.<br/>12:30- 1:00 Pennsylvania Dutch homelife show.<br/>1:00- 1:30 Flax show.<br/>1:30- 2:00 Customs of the year show.<br/>2:00- 3:00 Panorama of horse-and-buggy farmlife in Dutch Pennsylvania.</p> | <p>3:00- 3:30 Music program.<br/>3:30- 4:00 Dutch funeral lore show.<br/>4:00- 4:30 Pennsylvania Dutch cooking show.<br/>4:30- 5:00 Witchcraft lore in Dutch Pennsylvania.<br/>5:00- 5:30 Dutch farm lore show.<br/>5:30- 6:00 Music program.<br/>6:00- 6:30 Dutch household lore show.<br/>6:30- 7:00 Powwowing and hexerei show.<br/>7:00- 7:30 Pennsylvania Dutch funeral lore show.</p> |
|---|---|



## SATURDAY, JULY 7

### PROGRAM—STAGE A

|   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>12:00-12:30 Food specialties at the Festival.<br/>         12:30- 1:00 Pennsylvania Dutch handcrafts show.<br/>         1:00- 1:30 Dialect folksong program.<br/>         1:30- 2:00 Hoedown and jiggling demonstrations by championship sets.<br/>         2:00- 2:30 The "Horse-and-Buggy Dutch" and their garb.<br/>         2:30- 2:45 "Brofessor" Schnitzel.<br/>         2:45- 3:25 Folk dances of the Dutch Country.<br/>         3:25- 5:30 Major Folk Festival presentation: folkpageant of Gay Dutch folklife.</p> | <p>6:30- 6:55 Flax demonstration.<br/>         6:55- 7:10 Dutch-English humor.<br/>         7:10- 7:30 Program of dialect folksongs.<br/>         7:30- 8:00 Plain garb show.<br/>         8:00- 8:40 Hoedown and jiggling demonstrations by championship sets.<br/>         8:40-10:30 Major Folk Festival presentation: folkpageant of Gay Dutch folklife.<br/>         10:30-11:00 Amish documentary film.</p> |
|---|---|

### PROGRAM—STAGE B

|  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>11:00-11:30 Music program.<br/>         11:30-12:00 The Gay Dutch and the Plain Dutch: two worlds in the Dutch Country.<br/>         12:00-12:30 Pennsylvania Dutch homelife show.<br/>         12:30- 1:00 Amish folklife.<br/>         1:00- 1:30 Flax show.<br/>         1:30- 2:00 Customs of the year show.<br/>         2:00- 3:00 Panorama of horse-and-buggy farmlife in Dutch Pennsylvania.<br/>         3:00- 3:30 Music program.</p> | <p>3:30- 4:00 Gay Dutch funeral lore show.<br/>         4:00- 4:30 Plain Dutch folklife.<br/>         4:30- 5:00 Pennsylvania Dutch farmlife show.<br/>         5:00- 5:30 Water witching demonstration.<br/>         5:30- 6:00 Music program.<br/>         6:00- 6:30 Courtship, wedding and marriage customs in Dutch Pennsylvania.<br/>         6:30- 7:00 Powwowing and hexerei show.<br/>         7:00- 7:30 Pennsylvania Dutch funeral lore show.</p> |
|--|--|

## SUNDAY, JULY 8

### PROGRAM—STAGE A

|  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>12:00-12:30 Food specialties at the Festival.<br/>         12:30- 1:00 Pennsylvania Dutch handcrafts show.<br/>         1:00- 1:20 Dialect folksong program.<br/>         1:20- 2:00 Hoedown and jiggling demonstrations by championship sets.<br/>         2:00- 2:45 Carbon County musiganders.<br/>         2:45- 3:00 "Brofessor" Schnitzel.<br/>         3:00- 3:40 Folk dances of the Dutch Country.<br/>         3:40- 5:30 Major Folk Festival presentation: folkpageant of Gay Dutch folklife.</p> | <p>6:00- 6:30 Flax show.<br/>         6:30- 7:15 Carbon County musiganders.<br/>         7:15- 7:45 Plain garb show.<br/>         7:45- 8:20 Hoedown and jiggling demonstrations by championship sets.<br/>         8:20-10:15 Major Folk Festival presentation: folkpageant of Gay Dutch folklife.<br/>         10:15-10:45 Amish documentary film.</p> |
|--|--|

### PROGRAM—STAGE B

|   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>11:00-11:30 Music program.<br/>         11:30-12:00 The Gay Dutch and the Plain Dutch: two worlds in the Dutch Country.<br/>         12:00-12:30 Pennsylvania Dutch household lore show.<br/>         12:30- 1:00 Flax demonstration.<br/>         1:00- 1:30 Customs of the year show.<br/>         1:30- 2:00 The "Horse-and-Buggy Dutch" and their garb.<br/>         2:00- 3:00 Panorama of horse-and-buggy farming days in the Dutch Country.</p> | <p>3:00- 3:30 Music program.<br/>         3:30- 4:00 Gay Dutch funeral lore show.<br/>         4:00- 4:30 Plain Dutch folklife.<br/>         4:30- 5:00 Dutch farmlife show.<br/>         5:00- 5:30 Water witching demonstration.<br/>         5:30- 6:00 Music program.<br/>         6:00- 6:30 The Pennsylvania Dutch dialect.<br/>         6:30- 7:00 Powwowing and hexerei show.<br/>         7:00- 7:30 Pennsylvania Dutch funeral lore show.</p> |
|---|---|

**Free for All**  
**FOLK DANCING**  
*Evenings, 9:00 and 11:30 o'clock*



# Pageant of Pennsylvania Dutch Folklife

## (As found among the Gay Dutch Sixty Years Ago)

Arranged and Directed by Paul R. Wieand

### A. OOSCHDERA (Easter Season)

Years ago human activity centered around the family. Two, three and sometimes four generations lived on a single homestead. Folk beliefs and traditions, folktales and folksongs were readily passed from one generation to another.

#### 1. Beliefs:

- a. Fasnocht (Shrove Tuesday).
- b. Greena Dannerschdawg (Green Thursday).
- c. Himmel-fer-Dawg (Ascension Day).

#### 2. Customs:

- a. Oyer Fariwa (Dyeing Eggs).
- b. Der Ooschter Haas (The Easter Bunny).
- c. Der Oyer Baum (The Egg Tree).

#### 3. Children Songs:

- a. Schloof Bubblic Schloof (Sleep Baby Sleep).
- b. Reidy-Reidy-Geilie (Ride-a ride-a horsie).
- c. S Mutter Lied (Mother's Day Song).

#### 4. Folk Songs:

- a. Won Ich Ins Londly Kum (When I Arrive In This Land).
- b. Schpin, Schpin Mei Duchter (Spin, Spin My Daughter).
- c. Die Ford Machine (The Ford Automobile).

### B. 'N BUNGARD PIKNICK (An Orchard Picnic)

Homesteads during the summer were scenes of gatherings on Sundays after church. Families, neighbors and friends attended.

#### 1. Foods:

- a. Flaesch (Meat).
- b. Grumbera (Potatoes).
- c. Sourers (7 Sours).
- d. Seeses (7 Sweets).
- e. Kucha (Cakes).

#### 2. Drinks:

- a. Mead (Spices and yeast).
- b. Roodes (Raspberry shrub).
- c. Gorda Waegly Beer (Garden Path Beer).

#### 3. Entertainment (for the old):

- a. Olda Schtories (Stories).
- b. Singes (Songs).
- c. Ferglaederei (Dressing up).

#### 4. Games:

- a. Bawera Wawga Fohra.  
(Riding the Farm Wagon).
- b. Nipsy (Peggy).
- c. Sei Balla (Piggy in the Hole).

#### 5. Singing Games (English):

- a. Kneel Upon the Carpet.
- b. Drunken Sailor.
- c. Bingo.

### C. GRISHDAWG (Christmas)

Grishdawg literally means Christ's Day. It was celebrated with the coming of the Belsnickel in grotesque clothing on the night before.

#### 1. Beliefs:

- a. Food.
- b. Person.
- c. Animals.

#### 2. Customs:

- a. Tree.
- b. Putz.
- c. Belsnickel (Santa Claus).
  1. Repaying young children:
    - a. Rhymes.
  2. Repaying older children:
    - a. Prayers.

#### 3. Songs:

- a. Tunner Baum (Fir Tree).
- b. Weit Fhad In En Scheir (Away in a Manger).
- c. Schtilly Nocht (Silent Night).

### D. NEI YOHR (New Year)

New Year brought the well wisher who traveled from house to house. After the customary "ceremony" the party were invited into the house for refreshments.

#### 1. Beliefs:

- a. Fruit trees.
- b. Beginning Year.

#### 2. Customs:

- a. Coming of Well Wishers.
- b. New Year's Wish.
- c. Shooting in New Year.

#### 3. Refreshments.

#### 4. Forfeit Game: Was Guild Des Bond. (Heavy, Heavy, What Hangs Over).

- a. De Maid Singa (Girls Sing).
- b. Bond Messa (Measure Ribbon).
- c. Schpeck Schneida (Cutting Bacon).
- d. Board Fence Weisa (White Washing Fence).
- e. Kerscha Rubba (Picking Cherries).

#### 5. Songs:

- a. Der Bella Baum (The Bell Tree).
- b. Oh Fensa Maus (The Chipmunk).
- c. Yuckley Will Net Biera Schittla.  
(Jakey and the Pear Tree).

#### 6. Ring Game:

- a. Happy Miller.

#### 7. Square Dance.

#### 8. Laeba Wohl (Parting Song).



# WITCH Tales

## *from Adams County*

Recorded by **DON YODER**

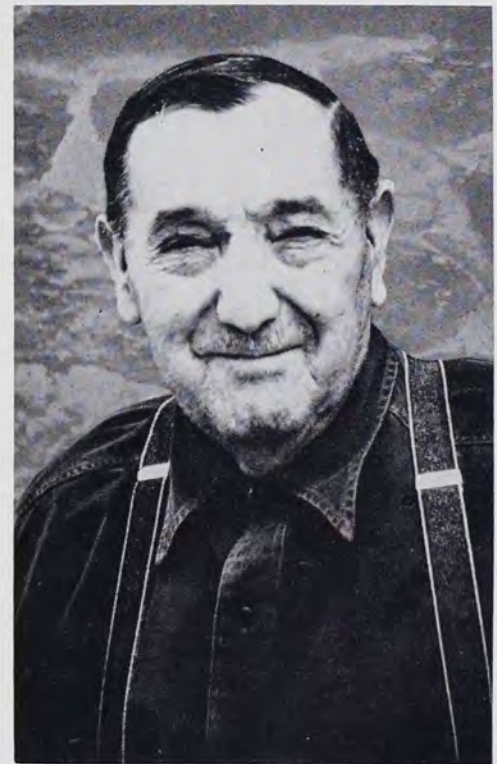
Frank Eckert was an experience to know—one of those persons who in themselves represent an era and a way of life that is now mostly passed. Apart from being the best of my informants on the folktale west of the Susquehanna, Frank was a delightful person, with the wisdom and humor that had grown out of a lifetime on the farm.

Born Charles Franklin Eckert in 1871 in Butler Township, Adams County, “down close Bender’s Church,” as he put it, he spent his lifetime as a farmer and butcher in Adams County, and died in 1960, at the age of 89, at the home of his daughter near Bendersville in the county of his birth. He is buried in the cemetery at Bender’s Church.

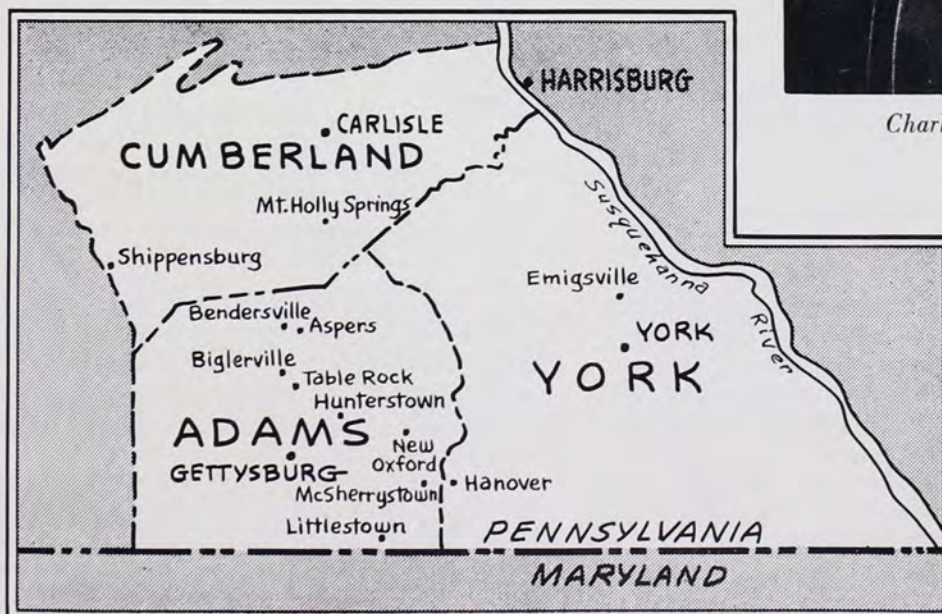
In the twenty some years that I knew Frank Eckert I had many opportunities to talk with him of the old days and the old beliefs of the rural Pennsylvania that he represented. In several lengthy recording sessions, first on wire (now re-recorded on tape) and later on tape, I was able to record many of his favorite tales and reminiscences, his versions of English folksongs and some amusing Dutch-English ones, even his recipes for sausage and “pon-haws” and “rolidge” from a lifetime of expert butchering—many things that fill out our knowledge of folklife in an area largely unrecorded.

