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"TRAMP WORK"

Gensler

An eighteenth century springhouse, covered with tile, in the Oley Valley.



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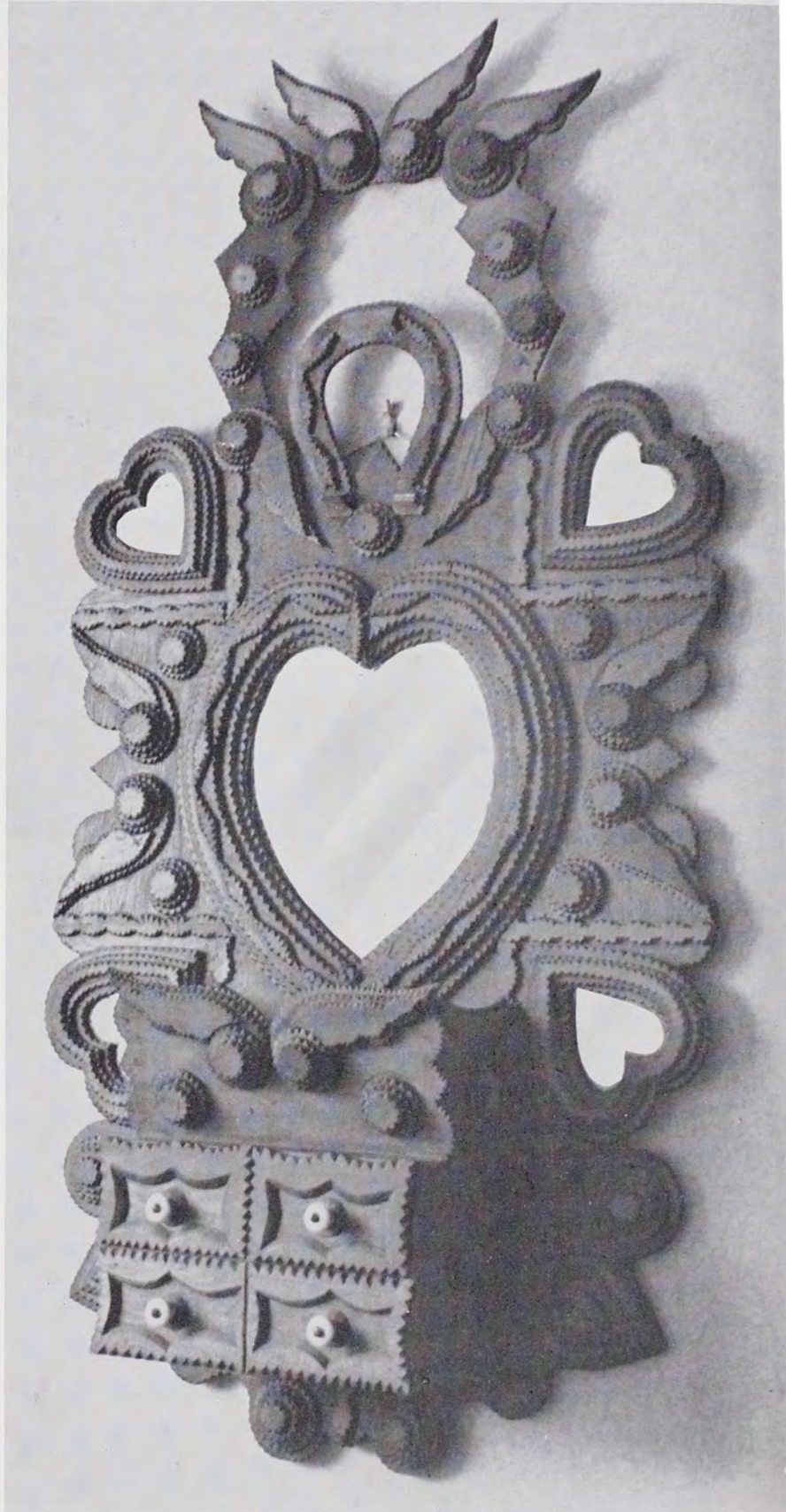
Contents

- 2 "Tramp Work": Penknife Plus Cigar Boxes
FRANCES LICHTEN
- 8 Tramps of My Youth
VICTOR C. DIEFFENBACH
- 14 The German Broadside Songs of Pennsylvania
WALTER E. BOYER
- 20 The Rise of Interest in Folk Art
EARL F. ROBACKER
- 30 Dutch Treats for Breakfast
EDNA EBY HELLER
- 33 The Amish, Citizens of Heaven and America
JOHN A. HOSTETLER
- 38 Collectanea
ALFRED L. SHOEMAKER
- 42 My Great-Grandmother
JEREMIAH W. ANDREAS
- 43 Old Sweitzer's Ghost
JACOB G. SHIVELY
- 44 Pastimes of My Youth
JOHN BUTZ BOWMAN
- 46 Battalion Day
ELSIE SMITH
- 47 Seven Days Make One Week
FLORENCE BAVER



1. Comb and Brush holder: simple but characteristic piece of edge carving.

2. Hanging Dressing Cabinet, three feet in height, is delightful example of edge carving at its best.

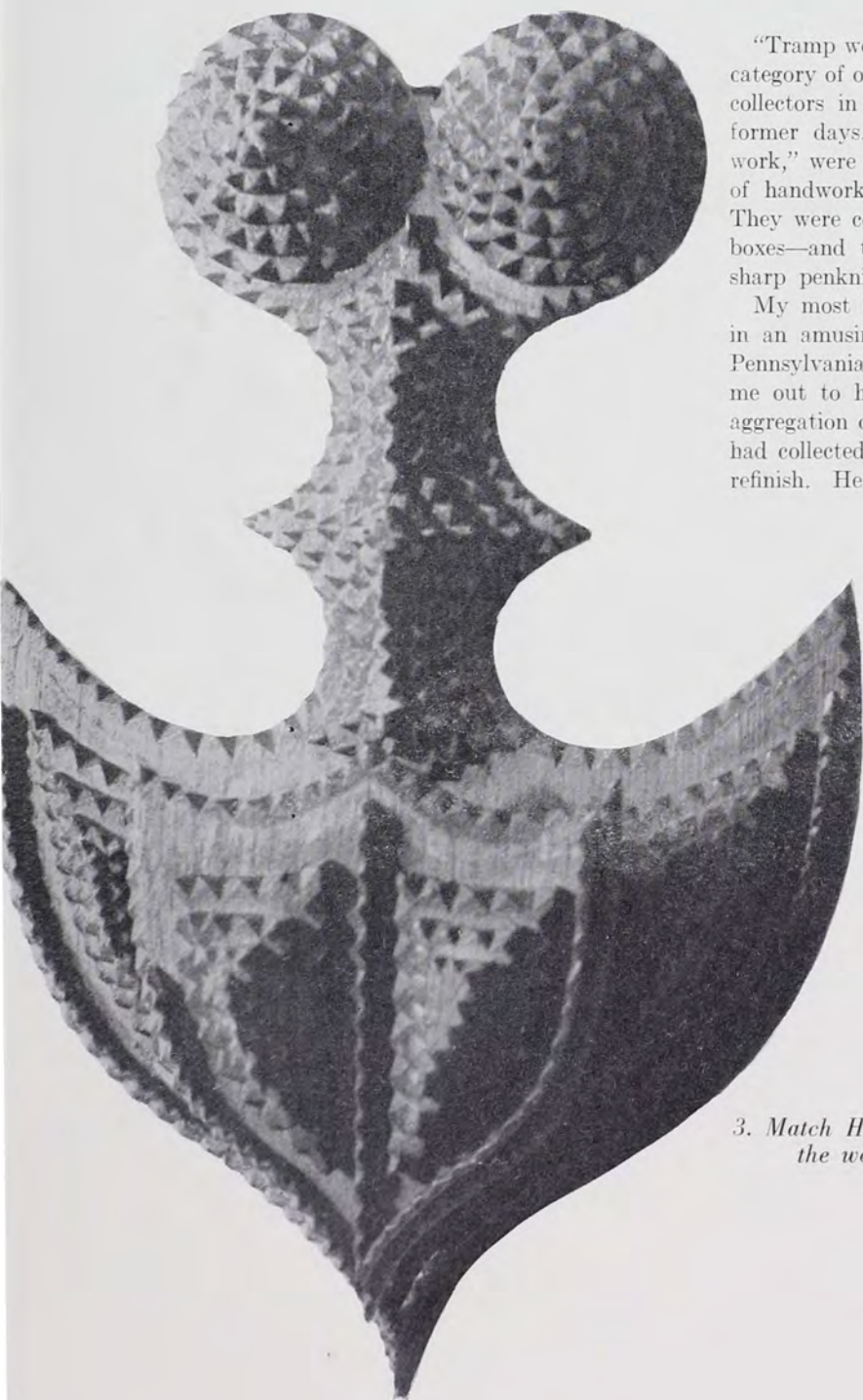


“TRAMP WORK”: Penknife Plus Cigar Boxes

By FRANCES LICHTEN

“Tramp work,” a blunt and unflattering term for a broad category of old-time crafts, has been passed over by antique collectors in their present-day competition for articles of former days. Yet these articles, locally dubbed “tramp work,” were whimsical and often most attractive examples of handwork quite worthy of a collector’s consideration. They were contrived from waste material—discarded cigar boxes—and the only tools requisite were patience and a sharp penknife.

My most important piece of tramp work was acquired in an amusing fashion. I was spending a weekend in a Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse, and my hostess had sent me out to her summer kitchen to look at a nondescript aggregation of old golden oak pieces of furniture which she had collected and piled up for her husband to restore and refinish. He is an amiable man who spends the weekends



3. *Match Holder, whose contour suggests the work of primitive peoples.*



Courtesy: National Gallery of Art. Index of American Design.

4. *Wooden casket, c. 1860–1890. Carved on four sides with traditional motifs from cigar box, and then mounted on a base.*

working in his barn with those engrossing masculine play-things—modern power tools.

In the midst of this heterogeneous collection I had spied an object which was to send me back to the farmhouse kitchen bubbling over with enthusiasm. Even in the dim greenish light which filtered in through the little vine-covered window of the old stone building I could see that on this object mirrors glittered, and that its entire surface was worked with fine carving. In that low light I did not examine it carefully enough to decide on its purpose, but my hostess recognized it, nevertheless, from my meager description and grabbed her sister by the arm.

"Emily," she said, "hurry out to the summer kitchen and get that old thing and give it to her before she changes her mind!" In a few minutes Emily returned with "that old thing"—a bulky yet not too heavy object. In the brighter light, I saw that it was a hanging dressing cabinet, decorated with what—for want of a better name—I shall call "edge carving." In a tasteful fashion, it combined small mirrors, a special section to hold brush and comb, together with four little drawers for trinkets.

My hostess looked at the cabinet, and then at me, quizzically, saying, "Do you really want it? We were going to burn it when we get round to cleaning out the summer kitchen."

"Indeed I do," I replied. "I think it is beautiful and I know just where I am going to place it."

In my mind's eye, I already saw it hung in a tiny hall in my city apartment, its warm cedar browns harmonizing delightfully with the coral color of the wall. It hangs there today, and is, to me, the most attractive piece of Pennsylvania Dutch workmanship I possess.

"Mother will be so pleased you are taking it," my hostess went on. "It used to belong to her. She can tell you all about it."

This work of art—for such it actually is—was made of the wood of discarded cigar boxes, and is a splendid example of edge carving. Edge-carved work seems to me to be the last survival—in the direct line—of the peasant tradition in woodcarving, objects in this technique being produced in the late 19th century. These articles have enormous appeal for me. I find them touching examples of the craftsman's losing fight against industrialism which wiped out the craft tradition in a few decades.

Perhaps my interest in objects made from cigar box wood is founded on nostalgia, for in my childhood, though raw material for children's projects was hard to come by, there was plenty of cigar box wood around home. My father was one of the many manufacturers who established cigar factories in the Lehigh Valley and adjacent counties in the late nineteenth century—a region in which labor in this specialized trade was plentiful. Quite a few of our play-things were byproducts of the cigar-manufacturing business: among these were lovely sample books of cigar box labels, glittering with gold embossing and richly colored lithography. Then there were little packets of shiny cigar bands, also bright orange and yellow ribbons bearing printed inscriptions which were used to tie around bundles of cigars. The latter two items were particularly sought after by ladies, who collected in both categories from their cigar-smoking friends and relatives. The cigar bands they transformed into ashtrays, by gluing them to the underside of glass trays in formal patterns. The ribbons they sewed together in geometrical arrangements to make cushion tops. Both items, in great vogue a half-century ago, now turn up

in antique shops.

Our chief source of material, however, for our construction projects was a pile of cigar box scraps, which was intended for kindling. My father, in his role of customer of the factory which turned out cigar boxes, was evidently given a load of this scrap from time to time. From these bits of cedar, we contrived endless pieces of doll furniture. Had I, as a child, ever seen pieces of the craftsmanship I now find so appealing as examples of peasant handcraft, I might have tried to ornament the edges of my pieces in like fashion. Perhaps at that time I did see them but bypassed such objects then as "countrified," or, more likely, was discouraged from attempting such carving by the invariable dullness of such penknives as little girls possessed.

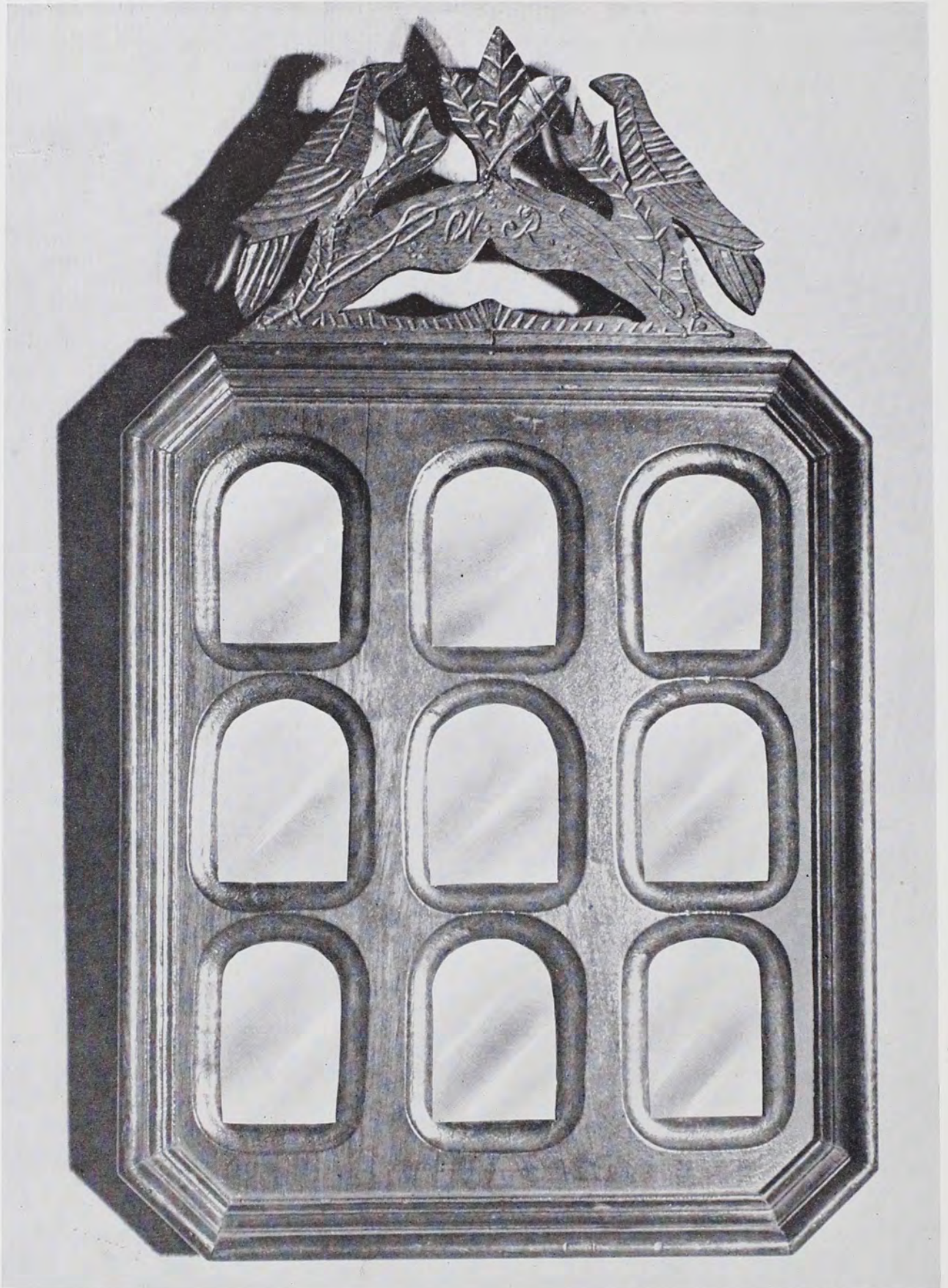
While edge carving was the final simplification of the age-old craft of wood-carving, it falls within its most primitive division—that of *chip carving*. Chip carving was a technique practised throughout the centuries by peasants of many countries and, even today, by savage tribes. As soon as man devised a cutting tool and was moved to decorate the objects he made, chip carving evolved.

Chip carving can be defined as ornament which is produced entirely with knife or chisel. All its basic cuts are triangular in shape, and the whole scheme of design is made up of combinations of these small elements. Three incisions of the knife produce a triangular pocket, four, a square one. In *edge carving*, two diagonal cuts facing each other at a 45° angle made on the edge of a piece of wood produce a diamond shape. In edge carving, this method of chipping edges is the only design element employed, but oddly enough, it was one eschewed by the chip carvers. The latter confined their decorative efforts to the field of objects they ornamented, and ignored the edges.

The technique of edge carving required the simplest of equipment. After the pieces of the design were cut out and ornamented on the edges with a penknife, they could be assembled with a hammer, some brads, and glue. No vise was needed to hold the piece, for the chip carver could brace his work against his body to steady it. With this support, he could proceed to place his small slanting cuts in a deliberate manner, even while engaging in lively political argument with fellow whittlers. The craft of edge carving was one which lent itself to sociability as it could be followed wherever the whittling fraternity congregated—in such well-known centers of good talk as the benches outside the country store, in the dim corners of livery stable or blacksmith shop, or around the stove.

Or the carver might be found adding his minute chips of cedar to the litter of shavings on the floor of a farm workshop whose amiable owner had provided him with a night's lodging, meals, and some discarded boxes in exchange for a piece of his tediously produced handwork and the latest reports on the doings in the countryside through which his wanderings took him. In the main, edge carving was practised by elderly German immigrants whom the machine age had passed by. Whatever their craft may have been, there was no longer any demand for it. But even without any means of support, they still liked to keep busy, so turned to the making of small wooden objects which they could peddle throughout the countryside, or exchange for a night's lodging and a meal or two.

To find the raw material for their craft presented no problem. Cigar boxes were plentiful at the turn of the century, as men smoked cigars, not cigarettes. Among the solid citizenry cigarettes, dubbed "coffin nails," had made



Courtesy: Norman Smith, Lenhartsville, Pa.

5. Multiple mirror frame, with cresting whittled from cigar box wood. A peasant simplicity is evident.

little headway. Cigar boxes provided just the kind of wood the carvers preferred for their work—thinly sawed, fine-grained, not too hard, and with a smoothly finished surface. Furthermore, it did not splinter easily.

The average piece of edge carved work was made of cut and shaped pieces of wood, each bordered with evenly cut notches. These pieces were then assembled in layers, successively diminishing in size, so that the small diamond-shaped notches presented a rich effect, one often of almost Oriental intricacy, yet an intricacy achieved by the most elementary of means. Sometimes there were as many as ten or twelve layers of edge carved pieces. The average piece, however, attained a fairly elaborate effect with but four or five layers.

Before working on the edges of a piece, the craftsman had to have a clear picture—either in his mind or drawn on paper—of what he planned to make. Each layer of a motif had to be cut out in order that it would be smaller than the one beneath it, so that each notched edge would be visible and thus contribute its bit to the general decorative effect.

Although some craftsmen piled up these multiple layers on their pieces, others—with less skill, less material, or perhaps less patience—were content to notch the edges of a decorative form and apply this form as a single layer to a plain background. (See illustration 1.) Edge carving embellished many small objects which were planned to catch the homemaker's fancy. One of the commonest was the brush and comb holder. Every farmhouse had one of these aids to rural good grooming, placed beneath a small looking glass hung in the kitchen, or on the back porch near the pump. Answering the call of the dinner bell to meals, the men on the farm cleaned up at the pump, grabbed the brush and comb from the holder, and gave their hair a hasty slicking over before sitting down to the huge meal provided daily by the country wife. Brush and comb holders added a touch of ornamentation also to bedrooms, and in some instances were extremely elaborate pieces of workmanship. Illustration 2 pictures the piece which hangs in my hallway; it is the largest and best-designed that I have ever seen. Studying it in detail, one gets the idea that it might have been planned as a wedding gift, so sentimental are the elements of its design. These include five heart-shaped mirrors, additional hearts carved of wood, plus that symbol of good luck—the horseshoe—and various units which resemble pairs of cherubs' wings. My piece is probably not the unique creation I first thought it was, for friends who haunt country auctions told me that they saw a similar—but not so large or elegant an example, come up recently at a sale.

From my friend's mother, I learned the history of the cabinet. It was made in Allentown in the Lehigh County Jail by a man who was placed there because he didn't support his wife. This story made it clear where the carver found the time to lavish so much labor on the piece, and may even explain some of the sentimental aspects, since he had ample time for repentance and reflection. In addition to the wing shapes which he added to diversify the outline of my particular cabinet, there are appliques of small rosettes, hearts, and borders of linked ovals, all notched. The ornamentation on this piece is built up of four layers. The piece is made entirely of cigar box wood, fastened together with glue and brads. Some of the drawers, made of the box itself, still bear the brand marks of the factory. That cigar boxes of various sizes were used in its

construction can be deduced from certain pieces of wood which are much longer than those provided by the average box.

