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# Pennsylvania FOLKLIFE

SUMMER 1968

*Folk Festival Issue*  
75¢





1807.  
*Dr. John Rouse, and Family,  
 at the dinner table Eating Nudelsup,  
 and in the Evening meal, mush and milk.*



Lewis Miller's sketch of a Pennsylvania Dutch Family at the Table. Dated 1807, the drawing is entitled: "Dr. John Rouse, and Family, at the dinner table Eating Nudelsup, and in the Evening meal, mush and milk. Reproduced by permission of the Historical Society of York County, owner of the Miller Collection.

## MEALTIMES and TABLE SETTINGS: Folk-Cultural Questionnaire #8

One important phase in research in folk cookery is the gathering of information on the traditional meal-systems, the serving of food, the setting of the dinner table, and the seating arrangements at the table. Europe's folklife archives have much material on this subject, but in the United States we have only begun to look at such phases of our past. Our readers and festival visitors can help us by sharing their experience and memories of these aspects of early Pennsylvania rural life.

1. In your family or home area, what were the names, in Pennsylvania Dutch and English, of the various meals of the day?

2. At what times during the day were meals scheduled? How was this time-schedule related to the barn and field work of the men?

3. Do you recall evidence of the old European five-meal-a-day system, at least in the summer, which involved the carrying of mid-morning and/or mid-afternoon snacks to the men working in the fields? If so, what types of foods were taken to the fields? What was taken to the fields to drink during the work-periods, or at the time of the morning and afternoon snacks?

4. Did your family eat in the kitchen of the farmhouse, was there a separate dining room, or were both used on occasion? Did your family use a "summer kitchen"? If so, describe it and its use.

5. Describe the seating at the farm table. Where did the father of the family sit, the mother, the youngest child, the older children, the hired man, the hired girl? Do you recall hearing, from older relatives, that younger children in large families once stood at the table to eat?

6. Describe the setting of the table. What utensils were used and where they were placed in relation to the plates? What was kept on the table, between meals? In what ways did the serving of food differ in your childhood home from the serving of food today?

7. Where were the table dishes washed, in the days before the modern sink and dishwasher? Describe the process of washing and drying table ware, if that process as you remember it differed from present-day methods.

8. Describe (a) special foods prepared for babies or small children, either for home use, or to take along to break the monotony (for them) of long church services. (b) What sort of food was prepared by the housewife for the many beggars and tramps who thronged the roads of rural areas fifty and sixty years ago? What were these handouts called?

9. Describe the luncheon materials that Pennsylvania schoolchildren used to carry with them to the one-room country schools in the late 19th and early 20th Centuries. What were the most common, and what were the most unusual school foods that you recall?

10. Write down any rhymes, songs, tales, or humorous stories you recall about eating meals in the past, for example, the many jokes about what happened when the preacher came for a meal.

Send your replies to:

Dr. Don Yoder  
 Bennett Hall Box 5, University of Pennsylvania  
 Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19104

Buttermolds using Dutch Folk Art Motifs: Heart, Tulip and Whirling Swastika (Robacker Collection). Photograph by Karas of Hartsdale, New York.





# *Pennsylvania* FOLKLIFE

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**Mealtimes and Table Settings:**

**Folk-Cultural Questionnaire #8**

(Inside Front Cover)

**Cover:** Evelyn Werley, R.F.D. 1, Wescosville, Pennsylvania, demonstrates butter-making at Folk Festival, using 19th Century Churn. Buttermolds carved in traditional Pennsylvania Dutch patterns form border.



Drawn-work end of the oldest show-towel known to the writers. The date is found in widely separated numbers, starting at top left: 1 - 7 - 9 - 4. In addition to the stars, birds, and human figures, Christina, who had to transfer from large letters to small, in the interests of space, utilized five baskets of flowers in her design. With the exception of the faded red threads just barely visible in the photograph, the entire work, fringe and all, is a single piece of homespun.



A very early Delft plate, probably Lambeth, with be-spatter decoration. This piece was long in the possession of a prominent Monroe County family.

# FLORAL MOTIFS



Two embroidered floral pocket watch "papers" — actually satin. Shown framed here, they served to keep dust away from the escapement of the thick watches of the Victorian era. Note that the lower one is initialed. From Cherry Valley in Monroe County.



Two types of floral decoration on red clay pie-plates. The tulip at the left is in green; the floral spray at the right has been created of lines and dabs. Both pieces show signs of hard usage. From Kutztown and Lancaster, respectively.



The sunflower design, certainly one of the best of all patchwork quilt patterns. While quilting does not show to advantage here the beloved broad-lobed heart is a major motif. This venerable piece passed from mother to daughter in the Robrbacher (Robacker) family from the time of Elisabetha, born in 1799. Who no one now knows just when it was made, its span of use seems to have been more than a hundred years.



By EARL F. and ADA F. ROBACKER

Flowers have apparently gladdened the heart of man—or should one perhaps say "woman"?—from the beginning of time. No one knows who first wore a rose in her hair, but probably it was Eve . . . or, if not Eve, Lilith. It would be easier to pinpoint the time when the questing male first put a daisy into the lapel of his jacket, but the idea, whether conscious, unconscious, or subconscious, back of it all seems always to have been the hope that something of the attractiveness of the flower would rub off on the wearer.

In the Pennsylvania Dutchland, as elsewhere, dooryard flowers were grown and cherished from earliest times. The question of wearing a corsage would have been more amusing than appealing to most Dutch Country matrons, but the woman who might be overcome with self-consciousness at the thought of wearing a flower on her person could still exercise complete abandon when it came to growing geraniums or oleanders or gloxinias to brighten the house in the dark days of winter, to say nothing of maintaining a parade of color in her garden from daffodils in the spring to dahlias in the fall. And what bloomed in the garden or in the pots in the fancy iron window brackets was supple-

mented year-round by a related display in her tableware, her dower chests and other furniture, her woven coverlet, her quilts, her butter-mold, the ironwork of her doors and cupboards, and so on, almost ad infinitum.

One of the earliest floral decorations a collector is likely to come upon—and then only with a combination of patient persistence and luck—is a mug or bowl or plate of Delft, with a spattered floral decoration. This is not the 19th Century spatterware, on which roses, tulips, sunflowers, and carnations were painted with uninhibited zest, but a much earlier tin-glazed ware, less perfect in execution than Leeds pottery, and probably considerably earlier. Like "regular" spatterware, it was European in origin. Not much of it remains today; probably there never was very much of it.

What today's collector can find, however, if he likes spatterware but chooses not to pay the ever-soaring prices it commands on the market, is stick spatter, so called. All spatterware has one element of decoration in common—color dabbed on with a sponge. There is no record of exactly how it was done, but the process is so simple that an actual record, interesting though it would undoubtedly be, is hardly necessary. The spattered areas, one should

Photographs by Karas  
of Hartsdale, New York

Except as indicated, objects shown  
are from the Robacker Collection.

# n Dutchland's Art



Two types of flower pots on one small sampler are less than common. (Should one consider the separate peacock plumes as flowers, too?) The letter J is not actually missing; the upper case I was used for both I and J.

note, in the usual Staffordshire ware are not floral; they serve instead to indicate the foliage of trees or, in more cases, constitute background areas which accentuate the interest of the hand-drawn and hand-colored designs of birds, flowers, or whatever.

Stick-spatter is a little different. Historically, it seems to have followed the "good" spatter. Hand-drawn details are missing entirely; all the decoration has been created by a firm piece of sponge cut to a desired shape and attached to the end of a stick. All the decorator needed to do was to dampen the sponge, dip it into the dry pigment, and then apply it to the surface of the object in its pre-glaze or "biscuit" form. Most stick-spatter designs are simple—rosettes, single flowers, single leaves, merely conventional cartouches, or vines. Not infrequently, non-English European tableware of the 19th Century included stick-spatter rosettes on hand-drawn, boldly figured, resplendently colored tableware. Whether these pieces are superior or inferior to those on which stick-spattering alone constitutes the decoration may be considered merely a matter of taste. While stick-spatter is certainly not plentiful, it can frequently be found in good shops in the Dutch Country—and occasionally outside. Unlike other spatterware, which is stereotyped as being as Dutch as the distelfink, it was in more or less general circulation throughout the East a century ago.

Redware pottery had its moments of gay decoration, too. While the vast majority of the pieces turned out in the kilns once thickly dotting the countryside were severely plain, as perhaps befitted pieces intended to be utilitarian, skilled potters could and did let themselves go, now and





Marriage certificates ("Trauscheine") are comparatively rare among fraktur pieces; it is also unusual to find English rather than German used on pieces this early. A fly leaf of the family Bible was utilized for the fraktur at the time of the birth of Amos in 1829. When Isaac was born, in 1831, a separate cartouche had to be created for him, farther down the page!



A 3-gallon blue-decorated gray stone-ware jug found west of Reading, Pennsylvania. Deeply incised ("sgraffito") lines helped to keep the cobalt in place while the object was fired.



A bureau box somewhat puzzling in that, while the construction is simple the superimposed tulip and foliage seem over-sophisticated. The background is blue; decorations are yellow. Has any reader encountered similar pieces?

then, demonstrating that a seemingly stubborn medium could also be a versatile one under the touch of a master craftsman. The famous sgraffito pie plates come to mind first among such pieces, but with rare exceptions one has to go to a museum to get an actual peep at them. Possibly the most skillful executor of sgraffito flowers was Samuel Troxell, who, very early in the 19th Century created tulips and other more or less stylized blooms of almost perfect symmetry. Not inconceivably he used a compass to achieve some of his rhythmic curves, but the result goes beyond mere geometrical perfection.

Closer to the folk touch than the skilled creations of Troxell are the frechand blossoms on slipware. Slip, as every collector knows, is a thick, creamy clay mixture applied over the body of the object to be decorated, in lines, dabs, and simple decorative devices which will come out

of the kiln as light areas against the dark red or brown of the rest of the object. Even the most competent decorators found the handling of the slip cup, with its wobbly quills, a tricky operation, small wonder that there are so few pieces with competent floral decoration.

A comparative newcomer to the world of collecting, for all that it is an old-timer in other respects, is Gaudy Welsh, which may be as superior in quality as Swansea ware, or as heavy and cumbersome as mediocre ironstone. Though the patterns are myriad, it is the use of deep blue and gilt, rather than the designs, which gives this member of the Gaudy *Freindschaft* its charm. Three flowers should perhaps be identified for the neophyte collector: the morning glory, seldom found in other wares; the fringe-petaled orange and yellow tulip of Swansea Gaudy; and the conventionalized, almost non-representational daisy.

The use of blue pigment on a white body posed a problem which resulted in a good many interesting wares in the 18th and early 19th Centuries. The blue, hard to control, ran in the kiln, and thus Flow Blue was born. The bluish tinge under what was usually a good glaze only too often looked like what it really was—an experiment or a mistake. The lavish use of gilt either beside or superimposed upon the blue helped to lend needed elegance, but perfection was achieved, in the minds of many, only when Swansea ware, and in particular the tulip pattern, was created. Here, the areas of blue, the gilt embellishment, and the floral representations are well controlled. Why collectors passed it by for so many years is a mystery. It exists in tea sets rather than in dinner sets.

The major artistic achievements of women in the Dutch Country came about through the endless ramifications of





*Even the white metal insets in the ferrules of bone-handled cutlery were sometimes floral in form. The pewter spoons, cast in molds, are in the so-called tulip design.*

needlework. There are books still to be written on this subject; the surface has hardly been scratched. One small fraction of the total area has to do with a creation well known to the Dutch Country of yesteryear, but completely unfamiliar to the rest of the country—and to the Dutch Country of today, for that matter: the show towel. The hand towel which we know was preceded in many rural areas by the roller towel—the kind of towel one still encounters occasionally in public rest rooms, the major difference being that the article of yesterday was a piece of coarse homespun or hand-woven huck. To hide this unesthetic household necessity from the eyes of the visitor, the housewife created a masterpiece of fringed, cross-stitched, hemstitched, drawn, embroidered, or otherwise embellished homespun and placed it over the offending roller towel. It was no more to be *used* than is today's fancy guest towel. In a sense it was a display of the best talents of the housewife, for in addition to the fancification already mentioned, she added her name; flowers, animals, or birds; the date; letters or numerals in sampler fashion; and, if she was a Mennonite, the letters OEHBDDDE—the letters standing for a religious admonition known in every devout household: "O Edles Herz, Bedenk Doch Dein Ende"—"Oh, noble heart, think upon thy death."

Very early show towels—up to the 1840's or thereabouts—depended for their effect upon needlework with no colored threads at all, or with red alone. In later years, colored yarns were used with telling effect. For whatever reason, the flowers used in the decoration were usually depicted in pots—as was the case also with the flowers of many tin coffee pots, dower chests, and occasional pieces of fraktur.

Woven coverlets of wool and flax are likely to be bright with floral patterns of striking size and brilliancy. Very early coverlets were hand-loomed, often by the housewife herself, but early patterns were largely geometrical. When Jacquard-loomed coverlets came in, in the 1830's, however, far greater variety became possible, and it was in the decades of the 1830's, 1840's, and 1850's that the birds, flowers, houses, and elaborate scrolls and other devices reached their peak of perfection. At the same time, the process of manufacture tended to move out of the hands of the amateur, however accomplished she might be, and



*Stick spatter decoration on a plate of luncheon size—one of a set of six. The spatter is red and green on a cream-colored ground. From Maxatawny in Berks County.*

into the realm of the professional. This professional was often an itinerant, moving his loom from place to place to meet the demands of the ever-expanding population. When orders were slack he often created a backlog of coverlets which he consigned to the country store for sale. Some weavers, whether because of their reputation for good work or because of an unusually felicitous location, were able to "stay put" and carried on their occupation in one place year after year.

It was in the heyday of the heavy coverlet that another of the essentially female arts came into its own—that of quilt-making. Whereas coverlets had their rise, decline, and fall in popularity, however, the art of quilt-making, though it has had temporary periods of decline, seems to be firmly entrenched in the mores of America. If any documentation of the healthy state of quilt-making should be needed, a visit to the building housing the annual quilt exhibition on the Festival grounds would be reassuring. Quilts of superlative quality were made a hundred years ago, and are still being made—with different materials and



*A calligraphic masterpiece, whether one considers the moss roses, the composition, of the exquisitely delineated birds.*



different designs, in many cases, but with no lessening of skill or enthusiasm. Nor is the art confined to any one section of the country; quilts of top quality are found from Maine to Florida, from Virginia to Oregon. It might be observed that in the past two years quilts offered for sale at the Festival at what seems like stiff prices have been snapped up by buyers from such widely separated spots as Rome, Sweden, Panama, and Montreal.

The flowers on both coverlets and quilts tend to be conventionalized rather than realistic, with tulips a prime favorite in each case.

While needlework is actually independent of time and place and has putatively existed since recognition came that fig-leaf protection was an ephemeral and sometime thing, certain phases of it appear to belong to small segments of time, historically speaking. Show towels would illustrate this concept, but there might well be a question about patchwork quilts. Another category, and an attractive, albeit a minor one, is the embroidered watch papers used inside the heavy pocket watch cases of the Victorian era to protect the works from dust. At least, protection from dust is said to have been their *raison d'être*; it is not impossible that the Victorian frenzy for embellishment seized on the watch case first, with the *raison d'être* following. Whatever the genesis of the idea, the little discs of heavy silk or satin, embroidered with French knots in floral designs, have a considerable appeal to collectors today. Their span of time in the world of needlecraft was brief; when the cumbersome "turnip" watches were superseded by thinner models, there was no longer a place for the fancy little discs.

Dutch Country documents and records of a bygone day leaned heavily on floral decoration. While the calligraphic skill of *fraktur* writers often resulted in works of art, the charm of hand-written birth and baptismal certificates, copybook precepts, house blessings, marriage certificates,



*A three-tier knife rack remarkable for the finely preserved quality of its beautiful paint decoration. The overall shape is traditional. Each of the shelves is slotted to hold four objects.*



*Completely hand-carved butter mold of notable competence. A Berks County piece, though the flower "pomp" might look like a crown to a dweller in Centre County where the crown was especially popular on dower chests.*

and the like was heightened by drawings—drawings which in many cases fell far short of the caliber of the actual writing. Birds, human or angelic figures; moon or sun or stars; clock dials or buildings or hearts—any of these might appear on a piece of *fraktur* according to the predilection of the scrivener, but a piece without flowers of any kind was almost unthinkable. Tulips were way out ahead in popularity in the 1700's, but tended to be displaced by lush, heavy Redoute-style roses by the mid-19th Century.

Tulips, of course, were likely to appear on almost any item of Pennsylvania Dutch artistry, and one soon comes to expect to see them. One of the unexpected spots for this flower to bloom is in the pewter or white-metal ferrule of 19th Century bone-handled knives and forks. In passing,



one might observe that the range of these inconspicuous but attractive little cutlery inserts is broad enough to make possible a collection of considerable distinction.

One of the near-inaccessibles in the collector's world is the kitchen wall rack for the display of knives, forks, or spoons. One of the shelves of the great Dutch Country kitchen cupboards—and sometimes two—was usually slotted for the insertion of decorative cutlery, but the hanging rack, decorated with flowers both bright and bold, was a thing of naive charm, if not of actual beauty in itself. So zealously sought are these little articles—they usually had three "shelves," each slotted for four objects—that even pieces in a state of advanced decrepitude can command a price somewhat staggering to the novice.

More likely to come to the attention of the collector is the bureau box—the fancy little box or chest which served as a repository for anything from cuff links to breast pins. There seems always to have been a need for small boxes in bedroom, parlor, or elsewhere, and the variety is little short of endless. Some may be ornamented with a single flower, but the range in design titillates the imagination, whether one is considering the pasteboard bonnet box lined with newsprint and covered with wallpaper, the black and orangey-red oval creations of Henry Bucher of Berks County, or the delightful little trinket coffers shaped like a house and covered with uncomplicated but attractive motifs in water paint. It may have been the spirit of Victoria's time, when a decorative object was only partly successful if it



One of a pair of "frog-leg" wrapped hinges with tulip finials. Not the least of their unique quality is their size—22 inches long. Shown here for the first time, these hinges, originally from Reading, Pennsylvania, had been stored in an attic in Scarsdale, New York, for almost half a century.

did not attempt to look like something else, which was responsible—happily for us—for the wide range of fancy boxes.

The Festival visitor will find a little wood-carving going on, on the grounds, and probably some meritorious contemporary pieces for sale. While the techniques of hand carving have changed but slowly over the years, the carved objects of today are intended frankly as decorations; in times gone by, at least some were utilitarian first and decorative as a kind of afterthought. Butter-molds, which in toto offer a fascinating display of non-professional carving at its best, were essentially utilitarian. The wide variety of designs sprang from the wish of the housewife to identify her salable surplus of butter so distinctively that it could

never be mistaken for somebody else's. As one might suppose, the tulip ranked high in popularity, but other flowers were also well loved.

There is a degree of resemblance between the carvings on butter-molds and those of springerle (cookie) boards and marzipan molds—but less than one might expect until he realizes that the same men did not ordinarily do both kinds. Springerle and marzipan mold makers seem to have been at least semi-professionals who lived in Europe; the butter-mold carvers were usually if not always American amateurs.

The handwriting artists of the Victorian era, considerably after the collapse of the *fraktur* tradition, deserve a word. These were the men—and occasionally the women—so adept at wielding a fine-pointed steel pen that it is hard to believe that the unguided human hand could achieve such control of sweeping line and gracious curve. To be sure, there were misses as well as hits, but for the most part it is the hits which have survived. To the essential art of perfect penmanship was added the fine art of flourishing—a manifestation enjoying something of a revival today. (Specimens of flourishing may be purchased on the Festival grounds.) Birds were a favorite subject, and so were horses, but perhaps roses came closest to achieving calligraphic perfection. Any given piece is likely to exhibit the complete repertory of the artist in terms of scrolls, fanciful helixes, shaded and unshaded lines, and cartouches so individual that there seems to be no name for them. These penmen were apparently proud of their work; unlike many artists or artisans, they almost always signed and dated their work. If the question of folk quality arises in connection with the art of flourishing, one may fairly observe that the professional penman either "has it" natively or not at all; he cannot be taught.

The most accomplished penwoman known to the writers is a diminutive lady now in her nineties, resident in the village of Newfoundland, in the Poconos. For more than three quarters of a century, people have looked at Miss Ella's handwriting and sighed hopelessly at the prospect of ever achieving such perfection.

Flowers on paper, on chinaware, on glass, and on furniture—in most media, for that matter—point to their being an essentially feminine choice, regardless of who actually executed them. One can not overlook the work of the blacksmith, however, and it is probably safe to say that little of feminine persuasion reached the blacksmith shop—an inviolable male preserve. Yet some of the most adeptly executed tulips in early American art are to be found in iron, notably on hinges and other hardware used about house and barn, as well as on the weighty stove plates which for a time helped to bridge the heating gap between the open fireplace and the parlor stove. And for sheer exuberance in floral decoration, few objects can surpass the late Victorian parlor heater of cast iron—unless just possibly it is the equally resplendent cast-iron fences, railings, and balcony pieces, most of which have now vanished from the Pennsylvania scene.

Such wonderful flowers that bloomed, yet! Yes, well; let's notice them while they are still to be found. Today's tastes seem to run to lines and dots and angles that represent nothing except an unfathomable urge in the brain of their creator. For those who still cherish roses and tulips—let's preserve the memory. Not inconceivably, mankind may still have need of them after the blobs, blots, and tortured lines have had their moment in the sun and have vanished from a scene which they do so little to improve.



# What the Pennsylvania Dutch Dialect Has Meant in My Life

By HENRY SNYDER GEHMAN

It is well known that Pennsylvania German is not a uniform language any more than are other tongues, but that there are dialectal differences which were brought to this country in colonial days by our forefathers, who came from various parts of South Germany and Switzerland. These variations in the language were perpetuated with numerous localisms developed in different areas of Pennsylvania; some normalization, however, in the direction of the speech of the Palatinate took place in this country, and accordingly despite minor local linguistic divergences we may regard Pennsylvania German as a distinctive dialect spoken over an extensive geographical area. We may moreover observe that it has left a more or less similar impress upon those who spoke it as their daily vernacular.

Naturally there are differences of intonation in various counties, which are carried over into regional English, but some accents undoubtedly are individual and are due rather to the fact that some people do not hear phonetic distinctions and have difficulty in imitating the sounds of another language. The writer has observed that the English spoken in various Pennsylvania German sections is not uniform in pronunciation and idiom, and accordingly we cannot generalize by saying that all Pennsylvania Germans speak English with the same accent.

It is also apparent that they cannot be called a solid ethnic group; European origins, geography, regionalism, and religion have kept them sufficiently diverse and saved them from becoming an exotic people bearing the same monotonous stamp; yet at the same time there are characteristics that the Pennsylvania Germans have in common. Most of all the writer resents the advertising by tourist agencies and commercial interests that picture the typical Pennsylvania German as an Amishman and do not permit that religious group to follow unmolested the tenor of their way. Furthermore it should be noted that the majority of the Pennsylvania Germans belong to the historic churches of the Reformation and look like other Americans.

The writer comes from Ephrata Township, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and grew up in the atmosphere of the dialect, and his observations for the most part are based on his local experiences. His native habitat may be described as a triangle with Hahnstown (*Hobnescheddel*) at the eastern end of the base and the Bergstrasse Evangelical Lutheran Church at the intersection of the Hahnstown road and Route 322 at the western end; the apex is at Hinkletown (*Hinkelscheddel*) on the Conestoga to the south. The writer was born a short distance north of the base of this triangle, and he spent his childhood and youth

*Henry S. Gehman,  
Ph.D. at University  
of Pennsylvania, at  
age of 25.*



*Author at 19 as a Junior at Franklin and Marshall College.*

as well as his vacations from college and graduate school on his parents' farm. The names of the two towns, *Hobnescheddel* (Rooster Town) and *Hinkelscheddel* (Chicken or Hen Town) occasionally caused merriment among Pennsylvania Germans not from our area, but we always took the names for granted and never thought anything strange about them.