The folktales in this article were recorded by me on tape, June 7, 1958, at the home of Frank’s son-in-law and daughter, Donald F. and Margaret (Eckert) Garretson, Aspers R. D., Adams County, Pennsylvania. As far as I know they are the first recorded folktales from Adams County—a county known to the nation as the location of the Civil War’s most important battleground and the retirement home of President Eisenhower. But Adams County (erected in

1800 out of York County) has had an interesting settlement history and a fascinating mixed folk-culture as a result. In a sense it is a microcosm of Pennsylvania folklife in that it had all the ingredients that molded early Pennsylvania—Quaker, Scotch-Irish, and Pennsylvania Dutch. In addition there were the important “Low Dutch” (Holland Dutch) settlement at Hunterstown and one of Pennsylvania’s few early rural Catholic settlements at Conewago and McSherrystown. Culturally Adams County has a double re-ation—to South Central Pennsylvania and to Western



Charles Franklin Eckert  
(1871–1960)



A map showing the locale of the folktales told by Frank Eckert.



Maryland. Adams County was on one of the principal routes westward at the time when the young nation was on the move to its western frontiers, and in the late 19th Century became one of Pennsylvania's pioneer commercial fruit-growing areas, but it has preserved earlier ways.

Frank Eckert was of Pennsylvania Dutch background. Although he could not speak the dialect, except for a few words and phrases which he used in jest, his parents did speak it and he himself had a Dutch accent, mixing "v's" and "w's" in authentic fashion. In transcribing the recording I have faithfully reproduced both his Dutchisms (as for example, "shindle" for "shingle") and his Central Pennsylvania English dialect pronunciations (examples: "nawthing," "cheer" for "chair," "skeared," "afeared," "hems" for "hymns," "kittle," "childern," and "hanted"). Especially interesting is his occult vocabulary. He uses both the terms "witchcraft" and "devilment," plus four verbs to bewitch: "bewitch," "witch," "charm," and "put a spell on." For countercharms we have to "take a spell off," to "take a witch's power from her," to "work on somebody," (i.e., a witch doctor working a countercharm against a witch), to "fix" doors (against witches), and to "fix somebody's business" (i.e., really getting back at the witch). For a practitioner of countercharms against witchcraft, he uses constantly the term "witch doctor" which in the areas of active Dutch dialect would be *Hexa-Maishder* (*Hexenmeister*).

Frank Eckert's formal education was limited. Forced to go to work early in life, he had a very meager schooling. He could do the mathematics of huckstering and farm accounts, but he never learned to read. This was once very common in Pennsylvania and in early America in general. However, Frank's lack of formal education undoubtedly made his thought world of folktale and folk belief all the more sharply focused. In his versions we have the folktales direct rather than in secondary and rationalized form, we have them in other words from a believer rather than in the truncated versions we get from the family, to whom they are no longer important. To Frank they were part of his life, to his family they are "those old stories of Pop's."

A lifelong member of the Lutheran Church, Frank's belief was however wider than standard Protestantism, for he shared aspects of the once widespread folk religion of the Dutch Country which most Pennsylvanians have by now discarded. Among these were the belief in witchcraft and counter-witchcraft, powwowing as a form of folk healing, and the connection of heaven and earth in the farming process as seen in his dependence upon almanac and "up and down sign." For most 20th Century Pennsylvanians as for most 20th Century Americans, to borrow a phrase from Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker, the sense of the invisible world has faded, for Frank Eckert it was still alive. It is obvious from the tales themselves that these are the tales of a believer.

The boundaries of Frank Eckert's occult world (see our map) include Gettysburg (where "Black Mag" the Fortune-Teller lived), Hanover and York (seats of prominent witch doctors mentioned in the tales), Hunterstown (where the "Irish" witch operated), and to the North Carlisle, where Frank went to the powwower. Parts of three counties are covered—Adams, Cumberland, and York. Of these, York County came into national notoriety as a "hex county" in 1929 through the most widely publicized "hex" case in Pennsylvania history.

In transcribing the tapes I have set my own questions in

brackets, leaving the tales and Frank's answers to my questions in relief, forming the main text of our article. The recording session of several hours' duration is faithfully and completely transcribed. There is only one addition—the titles of the tales are my own, although I have used expressions from the tales themselves, as for example, the "48-month spell." There is only one deletion—I have abbreviated to initials the names of persons involved in the tales of witchcraft and powwowing. Note also that Frank's "laughter" reported in his telling of the tales does not imply disbelief in them on his part, but rather a kind of nervous tribute to the success of his own tale-telling.

Comparisons of Frank Eckert's tales with the Stith Thompson *Motif-Index of Folk-Literature* (Bloomington, Indiana: Indiana University Press, [1955]), reveal some interesting adaptations. Since some of Frank's tales are 20th Century, the "bewitched wagon" has become the "bewitched automobile" (No. 9), although in No. 15 we still learn the "pole-axe" counter-charm to disenchant the wagon, straight from the witch's mouth. As Witch Doctor Mrs. K. said on another occasion, "That's true, Eckert!"

In conclusion, a statement on the importance of this collection of tales. English folktale research is an open field in Pennsylvania. Thus far folktale studies in Pennsylvania have been principally focused upon the Pennsylvania Dutch dialect area, with the unique work of Thomas R. Brendle and William S. Troxell which resulted in their volume of *Pennsylvania German Folk Tales* published in 1944 by the Pennsylvania German Society, and the work of Alfred L. Shoemaker, a small portion of whose extensive recordings have been published from time to time in the publications of the Pennsylvania Folklife Society. From Western Pennsylvania has come the collecting of Professor Samuel Preston Bayard of the Pennsylvania State University. We trust that this pioneer publication of folktales recorded in South Central Pennsylvania will stimulate research in the English folktale in our state.

[This is a recording made at D. G.'s in Adams County, on the 7th of June, 1958. Now, what is your name?]

Frank Eckert.

[And where were you born?]

I was born in Butler Township, down close Bender's Church.

[And in what year?]

Seventy-one.

[1871. What have you been all your life? What did you do?]

Well, I've worked on a farm all my life, been a farmer all my life. Through the winter I butchered, every winter, for outsiders, neighbors, and through the summer I farmed all my life.

[And always in Adams County?]

Yes. Always lived in Adams County here.

#### [1] THE HUNTER AND THE WITCH

[You told me some time ago some stories about your boyhood, about people who had the power to "do harm" to other people. You told the story of a woman who could charm a gun, the gun of a friend of yours. Would you tell me that story?]

That there was an old lady who lived neighbors to us. Her name was Susie H. And if she'd see you in her fields, huntin' rabbits in the Fall of the year, no matter how many rabbits you seen, you couldn't shoot 'em. She'd put a spell on your gun. She'd stand out on the porch and



watch you and you could shoot at these rabbits and never git 'em. So one day there was an old man out in the field there huntin'—and he seen a rabbit, and he shot at it and missed it. So wasn't long and they chased up another one. Then she had his gun primed, you know, and shot at the rabbit and missed it. So he drew a piece of paper out of his pocket, and he drew a woman's picture on this piece of paper, and tacked it up on the fence and went back for the gun and was gonta shoot into it and she hollered blue murder—this old lady—this old Susie H.—and she run in the house and of course he didn't shoot into it. But that settled her charmin' his gun. She never bothered him after that.<sup>1</sup>

[That would stop her.]

(Laughter.) Yeah.

## [2] THE WITCH'S BUTCHERING

[Do you have any other stories about Susie H.?

Well, I butchered for her, me and my son. Went up there one morning. She had an old cow that was 21 years old. And she had a nice big hog to kill. So of course I said to my boy that was with me, I said, "We'll kill the cow first, and hang her up, and then we'll kill the hog." So my boy went out where the old cow was, to the barn. And here the boy was milkin' her—milkin' this cow—and he, my son, went in, and pulled up the gun, and he hollered, "Look out, M., I'm gonta shoot her." Old M. said, "Jist wait a minute, till I git out of here." (Laughter.) So we got the old cow out and shot her and when she fell down it sounded like an old barrel fell together. She was 21 years old. And she was that poor she could hardly walk. So we hung this old cow up, then we killed the hog. (Laughter.) And there was snow on the ground, and a neighbor lived right across from 'em. And my boy that was with me was full of the devilment, you know, and tried to git old M. H. excited, or the old woman excited. So we started to cut up this meat, and W. he (that's my boy) hollered that this dog, you know, made like there was a dog draggin' the meat away. Old Susie come out on the porch. She said, "What in the world's goin' on?" "Why," W. said, "that dog over there's draggin' the meat away as fast as we cut it up." W. had throwed a couple of pieces of meat down in the field, in the snow—it didn't hurt it, you know. Oh, she cursed the dog and she cursed them people over there. I laughed more that day than I did any place I ever worked. Had more fun than enough. Well, when we got done, towards evening, why, the old lady said, "Well, God Almighty! We're fixed now." Said, "We've got plenty of meat, and plenty of wood, and plenty of coal." She said, "Let it blow and shnow," she said, "were fixed." (Laughter.)<sup>2</sup>

## [3] THE WITCH IN THE TENANT-HOUSE

I heard a witch story about a man that I *knowed*—lived in York County. And he had a bunch of cattle, and he had neighbors livin' close to 'im, in a tenant-house on the end of the farm. And his cows began to go *dry*, didn't git 'ny milk from these cattle. And so he went to York, down

<sup>1</sup> From the Motif-Index: Gun bewitched so that it will not hit target—G265.8.3.1.1; Shooting object breaks spell—G271.4.8; Disenchantment by shooting—D712.7; Exorcism by injuring image of witch—G271.4.2.

<sup>2</sup> While this is a reminiscence of a practical joke played on the "witch" rather than a folk-tale, I have included it as an example of Frank Eckert's superb tale-telling gift, including his imitation of the witch's Dutch accent and rural profanity. He was obviously proud that he had played a joke on this old neighbor of his who had the reputation of being a witch.

—he knowed of a witch doctor in York. And he went down to York to this witch doctor, and tol' him about this. "Well," he said, the witch doctor said, "well, it's your neighbor that lives out in that little tenant-house at the end of the farm, that's doin' this." "Well," Frank P. said—that was the man that owned the cattle—said, "what can I do about it?" "Well, now," he said, "listen, don't you try to do anything about it. I'll come *up*, to your place. I'll have to do it. I'll have to drive nails in these cow troughs and got to drive 'em a certain way. You might drive 'em in and you might kill her the first time you hit this nail." So this man come up, drove nails in these troughs, and give him some medicine to put in the troughs, and he left. He said, "Everything 'll run all right in a few days," this witch doctor said. So it did. The cows come back to the milk and all right, hadn't any trouble. And this woman they found out was layin' in bed then, helpless. She couldn't get up, she couldn't do nawthin'. The doctors couldn't do nawthin' about it, couldn't help her in any way. This witch doctor had put a spell on her.<sup>3</sup>

[A spell?]

Yes. So that was the end of that story of that witchcraft there.

[Now, how long ago would you say that was? Was that when you were a young man?]

No, it's been—I lived 8 years on the Spangler farm—16—about 16 years back, back, that I heard this about these cattle.<sup>4</sup>

## [4] THE 48-MONTH SPELL

Well, I'll tell you a story of what happened [to] me in my time. I had a neighbor lived neighbors to me—Irish people they were—and they moved on out above Gettysburg. And then they advertised in their paper, the *Times* paper, that they had 2 hogs to sell—a male hog and a sow that was gonta have pigs—wanted to sell them both. So me and my neighbor went up to see these hogs—and they were all right. She wanted forty-five dollars for the pair. So I bought 'em. I said, "I'll give you a note for three months, with good security, and if you want the money before the note's due, you'll have to pay the discount on it and git the money." So she agreed. Everything was O.K. I bought the hogs and fetched them home and [in] a week or so, the old lady come down to my place—this old Irish lady. She said, "I must have the money for that note." "Well," I said, "you must stand the discount. I told you that when I give you the note: if you wanted the money before the note was due you'd have to pay the discount on it." She said she wouldn't do that. She wanted me to pay the discount or give her a pair of pigs when this sow had pigs. "Well," I said, "I won't do nawthin' of the kind." I said, "Jist let things the way they are and when the note comes due, your money'll be there." She said, "I'll put a spell on you for 48 months, if you don't give me the money." "Well," I said, "I won't give you the money." And she went off.

And this thing went on—and I had a good brood mare—as nice a horse as one in the country. And she was to have a mule colt. When this mule colt come, it was marked like a see-bray. And it couldn't suck—it couldn't suck at its mother, [no] matter what you try to do with it. You

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Motif-Index: Cattle bewitched—G265.6.2; Exorcism of witch by countercharm—G271.6.

<sup>4</sup> In later conversations with Frank this tale was dated earlier, 40 or 50 years ago.



couldn't get it to drink. His head would jist fly back and for'd and finally the colt died. Then the sow got pigs—that I got up there—and they were the same as the colt. They couldn't drink. Whenever they'd go to drink, their head would start to fly around and they couldn't take ahold of the nipple. So they all died.