I have been told by some one who remembers the old-time vendors of edge-carved work (it was she who called it "tramp work") that these old fellows used to inquire of the customers they met on their rounds whether they had any boxes or bits of broken mirrors to give away. I cannot state with any authority whether this type of work was made in other sections of the United States. I, myself, have noted examples only in eastern Pennsylvania. I might venture a guess, however, that in all likelihood, they were produced in this locale—as it was one where the craft traditions lingered on—and by the itinerant craftsman who could not fit into the world of machinery. Schimmel, that well-publicized woodcarver of the nineteenth century, was an old German wanderer of this type. He, like the edge carvers, worked with scrap material he picked up, and practised his craft in such male haunts as wagon shops, or even when seated along the roadside, working away at his birds and eagles with his clasp knife.

Newspaper holders, picture and mirror frames, doll furniture, sewing boxes, trinket cases and match holders are but a few of the articles decorated with edge carving, or if not carved in that fashion, were made from the same cigar box wood. All display a certain charm and artistic peasant quality.

Illustration 1 shows a brush and comb holder which is typical of the simpler form of this article found in Pennsylvania Dutch locales. This piece is ornamented with several borders of chip carving, together with various edge carved rosettes. A gouge chisel was used to add a linear decoration.

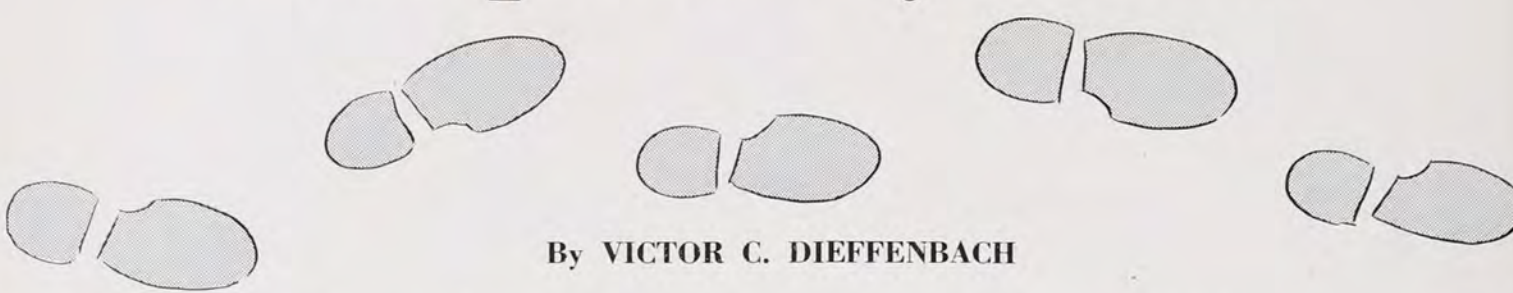
Illustration 3 is a match holder whose carving is much more precise than on most pieces I have seen. This very accuracy of workmanship suggests that it may not have been made by an itinerant whittler in Pennsylvania, but that it came from that country of skilled woodcarvers, Switzerland.

While not an example of edge carving, the casket shown in Illustration 4 falls in this category of craft work, for it, too, is made of cigar boxes, its decoration being both carved and pierced. The ornament, cut in separate pieces, was mounted on a cigar box foundation. The birds and flowers are well designed, yet pleasantly primitive. Here again, the use of a chiseled line adds needed detail to the simple forms of the birds. Half-round molding is tacked on for finish and further embellishment. This piece was obviously produced by some one who loved to wield a penknife, and is supposed to have been made in Berks County, Pennsylvania, in the 1880's or 1890's.

Illustration 5. The cresting on the top of this multiple picture frame was devised by some one also who liked to cut and whittle. The bird and leaf forms could hardly be simpler in outline than they are. What enrichment the bird motif possesses was added by closely set lines made with a gouge chisel to indicate feathers and veinings. The cresting is initialed, but whether these initials represent the carver or the owner, no one can say. This, again, is a piece of local origin.

Before the instinct for carving in the old craftsmen finally flickered out, it can be seen from these few examples—and I know that many more can be found—that really artistic objects were produced from that humblest of materials—the discarded cigar box.

Tramps of My Youth



By VICTOR C. DIEFFENBACH

Tramps, when I was a youth—in the 1890's—were a frequent sight on almost any country road. Today they have all but disappeared.

Webster defines a tramp as a foot-walker. This accords with the Pennsylvania Dutch designation "der rum-layfer." Some of the wanderers were also called "en bettelmann," that is, one who begs; and verily most, if not all, did just that. Some, though, were very helpful around the farm. Whenever a knight of the road asked for a handout or for permission to sleep in the barn, he was customarily assigned a stint at the woodpile to saw or cut wood into stove-length, sufficient for a few days' requirement. I remember the time when we had all gone to a nearby sale. When we came home, there in front of the barn sat a tramp. One could see he had been working, his shirt was sweat-soaked. He was smoking his pipe, meanwhile fanning himself with his hat. He had been to the woodpile and had cut enough wood to last over a month. Naturally this fellow was one of the "regulars," the name we assigned to those tramps who came always at certain times of the year. Some would be around only twice a year—in the Spring and Fall. Others would come four times a year, and a few, who did not mind working and who liked good food and a good clean bed, would come as often perhaps as every other month. The latter were for the most part clean in garb and habit. One of them, for instance, always said grace at table. Dad always insisted that if one was good enough to work a day in the field or woods, he was entitled to a good warm meal with the family.

The tramps who passed through our northwestern part of Berks County came from many different countries. Many, I would guess three-quarters of them, were Germans; in fact in our Pennsylvania Dutch speech the word "en Deitscher" or a German was synonymous with tramp. My parents gave shelter to Britons, Irishmen, French, Italians and one lone Spaniard. Jews by the score came around, but these were in another category. Also, once in a while a negro would come along, but very, very seldom. And there was one lone specimen from the "Flowery Kingdom"—Japan.

WHO THEY WERE

Of all the tramps, Professor Kintzel was my favorite; he was a big, heavily built man, with a flowing red beard, thick-lensed glasses, plus a heart of gold. He was a mathematician and an astronomer. While just a kid of tender years I watched him and listened to his High German as he taught my older brother the rudiments of algebra. Seated at the big table in the kitchen, he would explain in detail "wie ix ist zu zett" (as X is to Z) until I fell asleep listening to his droning voice.

"Der Deitsch Fridder"—what his last name was I do not

remember—was a genuine, dyed-in-the-wool German. He could swim in lager beer. I do not know of his working, but he would play a monstrous harmonica in the country taverns for drinks. He could keep it up a long Winter's eve and still be quite sober.

If one came to a country inn some fifty years ago and saw a short, thickset man, with a big head, round as a bullet, a closely clipped mustache, and having a pencil and making pot-hooks, curves and curlicues on a sheet of paper—that was Eddie Braun. It would not take more than ten minutes when the paper would cease to revolve, and the sketch was finished. He would draw anyone's features for a drink. Eddie drank schnapps; and he *would* get drunk.

Then there was a small, stodgy, bewhiskered old gent; "des Troutmannly" is what he always called himself. What ailed his eyes I do not know, but the edges of his eyelids were raw and fiery red, as though someone had cut off a thin strip. He came to Dad's place for years, and he was always cheerful and gay. He, too, was a German.

Old Marx was a clown. He would tell us tall tales of





the Baron Munchhausen variety until we laughed and cried simultaneously.

A spare, wizened gnome, leading an emaciated nag, too weak to carry a rider on its back, and always accompanied by a dog or two—that was “der Waldvogel.” Whether this was his real name or not I cannot tell; it is the only name we ever found out and he *was* a bird from the woods, as his name implied.

Kasper Nebelhut was tall and sinewy. Given an axe, he would swing it from morn to eve, and never a complaint. After supper we would sit out in the yard on the grass and he would point out to me the different stars and give me their names. He, as well as Professor Kintzel, told me more of the stars than I had previously known to exist. Grand-dad said: “Sie sin narrisch, da sehtarna nawma gevva; es gebt net so feel nawma.” (They are crazy, giving names to the stars; why there aren’t that many names.)

Professor Heintzelmann also was highly educated. He was suffering from a respiratory disease and was unfit for hard labor, although he was a willing worker. He had his home with Harry Stoudt, a farmer living near Host, and there, one day, he died. He is buried at St. John’s (Host) Church and has a nice tombstone made of concrete.

And then there were “The Four Charlies”—that is what my Dad always called them: Charley Smith, Charley Keller, Charley Winter, and Charlie Strauss. These men always came four times a year and stayed over night. In winter, or in inclement weather, they would linger for a day or two. Several times two of them came the same evening, but only once as far as I recall did Keller and Winter come one night; they stayed the next day, and late the following afternoon came Smith, but he did not seem to be popular with the others—he was set in his ways and lots of folks couldn’t get along with him. Most folks just called him “der Schittel-Schmidt” (shaking Smith) because his head was continually shaking, owing to some nervous disorder. He was quick-witted and full of fun. One night he stayed with an old couple; the old man was very close-fisted. So, when they sat down to the table there were very few victuals to be seen. The old man said grace. Charley said, “Er hut lung un loud un sonneft un seas gabait.” (He prayed long and loud, and meek and sweat.) When the old miser said “Amen” Charley rose from his seat and said, “Many thanks for the prayer—it was short and in place,” and he continued, “but as far as the eats are concerned, I think I can do much better elsewhere!” And he shouldered his knapsack and left.

Charley Keller was a taciturn man. He seemed to be in continual retrospect. He would sit for hours by the fire, silent as the Sphinx.

Charley Winter, like Keller, was tall and thin, but more loquacious. Sitting by the fire, his pipe a-glow, and a mug of cider nearby, he would regale us for hours at a sitting. He was from Bavaria, and spoke more like a Pennsylvania Dutchman than a real German, although he would interject an occasional word foreign to our dialect.

Charlie Strauss was the opposite of the trio above mentioned, both in appearance and in his writing. He always spelled his name as the writer has done, saying that was the way he had been taught. He also was tall, but heavy and muscular; he had the strength of an ox, but not running to obesity. He would take a stick of wood from the wood-pile, bend it across his knee and break that stick in two like a radish. He would look at the splintered ends almost as thick as a man’s arm, smile, and say, “That took almost as much as old Karl von Kurlmurt’s arm did.”

Otto Warfel was also big and fat; he had a face like a harvest moon and his old pipe stank worse than a skunk. He was always jolly. If one filled him with cider, he would be garrulous and a clown to boot. He used to say he had been an “Unteroffizier.” He would make a wax thread, grab an awl and mend some harness and roar at his own jokes. He always maintained he had been the saddler’s assistant of Count von Hassingen, but had to flee his country for some misdeed.

St. John was a tall Spaniard, thin as a board and wiry as raw-hide. He traveled light, a tin box of paint in tubes and also water colors in cakes or in little cups. He had colored inks enough to paint a rainbow. He was an expert at fractur and so was Dad; so one can imagine what happened. If it rained or snowed he would stay for days at a time. He would draw and paint angels and harps and birds, in fact anything one suggested; and they all seemed to be alive, they looked so natural. He also carried a rapier or fencing-foil. It was a thin, narrow blade of the very finest steel, so supple that he could bring the point back to the hilt, forming a circle. It was razor-sharp, and the wiry fellow said he owed his life to it more than once. I can still see that whirling, flashing blade, swinging, thrusting, parrying strokes from an imaginary foe, as he danced on the kitchen floor at night. I would sit like a frog catching flies—mouth agape and eyes a-popping, watching his dancing shadow silhouetted on the wall.

DRESS AND ACCOUTREMENT

As a rule the tramps wore ordinary work-clothes. Once in a while there would be a real ragamuffin. Kintzel always wore a collar and a string-tie. Once, in a hilarious mood, he got a monocle out of his pack, put it to his eye and then he *did* look like a professor.

All wore heavy leather knee-length boots and these usually had thick half-soles, some being reinforced with hob nails.

A tall old Swiss carried a genuine "Alpenstock"; this was a rugged cane of more than ordinary length, made of very tough wood. It had a brass ferrule at the lower end and a heavy, square iron pin in the middle of it; this pin was about an inch long, that is, it stuck out that far and was quite sharp. Whenever he came to our home he would go into the shop, put the cane in the vise and file that pin to a sharp point.

The Italian and the Spaniard wore clothes of a different pattern. The lone Japanese, however, looked like an American, if viewed from a distance. Only his slant eyes, his speech, and his perpetual grin betrayed his nationality.

Most of the tramps had a strong canvas-bag slung over their shoulder by a leather strap or thong; it had an extra outer covering of oilcloth or some kind of waterproof material.

Some tramps had quite a few cooking utensils in their pack: a kettle, a pan, and a small coffee-pot. All Germans were inveterate coffee drinkers. Some had a tiny tool kit stowed in the bottom of the pack, and any such tool was usually of superior workmanship. One old Swiss was a watchmaker; he took Dad's old watch apart right there in the shop, on the workbench, and put all the tiny wheels in a little glass dish. He had a magnifying glass which he would screw into his eye-socket. I thought he would never get all the tiny parts back in place again. Seeing how I was watching him, and undoubtedly recognizing my incredulous visage for what it was, he handed me the glass. When I looked through it, the tiny wheels that were only half as big as a dime looked as if they belonged in a wheelbarrow. Turning to Dad, I said, "Siss net der Deutsch, siss es glaws!" And they both laughed at me.

CLASSIFICATION OF TRAMPS

Quite a few of the tramps were shiftless and lazy and did not seem to care about their personal appearance. But as a rule they were quite clean, and many a time far ahead of their host in sanitation. Some few were filthy.

Some tramps were inebriate: they soaked up schnapps like a sponge; others would drink, but moderately. Once my Dad offered to pay such a vagrant if he would help us get in two loads of hay; he refused to help. He said, "I don't like to work. If you did pay me, I'd just go to town and drink it up. So I'll go to town and play cards and if I win I can *buy* a few drinks; if I don't win, it is still easier than pitching hay."

Some tramps would pick up anything lying loose. So do some other folks. But as a rule they were honest.

Were they ignoramusses? No, not by a long shot. The average tramp was oftentimes much better educated than the man who sheltered him. If they did not have much book learning they were so much more proficient in their craft or trade. Especially so were the Germans. Many of the younger ones were "Handwerks-bursehen" or journeymen. They had to be far advanced in their trade previous to their wanderings in other lands. They had to associate with all

classes of people in their peregrinations, rubbing off the sharp corners, as it were, and also seeing how the other fellow does it. Once their wanderlust was assuaged, their goal accomplished, many a one would return to his native shore and settle down to a successful career.

ATTITUDE OF MY ELDERS

As a rule, tramps were always welcome at our home, as long as they behaved, that is. Dad was very strict in one thing: they had to give him their supply of matches before they were allowed to enter the barn. One time a newcomer came on a Winter's eve; it was cold and "looked for snow," as we Dutch put it. He gave Dad a small tin box containing possibly a dozen or so of matches. I was ready to go to town. When I came back later, I smelled tobacco smoke as soon as I entered the horse-stable and when I got in the house I told Dad about it. (No one of our entire family used tobacco in any form.) Dad got a lantern and we both went out to the feed-entry where the "Weary Willie" lay, presumably asleep. Dad roughly shook him and he finally "woke" up. Dad told him he wanted his pipe and the tramp promptly went and got it out of his pack; it was cold. I was sure the man had been smoking a different pipe when he arrived—one with a lid on the bowl. So I told him, and he started to grumble. Dad grabbed him and hauled him to his feet; he made him empty his pockets and out came a knife, a small purse, and a couple of matches. Dad hollered, "The pipe! Out with it or I'll kill you!" Finally he produced it from an inner pocket, the pipe he had been smoking on arrival and also at the time I came home. The bowl was still warm. Dad took the pipe, matches and all and told him he could get it next morning. When we walked to the house Dad said to me, "That dirty rascal will never again sleep in *my* barn!" And he didn't. He was gone the next morning when we got out to the barn; he never came back. Dad put the pipes and the purse on a shelf in the





shop and there it was for a year or more. One day he said, "That smoker will never show up to claim this stuff." So he opened the purse. It held three pennies. Dad said I could have them as I was the one who had noticed the different pipe. The pipes he burned.

My Grandmother often gave the tramps a glass of milk, fresh whole milk or butter milk; some wanted the one kind, some the other. So one day in the Spring, shortly after dinner, she and I were in the garden and there is a tramp and asks for a cup of coffee. Granny had just emptied the coffee-pot and washed it. So she told him she had no coffee but she would go and get him some milk. "Yes, I can drink milk," he said, "but I would have liked coffee much better. But if you have none, I'll drink milk, but I like coffee so much better!" Granny was ready to go down the twenty-two stone steps to the brick-arched underground cellar where the milk was kept. She was a big fat old woman, and although this was hard for her to do, yet she would gladly have done it; but when he kept on with his wrangling she got mad. She slammed the door and yelled, "Datt iss die bump, datt konsht du soufa un won du sell net gleichsht, don moch dich fordt!" (There stands the pump, there you can get yourself a drink; and if that doesn't suit you, why you'd better be on your way.)

At our home tramps were given the same food we ate. One day an old German was sitting in Dad's coachmaking shop, whittling and smoking his pipe. All at once he looked up and said, "Your neighbor is a good man, I like him." After a few puffs he said, "Yes, Henry is all right, but that old she-devil! She gave me a moldy elderberry pie!" Later on the barn on that place burned down.

CRAFTSMEN AMONG THE TRAMPS

Varied as were the tramps in their looks, so did they differ in their particular skills. One German was a woodcarver and a mighty good one. He carved buttermolds, spoons, and had a lot of very fancy canes. He would dig out a shoot in the woods, one with a very big crown-root and then

he carved it into the shape of a head, a Bismarck, Lincoln, Washington, a negro, Christ and his disciples. Some he sold for a dollar; some cost more, depending on the subject and the work he had done on it.

I remember how Dad was cutting out little owls, kittens, dogs, deer, roosters, birds, ducks, eagles, and even an elephant out of tin for making cookie cutters. First he would draw the sketches on paper and then transfer them to the tin. Then he cut narrow strips of tin to form the cutting-part; and these had to be soldered to the backs of these cutouts. And right there came this tramp. "Ach du lieber!" he said. So saying he got a fine soldering-iron from his pack and also some flux; it was much better than Dad's flux of rosin. Both went to work and by dusk they had a miniature Noah's Ark in the old shop.

In the late eighteenth century, when John Jacob Dieffenbach (an ancestor of mine) was building one of the very first pipe organs ever built in America, he bought the zinc for the pipes in big sheets in Philadelphia and had them conveyed to his farm a mile west of Bethel by a Conestoga wagon. When the time came to solder the pipes he found out he could not do it. So he stored the solid walnut case and everything in an old pigsty and there it rested for several years. According to family tradition a tramp came along later and taught him how to solder and my forebear finished his first organ in 1778. I sometimes think that the knowledge of this family tradition gave both my Dad and Grandad a leaning towards the German tramps.

Cobblers were no rarity among these wanderers; they wore out a lot of shoes and boots; and, not being possessed of much money, they did their own mending. I had a pair of shoes soled by such a tramp and everyone asked me who made such a nice job of it. The tramps also sewed patches on shoes and did a job as nice as if it had been done by a machine.

"Umbrellas to mend?" he would holler at the top of his voice when he came down the road. And mend them he did. He'd have a bundle of "skeletons" on his back; these he picked up wherever he could, regardless of their condition. He often needed but one piece to make a broken down umbrella look like new. And how he would mend them with wire, tin and solder. Usually he came in the early Spring, before the rainy season.

One time Dad had a wagon to paint for someone and when about half finished, he got sick. The job was supposed to be finished by such a day and the owner had quite a distance. I could not do it, although I would help at painting. So when this tramp came (I do not remember his name) Dad told him his troubles. The German said he should only tell him what color the stripes were to be and he would put them on; and so he did. Dad could stripe a wheel in a jiffy, but the tramp did three to Dad's one; he went like a mechanical toy—no sudden jerky movements—all went like a clock. Dad was heavy and clumsy, and the tramp hopped around like a tomat on a hot stove.

Saddlers too were among these men. A tramp helped my Dad make new harness for one of our horses. Dad took the bull-hide to the tannery at butchering time and had it tanned into harness-leather for the half share. So, by the time the harness was done, all it cost was the wax and thread, plus a few meals.

I remember the time when a tramp came to the smithy at Black Bear, run by Peter Dieffenbach. Having asked Pete's permission, he proceeded to forge a pair of tiny horse-shoes to put on the heels of his boots. These he fastened

with thin handmade nails. I think he could have made a watch on that anvil from the looks of those shoes.

Many a one could fracture like a steel engraving. St. John, the Spaniard, would sit by the hour and sketch and color certificates of birth and baptism, all in various colors. He had marriage and confirmation certificates; he made all of them for sale.

Basketry was a favorite pastime of the gypsies. They used to camp at a brook for weeks, scouring the countryside in their horse-trading ventures. They made and sold baskets of willow or oak. I have one made by them twenty-five years ago, and still in use.

Thatching the old barn was where some tramps came in very handy. The Swiss were better thatchers than the Germans, but were far fewer in number.

Woodturning was the favorite hobby of a few. On the second floor of Dad's shop was a monstrous lathe, with a bed long enough to turn the posts of the old style "four-posters." One tramp would spend hours up there and I still treasure a file-handle of applewood that he helped me make.

THEIR HIDE-OUTS

Tramps loved to congregate away from the common crowds. An old abandoned limekiln near the town of Shirksville was one of their haunts for years; later, when folks started to complain of missing poultry, corn and potatoes, this gang was broken up. In the old covered bridge near Frystown they also would sit and smoke and play cards.

South of Bethel, close to the Swatara, was a big ice-house. With the birth of artificial ice, the building was abandoned; this was a favorite rendezvous for tramps. Likewise were the horse-sheds at the various churches.