The daily vernacular of my home and the surrounding section was Pennsylvania German, and we could spend weeks without hearing a word of English spoken, unless we went to Ephrata about three miles to the northwest or to Lancaster, the county seat. My great-grandfather Snyder was educated in both English and German; in school he read Lindley Murray's *English Reader*, but he subscribed to the German weekly published at Lancaster and had hanging on the kitchen wall a German almanac. His





Professor Gebman at age 70, on retirement from Princeton Theological Seminary.

accounts, however, were carefully kept in good English. My maternal grandfather had received a good English education for his day and was taught by Scotch-Irish schoolmasters. He told me that one of his teachers in passing the farmhouse early in the morning would call out the words: "Buuwele, boy," and then the lad accompanied the master to school.

This grandfather had no German instruction, but preferred to speak the dialect, although all his reading and writing were in English. My paternal grandfather was a farmer and schoolmaster, who taught both languages at the public school in the Lincoln Independent School District about a mile north of Martindale. He preferred to read German and was a calligrapher of German script, in which he copied the family records in his German Bible.

In the home I always spoke Pennsylvania German, and I am thankful that it was the only vernacular used in the household. In some homes the parents spoke the dialect to each other, but English to the children. The result was that many of my playmates spoke an abominable English, which in thought patterns and idiom was German with a decidedly foreign cadence of the sentences. Unfortunately some of those children would not attempt to speak German, but in many cases their English jargon was worse than the

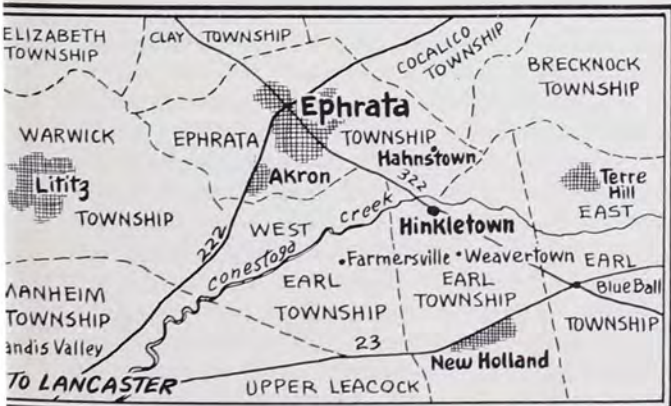
dialect. Strange as it may seem, some of us on the way home from school discussed even English grammar in Pennsylvania German. It often happens that a person in a period of linguistic transition loses the one culture without being at home in the other.

In my boyhood days the language of business at Ephrata was both English and German, but at Hahnstown it was exclusively German. Forty-seven years ago, one evening I happened to drop into the general store at this village. A number of boys and young men were sitting there, eating icecream and conversing in English. The idiom was bad, the accent was harsh and rasping, and the sentence structure was thoroughly German. As I left, I could not help thinking (II Samuel 1:27): "How are the mighty fallen." In the meanwhile, however, linguistic conditions have changed in that community. The grandchildren of my contemporaries generally no longer understand or speak the dialect. Their English is far better than it was two generations ago, and in my old environment the transition from the old to the new among the Lutherans has practically been made.

In the rural school at Hahnstown all the instruction was in English, but the language of the playground was mainly German. The girls, however, were more inclined to speak English, and once on his annual visit the County Superintendent of Schools asked the pupils who played in German to raise their hands. All the boys played in the dialect. On the other hand, almost all the hands of the girls went up to indicate that English was their preferred language on the playground, and in response to his question one girl maintained that playing is English was "nicer." The superintendent, however, who was conversant with the dialect, was not convinced.

In those days an adult in the community who knew only English often was referred to as "Irish," and a Pennsylvania German out in the country who insisted on speaking only English was regarded as a conceited individual and almost worthy of contempt. There is an obsolete or dialectal use of the English word "common" in the sense of "easy of approach, not reserved," and this word was borrowed by Pennsylvania German in the expression *en commoner Mann* (a man without pretense or free from snobbishness, one easy to approach). In my boyhood *en commoner Mann*, who had succeeded in life and remained free from egotism, was held in high esteem. In such an atmosphere a pretender was despised, and by example I was taught at home not to become a snob. Perhaps, however, in trying not to become a snob I may on some occasions paradoxically have become a snob. Whenever I address in our vernacular a Pennsylvania German who is fluent in the dialect and he replies in English, I cannot help resenting his superior attitude, and there comes to my mind a line from Horace (Odes III, 1,1): *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo* (I abhor the unhallowed throng and hold it aloof).

The question has been raised whether Pennsylvania German has been a handicap in school. Personally I think that depends upon the individual. When I started school at the age of six, I could not speak a word of English, but I had no difficulty in learning and speaking it. As I now look back and consider both the advantages and disadvantages of the dialect, I feel that, after having overcome an initial handicap, in many respects it has been a decided asset in my lifework. As a child I noted differences between Lancaster and Berks County German, and frequently I made comparisons between English and German. My philological interests accordingly began in childhood, and



Map of Ephrata Township, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.



I developed a love for languages. This aspiration was eventually fulfilled at Franklin and Marshall College, where I majored in Greek and Latin, and at the University of Pennsylvania, where I took the doctorate in Indo-European Philology, Latin, Greek, and Sanskrit. The Roman poet Ennius (239-169 B.C.) once said that he had three souls, because he spoke Latin, Greek, and Oscan. In the same way the person who speaks fluently the dialect and English may be said to have two personalities; he has certain insights and interpretations of life not available to a monoglot. In my youth there were a number of older persons who may be called trilingual; they spoke the dialect, read the Bible and devotional books in High German, and spoke and wrote an acceptable English. Many of them preferred to read the New Testament in an edition with German and English in parallel columns on the page.

In many cases the Pennsylvania Germans unfortunately have had an inferiority complex, and frequently I heard the strange and derogatory remark made by men who spoke the dialect as their only daily vernacular that Pennsylvania German is not a real language (*ken rechte Sproch*). Of course, they did not have a formal education and did not realize that any language is a means of communicating thought from one person to another. It was moreover to be pointed out that for several centuries the dialect has been an effective vehicle for the communication of thought. In my college days many of my associates felt that the dialect was a liability, and some were ashamed of it. A few who were preparing for the pastorate decided that they would not preach in German, because it might ruin their English. The fact, however, was that it would have been impossible to spoil their pronunciation of the English language. Sad to say, many Pennsylvania Germans have been the severest critics of their own people, and in numerous cases individuals have begrudged the success of those who attained distinction in their chosen field; this failing, however, may be true also of other ethnic groups.

Frequently the Pennsylvania Germans have ridiculed their own kind who spoke with an accent, and occasionally some strange things happened. In the days of my youth some boys who had spent a semester at a normal school or college returned home pretending that they had forgotten their native dialect; as one fond mother remarked about her illustrious son: "*Es Englisch stosst ihm immer vor.*" The Rev. Dr. H. J. Rütenik once aptly said: "*Was du von Hause geerbt hast, musst du nie vergessen*" (What you have inherited from home, you must never forget).

I admit that for a while I may have been overly conscious of an initial handicap on account of a German accent and German patterns of thought in English, but I also recognize that I have certain advantages over those who had come from a solely English environment. From my school days I constantly studied Webster's dictionary, and on many occasions my English colleagues asked me about the correct pronunciation of certain words. A firsthand knowledge of agricultural life later on gave me an understanding of the Old Testament references to rural life, which I could not have acquired in town or in the city. On numerous occasions in my boyhood I felt that some of my contemporaries with less formal education felt superior to me socially because I preferred to speak in the dialect. In the end, however, a person's life may be compared to a ledger with the debit and credit columns. As I leisurely review my career of teaching in universities and theological seminaries, I have come to the conclusion that in my

particular case the command of Pennsylvania German and its influence must be placed in the credit column.

We may look back with nostalgia to the era when both German and English were preached in the churches of Eastern Pennsylvania. Three generations ago there were few public high schools, and a college education was uncommon in the rural areas. In this connexion it may furthermore be noted that the Lutheran and Reformed Churches exerted even a cultural influence in the Pennsylvania German farming communities. At the Bergstrasse Lutheran Church until about 1913 services in German were held on Sunday mornings, while those that fell in the afternoon were in English. The pastor preached an idiomatic German which was grammatically correct and as simple as that of Luther's Bible and Catechism, and his English was excellent. At that time, however, the adults no longer could read German, since all their education had been in English. Most of them still understood the German sermons, but to the younger generation it was a foreign tongue. Obviously the adults in the period of linguistic transition received a better understanding of the Gospel by hearing it proclaimed in two tongues, and in this respect the Church also contributed to the culture of the community. German was preached in the rural churches for about two centuries, and this is an eloquent testimony to the vigor of the Pennsylvania German dialect and the linguistic conservatism of our people.

The language situation, however, was changing, and by the time of World War I the writer was the only person in the Bergstrasse congregation who could read, write, and speak High German. By about 1915 Baer's Agricultural Almanac in German was no longer available in the country stores. At that time the future growth of Bergstrasse and the spiritual needs of the younger generation demanded that all the services should be conducted in English.

Ten years ago when the writer visited the two southernmost states of Brazil, Rio Grande do Sul and Santa Catarina, he encountered a situation similar to what once prevailed in Eastern Pennsylvania. The members of the Evangelical and Lutheran Churches are bilingual, speaking German and Portuguese. The younger generation, however, prefers to speak Portuguese, and the leaders of the Church now admit that eventually the language of worship will be Portuguese. In that country the Church is now in a linguistic transition similar to what took place in Eastern Pennsylvania two generations ago. The Pennsylvania Germans of the past era recognized that German is a vigorous medium for preaching, and many felt that a German sermon is more powerful than one in English. I found a similar attitude in South Brazil on the part of those who are perfectly bilingual. I may, however, have an inherited prejudice in this matter, but I cannot help feeling that there is much truth in this opinion, even though the Gospel can be preached effectively in all tongues.

The respectability of Pennsylvania German as a dialect is obvious to anyone who visits Germany and Switzerland. When I was in Basel in 1950, a department store in that city regularly had advertisements in the Swiss dialect of the canton, and they read more like our vernacular than High German. While I lived in Heidelberg, I heard German spoken with the same inflexion as we used in the Conestoga Valley. I spoke the dialect on the street, and when I made purchases in my native tongue, nobody seemed to regard it strange. In 1950, when I was at an ecumenical conference at Treysa, a professor from Gottingen read a paper. The moment he began to lecture my reaction



was: "*Seller Mann kummt von Hohmescheddel*" (That man comes from Hahnstown). In a conversation with him I found out that his home had been near Stuttgart, and then I understood how he happened to have such a familiar accent. On that occasion my wife, who does not speak High German, lived with a family in that place and had no difficulty in communicating with our friends. Such experiences prove that Pennsylvania German is a respectable German dialect and not a combination of bad English and worse German, as some have imagined. From my own experience Pennsylvania German was no hindrance in acquiring literary German; it gave me an initial extensive vocabulary and a *Sprachgefühl*, which was an advantage. It should also be noted that some of the dialectal words and antiquated expressions which I had to discard had a sound philological basis in German dialects and in the history of the language. In reading the works of Luther I frequently met familiar words which are not current in modern usage.

It has been said that the Pennsylvania Germans are a superstitious people, and it is well known that superstitions were handed down for centuries. Powwowing, however, may be almost extinct, and agricultural lore connected with the moon and the signs of the zodiac probably is a thing of the past. A discussion of superstitions, however, would go beyond the limits of this article, but in passing, it may be observed that the customs and beliefs of a remote past have kept alive the romance of living in a bygone age. Moreover it should be noted that superstitions are universal and do not belong only to a particular ethnic group; they did not originate in Pennsylvania, but were brought by our forefathers to the new world. In fact, the writer has found superstitions among all nationalities, and some persist even in so-called respectable society. There is still prevalent the ridiculous custom of touching wood when a person speaks of his health; it may be treated as a joke, but probably the one who does it may have a sneaking suspicion that there is something to it. By the way, the writer never met that superstition among the Pennsylvania Germans of the Conestoga Valley. Belief in witchcraft is not confined to Pennsylvania, but superstitions go back to a distant past. Henry Harbaugh wrote:

*"Ich glaab net viel an Hexerei,  
Mag sei(n) 's is eppes doch dabei."*

(I do not believe much in witchcraft, yet it may be that there is something to it.)

Over half a century ago, when the writer read the Atharva-Veda in seminars at the University of Pennsylvania, he observed many resemblances between ancient Vedic customs and superstitions in Eastern Pennsylvania. When he was ten or twelve years old, he was often entertained by old men who told him ghost stories until the chills went down his back and he was almost afraid to go out in the dark. Later, when he studied Pali and read selections from the Peta-Vatthu, a Buddhist work on the punishments suffered by the spirits of the departed, he was struck by the similarity of the Buddhist ghost stories to what he heard in his boyhood days. Thereupon the memories of his childhood and youth returned, and accordingly he rendered the Peta-Vatthu into English; this happened to be the first translation of this book into a Western language.

The Pennsylvania Germans were essentially a rural folk, and the dialect betrays this limitation. It is well adapted for home life and agricultural pursuits. Its vocabulary, while quite extensive, is restricted in its range, and it is difficult to discuss a learned theme in the dialect without

introducing technical words from literary German or borrowing from English. It has been cut off from its roots in the home base and developed as a linguistic island in Eastern Pennsylvania, whence it was transplanted to various communities in the Midwest. The philologist, however, recognizes its historical background and its relations to definite geographical areas in Germany. It has a rightful claim to be classified as a respectable German patois, and it can be placed in the same category with other South German dialects, as e.g., Bavarian and Swabian. It is still used effectively in the writer's native county in religious services by conservative groups such as the Amish and the Old Order Mennonites, who have remained successful farmers without seriously disturbing the historical connexions with the customs of the forefathers. It may be well that there have remained some nonconformists who can resist the encroachments of the modern era and have not made rural life conform to a monotonous and standardized pattern.

Anyone who is bilingual knows that there are certain expressions which are more vigorous in one language than in another and that in translation frequently the spirit of the original is lost. In most cases a dialect is closer to the soil than a literary language, and this is especially true of Pennsylvania German, which is essentially a *Volks-sprache* and reflects the spirit of the people. It can be the vehicle for expressing tender emotions, and on the other hand it can be the channel of bitter invective and violent abuse. It is capable of conveying serious thoughts, and the most personal problems can be discussed in a heart-to-heart conversation. Coarse expressions and profanity can be expressed also in other tongues and are not the sole possession of the Pennsylvania Germans. To a native it appears that the dialect is well suited to narrate humorous situations, but when amusing stories are translated into English, the point is lost, the humor is gone, and they become meaningless. Generally it is not the words alone, but the facial expression and the inflexion of the voice that produce the desired effect. Since the dialect can be used very effectively to depict humorous situations, unfortunately some people have supposed that humor is the chief asset of Pennsylvania German. This, however, is only one phase of the language of our forefathers.

For over two centuries the dialect served as an adequate medium to express the thoughts, the hopes, and the aspirations of a sturdy people that have taken their place in the stream of American life. For reasons of language the Pennsylvania Germans have often been regarded by some as an exotic group. They were considered for many years by their English neighbors as "dumb Dutch" or "ignorant boors" because they spoke a foreign tongue or merely broken English in addition to their native dialect. In the meanwhile, some of their young men have studied natural science, philosophy, philology, and theology in German universities, but for this people as a group the ties with the land of the forefathers long ago has been allowed to lapse. Their contributions to culture, education, the Church, and the State have been recognized, and in recent years an interest in their arts and crafts has been aroused and developed. The Pennsylvania Germans are a native American people, and are as American as the descendants of the Pilgrims of Massachusetts and the Cavaliers of Virginia. Much remains to be studied in their history, folklore, and language, and in these areas the ambitious young scholar will find awaiting him many fertile fields to be investigated.



# HOW I MAKE SOAP

By MABEL SNYDER

One of the ancient rural arts still practiced by some of the Pennsylvania Dutch is soap-making. In the days when the farm was self-sufficient and one attempted to manufacture most of the common household needs, soap-making, or soap-boiling, was a regular task for the Hausfrau. Soap-boiling involves an important basic rule in rural economy—don't throw away anything that can be used, or re-used, on the farm. In this case, fat scraps and drippings or renderings from the cooking of meat were saved and transformed, through chemical action with lye, into home-made soap. In earlier times even the lye was home-made, from the wood-ash residue from kitchen fires.

In this recording, made Saturday, October 28, 1967, by the Editor, we hear, in Pennsylvania Dutch, Mabel Snyder's reminiscences of her many years of soap-boiling. Familiar to thousands of Folk Festival visitors as the "soap-boiler" and "white-wash lady," she has faithfully demonstrated both of these crafts since almost the beginning of the Festival in the 1950's. Mabel Snyder is a native Berks Countian, born August 19, 1902, on a farm in Perry Township, near Onyx Cave, between the towns of Virginville and Moselem. She was the daughter of Wilson J. and Hetty C. (Mengel) Adam, and was baptized and confirmed in the Reformed congregation of Zion's Windsor Castle Union Church.

Mabel Snyder is a native speaker of Pennsylvania German now living at Temple, a suburb of Reading, Pennsylvania. Her dialect speech pattern is an extremely rapid-fire one, and her discussion of the technical side of soap-boiling progresses with numerous anacolutha and reshaping of her thought, some of which, for the sake of continuity, the Editor has omitted, as indicated by the dots in his transcription of the dialect. The dialect narrative given here illustrates what Professor Richard Weiss of the University of Zurich, in discussing Swiss German, describes as the "epic succession" in dialect—lacking more complicated conjunctives, the dialect speaker connects his phrases with "*un noh...un noh...un noh...*" (and then...and then...and then...).

The vocabulary is interesting as well, for its accommodation with the surrounding English: *schpicket* (spigot), *schtor* (store), *nei-adda* (to add something to a mixture), *butschere* (to butcher), *experimende* (to experiment), *gschtart* (started), *gedissolvt* (dissolved), and *ge-constipated* (constipated). Some words are adopted with minimal or even entirely without linguistic change: caustic soda, lye, *fett dripping* (fat drippings), ordinary, separate, liquid, porcelain, stainless steel, agate (in the adjectival form *agate-ni*), boardwalks, cement walks, porch (used in the plural: *porch-a*), drugstore, really, prevent, and *seef-bissness* (soap-business).

In transcribing the dialect the Editor has used a modified form of the Barba-Buffington orthography of Pennsylvania German, which is based on German rather than English sound values. However, English words used in the dialect with little change, have been spelled as spelled in English. The tape is part of the University of Pennsylvania Folklife Archive.—EDITOR.

Why, ich mach seef. Yohre zerick, eb sie caustic soda katte hen, iss es gemacht warre mit hols-esch. Do hen sie lye gemacht, en lye solution gemacht, mit hols-esch. Do iss die hols-esch genumme warre un iss in en fass gedu warre in der gorde, un in es fass iss schtofft in de boddem gedu warre, schtroh un en layer vun . . . gleene nescht un schtroh unne nei, un noh die esch datt owwe druff, so ass es noh hot's datte darrich g'filtert. Un do iss owwe uff mit darre esch, iss leim, iss kallick, un hinkelmischt gedu warre, un noh wann's iss wasser druff gschitt warre. Un wann's als g'reyert hot, sell hot en lot kolfe, sell nass wetter, noh iss es gedissolvt un noh hot's en brie gewwe, sell wor die lye gewest. Un noh des fass des hot unni en schpicket dra katte, un do iss wie en gleener droog, un des iss raus geloffe datte un des hoscht uff-gfange. Des hot uffgfang sei misse imme eisne kessel, imme gleene eisne kessel. Un sell hot so schtarrick sei solle dass es en oy gschwumme iss drin—noh wor's ready far use-a. Noh hot mer es fett zu gedu un noh hot's schmier-seef, weeche seef gewwe—was sie schmier-seef heesse. So viel ass ich weess iss sie net hatt warre, nie net selli—iss es yuscht gewest meh wie en schmier-seef.

Noh in baut achtzeh hunnert un finf un siwwezech, noh iss caustic soda rauskumme un verkaaft warre an de schtor-a, un noh iss en neier weg gschtart warre. Noh hen sie's es mit caustic soda gedu warre wie mer's alleweil dutt. Un muss . . . en eisne kessel genumme warre un duscht en eisne kessel misse far sell du. Un ich du en eemer foll wasser in en kessel un baut, zu baut 4-5 pund caustic soda—es depend wie viel fett ass ich hab—un noh so baut 15 pund fett. Un noh koch ich sell un koch sell ewwe bis es sich uff . . . Noh datte mit sellem fett kann mer noh all fett dripping, alles was mer die fett drippings . . . wann mer eppes brodt. Un noh vun butschere, die griewe un all sell schtofft used mer, un schworde un sell sach kocht mer all uff. Un sell wor was mer friehers die seef gekocht hot mit. Noh darrich der summer iss allfart des fett gsummelt warre vun de schunke, vun schunkefleisch un vun seideschpeck un iss all weck gedu warre, noh schpotyohrs iss widder gekocht warre. Un des hot mer's all verkocht sei



After the Civil War, stores carried factory-made lye but many Dutch Hausfraus continued to make their own.





*Mabel Snyder in Berks County Sun Bonnet.*



*With her granddaughter, Mabel Snyder demonstrates traditional soap-boiling techniques at Folk Festival.*

un des nemmt viel lenger far all selli schworde un sell sache verkoche. Es nemmt, wu'd yuscht ordinary fett used, kannscht koche in baut en schtund un e halb, wu's baut drei schtund nemmt bis sell verkocht iss. Un oh, des geht, noh kummt vorm . . . seef owwe druff, un unne drin iss en brauner liquid—sell iss die lack. Un . . . wann sell noh separeet, noh iss es schier gor fattich. Un noh duscht e paar hendfoll sals nei add-a, un sell dutt's sie butze, die seef. Noh wann's sie alsemol net gans recht iss, noh losst sie schtehe far baut 12 schtund. Du duscht sie in en hilsner zuwwer, un noh kannscht net in eppes blechnes, odder es muss hilse sei odder porcelain, odder en agate-ni schissel. Un noh muscht, wann's noh net gans schtarrick genunk iss, un net recht iss, noh schneidt's raus de neegschte dag, noh kochscht widder iwwer. Wann sie ungefehr zu schtarrick iss, dann nemschte . . . duscht e wennich wasser dezu add-a, un sie dutt aa garn iwverkoche. Du darfscht net zu en schtarrick feier mache, schunscht kocht sie all iwwer de blatz. Un noh schaffe, halde scharre, schunscht dutt sie schur, un noh kummt sie raus. Odder wasser nei-schitte

—sell dutt aa helfe wann sie zu arrick gekocht. Es bescht iss far acht gewwe dass mer sie net zu viel feier hot.