Then I went to Hanover, to a witch doctor, and told her about this. She said, "If I had her picture," she said, "she'd never put a spell on anything else." "Well," I said, "that I can't give you." "Well," she said, "I'll work on her." She worked on this woman. She told me what the woman looked like—everything. Said she was a big stout husky woman—an Irish lady. I said, "That's right." And I come home, and of course I had nawthin' to do about it. The pigs was dead, the colt was dead, and the mare got that I couldn't go close to her. She wouldn't let me come near her. So I sold her, got rid of her. And when it's all said and done, I was the loser.<sup>6</sup>

[When did that happen, Frank?]

Well, while I lived down here on the last place—on the Lower Farm.

[Table Rock?]

Yes, here at Table Rock. I don't know how many years back that was.

[Thirty years?]

Yes, somewhere around thirty years ago.

#### [5] THE DEVIL AND THE KITTLE OF MONEY

Well, now, I'll tell you a story. Now I'll tell you a story what happened years back. There was an old gentleman<sup>7</sup> walkin' the road and he came to this farm building and asked to stay over night in the barn. And they turned him down, wouldn't let him stay. And when it got dark, why, he came back and sneaked in the barn and got on the haymow to sleep. Wasn't up there so long till he heard a racket down in the barn floor. So he crawled to the edge of the mow and he looked down. And here this old farmer that he asked to stay all night and the Devil was in the barn floor. Took up some plank, laid 'em back, and went out, fetched a bunch of money, and threwed it down in this kittle that they had. And he fetched a second batch. Said that's all he was gonta put in. So they covered the plank up, and the Devil said to this man, "Now," he said, "there's nobody can take that money out of there, if they find it, unless they throwed pear peelin's around this kittle." All right, then, the old man hung himself, the Devil helped him, and [he] hung himself there on the barn-floor. The Devil left and next morning this old man was on the haymow sleeping, and he crawled out there early, and left. So of course the family found the old man out in the barn-floor, hangin'—he was dead.

So this went on fer about a year, and this old man that slep' up in the haymow come back, and stopped at this place, and it was in the winter time. Then he said to this old lady, he said, "Could I stay here all night?" "Na," she said, "we couldn't keep you." Said, "We've hardly got

<sup>6</sup> Cf. Motif-Index: Curse by disappointed witch—G269.4; Witch punishes owner for injury or slight by killing his animals—G265.4.0.1; Witch causes pigs to behave unnaturally—G265.6.1; Witch causes horse to behave unnaturally—G265.6.3. Although not agreeing as to the cause, some of Frank's family told me that they too remembered the farm animals reacting in these ways. The time was between forty and fifty years ago.

<sup>7</sup> The phrase "an old gentleman walkin' the road" is a euphemism for tramp. Could it be an apotropaic phrase, the speaker wishing to avoid such a life becoming his lot? Perhaps not, because he does use it in other connections (Cf. No. 16).

stuff enough to live on ourselves. We couldn't keep you." "Well, now," he said, "listen, let me lay back of the stove here in the kitchen and in the morning I'll make you all rich." Well, they thought *that* was fine. So they left the old gentleman stay in the kitchen all night. Next morning, why, they got up and come down and made a bite to eat and he said, "Do you know where you can get any pear peelin's?" "Well," she studied a little while, "yes," she said, "I think I know one of my neighbors has canned some pears whole—didn't peel them." So they went to the place and finally they found pears that had to be peeled and got the peelin's of these pears—and fetched them home. And now this old man said, "We'll go to the barn." Went out to the barn and pried up these plank, they laid 'em back, and here set the kittle of money. *Then* they all go excited. He said, "Now listen, don't nobody touch that, till I put these pear peelin's around this kittle." So he put the pear peelin's around the kittle. And he said, "Devil," he says, "there's what you asked fer, now the money is mine." And they picked the kettle up, and they took it out, and they were all well fixed. They said that was a *true story*.<sup>7</sup>

[Where did that happen?]

Well, I can't tell you—that must have been in Adams County, somewhere, but I don't know where. I heard my father tell that different times.

#### [6] THE DEVIL AND THE PLAYING-CARDS

Well, now, I'll tell you a story that happened to me when I was a boy. I lived on a farm with a man by the name of John Sponseller. And neighbor boys and me, used to go and play cards at night. And I was always told, that where the cards was, the Devil was. So this night we was away playin', over there below a place called Hunterstown, at Mose Gould's, where he kept bachelor's hall there. So we went over there and his sister had baked us some pies and some cakes and we had a nice time all evening, playing euchre, what they called euchre.

So me and my neighbor boy started home, I guess it was about 11 o'clock at night. Come up through the fields and come on down to the end of the road, where I went up to where I lived and he went home to his place.

So I went in, and took my shoes off, went up stairs, and opened the bedroom door where I slept. And when I did, here set a big cat—looked like a cat, but it was twice as big as an ordinary cat—big fiery eyes, settin' right aside of my bed. I opened the door and tried to chase it away and it moved over under my bed. I had no light, so I went and I got a lamp—searched the room, couldn't find nawthin'. I got in bed, and I just thought, Well, there's the story that my mother told me a many a time. Now I've met it. And that's the last time I'll ever play cards. I'll never play cards no more in my life. And I never did.<sup>8</sup>

#### [7] THE HOUSE OF THE SUICIDE

Now I'll tell you a story about a place that my parents moved to—called the *Felix* place. This old gentleman and his wife didn't get along together. So she had went to Oxford in to town, to the store, this day. And the old gentleman decided to bury his money and cut his throat. So he

<sup>7</sup> Cf. Motif-Index: The devil teaches man how to hang himself—G303.9.4.2.1; Treasure buried by dying man—N511.1.0.1; Treasure buried in . . . kettle—N511.1.8; Treasure found in . . . kettle—N525. The "pear peelin's" add a domestic 19th Century note to this widespread folk-tale.

<sup>8</sup> Cf. Motif-Index: Devil appears when cards are played—G303.6.1.5; Devil in form of cat—G303.3.3.1.2; Devil with glowing eyes—G303.4.1.2.2.



buried his money and he went out back of the barn where there was a stream of water. And he laid his hat on the bank, where they found him, with his throat cut from one ear to the other. Well, of course, we moved to this place, and this old gentleman—I guess [the place] was hanted—what they said, he come back there at the place. Then we'd hear him on the porch at night, hear this noise on the porch like someone was cleanin' their shoes to come in. We'd open the door and there was nobody to be seen. We'd close the door, and he'd start this racket again on the porch, cleanin' his shoes and he kep' it up and kep' it up. And my Daddy told the neighbors about it up there. They didn't believe it. They didn't believe there was such a thing. They were Catholics. They didn't believe in this ghost business. Well, Pap said, "Come down some evening." So one evening here come E. and his wife and his mother, down to our place. It was nice and moonlight. Settin' in the kitchen about 8 o'clock every evening, this racket would start. Well, this noise come on the porch. And E. said to my Daddy, "Jake, someone on the porch." "Well," Pap said, "open the door." "No," he said, "I won't *open* the door." So Pap got up and opened the door. There was nobody to be seen. Closed the door and set down, [and this racket] started up, kep' it up. So when these people wanted to go home, they were afeard to go home, afeard to go out. So my Daddy went with them, up through the orchard, straight up, wasn't [far]—we could holler back and for'd together—we was neighbors. So after he got them up home, he looked back down home and old E. said, "Why, there's a light settin' on your garret window, Jake." Blue light, like a big lamp. Blue light. Well, what could you do about it? Come on home, and he never said nawthin' about it to Mother. Mother was a little hard of hearin'. She didn't hear this noise and this racket that was goin' on. You had to be close to her to talk to her. So, this thing kep' up and kep' up so that Daddy was readin' the paper one evening and this noise was on the porch and he jumped up, opened the door and nobody was there, and now he said, "Listen, if there's anything you want, I want you to come and get it, and stop this damn racket on the porch!"

So it stopped on the porch. That's the last we heard it on the porch. Then it was above the kitchen. Someone trampin' the spinnin' wheel and you could hear it just as plain as if it had been settin' aside of you. Well, that kep' up. Well, then, the next thing we heard a noise in the cellar. I said to Pap, I wakened my Daddy, "Daddy, there's somebody throwin' the lids off the milk crocks, in the cellar." And he opened the door—and we slept downstairs—and I could see right out on the porch where he opened the cellar door. And he opened the cellar door and something come up, looked just like a big black dog, and he kicked at this and it all disappeared, left. Well, so, in the meantime, then, this racket was goin' on. My mother wanted to know, of course, what was gettin' up, and goin' on about. And they tol' her. And she wanted to leave there. So we moved away.

But in the meantime I had banty chickens—7 little hens—and there was an opening in the wall outside, this out-kitchen, that they could—the chickens could go in and out. I heard them cacklin' under there. And this cellar had no steps down to it, the inside. I said to Daddy, "You let me down the cellar—and I'll look about these banty chickens, they're layin' down there." So he took me by the hand and left me down in there. And I searched the thing all around. Of course I had no light. And there was a place in the wall

at the side of the building that wasn't finished diggin' out. So I got up on this bank and crawled back there and there was an opening between the outside wall and this pile of ground. So I poked my head in this place and a man laid his hand on my breast and pushed me back, away from this. And I went back the second time and he pushed me away. Then I hollered for Daddy. And I said, "Daddy, get a light, and come down here, and see what this is." "Oh," he said, "you're just skeered." Don, I wasn't skeered. But he just made fun of me and [I yelled], "Come and some one git [me] out." Didn't find no eggs, so he took me out, and that was the end of that racket down there.

Well, then, we moved away from there. And after we moved away there was a man owned the place, by the name of Gregg S., and he decided to tear this old out-kitchen away from the other building, and he tore it down, and when he tore it down, there where I was pushed away from, in that cellar, they lifted out a pot with 1500 dollars in, that this old man Felix had buried before he cut his throat. So that was the end of that. (Laughter.)<sup>9</sup>

#### [8] BLACK MAG, THE FORTUNE-TELLER

Well now, I'll tell you a story about an old lady that lived in Gettysburg, an old colored lady. She went by the name of Black Mag. And she could tell you your fortune or she could tell you anything that was taken from your place, that was stole, and go to her and tell her about it and she'd bring it back. So there was a lady that had a woman cleanin' house fer her every week, cleanin' up her house. She had worked fer her fer a couple of years. And finally finger rings and earrings and all that stuff disappeared one time. So she couldn't make herself believe that this lady took it, because she had worked fer her fer years. So she went to Old Black Mag, told Old Black Mag about this. And Old Black Mag laughed. She said, "I'll see that it all comes back—every bit of it."

So in a few days here come this woman back. Had all these finger rings and earrings and stuff that she'd taken—and returned it. Well, they thought that couldn't be possible. And she had this woman to excuse her and apologize that she'd never do it again and she'd make everything right. (Laughter.)

So Old Black Mag could bring back anything that was taken. So there was a party had their smokehouse robbed and [they] heard of this old lady. And they went to her, told her about this. "Oh," she said, "it'll all come home. Just go home," she said, "and be satisfied. Your meat will all come back." By God, in a few days one of the neighbors come in—carrying this meat they had taken. So she seemed to be—could git you out of any trouble you could get into.

[You don't know how she got the meat back?]

Why, the party that stole it brought it back.

[No, but you don't know what she said to get it back?]

<sup>9</sup>This, Frank Eckert's most elaborate tale, comes from his childhood, when he was still at home. We get the impression in this tale as in No. 17 that the Catholic neighbors involved wished to differentiate themselves from their Protestant Dutch neighbors when it came to occult folk beliefs. Cf. Motif-Index: Dead person spins—E561; Phantom spinning wheel makes noise—E534; Ghosts protect hidden treasure—E291; Treasure in cellar of ruined house—N511.1.6; Ghost as hand or hands—E422.1.11.3; Revenant as dog—E423.1.1; Ghost laid when living man speaks to it—E451.4; Ghost laid when treasure is unearthed—E451.5; Treasure buried by dying man—N511.1.1; Ghost-like lights—E530.1; Blue lights follow witches—G229.7; Treasure buried in . . . kettle—N511.1.8; Treasure found in . . . kettle—N525. In a second version of this tale, Frank ended with the words, "Now that was true. I went through with it and seen it and knowed it to be a fact."



Oh, no, no, no. But she had a way of doin' these things.<sup>20</sup>

So there was two young fellers—yeah—three young fellers—that I knowed—[that] went to Old Black Mag, and thought they'd git their fortune told. "Well," Old Black Mag said, "I can tell your fortune." "Well," they said, "now listen, we want to know the good and the bad that we've done." She said, "Are you satisfied for me to tell you what you've done in your time and all the devilment that you've been goin' through?" Yes, they wanted to hear it. So she got to tellin' them and she got down to facts and she said, "Am I tellin' you the truth?" They said, "Yes, you're tellin' me the truth, and that's enough of it, too. I don't want to hear any more of it." (Laughter.)

She could do anything like that. Now why was it, I don't know, but she had the power of doin' these things.

She was a nice friendly, honest old lady, never done *any* body any *harm*. And there was a lot of people went there, and had their fortunes told and she told them the *truth*. And she never told them a story that wasn't true. And as fer as the colored part, my wife often said she was as nice a person as a lot of *our* people were. So she and my wife never had her fortune told by the old lady. But she often told me about this old lady livin' there in Gettysburg. And a many a one she helped out of their troubles that they had, and never charged 'em anything for doin' it. They'd go to her and explain their trouble and she'd give them satisfaction and everything come true. And she never charged anybody anything for doing it.