PERNICIOUS ACTS

Pernicious acts perpetrated in revenge for being refused shelter—these occurred once in a while, but not in our immediate neighborhood. I remember that my Dad and Grand-dad spoke of it, but I was just a wee kid, knee-high to a bedbug at the time. I am not sure of the location—all

I remember is that a farmer chased a tramp off for smoking in the barn and a few days later all his cows had their tails cut off close to the root or rump. The farmers found a tramp with bloody clothes and jumped to the conclusion he was the culprit. So they were going to hang him to a nearby tree. Just then a man came driving along. He stopped, saw one of the farmers putting a rope around the tramp's neck and bloodstained shirt front. He began questioning the group of outraged farmers about what they were planning; then he jumped from his buggy and took the noose from the poor trembling wretch, saying, "Boova, deer misst airsh't en onnerer mann greega, won deer ainer henka wett. Dar doe mann hut geshter meer helfa my grosser oldter ever schneida. Deer lust ihn gay!" (Men, you'll have to find yourselves another man if you're minded for a hanging. The chap whom you have here helped me castrate my boar yesterday and you are going to free him.)

TRAMP LORE

The Man-with-the-Brown-Derby was a German tramp and he *did* wear a brown derby. He always had his wife along. He was a real big guy—a six-footer. One time they came when we had just finished sweeping the barn-floor for the thresherman who was expected any day. He got a little sack out of his bundle, while she got a tiny whisk and swept a spot clean of dust on the floor. Then she poured the coffee beans out of the bag on the planks and he got on with his size-eleven boots and crushed and crunched them to powder.

Fritz Wulfe was a big old German. One day he came to our place wearing a pair of new cow-hide boots. He asked Dad if he could get some old shoes or arctics to wear, the while he was stretching the boots. They were too tight and pinched him. Dad gave him a pair of boots and Fritz went and fetched in about a peck or so of shelled corn. This he poured in his socks while they were in the boots. He tied the socks at the top with string and then he poured water into those boots and put them back of the stove in the shop. Next morning I was the first man on deck. It had worked. The boots were stretched, very much so! Fritz had overdone it; the seams were busted from the instep halfway up



the legs. Once he saw the damage he promptly went to work and sewed them up by hand and much nicer than they had been from the start.

One day a tramp came walking up to the door of our horse-stable. When he looked in the black gelding in the first stall looked at him and nickered. (Some say "whickered" or "neighed." Dad always said nickering was so much softer and mellower than whickering.) The tramp told us that if a black horse does that, then a letter or message of some kind always arrived. He said the horse had stamped his fore-foot and that meant a funeral and in the direction the horse had been looking, from that direction would come the letter. I went to the creamery and on my way home I got our mail at the postoffice at Frystown; and sure enough there *was* a letter with a heavy black border. I gave it to Dad. Some relative had died. Old Phillip Ziegler happened to be there at the time. He was a stonemason of sorts. He had heard the tramp's prophecy, so he remarked, "Er hut by Gott eppes gawisst!" (By golly, he did know something.)

"Die karreb-fraw" (the woman with baskets) was a little stodgy German who always carried two big market-baskets. One time she had a setting-hen and carried it along until the chicks came out of the shells. She seemed to be quite intelligent; she said since she had no children of her own, this afforded her some amusement and helped her satisfy her maternal instincts. When the hotel-man where she stopped for a handout asked her, "Would you want me to carry you around until your eggs hatched?" she replied, "and if they did hatch they'd be nothing but little turkey buzzards" and putting her thumb on her nose she said sotto voce, "Du sehtinksht!"

A whole raft of us youngsters enjoyed her retort and took her up-town and bought her a good meal, plus a stiff shot of rye. She was far from crazy.

A TRAMP POWWOWS

One day Dad and I went over to old Dan Gerber, a near neighbor, on some errand or other. Dan was an old man. When we got there we found him out at the barn. He asked Dad to have a look at one of the cows that was sick—she was not chewing her cud. She trampled from side to side and emitted low, moaning grunts. Dad said she was possibly poisoned. Just then the big dog started barking and a small old man, a tramp, hove in sight. He came in the stable and looked at the cow. He said, "Die koo die gookt dort uff der grundt; sie yaimert un see iss net gsundt. Sie dribbelt un geikt, sie brummt un greekst; die koo die iss by Gott ferhext." He said she was bewitched.

"Can you do something for her? Do you know what to do?" asked old Dan.

"Yes I know what to do, and I can do it too. Just tell me to go ahead." The old man gave his consent. By this time it had started to rain. The tramp took his hat and fanned away the dirt on the ground under the forebay of the barn; he swept a spot as big as a buggy-wheel. Then he went in the stable and got two pieces of straw, one about six inches long and the other about four; these he laid on the ground in the form of a cross, and put a little stone underneath where they crossed. Then he got a bit of the cow's dung and put it on the intersection of the cross, got a match from his pocket, lit it and held it to the end of the cross.

"Hold it!" old Dan yelled. "You'll burn down my barn."

"No, I won't," said the tramp, "but if you had kept your damn trap shut the old witch would already be dead by this time. You had better move the old woman and her daughter out of your tenant house!"

One time Dad had a kicking cow. The women could not milk her, neither could I, and Dad could not milk. And there came this tramp. "There's nothing to it," he said and got a bucket and sat down at that cow and milked her and she never made an effort to kick. But he would not tell Dad what he did to make the cow behave. But I had seen him stroke her, making the shape of a cross over her back.

TALES TOLD BY TRAMPS

Old Marx would regale us for hours with stories about Baron Munchausen. The Baron was out in Winter all day one time, said Marx, and he had used up all his ammunition and just then came a starving wolf, a big brute, with open jaws, and he had no weapon to defend himself. He took off his glove and braced himself. When the wolf sprang for him he thrust his naked hand down the beast's throat, pushed it right through the wolf's back-door, grabbed the wolf's tail, gave a mighty jerk and turned him inside out.

When the Baron caught wolves and foxes in traps he would take his hunting knife and after having nailed their brushes to a tree, he would cut a cross through the skin on their forehead; then he would take a hickory-switch and flog them until they sprang out of their hides. Marx would chuckle to himself as he said, "Er hut sie ols ferdammt gagarrebt."

Marx also told of the time the Baron was driving in a sleigh and the hungry wolves pursued him. The horse ran until exhausted. He could feel the breath of the foremost wolf on his neck. So he snuggled down, the wolf leaped over him upon the horse's haunch. When the Baron saw the wolf eating himself into the horse's rump he rose to his feet, laid the braided leather lash on the wolf, and when the poor horse fell, the wolf sprang into the harness and he drove away from the pack.

Professor Kintzel would tell us of the days when the knights were yet in their prime. Of how they would fight at the tournament, and how they did scour the countryside in pursuit of robbers. Also of their helping the aged, the poor, and afflicted; it was better than most sermons one gets to hear now-a-days. The aged wanderer knew and told of horsebreeding from way back; how the horses were too small and light to carry the knight encased in a ponderous suit of steel. How the knights went to foreign countries and fought and brought home monstrous horses as spoils of war. From these stud-horses he claimed evolved the Norman in the province of Normandy, later called the Percheron.

Whether it was a halberd or a hopple, a cuirass or some algebraic formula, Professor Kintzel was at home on the subject.

Yohann Wenner—Johann von Guldenstein was what he said had been his name in Germany—was a dreamer and a clown to boot. Incredible as some of his tales were, yet at times they smacked of originality and were accurate to a hair. He could play an accordion like nobody's business. His were the tales of maidens imprisoned in ivied towers of solid masonry and how their lovers rescued them and bore them off on their war-horses. He told of beheaded warriors and headless ghosts roaming through ancient castles at night, of royal intrigues and all the rogues and habitues of the royal menage. He himself laid claim to royal ancestry.

The GERMAN BROADSIDE SONGS of Pennsylvania

By WALTER E. BOYER

The study of the German broadside printed for the Pennsylvania German community has been the most neglected source for the study of this culture. This is unfortunate, for it is a source that is rich in variety and more reflective of popular beliefs and attitudes than any other source. Indeed, had the broadside poetry been collected and studied as avidly as the language or as the art, a more accurate understanding of this culture would now prevail. Here the purpose will be to note the variety of materials and to indicate, as space permits, new directions of inquiry and former conclusions that now seem less tenable.

There have been three rather recent studies that included or made mention of broadside poetry as it shall be discussed here. They are *Pennsylvania German Literature*,¹ *Songs along the Mahantongo*,² and *Pennsylvania German Poetry*.³ None of these gives any hint of the wealth of literary material existing in broadside form or how extensively broadside poetry was printed and circulated. Although Robacker has excluded the broadside from his study, he does make mention of their existence. Since *Songs along the Mahantongo* is a record of the oral traditions, the broadside song was excluded, although then and later it was found that there was a relationship between the oral and printed traditions, as in Willie Brown's "New Year Blessing." In the most recent work, Stoudt's *Pennsylvania German Poetry*, most of the poetry was taken from written sources. Only a small number were taken from broadsides. This difference can be discovered only in the notes and little information about them will be found there. It would seem that the editor attached no particular significance to the functional or communicative aspects of the broadside. Certainly there is a great cultural difference between a song that can still be found in many variants and one that never saw the light of a publisher's day.

What is a broadside? is a question frequently asked. Here in Pennsylvania, Germans referred to it as an *Einblatt* or "one-sheet." This is a good term and may be used in the definition; a broadside is one sheet of paper on which has been printed material of popular interest and for popular consumption. Frequently, broadsides have been further divided into black letter (early, heavy type) and white letter (later, light type), but, as might be expected, most of the broadsides that have been inspected for this study are of the latter type. Usually the older broadsides were large—folio size—but there is no uniformity of size among the Pennsylvania German broadsides; furthermore, evidently to save paper, some broadsides were printed on both sides, but this is not common.

1. Earl F. Robacker, *Pennsylvania German Literature*, Philadelphia, 1943.

2. Walter E. Boyer, Albert F. Buffington, Don Yoder, *Songs Along the Mahantongo*, Lancaster, Pa., 1951.

3. John Joseph Stoudt, *Pennsylvania German Poetry*, vol. 20, The Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, Allentown, Pa., 1956.

4. *Songs Along the Mahantongo*, pp. 192-196.

Interpreters of Pennsylvania German culture have often pictured the early settlers as having a literary diet restricted to Bible, almanac, and prayer book, but the broadside clearly shows that at least the first generation of native-born had a more varied fare of printed literary material available, and it is not improbable that many immigrants had a broadside trapped within the covers of their Bible and more songs in their memory that later found their way again to the printed page. Indeed it is the common muse that needs less of the artificial resuscitation of the learned.

Let us now take a quick look at the variety of broadsides that were published. As might be expected, religious songs far outnumber any other type of song. These can be further subdivided into songs of adoration, bidding, confessional, penitential, exhortative, and instructive. Yet this does not exhaust the variety. Since, for the most part, the broadside had a definite functional role in the culture in addition to that of entertainment, songs having religious themes and attitudes found their way into the home as birth and baptismal certificates, confirmation and marriage certificates, as house blessings, and as memorials of deaths.

One thing is certain: an initial study of this material makes it abundantly clear that we have not begun to understand both the self-sufficiency of this culture or the power that it had to influence other ethnic groups. For example, there have been those who have tried to account for the Pennsylvania German spiritual or "white spiritual"—a most unfortunate term—as having its origin in the Great Awakening of the eighteenth century. Dr. Don Yoder confidently writes, "It was at the 'Bush Meetings' of the Evangelical and United Brethren folk that the 'Pennsylvania Dutch Spiritual,' a new type of religious song in America, was born."⁵

It is impossible for me to share such a wholly undocumented assertion, neither is there any characteristic of the spiritual as Dr. Yoder presents it that cannot be shown to have existed in the broadside tradition, or prior to it, in Germany. What novelty may have existed at the "bush meeting" may have been the freedom of spontaneous composition, but then, I have observed this same spontaneity in the singing groups of the public schools, among hunters, in taverns, in fact wherever an uninhibited and informal singing session came into being.

Let me illustrate my contention with two couplets from a broadside song:

"Im Himmel, im Himmel sind der Freuden so viel,
da singen die Engel, sie haben gut spiel,
sie singen, sie sprechen, sie loben Gott,
der Himmel und Erden erschaffen hat."⁶

5. Don Yoder, "Spirituals from the Pennsylvania Dutch Country," *The Pennsylvania Dutchman*, 8, 2, p. 22.

6. Bassler Collection, Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa.

Ein schönes geistliches Lied.



Melodie:—"Ach laß dich finden."

1.
Mein Leben auf Erden
Ist mühsam allhier,
Und voller Beschwerden,
Das sag ich nun dir.
Doch eil ich zum Ziele,
Doch freue ich mich
In sterblicher Hülle,
Das sage ich nun.

2.
Doch was sind die Leiden
Allhier in der Welt,
Die oft uns begleiten,
Und uns nicht gefällt;
Wenn wir nun gedenken
An die Ewigkeit,
Wo Gott uns wied schenken
Die seligste Freud.

3.
Hier müssen wir kämpfen
Mit Seufzen und Weh,
Auch oftmals uns ängsten,
Ich gerne gesteh,
Im Fleische oft leiden
Die schmerzlichste Pein:
So haben wir Zeiten,
Doch soll es so seyn.

4.
Doch ganz unterschieden
Von weltlicher Furcht
Lebt der schon im Frieden,
Der Jesus gehorcht,
Und folget ihm gerne
In allem allhier;
Der freut sich von ferne
Der himmlischen Zier.

5.
Und wenn gleich der Himmel
In Feuer gebüllt,
Die Erd im Getümmel
Mit Donner erfüllt,
So bleibt doch Jehova
Mein Hüter und Hert,
Und bin ich im Frieden
Schon hier und auch dort.

6.
Zwar ist mir so bange,
Doch zage ich nicht,
Und wenn mir auch lange
Kein Hülfse geschicht,
So wart ich im Glauben,
Und traue auf Gott;
Denn nichts kann mir rauben
Die Liebe im Tod.

7.
Zwar lebe ich immer
Noch stets in Gefahr,
Doch scheint mir der Schimmer
Im Herzen oft klar.
Darum ich mich söhne
Erbsiet zu seyn:
O Himmel, wie schöne!
Wie herrlich! wie rein!

8.
Sind dort die Erlösten
Des Herren fürwahr,
Vom Kleinsten zum Größten,
Ganz hell und ganz klar.
Und leuchten wie Sterne
Am Himmel allzeit,
Sind nahe und ferne
In seligster Freud.

9.
Darum, o ihr Kinder,
Ach werdet doch fromm!
O trostlose Sünder,
Willkommen! doch komm,
Und nehme freymüthig
Doch Gnade um Gnad;
Denn Gott ist sehr gütig,
Der dich jetzt einlad't.

10.
Ach kommet von ferne,
Und eilet herzu,
Dann Gott will so gerne
Euch sibenken die Ruh.
Warum bleibt ihr ferne?
Ach kommet herein!
Dann Gott will so gerne
Auch euer Gott seyn.

11.
Ach kommet doch! kauft,
Und das ohne Geld,
Ach eilet und lauft
Vom Ende der Welt;
Laßt euch nichts aufhalten,
Ach kommet doch alle!
Die Liebe euch ladet
Zu dem Hochzeitmahls.

12.
Im Himmel dort wollen
Wie erst seyn recht freh,
Wann wir werden sagen:
Mein A und mein O!
Mein Herr und mein Gott!
Wer hat's hier geglaubt,
Was man dort mit Augen
Ganz offenbar schaut.

Henrich Dauner.

May den 2ten, 1845.

Upon reading this one cannot fail to recognize the strong four-beat line which is the basic rhythm pattern of what has been called the "bush-meeting spiritual." Note also that the German is Standard German and not the High German dialect, Pennsylvania German. In other words, in language it is akin to the traditional hymnody of the churches, although I have not found this particular song in any of the early hymnals of the churches.

However, I have found that the song is of German origin. It is #2034 in Erk-Böhme, *Deutscher Liederhort*,⁷ and Dr. Van 'T Hooft identifies this song as one of the "geis[t]liche Tanzlieder."⁸ He bases his discussion on Erk-Böhme, and below are the two first couplets as they appear in this source:

"Im Himmel, im Himmel ist Freude so viel,
Da Tanzen die Englein und haben ihr Spiel.

"Sie singen, sie springen und loben ihn Gott,
Der Himmel und Erde erschaffen hat."⁹

Now if we compare these four lines with the broadside couplets given previously we can see a moralizing spirit at work, a spirit that is more recent, more American, and typical of the religious attitude fostered by the "bush-meeting" people. In the American version "singing" angels replace "dancing" angels, and "talkative" angels replace "running" ones, and I suppose "spiel" would have been expunged as well if another rhyme could have been thought of. Even at that, the American version makes certain that "play" would not be misinterpreted by adding the adjective "gut"—"good play"—a kind of supervised activity, I suppose.

Thus it seems to me that there is no need to go outside of the German cultus itself, on the evidence of the bidding and exhortative broadside songs, to account for the nature of the "white spirituals" among the Pennsylvania Germans. Indeed, is it not rather strange that the idea was entertained in the first place? With a folksong tradition that is predominantly lyrical, why should one look into a tradition that is predominantly narrative to account for a type of song that is, of course, lyrical? To me it seems that the reverse is more apt to be true.

Broadside songs based on biblical stories show a relationship with the Morality plays as well as with the earliest kind of Reformation hymn writing among Protestants. This can best be seen in the dramatic songs of Adam and Eve wherein a dialogue between these two, the snake, and God is carried on to the tune "*Herzlich thut mich verlangen*."¹⁰ These broadsides were almost always printed with an illustration, which usually were then colored by hand. These could serve as the ground work for a study of the development of illustrations.

The broadside song of Father Jacob is a dramatic monologue song to the tune of "*O Gott du frommer Gott*," or as we know it, the tune of "Now thank we all our God." The song is centered in the dramatic moment when Father Jacob learns that if his family is to have more grain from Egypt

7. Ludwig Erk and Franz M. Böhme, *Deutscher Liederhort*, III, pp. 738, 739.

8. B. H. Van 'T Hooft, *Das Deutsche Volkslied*, p. 35.

9. Erk-Böhme, III, p. 738.

10. For a more detailed account of this broadside see my article, "Adam und Eva im Paradies," *The Pennsylvania Dutchman*, 8, 2.

Eine traurige Geschichte

von der

Polly.

Ihr Jungen sündigt früh und spät,
Hört, was sich jungst ereignet hat.
Ach! eine Jungfrau schön und zart,
Starb in der Sünd und Zweifel hart.

Sie ging zum Tanz und eiteln Spiel,
Ob ihr ward abgerathen viel.
Wend mich zu Gott, wenn ich bin alt,
Der nimmt dann meine Seel auch bald.

An einem Freitag wurd' sie krank,
Die Seel erschreckt, der Muth hinsank.
Ach meine Tage sind verschwend,
Zu spät ich mich zur Buße wend.

Sie rief ihre Mutter an das Bett,
Die Augen waren wild verdreht.
Gedenket nach dem Tode mein,
So schrei ich Polly in der Pein.

Die Thränen, die ihr weint für mich,
Die sind verloren, das seh ich.
Doch liebe Mutter, lebe wohl,
Mein Geist fährt hin mit Schrecken voll.

Betrübter Vater, lebe wohl,
Nun fahr ich hin, wo ich hin soll.
Die Flamme brennt in mir, wie Feu,
Ach, ich bin die verlorne Seel.

Sie biß die Zung in solcher Pein,
Und schrie—Ach, muß ich verloren sein.
Ach muß ich leiden immerdar,
Wohl mehr als tausend, tausend Jahr.

Zuletzt der Tod besiegt sie und sie stirbt,
Die Stimm wird leis, die Nägel entfärbt,
Sie Schloß die Augen, ließ die Welt,
Die Arme so ins Grabe fällt.

Der Mutter Herze schier zerbrach,
Sie sah dem Kind mit Wehmuth nach.
My, Polly, o my Polly ist nun fort,
Wo ist der Geist an welchem Ort.

Die armen Eltern weinten sehr,
Ach unsere Polly lebt nicht mehr.
Ach unsere Polly ist nun fort,
Wo ist der Geist an welchem Ort.

Ihr Jungen fürchtet solch Gericht,
Ach suchet Gottes Ringenicht.
Ach bit't und fleht den lieben Gott,
Daß ihr nicht stirbt in solcher Noth.

Ach Sünder merkt's noch in der Zeit
Und macht euch für den Tod bereit
Wendet euch zu Jesu Christ,
Der euer Heil und Leben ist.

Gedenket an den Sterbort
Da euch das Heil vor
Auf! auf verlaßt di
Die euch auf ewig

Leichter Sinn.

Drei Wochen vor Ostern da geht der Schnee
weg,
Dann heirath't mein Schäschen, dann hab'
ich 'nen Dreck.
Treu hab' ich geliebet, was hab' ich davon?
Mein Schäschen betrübt, das hab' ich zum
Lohn!
Was hilft mir mein Grasen, wenn's Sichel
nicht schneid't;
Was hilft mir mein Schäschen, wenn's bei
mir nicht bleibt.
Bald gras' ich im Acker, bald gras' ich am
Rain,
Bald hab' ich ein Schäschen, bald hab ich
auch kein'n.
Drei Rosen im Garten, drei Näglein im
Wald,
Den Sommer ist's lieblich, den Winter ist's
kalt.
Ein altes Paar Dachsen, ein' schwarzbraune
Kuh,
Das gibt mir mein Vater, wenn ich heira-
then thu.
Gibt er sie mir nicht, so heirath' ich nicht,
So bleib ich beim Schäschen und sag' es
ihm nicht.
Hab Haber gedroschen, hab' Linsen gesät,
Hab manches schön Mädchen im Tanze
gedreht.
Im Wirthshause drüben da stebet ein Tisch,
Da rappeln die Gläser, da trinken wir frisch.
In Ungarn, in Polen geht's lustig darzu,
Da tanzen die Jungfern, da klappern die
Schuh.