Un selli lack, selli iss gut far use-a fa'n lot sache. Un sell dutt eim sei hand arrick weh wann mer sell an die hand grickt. Sell brennt em die hand darrich. Un die soda-seef iss net so schtarrick—vun weye yohre zerick sin sie als gange un hen sie ge-used far, wann ken anner seef katt, noh hen sie sell genumme far bath un alles. Als menscht watt sie ge-used far wesche un far butze. So lung sie . . . ein schunscht nix katte, so wie des schtor-schtoff beikumme iss, noh hen sie des anner sache ge-used. Awwer siss wohr, so viel leit ass alleweil noch die annere use-a, un sie iss viel gut far gift. Un die leit hen als net so viel gift katte wie sie alleweil hen. Die hen sich allfatt gewesche wann sie drauss vun de felder rei kumme sin, hen sie sich ewwe die hend gewesche mit de heemgemachti seef. Un sell hot en lot's gemacht so.

Un noh mit darre schmier-seef . . . do sin viel uses defor, un hot es gscharr gebutzt mit. Do hot mer all die kessel un panne un pie-schissele un all so sache gebutzt. Die



sin gekocht warre imme . . . des schofft in en eise kessel gedu warre un die panne sin datt nei un datt drin gekocht. Noh hoscht silver sand genumme un hoscht sie gerieve, odder mit hols-esch. Messer un gawwel sellemols wor net die stainless steel wie mir alleweil hot un all des schofft. Do hoscht du die annere, die messer un gawwel, sin wiescht warre selli zeit, un leffel un alle sache.

Why, noh hot mer als yohre zerick boardwalks katte do, awwer ken cement walks gewest. Noh hot mer vun darre schmier-seef in en eemer. Des iss alle Samschdag maryets ewwe dass es gedu sei misse—un porch-a. Do iss schmier-seef, dann heess wasser in en eemer gschitt warre un en alder beesem genumme, un noh sin *die* gut geriwe warre—die wore *weiss* gewest! Un noh hinne im hof datt wor sell glee haus gewest. Datt hen mer als sell . . . aa ge-used datt drin—far der sitz butze, die flore un der sitz vum privy. Des hor's schee sauwer gemacht un's es hot en guter, en besserer geruch gemacht nei ass wie vor—sell hot alles weck-genumme.

Un es iss aa arrick gut far umgraut, selli lack, wann umgraut uff sache gedu roscht . . . . Mir hen deheem als wann der duhn . . . an unserm gorde datt hot's als brennesel katte, un sell wor en wiescht ding wann'd sell an de finger grickt hoscht—sell hot em really gedeihenkert. So hemmer datte als druff gedu un's really ordlich gut weck grickt. Un wann du fieder-seck gebutze witt, das name druff sin, vun denne weisse fieder-seck, kantscht du . . . sell nemmt all sell sache raus, sell. Un sotte all die colors raus-nemme vun eppes wann sell ihn eppes grickscht was farrewich iss, dann butzt alles raus. Un siss viel use-a far die seef—es wor als ge-used gewest, du hoscht als far kinner, yohre zerick hoscht du net in de drugstore geh kenne un suppositories un so schofft kaafe wie alleweil, noh hoschte "seef-schtopper" gemacht wann kinner ge-constipated wore un hattleibig wore, noh hoschte die seefe-schtopper gemacht un hoscht sie in die rectum gedu un sell hot's als beigebrocht.

Noh hawwich annere satte seef dass ich noch mach. Ich mach rossem-seef un sell iss aa gut far die hand un far heele. Ich nemm 20 gwart wasser un dun ich in en eise kessel, un noh dun ich 3 pund caustic soda datt nei un fimf pund rossem.<sup>1</sup> Noh koch ich sell bis es all vergange iss, un des muss ich langsam koche far baut en schtunn. Un noh wann sell all ass es dick watt, noh kann ich en schissel schitte un noh kann ich . . . dess mus baut drei woche schteh bis es gut ausgedrickelt iss. Sell seef iss all recht, only iss arrick gut far die hend un alles.

Un noh hawwich aa, mach ich aa darr-seef. Nau selli darr iss, hen *mir* die darr gebrennt am folkfescht. 'S erscht hen mer gschart driwwer an Lengeschder, hen mir eener katte der des darr gebrennt hot, un mol ee dag hot der Don Yoder hawwe wolle ich sett es browiere, da soll mer . . . sehne wie's dess experimende kennt, un oh, en eener hot mir datt . . . nei-gschitt des wor so schwarz gewest, des wor en mess gewest! Un ich hab's awwer rum-gschafft un ich hab's gedissolved zu annere ischt sie gewest un rum gekocht dass es really decent, nau sin mer selleweg dass mer really sie zimmlich gut mache kenne. Un es iss allfart yohre zerick do hen sie allfart darr-seef ge-used, far die hend.

Well, anyhow . . . wie d' do viel darr-seef ge-used, do hoscht sie in de sctor kaafe kenne—nau kantscht sie nimmi grieye, schier. Un die darr-seef, die hot allfart, wann du rei-kumme bischt vum melke odder eppes gschafft hoscht drauss wu dei hand arrick odor katte hen, dann iss es . . . will er seller geruch weck-genumme. Un sie duhne



Mrs. Clara Klingaman, of Kempton, Berks County, cutting up the finished product.

en viel leit kumme zu mir un kaafe alleweil noch, wolle hawwe darr-seef. Ich hab des letscht yohr darrich . . . un selli iss *really* gut far gift. Un wann du dich wescht mit seller, wann du denkscht du worscht an gift aryets gewest un kummscht rei, un duscht's dich wesche mit, dann prevent's sell ordlich gut.

So sell iss so viel ass ich weess vun de seef-bissness. Ich bin schun so viel baut 10 yohr duhn ich seef mache an Kutztown am folkfescht, hot der Dr. Schuhmacher mich grickt far sell zu du, un des duhn ich all die zeit noch.

#### TRANSLATION

Yes, I make soap. Years ago, before they had caustic soda, we used to make it with wood-ashes. They made a lye, a lye solution, with wood-ashes. The wood-ashes were taken and put into a barrel in the garden, and stuff was put into the bottom of the barrel, straw and a layer of . . . little twigs and straw down in there, and then the ashes on top of it so that it filtered through. On top of this ash were put lime and chicken-dirt, and then water poured on it. When it rained, that helped a lot, that wet weather. Then it dissolved and made a liquid—that was the lye. The barrel had a spigot on it below, and that was like a little trough. It [the lye] ran out there and you



caught it. You had to catch it in an iron kettle, in a little iron kettle. That [the lye] had to be so strong that an egg would float in it, then it was ready to use. Then you put the fat in it and it made "smear-soap," soft soap—what they call "smear-soap." As far as I know that didn't get hard, ever, it was just more like a smear soap.

Now about 1875 caustic soda came out and was sold in the stores. Then a new way was started—they did it with caustic soda as we do nowadays. You take an iron kettle—it must be an iron kettle to do that. I put a bucketful of water in a kettle and about 4 or 5 pounds of caustic soda—it depends on how much fat I have—and then just about 15 pounds of fat. I cook that and keep on cooking that until it [becomes soap]. There with that fat you can [add] all fat dripping, everything that you [get like] fat drippings when you fry something—and from butchering, you use the cracklings and all that stuff, and bacon rinds and those things you cook all up. That was what we used to boil the soap with earlier. Then through the summer we always gathered the fat from hams and fitch and that was all put away, then in the fall it was cooked over. You boiled all that down and that takes much longer to boil down all those bacon rinds and those things. If you use just ordinary fat you can cook it in about an hour and a half, where it takes about three hours till that [the rinds, etc.] is boiled down. The soap rises to the top and down in below is a brown liquid—that is the brine. When that is all separated, then it's almost ready. Now you add in a few handfuls of salt and that cleans it, the soap. Sometimes when it isn't quite right, you let it stand for about 12 hours. You put it in a wooden tub. You can't put it in anything tin; it must be either wood or porcelain, or an agate dish. If it still isn't strong enough, and not right, then you cut it out the next day, and cook it over. If it happens to be too strong, then you take it and add a little water to it and just cook it over. When [you do this] you dare not make too fast a fire, otherwise it will cook all over the place. And you have to work, keep stirring it or it does it for sure, and then it comes out. Or pour water in, that helps too when it cooks too much. The best thing is to watch out that you don't have too much fire.

And that brine, that is good for a lot of things. That hurts a person's hand very much when you get it on your hand. That burns through a person's hand. Soda soap is not as strong as that. Years ago they went and used it when they had no other soap, they just used that for taking baths and everything. Mostly it was used for washing and for cleaning. So it was when they didn't have any other [soap]; when the store stuff came along, then they used the other thing. But there are still a lot of people who still use the other. It is very good for poison. People didn't use to have as much poison as they do nowadays. They always washed themselves when they came in from out in the fields—they just washed their hands with homemade soap. A lot of people used to do it that way.

Now as to that soft soap, there are many uses for that. You cleaned the cooking utensils with it—all the kettles and pans and pie-plates and all such things that you cooked in. You put the stuff in an iron kettle and the pans are put in and boiled in there. Then you took silver sand and rubbed them, or with wood-ashes. Knives and forks in those days were not stainless steel as they are now and all that stuff. Other things . . . knives and forks got ugly those days, and spoons and all things.

Then years ago we used to have boardwalks here, but there were no cement walks. You put some of this soft soap in a bucket—it was every Saturday morning that you had to do this . . . and porches. Soft soap, then hot water were poured into a bucket and you took an old broom, and really scrubbed them—they were *white!* And then back in the yard was that little house. There you used that too, inside—to clean the seats, the floors and the seat of the privy. That made it nice and clean and made a good, a better smell in it than before—that took everything away.

And it's good too for weeds, that brine, when you got weed [stains] on things at home we used to . . . Why at home when you worked in the garden, you used to have stinging nettles, and that was an ugly thing when you got that on the finger—that really bothered a person. So we used to always put that on it and it really took it away pretty good. And when you want to clean feed-bags, that have the name on, some of those white feed-bags—that takes all that stuff out. And if you want to take the colors out of something when you get anything that is colored, then you clean everything out. There are many uses for the soap. It used to be used for children. Years ago you couldn't go to the drugstore and buy suppositories and such stuff as you can nowadays, so you made "soap-stoppers" when children were constipated [literally, "hard-stomached"], then you made soap-stoppers and put them in the rectum and that used to bring it along.

Then I have other kinds of soap that I still make. I make rosin-soap and that is good for the hands, and for healing. I take twenty quarts of water and put it in an iron kettle, then I put 3 pounds of caustic soda in there and 5 pounds of rosin.<sup>2</sup> I cook that until it is all dissolved, and I have to cook it for about an hour. Then when that all is thick I pour it into a pan and let it stand for three weeks until it is well dried out. That soap is all right, only it's very good for the hands and everything.

Then I make tar soap too. That tar we burned at the Folk Festival. The first time we started over at Lancaster, we had somebody who burned the tar and one day Don Yoder wanted me to try to see if I could experiment with it, and oh, somebody poured in for me that it got so black, it was a mess! But I worked around and dissolved it and cooked it over so that it's really decent now that way, so that you can really make it pretty good. Years ago they always used tar soap for the hands.<sup>3</sup>

Well, anyhow, many people used the soap—you could get it in the stores. Now you can't get it anymore. Tar soap was always used when you came in from milking or had been working at anything outside where the hands had a bad odor, then the soap took that bad smell away. And a lot of people do [still] come to me and buy soap today—and that is *really* good for poison. If you wash with that when you think you were in poison anywhere and come in, and wash with it, then it prevents it pretty well.

So that is as much as I know of the soap-business. It's now just about ten years that I've made soap at Kutztown at the Folk Festival. Dr. Shoemaker got me to do that, and I'm still doing it all the time.

<sup>1</sup> Add: "Un 12 pund fett." On the tape the most important ingredient of soap, the fat, had been inadvertently omitted.

<sup>2</sup> Add: "and 12 pounds of fat." For a smaller "go," of soap, Mabel suggests halving the measurements: 10 quarts of water, 1½ pounds of caustic soda, 2½ pounds of rosin, and 6 pounds of fat.

<sup>3</sup> In an additional session, not on tape, Mabel Snyder elaborated on the preparation of tar soap. "This is made," she said, "by a cold method. One can lye and six pounds fat melted and mixed together. Add a cup of pine tar, pour in small containers. When cold, it hardens in a few days."



# Pennsylvania German SNAKELORE

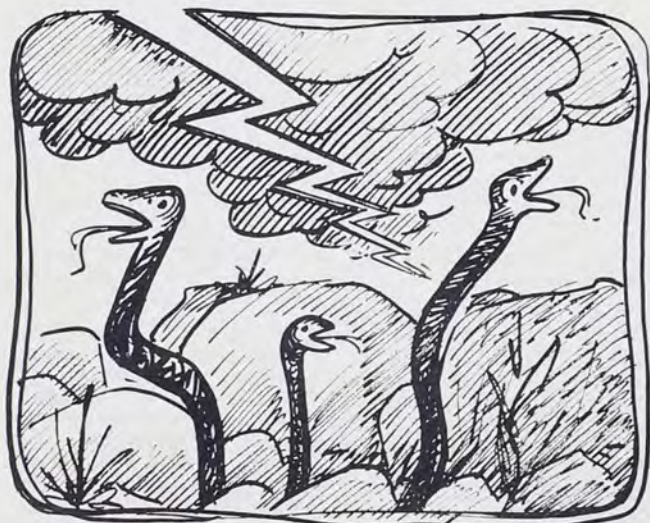
By PHARES H. HERTZOG

In the first two installments of this article, I have dealt with the Pennsylvania German's general folk beliefs and tales about snakes, and their folk-medical beliefs about snakes, respectively. In this final chapter I shall set out the remaining material which is connected with three specific kinds of snakes, two real and one, according to science, not real.

Although a number of other snakes are encountered in connection with Pennsylvania German snake lore, there are in fact only three general kinds of snake which are very common in these people's surroundings. These are the rattlesnake (*Rassel Schlang*), the black snake (*Schwarze Schlang*), and the house snake (*Haus Schlang*). This last one may be any of a number of types of small snakes that are frequently found in and around houses. We have already dealt with the belief concerning this sort of snake in the first installment and I shall not repeat that information here.

## RATTLESNAKES

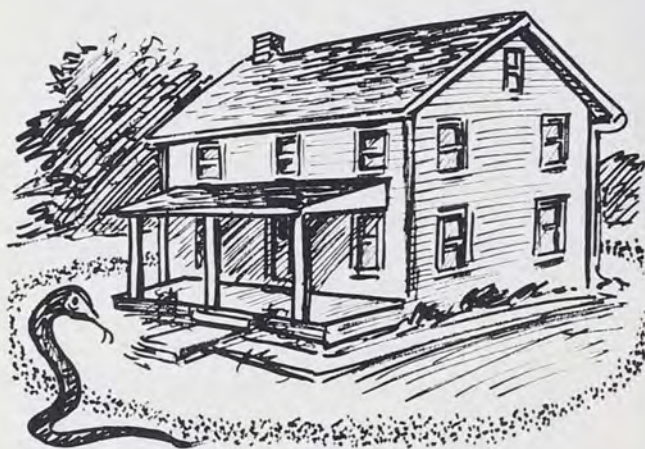
The rattlesnake, for obvious reasons, figures heavily in the snake lore of the region with which we are concerned here, and it has already been mentioned a number of times. There is still a bit of material regarding these beasts, however, which remains to be discussed. The size of rattlesnakes, especially in connection with the number of rattles which a specific specimen possessed, is subject to as much exaggeration as are "fish-that-got-away," and this exaggeration finds its way into folklore as often as not. It is not unusual to hear, though the fact is much to be doubted, that so-and-so saw or killed or found dead a rattler with as many as twenty-six or more rattles. The evidence, though, is seldom forthcoming.



*First thunder in Spring awakens snakes.*

A story which I collected in Lykens Valley, in the mountainous northern part of Dauphin County, seems to be built along similar lines. Ten-year-old Tom R. told his folks, one evening at supper, how he had killed a big rattler out behind the barn that afternoon. His father kidded him about it, saying that he was not man enough to kill a rattlesnake, and that he should be ashamed of himself for telling such a story. However, Tom insisted that he had done the deed and that the snake had been a big one.

Finally, to prove his point, the lad decided to go out after supper and bring the rattles in as evidence. By the time he got back of the barn it had become too dark for him to see and he had to feel his way around with his hand. In this way he got hold of the snake and cut the rattles off. These he then showed to his father who was astonished,



*Ashes of old burned shoes, spread around the house, will keep snakes out.*

especially so since there were ten rattles. He was particularly pleased because the dangerous animal had been so near to the barn.

The next day as he went about his chores Tom paused to look once again at the snake which he had killed the day before. Imagine his surprise when he discovered that its rattles were still apparently in place. The question that really bothered him now was whether this snake had had two rattles or whether he had cut the rattles from another living snake in the dark of the previous evening.

His father, sensibly, felt that the latter explanation was the most reasonable, and proudly bragged of his son as a champion rattlesnake killer, having done in two in one day. But he also cautioned everyone to be on the lookout for a doubly dangerous snake. First of all it was out to avenge the death of its partner and, second, it had no rattles to warn of its impending strikes.





Author Hertzog holding two pilot black snakes exhibited at the Kutztown Folk Festival.

### BLACK SNAKES

The black snake also has an important place in Pennsylvania German snake lore for good reasons. The reasons are, apparently, its considerable size, its conspicuous color and its swiftness. Though this last attribute belongs to the black racer alone, the folk do not distinguish between the treacherous racer and the harmless black pilot snake. They say, "*En schwarze schlang iss en schwarze schlang*" (A black snake is a black snake).

The idea of keeping black snakes around a farm to do the job usually done by cats is widespread. It is no doubt responsible for the combining of a number of true stories about black snakes being used against rodents with no small portion of exaggeration and pure fiction. The following two incidents will serve to illustrate this point.

As a young chap, Mr. L.'s father lived on the F. farm just east of Middletown, Pennsylvania. It has since become a part of Middletown. In those days the barn floors were not made of concrete as they are now. For this reason, mice and rats were often serious pests.

One night a hobo asked permission to sleep in the barn. Permission was given, but because of the rats and mice the tramp got little sleep. In the morning he suggested that Mr.

L. should secure several black snakes and offered to get them. Mr. L. agreed to the proposition. In a few days the tramp came back with two black snakes which were duly liberated in the barn.

Because of the odor of the rodents the snakes stayed around, and the problem was soon solved. Some of the rats and mice were no doubt caught and eaten while others removed to safer places. When not prowling, the snakes were usually to be found either in a cardboard carton or sunning themselves in the morning sun. I know of several other places where the same method was employed with considerable success.

Now, to proceed to the fiction part, I shall relate some information given to me by Mr. L., Jr. This gentleman has a hunting camp in the Blue Mountains near Doubling Gap in Cumberland County. This camp is situated near the small farm of one Mr. N. This Mr. N. kept a black snake, six feet or more long, as a pet. The snake might generally be found either coiled upon the front porch or about the stable or just wandering about looking for mice and rats. Occasionally it would stray from the place to hunt in the nearby woods. If Mr. N. wanted the snake for visitors to see, he would just whistle once or twice and, in a few minutes, the snake would crawl into view. As a reward for this "trick," Mr. N. would give his pet fresh, warm milk. During the winter Mr. N. put the snake in the unheated cellar where it lived on an occasional mouse and a little warm milk. The notions of a snake hearing whistling and drinking milk are, of course, far fetched, but they are common folk beliefs among the Pennsylvania Germans.

Related to this last incident, through the subject of whistling, is the following story collected by Dr. A. L. Shoemaker from A.H. in May of 1962, in Schuylkill County. In this case, it is the snake, not a man, that does the whistling:

"He said his grandfather used to tell of going *darrick der holz-wayk nunner* (down the woods road through the woods), one time and came upon a black snake with its head up in the air. On its head it had *drei schtreiss uns but geguckt ass wie glocka draw kotta hetta* (three sprays and it looked as if it had bells on it). After a while it crawled into the woods *un but gepiffa* (and whistled). (A.H. added that his father said: *Sie but gepiffa fer ier buddy* (she whistled for her partner).

The same day Dr. Shoemaker stopped in to see W.G. at the same place. G. spoke of an oldtimer who had told him of a black snake with a *schtrauss* (spray) on its head and "*wie die schlang gepiffa but* (how the snake whistled)."

Another strange belief held by many Pennsylvania Germans about the black snake is of a more violent nature. In many places there was (and still is) the belief that they will climb trees and then drop down on unsuspecting passersby, entwine them (especially children) and choke them to death. While it is true that black snakes climb trees, they do this to kill birds, *not* humans.

Of a similar nature is a belief that was common in the area where Lancaster, Lebanon, and Berks Counties meet. It was here thought that black snakes would chase people, climb up their legs and choke them. They would be unable to run because they were *uffgewickled* (entwined).

The same idea is common in the Elizabethtown area. Mr. E.R. told me that when he was a boy another lad was attacked by a big black snake while going through the woods west of town. It wrapped itself about his legs so tightly that he was unable to move. He screamed and cried, and



a man passing nearby came to his rescue. By means of his cane he was able to unravel the snake and kill it.

Another way in which black snakes are supposed to harm people is by charming them and then choking them. The dialect term for charming is *banne*. At least part of the reason that the black snake was picked for such a hostile role is probably the fact that it will fight when cornered. This, once again, applies only to the racer. The pilot black is quite tame and gentle.

The black snake's ability to charm, however, may be used against it. The following belief has been collected more than once.

"If you want to shoot a black snake let your son or hired hand aim at it first with a black stick. Then the snake will *charm* the stick and not the gun. You will be able to shoot it then."

(G. F. Moore Collection, No. 196)

The next two stories illustrate quite well the fact that it is not the rattlesnake only that is occasionally spoken of as being larger than it probably has ever been.

A country doctor, Dr. B., from Droxelscheddel (Troxelville) in Schneider (Snyder) County, Pennsylvania, had a most unusual experience back in the horse and buggy days. Returning home one dark night he decided to take a short cut through a wooded section. When only part way through these woods, however, his horse suddenly stopped and reared up. The doctor, seeing nothing but darkness, urged the horse on, but to no avail. Finally, having no idea that a huge black snake lay ahead of him on the darkened road, he applied the whip, causing the horse to jump over the snake. As the wheels of the doctor's sulky passed over the great reptile the doctor was nearly shaken from his seat. The snake, in its turn, got entangled in the wheel on the right side and broke out several spokes in escaping.

The size of this snake was attested to by farmer M. who said that a large snake like the one the doctor has encountered milked a certain black Holstein cow daily at about noon. His cow pasture adjoined the woods. Various folks had reported seeing a black snake in that vicinity which was "*So lung asz en fensa riggel un so dick ass en uffra rohr*" (as long as a fence rail and as thick as a stove pipe). No one had believed them before but now they seemed to have evidence enough to remove all doubt. We of course know that if the rest of the story was as true as the part about milking, they had very little evidence indeed.

Another tale about a huge black snake was related by J.F. of Yorkana, York County. According to his account he was working for a lumbering concern engaged in a cutting project in the hilly section south of Hellam, Pennsylvania. One day, while alone on the job, he sat down on a log to rest after eating his lunch. He soon dozed off. When he awoke he found himself, bewilderingly enough, a half mile down the valley, still on the log. All of a sudden he felt the log move and jumped up. What he thought was a log was really a gigantic snake. At the time this beast was drinking from a stream. He could do nothing to it because his axe lay back at the top of the hill. He ran quickly to where it was but, needless to say, didn't bother to return to the snake. I heard this tale from Mr. M.W. of Hellam.

#### HOOP SNAKES

The third and final snake with which I shall deal here is the "hoop snake," sometimes called the "horn snake" for reasons which will soon be clear. This species, science assures us, is completely imaginary. But many Pennsylvania Germans would probably be strongly inclined to disagree with this pronouncement.