#### [9] THE BEWITCHED AUTOMOBILE

Well, now, I'll tell you a story what happened to an old lady and her husband down close Hanover. They decided they'd buy themselves a new car—so they did. Well, when Saturday evening come, why, the old gentleman said to his wife, "Now let's take a ride in the new car, this evening." "All right." They started off and they got in as fer as Hanover. And right at the square in Hanover the car stopped. Nobody could start it. They done everything they knowed, got garage fellows there to look at it, nobody could find anything wrong. Car wouldn't move. Somebody said, "Well, you go out to Mrs. K. and tell her about this." Went out to Mrs. K. and told her, and Mrs. K. said, "Well, I'll write you on a piece of paper here and you don't—you're not to read it. You take it back to the car and put it on the starter and put your foot on this paper, on the starter, and," she said, "your car will go." And so they did. Went back, a whole crowd around the car. They put this piece of paper on the starter and he put his foot on it, and the car started right off, and away they went. Didn't have no more trouble that evening with the car.

So the next morning some time, why, they got someone come and said, "Well, the neighbor woman over here is *awful* sick." "Well," they said, "what's wrong with her?" Said, "She's in bed, she's jist that sick she can't be up." And this was the woman that put the spell on the automobile. And Mrs. K. fixed *her* business fer her that she didn't bother nobody around there fer awhile.<sup>21</sup>

<sup>20</sup> I got the impression here, from Frank's vehemence in denying that he knew Black Mag's methods or words, that he was either afraid to repeat them, or loath to repeat them even to me.

<sup>21</sup> Cf. the "Bewitched Wagon" in the Motif-Index: Witch bewitches wagon—G265.8.3.2; Wagon refuses to move—D1654.5; also Exorcism of witch by countercharm—G271.6.

<sup>22</sup> Cf. Motif-Index: Witch punishes person who incurs her ill will—G269.10. This particular motif, however, of a witch bewitching her own child, is not found in the Motif-Index.

#### [10] THE MOTHER WHO BEWITCHED HER OWN DAUGHTER

So I'll tell you what happened at this same place, at Mrs. K's. Mrs. K. told me this herself. I didn't hear it from anybody but her. A lady come walkin' in one day and had her daughter with her. And this daughter was nawthin' but a shadow. She was sickly and doctors couldn't help her and nobody could do her any good, so she fetched this child in to Mrs. K. And she said to Mrs. K., said, "Mrs. K., I fetched my daughter over here. I want you to tell me whether you know what's wrong with this child." "Yes," Mrs. K. said, "I can tell you pretty quick." And she said, "If you don't take that spell off of that child," she said, "I'll kill you right where you're settin'." "Oh," this woman jumped up, she said, "what would become of *you*?" "Well," Mrs. K. said, "nawthin'. The doctors, anybody would pronounce it a stroke." And she said, "I'll give you a *damn* good one. A damn good stroke. If you don't loosen up on that child of yours. You've made that child all this trouble." And she said, "If you don't take that spell off the child, I'm gonta fix *your* business."

So from that day on the child growed, and no more about it. Now she didn't like that child for some reason or other and she bewitched it, put a spell on it.<sup>22</sup>

[The mother did.]

Yes, the mother of this child. "Well," Mrs. K. said, "That's *true*, Eckert," she said. "I'm not tellin' you a joke," she said, "That's honestly true." And said, "You'd be *surprised* to know what's goin' on in this country."

#### [11] THE BLASPHEMY OF THE FLAILERS

I'll tell you a story what happened one time. Three young fellows, they were flailing rye, straw—them times they flailed out rye straw for to tie corn fodder, tie corn shocks, in the Fall, when they cut corn and used this straw. And so they got up an argument, these three boys, how strong this rye straw was. One stalk of rye straw, you could hang yourself with. "Oh," one said to the other, "why," he said, "that couldn't be possible." "Well," he said, "lets try it." Well, they decided they would try it. So they put a big pile of straw underneath of 'em—and they got up above the overhead in the barn—and tied a rye straw around the log right under, right above this pile of straw so's if they'd fall down they wouldn't hurt themselves, you know, if the rye straw would tear. Well, the one went up and fixed himself, and put this rye straw around his neck. And he come down, socked on the barn floor. Well, he got up and the one said to the other, "why," he said, "well, the rye straw didn't hold you." "No," he said, "I hung myself in God's name." "Oh." So the other one said, "Well, I'm going up and hang myself in the name of the Devil." So he went up and fixed the rye straw around the log and around his neck and left himself down and there he was—he hung himself. And when they tried to take him down, they said this was a *fact*, there was a *wire* through this rye straw and around his neck. That's the reason the rye straw didn't break. (Laughter.)<sup>23</sup>

#### [12] THE HANTED HOTEL

I'll tell you about a story of a hanted house, that happened right here between New Oxford and Brush Run Station. It was a big stone building, as pretty a stone house as you want to look at—was there at the battle of Gettysburg. Was a hotel stand. And it was a rough place.

<sup>23</sup> Cf. Motif-Index: Hanging in game or jest accidentally proves fatal—N334.2.



And at this place there was a person killed. Now I don't know whether it was a woman or whether it was a man that was killed at this place, but at this place she was killed and the blood stains was on the wall and couldn't be covered. They were there for people to see. Anybody who wanted to see it could go in and see it. And this place, after this war was over, why, this place was hanted. They seen different things there, they seen men ridin' up the stair case on gray horses, and all such stuff. Well, nobody could stay there and wouldn't stay there. And this M. that owned the place had a boy hired and he kep' his wheat and his oats, after it was thrashed, he put it down there and stored it there, in this building. So he sent this boy down one evening for to get some oats fer the horses and it was a little while before sundown and when he opened the front door he seen a man dressed up without a head on—ridin' up these stair way. And he went back, slammed the door shut, and went up and told M., he said, "I won't go in that place down there," he said, "there was a man rode up the steps, had no head on, ridin' a big gray horse." Old Curt M. said, "If that's the case, be damned if I'll ever go in there after that oats." So I don't know what happened, *with* the oats, or what happened. But a year after that or two, this place was tore down—they tore this building away. Didn't use it no more. M. got skeered—he wouldn't go in it. And it was as pretty a stone house as you ever saw, couldn't be made nicer. So that was the story of that.<sup>14</sup>

And this lady—a neighbor man told me—I knowed him good—he said he went up and down there on Saturday nights, or Sunday nights. He went to see a lady in Oxford—a young fellow—and this girl was settin' in this sycamore tree, out from the porch—and he said that she was as pretty a lady as you ever *looked* at. And she was singin' nice hems [hymns]—church hems. Now he said that's the truth. He seen it with his own eyes. He *told* me this story. So that was the end of that place. They tore it down then and got rid of it.<sup>15</sup>

#### [13] HOW TO PROTECT BUILDINGS AGAINST WITCHES

[You mentioned in one of your stories how to protect a barn against witches doing harm to cattle, driving nails, etc. Would you say something about that, Frank?]

Well, now, I want to connect this to a story that I've told, that I missed. About this here story of these cattle that was witched. And this man went to York County for a witch doctor and brought him up there, and fix up that witch story. Now where there's nails, horse shoes nailed above a door no witch can go in, no witch can do anything there, no matter *how* they tried—even in your house. If you have horseshoes hung up above your doors any place, here in the house, and the witch comes in here—she's done, finished. She can't do nawthin'. Her power's taken from her, it seems.

So this place that I'm tellin' you about—this lady that bewitched *my* stuff—down on the farm where I had lived when I bought the *Lower* farm. When I had sale there, after I bought the *Lower* farm, I made sale and reduced my stock and my machinery to move up on this farm—it was as big a farm—I didn't need this *stuff*. But I should

<sup>14</sup> Cf. Motif-Index: Headless ghost rides horse—E422.1.13.1; Ineradicable bloodstains after bloody tragedy—E422.1.11.5.1.

<sup>15</sup> The "singing ghost" in the sycamore tree was the ghost of the woman murdered in the "hanted hotel." At least Frank told the stories together and connected them. Cf. Motif-Index: Ghost sings—E402.1.1.4.

of—before I sent my horses and stuff up to this place, that I was gonta hold over, for up at that place—I had no *horseshoes* above these doors at this barn, and this old witch bewitched the horses. One of the horses that [I] had taken up there, they couldn't hitch her up. After my day of sale the boys went up to bring this horse and stuff home, what was to be brought back, and they couldn't hitch this horse up. And the children had drove this horse day after day haulin' milk to the creamery. And as soon as they taken this horse out of the stable up there—and fetch her out, she'd start kickin'. And they couldn't hitch her to the spring-wagon to bring her home.

So there's where I made *my* mistake—when I sent this stuff up there. I should of had them *doors* fixed. Down below where I lived on this farm—a witch couldn't bother me there—no matter *who* she was, or *where* they come from. I had horseshoes above all the stable doors, hog pen doors, and every place. So there's where I got hung up with this witch, this old Mrs. T. She went up by there the day of my *sale*—they *seen* her gone up past there—seen her *stop* up there at the barn—and then she bewitched this horse of mine. And from that time on the devilment was started. (Laughter.)<sup>16</sup>

[I asked Frank if he had heard the idea that a broomstick laid across the threshold of a house would keep a witch out.]

To tell you the truth, Don, I've don't—never heard of anybody having any trouble with a witch stepped over a broom, or tried to make any trouble at these places that she'd step in.

[But you know the idea.]

Yes, I know the story that was *told* about them. But I never *seen* any of it.

[That a witch can't step over a broom?]

Yes, that I heard for years and years and years.<sup>17</sup>

#### [14] THE WITCH AND HER POWERS

[What about witches having the power to go through, for instance, keyholes? I think you told me about that once.]

That was an old lady lived here in Hunterstown. She was a witch. She killed two hogs for my grandmother. She had a spite at my grandmother, and she come down there one evening. Wanted to be friendly and nice, and she walked along down to the hog pen, where they had two big heavy hogs to kill that Fall. And she picked up a corn-cob and she stroked them over the back, both of these hogs.

[Did she say anything when she did this?]

Well, Grandmother never [told me]—if she said it, she said it to herself. Anyhow, Grandmother often said, that same night these hogs got sick, both of them, and the next morning they were both dead. She killed both of them, this old Devil. They had her in jail there in Gettysburg, I don't know what she had done, but she was locked up in jail in Gettysburg. And every night she was home with her childern. She said if she had the blood of a calf, she could

<sup>16</sup> The tale Frank refers to in the first paragraph is No. 3. However, the most valuable part of this section is Frank's firmly expressed belief that he left himself open to witchcraft by not "fixing" the stable and pen doors on the barn of his newly bought farm, before moving his cattle into it. The "witch" again is the "Irish witch" mentioned in other tales. She even had a Scotch-Irish name. Cf. Motif-Index: Witch causes horse to behave unnaturally—G265.6.3; Horseshoe hung up as protection against witches—G272.11.

<sup>17</sup> Cf. Motif-Index: Broom across door protects from witch—G272.7.2. This is an extremely common belief in the more active Dutch dialect areas. I have many references to it in my recordings from the Hegins and Mahantongo Valley areas in Schuylkill and Northumberland Counties.



go through any keyhole, or knothole, no matter where it was. So they had her penned in jail in Gettysburg for some cause. I don't know what. But the old lady was home every night with the children. And before sunup she was back in jail.

[And that was in your Grandmother's time?]

Yes, that thing happened right down here in Hunters-town.<sup>28</sup>

#### [15] A COUNTER-CHARM AGAINST WITCHES

Now I'll tell you a story that this Mrs. K. at Hanover told me, the time I had this trouble. She said, "Eckert, if you're out on the road with your team, and anything happens that you get stalled, you say, a team stops on the road and your horses can't pull the wagon away or have trouble—you carry a pole-axe with you, in the wagon. And if anything like that happens [to] you, you get off of the wagon, get your pole-axe and say, "I'm gonta knock a spoke out of the front wheel of this wagon." And you haul off and knock that spoke out and you'll knock old Mrs. T.'s arm off—up at her shoulder. And if you don't want to do that—take a spoke out of the hind wheel and knock one of her legs off. And if you want to git rid of her entirely, just go in front of your team, and hit that clevis on the front of the tongue. And she said, "There'd be no more Mrs. T."<sup>29</sup>

#### [16] A VISIT TO THE POWWOWER

I'll tell you a little story about [what] I seen done and I couldn't help but believe it. And I *do* believe it. An old gentleman over in Carlisle could cure fer you. No matter what was wrong with you, what your trouble was, if you'd go to him, he'd give a relief. So my grandson come home from the army, and he had adaletic feet, had big sores on his feet, sores as big as a silver dollar, and itch! he said if anything could [have] tore the hide off would feel good. They had him in the hospitals—Hanover, York, Harrisburg—finally they told him in Gettysburg here at the hospital, they could be nawthin' done about it, couldn't heal 'em up. So I took him over to Carlisle to this fellow, this old gentleman, took him in, and told him what the trouble was, and my grandson showed him these sores. And he looked at him, and he said, "Well," he said, "You come back over here in so many days or weeks," I don't know which it was, anyhow, the old man set down to the table and he wrote some stuff on a piece of paper—you couldn't read it—with red ink—and marked it all off—in little, with red ink. Told him, "Now, you put that in your pocket and carry it with you. And you come over here in sich and sich a time." So we went home and that's all that was done about it—and he seemed to get relief right away. This itchin' quit, stopped, and it wasn't but a few weeks his feet looked healin' up nice, smooth, and he's never been bothered to this day.