A folksong broadside. These are rarely come upon in the Pennsylvania Dutch Country.

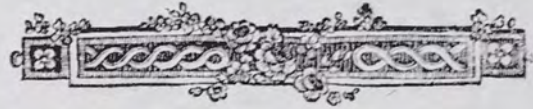
Pennsylvania Folklife Society Collection

he must permit Benjamin, his favorite son, to accompany his brothers to that country. It is a pity that this song is no longer a part of our present culture. At a Grundsow Lodge banquet some years ago I tried to revive it, but I fear that the song never had a chance to see its own shadow.

The greatest surprise in this study came from the discovery of German versions of the very widespread "Wicked Polly" ballad. In spite of the overwhelming number of English versions of this ballad, I have had to come to the conclusion that this originally was a German ballad. To date five different German broadsides of this song have been found, but more importantly, it can also be shown that the short version, as well as the best known one, was derived from a song, *Des Sünders Sterbenbett*, which is twice as long. In

due time, these versions shall be compared with one another as well as with the English versions, which do not, as a whole, appear in as complete a form, and may appear in these pages.

As one might expect, broadsides of New Year Blessings rival in number those that are essentially religious, although this is not to say that the Blessings are irreligious. Indeed it is here that this is evident: the flourishing of folk singing and the broadside tradition that is in turn dependent upon it can exist only in a society that is unified by a religious mythos that firmly establishes the pattern of all belief and practices, and as soon as this mythos is endangered by any doubt or doing—such as dancing—that has the power of institutionalizing the break with tradition, then folk singing changes its character—as was probably the case with the



Ihr Gedanken haltet ein,
Ihr vermehret meine Pein,
Ihr erinnert mich der Stunden,
Die schon längstens seyn verschwunden,
Genug wenn ich mich drein ergieb,
Und ich dich beständig lieb.

2

Sollst und kannst doch mein nicht werden,
Bleib ich dir doch treu auf Erden,
Nur das bitt ich dich allein,
Bis im Tod vergiß nicht mein.

3

Wann ich werd gestorben seyn,
So schreibt auf mein Grabesstein,
Hier in dieser dunkeln Höhle,
Lieget die getreuste Seele,
Die gestorben vor der Zeit,
Bloß aus Lieb und Traurigkeit.

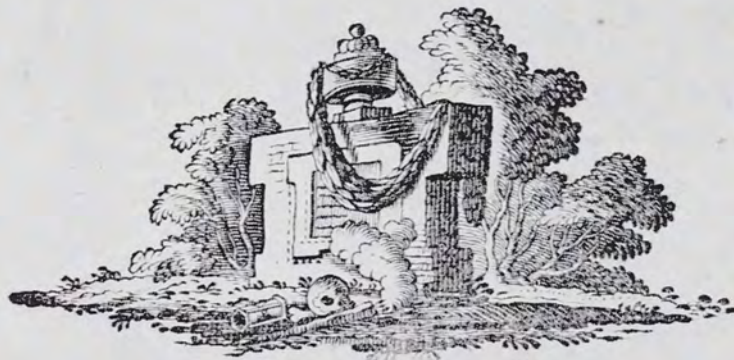
Unglückselig ist mein Leben,
Mißvergnügt und jämmerlich,
Jenes was mich kann vergnügen,
Fliehet und entfernt sich,
Täglich muß ich Seufzer klagen,
Täglich mehren sich meine Plagen,
Und das Glück verfolget mich.

2

Unglückselig ist mein Hoffen,
Und mein Wünschen hilfe nicht viel,
Was bey andern eingetroffen,
Ist bey mir ein Schattenspiel,
Alle Hoffnung muß verschwinden,
Wo sich die Betrübten finden,
Und ihr Leiden ohne Ziel.

3

Unglückselig werd ich bleiben,
Unglückselig bis ins Grab,
Auf mein Grabstein muß man schreiben,
Was ich ausgestanden hab,
O ihr unglückselige Herzen,
Ihr vermehret meine Schmerzen,
Nichts nimme mir mein Kummer ab.



A broadside of an unhappy love affair.

Pennsylvania German spiritual—or may disappear, and the broadside tradition becomes topical and partisan. This may be seen in miniature in the development of the New Year Blessing, which began as a blessing—a communal rite—to assure the annual success of the community. With the coming of the newspapers and the wider distribution of their publications, the blessing, which was once orientated in the concept of a life-giving God, is now given in the name of the newspaper and reflects the editorial policy of the paper. What was once a forward look becomes now in part a backward one. The “lay priest” who blessed the home and directed the shooting at the termination of the blessing now became a news-boy who begged for a hand-out. In the end this traditional, communal rite became entirely individualized and appears as a New Year greeting. Even as we have greetings today, some are sentimental; others, satiric; but all are personal.

In Germany one of the most popular broadsides was that which related an unusual event such as a murder, or a suicide, or an unnatural birth, etc. This is also true in the English tradition. Thus it is a surprise to find so few of such character in the Pennsylvania German tradition. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why the ballad of Susanna Cox was printed so frequently and was distributed so widely. True this ballad is not the only one, but it had very little competition from others.

Love lyrics have been found but not in great number. These love lyrics cannot begin to rival the great number of love songs in English balladry. Furthermore, it is interesting also to note that even though Pennsylvania German culture was surrounded by these songs, they did not find their way into the culture. What approaches of acceptance were made, such as in “Der Ritter und sei[ne] Magd,”¹¹ can be traced to German origins.

Songs reflecting the response of the culture to historical events and social conditions are numerous and the interest in the international scene may come as a surprise to many who think of this culture as “peasantry”—a term so frequently and so naively applied to the art. My favorite dealer found for me a most interesting satiric ballad concerning Napoleon’s ill-fated invasion of Russia. The ballad is thoroughly American and is without parallel among the *Spottlieder* of the German collections of songs. Our linguists will find this ballad to be most interesting.

In this type of broadside songs one can see also the early rivalry between the farmers and the urban centers. From them, together with the information that can be gathered from the newspaper’s New Year Blessings, a more accurate reflection of social attitudes can be obtained than from a whole host of “historical” documents from “famous” people.

Another thing has come to me as a great surprise in my study of broadside poetry: there are so few songs in which the fate-motif appears. I expected to find more than the six in my collection at present. It is difficult to account for this paucity when one remembers that these people came from a culture that had many of them and that they made use of this motif in their stories.

Most people are acquainted with the decorated birth and baptismal certificates; however, I dare say that few have thought of them as broadsides, yet they are. In this instance we are interested in those certificates in which the local printers had a part. These broadsides almost always include

stanzas of poetry. This is true also of certificates of confirmation, marriage, and memorials of death. The House Blessing was also printed in this manner.

Thus far no one, whether writing of folk art or of literature, has pointed out the unity of expression that these broadsides communicate. In these broadsides the functional aspect can best be seen. And if one is going to discuss the folk-art, then the discussion to be intelligible must begin with this aspect. The fact is that more stupidities have been written about Pennsylvania German folk art than about any other aspect of her culture. It is unfortunate, for what has been written the museums have arranged.

In my collection I have an excellent example of this unity of expression in a form that has been seldom seen. It is a broadside by Peter Montelius and consists of a bird illustration and a poem of three eight-line stanzas. The purpose of this broadside is to announce and to invite the children of the community to come to catechetical instruction. Both illustration and poem have one purpose: to set this activity within the total mythotic framework of “to be right with God, one must know the ways of God.” This is what the Pennsylvania German parent could read, and when he saw the bird, his first impulse was not to identify the bird. His bird-watching came from a more primary source and had a more comprehensive application, for to him it was the bird that best knew the will of God. Was it not the bird that was the signaler of approaching death? Was it not the bird that bore the soul to heaven?

Now to identify such a unification of artistic expression as “peasant” art is merely to talk. It means nothing. In fact it is ironic that while we speak of the unification of several media of art for the purpose of a more comprehensive ideographic expression as “peasant” art, painters and print-makers, singers and instrumentalists, poets and calligraphers from New York to Houston are combining their particular talents to say what can be said only when this union occurs. Perhaps these artists shall help to usher in a new understanding and appreciation of folk art.

No study of broadside poetry could have been made if it had not been for the foresight of collectors. Among the most knowledgeable and kindest of them was the late William S. Troxell, affectionately known as “Pumpernickle Bill,” who willingly turned over his collection to me to study. Claude Unger was, I suppose, the dean of them all. At least he and the well-known and revered Thomas R. Brendle were responsible for gathering together the great majority of the broadsides that finally found their way into the Bassler Collection that is at Franklin and Marshall College.

Broadsides of illumination and fractur have had numerous collectors. Since these collections have been widely publicized, no mention needs to be made of them here (you have, no doubt, read the excellent article by Ellen Shaffer on these materials in the Free Library, Philadelphia).¹² However, local historical societies and public libraries should be encouraged to assemble all kinds of local broadside materials and to make them available for study. In almost every instance I have had to work with uncatalogued documents. This is a long and often a tedious task.

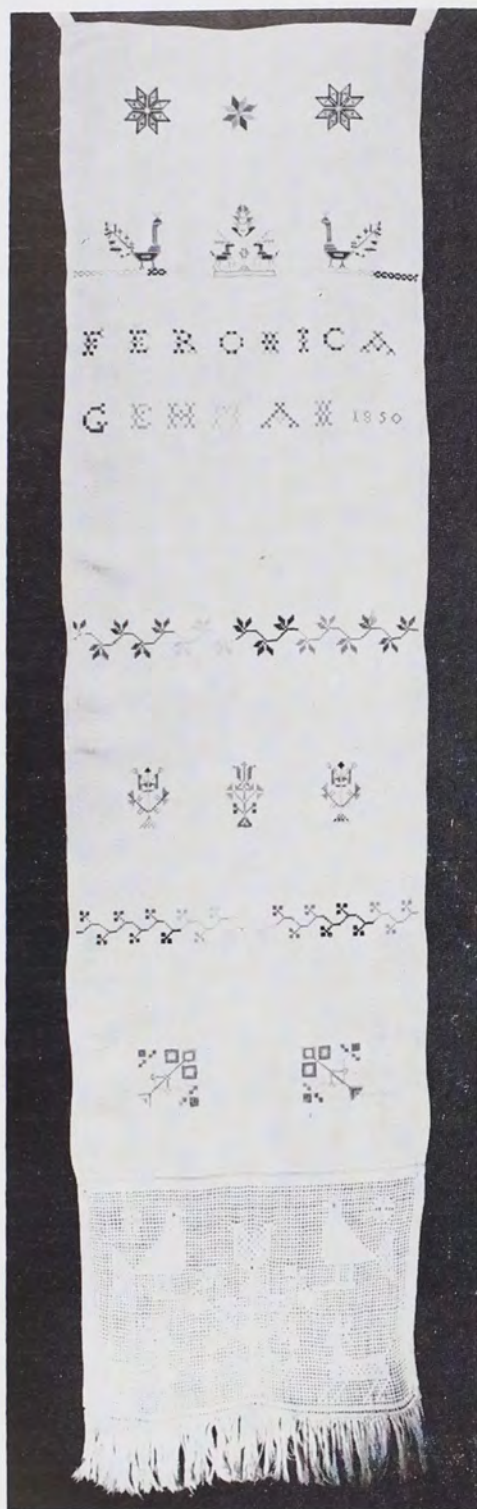
This initial stage of the study of broadside material has revealed a surprising abundance of material, a wide variety of themes, and adequate documentary evidence of the essential unity of the culture. It is unfortunate that the material has been neglected for so long a time.

11. Erk-Böhme, I, pp. 395-397; John Meier, *Deutsche Volkslieder*, III, i, pp. 1-65; B. Veurman en D. Bax, *Liederen en Dansen uit West-Friesland*, pp. 64-67.

12. Ellen Shaffer, “Illuminators, Scribes and Printers,” *Pennsylvania Folklife*, 9, 4, pp. 18-27.

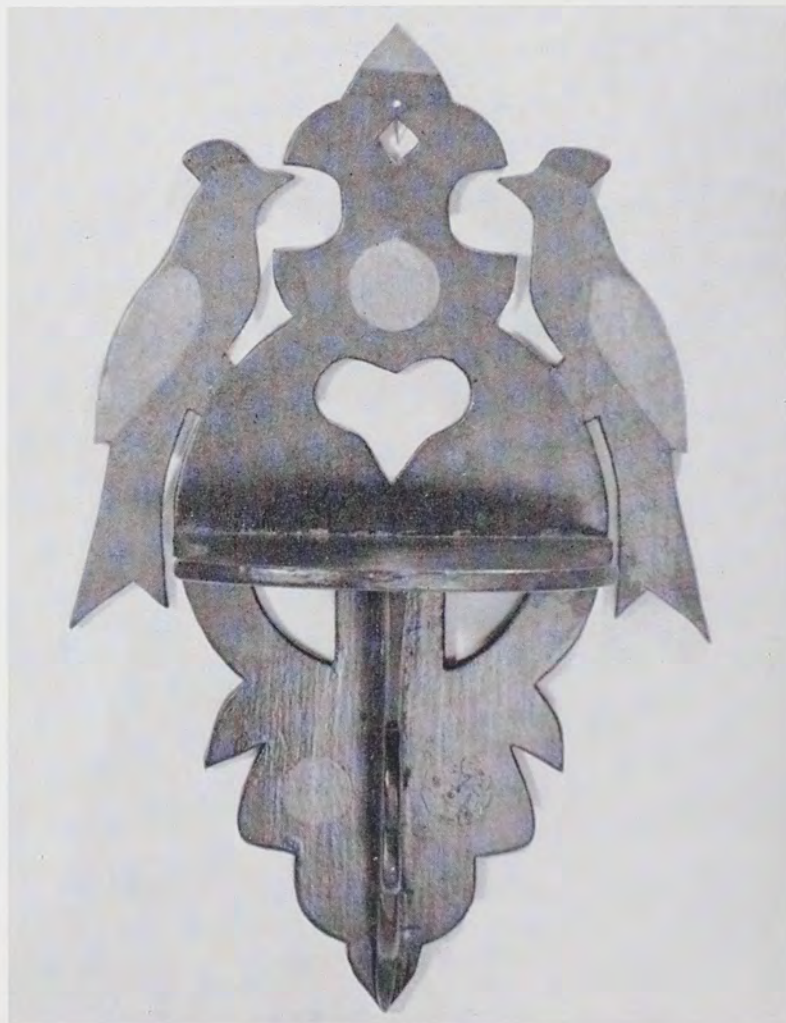
The Rise of Interest in

By EARL F. ROBACKER



One-piece show towel with competent drawn work and fringe at bottom. Above, the colored wools against homespun are characteristic of the years from about 1835 to 1870. Earlier, only one color (red) was commonly used.

Late in 1958 a simple colored drawing of General and Mrs. ("Lady") George Washington went to the block at the Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York and was auctioned off for \$3800—a figure hitherto unheard-of in the field of Pennsylvania Dutch fraktur. Even allowing for the earliness of the piece (1770–1775, according to the catalogue) the uniqueness of the subject (representations of actual persons are rare in fraktur), and the over-all importance of the auction (the late owner, Arthur J. Sussel, of Philadelphia, had long enjoyed a reputation as a discriminating collector) a sales price of this magnitude for what may actually be a child's drawing seems to have set in motion a re-appraisal of the place of folk art in the American cultural pattern.



Hand-carved bracket shelf eight inches high, painted in brown, red, and yellow. In Victorian times, jigsaw "carving" replaced this kind of work.

FOLK ART

Whether or not a naïvely executed drawing which could probably be matched in quality by most fourth-graders in American public schools today is "worth" such a sum is beside the point; a sum of money is only one measure—and not the most important, although it cannot be overlooked—of the "worth" of any given piece of Americana. What is significant is that at long last, with frontiers and the immediate pinch of economic necessity largely behind us and some degree of creature comfort and leisure seemingly at hand, we Americans have reached a developmental stage at which we can look back and evaluate what we have done. If we can not yet put all of the past and its achievements in proper perspective, we can at least distinguish some of the high spots—and something like the Sussel auction is just what the doctor would order for those of us who need to have our perceptiveness quickened.

Not that we have ever existed in a complete vacuum so far as appreciation for the past is concerned, or that we have consistently failed to recognize artistic achievement; rather, we have tended to recognize, and even in

some cases glorify home talent—and then either forget or fail to take the steps which might help us to perpetuate something worth while.

What was probably the first American museum of any kind was established in Charleston in 1773. True, it would hardly have included the badly spelled ("Ledy Waschington and exselene georg general Waschington") and anatomically grotesque little fraktur drawing which leaped to fame

Photos by Charles Bahr

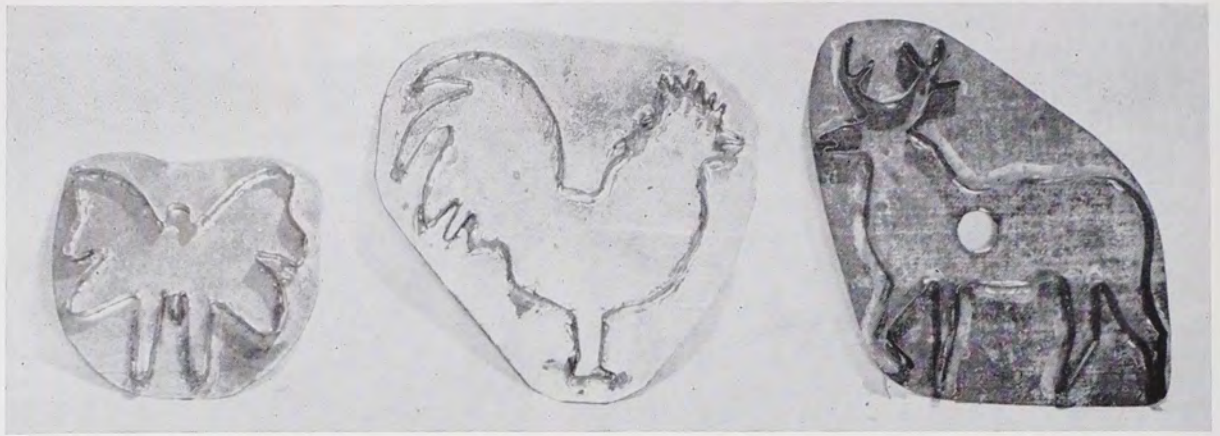
Except as noted, objects shown are from the Robacker Collection

Papier-mâché squeak toy with movable wings. The body of the peacock is blue; wings and the area around the eyes are cream, touched with red; tail feathers are red, blue, and green, with "eyes" of blue-on-green-on-yellow. Five inches tall.



Competently carved and painted wooden rooster attributed to Aaron Mounts, itinerant artist, said to be a pupil of Jacob Himmel's.





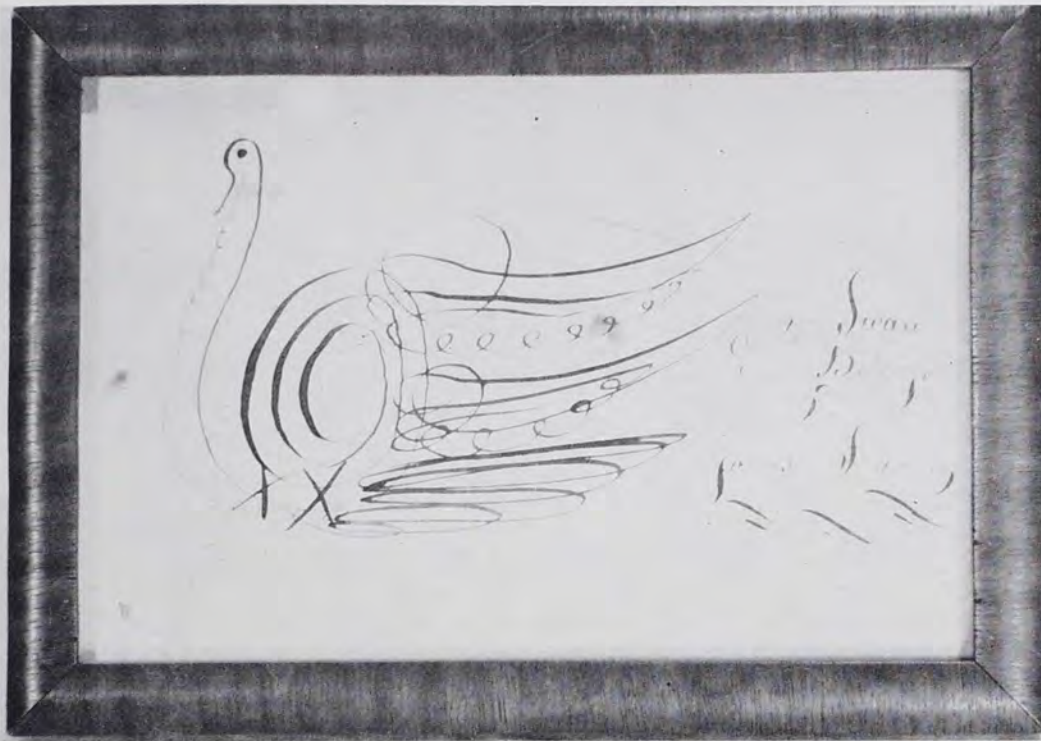
Cookie cutter designs in myriad variety show folk ingenuity at its best. The butterfly and rooster here were favorites of the late Levi Yoder, veteran collector and dealer.



Rarities in folk art: eagle by Jacob Schimmel, rooster by Aaron Mounts, and (right) one of five known specimens of superb polychrome painting over masterly carving by an unknown artist.



Birds tested the folk artist's skill. Bottom rank: bird on swivel; bird on stand for Christmas putz; painted pelican in symbolical position, plucking her breast (Christmas tree ornament); stuffed calico toy. On basket: outside flat-carved, painted birds mounted on pins; center, pelican.



Calligraphic art of folk rather than professional caliber. James Schaner was a well-known citizen of Berks County.

185 years later, but it indicated an early awareness of the importance of giving a permanent place to achievement. A few years later (1791) the Institute of History and Art was established at Albany and, in the years following, comparable institutions soon came into being wherever enough men had enough money—and enough public spirit, or pride, or philanthropy—to impress a visible mark of culture upon a community.