*A five-foot pilot black snake climbing chestnut tree, probably seeking birds and their nests (1905)*

This snake gets its most common name from its supposed habit of folding its tail in its mouth to form a hoop and then rolling, sometimes at high speeds, wherever it cares to go. The term "horn," on the other hand, is applied to it because its stinger, which is located near the tail end of the reptile, has the appearance of a horn. It uses this stinger to inject its particularly virulent poison by rolling toward its target and straightening out at the last minute. This action is intended to bury the "horn" in the victim's flesh, though this never seems to actually happen in the many tales that are told about the hoop snake.

The following story is typical. A person working in a potato field at the base of the Blue Mountains in Berks County saw a disturbance on the side of the mountain. Soon he saw it again farther down, and it had gained considerably in speed. It turned out, shortly, to be a hoop snake, and it was headed right for him. He ran but the snake continued to gain. Just as he looked back once, to see how far ahead he was, the snake let go with its sting. Instead of hitting him, though, it hit the handle of the hoe which he was carrying, and this fact saved his life.

The hoe handle began to swell at once, getting both thicker and longer. Because of its increasing weight he was soon unable to carry it, so he went home for help. But by the time he returned with another man, it was too large for two to even lift and they had to go for still more help. Finally they secured a mechanical lifter, loaded the handle onto a large truck and carried it to a saw mill, where they had it cut into lumber. Believe it or not, it made enough boards to build a six-room frame house.

A similar incident was reported as having occurred in a ravine near Jack's Mountain. In this instance, though, the snake hit a willow tree. Willow wood being quite soft, the stinger lodged so deep that the snake was unable to free itself and was killed by the man.

Naturally, the tree swelled to enormous size. Most people said that this was because the stinger had been stuck



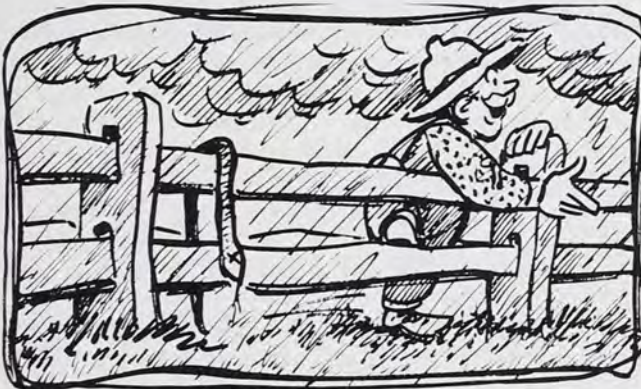
in the tree and the wood had consequently received an unusually large dose of venom. The farmer who owned the land arranged with a lumberman to bring in a portable sawmill and cut the tree into one-inch boards. He then proceeded to use the boards in the construction of a great many feed-boxes of different sizes.

In order to make these boxes safe for chicken feed and so forth, he painted them on the inside. The outside he left plain with the result that any rats or mice that nibbled at the boxes in an attempt to get at the grain inside died instantly from the hoop snake venom. After a little advertising, he made enough money to pay off his and his son-in-law's mortgages, and to buy a new truck and passenger car. And, because of the terrific swelling of the tree, he still had several hundred red boxes ready to sell the following year.

The only unfortunate note was that though he tried to replant the area from which the poisoned willow had been taken, he was never able to get another tree to grow there. The roots of the original one had poisoned the ground.

A very similar story was told me by Mr. W.R. of Dallastown, Pennsylvania, although R.'s story had a less happy outcome. As in the above tale, a tree was struck by a hoop snake aiming for a farmer. The tree swelled and was cut. This farmer had the wood made into enough shingles to reroof his large barn. This naturally pleased him and he bragged about it a good deal. Before too long, however, he had very little about which to be so pleased with himself.

A prolonged rain storm came along which soaked the shingles and apparently washed out the poison, killing



*Hanging dead snake over fence will bring rain.*

everything living within fifty feet of the barn, including even weeds. When the sun came out again there were more holes in the roof than shingles.

The following story was told to me by Mr. E. R. of Elizabethtown, who had heard it from Mr. C. D., now in his mid-seventies, currently of Hummelstown. Mr. D. was speaking of his boyhood near Schaefferstown, Pennsylvania. It seems that near town there was an abandoned limekiln and an abandoned stone quarry. About four miles to the east of these two places was *Adler's Kup* or Eagle's Head, a prominent mountain.

It was common knowledge that a hoop snake lived on this mountain. Once the snake rolled down the side, picking up great speed, and rolled right past Schaefferstown to the site of the old kiln and quarry. Unfortunately for the snake it was unable to roll uphill and was therefore unable to return home. Its new surroundings, however, were really quite ideal for snakes, being loaded with mice and all kinds of vermin. Furthermore, there was a spring nearby.

The snake and her young lived there for many years. People could see them rolling slowly back and forth between the kiln and the quarry. Since they were known to be quite dangerous everyone, especially the children, had instructions to give the place a wide berth. Finally hunters closed in and killed them all.

A few years ago, while I was exhibiting snakes at the Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival at Kutztown, Pennsylvania, I was told for true an unusual account of a cow killed by a hoop snake. It was a man from Mifflin County, Pennsylvania, who told me. He said that years ago a hoop snake had rolled down the side of Jack's Mountain (see above) into the pasture of a farmer named Y. The snake's tail struck one of Y.'s prize Holstein cows and the poor beast soon died.

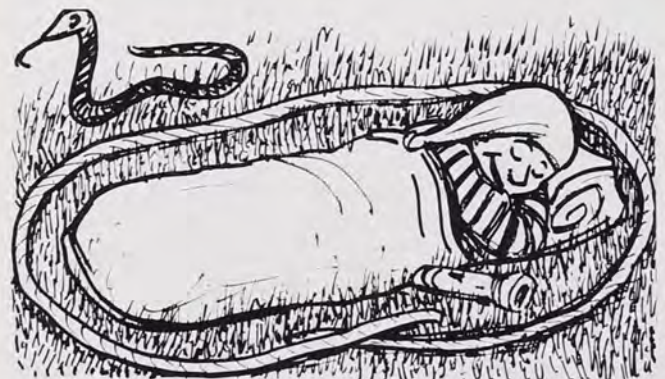
Considering the cause of death Y. did not care to butcher the cow for family consumption but, on the other hand, he did not want to let it go to waste. So he ground up all the fat and meat, cooked it with cornmeal and used it as chicken mash, a sort of scrapple or *pawn baas* for chickens. *Des hut gut greecht* (this smelled good) and the chickens ate a great deal of it, apparently enjoying it very much.

The next morning they counted two hundred and fifty-one dead chickens. The two watch dogs and both farm cats were also dead. In addition they found dozens of dead rats and sparrows. The worst part was the fact that many of the rats had managed to get back to their burrows before they died. The odor was a constant reminder of their mistake for weeks to come.

Another problem was that turkey buzzards or vultures were drawn in great numbers by the smell. Unable to find its source they just hung around the barnyard in droves. It is said that many people thought that the Y.'s were breeding a new kind of turkey!

#### CONCLUSION

By now it must be obvious that folklore in general has always been and still is a vital, living part of the life of rural Pennsylvania Germans. It must also be clear that snake lore has played an important role in the traditions of these people. This is, of course, the natural way of things. It has long been recognized that folklore is very much influenced and shaped by the environment of those who produce it. It has also been pointed out that we may better understand a people by looking at their folklore. I feel that in these materials that I have presented in these three installments we see the Pennsylvania Germans as an ingenious group of men and women, capable of considerable creativity and insight and, above all, highly imaginative. Altogether a very important and very interesting part of the population of our state.



*Snakes will not cross rope.*



# NICKNAMES

## Among the Amish

By MAURICE A. MOOK

In 1959, at the New York Meeting of the American Name Society, I read a paper on "Amish Family Names" in which I called attention to the limited number of surnames found among the Old Order Amish, spoke of the regional differences in surnames among them, and tried to account for both of these phenomena. The next year at Chicago I discussed "Given Names Among Amish Men," in which I spoke of the Biblical basis of Amish life, which is seen even in their naming practices, for it is a fact that from 90 to 95 per cent of Amish given names derive from the Bible, and of these the variety is very limited. Thus, we frequently find several or more individuals in the same Amish community with identical first and last names.

This identity of names extends even to their middle initials, for they employ middle initials, rather than middle names, especially among men, somewhat less so among women. The frequency of the same middle initial for various individuals is due to their rather consistent practice of using the same middle initial for all children born to any single pair of married mates. In some Amish communities, as for example in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, the practice is to use the first letter of the mother's last name as the middle initial for all of her children, while in other communities, for example in eastern Ohio and in Crawford and Mercer Counties, Pennsylvania, the middle initial is the first letter of the father's first name. According to either pattern, all of the children of each family will have the same middle initial as a part of their full name. Thus it sometimes happen that several individuals in a community will have the same first name, the same middle initial, and the same family name.

In such communities nicknaming runs rife, almost as an onomastic necessity, and it is obvious to all, including even the least observant, that the Amish employ more nicknames than their non-Amish neighbors. Insofar as my own knowledge goes, I feel free to aver that the incidence of Amish nicknames may exceed that for any other group for which we have an adequate knowledge of names.

Having been born and raised on the edge of an Amish community, even as a boy I observed that nearly every Amishman, among the boys and men at least, had a nickname. Only within the past several years, however, since I have become interested in a more systematic study of names, have I wondered whether there is a wider variety of types of nicknames as well as more of them, among the Amish. To try to answer this question I have recently investigated the nature and process of nicknaming in two Amish communities: Lancaster County, in southeastern Pennsylvania, and "Big Valley" (Mifflin County) in central Pennsylvania. I had formerly studied three other Amish

communities (at Atlantic, Pennsylvania, in Crawford County; at Jackson Center, Pennsylvania; in Mercer County; and at Sturgeon, Missouri), in each of which I carefully compiled family histories, including the names of all members of all families in each community. But in these earlier studies I was uninterested in names as such, and thus failed to record their nicknames or to discern the patterns in the practice of nicknaming used by the members of these groups.

In the Lancaster and Mifflin County, Pennsylvania, Amish communities their nicknames for men are of the following eight types:

(1) By far the most commonly met-with nickname is one formed by merely abbreviating the first name. Thus, Samuel is Sam, Daniel is Dan, Moses is Mose, Benjamin is Ben, Isaac is Ike, David is Dave, Jacob is Jake, Andrew is Andy, Christian is Chris, Solomon is Sol, Joseph is Joe, and so on — one may almost say *ad infinitum*, so commonly met with is this practice. In fact, so common are these shortened names that they are used in even the more formal relations of life, such as in legal documents, in news items in their weekly newspaper, and even in their annually published ministers' lists. Thus in the current *Mennonite Yearbook*, Vol. 56, 1965, containing the most recently published Old Order Amish Ministerial Directory (pp. 102-109 and 130-137) I find the following ministers recorded: Chris N. Bontrager, Abe C. Gingerich, Joe S. Graber, Joe M. Hochstedler, Jeff G. Kauffman, Andy A. Miller, Dan A. Miller, Jeff A. Miller, Chris Otto, Dan E. Otto, Joe A. Yoder, and Joe D. Yoder from *Illinois*; Abe J. Bontreger, Ed Gingerich, Sam Mast, Chris B. Miller, Joe J. Miller, Joni A. Miller and Fred Nisely from *Iowa*; Bennie H. Bontrager, Ben Schlabach, and Jerry J. Yoder from *Kansas*; Joe Bontrager, Jr., Chris M. Borntreger, and Dan J. Stutzman from *Missouri*; Joe E. Miller, Ben L. Shetter, and Sam S. Troyer from *New York*; and in the foregoing sample the states selected are those in which there are but a few small communities of Amish people. In the larger Amish states, such as Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Indiana, the number of pet first names in the official ministerial list looms very much larger.

(2) As among the "English" (the Amish term for all non-Amish persons), so also among the Amish, a frequently found type of nickname consists of those deriving from the physical traits of the individual. Thus in a sample of 68 Lancaster County nicknames compiled by an Amish girl in the area (and although listed by a female, all of the nicknames are those of males) I find the following: Big Ben Stoltzfus, Brownie Eli Fisher, Brownie Jonathan Stoltzfus, Black Sam Stoltzfus, Chubby Jonas Fisher, Curley John Stoltzfus, Fat John Stoltzfus, Fatty





*Amishmen chatting under the whitewashed trees between Sunday services on a Lancaster County farm.*

Levi Riehl, Porky Dan Stoltzfus, Red (hair) Elmer Glick, Shorty Abner Fisher, Shrimp Aaron Fisher, Sandy Chris Stoltzfus, Toey Steve Fisher, Slim Aaron Fisher, Hump (back) Levi Esh, and Whitey (hair) Manuel Fisher, Whitey Amos Fisher, and Whitey Chris Stoltzfus. One need scarcely comment upon the basis of nicknaming in such examples as these.

(3) Without having counted the incidence of nicknames of each type, due to the statistical inadequacy of my samples (which are here presented as merely illustrative, and as not necessarily representative), I may perhaps be permitted to say that a type of nickname nearly as frequently found as those based on physical characteristics of the person, is that based on the individual's mental or physical habits, his characteristic attitudes, his decided preferences, or some other aspect of his personality. From the same Lancaster County list first cited we find Balky John Beiler, who was stubborn; Boom Daniel, who liked to bellow as loud as he could; Butter Abe who used large quantities of it; Coonie Jonathan who liked to hunt; Doggie Aaron, who usually drives with a dog beside him in his buggy; Lum-micks Amos, who is thought of as clumsy; Grumpy Aaron; Push(y) Dan; Preachey John, who was not a preacher; Rags John, who was more careless than poor; Sloppy Steve, Squirrely Sam, Cuppy Aaron, Tippy Chris, and Wild Abe, all of whose nicknames are self-revealing. From an informant from Holmes County, Ohio, I have heard of Pepper Andy, Applebutter John, Whiddle (whittle) Andy, Butter Sim, Cheese Sammy, Corn Chris, Tobacco Danny, and Toothpick (stick-in-the-mouth) John.

(4) It is probable, if we knew the origins of all such nicknames as the foregoing, that we would find that some of them derive not from habits or attitudes of the individual, but from some humorous happening or otherwise minor but memorable event in the life of the person. Thus, Gravy Dan of Holmes County, Ohio, is so named not because of his proclivity for this delicacy, but because at a threshing dinner he once poured gravy instead of cream in his coffee — an accident that has never been forgotten. An Amishman in Big Valley, Pennsylvania, was called "Stover," as are all of his children to this day, an appellation based upon an incident that happened long ago when the father moved a stove from one Amish farm to another and charged for his service at both ends of the transaction. An Old Amishman in Big Valley carried the nickname "Charley Crist" to his grave, in spite of the fact that Charley was not his own given name, but that of his horse. The Amish make a great show of secrecy during their teenage courting season, and this Crist as a young blade had made the fatal mistake of going to see his girl on his horse. As he approached a squeaky wooden bridge near her home he said "Schleich, Charley, schleich (Sneak, Charley, sneak)." Some boys happened to hear him that night and ever after he was called Charley Crist, doubtless forever grateful that he had been nicknamed Charley, rather than Sneakey, Crist. Another example is "Reverend John" (Yoder) of Big Valley. John Yoder was an ordained preacher in an Amish church, but characteristically the Amish address their ministers by their first names, rather than by such titles as Bishop, Preacher, or Deacon. Some-



times they use these titles with the first name to distinguish the minister from another person with the same name. Also the Amish usually have silent grace, both before and after each meal. On one occasion, however, John Yoder and several other male members of his congregation were eating a meal with an "English" Irish neighbor. The neighbor, not realizing that Amish grace was silent, said "Reverent John Yoder, would you please ask the blessing, for I'm not so divelish good at it meself." Thereafter for years John Yoder was known as "Reverend John." Thus we see from their nicknames that little incidents loom large in the life histories of members of little, local, intimate groups.

(5) This same John Yoder was also known as Nancy-John, and his brother was known as Nancy-Jake, to distinguish them from other John and Jake Yoders in the community. Their mother's name was Nancy and they were distinguished by a combination of her name with their own, and this matronymic nickname was used in spite of the fact that the Amish family is otherwise patriarchal. These men are both now dead, but the practice of matronymic and patronymic nicknaming persists in the Big Valley community. One of my own informants in Big Valley is known as Suzie-Ezra, and he is also sometimes even further particularized as Sim's-Suzie's-Ezra, although the possessives are usually not used. In this case, Suzie was his mother and Sim was her father; the familial nickname is, thus, even extended to the grandparental generation. Either the mother's name or the wife's name may be used. Thus Sally-John is used to distinguish him from another John whose wife's name is not Sally. The husband's or father's name may also be used. Thus John's Amos is distinguished from Amos' John's Amos; in the former case the man's father was John, and in the latter case his father was John and his grandfather was Amos. It is common, in fact, in Amish communities to name a boy after the paternal grandfather and a girl after the maternal grandmother.

The foregoing type of nickname is certainly particular to the Amish, and, so far as I know, it is also peculiar to them; but the decision as to the latter I shall leave to my readers. To my knowledge, however, it is not used in exactly this fashion by any other people. We non-Amish occasionally distinguish a person by reference to his parents' names, but with us such terms are terms of reference, rather than terms of address. The Amish, however, in their everyday speech and in addressing each other, often, if necessary, combine names into a nickname in the manner here indicated. Inasmuch as parental and grandparental names of either sex are used, as well as the names of marital spouses, I shall call them "familial" nicknames, for they are names of relatives either through blood or through marriage within the larger extended family. It may also be stated that this is a practice more highly developed in some Amish communities than in others. It is used more in Big Valley, Pennsylvania, and in Holmes County, Ohio, than it is in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, for example. Thus in naming patterns, including those of nicknaming, we see regional differences and a real specialization in Amish lifeways.

(6) Lancaster County, on the other hand, has a type of nickname not so often found in the two other Amish communities just mentioned. This is a combination of the first name of the individual with the middle initial of his full name. In this process of combination there is ellipsis, in that the first name is shortened and slurred into the

middle initial. Thus Isaac Z. Smoker of Lancaster County is known as "Iksie," and his brother is known as "Samsie," to distinguish them from other Ike and Sam Smokers in the area. By the same principle Daniel T. Esh would be called "Dan'tee," rather than "Dan T'," and Ben G. Beiler would be "Ben'gie," rather than "Ben G.'" I have often noticed that English auctioneers at Amish sales are always careful to say Ben G., Ike Z., Sam Z., etc., to the clerk of sale, so there will be no confusion as to who, precisely, is the purchaser. But in Amish speech, when the middle-initial nickname is used addressively, as well as referentially, the nickname is always heard as a single fused term.

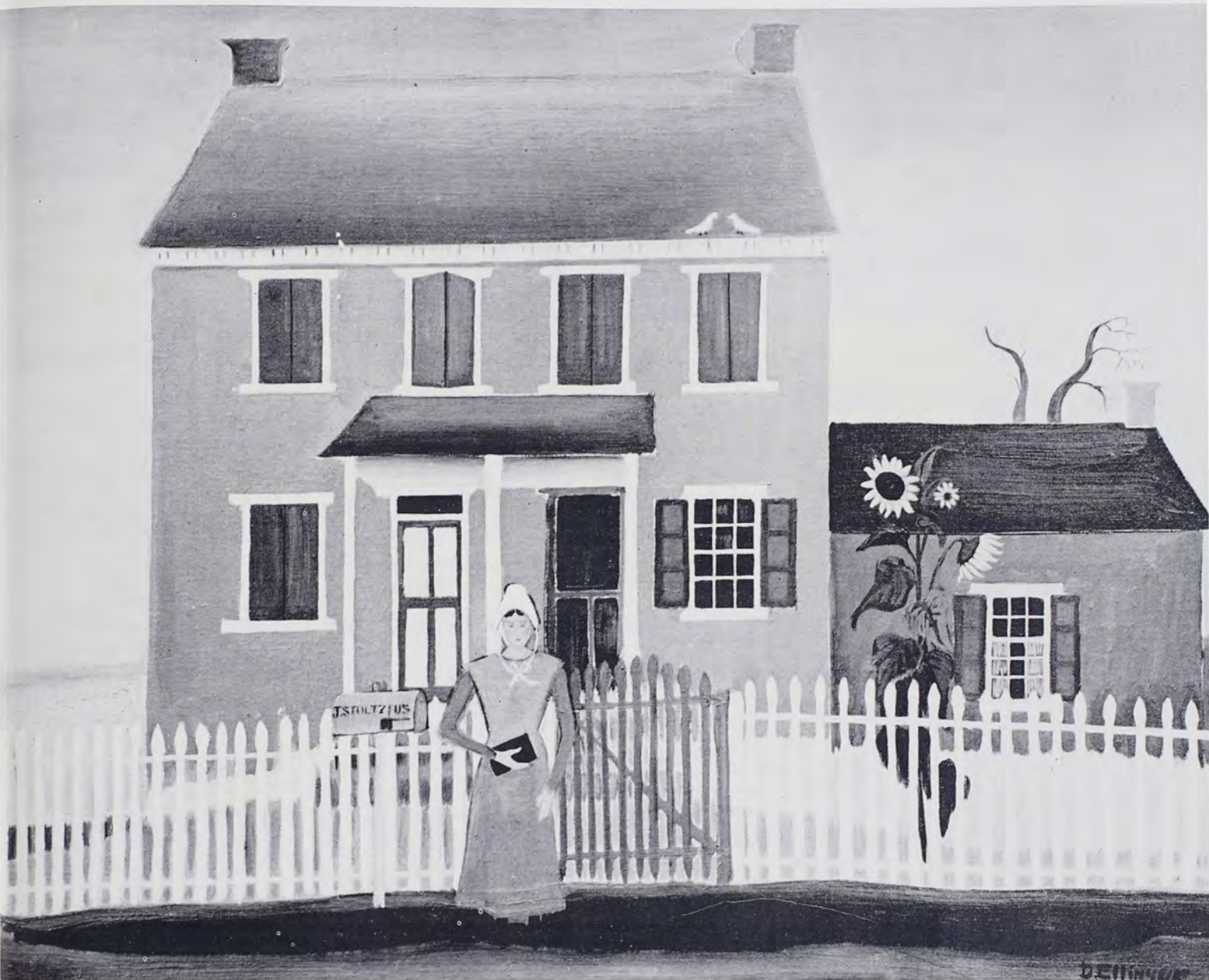
I venture the same observation concerning the middle-initial type of Amish nickname that I made concerning their familial nicknames: that so far as I know this is a type of nicknaming peculiar to these people. I am saying this, however, in order to be corrected, if necessary, by any of my readers.

The remaining two types of Amish nicknames, however, are not peculiar to them, being as characteristic of us as they are of them. These are nicknames based on residence and those relating to occupation.

(7) Their nicknames based on occupation are less frequently met with among them than among us, for the apparent reason that there is less variety of occupations among them than among us. Most Amish men are full-time farmers and all married Amish women are full-time housewives. All Amish men, in fact, must either farm or make their living in pursuits (such as carpentry, blacksmithing, masonry, house- and barn-painting, harness-making) closely related to farming. Moreover, these latter non-farming specialties are not, as a rule, full-time occupations for most Amishmen. They are, however, sufficiently found in Amish communities to permit of a few men being nicknamed accordingly. Thus, "Iksie" Smoker, above alluded to, is also known as "Elevator Ike," for he invented a farm elevator (as well as a hay bailer and a liquid manure spreader) and is currently engaged in the manufacture of these farm implements. In Holmes County, Ohio, Miller Abe works in a grist mill, and Jockey Joe is not a horse racer, but a horse trader; in Crawford County, Pennsylvania, Bessemer Joe works as a section hand for the railroad, and Carpenter Jake is a contract builder; in Lancaster County, Chicken Elam owns a chicken farm, and Chickie Dan works for him; here also Crusher John works in a stone quarry, and Lawyer Aaron is not really a lawyer, but is known to have a knack for legal know-how; in Big Valley Blacksmith Sam shoes horses and repairs buggies for his fellow Amishmen, and Creamery Dan works in a milk plant. Occasionally also we hear a nickname such as Bishop Danny, to distinguish him from some other Daniel; and of Preacher John to distinguish him from numerous other Johns (John is with the Amish, as well as with us, and with most other peoples of Indo-European speech, the most common first name for men). There was also once a Deacon Jonas in Big Valley, for there are numerous Jonases among the Amish, it being one of their favorite Biblical names. Excepting as identifying nicknames, however, ministerial titles are not used by the Amish in everyday speech.