And then the second time I took him back to this old man—why, after we had went in there, there was three men come in to this same place. Well, two men was carryin' a man—couldn't walk. So after he was through with us, why, we set there. And this old man said to these parties that this man that they fetched in and set on a cheer, "Well,

<sup>28</sup> Cf. Motif-Index: Witch causes death of animals—G265.4.1; Witches go through keyholes—G249.7; Witches vanish from prison—G249.9.

<sup>29</sup> The witch referred to in this tale is the "Irish Witch." Cf. Motif-Index: Witch bewitches wagon—G265.8.3.2; Exorcism of witch by countercharm—G271.6. A "pole-axe" is an axe with a spike, hook, or hammer opposite the blade.

what seems to be *your* trouble?" "Well," this old man said, "I lost my power; I can't *walk*—I got no power to walk. I can't *walk*—and there hadn't been anything done—anything can be done—doctor says nawthin' can be done about it." He said how long he was helpless that he couldn't walk. So this old man give him a piece of paper to stick in his pocket. And when they went to leave, these men went to pick the man up and carry him up in the car. And "oh, no," this old man said, "he can walk out. Just let him alone, he'll walk out." He got up and walked out to the car. And from that day on he walked.<sup>30</sup>

[And you saw that?]

Yeah. Yeah. And this old man said to me and C., "If these doctors here in York would a dared kill me, if it wouldn't 've been found out, I'd have been killed years ago." He said, "I cured cases that they pushed out—that they couldn't do nawthin'—they couldn't help. I cured 'em. Today they're"<sup>31</sup>—H.—Old Man H.—C. H.!"<sup>32</sup>

[Is he the only one around that you know that does this type of healing?]

Yes, I never knowed of any other ones.

[There's no one down around Gettysburg?]

No. No, sir, that was the wonderfulest thing, Don, that I ever seen happen. And he had as pretty a stone house as you want to look at, and he built it himself. This old gentleman. He didn't *charge* anything. He didn't make no charge. If you wanted to give him something, you could give him something.<sup>33</sup> Yes, the poor old fellow's dead and gone too.

[This was after the last war, was it?]

Yeh.

[When your grandson came back from the army.]

Yeh.

#### [17] THE UP AND THE DOWN SIGN

Well, I'm gonta tell you a little story that happened me. A lot of people don't believe in it, never did believe in it, I guess. And you can't convince them. Anyhow, I was putting a new line fence between me and my neighbor and I had a Catholic man helpin' me to put this fence up. So we put up fence for I don't know how many days we was workin'. And I said to this man in the evening, his name was John C., I said, "John, don't come down tomorrow. It's in the *up* sign, starts tomorrow, and we won't dig in any posts tomorrow. We won't dig in any posts in till sometime towards the last of the week, till it goes in the down sign." Oh, he laughed! he said, "Anybody that believes in that kinda stuff's crazy." I said, "I don't know whether I'm crazy or not but I believe in it. And to *prove* to you that you don't know, I'm gonta *show* you. So you come

<sup>30</sup> Powwowing is Pennsylvania's version of primitive folk healing—once almost universal in colonial America and based upon the folk religion of medieval Europe. This story is typical of those told by believers in it—when certain ailments gain no relief from regular medicine, powwowers are turned to in desperation and a cure results. Note, however, that Frank does not use the word "powwow" but rather the Dutchism to "cure for," a word found in Western Maryland as well as Pennsylvania.

<sup>31</sup> This paragraph reflects the enmity of the powwower for the M.D. By York Frank means Carlisle.

<sup>32</sup> Here Frank burst out triumphantly with the name of the powwower which he had been trying to think of while telling me of this case.

<sup>33</sup> Powwowers naturally know better than to charge a set fee, which can bring them before the courts on the charge of practicing medicine without a licence.



down tomorrow morning and we'll dig in eight posts, right out along the public road here, and then we'll quit. And when Spring comes, the winter's over, and Spring comes, I want you to watch these posts, these eight posts, and tell me what you *seen*." "All right," he said. (Laughter.) So we dug in 8 posts the next day. It was in the *up* sign then. So this went on. Winter come or passed away, and I didn't look about these posts. Winter was over, Spring come, why, John come down the road one morning. I said, "John," I said, "Did you ever look about them *posts* that we dug in, them eight posts, when it was goin' in the *up* sign?" He looked at me and laughed, and said, "Yes, I did." "Well," I said, "what did you see?" He said, "They are up out of the ground about eight inches, every one of them. The frost raised them." "Well," I said, "now do you believe that?" "No. I don't believe it." "Why don't you believe it?" "I'm not supposed to believe it." I said, "O.K., then, don't you believe it," I said, "when you seen it with your own eyes you can't convince yourself that it's true." (Laughter.)<sup>24</sup>

[Would you mention about the shingles?]

I'm gonta tell you about this *up sign* business that we was talking about a bit ago. You nail a—buy these old-fashioned shingles that they—guess there isn't any to get no more—use to make 'em out of oak and you put that oak roof, shingle roof, on your house or your barn in the *up* sign, and in the course of years them shingles will all raise up and curl up at the ends. I said I've seen it happen time and time again.

And the same people laughs—they used to laugh at me, I wouldn't butcher in the *up* sign, that is, for myself. Kill my hogs in the *up* sign, and cut up my hams and shoulders and I wouldn't butcher in the taking off of the moon.

[What would that do, if you would do that, to the meat?]

Why, it would shrink up, shrink it. Yeh. And I wouldn't butcher in the takin' off of the moon. I always butchered in the growin' of the moon, killin' a beef or killin' my own hogs. I said, other people, I'd butcher anytime they'd want it done, but not for myself. And I said that I wouldn't butcher in the takin' off of the moon, because that meat, them hams and shoulders, that you'd cure, fer your own use, would all shrink in a certain—they'd shrink up in a certain amount that they'd lose, it seems. The meat would dry up. And the same way with beef—beef will do the same thing. You take a piece of beef that was killed in the takin' off of the moon and cook it and you'd weigh that piece of meat. Before you'd put it on the stove to roast it or cook it, and put it on the stove. You seen what it looked like when you put it on, and when it was cooked or fried, whatever you done with it, it was shrunk up, pretty near lose one third, in looks, you'd loss. And I said it was *proven*, that I *done* it, and *seen* it done. I say anybody that wants to try it can try it and find out for their own satisfaction. (Laughter.)<sup>25</sup>

<sup>24</sup> The "up sign" means in the increase or waxing of the moon, the "down sign" in the waning of the moon. Anything that is to stay down (as for example, fence posts) or grow downwards (as for example, root crops) were planted in the "down sign," and for opposite results the "up sign."

<sup>25</sup> Here Frank applies his belief to his trade of butchering. The expression "takin' off" of the moon is a Dutchism for decrease or waning of the moon, from the Dutch dialect *op-nemma* (*Abnehmen*), to decrease.

<sup>26</sup> Note that Frank was not particular about the kind of almanac, for he could not read. His wife, who could read, consulted the almanacs and supervised the planting.

Well, I'll tell you a story about the almanac, or the Brownie Calendar. I said she always—my wife always wanted an almanac, either that or the Brownie Calendar. And she'd go there to look on this calendar, about plantin' potatoes or plantin' onions—sowing lettuce or anything that she had any b'lief in, she'd get her this almanac. Well, we generally had a Lancaster Almanac. And we generally had a Brownie Calendar. These Brownie Calendars were put out by some medicine company and we could get them at the store, these Brownie Calendars, and she always had a lot of belief in lookin' about signs, and plantin' stuff.<sup>26</sup> Now she always watched when I planted potatoes. She never said, always said, "Don't plant potatoes in the *up* sign, said if you do you'll find in the Fall when you come to take your potatoes out, you'll have a lot of potatoes that's sunburnt." Said they'll push up out of the ground beside of the stalks and get sunburnt. If you plant them in the down sign—you'd have no trouble, never will have any trouble. So that's what we always looked to when I farmed and kep' house. Why, we had these signs to go by and I said it always proved that it was the right thing to do, it was a benefit, by doing it.

[Did you ever use the Hagerstown Almanac?]

Well, I guess we had. I think we used that. I was never particular about getting an almanac just so we had an almanac or a Brownie Calendar. There's a Brownie Calendar hanging out there *now*. M. always believes in getting one of them.

#### [19] THE FAITH PEOPLE AND THE DOCTOR

Now I'm gonta tell you a story what I've seen about this faith doctorin'. This faith religion. I lived aside of a party, neighbors, that were faith people and they had a dog that they thought a lot of. And they tried this faith cure on this dog, and it didn't work. So they took the dog to a doctor, and got medicine, and got the dog fixed up. So awhile afterwards, why, this man's wife fell down off of the pear tree and broke her hip. Well, they decided they wouldn't git no doctor. They would try this faith-cure on this old lady's hip. It didn't work out, so finally they called a doctor in—old Doc H.—I knowed him. He said, "There's no use for me to come down there," he said, "your faith cure didn't hold out with the dog, and it won't hold out with the Mrs. So you just—I won't bother—I won't come down—you wouldn't believe anything I tell you anyhow." So she hobbled around for years, until her death. And her hip was never right, it never healed, never—so but they still had the faith cure. It didn't prove good to them in the end.

[Are there many of these people, these faith people, around?]

No, and they have a church in Biglerwille, where they some of them go, and believe in this doctrine. I said, it's no harm to me, I said, everybody for their own b'lief. Believe what they please. Find out what they please. (Laughter.)<sup>27</sup>

<sup>27</sup> It is obvious from Frank's negative reaction to the "faith religion" (Pentecostal healing cults) that he saw no relation between it and the more primitive type of faith healing—powwowing—which he definitely believed in. They are both, however, religious forms of healing. The difference is that powwowing is outlawed from organized religion and hence has gone underground, the Pentecostal sects attempt to gear healing into the worship services of the church, basing their example on the charismatic healing of the apostles in the New Testament Church. I like Frank's ending, however—"... everybody for their own b'lief. Believe what they please. Find out what they please."



# FIANNA THE DUNKARD

By ALMA B. MEADE

[This true story, the memoirs of a "plain" Dunkard grandmother as written by her granddaughter, is a personal document of the first importance in the study of Pennsylvania folklife. Grandmother Fianna (1847-1930) is the central character, although the narrative begins with the birth of her mother, Barbara Groff, about forty years before the Civil War, and ends with Fianna's own death. The area covered is Lancaster, Lebanon, and Berks Counties, Pennsylvania.

In simple, almost conversational style the author, Mrs. Thomas Meade, of Bernville, Route 1, Berks County, Pennsylvania, describes for us the ups and downs of the family as they move from tenant farm to town to tenant farm and back to town once again. Although we are dealing here with a family chronicle, the family's relation to the Dunkard (Brethren) faith forms the inner theme of the biography. Not only the outward phases of the sect's way of life are depicted—for instance, the "plainness" in dress—but inward attitudes, some of which are folk-religious attitudes and others normative parts of the sectarian Protestant heritage, are also stated or implied in the narrative. One of these is Fianna's deep belief in the power of prayer, and her belief in retribution, direct retribution, for man's sins, several instances of which are given. The opening sections contain several folk-tales of ghost appearance, witchcraft, and buried treasure, which were once living parts of this family's belief.

The document is equally valuable for the hints it gives on Pennsylvania Dutch rural English, and is of course unaltered grammatically. "Seen" is frequently used for "saw," "done" for "did"—both common usage among rural Pennsylvanians of all backgrounds. Among the Dutch-English expressions used are "look after" and "fetch," "till night came" (by the time night came), "sometimes now yet," "it always worried Fianna about . . .," "married men that were no church members," "were of the first members" (were some of, or among the first members), "Emma's man" (Emma's husband), "lebcakes" (a hybrid deriving from the Dutch "Leppkoocha") and others.



*Fianna before joining church, wearing costume of the Civil War period.*

Among other expressions of interest linguistically are the term "flitting" (Scotch-Irish for moving from one farm to another, or by extension, the household goods moved on moving day), "raft runner" (a term from the Susquehanna rafting days), the expression "to sucker the tomatoes" (pinch the suckers off), "anointing" (a Brethren Church term, referring to anointing the sick in hope of their recovery through prayer), and most interesting of all, the phrase "do more than eat bread," a "neutral" expression to imply that the person who "could do more than eat bread" was a practitioner of witchcraft. And speaking of witchcraft, one of the early tales deals with "Hexa Honas," whose alliterative name can be translated "Wizard John."

The photographs illustrating the article are valuable in that they provide a visual chronicle of the family in all stages of its pursuit of "plainness."—EDITOR.]

## FIANNA THE DUNKARD

Back between 1815 and 1825 somewhere in Lancaster County a little girl was born to parents by the name of Groff and they named her Barbara. We do not know very much about her early childhood as it is such a long time ago.

When she was at the age of twelve years she was then what they called "hired out." Hired out means to be sent to some neighbor or someone who wanted help for some of the chores around the place. On one occasion she was sent to an old lady to feed the chickens, also the pigs, carry wood, empty the potato peelings and scraps from the table for her board and keep and perhaps a few cents a month.

This lady was very mean to the small girl and many times at night Barbara cried herself to sleep.

### BARBARA AND THE "BIG BIRD"

One day the old lady warned her to keep the lid on the slop-barrel, in which they kept all their scraps, potato peel-



*Fianna in old age—wearing the “plain” costume—prayer covering, cape over shoulders, long-sleeved dress and apron.*



ings and offal, and always kept almost full of sour or thick milk to feed the pigs.