It is not fine art or fine-art museums, however, with which we are concerned here; it is with the simple, spontaneous art of the people: “primitive,” “folk,” “non-academic,” “popular”—call it what you will. All these terms, while they are not completely synonymous, have been used for some phase or aspect of art which springs into being from the creative urge of the individual who has not first been taught the conventional or accepted techniques. One writer, with point, insists upon “primitive”; another, with equal point but with his inner eye turned in a slightly different direction, will insist upon “non-academic”; for most of us, “folk” is sufficiently meaningful.

Perhaps the first recognition that there really was an art of the American folk, as distinguished from tutored art, came with the Centennial of 1876, in Philadelphia. By that time, of course, most of the folk artists were dead and gone, and their works were quietly gathering dust in attics or languishing in chests or on the topmost shelves of high cupboards. But for the first time the bars of insularity which had hitherto characterized the country, shutting in or shutting out regions of recognizably peculiar or local characteristics, were let down, and the component parts of America had a chance to look at one another and at what they were doing.

The gaze was good for everybody, apparently. Perspectives were immeasurably broadened, and Americans, still not too far away from memories of the War between the States, could at least envision a united future. But per-

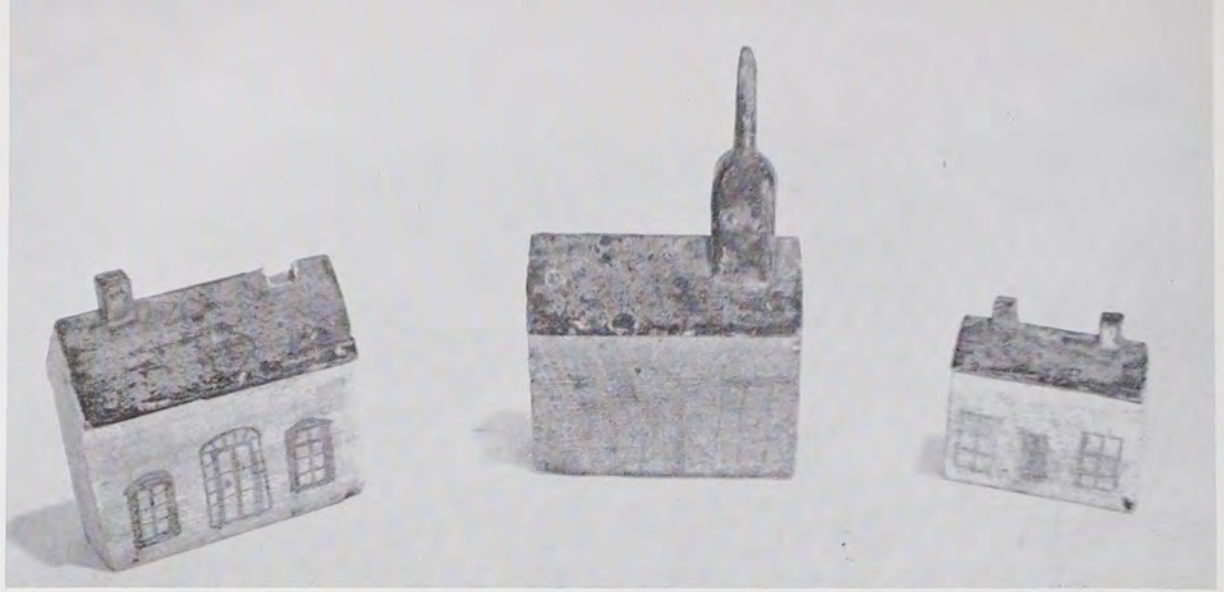
spectives also narrowed to a sharp point of scrutiny, and it was the close look at the uniqueness of individual communities that set in motion the slowly-turning wheel which finally brought the fraktur of General and Lady Washington up to the light of day—and the auction block.

None of the regions in the re-united States had a monopoly on creative zeal. None was so inferior to any other that visitors to the Centennial could point a finger and cry “Benighted!” But one was so uniquely different, once the narrowed gaze of nescience was turned upon it, that it became a center of observation and eventually of study, and has remained so ever since. That, of course, was the Dutchland area of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Among the first to try to find out just how southeastern Pennsylvania was different and why it was different from other places was Dr. Henry Chapman Mercer, of Doylestown. A bachelor and a man of means, Dr. Mercer early in the 1880's embarked upon a lifetime project of study and collecting, with emphasis on trades, occupations, and industries. Ultimately, his enormous collection, which derived from both the English- and the German-speaking areas of the section, was housed in the fireproof “castle” which is now museum and headquarters for the Bucks County Historical Society in Doylestown.

In his early travels Dr. Mercer met and talked with many persons who for the first time began to realize the significance and the importance of a project like the one in which he was engaged. It is not unlikely that many of the local historical societies which were founded about this time, usually headed by well-educated men, bear a burden of indebtedness to Dr. Mercer. It was Dr. Mercer, incidentally, who first called the attention of outsiders to the fraktur writings of the Pennsylvania Dutch.

In the 1880's, Dr. Edwin Atlee Barber made the first serious study of a phase of the art work of the Pennsylvania Dutch other than fraktur, his field of concentration being



Christmas putz buildings (the church is two inches tall) done by George Huguenin, descendant of a line of Swiss toy carvers. Huguenin's work also included dolls' houses, farm buildings, and animals. His favorites were sheep, to each of which he affixed a wool pelt. In each flock of sheep he included one black pelt.



At the expense of the appliqued rose design, the photographer has tried to show here the intricacy of the quilting—a peculiarly feminine folk art.

Punched tin coffee pots with heart decoration; twelve-pointed traditional Moravian Christmas star. Christmas stars, still used in some Moravian homes, are "properly" displayed from Christmas through Epiphany.

pottery. Mercer and Barber, therefore, appear to share pioneer honors in this field. The results of Barber's research were reported in 1903 as "The Tulip-Ware of the Pennsylvania-German Potters"—still one of the most interesting works in a field which now numbers many hundreds of articles, monographs, and books.

About the same time that Dr. Barber was assiduously tracking down and recording potters and pottery, Alice Morse Earle was studying the early furniture of New England and Luke Vincent Lockwood was concerning himself with furniture of the whole American scene. Neither was basically concerned with folk-art angles of the subject.

Writing in the introduction to "The Index of American Design," Holger Cahill notes an exhibition of early American and decorative art at the Metropolitan Museum as early as 1909, the time of the Hudson-Fulton celebration—probably the first such exhibition of more than passing significance. However, such an exhibition, whatever its importance to its patrons, could have raised hardly more than a ripple on the still quiescent waters of interest in folk art.





Tulip, bird, and heart on slip-decorated pottery. Slip decoration was done in many places, but these three motifs are Dutchland favorites.

From this point on, impetus to an active concern with home-made American art seems to have come from five separate sources: publications, often dealing with single, specialized phases; the Sesquicentennial of 1926; the establishment and mushrooming development of commercial antique shows; the building-up of major private collections; and the establishment of great museums or special museum projects. The latter three not infrequently go hand in hand.

Two books in 1914 focused public attention on highly decorative Pennsylvania products of pre-Revolutionary and Revolutionary times: Frederick William Hunter's work on Stiegel glass and Dr. Mercer's book on cast iron. In the strictest sense, perhaps neither the enameling and chasing of glass nor the casting of highly ornamental ironware should be called folk art; in each case a high degree of skill, presupposing an apprenticeship period, is called for, and the result may in a sense be called professional rather than amateur. At the same time, however, the subjects are the subjects of folk art and the tradition appears imitative without being academic. Fraktur was again brought to

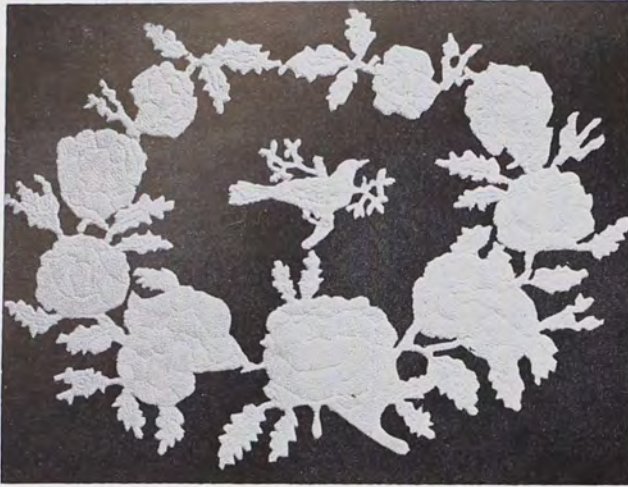
the attention of readers in 1914 in an article by Harold Donaldson Eberlein in *American Homes and Gardens*.

Most important among publications in stimulating and maintaining interest in folk art has been *The Magazine Antiques*, established in 1922 by the late Homer Eaton Keyes and presently edited by Alice Winchester. It is interesting to observe that the editorial point of view toward folk art has paralleled—perhaps up to a point, pioneered—the ever-increasing interest in “minor” works; that is, works of the folk. In the decade of the 1920's and early -30's the minor arts were often considered merely “amusing” or “naïve” by writers even of major stature; today, such condescending or patronizing adjectives have largely disappeared. While *The Magazine Antiques* is outstanding in its field, others of comparable nature have also been influential, among them *The American Collector* (now defunct), *The Spinning Wheel*, *The Early American Industries Chronicle*, *The American Antiques Journal*, and *Hobbies*.

In 1924 and in 1929 two great museums gave status to folk art in acts of far-reaching importance: the Metropolitan Museum in New York through the opening of the American Wing and, in particular, the Pennsylvania German rooms; and the Philadelphia Art Museum through the rooms from what is now called “The House of the Miller at Millbach.” It was in 1929 that the vast Williamsburg Restoration project was begun by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Later ventures have been the Sunnyside Restoration at Irvington, New York; the Sturbridge Museum in Massachusetts; the Farmers' Museum at Cooperstown, New York; the Henry F. DuPont Winterthur Museum in Delaware; the vast Henry Ford Museum at Dearborn, Michigan—and still others of major importance which space will not permit listing here. Each of them in its own way has given dignity and status to the genuine and appealing, albeit untutored works of our forefathers.

Influential among the books published in 1924 were J. B. Kerfoot's *American Pewter* and Daniel Baud-Bovy's *Peasant Art in Switzerland*, published in London. Had there ever been any real question as to the European source of inspiration or of remembered tradition as the basis for much of early Pennsylvania Dutch design, M. Baud-Bovy's book would have settled the matter once and for all. The book never became popular reading, however, and is seldom found outside the largest libraries today.





Probably the biggest single move toward today's limelight came in 1926, with the opening of the Philadelphia Sesqui-centennial—and probably the most significant single facet of that exposition was the work of one person, Hattie Brunner of Reinholds, Pa. In Mrs. Brunner's exhibit for the first time were seen, by a day-after-day procession of persons from Coast to Coast and beyond, the choicest specimens of folk work the Dutchland could produce. Visitors saw and marveled—and some of them remembered. As an antiques dealer in the Dutchland Mrs. Brunner had access

Pin-prick artistry was highly individual in concept and execution. The "raised" quality shows to best advantage, as here, when the paper is mounted on a black fabric.

Rare fraktur marriage certificate and family register—and a mystery: The record of the third birth has been cut or torn out of the fraktur—for what reason, we shall probably never know.





As interesting as Jonas' birth and baptismal certificate is the hand-carved, candle smoke-decorated frame in which it is mounted.

to the treasures of the past, but, more important, as a warm and sympathetic person she had—and still has—access to the hearts of her people. Without “Hattie,” as she is known to her myriads of friends, and her endless stock of information about and tireless energy in running down wanted items, few of the great collections today would be as great or as complete as they are.

It was Hattie who in large measure was responsible for the important collection of folk-art objects assembled by the late Dr. Cornelius Weygandt—the collection which furnished much of the inspiration for his books, the first of which was *The Red Hills*, published in 1929. Great collections are built by discriminating collectors—aided by persons like Hattie. Great collections also serve as inspiration for those who come after, and any single item takes on importance because of the selectivity which has presumably been responsible for its inclusion. Such selectivity marked the efforts of other great collectors of Dutchland art—Schuyler Jackson, the Hostetters of Lancaster, Dr. Barnes of the Barnes Foundation, Mabel Renner of York, Levi Yoder of Silverdale, and Arthur J. Sussel of Philadelphia. These are collectors who have passed on; there are others living whose names in time may command comparable respect.

Strong impetus to acquisition and study came about through the antique shows which sprang into being in the early 1930's and have so enormously increased in popularity that now hardly a week goes by, the year round, without at least one such show in progress somewhere. Often several go on at one time, with from a mere handful to more than a hundred dealers exhibiting their choicest wares at

the same time. Among these wares, folk art objects have come to take a prominent place—and each piece bought or sold lends a little more importance to the larger subject.

The 1930's—the Depression years—were important in the annals of folk art for more than the beginning of the antique show. The liquidation of the Schuyler Jackson collection occurred in 1933, and many people made their first acquaintance with fraktur through the illustrations in the catalogue of the sale. J. George Frederick's celebrated cookbook in 1935 was more widely read for its descriptions of folk objects than for its recipes. Henry S. Borneman's impressive *Pennsylvania German Illuminated Manuscripts* was a major publication of 1937. The lowly cooky cutter of the Duteland “made” the grade in 1938 in *The Magazine Antiques*. (That prices of cooky cutters, wherever they were sold, almost immediately doubled, trebled, or advanced by geometrical progression may be merely coincidental!) Interest in pottery took another step forward in 1939 with the dispersal of the Alfred B. Maclay auction at the Parke-Bernet Galleries.

The 1940's had their special influences. Esther Stevens Brazer's *Early American Decoration* in 1940 dealt in particular with stenciled ornamentation on wood and tin. A series of pamphlets which at a later date would have belonged to the “do-it-yourself” school was published by Mrs. Naaman Keyser, of Plymouth Meeting. Some of these had to do with folk decoration. The ambitious project came to an end with the death of the editor. A volume on Dutchland literature appeared in 1942 and a handbook on antiques in 1944. In 1946 Frances Lichten's monumental *The Folk Art of Rural Pennsylvania*, easily the handsomest, most

Rebecca Yerger's sampler stops just short of perfect symmetry. The colored wools have faded almost to the natural color of the homespun linen. The frame is of sumac (locally, pronounced "shoe-make"), a wood not often put to such a use.



comprehensive, and most important single book to date, made its appearance. This wealth of riches was augmented by Henry J. Kauffman's *Pennsylvania Dutch American Folk Art*.

In 1948 John Joseph Stoudt's *Pennsylvania Folk Art*, Jean Lipman's *American Folk Art in Wood, Metal, and Stone*, and Mary Earle Gould's *Early American Wooden Wares* were published. The J. Stoddell Stokes auction of furniture, iron, tin, pottery, and pewter at the Parke-Bernet Galleries gave a new generation of collectors a chance to apply their information learned through reading to an immediate situation. Florence Peto's *American Quilts and Coverlets* in 1949 extended the boundaries of a field mentioned by Miss Lichten in 1946.

In 1950 the long-awaited publication resulting from the activities of the American Index of Design made its appearance. Under the editorship of Erwin O. Christensen, the best of some 15,000 separately recorded art representations were presented to the public in book form. Other publications, representing smaller phases of the total government-sponsored study, appeared also. Of these, the one entitled *Early American Wood Carving* in 1952 met a need on the part of many students.

Actually, interest in folk art, slow at the outset, had come of age by the 1950's. In our typical American fashion, we rise to peaks of enthusiasm on a given subject and then,

swayed by advertisers, promotion men—perhaps even by subliminal perception, go on to something new. Interest in folk art seems hardly likely to deteriorate into such faddism, though some dealers in the 1930's were inclined to think that interest in "primitives" was already moribund, if not defunct.

One evidence of coming of age which had not manifested itself much before the 1950's was the trend toward relating American folk art to world folk art—the attempt to find our place in the total scheme of things. An interesting and indisputable fact emerges from even a cursory survey of the evidence: the most distinctive post-Columbian folk art produced in the United States is that of the Pennsylvania Germans—and this same art may take its place without prejudice in any total survey of the field.

This process of survey and analysis has been going on abroad as well as at home, and for the reader who has been inclined privately to deprecate the homespun efforts of his ancestors there may be some therapeutic value in knowing that throughout the Western World such homespun efforts are held in considerable esteem.

Recommended reading for such doubting Thomases—if any:

1948: *The Decorative Arts of Sweden*: Iona Plath (New York)

1950: *Welsh Furniture*; L. Twiston-Davies and H. J.

Lloyd-Johnes (Cardiff)

1951: *Les jouets populaires* (Folk-toys); Emanuel Hercik (Prague)

1951: *Holz Bemalen* (und) *Kerb Schnitzen* (Wood Painting and Surface Carving); Christian Rubi (Bern)

1953: *Folk Art of Europe*; Helmuth Th. Bossert (New York)

1954: *Deutsche Volkskunst* (German Folk Art); Erich Meyer-Heisig (Munich)

1955: *Hungarian Decorative Folk Art*; Compiled by experts of the Hungarian Ethnological Museum (Budapest)

1955: *Folk Painting on Glass*; Josef Vydra (Prague)

It would be out of the question to point to any one category of folk art as more important than any other, just as it would be ridiculous to apply the standards of fine art to the art of the folk, or vice versa. It is possible, however, to indicate areas of strong current interest, although there is a danger in doing even that. One or two collectors possessed of time and means may, through their zeal and activities, all unwittingly distort the total picture by making it appear that their particular field of study is the all-important one. Such persons soon come to be "marked men," and not even their minor purchases and offhand remarks go unobserved. On the other hand, a dozen devotees of a different art form may, without notice, be engaged in an activity which in the long run will appear as major in importance.

At the risk, then, of creating a false impression of import-

ance or of seeming to deprecate an area by not mentioning it at all, one might list the following as being significant divisions in today's study of folk art:

Toy carvings, especially of birds and animals used in connection with the Pennsylvania Dutch Christmas putz;

Whittling, often by tramps or itinerants—cigar-box carving, gourd-carving, picture-frame cutting, and the like;

Basketry, with emphasis on individual techniques;

Painting on wood—chests, boxes, clocks, furniture, etc.;

Painting on glass, including reverse-painting;

Pottery, both form and design, especially in the one-of-a-kind objects made in some cases to be used as toys;

"Primitive" paintings from water color to oils, often ambitious in concept, in all stages of competence;

Fancy metal work, oftener in iron and tin than in copper, pewter, or brass, although these "finer" metals can not be excluded.

Each form—to say nothing of yet others—has its serious students, its research workers, and its admirers, as well as its mere collectors. The collector, of course, may be any one of the three—or all, or none. To what extent the collector, who in the nature of things turns an art form into a commodity, holds the balance of power it would be hard to say. It seems safe, though, to observe that the subject of American folk art commands more respect today than it has ever done before and that this respect is on the increase rather than the decrease.



Cast iron stove plate bearing the name of "Baron" Stiegel, of Manheim.

Courtesy: The Metropolitan Museum of Art, gift of Mrs. J. Insley Blair, 1947.

A display of Dutch breakfast foods at the Hershey meeting of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society in 1958.



DUTCH TREATS for Breakfast

By EDNA EBY HELLER

The cry for "Bigger and Better Breakfasts" is heard today over the whole land. The Dutchman smiles. He wonders if people willingly do go through six hours of the day without breakfast. To him that is unthinkable, for who would want to work on an empty stomach? It is true that some Pennsylvania Dutch farmers regularly milk twenty cows before breakfast, but then, they enjoy a breakfast menu that surpasses the dinner menu of many non-Dutch. To many, the quantity of food found on these breakfast tables in Pennsylvania is impressive. Even though there may be several fruits, the meal is unbalanced according to nutritional charts because of all the starchy foods. Fried foods are included in each and every breakfast. The hearty diet of the Pennsylvania Dutch begins with breakfast.

MEAT AND POTATOES

Meat and potatoes you will surely find on the table, for we learned from our mothers and grandmothers that meat and potatoes should be served three times a day. Grandma always insisted when we brought potatoes from the cold cellar for supper, that we brought plenty, so there would be

some left to fry for breakfast. Sometimes these are served in the form of potato cakes, made from mashed potatoes, or fried, either whole or sliced. To break open several eggs over a pan of fried potatoes that have been duly salted and peppered, and browned almost to a crisp, is a trick that has pleased many a Dutchman's palate. The Amish people often make a milk gravy in the frying pan after the potatoes have been fried. In any of these forms, potatoes are served with the fried ham, bacon, or dried beef gravy. Scrapple and meat pudding are the two pork favorites of our people and, of course, are made whenever the home butchering includes pork. We, too, enjoy sausage for breakfast sometimes.

MUSH 'N PUDDIN'

There are times when a substitute for potatoes is quite acceptable. This is corn meal mush that has been sliced and fried. It, too, may have been left over from supper, for many a cook has served her warm boiled mush with cold milk poured over it for the main supper dish and then poured the remaining mush into a loaf dish to cool for slicing and frying the next morning. For the reader who is wondering how the Pennsylvania Dutch cook achieves such perfectly delicious mush, it should be pointed out that the flavor of the local cornmeal differs from the cornmeal of the south. There are two important secrets though: mush needs to be boiled very slowly for at least two hours, and in the frying, a low heat is again the important item. Slow frying gives that coveted crisp coating. Mush and Pudding (meat pudding) go hand in hand, but there will always be the necessary molasses syrup close by. The three are practically inseparable; even as the cook and her frying pan.

Deep-fat-fried specialties: plowlines, junnel cakes and waffle hexes.