(8) A last type of Amish nickname is familiar also to us "English" — the type that identifies a person in terms of where he lives or once lived. A Lewistown lawyer recently told me of finding the Amish name "Turnpike Joe" in Mifflin County courthouse records. He was bewildered by this, for he knew of no turnpike in the Big Valley home





*"The Blue Gate," by contemporary artist David Ellinger. The Amishman, with his quiet rebellion against the "world" and "worldliness," attracts the attention of artist, scholar, and tourist.*

of the Mifflin County Amish. It was learned, however, that the main road through the Valley used to be called the turnpike, and that it still suffices as a locative for the Amish inhabitants of the Valley. In Lancaster County, Gap Dave, Gap Elam, Gap Joe, and Gap John are Stoltzfus brothers who were raised on a farm near the town of this name; Kinzer Jake King comes from that place; and Quarryville Elmer Fisher originally lived there. In Big Valley there is an Allensville Jake Peachey and a Belleville Jake Peachey. (There were over 100 Peachey families in Big Valley in 1950, with numerous individuals among them with the same first name.) In northwestern Pennsylvania there is a Mercer Andy Byler and an Atlantic Andy Byler, who are also distinguished as Andy G. and Andy J.; Dr. John A. Hostetler, Professor of Sociology at

Temple University, Philadelphia, was born and raised Amish and his father's name was Joe. The latter was, when residing in Big Valley, called "Coldwater Joe," for his farm was near the Coldwater Station; when he moved to Iowa he was called "Pennsylvania Joe," and by this nickname he has since been known in Indiana, where he later lived, and in Florida, where he now lives.

Dr. John A. Hostetler has not been Amish for 30 years. But when telephoning me he says "This is 'John A.' speaking," and he still signs his letters that way. Nicknames, apparently, are something easy to come by, but hard to lose. "By their nicknames ye shall know them"; and "a good nickname endureth for a long time." If this isn't Biblical, it should be; for both statements are true — at least for the Amish.



# AMISH NICKNAMES

## From Holmes County, Ohio

By LESTER O. TROYER

A rather quick study of nicknames in this area (Holmes County, Ohio) shows two main reasons for such. With the Amish love for naming their sons after close kin, both given and family names frequently occur identically in the same communities. Needless to say this breeds confusion no end. So nicknames quite naturally emerge so that the referents can be more easily distinguished.

The other reason for nicknames is of greater social significance and interest. Nicknames may be given to people because of peculiar physical characteristics, unacceptable social habits, or strange ways of behavior that are peripheral to readily accepted norms. Such names are seldom used in direct address for fear of offending—although, I'm sure, in each case the referents know or have known of the nickname.

The following list of nicknames are of this second type, which the society in which the persons have been involved have given them as descriptives uniquely pointing to features of social interest to that society.

### 1. BAWLY JAKE: "Balded Jake."

He had the distinction of having had a smooth, bald pate. However, he was by no means the only one in the valley with this problem. So we have to look for further evidences. This term in this instance had a more derogatory connotation. Jake was a noted pow-wow practitioner as well as a shrewd, stingy farmer. In addition to this problem he was also a rather asocial person, one who did not mix very much with the social affairs of the community. This created an aura of mystery about him that in turn stimulated a lot of speculations and suspicious of a great variety.

"His accumulation of considerable wealth," reported his fellow farm neighbors, "was not so much from skill in farming as it was from his uncanny ability to extract money from his clients who sought relief from their aches and pains through his pow-wowing. Wealthy widows and spinsters seemed especially attracted to his gifts of healing."

So the name BAWLY JAKE was always used in a negative way, perhaps because of deep subtle jealousies or as a means of asserting disapproval.

### 2. DUWAK KSICHT: "Tobacco Face."

He was a coal miner who was never without a big chew. People used to wonder how he would look without the distorted cheek. His excessive chewing plus an insatiable curiosity in everyone's affairs made him a community "figure". His reputation for the ability to spit with bull's-eye accuracy further contributed to the novelty of his character.

### 3. HENGSHTA NOAH: "Stallion Noah."

Having operated a stud service for many years gave him this nickname. He was also noted for his self-styled veterinarian services that he offered to people with sick domestic animals. His practice ranged from good, common sense home remedies to the bizarre kind, bordering

on superstitions. The fact that he was ultra-conservative in his Amish dress and habits helped make his nickname a novelty.

### 4. POLLY SAM.

His wife's name was Polly; she was a large, swarthy, sullen woman—a contrast to Sam, who was short and thickset and had a weak personality. Sam never developed a love for hard work; consequently his farm buildings were dilapidated, and his fields poorly cultivated. The Amish Church frequently had to rescue him from the wolf-at-the-door. His excuses for his circumstances were many, and he had the peculiar custom of always quoting his wife—"Na die Polly batt ksaat . . ." (Now Polly said . . .).

His indolence plus his own unkempt condition finally earned him the substitute nickname of "SHMUTSICH SAM" (Greasy Sam), which in later years pretty well replaced the first one.

### 5. HUSSA-ORSH MOSE: "Trouser-seat Mose."

His wife always tailored his trousers with enormous seats. Since he was a bit obese, and with his trousers hitched up toward his shoulder blades, men couldn't resist the description that fitted so well.

### 6. LOCH SIMMY: "Hole Simmy."

Simmy was a simple man of small stature, and one who was never financially well off. The term *loch* (literally, "hole") referred to his farm which was situated along a deep, shale ravine. Its yield was poor, and Simmy had to struggle hard to wrest from his land a living for his family.

### 7. MOUNTAIN DAVE.

When Dave bought the 200 acres of hill land, no man looked at him with envy. In fact there was deep concern among the stern Amish elders in the church. They wondered how he was going to raise his family of eight children in those "*gracha*" (crag). He made a gallant effort, but the depression years took their toll, and he lost the farm.

### 8. BEER DANNY.

He was the wayward son of a well-known Amish bishop. Since his austere father executed his church office with authority, the Bishop's critics watched his son's problems with amusement. He began drinking as a teenager and then developed into an alcoholic in his twenties. He was a constant source of grief to his father on up to the time of the old Bishop's death.

### 9. BLACK HEN.

Like their father, Henry's sons were large-framed men, broad of shoulder, heavily muscled, dark and swarthy. Their beards were black and heavy. Not only were they well-known for their abilities to swing a hefty ax, they were also known for their skill in discouraging any who had the nerve to challenge them in wrestling. The sons were full of mischief and made history as the neighborhood rogues. The supply of the family's hard cider contributed occasionally to that part of their reputation.



# The Festival and its Sponsorship

The Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival is sponsored by the Pennsylvania Folklife Society, a non-profit corporation. Purpose of the Society is three-fold: collecting the lore of the Dutch Country and Pennsylvania; studying and archiving it; and making it available to the public both in this country and abroad.

## SEMINARS ON PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH FOLK-CULTURE

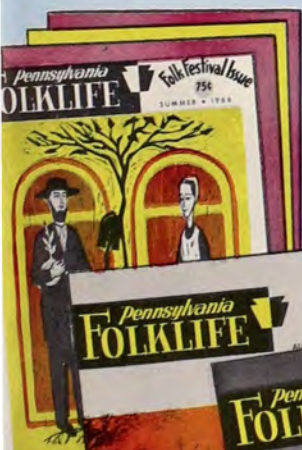
- 1:00 P. M. Introduction to the Plain Dutch
- 1:30 P. M. Crafts and Craftsmen of the Dutch Country
- 2:00 P. M. Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Art
- 2:30 P. M. Herbs, Almanacs, Witchcraft, Powwowing and Water-Witching
- 3:00 P. M. Customs of the Year
- 3:30 P. M. Funeral Lore of the Dutch Country
- 4:00 P. M. Snake Lore
- 4:30 P. M. Folk Music Program

See Map on Back Cover

## Publication of the Pennsylvania Folklife Society

The Society's periodical, PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE, now in the nineteenth year, is published quarterly, in Fall, Winter, Spring and Summer. Each issue appears in a colored cover, with 48 pages or more of text, and is profusely illustrated.

Subjects covered include: architecture, cookery, costume, customs of the year, folk art and antiques, folk dancing, folk medicine, folk literature, folk religion, folk speech, home-making lore, recreation, superstitions, traditional farm and craft practices, and transportation lore.



### AN INVITATION

To Become a Subscriber to the Society's Periodical,  
**PENNSYLVANIA FOLKLIFE**  
 (\$4.00 a Year; Single Copies \$1.00)

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 Box 1053, Lancaster, Pennsylvania 17604

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP CODE \_\_\_\_\_



19th Annual

# Pennsylvania D

June 29-30, July 1-2-3-

## COUNTRY AUCTION

Place—Main Stage  
Time—11:00 to 12:30 P.M.  
4:30 to 6:00 P.M.  
Auctioneers in action, selling a variety of articles from the Pennsylvania Dutch area.

11:00-12:30 Country  
12:30-1:00 Food Spe  
1:00-1:30 "Professo  
1:30-2:00 Horseshoo  
2:00-2:45 Heidelber

2:45-4:30 Major F  
"MEN O

4:30-6:00 Country A  
6:00-6:30 Heidelber  
6:30-7:30 Intermissi

7:30-9:15 Major F  
"MEN O

## HANGING

Place—Gallows  
Time—11:30 & 4:30  
The hanging of Susanna Cox for infanticide, reenacting Pennsylvania's most famous execution, 1809.

## TRIAL

Place—Hutch  
Time—1:30 & 6:30  
William Penn presides at Pennsylvania's most famous witchcraft trial—1684.

## FOLKLIFE

on Pennsylv  
1:00-5:00 P

## CHILDREN'S GAMES

Place—Hay wagon & Schoolyard  
Time—12:00 to 5:00 P.M.  
Children under 12 years are invited to join in the playing of the traditional Dutch children's games.

## SLAUGHTERING & BUTCHERING

Place—Butcher shop  
Time—12:30 to 6:00 P.M.  
Demonstration of hog-butchering including the making of ponhoss and sausage.

MAP OF  
G  
ON B



# Dutch Folk Festival

5-6, 1968 • KUTZTOWN, PA.

CHANGE  
PROGRAM

at the Festival  
nitzel, Dutch Humorist  
the Dutch Country  
Band

Special Presentation:  
"MASTER" (See Page 28)

Band

Special Presentation:  
"MASTER" (See Page 28)

SEMINARS  
Dutch Culture  
(See Page 25)

FESTIVAL  
ADS  
COVER

## QUILTING CONTEST

Place—Quilting Building  
Time—10:00 to 7:00 P.M.  
Demonstration of the art of  
quilting. All quilts entered in  
the contest are on display and  
for sale.

## AMISH WEDDING

Place—Green Chair  
Time—12:30 & 5:30  
Ruth Yoder and Amos  
Fisher exchange tradition-  
al Amish wedding vows.

## SQUARE DANCING, HOEDOWNING & JIGGING

Place—Hoedown Stage  
Time—12:00 to 5:00 P.M.

Everyone Invited to Dance!  
Demonstrations and Instructions furnished by  
championship Hoedown and Jigging Teams.

CONTEST: 7:00 to 9:00 P.M.  
FREE-FOR-ALL: 9:00 to 11:00 P.M.



# MEN OF ONE MASTER

2:45 P. M. and 7:30 P. M. on MAIN STAGE

A documentary epic of the Old Order Amish struggle to survive three centuries of change

*Written and Directed by Brad Smoker*

*Music and Music Direction by Glen Morgan*

- Scene One:** "For Today—What Does The Almanac Say?"  
Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, Saturday.  
"That's The Way The World Goes" ..... Group  
"Blus Gate, Tell Me." ..... Nancy & Aaron
- Scene Two:** A "Go-To-Meeting" Sunday.  
" 's Lob g'sang" (Hymn of Praise) ..... Group  
"Where Will We Go?" ..... Group
- Scene Three:** Europe, 1650.  
"Gonna Find That Freedom Land" ..... Men  
"This Land Is God's Land" ..... Group
- Scene Four:** Lancaster County, Sunday.  
"Sunday Song" ..... Group  
"It's A World, What A World" ..... Cain
- Scene Five:** Market Day. One Week Later.  
"Much Dutch Touch" ..... Group  
"Vexed With A Hex" ..... Rainey, Yonne, Girls
- Scene Six:** A Saturday Night Singing.  
"Seven Sweets and Seven Sours" ..... Group
- Scene Seven:** Wedding Day. Thursday.  
"What Is A Man?" ..... Aaron, Cain, Mary & Joel
- Scene Eight:** The School Question and the Courts.  
"Where Will We Go?" ..... Group

*The history of the Amish in Europe, the ideas and concepts of their religion, their mode of life, the church service and its music—all of these are authentic. Although the young Amish dance at their Sunday evening frolics, we have supplemented our accurate information of the Amish with choreographed dances and background music for their pageantry values of spectacle. We do not believe this will divert from the honesty of information portrayed about the Amish.*

—Brad Smoker.

**About The Authors:**

Brad Smoker, author and director, received an M.A. in theatre from Syracuse University and now teaches at Abington High School, Abington, Pennsylvania. Ten other scripts of his have had college and community theatre productions.

Glen Morgan has a doctorate of music from Indiana University and presently teaches at Lycoming College. He and Mr. Smoker have recently produced a musical about the Molly Maguires, BLACK DIAMOND. Other compositions by Mr. Morgan include a chamber opera, ABRAHAM & ISAACS, a cantata, OLYMPIA REBORN, and incidental music for many plays.





# FESTIVAL HIGHLIGHTS



*Nathan Reimert of the Oley Valley works on ancient milling machinery.*





*Bonneted Farm Women Ready to March with the "Fantasticals." Each year the Festival recreates the gala "Fantastical Parade" which was part of early America's 4th of July Celebration.*

*Farm girls serve Schnitz un Gnepp, Sauerkraut, Potpie, and a dozen other Dutch food specialties at the church tents on the Festival grounds.*







## FESTIVAL HIGHLIGHTS

*Floyd Feick and family have provided square dance and jig tunes for Festival dancers for almost two decades. First on their list is the lively "Kutztown Reel."*



*Harry Stauffer of Farmersville, Lancaster County, prints broadsides for Festival visitors on 19th Century Ramage press.*



*Funnel Cakes and  
Bakeoven Bread,  
two culinary spe-  
cialties of the  
Dutch Country.*



## FESTIVAL HIGHLIGHTS

32



*Potter Walter Shum  
of Emmaus demon-  
strates his highly de-  
veloped art to an ad-  
miring audience.*





*George Arold hangs home-made tapers on a carriage wheel to dry. Candle-making is one of dozens of early American home crafts demonstrated daily at the Festival.*

33

*John Brendel of Reynolds has just "hung" Susanna Cox on an authentic 13-step gallows. This "demonstration" accents the ballad tradition. Out of the banging, in the year 1809, came Pennsylvania's most widespread native ballad, "The Sad and Mournful Tale of Susanna Cox."*





*George Kline of Hamburg paints a Dutch Heart on a baby's cradle.*



*Donald Brensinger of Bechtelsville, almanac expert, knows the correct time, astrologically speaking, when medicinal plants were traditionally picked for drying.*



*Ancient horsepower machine, with wooden wheels and gears, dramatizes early American technology for festival visitors.*



*From the Dance Pavilion, a view of audience (in background) and whirling skirts and musicians (in foreground) as the band strikes up a reel.*



*Paul Brumbach, Kutztown undertaker, who lectures on 19th Century Funeral Customs — an important area in folk-life — and displays funeral and mourning accoutrements in the Funeral Lore Tent.*



*Pumpstock-borer William Merkey of Bethel, Berks County, demonstrates his traditionally learned craft at Festival.*



*Herbalists Leo Bixler and Don Roan discuss healing properties of mountain and woodland plants at the Herb Tent.*



## FESTIVAL HIGHLIGHTS

*Lillian Kauffman, former teacher in Amish one-room schools, exchanges dialect jokes with Robert R. Hoppes of Hellertown, retired schoolteacher, in the Festival's one-room schoolhouse.*







*Undertaker Brumbach and Mourners (Mabel Snyder of New Tripoli in center) listen to Clarence Kulp and Robert Bucher of Goschenhoppin Historians.*



*Bearded Dutchman Clarence Kulp approves of "Funny Cake" at Goschenhoppin Historians' Cake and Mead Shoppe at Festival. Debbie Detweiler of Ambler serves.*



*Tom Stauffer of Lititz pours melted pewter into a porringer mold.*



# Pennsylvania Dutch

# COOKING

## Today and Yesterday

By EDNA EBY HELLER

Pennsylvania Dutch Cookery is definitely not a thing of the past. Many Pennsylvanians of the past generation feared that it would be a forgotten culture but the folklorist has saved it. In 1949 three professors at Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, Dr. Alfred L. Shoemaker, Dr. J. William Frey, and Dr. Don Yoder, organized the Pennsylvania Dutch Folklore Center for this purpose.

Education of the public was the first effort of these folklore enthusiasts and they began issuing the weekly publication, *THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCHMAN*. The Pennsylvania Dutch people themselves had to be conscious of their own "acres of diamonds". They had to be interested in saving this valuable culture. Younger members of the generation were paying little heed to their grandparents' way of life. The Folklore Center was determined to save the old life before it was forgotten. Within a few years the word of this culture's value went beyond the borders of the Pennsylvania Dutch Country and non-Pennsylvanians came a-running to discover for themselves what rare valuables were hidden here.

Through the Folklore Center (now the Pennsylvania Folklife Society) as well as other agencies (for important examples, the Pennsylvania German Society and the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, and the writings of such scholars as Preston Barba, Ann Hark, Frances Lichten, John Joseph Stoudt and many others) this interest in Pennsylvania Dutch culture was strengthened.

The antique business and furniture values zoomed. Pottery and glassware became very precious. Even birth certificates and land grants of past generations became valuable. Fortunately, the cookery too, experienced popular acclaim.

### A COOKERY WORTH SAVING

What a shame that so many good family recipes had already been lost! Most mothers in past generations wrote out very few recipes. They did give their daughters personal instructions for much of the cookery, but there were many recipes that were never learned. How often we have heard someone speak with nostalgia about a favorite dish, adding her regrets that she had not watched her mother more carefully. It is especially sad when no one remembers a family specialty, such as Grandmother's delicious Crumb Cakes that were just a bit different from any other Crumb Cake. There is the possibility that the recipe was written in her personal hand-written cookbook, which was essentially a baking recipe book, but many daughters foolishly discarded these because their pages were faded and brown. The folklorist came to the rescue and the research began. Within the short span of a few years thousands of recipes

were written down and tested. Standardization of the recipes was done for the benefit of modern cookbook cooks.

### HOW DOES ONE DESCRIBE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH COOKING?

Pennsylvania Dutch Cooking is a substantial cookery designed to satisfy the very hearty appetites of those who enjoy good food. Meat and potatoes play a very important part in the sustenance of Pennsylvania Dutch families. Farm women prepare meat and potatoes for breakfast, dinner, and supper. But this does not make it a monotonous diet. In addition to the usual American ways of serving potatoes, the Pennsylvania Dutch make Potato Pie, Deep Fat Fried Potato Balls, Potato Filling, Potato Dumplings (i.e. potatoes wrapped in noodle dough and steamed), Brown Flour Potato Soup, Fried Potatoes Scrambled with Eggs, and Potato Cakes, two kinds (cold mashed potatoes shaped into thick cakes and fried, as well as those made thinner by adding eggs, milk, flour, and baking powder to leftover mashed potatoes).

There is variety in the meat dishes too. Most of the beef, veal, pork, and poultry is roasted or boiled but then there are specialties of scrapple, meat pudding, sausage, and souse that every family enjoys.

This is an economical cookery. Our basic ingredients, with very few exceptions, are common to the average American kitchen. The exceptions are saffron, dried apples, dried corn, and fresh dandelion. It is the difference in recipes and preparations that make it a distinctive cookery. The lavish use of butter and nuts are the only extravagancies here. These were not expensive years ago, just bountiful farm products.

### A LIKENESS TO THE GERMAN AND SWISS FOODS

There is a great similarity between German foods and the Pennsylvania Dutch foods. Many of the Pennsylvania Dutch ancestors came from the German Palatinate area along the Rhine. Both diets are heavy with starch. Each has more than they should of dumplings, noodles, and bread. Admittedly, it grows more difficult each year to live on this starchy diet as the American way of life includes more conveniences.

Much of the Pennsylvania Dutch Cooking is also akin to that of Switzerland. Like the Swiss, the Pennsylvania Dutch make their own cheeses, enjoy an abundance of vegetables and fruits, each putting them into pies. Both are lovers of pork above other meats. The Swiss ancestry of so many of the Pennsylvania Dutch is the reason for this similarity of diet.





Edna Eby Heller — Photographed at 1967 Folk Festival.

#### DISTINCTIVE INGREDIENTS OF PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH COOKERY

Highly seasoned foods are absent in the Pennsylvania Dutchman's diet. There is no cayenne nor curry used, and very little garlic. The herbs used in cooking are the mild ones: parsely, chives, thyme, sweet marjoram, summer savory, saffron, and dill. More important than herb use is enhancing the dinner with pickled vegetables and spiced fruits. These "sweets and sour" are considered a necessary part of every dinner.

Vinegar is an all important staple ingredient in every Pennsylvania Dutch kitchen. In the summertime it is used in abundance for pickle-making. Gallons of 14-Day Pickles and Bread and Butter Pickles are made each year. Great quantities of vinegar are also consumed in the canning of

relishes which are known as the "sour": pickled beets, mustard beans, cabbage-filled peppers, corn relish and chow chow (a tasty combination of vegetables). But, a lot of vinegar is also used in the kitchen throughout the year. There are many variations of cabbage slaw but each is prepared with vinegar. Most of the salads are made by pouring a vinegar-water dressing over greens of either lettuce, cabbage or endive. A boiled bacon dressing is a favorite "sour" dressing served in the early springtime on young dandelion greens. Salads are not included with every dinner but there is always at least one food that has been made "sour" with vinegar.

Molasses is also a very important ingredient in Pennsylvania Dutch Cookery. Many prefer to use molasses as a spread on butter-bread even more than jelly or apple butter. In many homes, for every meal, a saucer filled with molasses is placed beside the butter dish. It is also an important ingredient in baking. It is used profusely in molasses crumb pies that are called Shoofly Pies, and in dozens of other recipes for cakes, pies, cookies, and candies. As I have often said before, if you do not like molasses, you cannot be a Pennsylvania Dutchman. Incidentally, a good Pennsylvania Dutchman puts molasses even on top of his scrapple and doughnuts!

The greatest part of the Pennsylvania Dutch kitchen activity centers around baking ingredients. The 18th and 19th Century outdoor bakeovens now stand idle, but the characteristic baking still goes on. Few continue to bake their own bread regularly, but they still bake their own pies, cakes and cookies. Truly these women are America's greatest pie bakers, not only in quality but in variety too. There are meat pies, vegetable pies, and dessert pies. Of the latter there are innumerable kinds: fruit pies, custard pies, crumb pies, cream pies, and cake pies. There are two-crust pies, sweet crumb toppings, and sweet strip toppings. To see fascinating assemblies of pies, visit the city Farmers' Markets where you can buy the most unusual, the old fashioned molasses lemon custards. For those who prefer the usual, you will find the apple pies among the best in the country.