Barbara was very careful to see that she kept the lid on the barrel because she was afraid of the old lady. One day she emptied some slop (as they called it in those days) and didn't get the lid on right and a chicken jumped up on the barrel and fell in and drowned.

Barbara was not aware of what had happened, but the old lady was always looking after [her] so she could scold and fuss so she found the drowned chicken in the slop-barrel. The old lady called Barbara to her and began to scold and abuse her and told her she should have been more careful and for being such a bad girl something is going to fetch her. Barbara was so scared she just begged and said she'd be very careful after that, but the old lady had no pity.

When supper was over and Barbara had washed the dishes, the old lady called Barbara and told her that she

must sit on the door step all alone while she goes away and that a big bird was going to fetch her. The old lady got ready to go away and Barbara just pleaded, "Please don't. I'll be a good girl. I'll never let it happen again." "Oh, no!" said the old lady, "you are a bad girl and the big bird will fetch you." So the old lady left and poor Barbara was sitting on the door-step crying as if her heart would break. It was getting twilight and she was so scared she could hardly lift her head, but slowly she lifted her head and looked through her tears and all at once in the distance she seen a large bird approaching. She could scarcely believe her eyes. It was the biggest bird she had ever seen. It was really immense and it still came closer to where she was and she cried and cried, but the bird came a little closer each time. Now it came so close it almost touched her and she screamed and cried and put her little hands over her face, and the big bird flew away.

It was almost dark and Barbara was still sitting on the door step so scared she just didn't know what to do, but not too long after the big bird flew away, the old lady returned. She said to Barbara, "Well, the big bird almost fetched you, and the next time he'll take you along."

#### BARBARA'S MARRIAGE

When Barbara went home to visit her parents she told them what had happened and they didn't let her return. We know very little of Barbara's life after that till she was about 18 or 20 years old. She married a man by the name of Isaac. Isaac and Barbara had eight children and their names were Isaac, Sallie Ann, Sophia, Fianna, Mary Ann, Nancy Ann, Jacob and Julia. They lived in Marietta, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. With all these children the family was poor, as the father Isaac was a drunkard, and many times the family was in dire need. So some of the children had to help to make the living and at the age of twelve years Fianna was also hired out. Some places she stayed, they treated her very mean. She cried herself to sleep many nights.

At the age of twelve she was just a child but had to work very hard and do more than a child should do. At one place she had to get up very early in the morning and help with the milking and help with the housework and do different chores, and till night came she was very tired and went to bed early.

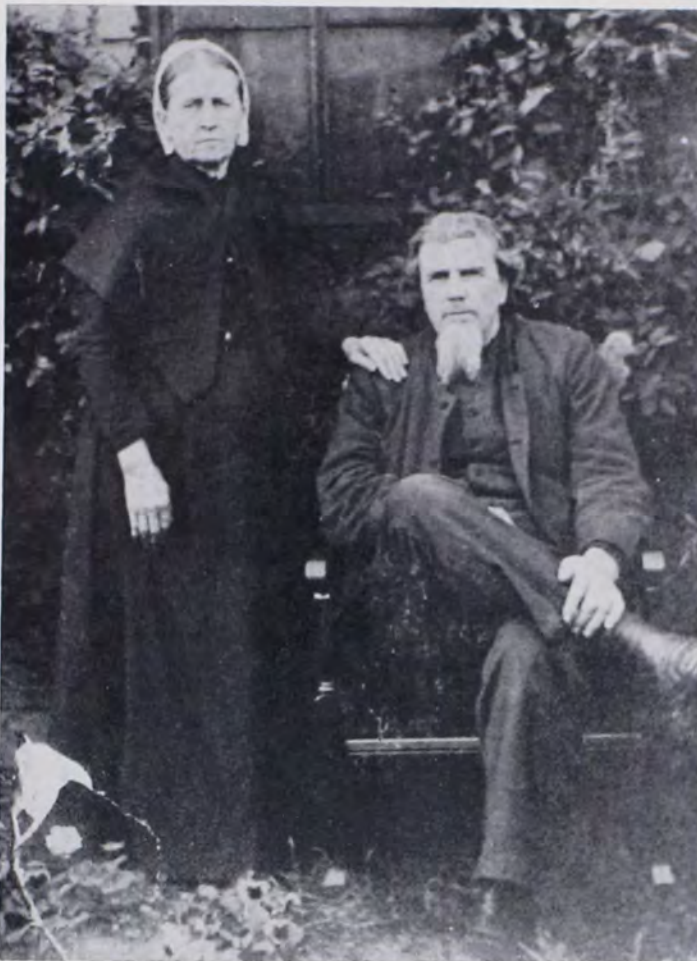
At another place she stayed, every night she heard some one walk around in her room, come to the foot end of the bed and pull at the covers, and then walk around her bed. She was so scared she would pull the covers over her head.

One night she heard it coming. Now she always had a little night light burning aside of her bed on a chair, so this night she covered over her head and she heard it walk aside of her bed, come up to her side and it lifted the covers up from her face. She was so afraid she was all wet with perspiration and the next morning her little light was blown out and was sitting under the chair.

#### TALKING TO THE SPIRITS

Fianna's father Isaac always claimed he could talk to the spirits and had a three-legged stool on which he would lay his hands and the stool would jump all around. He used to warn the children not to touch the stool but one day when Mary Ann and Nancy Ann were alone they took the little three-legged stool and went into a dark room. Now not long before this two Negroes had been killed so the two girls said they were going to call these Negroes and see what would happen.





*Fianna and Husband Emerson. Note Dunkard haircut and beard on husband, "plain" coat (no lapels), and boots.*

The Negroes' names were Heinrich and Johannes. The girls, Mary Ann and Nancy Ann, laid their little hands on the three-legged stool and said in German (as this family was Pennsylvania Dutch), "Heinrich and Johannes, if you are here show yourselves." After they had said this the one side of the room was all fire and the two Negroes standing in it. The girls threw the stool in a corner and ran out of the room scared almost out of their wits.

#### LIFE IN A HAUNTED HOUSE

The place [where] they lived had been a large hotel at one time. It had trap doors in the floors and a lot of bad things happened in that hotel before people used it as a home. The one girl, Julie, was a cripple and could not talk plain but her folks could understand her. Every night she used to scream till some one came to her room and she would tell them a lady all in white would come to her door and make motions [indicating that] she should go with her, but she was so scared and afraid. Some of the doors in this house would never stay shut and at night before they went to bed some of the girls had to shut the doors. There was always one door they were afraid to shut and lock. One night two of the girls, Mary Ann and Nancy Ann, had to shut the door and lock it, so they had their candle and quick shut and locked the door and just then something pounded on the other side so loud the girls almost fell



*Fianna's children—Emma, Cecelia, and Alfred. Note "non-plain" dresses on the girls, before "conversion" to "plainness."*

backwards. Sometimes they had to put a chair under the lock to keep the door shut. No matter what they done the door would fly open.

By this time Fianna was a young woman and she met a young man just back from the Civil War. He was a big, husky, strong young fellow. They went together for some time and about 1866 were married and lived at Fianna's home with Barbara and Isaac.

#### "OLD COLENA" AND THE BURIED TREASURE

At this time there was living in Marietta an old lady, they just called her "Old Colena." One day she met the young man Fianna had married, whose name was Emerson, and she told him that money was buried in their cellar and she would help him get it. She gave him an old whiskey bottle and told him to go home and look in the bottle and he would see where the money was.

Emerson took the bottle in a dark room and looked in. He seen snakes, and everything else but what he looked for. But all at once it all cleared up and the whole cellar appeared in the bottle, and along came a lady with a plain garb on, white cap, plain dress and apron, and was holding up her apron. She walked to a certain place in the cellar and left the apron down which was full of money and she poured that money in the place. Now "Old Colena" told Emerson not to try to get the money unless he comes for her, but he thought he won't fetch "Old Colena"—he'll get it all for himself.

Now Emerson and his father-in-law Isaac planned to get the money one night. So they got shovels and went into the cellar at the place where Emerson had seen the lady





*Fianna and Family. The son is "plain," the daughters have resisted conversion and are dressed in "worldly" styles.*

drop the money. They did not talk and started to dig. Barbara, Fianna's mother and wife of Isaac, sat on the cellar steps to see what would happen.

They dug awhile and then the shovel went in the ground very easy. Emerson winked to Isaac but not a word was spoken. They dug awhile and soon struck something hard and when they struck it something went "Hum-m-m-m," a moaning sound, and the more they dug the worse the sound became, louder and louder.

Barbara said she couldn't stand it anymore to sit on the steps and watch. She had to go upstairs. She said every time the shovel went into the ground there was a big white lion standing back of Emerson ready to spring on him.

They reached the pot of money and shoveled all the dirt away from the pit. Emerson reached down to get a hold of the pot when it went "Hum-m-m-m" and went down like a whirlwind into the ground and it was covered up. They didn't get the money because they wanted to be smart and get the money for themselves and didn't fetch "Old Colena."

After they moved away some years later the family that lived there took quite a few thousands of dollars out of that cellar.

In those days of the Civil War people buried their money as there were no banks to take it to, and many that had buried their money were killed and they used to say when some one buried money, they would have no rest till they gave it to some one. That is why the woman in white would come to Julie every night and want her to go with her. She wanted to give the money to Julie. Sometimes now yet you hear of farmers plowing up pots of money.

#### "HEXA HONAS" OR "WIZARD JOHN"

Now as I stated before, Isaac was a drunkard and spent most of his money and stayed out at night and often he would associated with a man they called "Hexa Honas." This man was, as they said in those days, supposed to be

able to "do more than eat bread." He came to Isaac's home one evening and said to Isaac that he could take a quarter out of his pocket without touching him. Isaac laughed and said he wants to see that done and of course at the time he had a quarter in his pocket.

Hexa Honas said, "I bet you don't have your quarter." He reached in his pocket and it was gone, so Hexa Honas held it up—he had it. This provoked Isaac and he told him to give it to him, so he did and soon after left for home. After he left Isaac reached in his pocket and his quarter was gone. That night after they all were in bed Isaac looked and under a small table sat "Hexa Honas" and held up his quarter.

One night Isaac went out as usual but he didn't come home. Although he was a drunkard and spent most of his money he never molested anyone. They searched and hunted everywhere and the next morning someone found his body in the canal. Two men had killed him and threw him in the canal and robbed him of twenty cents as that was all he had in his pockets.

The canal ran parallel with the Susquehanna River and a strip of land separated the one from the other called the tow-path. The canal was used to haul freight, coal, lumber, etc., by big flat boats called canal-boats and they were drawn by mules. The mules walked on the tow-path and pulled the boats with a big rope.

After Fianna's parents died her family still lived in Marietta. They had three children, Cecelia, Emma, and Alfred.

#### RAFTING DAYS ON THE SUSQUEHANNA

Emerson was what was called a raft runner on the Susquehanna River, taking lumber down the river to Pequea and other points, and many times was in dangerous circumstances. The day Alfred was born he almost lost his life as the river was very wild and boisterous. The raft tilted and he fell in the water boiling and churning, but God helped him and he managed to get back on the raft. Now a raft is a number of logs pinned together to make a flat-bodied boat and steered only by a long pole which at times is very crude.

One of the men on the raft was a big husky Negro called Stanton, and he always ate so much, so one day they wanted to see how much he really could eat. At one of the places they used to stop to eat, the men on the raft ordered a dinner for eight, a chicken dinner and all the trimmings. When the cook came out and said dinner is ready and Stanton went in and sat down, the cook said, "I made dinner for eight," but they said he was the only one to eat. They put a whole chicken on his plate and he ate that and everything else that was on the table. They asked him if he wanted anything else. He said he believed he could eat a quart of ice cream, so he ate that and they asked if he wanted anything else. He said I could drink a gallon crock of thick milk, so they got scared and chased him out.

Emerson also worked at the stone quarry. He was a very strong man. He always done two men's work and also got paid for it.

#### THE FAMILY MOVES TO EPHRATA

When the children were small Fianna and family moved to Ephrata. While living there times became very hard. There was a depression and many times their meal was only bread and molasses. As things gradually started to pick up, some man offered Emerson a small piece of land to plant tobacco. It was a few miles away and every morning Fianna would pack lunch for dinner and they [would] walk



to the tobacco patch and stay all day as they had to hoe the tobacco, and as it grew larger they had to "sucker" the tobacco and pick the big green worms which were very harmful. The suckers, so called, are little shoots that grow out at the joints where the big leaves grow out. If the suckers are not picked off it hinders the growth of the large leaves. The big green worms, sometimes four and five inches long, eat holes in the leaves, so they must be hunted.

One day when it was very hot and the children were tired, Cecilia was cross and so provoked that she had to pick worms she picked a big can full and threw them into a bees nest for revenge. The bees stung the big worms so bad they swelled up a few times their size until they bursted. Alfred was just small and all you could see in the tobacco rows was his big straw hat. They were all very tired till evening came but had to walk the few miles back to their home as there was no other means of transportation.

#### FIANNA JOINS THE CHURCH

Fianna was always spiritually minded and when Alfred was ten years old she was converted and gave her heart to God. She joined the "German Baptist Brethren Church," or "Dunkards" as they were called. In those days they were compelled to dress "plain" a few months before baptism.

The elders of Mohlers Meeting House north of Ephrata paid Fianna the visit before baptism. She was instructed in the things that were expected of her—not to go to worldly gatherings or places of amusement such as plays, horse racing, etc., not to have life insurance, no lodges, or fairs, be truthful at all times, honest, no cheating, gambling, etc.