DEEP-FAT-FRIED FOODS

Something or other is fried for every Pennsylvania Dutch breakfast, and quite often there are two or even three foods fried for this meal. In addition to the meat and potatoes that are so frequently fried, there are some specialties that are given the deep-fat-fry treatment. There are four in this group, namely, plowlines, rosettes, doughnuts, and funnel cakes. Of these, doughnuts are the only one familiar to all parts of the Pennsylvania Dutch country. Plowlines and rosettes are well known in Lancaster County and the funnel cakes are most common in Berks county. All of them are used for the mid-morning harvest lunches and suppers, too. Each has its own particular tool which determines its shape and for which it is named. Rosettes seem to have come from the Swedes at some time but the source of origin of the plowlines and funnel cakes might well be our own Dutch. Like the mush, these too demand a topping of molasses. Powdered sugar, however, can be a substitute.

The funnel cakes that have become so very popular at the Kutztown Folk Festival intrigue the onlooker who watches the frying. A funnel full of batter is swirled over the deep fat, as the batter runs through the funnel and forms overlapping circles that look like rings around rings. This is a tedious job that can be done just at mealtime, because, like waffles, they taste best if eaten right after they are baked. Can you understand now, why, in this day of ready mixes, these have not gained more popularity? There is not as much of the know-how-art needed for the plowlines, for these are easily rolled out and cut with little precaution other than heeding the temperature. Rosettes are easily made with modern rosette irons but very difficult with great-grandmother's large, intricate ones that were made of tin. The wrought iron ones that can be purchased today are a great improvement. Look at the rosettes on the picture and you will agree that this is the fancy part of this cookery that is mostly plain.

There are still other breakfast foods that are fried; believe it or not: pancakes and fritters. Pancakes that are flavored with cornmeal bear the name of johnny cakes, but, don't ask me why. The fritters are generally pan-fried and are filled with either cherries, apples, corn, or elderberries. Surely you are envious of the Dutchman's breakfast now!

Other unusual items that one finds only in this regional cookery are stewed crackers. For many years the S.S. Butter Crackers (often called Sunday School crackers) were used for this dish but since their disappearance from the grocer's shelves the Eagle Butters are used. The recipe for these is so very simple that no one seems to think of writing it down and yet people do request this very one. The crackers are placed in a tureen and almost covered with boiling water. Cover the dish and let the crackers steam for ten minutes. Meanwhile, brown two tablespoons of butter in a small saucepan. To it add one half cup of milk and heat to almost boiling. Pour this over the steamed crackers. Salt and pepper to taste. Steam for another five minutes. If desired, a few teaspoons of sugar can also be added. And that is the way to stew crackers!

Mention must be made of the homemade bread that graces many a table. With it may be several jellies, or "spreads" as the Dutch say, but, in addition, there will most likely be the apple butter and Dutch-styled-cottage-cheese. These two we call respectively, *lottwarick* and *smiercase*. The *lottwarick* is thickly put on buttered bread and the *smiercase* is piled on top of the *lottwarick*. Another cheese is often served for breakfast, but this one is not put on bread. It is sliced and eaten with molasses. Its name is egg cheese.

There is one remaining class that belongs to the list of breakfast foods of the Pennsylvania Dutch. Yes, there are breakfast desserts. Here is where the renowned shoo-fly is most often found. If perchance there is no shoo-fly, crumb cakes or cookies will be there without a doubt. Someone at the table may want to dunk! Dunk is what I said. Not diet. Where does one find a Dutchman who would want to diet?

CORN MEAL MUSH

2 cups cornmeal	2 cups cold water
1 tabsp. salt	4 cups boiling water

Add the salt to the cornmeal and mix thoroughly with the cold water. Pour the quart of boiling water into the upper part of the double boiler. To it add the meal mixture slowly, stirring constantly. Cover and steam over boiling water for two hours, stirring occasionally. Serve with milk and sugar. For Fried Mush: Pour hot cooked mush into loaf pan. When cold, cut into slices ½ inch thick and fry slowly.

FUNNEL CAKES

1 egg	¼ tsp. salt
¾ cup milk	¾ tsp. baking powder
1½ cup sifted flour	1 tsp. baking soda
2 tabsp. sugar	

Beat the egg and add the milk. Into another bowl sift together the flour, sugar, salt, baking powder, and baking soda. To these dry ingredients add the egg and milk. Beat until smooth. Holding your finger over the bottom of the funnel* pour one-third of the batter into the funnel. Let batter run through funnel into hot fat in deep fat fryer when fat registers 370 degrees, in a circling motion. Fry until golden brown. Drain on paper and serve warm with molasses. Recipe makes three seven inch cakes.

* Note: Funnel should have ⅝ inch opening.

PLOWLINES

(also called Streivlin)

1 cup sweet cream	3 tsp. salt
2 eggs	4 cups sifted flour

Combine cream with eggs and beat. Work in the salt and flour as for noodle dough. Roll out ¼ of the dough at a time to ⅝ inch thickness. With a pastry wheel cut each round of dough into sections 4 or 5 inches wide. Cut sections into half-inch strips, leaving section intact by cutting only to within one inch of outer edge. Fry one or two sections at a time depending upon size of pan. Deep fat should register 370 degrees. Turning once, fry until plowlines have turned a light brown. Drain on paper and serve warm. Serves six or eight.

The specialty here is saffron bread. There is a saffron-belt in the Dutch Country.





Charles S. Rice Photograph

One of the most interesting sights in the Amish country are the many water wheels which, in view of the absence of electric power, provide the mechanical power to pump water for house and barn use. A wire, attached to the water wheel apparatus, extends to the house and barn and automatically pumps the water for farm use.

The AMISH, Citizens of Heaven and America*

By JOHN A. HOSTETLER

William James once said, "there is very little difference between people, but what difference there is is very great." We are all fundamentally alike, and we are all fundamentally different. As we learn our differences, and respect each other for them, we are made free from dangerous conformity and subtle egocentricity. In a person we call this prayer selfishness; in the group, egocentricity; in the political world community, nationalism.

All of us during these Dutch Days are interested in origins. When we look at Pennsylvania heritage we study differences and similarities. Humor has always been one essential element of the life and culture of the Pennsylvania Dutch farmer.

Some years ago when the railway was being built in this country, the right-of-way led through a productive farm, the owner of which was a Pennsylvania Dutchman. When the foreman arrived with his crew of men to lay the ties and rails the owner of the farm appeared and told them to get out. Some warm words followed, and finally the foreman produced documentary evidence for the right-of-way. "Vat's all dat?" asked the farmer. "These are my credentials," replied the foreman. The farmer scratched his whiskers and walked back to the house in deep thought. All night he couldn't sleep. At four in the morning he arose and went to the barn, and turned out into the same field an enormous bull, and returned to the house. After several hours the workman arrived, and soon there was a wild scramble to find shelter to escape the angry bull. There was a knock at the door, and there stood the foreman in sweat and wrath. "What do you mean by such conduct?" demanded the foreman, "I will promptly have you arrested." "Was iss lets?" (What's the matter?) inquired the farmer. "Your bull is interfering with our legal rights and is dangerous to my men—get him out!" The farmer calmly scratched his chin and said, "Vell, chust show der bull der credenshuls."

Though I grew up as an Amish son and later got my hair cut and went to school to become a sociologist, I do not wish to be counted either as an Amishman or as a sociologist in making this address. I prefer for the moment, to speak as a citizen of the Commonwealth to my fellow citizens about a people who get more praise and more blame than any people I know.

What is the justification for focusing attention on one of the several Pennsylvania Dutch groups in such an occasion as this? Society at large has become interested, in this time of material prosperity and tolerance, in the way of life expressed by devoutly religious people. Secondly, the complexity of our modern urban life with its rootless character and terrific demands of responsible living has set many a person in search of a more simple life, at least in theory.

Let us come back to William James: "There is very little difference between people, but what difference there is is very great." We find in Amish life today some of the essence, the culture, the roots, the solidarity, and the *Gemeinschaftliches Leben*, which all of us had years ago. It is for this reason that we turn to them for a few moments of serious reflection and ponderance.

A great many people today do not know where they came from or where they are going. The Amish know who they are. The recent Broadway musical PLAIN AND FANCY, although atrociously inaccurate in many of its features, scored one-hundred per cent on one count. In his words to the city man, Papa Yoder is right when he says:

We know who we are, Mister.

Don't interfere.

We don't need a city man, with city soft words,

To tell us what to do.

Get upon your way Mister,

We've got our own way too.

Look around you, Mister! Look in your world, and look here! Poor people you have plenty, and worried people and afraid. Here we are not afraid. We do not have all your books, and your learning, but we know what is right. We do not destroy, we build only.

Plain we live

For plain we see

It's good for people to live plain.

Hard we work so life is good.

When life is hard we don't complain

Strangers look on us and call us strange

But cheat we don't and steal we don't

And wars we don't arrange.

Plain we live

For plain is good

And plain is how we mean to stay

To God we pray, to keep us plain.

* Address delivered at Pennsylvania Dutch Days, Hershey Park, Hershey, Pa., August 22, 1958.



A typical feature of the Amish farmsteads is the double or even treble house. It is not uncommon to find three generations living on one farm, each family having its own quarters. Additions to the main house go by the name of "Grossdawdi House."

When we look around in the world today, what do we see? An increasing number of Americans who do not have what the Pennsylvania Dutch people have—roots. We see frustrated American Negroes and other minorities, millions of Americans living below health standards, the cramped social existence of an increasing number of slum dwellers, conditions which produce more and more delinquent adults and children, and overflowing mental hospitals.

Strange, is it not, that modern society does not know where it came from, or where it is going. Or, at least the great philosophers of our time are less sure about "life" and "the future" than is the Amishman.

This leads me to the first observation which we know so well about the Amish people, namely, that they are with few exceptions devoutly religious people. The highest value and

ultimate goal for the Amish is eternal life. They are fundamentally like all Christians in their search for eternal life, but fundamentally different in their search and expression of it. In order to attain eternal life, the Amish believe they must be separate from the world. In this sense they are citizens of Heaven—colonizers on their way to a better world, "in the world, but not of it."

The Amish people are among the few left in the world who see in pleasure and personal pride, temptations beyond their capacity. To seek wealth and to live by it is worldly. To improve one's personal social position with wealth, fashion, or education is worldly. When oil was discovered on Amish farms in Kansas a few years ago they sold their farms and moved out of the area. To provide for the household and basic needs is necessary, but luxuries and lustful appe-

tites are harmful to the soul. Amish piety is in keeping with the mind of the fourteenth century Monk, Thomas a Kempis, who said that a poor peasant who serves God is better off than a proud philosopher.

In contrast, the world spirit of our day would remove all conflict between pleasure and guilt. The motivational research people have discovered, for example, that advertisers seek to give us moral permission to have pleasure without guilt. The compelling desire for worldly success and happiness is foremost on the program of American progress.

One of the Pennsylvania Dutch proverbs I learned early in life, which is planted in the mind of every Amish youngster at the dawn of adolescence is "Ehe lob stinkt!" (Self praise stinks!) In much of the modern world it no longer stinks if you brag about yourself.

Second, after devout religion, the Amish maintain an agrarian way of life. An Amishman's character is judged by the orderliness of his fence rows, by the neatness of his farm buildings. As farmers the Amish are citizens of America, altogether in the world but not of it.

The stability of their agricultural community has no equal in the nation. Next to the Bible, the soil is to the Amish mind the most important material substance on the earth. A spokesman for the National Catholic Rural Life Conference called the Amish, "The finest rural culture which we have been able to observe . . ." Their farms are known for their high fertility and high output.

They transform poor land into productive farms. There are other features, such as buggy transportation, that are in keeping with a simple and plain way of living.

Strangers in an Amish community must adjust their speed to buggies on the highway. The threat of sudden death on the highway doesn't seem to bother the Amishman. He is probably more prepared to meet his Maker on short notice than most people who drive automobiles. Ohio has recently made provision for the buggies by constructing a berm along the highway, thus making travel safer for all.

Why do the Amish use buggies instead of cars? This was the mode of travel years ago and the Amish have retained it like many other things on the principle that "the old is the best." To accept the automobile would lead to a breakdown of their community and would open the flood gates of social change. An Amish person has a deep sense of loyalty to his brothers, and to remain in good standing he obeys what the church has decided. So long as the church does not unanimously agree to allow automobiles, he abides by the decision, for to do otherwise would be a defilement of his conscience.

The limitations of the horse-and-buggy keeps the social life of the family in bounds. Life is spent largely in the family and community, rather than outside of it.

Buggy and harness shops are essential institutions. One firm in Indiana makes as high as 800 buggies every year. The particular details vary from Iowa to Pennsylvania. The latest model custom-made courting buggy (in Ohio) includes one or more of these features: wood-carved dashboard, one or more glove compartments, a celluloid windshield, chromium headlights, tail-lights and parking lights, dimmer switch, foam rubber seats, electric clock, compass, back-up lights, signal lights, hat rack, and ball-bearing wheels.

The third aspect of Amish life is their social institutions which serve them so well; *gemeinschaft* relationships (intimate family-like relationships) that are essential to stability in any society.

The Amish family is a strong social unit generally known

for its stability and contentment. There is no need for the son or daughter to leave the farm. Children are wanted. Homes are effective teaching agencies. The meaning of work and co-operation is learned early in life.

The Amish mother would be horrified by the thought of working outside the home and at the same time trying to raise a family. There is plenty of time to bear children.

Grandfather is respected as a patriot, and his status (unlike that in our society) increases rather than vanishes as he reaches retirement age. He would be insulted by old-age pension checks. To retire he simply moves into the *gross-dawdy* (grandfather) house, and the young generation takes over. If a barn burns down the neighbors are there to help him build a new one.

Amish security comes from friendly personal relations, from father and mother, brother and sister, uncle and aunt, and church members, and not from impersonal and remote sources such as investment bonds, state security, the township trustee, or from welfare boards. Is there any wonder that the Amish home is not broken up and that delinquency seldom has a chance?

For the past number of years Amish leaders have appeared in Washington to seek freedom from federal aid. They have no objections to pay their taxes, including social security tax, but they object to receiving government aid, or have their children and grandchildren fall heir to such a temptation. Before the House Ways and Means Committee they said, "Old age survivors insurance is abridging and infringing to our religious freedom . . . Our faith has always been sufficient to meet the needs as they come." Most people go to Washington to get something, but the Amish go to avoid taking something.

Though we may differ with the Amishman in specifics, on one principle we as citizens must agree—with the abandonment of personal responsibility an all-pervasive government fills the vacuum. If the family breaks down the irresponsible would let the government take over. If there is leisure, let the government fill our leisure time. Are we unable to think for ourselves, let the government do it for us.

Charity has largely become the function of the state, and birth and death are commercialized, and even perfumed. Rootless Americans no longer weep with those who weep. Rootless they are born, rootless they live, and rootless they die. Can a nation or a people be great if marriage vows and family responsibility are taken lightly? No society can manage itself well when it violates the integrity of its commitments, by their marriage, labor, politics, or government.

There is another old Amish proverb, oft repeated by the mother to her son of courting age, which when translated goes like this: "Wherever you make your bed, there you'll have to sleep." (The implication being that if the young man marries a sloppy, *stroovlich*, or *doppich* woman he will have to live with her the rest of his life.) If more people, not only sons of courting age, but politicians, administrators, and businessmen, labor and management, realized the truth of this statement, our faith might be greater and our days more meaningful.

We can get some insight into people by studying their garbage cans and their worries. What is the foremost worry in the mind of an Amish woman?

Will my son marry a good housekeeper? and other topics fundamentally social in character.

What is the foremost worry of the American woman?—To retain her youthful charm, especially in the eyes of her husband. The Amish woman has no such worry on her sub-

conscious agenda.

Another concern of the American woman today is whether her sack dress fits right. The Amish woman has never had worries in this connection.

We come now to a discussion of individual personal competency, or education in the broad sense of the term. In no aspect of culture are the values of the Amish more at conflict with those of the larger society than of higher education—how a child should be trained and what for.

In contrast, the goals or objectives of the public schools today are not at all clear. Ask the expert about the subject of education today and you are in for some of the most confused, contradictory and vehement discussion of a subject that perplexed Plato and Aristotle, and has never achieved any degree of unanimity among the greatest minds. The American system of education has forgotten Aristotle's first dictum, namely, that in practical matters, "the final

end is the first principle." This simply means that before one starts to go somewhere, a person has to know where he is going. It is the destination that determines the direction of the first step. You cannot first start walking and then decide where you are going; this is fine for romantic couples, but the society in which we live, alas, is not a romantic institution.

Our society today uses the public school system to accomplish the odds and ends of their social living, according to columnist Sidney Harris. The family of today has turned Johnny over to the school to remake him or finish making him. If Johnny doesn't know how to wipe his nose, the teacher will show him. Is Suzy shy? School will "bring her out." Is Johnny too aggressive? School will push him in. Should Joe learn how to drive a car? Then let's have driver training in school.

Is Johnny's mind weak? The school will straighten it.



Charles S. Rice Photograph

"The start of an Amish funeral procession. The first carriage is the hearse and contains an Amish body (he was a very good friend of mine) being taken to the graveyard for burial. The widow follows in the next carriage. Amish funerals, such as this one, start at 9 A.M. and continue until about 5 or 6 P.M. This photo was taken at 4:15 P.M. and they still had 6 miles to drive to the graveyard." C. S. R.

Is his character warped? The school will straighten it. Is his body underdeveloped? The school will make a man out of him.

The modern grab-bag method of education resembles too much a neurotic fantasy, void of Aristotle's first principle, "in practical matters, the final end is the first principle."

The Amish family is far more competent as a teaching agent than any formal institution outside of that culture. Amish fathers and mothers know what they want from a school. They want their sons and daughters to acquire the essential skills of reading, writing, and ciphering. But their contention is basically that in practical matters, learning is achieved most successfully through informal relationships such as in the home and community, than through higher education, formal schooling, or "book learning."

This is why the Amish draw a sharp line between the elementary and the modern high school. They are the only religious people in America who are willing to go to jail to keep their children from secular influences. While it is true that farming today requires more technical knowledge and knowledge of business management than years ago, still we must take a look at the modern high school and its value as it relates to the farmer. In one respect the Amish are right in sensing dangers of the modern high school. Should their children attend high school they would no longer be farmers, probably not Amishmen. The modern high school is today a leveler of urban and rural ways of living, not only in America, but wherever America has transplanted its civilization. The Amish want to conserve an agricultural way of life in a world which is rapidly becoming urban.

The Amishman, in such a crucial time, stands out as an inner-directed person with plumb lines of conviction. He will likely continue to be unpopular, but as free citizens *we* must respect fundamental differences so that we can remain fundamentally free.

The Amish man is by no means ignorant of world events. His conversation with the visitor and salesman is often about happenings in Washington, Europe, or about an airplane crash in some remote corner of the earth. Amish hospitality is unsurpassable! There is a popular notion that the Amish do not vote. In this respect they are like the rest of human beings in a democratic state, some are zealous and some lethargic.

The Amish weekly newspaper circulates in more than thirty states. Amish writers from all over the nation con-

tribute detailed accounts of news and happenings for all other Amish readers. The Amish have a great concern for health and in these columns they mention who is not well, who was born or died, who fell down the cellar steps or who was kicked by a mule. Who in modern America except the hospital cares when a woman falls down the cellar steps or a man is kicked by a horse! Throughout the year their journal keeps family and community ties strong by the reporting of ordinary as well as special happenings which are important to all Amish.

The Amish society has its stresses and strains also. Some of their younger members leave the Old Order and join a more moderate church, and girls more infrequently go all the way to the world of lipstick, permanents, high heels, and the ways of the charm school.

Mental illness is probably as prevalent among the Amish as it is in modern society. They have their share of suicides too. Those who leave the culture frequently find it difficult to adjust to the ways of society about them.

Thieves have paid their share of visits to the Amish and gangs have done their share of devilment. On a number of occasions stones and bricks have been thrown through Amish windows, and the law has even caught up with a few persons who admitted setting fire to Amish barns. Amish children, frequently are greeted with jeers and stones by other children when they migrate into new regions. All this leaves deep marks on personality and is a most subtle pressure to conform to the larger society.

Technology is making inroads on the Amish society and is causing considerable consternation.

They have hope for the future. "My life is happy," said one Amishman. "We are no less happy than people of any other religion. We plan for the future. We live on hopes and hard work. And we enjoy our life more than people who feel free to have anything in the world they please."

In conclusion, all of us must trust somebody. We must trust each other, different as we are in religion and culture. There is no substitute for character. The man who is for sale, who may be concerned but forever puts off decision, has no character worthy of admiration. Every day, individuals and mobs in hysteria are refusing to stand for what they once believed. As a citizen of Pennsylvania and an American, I believe we need more people who understand and appreciate fundamental differences, for then we shall know each other as fundamentally alike.

10th Annual Pennsylvania Dutch — All-Pennsylvania Folk Festival



KUTZTOWN FAIRGROUNDS



June 27 - 28 - 29 - 30, July 1 - 2 - 3 - 4

Collectanea

ALFRED L. SHOEMAKER

On a visit to the Museum of English Rural Life at the University of Reading in England two-three years ago, I had a fruitful meeting with its director, a youngish British scholar. In our conversation he mentioned that there was one American collection he would like to see above all others.

I wonder how many of you have guessed which one he had reference to. It was Henry C. Mercer's Doylestown Museum, now the Bucks County Historical Society.

Henry C. Mercer was America's pioneer in the field of studying material folk-culture. He made the volumes of the Bucks County Historical Society a treasure-trove of information on Pennsylvania's traditional material culture. That there were no scholars with his vision to carry on at his death must be considered a very great national tragedy indeed.

The blame for the lack of scholars in the realm of material folk-culture in this country rests squarely at the doorstep of American folklore. The American Folklore Society and the dozen or so regional societies that have sprung up in the past few decades—the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society among them—are suffering from what I choose to call *MLA-itis*. The MLA is the Modern Language Association of America, a learned body comprised of college and university professors in the field of literature and linguistics, in English and the foreign languages. By their very training, these men—and it is they who are overwhelmingly the directors of the folklore societies—have narrowed the scope of folklore to the almost purely literary: ballads, folksongs, folktales, proverbs, rhymes and riddles, with superstitions thrown in for good measure.