#### THE OLD AND THE NEW ON PARADE

The very best place to view Pennsylvania Dutch Foods in abundance is at the annual Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival at Kutztown, Pennsylvania, nineteen miles west of Allentown. Here, for one full week, early in July, local women serve meals to thousands. One can taste *Hinkle Bott Boi* and *Schnitz un Knepp*, the dialect names for Chicken Pot Pie and Apples and Dumplings cooked with Ham. Other specialties you should try include the Country Sausage, Potato Filling, Pepper Cabbage and Chow Chow. For dessert, there will be Pies and more Pies.

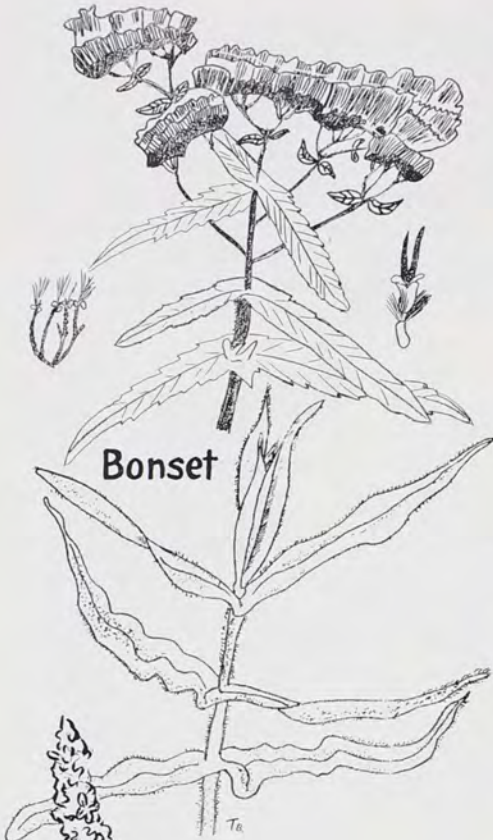
Snack items of the Festival are as popular as the dinners. You will be intrigued by the *Drechter Kucha* (Funnel Cake circles), *Kasha Kucha* fritters, and Hex Waffles. And of course there are Raised Cakes and Sticky Buns.

As for the Old, you can stand by the outdoor bakeoven and be tantalized by the aroma of freshly baked bread as it comes out of the oven. Yes, you may buy some of it. You may have a slice spread with *Schmierkase* and *Lottwarrick* (Cottage Cheese and Applebutter) or you may buy whole loaves. Elsewhere at the Folk Festival, one can watch the outdoor boiling of Applebutter, or the drying of *Snitz* in the Dry Houses.

Yes, of course, you can buy Lebanon Bologna to take home. Pretzels and Shoofly Pies too. Just come and see.



# FOLK MEDICINE



Bonset



Sarsaparilla



Sassafras



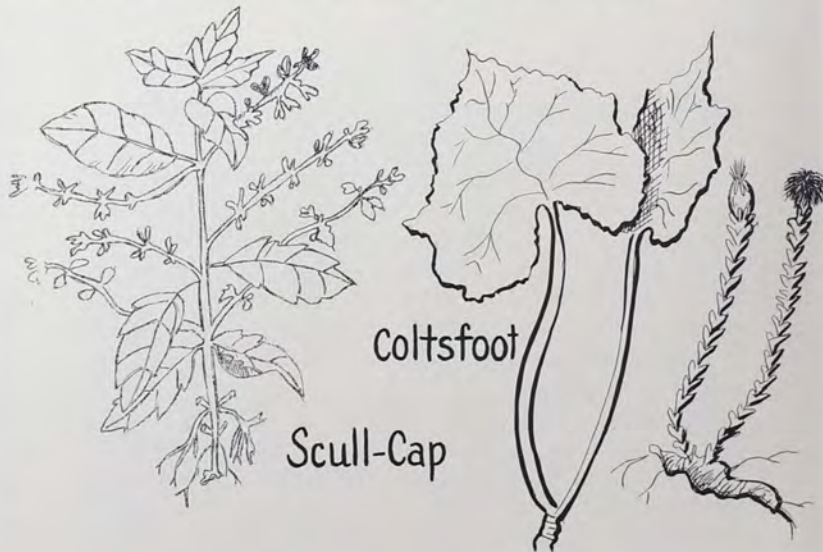
Mullein



Author learns uses of herbs from Butler County neighbor.



Map of Western Pennsylvania, Butler County Area.



Coltsfoot

Scull-Cap



# in Butler County, Pennsylvania

By WILLIAM JAY BRYAN

## INTRODUCTION

In the following pages the reader will travel back to a time when horses and buggies, one-room schools, and pot-bellied stoves dominated the Western Pennsylvania scene. The time is 1875-1900 and the place is Prospect, a small town nine miles west of Butler. The reader will explore one phase of the Prospectites' life; that of folk medicine—the local medical beliefs, home remedies, and long held nostrums which kept the community healthy in an age when professional practitioners weren't as prevalent as today.

Most of the information has come from the long-time residents of this small community. Interviewing the people in their homes, the author has utilized a tape-recorder so that exact quotes may be given. The ideas and beliefs set forth have not been the figments of someone's imagination as most of those interviewed held common beliefs. No attempt has been made to scientifically prove or disprove any material presented.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I should like to thank the following people, without whose help this paper could not have been written: Mrs. Helen Beighley, Mr. Paul Brady, Mrs. Marianne Broker, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Critchlow, Mrs. Ethel Hasselback and Julie Van Kirk, Mr. Jack Shaffer, and Mrs. Ray Shiever; all of whose interviews have shed light on this subject. Thanks also goes to my uncle, Mr. F. D. (Pete) Bryan for the use of his fine tape-recorder and Virginia Dick for typing up the master copy for the duplication.



One of William Bryan's Butler County informants.

## *Folk Medicine on the Western Pennsylvania Scene*

As we look to the past we find that folk medicine, the old remedies and local medical beliefs of our ancestors, played a vital part in preserving their health.

Frontier medicine in Western Pennsylvania carried the image of a full-blown folk medicine culture as our forefathers included rituals, magic charms, potions, superstitions, and the full range of Indian specifics. Great medical knowledge was attributed to the Indians and even today over 69 Indian remedies are still listed in the U.S. Pharmacopoeia.<sup>1</sup>

Folk medicine in the late 1700's was astonishingly superstitious as cited previously and many remedies were hit and miss.

Charms and incantations were in use for the cure of many diseases. I learned, when young, the incantation in German, for the cure of burns, stopping blood, for the toothache, and the charm against bullets in battle; but for the want of faith in their efficacy, I never used any of them.<sup>2</sup>

Patients tended to improve in order to avoid taking further doses of horrible concoctions exemplifying the old adage, "The more vile the drug, the better the cure."<sup>3</sup> St. Anthony's Fire (erysipelas) was circumscribed by black cat's blood. Hence, there was scarcely a black cat to be seen, whose ears and tail had not been frequently cropped, for a contribution of blood.<sup>4</sup>

As time fled on and Western Pennsylvania became "more civilized," the old superstitions and rituals faded away and a new brand of folk medicine arose—the area of practical remedies: "sure-fire" methods of home doctoring. And while a few superstitious beliefs remained (such as dusting sulfur in the shoes for rheumatism in the knees)<sup>5</sup> the Western Pennsylvanian of the late 19th Century found himself with a workable lore. The following pages will attempt to survey these remedies, particularly those local to the Prospect, Butler County, area.

Seventy-five years ago the residents of our area largely depended on the local medical lore and "proven remedies." Although professional doctors were beginning to appear on the scene, the local people adhered to many personal specifics. The following comments show why:

Nothing but mud roads. You had to use whatever remedies you could and doctor yourself the best way you knew how.<sup>6</sup>

But you know, when we were growing children at home everybody in the surrounding area gathered up so much stuff from the surrounding farm to treat their children—home remedies. 'Cause you hadn't any way to get a doctor—no telephones.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Donald J. Wentzler, M.D. "Medicine in Frontier Pennsylvania," *Pennsylvania Medical Journal* (April, 1965), page 68.

<sup>2</sup> Doddridge, *Notes on the Settlement and Indian Wars of the Western Parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania From 1763-1783* (n.p., 1824), page 172.

<sup>3</sup> Wentzler, *op. cit.*, page 68.

<sup>4</sup> Doddridge, *op. cit.*, page 172.

<sup>5</sup> Mrs. Vera (Harold) Weigle, interviewed by William Bryan (the Weigle home, Prospect, Pa.), April 12, 1967.

<sup>6</sup> Marianne Broker (from second-hand information), interviewed by William Bryan, April 6, 1967.

<sup>7</sup> Sadie (Mrs. Tom) Critchlow, interviewed by William Bryan (the Critchlow home, Prospect, Pa.), April 6, 1967.



No one was accustomed to going to the doctor's unless they were really sick. And anything like a bad cold or burned eye you would just take care at home. The doctors didn't have too many things for you. They didn't give you shots for germs and so on because they didn't have modern treatments.<sup>8</sup>

Spearheading the bulk of folk remedies in our area was the wide use of herbs. In the early 1900's before the Synthetic Era about 80% of all the medicines were obtained from roots, bark, and leaves.<sup>9</sup> The fluid extract was much in vogue and teas of all sorts were concocted.

Every household had its favorite teas and tonics. Trusting humanity placed its faith in the belief that for every ill, there existed a cure in the plants of field and forest. As Kipling wrote, "Anything green that grew out of the mold/ Was an excellent herb to our fathers of old."<sup>10</sup>

Heading the list of herbs was the well-known sassafras tree and its roots. As soon as the sap began to move in the roots many people dug the precious roots, boiled them, and drank the aromatic tea. The reason for its use seemed universal:

We used Sassafras in the spring for tea. People seemed to think that during the winter one's blood thickened up. So the tea would thin out the blood—a sort of "pick-you-up." I still use it.<sup>11</sup>

Nelson's *Medical Botany* states that the drug Sassafras is valued for its volatile oil and possesses carminative properties. However no scientific evidence of its "blood-thinning" properties is to be found.

Boneset tea was made from Boneset (eupatorium perfoliatum), a field plant which has been described by Leyel as extremely common:

It was made known to the early settlers in America by the Indians, and Millespaugh says there is hardly a farmhouse throughout that great land (America) that does not dry it and hang it up in an attic or woodshed for use in malarial fevers, such as Dengue.<sup>12</sup>

The majority of people interviewed said that they had heard of Boneset but never remembered using it personally. However, Sadie Critchlow came through with a personal recollection:

My mother was always drinking Boneset. It was a great nerve tonic—for the headache. For anything for a tired, nervous mother. We went out and gathered the leaves, boiled them—it was extremely bitter.<sup>13</sup>

Blackberry roots, too, were made into a tea. The roots were boiled and the liquor drunk for dysentery. Jack Shaffer reported: "I know people who were in bad shape and it cured them."<sup>14</sup>

The plant called Scull-cap also served as a nervine. The leaves were gathered, made into the customary tea and drunk. Today one may purchase Scull-cap in drug stores.

Catnip tea was prized for its stomach-soothing properties.

When the children at home got the tummy ache our Mother flew to the catnip patch which was usually along the run. It was very tasty and the children drank it down quite readily because of the sweet taste. It cleared up the cramps and stomach ache—sometimes

<sup>8</sup> Mrs. Helen Beighley, interviewed by William Bryan (Beighley home, R.D. 1, Prospect, Pa.), April 17, 1967.

<sup>9</sup> Margaret B. Kreig, *Green Medicine* (New York, Bantam Books, 1964), page vii.

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*, page vii.

<sup>11</sup> Jack Shaffer, interviewed by William Bryan (Jack Shaffer home, R.D. 1, Prospect, Pa.).

<sup>12</sup> C. F. Leyel, *Green Medicine* (London, Faber and Faber, Ltd., n.d.), page 178.

<sup>13</sup> Sadie Critchlow Interview.

<sup>14</sup> Jack Shaffer Interview.

caused by getting into the orchard and eating too many green apples.<sup>15</sup>

One person interviewed recalled that catnip was prized for curing winter colds.

Colds, chest ailments, and thoracic diseases seemed prevalent in our near past—particularly due to the fact that there was an absence of modern medications, antibiotics, and properly heated homes. Poultices; hot, soft, moist masses of crushed vegetable matter, applied to the surface of the body were a remedy for many disorders.

Mrs. Ethel Hasselback reports: "You know we used mustard plasters (poultices) for everything—from a pain in the stomach to a headache."<sup>16</sup> Mrs. Mabel Shiever recalls:

An elderly lady told me her son had pneumonia and the doctor gave him up but she didn't. She made onion poultices, applied them to the bottom of his feet and his chest. The next morning the doctor was amazed to find him much improved. Of course, that was before we had penicillin.<sup>17</sup>

Mr. Jack Shaffer remembers his acquaintance with cow manure poultices:

My brother had an awful carbuncle on his neck and Mrs. Waddell, who lived in town, told him if he'd go out and get some soft cow manure, put it in a poke, and poultice it. It started to get better.<sup>18</sup>

Other poultices consisted of bread and milk, corn meal, potatoes, and mustard plus flour. It was also cited that Mullein leaves or those from the Great Dock were pounded, heated, and applied to the affected area. It is interesting to note that poultices are virtually obsolete in modern medicine. However, all those interviewed felt strongly that poultices were very effective treatments.

Coughs and colds came with the chest ailments. Horehound and honey held its reputation as a good cough medicine. So was peppermint oil. Coltsfoot (tussilago farfara), one of the first herbal cough medicines in this country, was recognized by the Prospectites as a little stick (the root) which was chewed up for mild colds and coughs.

Coal oil was used for sore throat:

One I could tell you about—and it had a pretty mean taste—was coal oil, you know—kerosene. Just put it on a tablespoon, take that, and swallow it slowly. Boy, that was really a cure for sore throat. I never liked the stuff but I got used to taking it. You got relief pretty quick. My dad got that from his grandfather. That is how old that was.<sup>19</sup>

Laxatives or aperients consisted in the form of "ripe May apples, plump full of seeds." The roots of Black Haws, a plant found in swampy regions, also served as a laxative.

Improvisation was a key work in curing toothaches and earaches. Hot water bottles were non-existent and small bags filled with grain, salt, or corn meal were used.

When I was a little girl, there wasn't such a thing as heating pads, hot water bottles, and such. They sewed small bags and filled them with grain, such as wheat, oats, or buckwheat. They would heat the bags in a coal oven and apply the bag to whatever part of the body required heat. I remember this one. One time when I was a little girl my job was to hold a bag of oats in front of the fireplace until it was warm. I leaned against the mantle and dozed. It was fortunate

<sup>15</sup> Sadie Critchlow Interview.

<sup>16</sup> Mrs. Ethel Hasselback, interviewed by William Bryan (at the former Mrs. John Bryan home), April 3, 1967.

<sup>17</sup> Mrs. Mabel (Raymond) Shiever, interviewed by William Bryan (the Shiever home, Prospect, Pa.), March 30, 1967.

<sup>18</sup> Jack Shaffer Interview.

<sup>19</sup> Paul Brady, interviewed by William Bryan (the Brady apartment, Prospect, Pa.), April 21, 1967.

<sup>20</sup> Mabel Shiever Interview.





"Now you take all these old remedies. You know they were put here for a purpose. . . ."

I didn't catch fire. I never forgot the scolding for negligence.<sup>20</sup>

Blowing tobacco smoke in the ear was also reputed as an earache specific:

I can remember so well that my dad used to blow smoke in our ears for earache. The smoke came from a pipe. The heat was the thing which apparently helped.<sup>21</sup>

George Kelley will never forget an earache remedy that was used on him many years ago. When a child, an elder filled his ear with goose excrement. That was really a cure!

Wounds were dangerous in those days because of the likelihood of infection resulting from a lack of antibiotics. Fat pork was universal as a curing agent in different types of wounds:

I had a little brother who had fallen off the kitchen table and lighted on a glass and got quite a gash on his knee. My mother proceeded to doctor him up her own. It didn't work and in a couple of weeks it was badly infected. We still didn't go to the doctor's, as they did in those days. A neighbor said, "Put a piece of fat meat on it." And we put it on and it was covered with pus. We tried this for several days and it was completely healed. So we saved quite a doctor's bill.<sup>22</sup> Children loved to run in their bare feet. On a farm there were many things to hurt your feet. One thing was rusty nails. The remedy was this—fill the wound with turpentine and bandage up the wound after placing a piece of fat pork over the wound.<sup>23</sup>

Several people remembered hobbling around in the summer with a piece of fat pork tied to their foot. Sadie Critchlow recalled "drawing" half a sewing needle from the palm of a hand by keeping a piece of fat pork on the wound. Similar incidents of drawing poisons out of wounds with fat pork were reported.

<sup>21</sup> Ethel Hasselback Interview.

<sup>22</sup> Sadie Critchlow Interview.

<sup>23</sup> Mabel Shiever Interview.

Cancer was as much a problem if not more so than today. Skin cancer was prevalent but no home remedies were present, even to stop the pain. Morphine tablets, bought on a prescription, served as pain killers.

Several other remedies of less importance were discovered in the interviews. Among those significant were:

1. Boiled oak bark to toughen the bare feet.<sup>24</sup>
2. To help the kidneys eat pumpkin seeds.<sup>25</sup>
3. Sulfur and molasses for the croupe.<sup>26</sup>
4. For frostbitten ears mix kerosene oil and salt together and rub on ears.<sup>27</sup>
5. Salt and vinegar was gargled for the sore throat.<sup>28</sup>

*What Conclusions may we reach?*

This paper has evaluated the folk medicine beliefs of seventy-five to one hundred years ago in the Prospect, Butler County, Pennsylvania, area.

Several generalizations may be reached. In most cases those interviewed recalled many remedies but were at a loss to give definite scientific proof that the remedy in question was effective in all cases. The following quote sums up this popular feeling:

Now you take all these old remedies. You know they were put here for a purpose and that's the reason why I think the Indians were so healthy. My dad was always the way I was—eating that stuff and I've been around here goin' on 87 years.<sup>29</sup>

It may also be concluded that a large percentage of remedies were in the form of teas and that poultices had widespread usage. Furthermore, fat pork found a wide range of uses in healing wounds, and drawing foreign objects and poison out of wounds and punctures.

The reader might ask at this time, with the fact in mind that most of these remedies are obsolete, what is the significance of studying folk medicine? These closing quotes provide an important answer:

A green bloom is sweeping over our land. Scientists and commercial drug producers are discovering that there is gold among the greens. Grandma's remedies, old wife's cures, folk medicine and the teachings of the ancient herbalists are being reexamined today in scientific laboratories with the utmost seriousness. Even the layman has caught some of this fever, and those green things that grow by country waysides are being viewed as separate plants of hundreds of species, each having a unique structure and all presenting exciting possibilities of being useful to man.<sup>31</sup>

*Speaking of Herbals . . .*

. . . In addition to at least 80 new botanicals currently being tested, scientists in leading laboratories are using modern techniques to examine many home remedies and patent medicines compounded from vegetable ingredients. Quite a number of time-honored nostrums, including some American Indian cures, have been vindicated by putting folklore under the microscope, so to speak.<sup>31</sup>

A sincere hope is put forth that this paper has presented an interesting discussion of "old remedies" to the reader. To the author it has been a wonderful experience in discovering the medical beliefs and practices which helped keep our ancestors healthy only a century ago.

<sup>24</sup> Jack Shaffer Interview.

<sup>25</sup> *Ibid.*, Interview.

<sup>26</sup> Tom Critchlow, interviewed by William Bryan (Tom Critchlow home, Prospect, Pa.), April 5, 1967.

<sup>27</sup> Vera Weigle Interview.

<sup>28</sup> Ethel Hasselback Interview.

<sup>29</sup> Jack Shaffer Interview.

<sup>30</sup> Euell Gibbons, *Stalking the Healthful Herbs* (New York, David McKay Company, Inc., 1966), page 1.

<sup>31</sup> Kreig, *op. cit.*, page viii.



# FINGER GAMES

## and RHYMES



To cast a shadow of a duck.



To cast a shadow of a rabbit.

By MAC E. BARRICK

In the days before television was invented, when parents still talked to their children and even played with them, the members of Pennsylvania farm families used to amuse each other in various ways in the evenings after the work was done. Occasionally they would sit around the piano singing, though more than likely, the piano was in the closed unheated parlor where no one went except on special occasions such as weddings or funerals. Storytelling was not uncommon and sometimes games were played—Blind Man's Bluff, or such board games as Parcheesi, Checkers or Crokinole. The younger children were entertained in a variety of ways, among them being finger rhymes and games, some of which survive to the present day.

A popular pastime at parties, but used also for entertaining young children at home, was the making of hand-shadows. The shadows were cast on a plain wall or on a white sheet hung over a door, and ranged from the very simple to the elaborate, depending on the skill of the performer. The easiest of all was the horse or the mule, made with one hand, fingers extended together straight outward and the thumb pointing upward. By moving the thumb or the little finger, one produced the effect of the "horse" wiggling its ears or eating. Other one-hand shadows are the duck, the snake, and the turkey-gobbler. The duck is formed with the second and third fingers extended to form the beak and the others drawn back to form the head. When the extended fingers are separated, the "duck" quacks or eats. The snake is formed by holding the fingers tightly together in a horizontal position so that a narrow shadow is cast. The turkey-gobbler is more complicated. Here the fingers are extended perpendicularly to the palm of the hand, but at a 45° angle to the floor. The thumb and little finger are drawn back so as not to cast a shadow, and the ring finger is left dangling to produce the turkey's snood. The chicken and rooster are made similar to the turkey except that the second hand is added with the fingers upward to produce the comb. The rabbit is also an elaborate two-hand shadow with the fingers of the one hand used for the ears. A skillful practitioner of the art can make shadows of dogs, cats, camels, and even human beings.

Very young children are amused by any of several tickling rhymes. A common method of making a baby or toddler laugh is to "bore him in the belly". The mother, or more frequently the grandparents, will make a boring motion with the hand or finger while saying, "I'll . . . borey borey borey borey borey . . . belly," chucking the child in the abdomen at the end. If any rhyme accompanied this motion, it has been forgotten, though G. F.

Northall includes among his *English Folk-Rhymes* (London, 1892, p. 417) such a rhyme from Shropshire:

*Heat an iron very hot,  
Stick a pig very fat,  
Bore a hole, bore a hole, bore a hole!*

This apparently is too gruesome for modern tastes.

Two "gullying" rhymes are used commonly in southern Pennsylvania. Here the adult touches the child's face at the place indicated in the rhyme, then tickles him under the chin. The older of these, heard in Cumberland County before 1905, is the following:

*Louse-head,  
Fore-head,  
Eye-winker,  
Tom-tinker,  
Nose-smeller,  
Mouth-eater,  
Chin-chopper . . .  
Gully, gully, gully, gully. (JRB)<sup>1</sup>*

Other occurrences of the rhyme begin

*Head bumper,  
Eye winker, etc.*

or simply

*Eye winker,  
Tom tinker, etc.<sup>2</sup>*

The other gullying rhyme also begins with the forehead:

*Knock at the door* (tap on forehead)  
*And peep in* (the window). (touch eyelashes)  
*Lift up the latch* (pinch nose)  
*And walk in.* (touch mouth)  
*Gully, gully, gully, gully.* (tickle under chin)<sup>3</sup>

These rhymes and the accompanying tickling or gullying are widespread, despite a belief that "if you tickle a child before it's a year old, you'll make it stutter".<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Informants, identified by initials, are natives of, or life-long residents in, Cumberland County: AG—Albert Gutshall; BG—Mrs. Bertha Gutshall; BRG—Miss Bertie Gutshall; EB—Mrs. Elsie Snyder; JB—Mrs. Jean Barrick; JC—John Crum; JRB—J. Russell Barrick; MB—Melodi Barrick; RH—Mrs. Ruth Heishman.