The day came for Fianna to be baptized. They had the services in the church where Fianna answered the questions and witnessed for Christ, then they went to the Cocalico Creek at the stone bridge south of Ephrata, between Ephrata and Akron.

The elder with Fianna and all members present kneeled on the bank for prayers after which the Elder led Fianna into the water, where it was deep enough. She kneeled down in the water and the elder asked her these questions:

*First:* Do you believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and that he brought from heaven a saving gospel? Fianna answered: "Yes."

*Second:* Do you willingly renounce the Devil with all the sinful pleasures and practices of this world? Fianna answered: "Yes."

*Third:* Do you covenant with God through Christ to be faithful until death? Fianna answered: "Yes."

The elder then said, "God has heard you and now before God and these witnesses (meaning the members on the bank), I baptize you in the name of the Father (he dipped her entirely covering her body with water or 'buried' her in the water). And of the Son (doing the same as the first time). And in the name of the Holy Ghost (doing the same as he had done the first and second time)." Now he laid his hands on her head and prayed to God for her and that she would receive the Gift of the Holy Ghost to lead her in all truths.

She was then received by the Sisters with the Holy Kiss, which is also a command by God, and by the Brethren with the right hand of fellowship.

In those days the Elders were very strict. Fianna wore the plain garb, plain dress with the three-cornered cape. Some people of today may wonder why the cape is worn. The reason is, to hide their person so no man could lust

after them. The skirts were also long enough so the men would not be attracted by the showing of their legs, black shoes and stockings. Also an apron was worn over the dress.

Fianna was very sincere and wore her prayer covering or white cap at all times, even to sleep, as the Bible teaches, "pray without ceasing." All people that knew her never saw her without it on. The scripture for the prayer covering is found in I Corinthians 11: 1-10.

The whole procedure did not suit Emerson and he told her not to grumble around his head, but her Christian life proved too much for him and it wasn't long until he joined the Church and gave his heart to the Lord.

He also was told what was required of him—change his hair, either straight back or parted in the middle, and let his beard grow. The officials parted his hair in the middle and in six weeks he had a full-grown beard. He wore a plain coat with a stand-up collar, no buttons on the sleeves, no cuffs on the pants legs, black hat and black shoes and stockings.

God made man in his own image so he put hair on his face to look like him. It is not popular these days but in the 1800's most men wore beards, all men of dignity such as doctors, lawyers, judges, ministers, etc. The beard is a sign of manhood.

Fianna and Emerson attended services at Mohlers Meeting House.

#### "OUT INTO THE WORLD"

Fianna's oldest daughter Cecelia was always more determined and wanted her own way. When she was 17 years old she wanted a gold watch, but Fianna and Emerson were poor and didn't believe in gold jewelry, so they said she couldn't have none. This made her very cross and she said, "Just wait till I'm 18. Then I'm my own boss and I'll get myself a watch." But what happened the day she was 18 years old, she was a very sick girl and had typhoid fever. She almost was taken out of this world. It doesn't pay to boast as the Bible teaches in James 4: 15-16, "For that ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this, or that. But now ye rejoice in your boastings. All such rejoicing is evil."

Emma was always more conservative. The two girls married men that were no church members and it always worried Fianna about the girls because they didn't belong to church. She prayed earnestly and continually for them. She never gave up asking God to save her girls, but they got out into the world farther and farther in sin. They never went along to church with their mother and how it grieved her, and many times she shed bitter tears for her girls.

Cecelia never had any children.

Emma had one son but it was born dead.

Shortly after Fianna's children married they moved to Reading, Fianna, Emerson and children.

Alfred married a girl from Lancaster County, January 1, 1892, and lived there almost a year when they had a daughter, born December 21, 1892. This was Fianna's first grandchild that lived. Shortly after that they moved to Reading and lived with Fianna. Two years later the second girl was born, on February 2, 1895—Groundhog Day.

When the second girl was two years old Alfred and his wife joined the church and were baptized in the Maiden-creek District at Mohrsville in February, 1897. It was very cold. There was ice on the water, but no one ever gets sick through baptism, but many that are sick before get well afterwards. Sometimes they are carried in the water on rocking chairs.





*Mary Ann (Fianna's sister)  
and "non-plain" husband.*



*Sallie Ann (Fianna's sister) and husband—  
both Dunkards of the plainest, most conserva-  
tive type.*

About 1897 Fianna, Emerson, Alfred and wife were of the first members of the German Baptist Church on Church Street, between Greenwich and Oley Streets in Reading. The name of the church was changed to "Church of the Brethren" so there were two churches—some still stayed by the name of "German Baptist Church," or known as "Old Order."

About one year and a half after Alfred and wife joined the Church, Alfred, Jr., was born, [on] August 12, 1898.

#### HARD TIMES IN READING

When times were hard and Emerson's work was poor, Fianna took in boarders, so the daughter-in-law helped with the work, so Alfred and his family lived with Fianna and the children were very close to her.

Now one of the boarders that Fianna had was full of pimples on his face and the oldest girl did not like him, so one night as she said her prayers, she said, "God bless Mama, God bless Papa, God bless everybody but the pimply man."

The boarders were always spoiling the little girls, especially the smallest one. She was very small and the boarders would set her at the table when they ate their meal and some would put the molasses, sugar, and anything that would get her all messy in front of her to reach in. There was one boarder whose name was Sam. One evening when the little girl was eating with them she noticed that Sam took more than one piece of cake, so she said, "Well, Sam, don't eat all the cake."

Alfred, Jr., just loved to play in the coal bucket, and sometimes they would just let him go, and when his hands were as black as the coal they would tell him to rub his hands all over his face. Of course he done as they said and

he sure looked a mess.

These were the only three grandchildren Fianna had and they were her pride and joy. She just loved them and done all she could for them and always took them along wherever she went, especially the two girls as the boy was too small. Many times over the weekend she would go to visit her relatives at Ephrata. In those days you had to travel by train.

One time when she had quite a few boarders, she tried to save wherever she could in buying, so she would go to Ephrata for her eggs, as she could buy them much cheaper. She would buy a big basket full at a time.

A few years later to help out with finances Fianna done work at home in the evenings, as many people did in those days. Her grandchildren and others would help her. They would all sit around in a circle and then she would tell them all the experiences of her life and the things told in the beginning of this story.

Besides working evenings she made many quilts and other things that the Pennsylvania Dutch people do. The grandchildren each had quilts when they got married that their grandmother Fianna had made and put them away in a chest until the time came to give them.

#### CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

On Christmas she would put up a tree, but not as people do today. In the dining room on a table she had her tree trimmed with cakes, pretzels, popcorn, apples, oranges, candy, canes and candy baskets. The grandchildren could hardly wait till she took the tree down, as she always divided the things on the tree, and I suppose often she took it down before she wanted to. Those days children didn't





*Alfred and wife before conversion.*



*Alfred and wife—after conversion to church and "plain" dress.*

have what they do today—candy and [an] orange on a plate, and each one toy and sometimes a pair of shoes or a new dress from their aunts. Clothing were not so plentiful as they are today. Each girl had two school dresses and one Sunday dress and most of the time only one pair of shoes worn for school and Saturdays, cleaned and polished for Sunday to go to church.

The children were taught at an early age to kneel by their bedside and say their prayers. Those years a man always came around with little squares of ice cream called Hoky Pokies, and the second girl was saying her prayers and was saying "Now I lay me down to sleep." Just then the Hoky Poky man hollered, so she said, "Hoky Pokies!"

Their mother always told them to be honest and not copy or cheat in school, never take anything that didn't belong to them, except they ask for it first. "Not even a pin," she used to say.

They always were told to respect older folks and treat them kindly, never to be selfish but always share with others. They were taught to listen and never be talked to twice or they knew what would happen. Their parents were not afraid to use the rod or their hands. They knew better than to say "no" or talk back.

Fianna would visit with her sisters, Sallie Ann, Sophia, and Mary Ann. Mary Ann was a hunchback. When she was a baby one of the other children left her fall and hurt her back. She was a sweet little lady and Fianna's grandchildren thought a lot of these great aunts. Mary Ann married a man not of the same church and she had one daughter which the doctors said if she'd have children it would kill her, but God knows best. Some years after her death her husband joined the church she belonged to. She lived till she was in the sixties.

Now Jacob and family at this time settled in Ephrata. He used to sell medicine that he had made by a druggist

and many times he came to Reading and stayed with Fianna. Jacob was one of the most pleasantest and friendly little man as he was not very tall. He was always singing or whistling hymns as he came walking down the street. You could hear him for squares away. He got the urge years later to travel west. Jacob's family consisted of ten children and they all settled in the Western states. Jacob and wife settled in California. He lived to be 94 years old, and his last days were spent in whistling, singing hymns, praying, and reciting scripture, because you see he was blind.

#### "LEB CAKES" AND "HALF MOONS"

The son of Fianna now moved about two squares away from where she lived and the children were going to school but they couldn't stay away from their grandmother, as they loved her too much. They would stop in at her place after school before going home. They knew she always had

#### <sup>1</sup> FIANNA'S RECIPES:

(1) PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH NUT "MOOSHEY." This recipe comes from Grandmother Fianna and is made as follows: 1 pint of molasses, 1 pound of granulated sugar, ¼ pound of creamery butter. Boil this till it hardens when dropped in cold water. Moisten in a little water baking soda that stays on the edge of a knife. Stir this in last, stirring till it is thoroughly mixed.

(2) FIANNA'S "LEB CAKE." Ingredients: 1 pound light brown sugar, 1 cup lard. Cream together. Add 2 eggs, 1½ cups thick milk, 1 teaspoon of soda in milk, flour to stiffen real stiff.

(3) BAG PUDDING. Ingredients: 1 quart flour, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons of baking powder, pinch of salt, sweet milk to make a soft dough. Put in a sugar bag (cloth), 10-pound bag. Boil in water till bag is full (20 to 30 minutes). To be eaten in milk and sugar.

(4) HALF MOONS. Roll out a piece of pie dough round, not too large. Put diced potatoes on the one half, add salt and pepper. Lap over the other half of dough to cover the potatoes to form a half moon, press the dough together. Boil in salt water until potatoes are soft. Take out of water and cover with brown butter.





*Alfred's three children—  
the author standing at left.*

little "Leb Cakes" on hand and sometimes they would stay for dinner or supper. Oh, how they loved her good old Pennsylvania Dutch cooking—potpie, snitz and knepp, rivvel soup, bag pudding, boiled cabbage, sauerkraut, bread filling, cole slaw, chow chow, half moons as she used to call them, and so many good things.<sup>1</sup>

Many times the children would stay over night and for breakfast they had coffee soup, barn door cakes or shoofly pie. Barn door cakes are large flat cakes, cut in squares or strips and are a good breakfast cake to dip in coffee. Many times when the children wanted something to eat, Fianna would slice potatoes and lay them on the top of the stove and brown them on both side. These she called "flotches."

Fianna would go to market twice a week for her meat, butter, vegetables, etc., and often had two big baskets full and [they] were very heavy. Sometimes the grandchildren would go to meet her at the trolley stop with their express wagon and haul her heavy baskets home. They used to like to see what she had in them. She usually had something for them and they knew it.

Emma's man had left her and married another woman, so Fianna, Emerson, and Emma always lived together after that. Years later Emma married again but they always lived together.

Sometimes Fianna would visit her sister Nancy. She lived near Bainbridge, Lancaster County. She usually took the granddaughters. They traveled by train to Landis Valley where the engine was unhooked. They had to wait about one half hour, then another engine would hook on and go to Columbia. There they changed trains for Bainbridge.

#### SUMMERS ON THE FARM

Nancy lived on a big farm and one of the hired help would meet the train with horse and carriage, and what a wonderful time it was for the children to leave the city and enjoy country life.

Nancy's daughters took in summer boarders, and always had a lot of people, some from other states. The farm now was known as "Dream Wold Farm."

All the work and commotion proved to be too much for Nancy as she had a stroke and was paralyzed and couldn't talk for 13 years.

After Fianna's little girls grew older, many times they would go by themselves without their grandmother and be guests as the other boarders. They used to have old-fashioned hay rides, take their guests to the nearest towns in the evening for a ride in a big hay flat-wagon drawn by two horses. Tennis, boating and swimming were enjoyed by the guests. Swimming in those days was quite different than today—the bodies were entirely covered, and [they] even wore black stockings. Most of all was the good old-fashioned Pennsylvania Dutch cooking.

Nancy's daughter and a grandson have a Pennsylvania Dutch dining place in Ocean City called "The Sindia."

#### A FAMILY OF HYMN-SINGERS

Some weekends Fianna would take the little girls along to Ephrata to her sister Sophia. She lived, as they used to say, "out on the hill." Sophia, Isaac, and Mary Ann all lived in a row. Many moonlight nights Sophia's sons would play their stringed instruments and sing hymns. One played the guitar, one the banjo, and one the mandolin. Pleasant evenings were spent together singing praises to God.

When Alfred's children were from eight to twelve years old he and his family moved on a small farm along the Tulpehocken Creek. Many times the children got homesick for their grandmother Fianna, but she used to come on a visit very often over the weekend, and how the children looked forward to her coming.

In those days there were no automobiles so Alfred had to go for her with horse and open-back spring-wagon, as they were called in those days. The grandchildren could hardly wait, but ran out part way to meet her. She always had something for them—candy, fruit, etc., and one time she had a small stand of ice cream which was a real treat in those days.

Fianna was always doing things for others to please and help them. One time she came she had her sister Sallie Ann along. The children always had a lot of fun with her. She couldn't talk English very good, so some of the things she said were half Dutch and half English.