On the popular level the term "folklore" has in wide circles become synonymous with what Prof. Richard Dorson of Indiana University once called "Fake-lore"—the Paul Bunyon, Mike Fink, Joe Magarac type of pseudo lore, or to bring the matter closer home, the late Col. Henry W. Shoemaker type of "folklore."

British Isles scholars—excepting for the antiquated English Folklore Society—have largely replaced the word "folklore" with its restrictive implications of folk literature in favor of the term "folklife," borrowed from Scandinavian lands. Cases in point are two recently established periodicals, *Ulster Folklife* and *Gwerin, A Half-Yearly Journal of Folk Life*.

Folklife means the totality of folk-culture, its spiritual as well as its material aspects. In scope the word "folklife"

is the equivalent of *Volkskunde*, which is the term in use in German-speaking Europe, in Germany and Switzerland. Folklife is an all-encompassing discipline.

Because the word "folklore" has become unworkably restrictive on the academic plane and because it has become synonymous with "Fake-lore" on the popular level, the name of the Pennsylvania Dutch Folklore Center has been changed to the Pennsylvania Folklife Society. The word "Dutch" was dropped for the reason that we shall henceforth be concerned with the totality of Pennsylvania's folk-culture, unhampered by ethnic sensibilities. Likewise, the annual Kutztown Folk Festival will here-in-out be the Pennsylvania Dutch—All-Pennsylvania Folk Festival.

FUTURE ISSUES OF PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE

In the future, the concluding section of each issue of "Pennsylvania Folklife" will be devoted to recording the raw materials of collecting. This is in keeping with the best procedure in the European folklife periodicals of the day.



Since the appearance of the last issue of *Folklife*, a picture of a second dry house has come to our attention. It is reproduced here.

THE DRY HOUSE AGAIN

The front inside cover of the last issue of "Pennsylvania Folklife" was devoted to the Dry House, a building housing a stove and trays, used in drying fruits and vegetables in quantity. Since its appearance, two additional items on this subject have come our way, the first a photograph of a Dry House from volume XXII of the Proceedings of the Pennsylvania German Society; the other item is an interesting tradition from Jacob G. Shively of Millmont, Pennsylvania. Mr. Shively writes:

Our ancestor Christian Scheibli (Shively) settled on the eastern end of a tract of 1100 acres of land situated on the north side of Penn's Creek, in 1775, in what is now Union County. The Indians did not give them serious trouble at the time of the "Great Runaway" but kept getting bolder, and in the summer of 1781 made several raids, in one of which our forebear's brother John, living at the western end of the tract, was taken prisoner and thereafter was never heard from. Our ancestor then decided to return to his former home in York County. His prized possession was a ten-plate stove, which he buried in the meadow south of his house on the night before he left.

In the spring of 1783 he returned and at once set about trying to locate his stove, but he never could find it. Many years later a group was making hay in the meadow, among them several of his sons. When the dinner horn sounded one of the men stuck the handle of his wooden rake into the ground and on doing so he noticed that it struck some object that did not seem like a stone. One of the sons suggested, in a joking manner, that perhaps it was grandpap's stove. A shovel was secured and there, only a few inches below the surface, they found it. My Father, in telling the story, always concluded by saying that it was taken to the dry house where it did duty drying *snitz* and the many other items that were preserved in that way. Later, when the dry house was no longer used, it was sold for scrap.

BAKE OVEN CUSHIONS

One of the half-dozen most interesting bits of lore I unearthed in the past ten-fifteen years comes from Berks County. It belongs in the realm of wedding customs.

In the Dutch Country if a younger brother or sister



Courtesy of Arthur Miller

A bake oven cushion mailed in 1932.

marries before an older one, the saying is that the older one must either dance in a pig-trough or ride the bake oven. (*S elscht muss im sei-droke donsa or muss der bock-uffa reida.*)

In the upper part of Berks County when this happens, girl friends of the older brother or sister secretly sew a patchwork cushion, frequently ornate, of a size to fit an envelope; this they then send by mail to the older brother or sister who, as the saying goes, has to ride the bake oven—all so that his or her "behind" will not burn while riding the bake oven.

The bake oven cushion reproduced here is one sent to Arthur Miller in 1932, on the occasion of his sister's marriage (she being the younger).

ADDITIONAL BAKE OVEN LORE

Nothing ever changed the pattern of Pennsylvania folk-cultural life quite so much as the introduction of the cooking stove. It put an end to the open-hearth and out-door-bake-oven culinary culture. It separated the eighteenth from the nineteenth century. And it dealt the death knell to the Continental type Pennsylvania farmhouse.

Frugality was one of the keystones of Colonial and post-Colonial Pennsylvania folklife. Old-timers have frequently told me that their grandmothers used to say in the olden



Courtesy of the Schwenkfelder Library

A woman from somewhere in the Dutch Country holding man-size loaves of homebaked bread.



Courtesy of the Schwenkfelder Library

A bake oven and heirloom photograph taken in 1903. The grandmother was Mrs. Enoch Rohrbach of Sigmund, Pa.

time freshly baked loaves of bread were never served at table; they were put away until the bread was stale; so that less would be eaten. A dialect couplet I collected some months ago from Isaac Eshleman of Lancaster County brings this beautifully to expression:

*Meal row, back-uffa wawrm
Macht den reichda bower awrm.*

(Freshly ground flour baked into loaves of bread in an outdoor bake oven and eaten warm will turn the wealthiest of farmers into a pauper.)

Among the colorful expressions in dialect folk speech is this one: *der back-uffa iss ei-gfolla*. (The outdoor bake oven has collapsed.) This is said when a woman has been delivered of a child. (She is then no longer big like a bake oven!)

On numerous occasions I have heard the expression: if you want to leave this world all you need do is to crawl into an outdoor bake oven, then you are out of this world. I have not been able to find a satisfactory explanation for

this saying. Could it mean that if one crawls in a bake oven one is then in another hemisphere?

My favorite description of an elephant is one Mrs. Geistweit of York gave her neighbor, Mrs. Weiser, in 1808. Mrs. Weiser had seen an elephant at a local tavern and Mrs. Geistweit wished to know how it looked. "I can tell you," said Mrs. Weiser, "between his head and tail he is like a bake oven, his ears are like my apron, his feet like a butter churn and his head like an old stump with the roots sticking out."

In my years of collecting I have come upon two riddles in connection with a bake oven. One is from William Ruoss of Fritztown, Berks County: *En shtall foll brauni shoaf un n hilsni arrigel hina-noach*. (A fold full of brown sheep and a wooden organ in pursuit.) Answer: A bake oven full of loaves of bread and a peel to get them out. The other riddle I have from Jacob Yoder of Devon, who was reared in the Hegins section: *Was fer'n hoot kammer net weara?* (What kind of hat can one not wear?) Answer: The "hat" on a bake oven.

From Monroe Howerter of Pitman R. D. I have a traditional rhyme he learned from his grandmother:

*Solomon in seiner weisa shpricht:
Hinnich der back-uffa shei . . . mer nicht.
Fanna shteckt mer de kucha nei
Un hinna muss's luft-loch sei.*

(Solomon in his wisdom spake: One does not go behind a bake oven to relieve oneself; in front one puts in the cakes and in the back there must be a hole for a draft.)

The swab used in cleaning the floor of the bake oven once the hot wood ashes have been removed served a secondary purpose, a folk-medicinal one. Schuylkill countians tell me that if there was a child in a family that wet the bed at night, a commonly applied "cure" was to strike the child three times with a *huddel-lumba*, which is the Dutch word for swab.

URINARY INCONTINENCE

In *nice* society I am told even so mild an expression as "to wet the bed" is inadmissible. Medical science knows this condition by the name of *urinary incontinence*. My first encounter with the lore of bed-wetting was at the time I was curator of the Berks County Historical Society. One day an aged informant came to my office (I was then a fledgling collector) to answer a query I had put in a column I was then writing for a Reading paper. The old man recalled a trying experience of his childhood. He told me he suffered from urinary incontinence. His mother sought help from her peers and was told to take her son to a cemetery at night between eleven and twelve, when there was an open grave, and to have him urinate in the grave. This would cure him, the mother was told. The old-timer told me his mother carried out the cure to the letter. "*Un es hut aw kulf*" (and it cured me), he concluded.

A year or two ago I called upon Sam Edris, an elderly Dunkard farmer, in northeastern Lebanon County. My queries centered on butchering lore. Mr. Edris mentioned that years ago in his section when they butchered it was not uncommon to find some of the elderly women of the neighborhood making a call to pick up a part of the pig's anatomy for use in a bed-wetting cure. When I asked what part it was he could not recall. Later, in pursuing the subject I found the answer. Dr. Edwin M. Fogel in his volume on the superstitions of the Pennsylvania Dutch, page 282, number 1482, recorded this item: "If a child wets the bed, it should eat a little sausage made of the pudendum of a pig."

Mrs. Frank Texter of Mohn's Hill, Berks County, once told me that the first time an infant is taken out of the house, taken along visiting that is, one should never take it over a body of water (creek or whatever) or else it will become a bed-wetter. Mrs. Texter said she raised seven children and that she was careful each time to follow this folk-belief.

An 80-year-old Reading man, a native of "Cattfish" over in Lancaster County, told me a number of years ago a common bed-wetting cure in the Mennonite and Amish sections was to fill a bottle with the child's urine and place it in a coffin and bury it with a corpse.

Another Lancaster countian, reared at Cushion Hill, tells me that in his neighborhood it used to be the practice to remove the thin membrane from the shell of an egg from

which a chick had hatched, cut it in minute pieces and put it in some food the child ate.

D. R. Hanson, a former student of mine, recorded a non-sympathetic cure for urinary incontinence: Take a bag of clothespins and tie it around your waist, putting the bag in back. This prevents your turning on your back.

CLOTHESPIN LORE

Among the unsung craftsmen of olden times were the clothespin makers. Years of questioning have failed to uncover the name of a single person who was active along this line.

What uses were clothespins put to besides holding the wash on the line and holding the screening cloth in place after milking?

Mrs. Edith Kistler of Stony Run tells me the old women, when they were young girls, to keep from getting a flat nose, would pinch a clothespin over their nose at nighttime when they slept. In this way they were assured of a beautifully pointed nose, but at what discomfiture!

Calvin Stump of Maxatawney, Berks County, tells me that parents would threaten to pinch shut their children's lips with a clothespin if they found them using profane language. He also says that women used to put a cloth over a plant in the garden from which they wanted to collect seed and at the bottom they gathered the cloth and tied it with a clothespin.

Children were given clothespins for recreational purposes. They were taught to make worm fences with them. Another game was to see which child could hold a clothespin longest behind his ear. At Sunday School picnics they had clothespin contests. A clothespin was held with the head downward; the point was to drop it in a milk bottle. The pin had to stay in the bottle; if it jumped out the contestant was disqualified.

One lone riddle about clothespins has come my way: *S hut dinna langa bay, en glainer kupp un gore ken awga, was iss's?* (It has thin, long legs, a small head and no eyes, what is it?) Answer: *En wesch-glomm* (a clothespin).

UROPYGIAL GLAND LORE

In the days when I was collecting material for my doctoral dissertation on the Pennsylvania Dutch dialect of the Arthur, Illinois, Amish, I uncovered a long list of names in dialect for the uropygial gland. This has a wonderful name in common, everyday English: the Pope's Nose; it is the very last part of the anatomy of a hen, the part where the tail feathers are in. Dr. J. William Frey has for years been entertaining thousands of Americans at after-dinner talks on the subject, in part, of the nomenclature of this gland in dialect. By now I think he has gathered some two score names for it.

In the Fall of 1954 I was one day collecting lore in the Bindnagle Church section just north of Palmyra. At the home of Mrs. Harvey Ropp I got on the subject of baptismal water lore. I mentioned the folk-belief that if the woman sponsor (*die goat*) gave the infant a spoon as a gift the child would begin to talk early. Mrs. Ropp said she knew nothing about this but mentioned that her mother used to

say the first meat one fed a child should be the Pope's Nose, which she called "*es schnebbertli*" in Dutch. The word *schnebbera* means to go yak-yak-yak, in dialect.

I once discussed this subject with the late Alice Fulmer, an aged lady of Green Point, Pennsylvania. She said she did not know any lore about getting a child to talk early, but if a child, when it started to talk did not talk plainly, one should go to the store and take a dish (without saying anything to anyone), take it home and *not* wash it; one should put some water in it and give that water to the child to drink.

THIMBLE LORE

On a collecting trip to the Fishing Creek Valley some years ago I chatted with a Mrs. Mary Kreiser who told me the old-time women used to believe when a woman got out of childbed, the first thing she should do was go get a thimble, take it to the spring or pump where she usually got the family's drinking water, fill the thimble with water and give it to the infant to drink. This would prevent the child from drooling later on. At Alleghenyville a number of years ago a woman told me the belief in that section was that if one did this the child would not become constipated.

The late Wayne Gruber of Reading passed a whooping cough cure to me one time: To cure whooping cough catch a spider alive, do not touch it, put it in a thimble, wrap paper around it, tie a string to it and hang it around the neck of a child who is ill with this disease. Another bit of thimble lore I have from the late Mr. Gruber concerns one's future husband: Put a piece of wedding cake under your pillow and swallow a thimbleful of salt; the man of whom you dream that night, who brings you a drink of water will be your future husband.

In the realm of folk art I know of no more interesting item than a thimble holder crocheted around the wishbone of a chicken. I have found the wishbone thimble holders most frequently in Lancaster County farmhouses. They are there nailed to the wall.

George F. Moore, a Dunkard farmer who lives near Lawn, Pennsylvania, is Lebanon County's foremost folklore collector. Among the vast materials he has collected for the Folklife Society is this: If a woman wants to know how many children she will have, let her take a thimble with a hole in the top. Have her tear one of her hairs from her head and thread it through the hole in the thimble. Hold the thimble by the hair in an empty tumbler. As often as the thimble strikes the side of the glass so many children she will have.

We need a study of gambling, traditional gambling, in Pennsylvania. One of the early Lewis Miller drawings at the York County Historical Society shows Barnhart the thimble player. The artist's note to this drawing reads: "Concealed little ball. His words—here is, there is, no ball."

Informants in Rothsville, Lancaster County, tell of an early game much played thereabouts by little children. Mothers would hide the thimble and have the children hunt for it.

Finally, there is the choicest bit of school lore, hinging on the Pennsylvania Dutch accent, once much more pronounced than now. A teacher in a rural school was conducting a spelling lesson. He spoke in a heavy Dutchified English and words beginning with "th" he experienced great difficulty in pronouncing.

"Henry, you spell 'thimble,'" the teacher commanded.

"S-y-m-b-o-l" was Henry's attempt.

"Ach no! I said thimble," objected the teacher.

"C-y-m-b-a-l" was Henry's second effort.

"Thimble," said the teacher impatiently.

Possessed of a good intelligent quotient the boy ventured the answer: "S-i-m-p-l-e."

"No! No!" cried the teacher, "I mean the sing women put on their simble-finger when sewing."

"Oh, t-h-i-m-b-l-e," came the bright reply.

And speaking of the thimble-finger, here is a news item from the Amish Country, from the New Holland *Clarion* of 1897, about a local youth who was determined not to learn the tailor's trade. The newspaper wrote: "...he took a hatchet and severed the thimble finger from his hand." This really was DETERMINATION!

LOCAL LEGENDS

I know of only one Pennsylvanian in the nineteenth century who collected the *Sagen* or local legends of his area: Jeremiah W. Andreas (1829-1897). Andreas was an old-time schoolteacher in the Lehigh Water Gap section, covering a three-county area: Lehigh, Carbon, and Northampton. The Andreas collection appeared in the Allentown *Friedensbote*, a German-language newspaper, in the years 1889 through 1894.

There follows, in translation, an article which appeared in 1892, the oral traditions of the collector's great-grandmother, an eighteenth century immigrant.

MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER

By Jeremiah W. Andreas

The year 1844 was drawing to a close; its passing also marked the death of my great-grandmother, at 96 years of age.

My great-grandmother, whose maiden name was Horn, was married to Jost Wentz. In 1774, newly married, this young couple emigrated from Germany. After a long and tedious voyage of nine weeks they landed at Philadelphia.

Great-grandmother Wentz had a wonderful memory and could tell many tales about her youth in her native land. We children always liked to hear her stories. She often told us about the hard times crossing the Atlantic. Many are the times she told of a woman aboard ship who was stricken ill with a fever and how she jumped overboard. She did not sink for a long time, her clothing keeping her afloat. For quite a time she swam in the path of the boat and great-grandfather suggested to her husband, standing on the deck, that they throw her a rope, but he only stood there, frozen stiff by fright. And finally the woman sank into the sea.

She spoke often of the Odenwald and Bergfelden. That place was her home. At that time, according to custom, criminals and murderers were publicly beheaded on the market square. Especially well do I remember her telling us the story of a Gypsy girl who had kidnapped two little children. For this crime she was beheaded. On the market

One morning an unusually large hole was seen and after that there was no more digging, nor did the ghost of Old Sweitzer ever appear again. The supposition was that the treasure had been found and that Old Sweitzer's spirit thus found peace.

PASTIMES OF MY YOUTH*

By John Butz Bowman

Going for leaves was a great outing and a source of much pleasure in the late fall. A man owning a team of mules would round up a number of boys and, with them, drive to the woods to gather leaves, with which he bedded his idle team during the winter. The leaves were gathered and thrown into the wagon box and stamped down tight by the boys. When the box was filled, then we began to fill bags to lay on top of the already loaded wagon. One boy would put his two feet into a bag and tamp it full with the leaves that other boys brought to him. This had to be done from a sitting or reclining position. When the bags were all filled, they were thrown upon the wagon load, pressed down tight and then tied securely with ropes. We all jumped on top of them and the fun really began on the home trip, by the boys trying to secure places on top of the load and keep from rolling off.

When the ground was hard in fall, shinny was played with crooked sticks or shinnies, similar to the golf sticks of today. These sticks were made, as a rule, from young trees pulled up by the root, with a small part of the root attached to the stem as a crook. Two deep holes, one at each end of the field or small course, were dug into the ground as bases. Sides were chosen, and a block of wood or stone constituted a bone of contention, placed midway between the two holes. The club succeeding in getting the block into their opponent's goal won the game. It was also played on skates upon the ice by one side getting the block and trying to keep it from their opponents, there not being any special goal.

In winter time we skated most anywhere, as the Canal and River flowed right through the town. We skated to Landingville when the River froze. This was a fete that could not be done on the Canal, unless we took our skates and walked around the locks. Skates then were very different from those of today. They were made of wood, with a little projection extending up from the middle of the heel. This was fitted into a hole in the heel of your shoe. The hole was made by using a gimlet. The skates were fastened by leather buckle straps and very seldom could you draw them tight enough to keep them from slipping from side to side. This was improved by forcing sticks of wood between the straps and shoe.

There were many idle mules and horses in winter time, and some good-natured boatman would arrange a board at the end of a shaft and drag it up and down, in and out, and round in a ring, clearing the ice of snow, making skating very romantic by moonlight. Everyone skated, young and old, women and men.

* This article, which depicts pastimes in and around Schuylkill Haven from 1871 to 1886, is from a two-volume manuscript, entitled "Schuylkill Canal Folklore." The manuscript, written between 1937 and 1947, was presented by the author (now 90 years old) to the Pottsville Free Library.

The winters seemed to be very long and cold, beginning in November and lasting until March. Men with idle teams would make up sleighing parties, and, for ten cents, would drive us down to Fall's Hotel at Pinedale, to warm up and spend the extra pennies that we could rake up. Also each school would have its sleighing party.

Winter evenings we roasted common chicken corn with salt and butter in a frying pan, and if mother would not let me use butter, lard would answer. Corn meal we roasted in the same manner, also flour. These we took to school and often put between the pages of our geographies to hide it from the teacher and scooped it up with our tongues.

Coasting was done differently in those days. There were no bobsleds or flexible fliers. The sleds were all straight without steering gears, and you had to steer them by kicking your heels hard into the snow to make the sled turn in the direction you desired. There was no turning out. The hill had to be clear when you started.

The waters of both Canal and River ran clear. There was deep swimming anywhere in the Canal and docks and swimming holes all along the Schuylkill.

We made our own rainbows. This we could do any time the sun shone. The river banks were lined with birch and beech. We would select a place with the shadow of the trees to the east and the sun on our backs to the west of us. Then with our hands or paddles, we would splash the water high into the shadows of the trees. The sun shining upon the water would cause a rainbow, just the same as a sun-shower on a summer afternoon. The higher the water was thrown and the longer row of boys we were, the bigger rainbow we got.

In spring time when the sap rose in the trees, we made horns, whistles, and squirter.

The blow horns were made by cutting the bark from a chestnut or willow limb into one long strip an inch or more wide. We began by winding it around the little finger, extending it outward and winding cone shape, wider and wider, until the desired length was reached. Into the finger-hole we would insert a mouth-piece made of the same bark. The result was a horn that made a very loud sound, similar to that of the common butcher horn, now out of use.

The whistle was made by rubbing and beating a straight limb until the bark was loosened from the wood and then slipped off. One end was plugged, a hole cut about an inch from the other, and a wooden mouth-piece made to fit over, through which the air passed. This made a plain whistle. If we put a small round piece of wood inside before closing it, we had a whistle with a warble.

We made a water squirter by removing the pith from inside of an elder stick and plugging it at one end with a round piece of wood with a small hole in the center. A small rag or fine twine was then wound tightly around a stick of wood and fitted snugly into the other end. When pressed inward, this plunger removed the air through the little hole, after which you put the end in water and pulled the stick backward, not removing it altogether. Its suction would fill the squirter with water, through the hole and pressing the stick inward a second time, the water would fly out into a height according to pressure used. These weapons of offence were often taken away from us by the teacher.