<sup>2</sup> EB, 1905-1910; RH, C. 1933. Cf. *Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore*, I (Durham, N.C., 1958), 189: "Brow brinker / Eye winker / Nose knocker / Mouth mocker / Chin chopper / Kootchy-kootchy-koo"; "Eye Winker / Tom Tinker / Nose Dropper / Mouth Eater / Chin Chopper." See also *Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes* (Oxford, 1951, p. 103) for variations dating from 1788-1944. Cf. Robert Ford, *Children's Rhymes* (Paisley, 1903), p. 10; Carl Withers, *A Rocket in my Pocket* (New York, 1948), p. 110.

<sup>3</sup> RH; JB, 1936-1938. The *Brown Collection* (I, 190) has a version that ends "Take a chair (tickle under chin)."

<sup>4</sup> Cf. E. M. Fogel, *Beliefs and Superstitions of the Pennsylvania Germans* (Philadelphia, 1915), no. 79; *Brown Collection*, VI (Durham, N.C., 1961), nos. 343, 346.



Infants are frequently entertained by counting or tickling their toes or fingers, usually to the rhyme:

*This little pig went to market,  
This little pig stayed home,  
This little pig had roast beef,  
This little pig had none,  
And this little pig cried wee wee wee  
I can't find my way home.*

The last line varies; "All the way home" (RH) and "Give me some" (EB) are frequently substituted.<sup>5</sup>

Another finger-counting rhyme is "Ten Little Indians," usually sung as the fingers are extended one by one:

### TEN LITTLE INDIANS.



*One little, two little, three little Indians,  
Four little, five little six little Indians,  
Seven little, eight little, nine little, Indians,  
Ten little Indian boys.*

*One little, two little, three little Indians,  
Four little, five little, six little Indians,  
Seven little, eight little, nine little Indians,  
Ten little Indian boys.*

On the second verse, the fingers are withdrawn one by one:  
*Ten little, nine little, eight little Indians,  
Seven little, six little, five little Indians,  
Four little, three little, two little Indians,  
One little Indian boy.*<sup>6</sup>

In the case of the game "Fly Away Jack, Fly Away Jill," the rhyme is frequently remembered, but the game that accompanied it is usually forgotten. This again is a game intended for the amusement of young children. Bits of paper are stuck on the index fingers to represent the two birds:

*Two little birds sat upon a hill,  
One named Jack, the other named Jill.  
Fly away, Jack, fly away, Jill,  
Come back, Jack, come back, Jill.*<sup>7</sup>

On the command "Fly away," the index fingers are withdrawn and replaced by the second fingers, which have no paper on them. On the command "Come back" the action is reversed. Very young children are fascinated by the apparent disappearance and return of the "birds." Kindergartners in Carlisle currently sing the verse without playing the game:

<sup>5</sup> The *Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes* (pp. 349-350) traces the rhyme back to 1728. Cf. *Brown Collection*, I, 185 ff.; Robert Ford, *Children's Rhymes*, p. 11; Withers, p. 109; Roger Welsch, "Nebraska Finger Games," *Western Folklore*, XXV (1966), p. 187 (no. 37).

<sup>6</sup> EB, JB, BRG. Listed by June Pierce, *The Wonder Book of Counting Rhymes* (New York, 1957), p. 12; Adelaide Hull, *Finger Plays* (New York, 1964), p. 20; Welsch, p. 187 (no.38).

<sup>7</sup> ES, JB, G. F. Northall, p. 419; *Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes*, pp. 147-148; *Brown Collection*, I, 185; Withers, p. 107; June Pierce, *loc. cit.*; Welsch, p. 182 (no. 28).

### FLY AWAY JACK.



*Two little black-birds sittin' on a hill, Fine  
The one named Jack, the other named Jill;  
Fly away, Jack; fly away, Jill; d.c.  
Come back, Jack; come back, Jill.*

*Two little black-birds sittin' on a hill,  
The one named Jack, the other named Jill;*

*Fly away, Jack; fly away, Jill;*

*Come back, Jack; come back, Jill.*

*Two little black-birds sittin' on a hill,  
The one named Jack, the other named Jill. (MB)*

Kindergarten children also play a game called "Finger Family," in which pantomime action follows the rhyme:

*Clap, clap, clap,  
Hands behind your back.  
Father finger, father finger,  
Where are you?  
Here I am, here I am.  
How do you do?*

On the words "here I am" the hands are held in front, with the thumbs extended, then the game continues:

*Clap, clap, clap,  
Hands behind your back.  
Mother finger, mother finger  
Where are you?  
Here I am, here I am.  
How do you do?*

The index fingers are extended, then the game continues with similar verses and action for "Brother finger," "Sister finger," and "Baby finger" (MB, October 1966). The game is similar to one described by Adelaide Hull in *Finger Plays* (p. 8):

*"This is my father. (Hold up your thumb.)  
This is my mother. (Hold up your pointing finger.)  
This is my brother. (Hold up your middle finger.)  
This is my sister. (Hold up your ring finger.)  
This is the baby. (Hold up your little finger.)  
Oh! How we love them all! (Clasp your hands together.)*

The same names are given to the fingers in a Nebraska finger rhyme (see Welsch, p. 191).

It has been noted that "in nursery lore a verse or tradition, learnt in early childhood, is not usually passed on again until the little listener has grown up, and has children of his own, or even grandchildren. The period between learning a nursery rhyme and transmitting it may be anything from twenty to seventy years."<sup>8</sup> The time between learning and transmitting tickling rhymes and finger games is likely to be shorter, since the rhymes are frequently learned by children from parents or grandparents and then used by the children in entertaining younger brothers and sisters, or nieces and nephews. As families become smaller and family units draw apart, grandparents

<sup>8</sup> Iona and Peter Opie, *The Lore and Language of Schoolchildren* (Oxford, 1959), p. 7.





"Stick your Finger in the Crow's Nest."

no longer live with their children as they formerly did—opportunity (or necessity) for entertaining infants becomes rarer and the games fall into disuse.

Then, too, the function of children's games and rhymes is constantly changing, and the same rhyme frequently serves different purposes within a single generation.<sup>9</sup> Nursery rhymes and counting-out rhymes frequently serve as jump-rope rhymes, and rhymes that were originally rhyming riddles, such as "Little Nancy Etticoat," "Daffy-Down-Dilly," and "Humpty Dumpty," now survive as nursery rhymes alone. Occasionally a nursery rhyme functions as a finger game or clapping game. Thus "Mary Mack," also a riddle,<sup>10</sup> doubles as a clapping game rhyme, as does "Pease Porridge Hot," though few now use that verse as a game rhyme.

The riddle or rhyme "Mary Mack" was formerly used as a clapping rhyme game in which two players reciting the rhyme clapped their own hands or those of their partner, as indicated (o-own, p-partner's):

o o p o o p  
Mary Mack, dressed in black,

o o p p o o p

Twenty-four buttons down her back. (BG, RM)

Elaborations on this, such as single-hand clapping with the partner or cross-hand clapping also occurred, but the rhyme is no longer part of a clapping game, and it is rarely recognized as a riddle, though this was its original function.

The most popular clapping game, one still commonly practiced, is "Patty-cake," though now it generally has the function of a tickling rhyme, in that a parent or other adult claps a baby's hands together while reciting the rhyme:

Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker's man,  
Bake me a cake as fast as you can.  
Roll it and roll it, pick it and pick it,  
Shovel 'em up, shovel 'em up and  
Throw 'em away, throw 'em away. (RH)

Other versions of the rhyme are equally common; for example:

Patty-cake, patty cake, baker's man,  
Bake me a cake just as fast as you can.  
Pat it and prick it and mark it with P,  
And put it in the oven for baby and me.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>9</sup> See Paul Brewster, "Introduction" to the *Brown Collection*, I, 33; Opie, *Lore and Language*, p. 9.

<sup>10</sup> So listed by Archer Taylor (*English Riddles from Oral Tradition* [Berkeley, California, 1951], p. 234), and others.

<sup>11</sup> EB; RH: "mark it with B." Thus in the *Brown Collection*, I, 198; *Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes*, p. 341. Cf. Northall, p. 418: ". . . mark it with T, / And there will be enough for Jacky and me"; Ford, p. 26: ". . . mark it with T, / And put it in the oven for Tommy and me."

One still finds children playing the "Crow's Nest," a finger-catch (no pun intended). The first two fingers of each hand are crossed to form a square, then the victim is invited to stick his finger in the crow's nest. When he does so, his finger is pinched between the thumb-nails and he is told, "There, the crow bit you". (ES, EB, RH). This catch seems to have come from Scotland, though there is in English folklore a similar catch called the "Foxy's Hole"

*"Put your finger in foxy's hole,  
Foxy is not at home;  
Foxy is at the back door,  
Picking of a bone."*

(Northall, p. 419; cf. *Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes*, pp. 175-176).

A very young child can be made to believe that his nose has been stolen. The child's nose is caught between the first and second fingers and pulled slightly, while the thumb is inserted between the fingers in its place so that just the tip of it shows. Then the child is told, "There, I got your nose".<sup>12</sup> More than one child has been driven to tears, thinking that his nose is gone, and sometimes he will attack his tormentor fiercely screaming, "Give it back! Give it back!" This can be done by reversing the movement.

Elementary and junior high school pupils delight in several games which confuse or awe their classmates. Such a game is that in which the left thumb is bent back at the knuckle while the right thumb, also bent at the knuckle, is placed against it to give the impression of a single thumb. The right index-finger covers the point of contact to add to the illusion. When the hands are separated, it appears that the thumb has been pulled apart.<sup>13</sup>

A child can often convince others that he has eleven fingers by counting backward on one hand: "Ten, nine, eight, seven, six fingers on this hand and five on the other. Six and five are eleven."<sup>14</sup> Similarly, by interlacing the fingers of both hands, he can give the illusion of having only nine fingers; the ring-finger of one hand is folded inside as the fingers are joined, so that only nine fingers are exposed. The little finger of that hand must be moved up one place, to occupy the position held by the ring-finger (see Welsch, p. 191, no. 45C).

Two finger games practiced by high school students are very effective when properly done. In the first, one attempts to thread an imaginary needle with imaginary thread, wetting the "thread" and trying to put it through the eye of the "needle." After several attempts the "needle" is threaded and one begins to "sew" the fingers of the left hand together. If the player is clever, he can produce with considerable verisimilitude the effect of sewing by moving the fingers as the "thread" is drawn through them.<sup>15</sup> In the other of these games, or more properly, entertainments, the player "catches" an imaginary fly in mid-air. He then proceeds to stretch it, twist it, stretch it again, wrap it up, then he pretends to swallow it or throw it away. Since the games are usually performed for the benefit of one's fellow students, they take place in study halls or in class when the teacher is out of the room. Hence, they can continue indefinitely, but usually end abruptly when the teacher returns.

<sup>12</sup> EB, RH. Listed by Welsch, p. 176 (no. 14A).

<sup>13</sup> JC, Carlisle, about 1950. Welsch, p. 176 (no. 13).

<sup>14</sup> Welsch lists the same deception as practiced in Nebraska, p. 191 (no. 45A).

<sup>15</sup> JC, Carlisle, before 1950. Welsch, p. 176 (no. 15).





Here's the Bull's Back . . . . . and here's his Rack!

Hand figures are popular among finger games, but only two of them occur with any regularity in South-Central Pennsylvania, "The Church," and "The Bull's Back." The Church is formed by placing the hands together, interlocking the fingers at the knuckles with the tips of the fingers inside and the thumbs flat against the index-fingers. The hands are then squeezed together so that the knuckles resemble a gabled church-roof. Then the rhyme is recited:

*Here's the church  
And here's the steeple.  
Open the door  
And here's the people.*

The steeple is formed by extending the index-fingers and joining them at the tips; the door is opened by drawing back the thumbs to reveal the fingers (the "people") inside. The game is an old one and quite widespread.<sup>16</sup>

<sup>16</sup> AG, EB, RH, JB. Northall, p. 417. W. W. Newell, *Games and Songs of American Children*, (New York, 1903), p. 138; *Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes*, p. 125; *Brown Collection*, I, 187; June Pierce, *Finger Plays and Rhymes* (New York, 1955), p. 17; Hull, *Finger Plays*, p. 2; Welsch, p. 180 (no. 25A). The game is still frequently mentioned in contemporary literature; e.g., John O'Hara, *Butterfield 8* (ed. New York, 1960), p. 75; Ted Mark, *The Man from ORGY* (New York, 1965), p. 75.



Here's the Church . . .



. . . here's the Steeple.



Open the door . . . and there's the People.

Drawings  
by the Author.

The Bull's Back seems to be unrecorded. The formation of the figure is similar to that of the Church, the fingers being interlaced with the tips inside. The rhyme is:

*Here's the bull's back  
And here's his rack.*

The hands are turned inside out with the fingers still interlaced to form what looks like the rack from which cattle eat in the stable. (AG, before 1910; EB, RH, JB). One informant (AG) amplified the rhyme by again closing the hands and extending the joined forefingers, and adding: "And there's the haystack".

Elderly men used to sit around "twiddling their thumbs" (literally twirling the thumbs around each other). The story is told of one man so engaged who was asked, "Is that all you can do?" And he said, "No, I can do this, too," reversing the direction of his thumbs. The basis for the story is obviously a German finger game still played in Nebraska: "The fingers are loosely laced as if in prayer. The thumbs are rotated forward, i.e., with the left thumb moving clockwise, the right counter-clockwise. The following verse is recited: 'Lieber Gott! ich bin nicht dumm.' The motion is reversed: the left thumb moves counter-clockwise: 'Ich kann es auch anders um!'"<sup>17</sup>

Except for hand or Indian wrestling, competitive hand games are virtually unknown in the rural areas of Cumberland County. A gambling game called *moira* (pronounced mwɔdɔ) was occasionally played in Carlisle in the last twenty years and may still be current. In this game, each of two players shows a number of fingers on one hand simultaneously with the other player; it has previously been decided which player has "odds" and which "evens," and the winner is determined by the total number of fingers shown.<sup>18</sup>

A competitive game new to the area may eventually become popular, though at present its circulation is limited. "Stone, Paper, Scissors" is again a game for two players in which one tries to anticipate what the other will do. The players simultaneously hold out a fist (stone), an open hand (paper) or two fingers (scissors). The winner is determined on the following basis: scissors cut paper, i.e., two fingers wins over open hand; stone breaks scissors, i.e., fist wins over two fingers; paper wraps up stone, i.e., open hand wins over fist. The game was explained and played in the television special "A Poppy is Also a Flower" (WABC-TV, April 22, 1966; distributed as a feature film to movie theaters in 1967), and was later described on the "Tonight" show (WNBC-TV, October 25, 1966).<sup>19</sup>

It is evident that many elements of folk-culture are undergoing constant evolution. While television and other forms of mass communication are destroying or corrupting some aspects of folklore, they are also preserving and revivifying others. If Marshall McLuhan is correct in suggesting that the electronics industry is uniting society into a new mass tribal unit,<sup>20</sup> then the role of television in producing a new folklore and a new mythology is certainly worth investigating. The eventual success or failure of the "Stone, Paper, Scissors" game to survive at the folk level will supply important evidence of the effect of television on folk-culture.

<sup>17</sup> Welsch, p. 175 (no. 9).

<sup>18</sup> On the "Tonight" show (WNBC-TV, October 25, 1966), the comedian Jackie Vernon described a similar game called *moire* in which a player tries to guess the number of fingers that will be shown.

<sup>19</sup> Welsch lists the game among those found in Nebraska, p. 178 (no. 23).

<sup>20</sup> See, for example, *The Medium is the Message* (New York, 1967), p. 16.



# HUCKLEBERRY PICKING

## On Shade Mountain

By **FAY McAFEE WINEY**

The writer was four or five years old when she picked her first huckleberries and was about twenty-three when she no longer picked as a "regular" every summer.

The picking of huckleberries which grew some summers very profusely on Shade Mountain in Snyder County, Pennsylvania, was sometimes the only "means" of earning a living for the people of Paxtonville, Pennsylvania, a small town in Central Pennsylvania, located almost directly at the foot of the above named mountain.

Shade Mountain, where the huckleberries were picked, extends east and west through the central portion of Snyder County, Pennsylvania, from the village of Mt. Pleasant Mills, to a distance of thirty miles where the Juniata River divides the mountain. The height of the mountain from the foot to the summit is about 1,100 feet and the distance to travel to pick the berries is three miles.

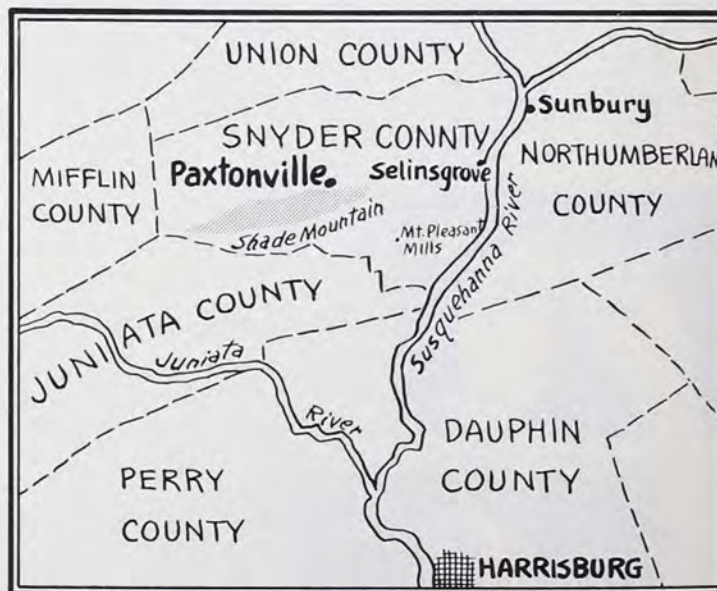
These berries grew more abundantly on the top of the mountain but were also found in the wooded areas lower down. There were certain varieties which also grew in "stone raffles" and abandoned ore mine holes.

From late June to late July there were three varieties of berries which were picked. These varieties grew close to the ground and the writer and others actually slid around on their buttocks to pick them. One kind was a big blue juicy berry and filled the picking containers rather fast. A big black soft berry also was picked as well as a steel gray, harder-skinned berry. The blue and steel colored early variety were more in demand by hucksters than the black berry.

From late July to early September, Labor Day being usually the last day of picking season, another variety of berry was picked. These late berries did not grow as large in size as the earlier berries but seemed to be much more in demand, and quite often our parents allowed us to keep a quart or two to eat with bread and milk which was a tasty, nourishing meal and we called it "brupple soup." The berries also could be used for jams, jellies, pies, and canned for winter use. This berry, was called "High Blue". Another late variety was called "Stony Kitzel." This berry was a shiny black berry, rather sour and seedy, and did not sell very well. These later berries grew on bushes from two to three feet in height and were picked in a stooping position.

As there were different varieties of berries, so too there were different ways of picking them. Some pickers would set the picking container which was usually a five to seven quart tin bucket on the ground near the stalk and pick with both hands, dropping the berries in the container. Others picked with one hand, transferring them to the other hand and when the hand was full drop them in the container. Some grasped the stalk with one hand and by a batting motion knocked the berries into their container.

*Box Huckleberry*  
(*Gaylussacia*  
*brachycera*).



Map of Shade Mountain area, Snyder County, Pennsylvania

A man by the name of Christian Graybill invented or made a crude picker. This was made of wood and had five fingers resembling a small wooden rake. The picker was used only for the late varieties. It was not a device used by anyone except himself. He would get two or three children to sit on the ground and sort the berries. The berries were poured into a piece of oil cloth or newspaper and the children would pick the dead leaves, the rotten berries, the green berries, etc., from the pile of berries as the whole stalk was stripped by this method. Hucksters did not pay too much for these berries as they



were often mashed and nearly always damp when carried down the mountain.

Most varieties of huckleberries contain a natural source of insulin and people with diabetes ate them in large quantities.

We (meaning several families or the entire group of people going huckleberry picking) met or waited for each other at 4:45 A. M. every morning except when it rained and on Sundays. Sometimes while waiting for a family, those who were already at the place where all met, which was in the afore-mentioned Christian Graybill's yard, would choose the "spot" on the mountain where the picking for that particular day would be. Promptly at 5 those who were ready started the long trek up the mountain which took two to three hours depending on how many children were along that day. Small children, some only four and five years old, were allowed to walk or run ahead while on fairly level ground but when the steeper, rocky places were reached, fathers, older brothers and sisters or other members of the group carried these little ones.



*Huckleberry pickers on their way to the mountains.*

We stopped only three times on the way up the mountain. The first stop was at one of three springs which were located at the foot of the mountain and had been named many years before the writer became a "regular" huckleberry picker. The trails or paths up the mountain were also named the same as the springs. The one spring or road chosen might be the eastern end of the mountain and this was "The Brunner Spring." The middle spring and road were called "The Furnace Spring" and road and were near the abandoned ore mines or holes. The spring and road toward the west was named "The Bud Spring" and road. The middle road was the most frequently used as this road had been made to take the ore down the mountain to the town of Paxtonville which had formerly been named Beaver Furnace long before the writer was born. Therefore traveling was much easier than on the other two roads, as they were really only paths or trails.

At this first stop water was put into a tight-lidded container, usually of two quart capacity, which would be the

drinking water for the entire day. This water contained a mixture of coffee beans or coarsely ground coffee.

Our second stop was about a mile and a half further up the mountain, and on the Furnace Road only these places were named. This second stop was called "The Resting Place" and it was right in the middle of the road. It was like a picnic area. The ground was covered with pine needles and rocks and trees made a comfortable back rest for this soft seat. The needles were so thick that sometimes the younger children would lie down and take a nap while the older children invariably played on or in a nearby rock ruffle which contained quartz that glistened in the sun like huge diamonds. This rock crevice was known as the "Swengel Gap" and was bought from the writer's husband's grandfather by the State of Pennsylvania to be used as a watershed. The only value of this gap had been the timbering of mine props.

During this rest period we ate an orange or banana and just before starting again we took a swallow of the precious water-coffee.

Our third and last stop was at "The Hotel," another large clearing about one half mile from the top of the mountain. This rest period sometimes lasted an hour, especially when we reached this place earlier than usual.

No circus ever provided more entertainment than took place every day during this stop to rest. It was spontaneous un-rehearsed entertainment and even the shyest persons oft times joined in the merry-making. The writer often wishes she would have taken notes on some of this impromptu "goings on" as it was good enough to form the nucleus for plays, skits, slap-stick comedy and yes, even burlesque.

All of a sudden a preacher would appear in a high tree and call sinners to beware; solos, duets, trios, barber shop quartets would set the mountain ringing. There were tumbling acts, wrestling, skits, everything and anything an active mind could create and adults and small children all took part.

Sometimes the problems of the world were discussed and the writer learned much from the philosophy of just plain people. During the World War I years many a father was missing from these groups of pickers and some days the rest periods were so quiet (?) that even children sensed the tense and serious situation.

Just before continuing the journey to the top of the mountain a half cup of water was drunk, a piece of candy or sandwich had been eaten and this would have to sustain the pickers until 11:30 or 12:00 when the lunches packed the night before or very early in the morning were eaten.