#### THE FARM ALONG THE TULPEHOCKEN

On this farm the children learned to milk the cows, and help with the chores. They always had to tend the cows in pasture. Often times the cows broke the fence and went into the neighbor's corn. The girls were still small and couldn't get the cows back. Often times they would just sit down and cry, but had to fetch their father and the cows knew soon as he came for them, they would come running back. One outstanding thing was picking potatoes that year. They had a wonderful crop of blue potatoes and it didn't take long till they had their buckets filled. They'd empty the buckets full in bags and got many, many bushels.

In the afternoons when it was very warm they could go in the Tulpehocken Creek and have some fun in the water.

They had their time for work and also for play and recreation.

In winter time they had many happy hours sledding on the hills of the farm. There was a large grape arbor in the yard and a steep grade down towards the meadow. At





*Some current "plain" descendants of Fianna.*

this point they had to duck or be thrown off of the sled, and many times this happened. Alfred, Jr., used to take his mother on the sled and often upset her in the snow, but she never got too old to go sledding, because she enjoyed it very much.

She went sledding the winter before she died. Her granddaughter and husband or Fianna's great-granddaughter said if she would go along on the hill one evening for a ride, they would pull her back so she wouldn't have to walk. The hill they went on was about a mile long and how she enjoyed it, even if she was 63 years old. This was Fianna's daughter-in-law.

The one granddaughter was always unlucky, it seemed, that summer. As she was minding the cows in the meadow and they run off for her, she went after them and got into big tall grass, and all at once something on her leg hurt her so bad, till she reached the house it was all swollen up. Her father examined the leg and found two little holes. It happened to be a snake bite.

Her mother put linament on and different kinds of salve but it still got worse. Alfred [had] heard at one time that the best thing for a snake bite was to go into a running stream. So she put on old clothing and went into the Tulpehocken Creek that ran through the farm, and stayed in for the rest of the day. Whe she came out it was pure white and the poison all drawn out. She was very scared because she had heard that when one is bit with a snake they would die when the sun goes down, as that is when the snake dies, after being killed the tail lives till sundown.

One day while watching the cows and she was sitting in the shade of a big tree reading a book, she hung her little pink sun-bonnet on a branch of the tree. She was so engrossed in her book she paid no attention to the cows. But when she was aroused to the sense of her duty, she looked up from her book she was reading and saw one of the cows chewing her sunbonnet. Only the one string was hanging out of her mouth. She ran after her and pulled the string out of her mouth, but the sunbonnet was all chewed in a big ball.

When she ran after the cow, there were bushes along the way that were full of long pointed thorns, some as long as three inches. She tramped in one of these thorns with her heel. She didn't know how big it was, but only about a half inch stuck out that you could get a hold of. She tried to pull it out, but it hurt so bad and she could not move it.

She was so scared, as she knew her father would pull it out when she got home. She tried and tried but it hurt too bad.

She went home crying and she begged her father not to pull it out, but put something on to draw it out. But her

father just pinched her between his legs and pulled it out. It was between one and a half to two inches long. They called them "Indian Pins." They then tied bacon fat on to draw out the poison.

#### THE LIGHTNING STRIKES

At another time the same summer there was a terrible thunder storm in the heavens, and Alfred, to keep the minds of the children from the storm, read to them.

Alfred and the children all sat together in front of one of the windows. The boy on one side, the unlucky daughter on the other side, and the oldest daughter aside of her brother. Their mother sat more in the middle of the room.

Alfred was busy reading and all at once it cracked so hard and seemed like the whole kitchen was on fire. The unlucky daughter never heard the crack as she was all doubled up. Her knees and elbows were twisted up under her chin and [she] was struck. Her father hurriedly went to work rubbing her body and straightening out her arms and legs until she came to. She said her whole body felt like it was full of pins and needles, and how scared she was! She wanted at once to go to her grandmother. Whenever anything happened, she always wanted at once to go to her grandmother Fianna.

It was real serious, as the lightning struck her right in the back at the left side. It must have been what they call a "hot stroke" as it burned thę hair off of her leg, and the grapevine that was outside the door was focused on her back. The whole stroke hit Alfred in his one foot. He was afraid to take his shoe off, he thought his foot was all splintered. When he took his shoe off, his foot was all the colors of the rainbow and he walked lame for two weeks. Little Alfred had a small spot on his back, but the rest were unharmed. These things worried Fianna as she thought so much of her grandchildren.

#### "FLITTING" TO LEBANON COUNTY

Some time after these things happened Alfred and his family moved to another farm in Lebanon County and Fianna went along with the flitting. In those days people moved with four-horse wagons and a covered spring-wagon filled with the stove, and the things to eat and to cook with. This usually went first so the stove could be set up to cook the meal.

It was quite a distance to move and it was very cold. They never got to the new place till late and never had supper till 11 o'clock, which consisted of pork and sauerkraut and mashed potatoes, pies, custards, cakes, sweets and sours. It was very late and Fianna got a terrible sick headache.

When the house started to warm up and they were ready for bed, they went upstairs with a light. The place was full





*The author, Fianna's granddaughter, shown with husband and her nine grandchildren.*



*Alma Meade, author of the chronicle of Fianna, shown with her home-made Dunkard dolls and Dutch "mooshey" candy.*

of bedbugs and of course this took the sleep out of everybody. Fianna stayed a few days to help to fix things up and fight the bedbugs. She and her daughter-in-law got some very poisonous liquid and they put gloves on and used chicken feathers to put the liquid in all the cracks and places where they could hide. Fianna worried about these things and also because she couldn't see the grandchildren so often because it was so far away from her.

There was a steep hill back of the house that they had to walk up to go to the stage coach to take them to the train. When Fianna left for home she took Alfred, Jr., along for a little while and when they reached the top of the hill she stood and looked back and cried.

The bedbugs were soon licked.

Fianna made arrangements so the children could come to see her every few weeks over the weekend. The children would walk about a mile or more to Mt. Etna and then take the stage coach to Myerstown to take the train. They could hardly wait till the time came for them to go.

The stage coach was a large covered spring-wagon drawn by two horses, hauling passengers and most any kind of freight.

This farm was very inconvenient. They had to carry all their water from a spring located a couple hundred yards down hill. It was all uphill work. Alfred had to carry all the water uphill about a block to the barn to make soft feed for as many as eight horses at a meal, as the landlord would often bring his horses over to be fed but he never helped to feed. He and the other hired men just came to eat.

The children had to carry water and wood, etc. They always had to carry water for the working men working far away in the back fields when it was very hot.

#### THE LANDLORD WHO "COULD DO MORE THAN EAT BREAD"

Some of the outstanding things on this farm was the strange things that happened many nights about midnight.

A horse would come out of the barn although it had been securely closed, and walk about a block and a half to where they had to go for their water to drink and Alfred had to get out of bed and fetch the horse and put him back in the stable. Many mornings when they came to the barn all the cows' and horses' tails were braided.

The people around there talked about the landlord being a devil and could do more than eat bread. Of course Alfred did not find these things out until it was too late and had moved there already.

One morning one of the mares was full of lumps all over its body from its hoofs to its ears. Alfred sent for the landlord and he just laughed and said she'd be all right. He took her along home and the next day she was all right.

On this farm there was also a small stream where the children used to go in as recreation. One time they were told they could go in the water but when their father whistled they should bring water out in the field where he was working. He whistled but they were splashing and jumping in the water and didn't hear him. They saw him coming across the meadow with a switch in his hand and they knew what was coming, but they said they didn't hear him and started to cry and of course this time they did not get a whipping. Alfred, Jr., used to fish under a big tree with a safety-pin tied on a string on a long pole because he did not dare go close to the water. Many times he caught large suckers and felt like a big man.

At this time the children had never been to a picnic and there was to be one in the Mt. Etna grove so they begged their parents just to go and see what it is like and what they do. So at last they consented. But they had no money to spend—they were satisfied just to look around without spending one penny.

The girls had to walk about a mile or more and get the groceries and had to carry the big baskets of groceries. When it was very hot they would rest under some trees in the shade.

At one place they had to walk on a log to get across a small stream. They were very hot and tired when they reached home.



## THE GRANDDAUGHTERS JOIN CHURCH

Fianna was never happier than when her granddaughters joined the Church. She was always devoted to God and his teachings, and tried to help to teach the grandchildren as much as she could. She bought them their first plain dresses, bonnets, and coverings.

The grandchildren were taken in the Church at Ziegler's Meeting House near Rehrersburg, Pennsylvania. They were only 12 and 14 years old. The Elders wondered why they wanted to join the Church, as in those days no young folks came to the church. Grandfather Emerson was also their witness to baptism.

Grandmother Fianna's teachings helped very much. She was present the day they were taken in the Church and baptized, September 7, 1907, in the Little Swatara Creek on the farm of Brother Emanuel Ziegler, by Elder Edward Wenger.

They used to attend church also at Frystown Meeting House, traveling by horse and carriage. But the man they farmed for was a mean man and said they could not use a horse on Sunday if it worked hard during the week, so sometimes they could not attend services. He was mean in many ways, as for instance when the cherries were ripe he said Alfred could pick them on Sunday but that was contrary to Christian living, so during the week he sent some of his hired men and picked the cherries. Alfred's family didn't get any. They were supposed to have a fresh cow for their milk and butter, but as soon as a cow was fresh he took her away and Alfred had to buy his butter at the store.

Alfred was overworked so the family moved to Myerstown, and he got a job for a butcher. He worked for some time, then a stroke of paralysis hit him and the doctor ordered him to quit work.

The children attended the schools at Myerstown for one year, making friends and had wonderful neighbors, the Eblings on Cherry Street, the Myerses the well drillers, and also the Ezra Kohl family, also well drillers. The girls went to school with their children and were very chummy.

The schools were very different from the schools of Reading. Studies were much harder as the one girl passed sixth grade in Reading, but had to go to sixth grade again in Myerstown, as it was so far ahead of Reading. Some Sunday mornings they would walk a few miles to Sunday school to Royer's Meeting House. In those days walking was fun as there was no way of transportation except you had a horse and buggy.

As Alfred was unable to work they moved back to Berks County, close to Grandmother Fianna, to West Lawn. This sure pleased her.

The two girls had to go to work because it took some time till their father had fully recovered.

West Lawn at that time was just a big farm, no houses except the farms. On the hill was a farm owned by Frank Kehl and in winter many happy evenings were spent sledding on the hill. They would start at the very top and go all the way past what is now [Route] 422. The Church is built on the corner that they passed.

Here is where the grandchildren saw the first automobile driven by John Blimline. They lived in the house that was the farm-house of Socky Reigel.

While living here the granddaughters met their future husbands. Many pleasant evenings were spent when as high as forty young folks would get together and play games and have some good eats.

## SLEIGH RIDES AND PRAYER MEETINGS

While working in the factory they enjoyed an old-fashioned sleigh ride—two big block sleighs drawn by four horses each. The boys paid for the teams and the girls furnished the money for a supper at the Robeson Hotel dining room.

Prayer Meetings were attended every Wednesday evening and the family had family worship every morning before breakfast. A passage of scripture was read followed by prayer. Every night before going to bed all knelt around on bended knees and offered up prayers to God for his kindness during the day and for protection during the night.

When Alfred, Jr., was 14 years old, he joined the Church in Reading, on Church Street between Greenwich and Oley Streets, and was baptized in the Schuylkill River. He was the only grandson Fianna had living.

In 1917 when [the] first World War was going on Alfred, Jr., was drafted. This worried Fianna but she was a believer in prayer and she prayed continually that he would not have to go. He received his call to go and one day before his time was up the Armistice was signed, November 11, 1917, and Fianna's prayer was answered.

As the Bible teachings are against war, the Dunkards don't believe in "war." We are taught "Thou shalt not kill"—John 18: 36.

### "DRIFTING WORLDWARD"

By this time the Church of the Brethren were drifting worldward so Fianna and Emerson and their offspring joined the Church that had stayed conservative, known as "The Dunkard Brethren Church."

Fianna was very faithful in all Bible teachings. She was a wonderful mother and grandmother, and a friend to all who came in contact with her—the milkman, the butcher, the baker, all her neighbors and those who knew her.

Emma's husband died, so they moved in with Cecelia and had their own apartment. Fianna done the housework while the rest worked in the factory.

Fianna and Emerson were the same age and were well up in years by this time.

At the age of 81 Emerson died, May, 1929.

### THE "ANOINTING"

Some time after that Cecelia got very sick with acute appendicitis and this worried Fianna. She got very sick herself so they took Cecelia to the hospital and Fianna was afraid she'd die and hadn't joined the church, but she prayed and Cecelia came home safe. But at her age this was the beginning of Fianna's end. She had high blood pressure and it was just too much for her, so one year after Emerson passed away, Fianna was very sick. She called for the Elders of the Church to anoint her as she did so many times when she got sick. Now the anointing is a command from God to be practiced by Christians. It is found in James 5: 13-16.

If God sees fit the applicant gets well, but if it is his will to call one home their sins are forgiven and God will raise them up on the resurrection day.

Fianna's condition still got worse. Her heart weakened and last of all [she] had a stroke and couldn't talk anymore, so she quietly fell asleep in the Lord, May, 1930, at the age of 82 years.

She was missed by all who knew her and there are those who still speak of her goodness.

Some years after her death her two daughters joined the Church and again Fianna's prayers were answered.





FOLK FESTIVAL GROUNDS