We made whips, of course, with a lash on a stick, but some boys could weave a black snake whip out of leather thongs that were cut from old boots. I couldn't do it myself, but I have seen boys do it well. They were also expert in cutting the leather laces. The point of a very

sharp knife was driven into a smooth surface, and the piece of leather was drawn around the sharp blade. This resulted in strips as regular and as thin as shoe laces.

Duck on the Rock was a very exciting, interesting, but dangerous game. Strange as it may seem, the girls, at picnic time, were more anxious to play this game than the boys. A large stone was secured as the "rock" and each player procured a stone for himself, it being a "duck." The one who was "it" placed his duck on the rock. The rest stood at the base about twelve feet away. With their stones they tried to knock the duck off the rock. When accomplished, the boy at the rock would hurry, grab his duck, place it on the rock, and try to tag the thrower before he could run and get his duck and return to base. At the same time, someone else would try and knock his duck off again before he could tag the runner, in which case he would still be it. All the others threw their stones to get the duck off again, while the one boy was trying to tag the other, which put them into danger by the flying rocks.

I Spy was played by throwing a stick of wood (by the best thrower in the crowd) in one direction while we all ran in the other and hid. The boy being "it" had to run and get the stick and place it at its base. He would then leave it and seek out the hiders. If a hider could sneak up and take the stick, the boy would still be it, but if he spied a hider before the stick was taken, he would cry out "I Spy Deak Smith behind Snyder's rain barrel! One! Two! Three!" and beat Smith to the stick. Smith then would be "it."

Nep was played with a four-sided piece of wood about four inches long, cut so that when placed on the ground its upped end did not rest upon the earth. This end you hit with a paddle, causing the Nep to fly up, when you again tried to apply the paddle, driving it quite a distance away. If any one caught it on the fly, you were out. If not caught, you stated how many steps you would give the players to return the Nep. He, the one possessing it, would then step it off. If he succeeded you were out, and he became the batter. Instead of this squared piece cut in opposite directions at the end, we sometimes used one pointed all around at both ends—but this was not so much a favorite as the square one which bore the numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4 on its sides.

Mumbley peg! What boy hasn't played this game? It is played with a half-opened jackknife upon a neighbor's porch or cellar door, not often your own if you can help it, as the knife blade makes a cut into the wood it is played upon every time it is thrown. This causes an ugly scuffing of its surface, with the *huss** as a result when caught in the act. A given number of trials with the knife was allotted to each player. He, the one making the greater number of points, would be acclaimed the winner. The knife was tossed so that when the point of the blade struck the wood it would remain with its handle extending at an angle. Then you measured with your fingers horizontally from the floor to the tip of the handle. If it measured six fingers, you were given six points to your score. The Barlow knife was a favorite in my boyhood. It was a plain one-bladed knife and was supposed to be the best bargain for the money, ten cents.

Crack the Whip is, I suppose, still being played. A number of boys, with a strong boy at the end of the line, would start to run as fast as possible. When the big boy would slack his speed and pull backward, this would cause

the whole line to circle. The momentum to go forward threw the end ones head over heels, often hurting them. This was also called "Sling."

Cross Tagger was the same as Tag, only that, if a runner ran between you and the one you were after, you had to desist and follow the one who has your path.

Hide and Seek was the same as today, nevertheless, in my boyhood we had the advantage of the Old Boats. I can hardly describe with what fun we hid between them, hid in their holds, cabins, and the dark hole in their bows where the ropes were kept, climbing in and out of the cabin windows. These old boats were usually stored in shallow water. But, more often than not, we played the game here in our birthday suits.

Hare and Hounds. One boy would act as the "hare" and the rest of us were the "hounds." When he was satisfactorily hid, he would blow his conch or butcher horn, then we would set out to find him. This game was played at night and very often extended over a wide radius and sometimes a whole night. I recall one "hare" that we did not find in a whole season, at the end of which he disclosed his retreat. He had climbed across a manure bin and forced himself into the narrow crevice between two stables.

Hop over Hats the boys of yesterday played. I do not see it functioning any more. It was played by hopping in and out, between and over the row of boys' hats, at the same time dropping a ball into the hats. I do not remember its rules.

Marbles were played in too many ways to describe each one separately: Big Ring, Little Ring, Three Hole, One and Two Holes, Plump and Lag and Paddle Marbles. Follow Marbles we played going to and from school, using very large men called "trollers." I do not know what the boy of today calls his marbles. The boy of yesterday called them "agates," "trollers," "glassies," "Mexicans," "commons" and "powder-millers." The latter were not on sale at stores. We gathered them after the powder mills had blown up at Beekville. These crooked "commons" were only worth one-fifth of a "common." The "plumper" was a large marble, but the "troller" was as big as a golf ball.

The old coal oil lamps on the streets burned for a few hours in the early part of the night, only on such nights as the moon did not shine. Then we played Street Tagger at the lamp post corner where the streets intersected. A boy stood in the center and we tried to cross from corner to corner without being tagged.

I possessed an old sawed-off musket and, with my chums, we went about looking for Indians and what-so-ever to pop at, often frogs and suckers in shallow water. One boy from off the boats would bring along a frying pan and a little butter, and we would have a little fish fry before going home. I roamed everywhere with this little musket, very often alone, and I imagined myself to be "Nattie Bumpo."

Chaw Raw Beef* was not a game, but a mean trick that was played in settling an old score between two boys, or

* Another Schuylkill Countian, G. A. Berner, in a folklore manuscript at the Pottsville Free Library describes this trick as follows: "Most of the fellows of my time learned to swim in the old Canal basin . . . and it was great fun for the boys, except the victim, to have the Chaw Raw Beef trick played on him. While he was in swimming and his clothes lay on the towpath, some bad (?) boys would secretly tie his shirt sleeves into strong knots, and when the victim came out of the water, he could not get into his clothes, and he would have to use his teeth to untie the knots, when the boys would cry:

'Chaw Raw Beef, the beef is tough,
Chaw all day and never get enough.'"

* "He gave us the *huss*" was what a boy said when a neighbor chased him off.

upon some innocent, unsuspecting boy, while in swimming. This trick consisted of knotting the victim's clothes. The sleeves of his shirt were knotted, then made wet. Two boys would pull on the knot in opposite directions, the water causing it to become very tight. This would be done in secret. When finished, the cry of "Chaw Raw Beef!" would go up and all the boys would come out of the water to see who was the victim. Those knots were drawn so tightly that two hands were not sufficient to undo them and he had to use his teeth. Then the entire crowd would yell:

"Chaw Raw Beef;
The beef is tough;
You are a little nigger
And never get enough."

BATTALION DAY

By Elsie Smith

Whitmonday was the day for the "Battalion." This was a day looked forward to by both young and old. The whole family would go. Whitmonday came in late May or early June. Lenhartsville was a small town, but had a Battalion every year.

There were two hotels in town and each one got a band to play. Each hotel also got a few fiddlers to play for the hoedown dances. Early in the morning the people started to come. Some came by train, some by horse and buggy, and some walked so as not to be bothered by the horse. The hotels would do a big business all day and until the wee hours of the next morning.

Dancing would go on at both hotels all afternoon, all evening, and until the small hours of the next morning. The men would pay so much a set for themselves and their lady partners. In this way the fiddlers were paid. The man also set it up for his partner, either for a drink or for something to eat.

The bands had an outdoor stand at each hotel, a nice platform with seats and in the evening it was lit up by crude lamps, which used to burn gasoline.

The big event of the day was the parade at about two o'clock in the afternoon. That gave the people time for an early dinner at home and sufficient time to get to the Battalion before the parade started.

The first in the parade was a fellow riding a white horse. They used to say: "*Er hut der wise garidda.*" Then the first brass band would come along playing a march, then clowns and dressed-up children in old clothing, also grown-ups. There was a big wagon-bed with straw in it and full of children having the time of their life, all this drawn by a pair of high-stepping horses. The horses were not used to band music and the driver had his hands full to drive them. There were decorated floats, not elaborate ones, but they looked good to everyone. Then came the second brass band, which played when the first one stopped; more dressed-up kids followed and then came the "Blue Mountain Fire Company," the latter being in existence merely for that day.

The "Blue Mountain Fire Company" was a wagon with a big barrel of water on the wagon, a hose and a hand pump to force the water out to squirt the pretty girls, standing

on the pavement, watching the parade. How they yelled when the water got them, but the day was warm and their thin cotton dresses soon dried and no one was hurt.

The end of the parade was more kids falling in line from the pavement from which they were watching the parade, maybe a couple of stray dogs following, and a drunk or two weaving down the street from one side to the other. The street was now very dusty from so many people walking, but no one minded the dust.

There were stands where one could buy candy, a big piece for a penny, pretzels and peanuts. The upper hotel had a big water trough in front under a big willow tree. This was to water the horses and the water was nice and cold, it coming from a spring near by. It sure tasted good on a hot day. The lower hotel had a well with a big wooden pump. The old pump had an iron handle with a ball at the lower end to weigh the handle down. It also looked nice.

At this old pump a bunch of small boys were standing and planning something. An old drunk came along. His name was "Old Pit." He never passed up a drink or "set up," as it was called at that time. One of the boys said, "Pit, are you thirsty?" Old Pit said, "Yes." So the boy said, "Go to the pump and drink your fill." To this Old Pit said, "Ochs" (ox). This was his usual retort when one got the best of him. Old Pit now weaved up to the other hotel to see if anyone was buying a drink for the people in the barroom. He never liked to miss a "set up." He was a poor old fellow and always so thirsty.

So the day passed into evening, some going home to feed their stock, but they were sure to return for an evening of fun. The bands now lit their lights so they could see the music. The old lamp-lighter made the rounds of his coal oil lamps on posts. He started in the old covered wooden bridge crossing the Ontelaunee. There was a coal oil lamp at each end. Then on up the street he went with a bunch of boys following to watch and ask questions. The huckster stands now also lit up, and the old town looked like fairy land to the kids who were used to dark streets. These old street lights did not make much light as they were small and burned coal oil.

Now the people went from one end of town to the other, afraid if they stood still too long that they might miss something.

One band played while the other rested. Then the other one played while the first one rested. So the people went to the band that was playing. A Battalion was more fun than a picnic. It lasted from early morn to the next morn and there was more to do and see.

In the evening the young folks would pair off and go for walks, up and down the pavement, visiting one dance floor, then up to the other hotel to visit that dance floor. Beer flowed freely and the barroom smelled sour like a swillbarrel.

At about midnight the bands packed up and went home. So did most of the people. The dancers and the drunks, however, stayed on. The dancers danced till too tired to keep it up; the drunks so drunk, but still afraid if they went home they might miss a "set up." Some of the drunks were put in the sheds with the horses to sleep it off in the hay, the hostlers seeing to it that they were far enough away from the horses so they could sleep it off and not run the risk of getting hurt. Sometimes it took till the next afternoon till the old drunks had slept it off and went home.

These Battalions have passed into history as did lots of other things, but those who have been to one will never forget the good times they had at the Lenhartsville Battalion.

SEVEN DAYS MAKE ONE WEEK

By Florence Baver

Concerning all housewives everywhere, let's change the old familiar strain "the house of thine abode" into the words "the kitchen of thine abode." Many of us have heard the humorous expression in the past "Seven days in an old flivver make one week." Likewise, it is most believable to us housewives of today that "seven days in the kitchen make one week." That is why we are most appreciative of dad's suggestion to "eat out" frequently.

The kitchen has been the abode of the housewife seven days a week down through the ages. The preparation of food and caring for the children does not permit an escape even on the Sabbath. From early morn until setting sun the housewife found little spare time and could truthfully say, "A woman's work is never done." Housewives of the past lived a strenuous life, but it was a simple and a happy one, and well may we treasure their traditions and handiwork.

The busy housewife supplemented her "seven days in the kitchen" with many outdoor tasks, the open air making her health grow along with the growing vegetables and flowers in her garden. Noting the progress in their growth were her greatest pleasures. This is evidenced only too well even today in the displays of flowers and vegetables at the county fairs and the Harvest Home services in the rural churches.

Another contribution for the housewife's robust constitution was the abundance of foods which have now become a rarity. Lucky are those of us who can remember going down to the springhouse on a hot summer day and dip a refreshing and invigorating drink out of a crock of nearly ice cold buttermilk setting in the cool spring water. There was nothing for toning up an overworked stomach like fresh buttermilk. Then there was the homebaked "wholesome" bread with homemade butter, almost as thick as the slice of bread itself, on it. Let's not go on, lest we forget the big kettle of sauerkraut and "speck" cooking on the kitchen stove, which, when eaten by the farmer at plowing time, created the expression "Sauerkraut un shpeck shiept de ard aweek." (Sauerkraut and speck pushes the earth away). This same sauerkraut gave an equal yield of energy to the housewife as well.

Each of the seven days of the week brought with it a slice or portion of the work meted out for the entire week. Since there seems to be a recurrence of certain tasks at rather regular intervals it has proved advantageous to most housewives to adopt a schedule for accomplishing these tasks. The pattern that seems to have been most popular among the Pennsylvania Dutch housewives down through the generations is: Maundawg—Wesh-dawg (Monday—Wash day), Dinshdawg—Biggel-dawg (Tuesday—Ironing day), Midwuch—Flick-dawg (Wednesday—Mending day), Dunnershdawg—Shtrose-dawg (Thursday—Errand day), Fridawg—Bock-dawg (Friday—Baking day), Somshdawg—Butz-dawg (Saturday—Cleaning day), and Sundawg—Karrich-dawg (Sunday—Church day). These chores already seem to round out a seven day week in full fashion. Yet the other incidental tasks consuming the housewife's time and energy are also so numerous throughout the weeks and months of the year that we cannot pass by mentioning a few. For

convenience, let's take seasonal and weekly groupings.

Starting with summer, the biggest job was preparing for winter, as one old lady down in the Oley Valley once expressed it to me, "Ei drawya we de g'shwarl duhna" (Store up like the squirrels do). This meant canning, preserving, and drying fruits and vegetables. Most of these foods were for family consumption. However, well do we also remember how we helped to gather the fallen apples into baskets when a young girl, to take home for mother to peel and cut into quarters for drying. These dried apple "schnitz" were sold to the huckster by the pound when he called weekly to buy the eggs and butter. The price received for these apple "schnitz" was very small but the satisfaction of not having left anything go to waste partly compensated for this lack of monetary return. "Mer darf nix ferhousa gae lussa" was a characteristic common among the Dutch. (You should not let anything go to waste). For this summer canning and preserving, most housewives were eager to move the entire household from the big kitchen in the main house over into the summer kitchen which was usually attached or near by the main house. This was done when summer arrived to spare the good kitchen from messy work. The big brass preserving kettles and all empty jars were usually stored in the summer house to be refilled.

Besides drying fruits and vegetables, the housewife had to apply her vast knowledge of the medicinal values of teas and herbs which numbered many varieties. To name just a few common ones, she had to gather and dry catnip tea for the baby's colic, horehound tea for colds in winter, sage for upset stomach, and elder blossoms tea when a child got measles and they didn't want to come out. Many teas were found growing in the garden but many were also growing wild and many trips, over the fields and through the woods, had to be made in preparation of all emergencies in the home. This was called "gegrieder sucha." Hops were dried to stuff a pillow for one to lie on when having a fever. Horse chestnuts were gathered and saved to put under a mattress for arthritis. This leads us right into wine making also, as housewives always had to have elderberry wine (*hullerbiere wei*) on hand for colds and birds' cherry wine (*fogels-karsha wei*) for a tonic. We could accumulate a long list of home remedies but that is not our purpose and we will go on to other chores.

Besides the many preparations that had to be made for winter, there frequently occurred a special, immediate occasion which called for preparation of food, such as the annual Sunday School picnic, family reunions, and a neighbor's funeral. For the first two, washbasketfuls of food were prepared and hauled to the grove for everyone to eat freely. Food for the latter was prepared at the house of the deceased a day or two in advance. All other work was dropped momentarily and haste was not wanting for special occasions.

The arrival of fall would ordinarily indicate a minimizing of canning, thereby decreasing the housewife's labors. But this is not so, as the dropping of fall apples brought every homestead into the midst of the eider making and apple butter cooking. Gathering the apples, the "schnitzing" party, and a long day of continuous cooking of apple butter brought on more satisfaction of having a well filled larder. Then came sauerkraut making, a task not to be taken lightly. But since superstitions entered into all domestic actions and duties of everyday life and concerned every member of the family, the housewife had to study the almanac diligently. Such was the case in sauerkraut making for if she should not be aware when the Gallus Week was according to the

almanac, her labor would be in vain, because sauerkraut, it was believed, made during that week would become bitter.

Gathering the turnips and pumpkins in the fields and the vegetables still remaining in the garden and storing them in the ground cellar was another fall chore.

Even though we will treat fall house cleaning lightly for brevity in this article, I beg of all readers to employ their imaginations strongly in this subject. Starting on the attic and ending in the cellar, fall cleaning had to be timed very carefully. For example, my mother always polished the parlor heater on the day that dad employed another man to help him to haul home the corn fodder. She asked the two men to carry the heater out on the porch in the morning and put it back into place again in the evening. This gave her ample time during the day to clean the stove pipe and polish the stove.

When cleaning the cellar, she had to consult her own personal calendar as no woman would dare to handle any of the many jars of canned foods on the cellar shelves during period time or they might spoil.

Winds becoming more chilly, days of relaxation should become more plentiful. Let's see if this is true. Along came the butchering season which meant not only getting their own family's supply of meat for the entire year, but this was usually a neighborhood affair and housewives went to help each other. The butchering required one or two days, to be followed by salting and smoking meats, canning sausages, and preparing mince meats.

The other seasonal tasks for winter were largely related to sewing. Let us think back to the time when even underwear was made of muslin. There was no knitted underwear, nor could plastic aprons be bought. Mother always made her own "*bendle shatz*" out of gingham, which she used for gathering eggs, or for picking beans.

Even during the long winter evenings housewives never permitted themselves to become idle. There were many clothes to be mended which was postponed during the busy summer months. Even the young girls had to help with the mending. Mending has now almost become a lost art. Years ago it was not until a girl could darn her stockings or set a patch as neatly as her grandmother that she was considered well prepared for marriage.

Quilts had to be patched and quilted, carpet rags had to be sewed, and rugs were made from partly worn out garments, either by braiding, crocheting, or by hooking through burlap. Sweaters, mittens, and stockings had to be knitted and occasionally there was an evening devoted to embroidering and crocheting. Only these last two could be classed as not an absolute necessity.

Our imaginary year for our readers is almost over and we come now to spring which, when bursting forth, required that the housewife had to prepare for the starting of new life, namely, sowing seeds into boxes and raising young plants in the house for transplanting into the garden when warm weather arrived. The big job of replenishing the supply of food consumed within the past year had to start all over again.

Another job that waited for a nice warm spring day was that of boiling soap (*safe kucha*) from such butchering scraps as bones, skins, ham rinds, and all frying fat remnants saved throughout the year. This was done in the big black iron kettle in the wash house. In no other work was there always such rivalry among housewives. Each woman wanted to show off the nicest and whitest cakes of soap.

And now with spring house cleaning we close our cycle

of seasonal tasks of the average house wife, leaving only weekly and special days and holiday tasks to discuss.

Jobs making regular weekly recurrences were churning butter, making cottage cheese, washing the lamp chimneys, polishing the kitchen stove, scouring the knives and forks with ashes or ground bricks, cleaning the pots and pans with liquid lye (*shmeear safe*), getting the eggs and other produce ready to sell to the huckster when he made his weekly call.

Besides preparing the meals for the family, the average housewife had one daily task the importance of which exceeded all other duties yet mentioned. I am referring to the care of the baby and the small children of the family. Before baby foods could be bought in little jars the mother had to rely on her own methods of preparing foods which the baby could eat to get the proper nourishment. Vegetables and potatoes were boiled and then mashed while meat was seared lightly and then the juice and blood were removed by putting the meat into a little press. This liquid was fed to babies on mashed potatoes.

It would seem hard to raise children today without the cops and robbers, cowboys, and Indian games. Yet when the sand pile (deposited in the lane down by the bridge when a creek in the meadow became swollen during a thunder storm) was the only place to make mud pies with an old spoon and a pie tin, or climbing every apple tree in the orchard were the trend, every child was equally happy.

It was the infant in the kitchen about whose play pleasures the housewife had to be most concerned. How was baby entertained while the mother was busy with her chores? To that child the common items such as spoons, empty spools, calabashes, clothes pins, and rag dolls were most entertaining. And to soothe that craving which every child has to put things into his mouth, a piece of bread or a peeled apple quarter were tied in a rag and the child could chew and suck on it. This was a safe trick to prevent the child's getting it into his throat and at the same time the child got a little flavor and nourishment from the apple.

Rainy days brought about the problem of finding entertainment for the older ones. Again the housewife came up with items at hand such as the seed catalogs, Sears Roebuck catalog, newspapers to cut out paper dolls and, of course, the slate and slate pencil for Tick Tack Toe.

Christmas, Easter, and Shrove Tuesday are the holidays receiving the greatest amount of attention, bringing with them additional chores for every housewife.

Cookie baking and making decorations for the tree started as early as November in most Pennsylvania Dutch homes. Gathering alder flowers (*alle hecka*) in the meadow to dye Easter eggs, too, got early consideration. Baking the Easter rabbit cake from raised dough with a hard boiled egg for a tail required much time. This was a very early custom brought from Germany. And piles of fasnachts were longed for by watering mouths of every family on Shrove Tuesday.

I have merely generalized on the average housewife's role in family life. Superstitions, too, have been so common in the past that they involved every member of the family from baby to grandmother and it was the housewife who had to exercise avoidance for every one concerned. I did not deal heavily with this subject nor did I mention the work done by the farmer's wife at the barn, such as milking, feeding the fowl, and raising the baby chicks. Neither did I expand on the work done out in the fields during haymaking and harvesting, yet most women labored outdoors as many hours as indoors.

So, SEVEN DAYS MAKE ONE WEEK.



This is what a Sunday morning looks like at the meetinghouse of Lancaster County's "Team" Mennonites. This scene was captured recently at Bowmansville.

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