On the two other roads or paths there were few bare places and when these were chosen and they were quite often, the rest periods were not as long and also not as comfortable. There was more conversation than merry-making when traveling these paths. Children tired more on these trails as they were full of underbrush and were steeper to climb.

This lunch time took place at "The Sign," which was the place chosen to keep extra picking containers, the boxes into which the berries were emptied from the containers, the lunches and the precious watered coffee. These items were placed under a heavy growth of scrub oak or thick fern growth so as to keep them fairly cool as it would get very, very warm during the afternoon hours especially.

Many of the places chosen for "The Sign" for the day were named and any family coming up the mountain



later in the day, had they been told that the group intended to stop or "sign" at a certain place, knew exactly where to go. The late comer also looked up as a good tree climber would climb as close to the top as he could and tie a white muslin or other piece of material on the tree so that the pickers could locate their "sign" from far afield.

Some names of these chosen places and the stories connected with them are as follows: First, "The Bear Spring" which was a large spring of cool water where bear and deer were often seen. When this spot was chosen the coffee was drunk freely. Next, the "Red Apron Path," which had several clearings large enough to accommodate twenty-five to thirty persons along its narrow way, which was about a mile long toward the south side of the mountain. The story is told that two women had strayed from their group while picking berries and became hopelessly lost. They called and called but receiving no answer one of the women climbed a tree, took off her big red apron, as all women pickers wore these big hand-made aprons which were used to tie in their buckets of huckleberries. They sat down under the tree, calling and waiting and finally one of the group saw the big apron blowing high in the air and located the women.

Another place chosen for the "sign" was called "The Big Green Tree." This was a very tall pine tree and around it was a mossy pine-needled spot. It also was near the main traveled road and parents left their children here for hours, warning them not to go too far from it. Here also other people from other areas would "sign" and the strangers and pickers from Paxtonville would become friendly and share huckleberry patches and lunches; and as this place was not too far from the Bear Spring the young people would take the coffee buckets and fill them from the spring, thus getting better acquainted. The tree also provided shade which sometimes was a much wanted thing.

Another place to "sign" might be at "The Big Flat Rock." This rock or boulder was about two feet high and six to eight people could sit on it very comfortably. It was chosen mostly because it could be easily seen for quite a distance. In the afternoon however it became very hot and few people bothered to climb up on it.

Other named places—and the writer at one time in her life knew exactly where each one was located and very seldom ever was unable to find them if she happened to stray from the group or groups of pickers—were: "The Block Ore Ridge" (This ridge was almost entirely deep holes in the ground caused by taking ore out of them to the furnace in Paxtonville or at that time Beaver Furnace); "The Kettle"; "The Womer Gap"; "The Flats"; "The Boyer Stone Riffle"; "The Kitchen"; and other names now forgotten.

"The Kitchen" was chosen often because it was a unique and interesting place. It was in a large clearing and resembled a kitchen. Large rocks seemed to be arranged in such a way that one seemed to be a stove; another was rather high with indentations spaced in such a manner that you could actually set a cup or small dish or spoon in them thus resembling a cupboard. There were stones or rocks spaced in such a way as to resemble chairs and in the center was a large flat rock which we used as a table. The children especially liked this spot and using empty containers and small drinking cups would play at housekeeping, while their parents were off picking. Sometimes the entire group pooled their lunches and what a

*Added capacity  
for berry pickers.*



good tasty picnic was enjoyed. Each picker sacrificed a few berries from their boxes which would be enough for dessert.

The only trouble was that when we reached the teens and young adulthood we could no longer quite see "The Kitchen" but knew it as a rather nice place to "sign" on certain days.

When one of these places was reached and one decided on as the "sign" for that day the pickers would go usually by families to hunt for patches of berries and of course pick all they could along the way. The first picking was on the sun side or southern side of the mountain and usually by 11:30 or 12:00 three trips had been made back to the "sign" to empty the full container into the boxes made especially for carrying the berries down the mountain at the end of the day. Those who were fast pickers had fifteen to twenty quarts of berries by this time.

The boxes were hand-made from wooden boxes in which raisins, fruits, vegetables, etc., were shipped to the grocery stores. They held twenty-five to fifty quarts of berries and were carried on the backs of men and women, the size depending on the strength of the person carrying them. Straps made from leather, old pieces of carpet, worn out over-alls or any strong material were nailed at the top and bottom of the boxes on each side and the arms were slipped through these straps. Small children were equipped with boxes made in this way but their boxes were usually the larger size cigar box, and held between two and three quarts of berries.

Lunches, extra clothing for the children and other odds and ends were placed in these boxes to carry them more easily up the mountain.

The regular picking container was a bucket of varying size. Women tied their aprons through the handle of the bucket or tied a piece of muslin around their waists and slipped the bucket handle through the material before tying the ends securely together. The bucket then hung from the waist leaving the hands free for picking. Men put their buckets through overall bibs or belts if worn, while others fastened theirs through their suspender straps.

Usually by 12:00 all the families who had gone together ate their lunches which consisted of cheese or meat sandwiches, an orange or banana and a can of cold baked beans;





*Pickers resting after lunch.*

also pickles, carrot sticks, celery, lettuce and the like were munched on which helped to alleviate thirst. At this time plans were made as to the direction where the afternoon picking would take place. This was usually on the winter or northern side of the mountain. Only a few went back to the south side in the afternoon hours to pick unless a big patch had been sighted as they made their way to the "sign". Usually in the afternoon the sun beat down unmercifully and the children were left at the "sign." They had small cups or buckets and were told to pick the berries that were close to them.

It has been one of the miracles of huckleberrying that no child was ever known to have been bitten by a snake, as copperheads, rattlesnakes and blacksnakes were numerous and very, big, long and thick ones infested all areas. The writer killed many of these as did other children. Once only did the writer scream with fear and that was when she almost picked the ugly flat head of a copperhead with a handful of berries. One of my brothers was not far away and in no time at all had picked up a large rock and aimed it perfectly, killing the snake. The writer soon got over the shock and went back to her picking but was for that day at least a little more careful where she picked. Our parents had taught us not to be too afraid as the snake usually crawled away, but even the smaller children had learned to pick up a fairly heavy stone and throw it at a snake. More snakes were killed by the children and teen-agers than by their parents.

When going down the mountain with the day's pickings, if those in the rear were suddenly brought to a stop they knew immediately that a snake was blocking the path. The writer saw her sixty-five-year-old grandmother and her sister-in-law kill many a snake, as these two older women often took the lead and the other people followed according to the pace set by them. These two women always carried a heavy cane and used it for more than one purpose.

The reader at this point might wonder about toilet facilities; there were none, except for a thick stand of scrub oak, a clump of tall ferns, or back of a big rock. Leaves and ferns were used to clean oneself. In later years when people realized that other items besides lunches and needs for small children could be carried in their boxes a family included a Sears Roebuck catalog and just before going out to pick the berries youngsters and adults would tear several pages from the catalog and stuff them in apron or pants pockets and thus be "better prepared" for nature's emergencies.

One experience the writer could very well do without was to be caught in a sudden shower. When this happened people hurried to the "sign" and a roaring fire was started. They would take off their soaked outer garments and swing them gently over the flames. Little modesty was manifested as in those earlier days much clothing was worn under the men's shirts and the aprons and dresses of the women. Children ran half-naked hunting firewood while their parents tried to dry their clothing. If it stopped raining suddenly and the sun shone brightly the half dried clothing was put on and the pickers went out to pick again. The sun often dried them completely except for their shoes, which sometimes were not entirely dry for several days but were worn the next day nevertheless. The women and children wore high button shoes and the men wore a heavy high boot or shoe and these did not dry easily.

Sometimes the rain continued and gathering berries, containers, children and all possessions, a sorry, "bedraggled" group of people left the mountain.

At 4:00 most of the families gathered at the "sign" to prepare for the trek down the mountain as it was dangerous to be on the mountain after dark. The men helped to put the now filled boxes on each other's back. Women tied their filled coffee buckets in their aprons and picked up their picking buckets filled with berries over which a muslin cover was tied and often carried the berries in each hand. The young girls used the boxes but it seems the older women did not like them. As mentioned before, the older people went ahead and when they tired everybody rested with them. The journey down the mountain was precarious and hard and the berries were heavy. The gaiety of the morning climb was gone as people could not afford to spill their precious cargo. When someone stumbled and spilled his or her berries others were saddened as they realized that that family's daily wage was gone. Berries were too soft to be picked up when spilled and no one ever tried to do it.

Upon reaching the foot of the mountain hucksters would be waiting to buy the huckleberries and competition was keen between them. They would try to tempt the children with sticks of gum or a few pieces of candy. The writer could sell her berries to any one of these as families sold to the highest bidder. This was not very high, as ten to eleven cents a box or quart was all that was paid. Sometimes if a picker had nice, dry, big berries, twenty cents might be offered for five or six boxes but the inevitable ten cents was paid for the balance. Families pooling their pickings for the day might have forty to fifty quarts and thus make a fairly good day's wages. But this was not a general rule and the living standards of these people were indeed low.

The hucksters tried every way they could to cheat the people and finally a brother of the man who made the picker, Frank Graybill, decided to buy berries. He set up a measuring place in his cellar and offered twelve to fifteen cents a box. The writer was a very slow picker and could not bear to see leaves, green berries, small twigs or rotten berries with her berries so she picked these out very carefully. This paid off quite well sometimes as she received twenty cents a box for her nice berries but there were never enough quarts to make much money.

When industry began to build in and around the area, fathers no longer accompanied their families on the mountain. They worked in factories and mills, but grandmothers, grandfathers, mothers and their children continued to pick huckleberries every summer.



When the crop was threatened to be choked out by too heavy an undergrowth of scrub oak, heavy fern growth and fallen trees, decayed vegetation, etc., this was taken care of by one or more individuals. A fire was deliberately started in this area and carefully spread. The state would call for volunteers to fight the fire and those interested in picking berries would systematically keep it burning but help fight it in such a way that not too great an area would be burned. Very seldom did the fire get out of control and there was never a great loss of timber. These fires were usually started in the fall and two summers later people would be assured several years of good picking. However, the state began to send fire wardens and game wardens to patrol the mountain. They started cutting fire lanes and making roads so that pickers began to ride up the mountain. These roads and the cars gradually changed the terrain and even killed the plants and huckleberry picking became just a jaunt and berries were picked mostly for pies and desserts.

The wardens were not liked by the pickers, as they did not want them to build a fire to warm or dry themselves at any time. When we would see one or two coming along the trails many practical jokes were played on them. One of these was perpetrated by the writer's brother. He dug a hole in the ground and covered it with sticks and stones and half grown berry plants so that it would look like the terrain around it. The warden came up to the group, stepped in the hole and fell flat on his face. He was very angry and demanded to know which one of the group had done it. He was not told who this was any more than he had been told who started the fires.

Now, some other stories about picking and pickers. The writer's youngest brother and two of his pals were in trouble with the other members of the groups most of the time. They would pretend their containers were full and said they had to go back to the "sign" to empty them into their boxes. When the group returned to the "sign" they found these boys had drunk most of the coffee and had also eaten parts of others' lunches. The boys would go home after doing this as they knew well that had they stayed they would have been punished, if not by their own parents then by anyone whose coffee and lunch was almost all "gone". The writer's father did not spare his son when he himself got home. The drinking of the coffee was the worst offense as people were very thirsty the greater part of the day. Sometimes the Bear Spring and Polecat Springs were many miles away and pickers could not afford to travel long distances for water, although some did, trying to pick along the way so that they would have at least a few quarts. These boys also scared members of the group as they would sneak up to someone and throw a long, black dead stick in front of him or her and the picker would scream thinking it was a blacksnake.

One huckleberry picker, an elderly man, Adam Bowersox, traveled up the mountain every day and always alone. For some reason he always went up the eastern side of the mountain, filling his coffee bucket at the "Brunner Spring". Incidentally this road was the hardest to travel of the three described earlier, as "The Boyer Stone Riffle," also described earlier, had to be crossed in order to get to the path leading to the top of the mountain. Whenever the families had agreed to use this path they started at least a half hour earlier as it was hazardous for even the younger people.

Every night a posse was organized to go in search of Mr. Bowersox as he disregarded the warnings not to stay

on the mountain after sundown and it was always a matter of conjecture as to how he was able to re-cross the stone riffle and find the path in the semi-darkness. His wife and daughter began to accept the fact that he would not appear before it became dark and ceased to worry about him as he always got home unharmed and also with 10 to 15 quarts of berries in his box. He had to wait until the next day to sell his berries as the hucksters had left before dark and Mr. Graybill was closed for the night.

In this same category two elderly women vied with each other to pick the most huckleberries. They would be angry if the one picked more than the other but they always picked within calling distance of each other and traveled up the mountain and down together. They were called "greedy" by the other pickers and they really were. Sometimes they picked more than their boxes and containers would hold. They would then scoop a hole in the ground, line it with pages from the Sears Roebuck catalog, and pour the excess berries into the hole. The next day they would get these berries and thus have a head start on the other pickers. If, however this direction was not taken the next day by the families traveling together, these two women picked alone as they knew the mountain rather well.

Most of the huckleberry pickers knew the terrain very well yet there were times when one or more would stray from the group and be lost for the entire day. The writer, her sister and another girl became lost one day and the feeling of fear cannot be described. When lost we would seem to lose all sense of reason and would walk and run through the deep underbrush, spilling the berries in our containers as we went. Sometimes the whole day was spent calling and hunting for someone who had failed to make it to the "sign".

The day the writer was lost with her two companions was on a Saturday when we had gone on the mountain by ourselves in order to earn a few cents for a festival to be held that night. We panicked and roamed around in circles and when we reached home it was after dark and three very scared girls as well as their very scared parents forgot all about the festival.

Few people went on the mountain on the 4th of July. If any went they stayed only until noon. There was a lonesome, eerie feeling when only a few people went "up" and the sound of one's voice seemed to echo and re-echo and ring strangely as compared to the cheery sound of several families calling to each other on other days.

Despite the long trek to the top of the mountain; the hard work sliding, stooping, hunting and picking the berries; the danger of snakes; the heat and thirst; the harder journey down the mountain with arms, hands and backs used to carrying the berries; the crying of tired children; the low price paid for the berries; the distress caused by a "rainy spell" when no picking could be done and there was no other means of earning a living—no true "regular" huckleberry picker complained of his or her lot. The good fellowship of families living and working together, the fun shared, the beauty of the mountain—all this was compensation enough to endure any hardship.

Today the writer can see Shade Mountain from her kitchen window and in memory she often travels up the three roads to the top of the mountain to find the "signs" where a greater part of a town's population ate and drank, toiled and ached, laughed and played, and yes, during the grim days of World War I, prayed together, and picked huckleberries together.





20th  
Annual

# Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival

KUTZTOWN, PA.

Come Again Next year!

June 28-29-30, July 1-2-3-4-5, 1969

## Contributors to this Issue

EARL F. and ADA F. ROBACKER, of White Plains, New York, have written for *Pennsylvania Folklife* a long series of articles on Pennsylvania antiques. Dr. Robacker is the author of *Pennsylvania German Literature and Pennsylvania Dutch Stuff*. His latest book, *Touch of the Dutchland* (New York: A. S. Barnes and Company, 1965), is a collection of articles originally published on our pages.

DR. HENRY SNYDER GEHMAN, Princeton, New Jersey, Biblical scholar and Professor of Old Testament Literature (1931-1960) at Princeton Theological Seminary, has produced a long list of distinguished publications in his research field, including the *Westminster Dictionary of the Bible* (1944), of which a revised edition is currently in press. A native of Lancaster County, and a graduate of Franklin and Marshall College (1909), with a Ph.D. from the University of Pennsylvania (1913) in Indo-European Philology, Latin, Greek, and Sanskrit, and an S.T.D. from Philadelphia Divinity School (1947) in Old Testament and Semitic Languages, Dr. Gehman has held visiting professorships in various theological seminaries in the U.S.A., Brazil, Argentina, and India. With it all he has not forgotten his native language, Pennsylvania Dutch. He tells his personal reaction to the dialect in the article in this issue.

MABEL SNYDER, of Temple, Pennsylvania, is well known to Folk Festival visitors as the "Soap Lady" and "White-wash Demonstrator." A native Berks Countian, she tells in this issue how she makes several varieties of home-made soap, including soft soap, tar soap, and rosin soap. Her directions are given in Pennsylvania Dutch dialect, with English translation.

DR. PHARES H. HERTZOG, Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania. —Retired after many years of teaching at the Peddie School, Hightstown, New Jersey, Phares Hertzog has returned to his native Lancaster County to live. Each year he adds color, lore, humor, and scientific depth to the Folk Festival with his Snake Lore Tent and his stage presentations. His article in this issue is the third in a series, including "Snakes and Snakelore of Pennsylvania" (Autumn 1967), and "Snakelore in Pennsylvania German Folk Medicine" (Winter 1967). All three have been edited for publication, from Dr. Hertzog's massive research notes, by David J. Hufford, Ph.D. student in the Folklore and Folklife Program at the University of Pennsylvania.

DR. MAURICE A. MOOK, State College, Pennsylvania.—Professor of Anthropology at the Pennsylvania State University, Maurice Mook has done extensive field work in

Latin America and other parts of the world. In our field he has contributed to two areas of Pennsylvania studies in particular—Quaker Humor and Amish Name Studies. His article in this issue is reprinted with kind permission of the Allentown *Morning Call* and the periodical *Names*.

LESTER O. TROYER, Manila, Philippines, is Director of the Summer Linguistic Institute in Manila. What he writes of Amish life comes from his own childhood and youth in the Old Order Amish community of Holmes County, Ohio. His first article for *Pennsylvania Folklife*, "Regionalism Among the Ohio Amish," appeared in Volume XVII No. 2 (Winter 1967-1968), 42-43.

EDNA EBY HELLER, Church Farm School, Exton, Pennsylvania, has contributed many articles on Pennsylvania Dutch cookery to *Pennsylvania Folklife*. Author of several pamphlet Pennsylvania Dutch cookbooks, with every traditional recipe tested in her own kitchen, she has recently edited for Doubleday a volume entitled *The Art of Pennsylvania Dutch Cooking*, scheduled for publication in 1968.

WILLIAM JAY BRYAN, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, is a student at the Carnegie Institute of Technology. For his college preparatory high school class project—directed by Mrs. Hilda Kring, Pennsylvania's Teacher of the Year for 1966—he worked on a study of folk-medical practices and ideas as found among his family and acquaintances in the town of Prospect, Butler County, in Western Pennsylvania. The paper is a model research paper, using interviews as well as historical research methods, and we hope its publication will encourage other high school classes in Pennsylvania to look at the folk beliefs and practices of their own communities.

DR. MAC E. BARRICK, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, is a member of the Department of Romance Languages at Dickinson College, and an important Pennsylvania folklorist who has used his native area of Cumberland Valley for intensive field research. His latest articles on our pages include "Numskull Tales in Cumberland County" (Summer 1967), and "Lewis the Robber in Life and Legend" (Autumn 1967).

FAY McAFEE WINEY, Paxtonville, Pennsylvania, is a housewife from Snyder County, Pennsylvania. She has written for us a vivid account of summer days spent huckleberrying in the Alleghenies, both for pleasure and for business. She has contributed several articles based on her memories of rural and village life in Central Pennsylvania, which will appear in future issues.



COLLEGE BLVD. GATE

PARKING



NORTHWEST GATE

## FOLK FESTIVAL COMMON

**9** Quilting Demonstration

**10** Horse Pitching

**8** Animal Lore

**10** Horse Tent

**7** Old-Time Engines

**6** Children's Games (Christmas Lore)

**5** Hay Wagon

**4** Corn Crib

**3** Corn Shelling

**2** Horizontal Horsepower

**1** Farm Equipment

**5** Carriages

**4** Harvesters

**3** Vertical Horsepower

**2** Distillery

**1** Hex Signs

**4** Dry House

**3** Outhouse

**2** Smokehouse

**1** Bush Meetings

**4** Ice House

**3** Windmill

**2** Old Plow

**1** Tavern

**4** Apple Crusher

**3** Dog Power

**2** Vegetable Dyeing

**1** Soap Making

**4** Roof Thatching and Architecture

**3** Sauerkraut Making

**2** Mash Making

**1** Potato Candy Making

**4** Funeral Lore

**3** Tobacco Lore

**2** Tinsmith

**1** Broom Maker

**4** Basket Maker

**3** Bee Lore

**2** Pewter Making

**1** Chaffing

**4** Washing Lore

**3** Wood Turning Lore

**2** Post Hole Drilling

**1** Threshing Demonstration

**4** First House (Christmas Lore)

**3** Kutetown's

**2** Post Hole Drilling

**1** Threshing Demonstration

**4** Vertical Horsepower

**3** Harvesters

**2** Distillery

**1** Hex Signs

**4** Dry House

**3** Outhouse

**2** Smokehouse

**1** Bush Meetings

**4** Ice House

**3** Windmill

**2** Old Plow

**1** Tavern

**4** Apple Crusher

**3** Dog Power

**2** Vegetable Dyeing

**1** Soap Making

**4** Roof Thatching and Architecture

**3** Sauerkraut Making

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**4** Funeral Lore

**3** Tobacco Lore

**2** Tinsmith

**1** Broom Maker

**4** Basket Maker

**3** Bee Lore

**2** Pewter Making

**1** Chaffing

**4** Washing Lore

**3** Wood Turning Lore

## PROGRAMS and SCHEDULED ACTIVITIES

(See pages 25-26-27-28)

- 1 MAIN STAGE
- 2 SEMINARS
- 3 WEDDING
- 4 P.A. DUTCH COOKING, CANNING and BUTTER MAKING—11 A.M. to 6 P.M.
- 5 HANGING
- 6 CHILDREN'S GAMES
- 7 WITCHCRAFT
- 8 SQUARE DANCING, HOEDOWNING AND JIGGING CONTEST
- 9 QUILTING CONTEST & DEMONSTRATIONS
- 10 OLD FASHIONED BALLOON ASCENSION—6:00 P.M. Daily
- 11 BUTCHERING

## SERVICES

- 12 OFFICE
- 13 TELEPHONES
- 14 POLICE
- 15 FIRST AID
- 16 PRESS
- 17 REST ROOMS

## COMMON

The Folk Festival Common area portrays the down-to-earth qualities of the Pennsylvania Dutch, demonstrating the facets of their way of life.

## DEMONSTRATION BUILDINGS

- 18 EXHIBITIONS • Country Store Re-creation of early 19th-century Kitchen and Bedroom • Grandfather's Clocks Children's Furniture • Dry Goods Store
- 19 ARTS and CRAFTS • Silversmith Spinning • Pennmanship • Rug Making Hex Sign Painting • Toleware Painting Making Spatterware and Glassware Pottery • Cookery • Fraktur and Portrait Painting • 18th-Century Printing Press Demonstration • Block Printing • Basket Making Strawmobiles • Easter Egg Tree • Wood Carving
- 20 ANTIQUES
- 21 FARMERS MARKET
- 22 CRAFT STALLS \*

WHITE OAK ST. GATE

**13**

**19**

**18**

**17**

**17**

**20**

**21**

**22**

**77**

**11**

**1**

**2** Hospitality Tent

**3** Bake Oven

**11** PARKING

WENZ ST. GATE

## Traditional Pennsylvania Dutch FOOD and DRINK

- FAMILY STYLE DINNERS
- FOOD PLATTERS
- FOOD SPECIALTIES of the Dutch
- EATING and DRINKING STANDS

\*Craftsmen from a seven-county area displaying demonstrating and selling their wares